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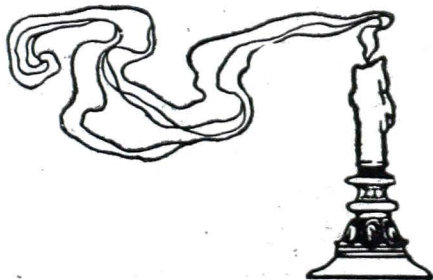
NUMBER 10

CLASS POEM

Francis E. Munsch, '08.

Behold how the glorious herald of day
Has ushered midst grandeur and splendid array
The dawn, for whose break we did anxiously wait
The day which would witness us graduate.
Fully many a year, this one pleasant dream
Has ere made our labors much lighter seem;
'Twas the inspiring thought of our youthful days.
A sweet note that oft our sad spirits would raise.
Then why not rejoice on this festive day,
Which held such a charm, when e'en far away?
Bid sorrow and sadness far from us depart,
Let joy, hope and gladness enter our heart.
Ah no! Midst our voices so full of glee,
Methinks a sad strain's heard in our melody.
Here lies the bitter-sweet, pleasure with pain
A taste of the dregs in the chalice we drain.
We're going to leave a fond mother's embrace,
We pause, as we brush a warm tear from our face.
But duty, stern duty, on us gravely calls,
To-morrow ye leave your loved college halls
To bear the brunt in the world's fierce strife,
Not for a day, nor a year, but for life.
"Stand ye not dismayed, or stricken with fear,
About to plunge in the struggle so near!
Have ye not heard of the thousands that fell,
Hardship and failure their sorry lot spell?"
Begone! false phantoms of grim despair born,
To oft from man's heart have ye ruthlessly torn
Ambition, hope, confidence, high aspiration,
Rushed him to doom in mad desperation.
But we stand with the buckler of knowledge and hope,
Ready, prepared with hardships to cope,

To beat them down as they come in our path,
To enjoy when all's o'er, a sweet aftermath.
Though we may not cut our way to bright fame,
Failure, surrender, shall ne'er tarnish our name.
Thus we've vowed as a motto to take
To allow no discouragement our purpose to shake;
"Labor omnia vincit" is burned in our soul
And choosing our end, we'll strive for the goal.
What has not labor done in years gone by?
It has erected monuments that never shall die.
In the material world what has it wrought?
Huge cathedrals, pyramids that for ages have fought
The warring-winds, the beating storms
That spent their force on these colossal forms.
The life-like statue that fain would speak
Could tell the seclusion its master would seek
To ply the chisel with labor for days,
Till from the rough marble a figure he'd raise;
The marvels that come from Genius's mind
Spring not spontaneous, from where they're confined,
But as jewels and gold with labor are sought,
So the wonders of genius with exertion are bought.
Our native ignorance the fall's just need,
Before laborious study must quickly recede;
The passion that lies deep, deep in our soul,
By prayer and labor must yield its control.
Let's keep then this motto with which we're inspired,
Which in bygone days our ambition fired.
Let it ever stand boldly before our mind's eye,
Vanquishing obstacles, making them fly;
When heart sore, dejected, list for that call,
Arise, take courage, "Labor conquers all."



Commencement Orations

INDUSTRIAL VIEW OF SOCIALISM.

Jas. L. Dougherty, '08.



THE student of social conditions is ever and anon being confronted with seemingly insoluble problems of sociology. From the formation of the very first society, there have at various times occurred therein volcanic upheavals which threatened to destroy and plunge into chaotic state all organized society. No country has been free from these disturbances, probably none ever will be, for wherever a number of men are living together, there is bound to be more or less social friction and dissatisfaction. One would naturally be led to think that in this country where all have equal rights, and all enjoy the same freedom, that we should be singularly free from these disruptions of society, but unfortunately such is not the case. We are at this very instant standing perilously near the crater of a seething, smoking volcano, which threatens every moment to poison American society with its sulphurous gases and pour upon it the molten lava of destruction.

The condition of the laboring man has long clamored for redress; rapacious capitalists, prompted by their insatiable greed for gain, and their excessive lust for gold, have so oppressed him that he has many times rebelled. To this the numerous strikes of recent years testify. It is the old subject of capital against labor, the one tyrannizing, the other suffering, but it is a subject which demands consideration; and the harmonizing of these two antagonistic forces is a question that demands a solution. Many schemes have been devised in view of quelling this strife and relieving labor troubles, all of them more or less satisfactory, but probably the most radical of them all is socialism, which would reform the evils of capitalism by abolishing it, and would introduce a new system of political economy under which all men would be absolutely equal, and hence all oppression of the laborer by the capitalist would be at an end.

In order that this equality for which socialists clamor be had, they say that it is necessary for the state to own and control all property; according to them the God-given right of private ownership must perish and be supplanted by common ownership—the joint possession of all things by all. Now, let us not assume that socialism is all bad, and let us not pretend to settle definitely in these brief words, the fate of socialism on its economic

side. A great Italian Cardinal recently declared that economics is a new and a very intricate science, which the Christian philosopher must study deeply in view of bringing an aidful solution to the evils that afflict the masses. Plausible, however, as socialism may seem on its economic side, it is hedged in by difficulties which would render the theory impracticable. The first question which arises, and to which the socialists can give no satisfactory answer, is, how is the state to gain possession of all property, and still leave all men equal? It cannot purchase it, because socialists themselves acknowledge that compensation can find no place in the socialistic program; it cannot expect a man who by dint of hard and honest labor has accumulated large possessions, to resign his rights to these, and allow them to be swallowed up by the state, and become the common property of the many who in no way deserve them. There remains but one method whereby the state can come into possession of all property and that is by confiscation. The exponents of socialism themselves acknowledge this, for they have expressly said, "We of the socialist labor party, with a full knowledge of all that the problem involves, declare for confiscation as the only adequate solution, and therefore the only moral one." Could the principle that the end justifies the means be stated in more unmistakable terms than in this clear-cut expression of the socialists? Can anything more unjust be conceived than this taking over by the state of all land, of all capital, and all means of production? The socialists know that their course is one of injustice, and try to hide themselves behind the filmy principle that this confiscation is expedient, therefore it must be right. Besides being revolutionary and unjust, this common distribution of lands and all productive industries is an iridescent dream. It involves a scheme of communism as broad as the nation, and from the yet bleaching bones of small communistic organisms that lie along the road of the world's steady progress, we know how impracticable communism is, even on a small scale, and how utterly impossible it would be for the whole nation. How indeed could that equality of goods be permanently maintained among individuals of naturally diverse talents and temperaments, dispositions and tastes. Can socialism promise to cultivate in the comrades those virtues which make possible the common life of religious orders? By no means. Again, the greatest of the industrial arts, namely, agriculture, would languish under socialism; there would be a lack of incentive to personal effort on the part of the state farmer, to make the land allotted to him yield the largest and best crops. Why? Because he would not own the farm nor have the right to dispose of the crops. He would be a mere hireling, a mercenary, little better than a slave. The scheme

of Agrarian socialism is fraught with these and with so many other difficulties that it will probably long remain a matter of mere academic interest.

The right that a man has to own individual property, the earth, and the fruits thereof, is a natural right, springing from one's existence which is to be preserved and perfected. Since those things which are required for the preservation of life and for life's well being, are produced in great abundance by the earth, is it not repellant to the very nature of things both human and divine to presume that a man should forfeit his claim to these, or that they be unjustly snatched from him? Moreover, when one individual spends the industry of his mind and the strength of his body in procuring the fruits of nature, he by that act makes his own that portion of nature's field which he cultivates, that portion upon which he has lavished all his care and skill, that portion upon which he leaves as it were the impress of his own personality. Is it just then that the state should despoil him of that which is the reward of his own honest and painful toil? Is this confiscation of all private possessions by the state in keeping with its sacred mission, which is to aid man, protect his rights, and assist him in obtaining all lawful ends? Yet it is a doctrine such as this, which would infringe on the most sacred rights of the individual, that the socialist preaches. Any system of government or any innovation of the social order which is unjust, stands thereby condemned at the bar of the world's judgment. And thus socialism, like a culprit with the unjustly stolen goods of the brainy and industrious workers of the nation in its guilty hands, stands convicted of dastardly robbery by the supreme court of human reason. But even if socialism were not unjust, it would have to be relegated to the garret of innocuous inutilities because its intrinsic principles are such as to render it infeasible and utterly impracticable; its abstract propositions attract only those idealists whose picture-worlds are ephemeral and fall into confusion like block-houses when the common sense touch of the actual world is applied to them. The socialistic theory of a state in which there would be the absolute equality of all in all things; in which there would be no abject poverty, but plenty for all; in which the laborer would receive just compensation, and in which all men would be united in one universal and all embracing brotherhood, is undoubtedly a theory the realization of which we all wish to behold. But if it is a scheme which is absolutely beyond accomplishment, infinitely removed from the possibility of realization, in a word, if it is merely utopian and altogether impracticable, then I need not say that such a theory must be rejected. The social state, supposing it to be established, has possession of all means of production, of all profit, of man's very existence, and his

means of subsistence, hence it becomes the duty of the state to provide for the individual. But how is it to do so? How is the total produce of the united commonwealth to be distributed, so that at the same time every one may receive his just share, and yet remain equal to his neighbor who may not in justice be entitled to a like portion? However, before the produce can be distributed the labor from which it resulted must be allotted to the different members of the social community. The state must determine who is to be employed in agriculture, who in mining, and who in the numerous other branches of industry. Is the state or nation capable of performing this Herculean task? Can it have at its disposal a permanent, unfluctuating population, each member of which is to receive every year his allotted portion of work? At present it takes a number of years to complete a census, and even then it is never exact. Have the socialists some plan whereby the exact number of individuals is to be ascertained in a day or a week? It is highly improbable. Again, this distribution of labor by civil authority snatches from the individual that most sacred, inviolable and heaven-bestowed right of personal liberty. If anyone has a religious calling and feels that he should devote his life to the service of the Almighty, has the state any right to decree that he should clean the streets or that he should pass his life within the walls of a factory? Again, all species of work are not the same; some tasks are much more disagreeable than others. How then can the state appoint some to one sort of employment, and others to a different class of work and still preserve that equality which is the keystone of the communistic arch? It would evidently be impossible for the socialist commonwealth to divide and distribute labor in a satisfactory manner.

But let us suppose that our socialistic friends did succeed in such an equitable distribution of labor as would please everybody, could they establish a standard whereby there could be made a fair and just division of industrial profit? They could not assume as a standard of distribution the number of persons in a given section or community, because it would be unfair, so manifestly unjust that we wonder that such a plan could be seriously proposed by any man. To give the same amount of produce to each individual whether he be diligent or idle, skilful or unskilful, strong or weak, whether his wants be few or many, would be to set a premium upon idleness and incapacity which would blast all industry in the bud, and soon drain the nation of all its resources. There are many who would propose as a measure whereby each laborer's share of the social proceeds is to be meted out to him, the length of time that each one has worked; others say "Determine each man's share by the amount of labor he has performed," and still

others cry "Compensate each man according as he applies himself to his task with more or less diligence"—yet none of these can be assumed as a criterion whereby each individual will receive what is justly due him, because they make the sluggard share equally with the industrious, the learned with the ignorant, the fast worker with him that is slow, and the shirker with him who devotes all his energy to his task. But Karl Marx, who is one of the beacon lights of socialism, suggests as a norm for the division of the profits which would accrue in the socialistic state, "The wants of the individual," or as it has been more prudently put, "Give to each one according to his reasonable demands." What are reasonable demands? Not all have the same wants, and evidently it would not be wise to leave to individuals themselves the decision concerning their wants, for no one is an impartial judge in his own case, and besides experience teaches that demands do not exactly coincide with wants. The only expedient that would be left would be to appoint for each district a committee on wants, whose task it would be to determine the real needs of the individual. But I ask you, could any committee decide how many cigars, or refreshing beverages the workman of the future would actually need, or how many new gowns and hats the socialist lady would require every year? A committee that could determine these things would necessarily consist of superhuman individuals, whose wisdom would far surpass that of Solomon. Is it needless to argue further to show that socialism is impracticable, that it is but a utopian dream, from which all must sooner or later awaken? It is based on untenable, philosophic and economic principles, and far from leading to the glorious results held out by its advocates to the unlearned masses, it would prove disastrous to that culture which Christianity has produced, and would reduce human society to a state of utter barbarism. Certain reforms are needed in society, but it is greatly to be feared that socialists would destroy more than they would reform. Their theory, which has been invented for the benefit of the workingman, can only turn out to his grave disadvantage, for it is opposed to the natural rights of every individual human being, and if it were practicable it would paralyze the peaceful development of social and industrial life. What good there is in socialism it has borrowed from Christianity, and that is its desire to relieve the sufferings of the multitude. If it had the power of multiplying loaves as the Divine Founder of Christianity who pitied the hungry multitude, then we too might sit upon the green sward and listen to its preachings. But socialism cannot work miracles—and it makes the mistake of supposing men far more perfect than they ever have been or ever will be even with all the elevating influences of the divinest religion thrown around them.

If socialism will abandon its wild dream of equalization, if it will study in the white light of natural justice the problem of economics that confronts us all, if betimes it will hearken to the sage counsel of religion, it may yet hope to contribute a tiny ray to the dawn of better day.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECT OF SOCIALISM.

Jos. L. Legris, '08.



EVEN if socialism were not unjust and industrially impracticable; even if it were righteous and perfectly workable as an economic scheme, it would utterly fail to commend itself to the acceptance of that great majority of mankind whose philosophy is common sense, to that immense majority which still deems the love of country and home the most precious possession of the human race. Instead of being a panacea, socialism is found in reality to be but a cheap patent medicine, a remedy which in order to cure our economic ills, will inflict evils far more dire than these upon the social body. Let us see then how socialism would affect our patriotism and the state, which is the object of patriotic love; let us see how it would affect the home and the school, which are the two nurseries of citizenship. Socialism cuts at the very root of the beautiful flower of patriotism when it suppresses all private property, for devotion to our country's welfare is based on the right of property. For what love for his birthplace has the shiftless tramp or the professional beggar? His patriotism is limited to the place in which he seeks a temporary refuge and shelter. There can be no deep-rooted patriotism until a family has dwelt and carefully wrought in the same place, until this family has formed ties of friendship and kinship, until it has written its history upon the soil it calls its own. But all these elements that feed the sacred flame of patriotism, the ownership of private property, a home or a dwelling place which one may possess and call his own, are found wanting in the socialistic state, in which it is established that every foot of soil belongs equally to each and every one of its careless inhabitants. And, ladies and gentlemen, the fact is, that consistently with these very principles, the socialists characterize patriotism as "prejudice" and even as "folly!" Is not the boldness and effrontery of socialists amazing? Are they not coolly asking us under the perfidious guise of a more universal and exalted citizenship to consider as narrow that devotion to our national ideals, that reverence for our patriotic ancestors, that high and noble

national hope which thrills every genuine American to see our fair Columbia become the great white throne of peace, the sacred shrine of liberty, and the home of happiness for increasing millions of the world's family? Seriously, they bid us abandon the glorious star-strewn banner and bow before what? before a red flag, the symbol of blood, of violence, of injustice and perpetual disorder.

The close affiliation of socialism with anarchy is one of the causes that increases its danger to our political institutions. Socialism is wedded to government, but though wedded, it seems disposed easily to part company with all stable government since it guiltily seeks union with anarchism as its affinity. It is known, of course, that anarchy considers as too slow the legitimate use of all political means for achieving its end; that it appeals to revolutionary and violent means, that its design is the annihilation of the existing social and political order. That political evils exist we admit, that political corruption and public speculation are practised we grant. But these public wrongs will not be redressed by snapping asunder the great fibers of national force, as socialism proposes doing. No, but by cultivating a spirit of sturdy patriotism, a wide-awake public spirit, by rearing industrious men and by making the American citizen the synonym of honesty. If with generations of such men we cannot, with our constitutional facilities, right our political wrongs then the task is hopeless; for socialism itself gives no promise of ability to render men incorruptible or to raise a nation of political saints.

Another and indeed a very serious reason why we object to socialism is its avowed intention to abolish the present monogamous form of marriage. Socialists complain that woman has always been denied her rights, and they demand her complete social and political emancipation, her complete equality with man. How false this is! Every day facts furnish substantial proof that from a social and political standpoint woman stands today far in advance of the past; she has the right of controlling her own children, she has the right of managing her own property. If she have no rights how can they be more secure at the present time than in times past? Under this socialistic order of marriage, no binding contract between man and woman entering the sacred relation of matrimony would be necessary, for this union would be based upon sex fondness, and, instead of a marriage for life prevailing, the mutual inclinations alone would indicate its termination at the will of either party. We would have the twin abominations, free love and trial marriage. This socialistic speculation which concedes a free marital relation between men and women

and no interference of church or state would create what socialism and anarchism style a free family. For, under socialism the perpetuity of the marriage bond would disappear, and under its code there would be no marriage whatsoever. The union between the two parties would last until the sex fondness had consumed its force, for when the sex flame is burned, a separation would be effected as an opportunity to gratify a newly enkindled appetite.

Can we without horror think of the frightful condition of degeneracy to which the race of mortal men would sink if these pernicious principles ever prevailed! And, ladies and gentlemen, at a time when the evil of divorce is making such inroads into the domestic sanctuaries of our nation, is it not imperative that we lift up our voice in vehement protest against this outrage, this herding together of the human race in the promiscuity of socialistic pastures, a condition compared with which legalized polygamy would be the cream of social perfection? According to the most competent exponents of socialism, monogamy is an artificial outgrowth of private ownership backed by religion; promiscuity is natural, single marriage unnatural. They plead for the community of wives as they do for the common ownership of mere chattels. This assumption is very trivial, for it is at variance with both the natural and the revealed law, and, to assert that monogamy is not the natural form of marriage is to contradict that perfect design of the family which was constituted by the Almighty and to cast contempt on all revealed truth. If socialists were to introduce a loftier ideal it would be deserving of serious consideration, but the fact is they offer no substitute whatsoever; their only aim is the destruction of monogamy, which is the natural and necessary form of the family. But this perfect ideal form is reflected in the hearts of every honest man and virtuous woman and cannot be destroyed by the vandal hand of utopian philosophy. It is a very evident fact that economic conditions have played an important part in many marriages but we deny the assertion that the monogamic family originated from economic and ambitious conditions as socialists affirm. Socialists declare that man's desire for children that are intended to be heirs of his wealth, is an economic condition which has prompted monogamy. Undoubtedly this is what happens in many cases but that has nothing to do with the conspicuous and natural family of one man, one woman and their children. Right philosophy offers many convincing reasons to establish the natural necessity of monogamy in view of man's more perfect existence. Revelation confirms and sanctions these by its highest voice. Private ownership is also by reason proved to be one of man's natural and necessary rights. Would not human existence

be a useless gift if man had not the right to acquire those things that are necessary for the preservation and the perfection of his being? As the individual then must have this right, so too must the family which is a moral person and is still more dependent upon material goods for its proper development.

If socialism were frank it would clearly behold the hallowed influence which the church exercises over the family. It would then be capable of appreciating more the perfection of this union, (the monogamic family). But even with its perverted vision, socialism knows that religion is the protection of the family and the family the fortification of the state. The family is the home, and the home is the essential strength of the nation, and if it should disappear the nation itself would vanish. "Upon the home rests our moral character; our civil and political liberties are grounded there, virtue, manhood, citizenship grow there." What does this home mean? It means a man and woman united in the sacred bonds of marriage, residing under the shelter of their own roof with their children maturing around them. Every child with which this family is blessed according to God's will, is born in a home and it has a right to a father's arms and a mother's heart. But according to socialism a child from birth would become the property of the state, and the community would then become its parents.

And what will become of these state nurslings when they become schoolable? Will they be returned to their natural parents? No. The state will educate them in its own socialistic schools according to its own purely materialistic ideals. The school then is another of the sacred institutions which socialism touches only to desecrate and defile. Until now the school has rightly been considered as an extension of the home and the teacher as invested with quasi-parental authority and responsibility. The family is the source of the dignity and power of the schools, such as we have them. But socialism would change all this. It would wrench the school from the parents as it has sacrilegiously robbed the family of its cradle. Purposely do I withhold from your gaze the contemplation of the disorders that would prevail among the youth of these socialistic schools, and it were idle to speculate as to what manner of citizens these state students are doomed to become.

In conclusion let me say it will not do for socialists to plead that we do not understand them. We pretend to at least average intelligence and we judge them by their own words. Resolutely therefore do we resist socialism because it viciously attacks those great and holy institutions which we have learned to revere—the state, the home and the school. So long as we take legitimate

pride in beholding our state and national capitals surmounted by the glorious stars and stripes, so long as we delight to dwell in the love and peace of Christian homes and to feel a deep concern in the schools that fashion future citizens, thus long shall we in the united might of right resist the vandal inroads of socialism.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION INCOMPATIBLE.

Francis E. Munsch, '08.



SHOULD things come to such a pass that socialism would get the ascendancy, pursuing its mad and unrestrained career it would not leave standing any work or institution that is a credit or honor to man. We already apprehend the destruction of our political institutions and government. Were this rabid monster unloosed on society, the most sacred rights of man would not be spared. Industries too would be engulfed, and instead of the comparative peace, order and tranquillity that prevail in the present state, strife, chaos and endless trouble would reign. Were socialism unchained in the industrial world wretched indeed would be our existence; surely then would be realized the dictum of Hobbes that "man is a wolf to man." Maddening is the bare idea of socialism ever obtaining sway. But would socialism stop here? Ah! No! It would rush into the very sanctuary, tear down God from His altar and place in His stead a demon. Yes, socialism would invade the very heart of man, ruthlessly tear religion from his soul and leave him for a moment amazed in wonder, then in despair, robbed of those noble instincts which the hand of God hath implanted in him. Thus would socialism complete its conquest and with a satanic grin ascend its newly raised throne and there in diabolical glee gloat over the destruction and desolation which it had wrought on mankind.

But happily we, as yet, need not be over-fearful that socialism will obtain sway and run riot on its ruinous mission. "The destructive tenets of German socialism cannot become contagious here because the food needed for the propagation of the germ is not supplied." That political and industrial conditions would suffer greatly from socialism has been shown with more difficulty perhaps, than that religion would be annihilated in the reign of socialism. The facts are, however, that religion and socialism are altogether incompatible, and hence those people who believe that socialism and religion travel in different spheres and do not touch each other are to be corrected of their false impression. It would be easy to quote eminent authorities to prove that so-

cialism and religion are diametrically opposed to each other. Only a few weeks ago the far-seeing head of this great archdiocese, while presiding over the august function of dedicating the largest parochial school in the world, declared that "The absence of faith in God is at the root of all socialistic beliefs," and if we look into the true inwardness of both socialism and religion we shall not fail to grasp the full purport of these words. For, both religion and socialism concern themselves primarily with the orientation of life. But how widely different are their views on the aims and purposes, the worth and destiny of human life. Religion tells us we are the children of God, born to conquer thrones in heaven by a life of virtuous striving here on earth. Socialism accepts the worst conclusions of materialistic evolution and considers man as a mere development of the physical forces of the material universe, born to struggle for mere earthly existence, and to enjoy only such pleasures as this life affords. Read their books, and judge them, too, from the company they keep.

The shibboleth of atheists and agnostics is on the lips of the socialists. No soul, no immortality, no future life, no Providence, no God; these are deep-rooted and essential principles of socialism. What more shocking, what more revolting than these principles! do they not at once and forever brand socialism as irreligious and anti-Christian? What further proof need be adduced to show its utter hostility to religion when it wholly rejects the fundamental principles of Christianity? Since there is no God, no future life, then socialism has but a mere earthly conception of human life; the grave ends all. Socialism says, "Seek ye first the goods of earth and you shall need nothing else." Religion says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you."

Socialism teaches that the actions of this life reach not beyond the grave, that heroic virtue, great deeds, sacrifice and sufferings should look for no reward beyond the paltry gifts of men. Good and bad alike are laid to rest with no reward for the one, no punishment for the other. Our aspirations may never soar above man, and in trouble we dare not lift a prayer to the Supreme Being; there is none, but when the cold, cruel stare of the world fixes itself on us we shrink from it, and finding no place of comfort in despair, we seek an early grave where all alike sink into nothingness. A melancholy picture, but not overdrawn. Does this correspond to the picture of religion? Ah, no, when persecuted, reviled by men, forsaken by the world, we know we can run to Him who said "Come unto me all you that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." It is especially in moments of distress that we love to recall those words whispered

into our ears by the white angel of religion "Blessed are you who suffer persecution for justice sake. Now you lament and weep but your tears shall be turned into joy, and your joy none shall take away." Spread here and there by the munificent hand of Christianity are oases and fountains of comfort in this weary waste where repose and refreshment may be found. Socialism would parch these green refreshing spots, would dry up these invigorating fountains. Is this Christian spirit? Is this in harmony with the teaching of religion?

Authority has the sanction of ages, it has grown old in respect and honor. Its influence, its good, its need are felt everywhere. We see authority in the home, in the city, in the state, in the nation, regulating all things, making the great and intricate machinery of human existence run with a regularity and harmony that gives us social order and without which order would be impossible. Day by day this huge machinery operates; a thousand minor parts work in perfect accord; the knowing eye, the directing mind that is at the head of this machine, is authority. Socialism would destroy this head, would commit this splendid organism to certain destruction, would let this magnificent machinery run wild without anyone to steer its course.

The actions of socialists and their affiliation with anarchists amply demonstrate their contempt for authority. For several consecutive days during the recent conclave of socialists in Chicago, the city authorities were openly jeered at and defied by the unruly throng which delighted in sending ominous challenges to the ruling power of the city. Anarchistic demonstrations in Chicago and New York have had the hearty sympathy of the socialistic press of the entire country. It is clear then that in the socialistic dream of liberty there would be left no room for authority and obedience, but the wildest sort of license would prevail. At one fell stroke both parental and civil authority would be cut down, and so too divine authority would be swept away. This position of the socialists is so palpably unreasonable that it is sufficient to state it. It refutes itself.

The stand of the socialists against private ownership, quite apart from its injustice, is manifestly at variance with Christian teaching. Did not Christ teach that men may acquire private property? Did he cry it down, did he assail it? Not at all! Nor was He one who feared to do so, for were it unjust, no human respect could prevent him from condemning it. He fearlessly exposed the hypocrisy of the Pharisee, yet he never condemned the rich young man for having large possessions; Zacheus was not told to part with his riches because it was unlawful to have them. No, Christ recognized the right of private

ownership and the socialists, in condemning it, again show their anti-christain spirit.

While many consider socialism as a purely economic issue cut away from religion, the truth is, that according to the great leaders of socialism, it is in itself a cult, and religion with the socialists is not a private matter. Socialists make no secret of their hostile attitude to religion. No, they stalk undisguisedly abroad sending forth tirade after tirade, diatribe after diatribe, against Christ and his Christianity, openly professing their avowed intention of putting down religion. The explicit testimonies alone of the socialistic leaders ought to be sufficient to convince all right thinking men that socialism and Christianity are irreconcilably at variance with each other. Marx distinctly says, "Religion is an absurd and popular sentiment, a fantastic degradation of human nature." "Man makes religion, and not religion man." Debs calls Christ the "Tramp of Galilee." Harrop says, "To take on Christianity would be for socialism to take Judas to its bosom." Bax tells us, "The association of Christianity with any form of Socialism is a mystery." Another declares that the triumph of the Galilean has lasted long enough, it is his time to die. Liebknecht affirms, "I am an atheist and I do not believe in God," and from the lips of Leo Frankie fall these terrible words, "No priest shall attend my death bed or my funeral in order to save my soul. I believe neither in heaven nor in hell." Who can now assert that socialism is a mere economic system that affects only the counting house and not the church?

At the socialistic convention lately held in Chicago the motion to lend the church the moral support of the socialist party was uproariously rejected. One can gather from their comments that they consider religion at best as a negligible quantity, an opponent which they can politically ignore. And there are other still more evident signs of the anti-religious tendency of socialism; for instance its demand for the forceful separation of Church and State, and secularization of schools. In France they have accomplished both. The Erfurt program distinctly calls for the entire exclusion of religion from schools. The evil of this demand has been recognized by all right-thinking Protestants who are fast awaking to the danger of mere secular education and are taking steps towards the remedy of this evil. Progress, then, is being made in the solution of this question. How terrible to think that socialism would step in to arrest, to stop this progress, and to reenact here the tragedy of France.

From these brief considerations it is abundantly evident that socialism would be the fruitful source of many evils to both Church and State. And though it has not assumed as yet

such alarming proportions as to render warring against it in vain, still it will grow and increase. The awful outbursts of anarchists that end in the martyrdom of some public official or Catholic priest warn us that socialism is not dormant, but is alive and active, struggling for the mastery. Indifference to its aggressiveness is the height of imprudence, not to battle against it is to allow it to spread. Filled with a dread and a horror of this system, Catholics should take advantage of all opportunities and fight this monster through the press and the pulpit, so that if the evil cannot be wholly eradicated, it may be repressed, held in check and prevented from engulfing both Church and State in destruction and ruin.

A CONTROVERSY.



READING in one of the local papers that the graduates of St. Viateur's had spoken on the evil of socialism and were highly commended for their able and masterly presentation of the subject, the ire of a nearby worthy socialist was worked up to the ebullition degree and here is what bubbled over from his heated brain, carefully collected, condensed and sent to the Kankakee Democrat:

St. Viateur Students' Criticism of Socialists.

Editors Evening Democrat:

I see through a late issue of your valuable paper that some of the students at St. Viateur College had undertaken a criticism of socialists and were commended for displaying superior and clear knowledge of their theme. I regret that a more detailed report of their arguments was not published, but judging from the titles given of their subjects, it seems that they have been following the usual method of the opponents of socialism—that of building up a straw man, labeling it "socialism," and then proceeded to tear it to pieces.

Nothing shows the strength of socialism more than the weakness of the arguments brought against it. Every socialist worker can sit down and repeat the whole list of objections.

There is the "breaking up the family," the "anti-religion" and the "divide up" arguments that rest simply on lying.

There is the "destroy individuality" cry that depends partly upon misrepresentation and partly upon misunderstanding. There is no body of men and women on earth that are more strenuous in their demands for the right to assert and maintain their individuality than the socialists. To assume that they are working

for the establishment of a condition that would restrict their individual freedom is to assume that they are all fools.

Yet when these have been named nearly every objection that is brought against socialism has been named. They sound silly when set forth in this simple, direct manner, yet they are all that the best minds of the ruling class of today can offer. If socialism is false and pernicious, why do you not reply to the real thing instead of an imaginary socialism built up by yourselves?

Here are some questions awaiting an answer, which I am certain have not been considered by the students of St. Viateur.

Is it not true that there is land enough to raise all the food that can be eaten? Is there any lack of material with which to make all the houses that could be lived in? Cannot a sufficient supply of wool and cotton and linen be produced to make all the clothes that can be worn?

Are there not enough workers to produce all these things?

Are there not millions of men and women and children who do not have enough to eat or to wear, or a decent place in which to live?

Are there not millions of unemployed persons who are willing and able to produce the things that men and women and children need?

Would they not willingly produce these things if they could get the raw materials from which they are produced and the machinery with which to work?

Are these would-be workers not prevented from getting to the raw material and the machines by the fact that these things are privately owned?

If the working-class collectively owned the materials and the machines, could they not use them to produce wealth until all wants were satisfied?

Do not those who do the work, combined with those who are shut out from the opportunity to work and to live, have a majority of the votes?

Can they not use this majority to capture the government?

When they have captured it, cannot they use it as their agent to hold the titles to the things with which goods are produced?

Is it not to the interests of this majority to do this?

Are they not going to be forced to take such action by the inevitable trend of social events?

These are plain, simple questions. If they can be answered in the negative then socialism can be proven false and foolish. Why do not some of the wise students of St. Viateur College answer them and expose the evils and fallacies of socialist philosophy?

SOCIALIST.

We were amused, nay flattered, to think we could scare up a little commotion. We read the column and with infinite coolness and composure, though the weather was hot, sat down and put the following thoughts together:

Collegian Makes Reply to the Socialist.

"Socialist" is fighting shadows which is far worse than fighting a straw man. From reading the mere title of the graduate's discourse he infers that they presented a weak, one-sided and unfair treatment of socialism, and concludes that the students were fighting a straw man of their own making. I say that the "Socialist" is fighting a shadow, and that certainly is harder to hit than even a straw man.

In order to afford the "Socialist" a fair opportunity of getting at the substance of the arguments urged by the students in their graduation speeches, I would refer this gentleman to the mid-summer issue of the Viatorian to be published shortly. This journal will contain the full text of the orations delivered on commencement day and which received commendation from the most scholarly prelates and laymen who heard the discourses. I can assure your correspondent that he will there find large and juicy morsels of anti-socialistic philosophy, and that he will discover in the principles therein enunciated and developed an answer to most of the subtle questions which he submits as nuts to crack.

Allow me to say that socialism will rightly be considered a most pernicious doctrine so long as it remains wedded to its subversive domestic and religious tenets, and that it will in so far paralyze what power there might be in its economic theories. For that straw man labeled "Socialism," which the graduates of St. Viator are credited with having torn to tatters, was really built by Karl Marx, Liebnicht, Babel, Debs and other classic exponents of socialism. Is it unfair to charge socialism with free love and irreligion when nearly all the great apostles of the cult clearly set these forth as fundamental principles of socialism? I think that these men have spoken intelligently enough to be understood by people of average intelligence, such as college graduates may be fairly presumed to be.

Can you expect that thoughtful students could ignore or wink at the onslaught of socialism against the home and the church, the two sacred institutions of mankind, because forsooth, it promises to make us all gods living in an earthly Eden of plenty? Oh no, we must have the Christian family and the Christian church if we are to preserve and perfect our civilization.

If socialism is to be of any aid to the toiling millions it must begin by rejecting these two planks in its platform, that is, its domestic and religious theories.

Economically socialism contains something good. It desires to relieve the condition of the toiling masses. So does Christianity. But socialism must learn to eschew revolutionary methods and impracticable measures. It must come out of the land of dreams and nightmares; it must not assume in man, especially without religion, those virtues, that altruism, that self-denial, that consecration to the interests of the community, which made common ownership of property among the early christians possible and still does so among religious communities. But socialism does assume this and quite unwarrantedly, hence it is foredoomed to failure.

Outside of religious communities the mainspring of human action is self-interest rather than the interest of the community. It has been thus a long, long time and will thus continue long, because it is mere human nature. Christianity succeeds in inculcating a sense of common brotherhood in its members through supernatural considerations. Atheistic socialism could never accomplish this, it could only make man more selfish and earth-bound, more savage and unfit to consort with men.

The unemployed? They are a problem. **Now** they want to work, but is it right to assume that they would **want** to work **under socialism**? Work appears alluring and dignifying when man is free, but when it becomes the task of the bondsman, the labor of the state slave, will it not appear distasteful and repugnant? Socialism must not lose sight of the fact that man is as fond of his personal independence as he is of his self-interest.

True, the forcibly unemployed are with us, victims of vicious conditions, but their case is not hopeless. Labor organizations, church influences, legislatures and the president of the country are seeking remedies for this social ailment, and I think they will find one sooner than the socialists. As to the wilfully idle and the denizens that huddle in the crowded tenements of our large cities, why do they not seek homesteads in the vast territories of the country still calling for hands and brains to develop their resources?

Perhaps this much will suffice as thought food for our mutual friend, "Socialist," for you must remember that it's pretty hot, and I do not think it conducive to healthy intellectual digestion to swallow too many of these deep draughts from the ice cold Pierian springs of philosophy. Ice cream is hot compared with this.

If "Socialist" will attend the courses given the Senior class next September he will have the satisfaction of hearing his questions answered in the philosophic manner he craves. Verbum sap.

COLLEGIAN.

THE VIATORIAN
VALEDICTORY.

W. Emmett Conway, '08.



THE future, with its uncertain and unexpected events, its days of joy and sorrow, its moments of triumph and defeat, rises imposingly before us, on this day on which Alma Mater relinquishes her claims upon us as actual students and sends us forth to join that vast multitude now engaged in the struggle of the world. We know nothing of the uncertainties which the coming years hold in store for us; for some they may contain a life in the world with its hardships and temptations: for others they may allot a life of quietude, sacrifice and serious meditation, but for each of this little group of men who today issue forth as graduates, the future contains a definite destiny towards which we look with anxious eyes and for which we have spent these years of preparation.

True, we may not have known for long or with any degree of certainty the definiteness of our career, but each of us has been quietly and seriously absorbing those thoughts and ideas, those principles and convictions, which, no matter what calling in life we may select, will bear us safely through the shoals of adversity and sweeten our joy in the moment of success. We cannot complain if, in later years, our life's work is not as commendable and as praiseworthy as we would wish; we cannot glance back at our youth and bemoan the hard fate which deprived us of opportunities of acquiring a thorough and competent education, for, who indeed should be better equipped to enter into the arena of life, to expound the beauty and dignity of truth, to meet and overwhelm temptation or to practice the most noble tenets of citizenship than the hundreds of young men who, like the members of the present class, are today issuing from Catholic Colleges? For years we have drunk at this fountain of knowledge, which has always been free from the contamination of error; a fountain whose crystal wave of pure truth has roiled copiously to slake our thirst; we have been permitted to mingle with those who are the living exponents of knowledge, strengthened and enhanced by a life of sacrifice and seclusion. And who will say that youth, with its eyes ever open and directed towards the gates of knowledge, and its soul ever ready to enthuse over the beautiful, can live among such stimulating scenes and surroundings and fail to be inspired? The ground over which we trod, the wonders of science and learning which were exposed to our view, aye, the very atmosphere we inhaled, all seemed to inspire us with the noblest sentiments of Christian manhood and cause us to resolve to be ever faithful to the instructions we received during our college career.

Education, in our day, is not the rare privilege of a few, as it was a century ago, nor is it as limited as it was in former days. Institutions of learning have sprung up with amazing rapidity in the last decade and thousands now enjoy the pleasures of learning, where formerly there were but a few hundreds. Seeking into the causes of things, as becomes philosophers, we wish to ascertain the reason of this widespread, this unlimited longing for learning. Is it due to the desire of appearing pedantic, of awing the multitudes with high sounding though mystifying phrases? No, these desires may be found in a few, but, in the hearts of the greater number, there is but one desire which prompts them to undergo the steady and irksome routine of the student's life; there is but one longing in their hearts which attracts them from the warmth and pleasure of home and leads them to the classroom; and that desire, that longing, is the one to be found in the heart of every person, be he refined and virtuous or illiterate and debased; it is, my friends, the intense longing of the soul for the pure and untarnished truth.

There is in this world nothing which strikes a more resonant cord in the heart of man, nothing which fills his mind with greater or more enjoyable pleasure, nothing which soothes and comforts the soul to a greater degree, than does the mere presence of the truth. Its beauty and dignity is supreme upon earth. Beautiful in aspect and dignified in bearing, she sweeps over the world unsullied by the slime wherein vile calumny revels; eagle-like she soars above all error, gaining greater laurels with each conquest and commanding the respect of nations. Religiously do we desire to deposit a votive offering of profound thanks at each of her sacred shrines, for we feel indebted to religious truth, to historic truth, to philosophic and scientific truth.

We are bound to love and respect the truth, not only on account of its beauty, but for the wonders it has wrought for us. From the chaos and tumult of a pagan world it has elevated us to the inspiring heights of Christianity, where we may witness and profit by the ennobling ideals of Christian life; it has dispelled the mysticism and superstition of the old ages, which caused nations to fall in veneration before brazen images, and has made known to us the proper course in which to direct our homage and thus venerate our Creator; it has shown us the horrors of an unchristian life, with its treachery and avarice, its corruption and licentiousness; it has placed before us the means whereby we may lead others from error and achieve our eternal happiness. These are but a few of the many achievements which truth, in one guise or another, has accomplished for mankind. Through the rays of its own dazzling light it has made plain and evident

the errors of all ages, so that we need have no hesitancy in the pursuit of knowledge; we may indulge to the full extent of our desire and with the utmost confidence feel that we will not go astray.

It would be a sad plight, my friends, if we, who have had the advantage of studying at this institution, where knowledge in abundance may be had for the asking, and where the lives of the instructors are the embodiment of the most noble tenets of Christianity—it would be sad, I say, if we were to enter into the great world and fail to appreciate the beauty, dignity and worth of truth. Then well might the enemies of mankind scoffingly remark that religion, education, all that appeals to the soul of normal man, are but hollow shams that delude man and unfit him for serious endeavors in life. But we would resent any insinuation that we are lacking in a fitting appreciation of truth. For years we have beheld the winsome charms of truth; in the class-room, on the campus, and especially through the commingling of teacher and students, we have seen the beauty and worth of truth exemplified, so that today the resolution which is foremost in our minds is, that when we leave the protecting portals of Alma Mater and go forth into a new and wider life, we will ever remain worthy exponents and loyal defenders of the truth.

When one has lived for a number of years in the company of those whose virtuous lives cannot but be inspiring, and who have admirably united the offices of adviser, disciplinarian and friend, he must indeed have little gratitude within his heart if he fails to experience a deep regret when the time arrives to say a last farewell. The parting of friends must ever be a painful operation which strikes the heart to the core and leaves behind a feeling of sadness; and harder still, is it, to withdraw oneself from a spot held sacred by the presence of sweet recollections and realize that henceforth one can be but an onlooker. It is with some such feelings as these that the class of 1908 makes its final farewell today, to be recorded in college history, through which alone it can be actively present.

There are many thoughts which recur to us today, as we appear for the last time as Seniors, which cause us to feel regret at leaving Alma Mater and draw from us profound expressions of gratitude for the invaluable benefits we have received. As other classes who have preceded us have done in the matter of studies, so also have we directed our efforts, and we join with them in praising the admirable results which are each year accomplished at St. Viateur's. The presentation of the beauties of ideals, of truth, of honesty, of unfailing loyalty to church and state—these are some of the excellent principles which we as students have

imbibed and which as alumni we hope to have ever before us; and if, in later years, our success in life is greater than that achieved by our fellowmen, if the esteem in which we are held by our citizens reverts to our honor, then we will truthfully attribute the credit to the lofty and ennobling principles which formed such a large part of our college education.

Among the many events which have made this past year a memorable one for us there is one which is foremost in our minds and which will ever be cherished as a fond memory of our Senior year. To our class belongs the honor of being the first to enter into the world bearing with it the blessings and good wishes of our young president, who today completes his first year in the chair. To every man in the class he appears not only as a man worthy of esteem, but as a personal friend; it will be no small pleasure for us when he, in later years, will be known far and wide as the head of a great institution, to reflect that we were the first class upon which he lavished his youthful efforts, and whose success he anxiously awaited.

But the allotted time draws to a close and I must hasten on my way. Even now I seem to see before me the path of life down which I must tread; the college life is over and the stern realities of the world are before me. But before we leave this hall, sacred by the memories of years gone by, permit me, in the name of the class of 1908, to tender you a last farewell. To you, Reverend President and your associates, we say adieu, with gratitude in our hearts for the precious lessons you have taught us and the sacrifices you have undergone; to you, underclassmen, who are rapidly approaching the gates of the world, we say good-bye, with the hope that we may meet again and that you will ever be loyal to Alma Mater; to all, whose friendly contact we have felt, in the days gone by, we say a fond farewell, and proceed toward the appointed goal, leaving behind us the dreams and fancies of college days, to face the realities that await us beyond.



THE VIATORIAN CLASS PROPHECY.

Clarence Conway, '08.



BEING a prophet is not what it is generally thought to be. In the first place, if you please one, all you get is "Much obliged to you." In the second place, it is better not to be a prophet in the first place. However, the powers that be in the '08 class failed to view the matter in this light and unloaded upon my shoulders the task of procuring a life-job for eleven young buds who flatly refused to give me a hint as to their future stations in life. Being left entirely to my own efforts, I proceeded to make a very careful study of each individual, but at the end of a few weeks' observation all I could positively conclude was, "Things are seldom what they seem." And I think the following account will bear out the truth of my statement:

Some ten uneventful years had passed since that auspicious day when the class of '08 was launched into the whirling pool of activity. I had just boarded an ocean liner at New York bound for Liverpool, where I was going in the interests of the Indoor Yacht Club of Cassopolis, Michigan. There were probably 200 passengers on board, and as I was alone I had plenty of opportunity to indulge my prosaical proclivities by observing the various types continually passing before me. The second day out my attention was attracted by a large gathering on the promenade, all of whom seemed to be straining their eyes to get a glimpse of what was going on in their midst. Drawing nearer, I was just in time to hear some one say, "ten-thirty this A. M." There was something in the voice of the speaker that brought back to memory the good old days of "naughty-eight," but before I could push my way to the center the speaker had disappeared. I was determined, however, to see the outcome of the controversy, so promptly at 10:30 o'clock I took my stand where I could see all that was going on. I had waited but a few minutes when two men appeared, one a large, powerfully built man with a small dark moustache, elevated at the ends in the most approved Kaiser Wilhelm fashion. The second man, evidently a southerner, was of about the same height, but of a lighter build, and carried a box which looked like one containing a dozen base balls. There was that in the first man's walk which struck me as familiar, although the reminder was rather vague, and I was not yet convinced. My guess concerning the box proved correct, and I immediately placed another wager and decided that they were going to play catch, and had the extra balls to replace those the ocean

might claim. But in this I was mistaken, for the men proceeded to measure off a distance not less than 200 feet, and, after hanging a black derby hat on the rail, took a position with their backs to Europe and their faces to the United States. It was now evident to me that the contest would be one of marksmanship, for the second man opened the meet immediately. Two or three volleys had been delivered and the hat seemed to be perfectly safe, when the southerner caught it on the rim, and sent it spinning over the rail into the deep blue. It was replaced by another of about the same size, and the larger man, aroused by his opponent's success, prepared for the final attempt. It was evident that he was going to make a supreme effort, by the length of time he stood carefully measuring the distance. Seemingly satisfied, he took one slow, deliberate step toward the target, raised his arm high above his head, and shot the ball like a bullet. It started on a line about four feet from the deck, but as it drew nearer the mark it continued to rise. When it reached the rail it was about fifteen feet above the hat and still rising, and, judging from its velocity, it must have reached New York at about ten minutes to one o'clock that afternoon. As soon as the ball was out of sight I rushed toward the thrower, for I knew well that there was but one man could throw the ball as he did, and that was Pat Legris, "naughty-eight," centerfielder of the Western Champions of that year. He told me there was to be a second contest in long distance throwing, but his opponent decided to withdraw when he saw the last ball going out to sea. The next four days we spent together, talking over the gay life at Bourbonnais, and many a long forgotten incident was resurrected and heartily enjoyed. Pat was then on his way to Berlin to attend the National Convention of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was to address the assembly on "How to Develop a Good Wing." He had been practicing for six years and at this time resided in Henrietta, Penn., where he was head surgeon in a hospital, whose primary end was the cultivation of the vocal chords. I left Pat at Liverpool with the promise to keep away from him, if ever I decided upon vocal culture.

Having finished my business in Liverpool, I boarded the train for London the next morning where I attended the annual horse-show that evening. I had been watching the proceedings with more or less interest for an hour, comparing the magnificent steeds with old "Rock," when I was startled from my reverie by the stentorian voice of the judge who proclaimed as the winner in the tandem Shetland pony entry "Billy" and "Betty," owned by James L. Dougherty, of Piper City, Ill., U. S. A. At this announcement a deafening roar of applause arose from the crowd

across the arena. Feeling that I would know someone among them, I made my way over and found myself being pump-handled by Murphy and his Roy Hall baseball team with whom he was touring the world, playing exhibition games. The next morning Jim invited me to take a cruise on his private yacht, "The Varsity," by which I observed his team was literally carried away, as in the olden days. Jim was then on his way to the Shetland Islands, which were his private property, where he raised fancy ponies and took his ball team for spring training. He said he had about a dozen ponies of such wonderful intelligence and dexterity that they had actually succeeded in playing ball, and on several occasions had given his hall-roomers a very close game. He left the ball team in London, but took the pony team with him to the Islands where he intended to stay with them over the winter.

This trip, however, was destined to be a disappointment, for we had been out but a few hours when a hurricane arose and the next morning found Jim and I clinging to each other over a broken spar. While the sun was still high in the heavens we were washed upon the sandy beach of a small cove. About half a mile up the beach Jim spied an object which he thought was a sign of civilization, so thither we went. Imagine our surprise on reaching it to find a magnificent net-work turret of straw and rope of a rotund shape and about twenty-five feet in diameter. The turret was a paradise of the rarest and most beautiful flowers and plants, and was encircled by a three foot balcony to which it was joined at the bottom. The whole construction was elevated upon massive pillars and stood about fourteen feet from the ground. We unhesitatingly pronounced it the finest roof-garden we had ever seen. While we were admiring this elegant summer-house, a procession had been slowly approaching from the rear, unnoticed by us until, with a yell, a hundred short, broad-shouldered, shaggy haired creatures pounced upon us. Their hair was long and course, and parting in the middle fell over their shoulders or flew in the breeze. Their beards were matted with pine needles and cockle burrs, and Jim declared that if it were not for their divided hoofs he would call them Shetland ponies of an inferior breed. Having bound us securely they carried us over the hill into a cave, where after another climb we arrived at a large, open rockbound rotunda, lighted by an opening above. At the far end of the room was a seat hewn out of the solid wall. A tall, lanky individual, with short, light-colored hair, reclined in a chair peacefully puffing at a long pipe, the bowl of which was supported by two attendants similar in looks to our captors. The latter now approached the

throne, for such it was, and prostrated themselves before its occupant who looked on with supreme disdain. Remaining prostrated before him, the ruffians proceeded to deal out a line of gibberish that sounded like a buzz-saw tearing through a pine knot. At this point I noticed a small quadrangular pin with maroon and white colors on the lapel of the disdainful one's coat, and with a sigh of relief that almost burst my bonds, I turned to Jim and shouted, "It's Bill McGuire." Hastily dismissing the attendants, Bill released us, and after shaking three hands round, solemnly assured us that he was the king of the Islands, which he had discovered some five years previous. He had not left the isle since his arrival and was very anxious to hear what was going on in the world. His first question was, "Does the runt still retain the pompadour and donegals?" and then, "Has Billy Mahoney found his Betty yet?" Bill said he had a Herculean task before him, as he intended to shave and trim every native before he left, and he expected to be busy for three or four years more, but he was fortunate in having two very able assistants, whom he sent an attendant to call.

I can not tell you of our genuine astonishment when we were confronted by two more of our classmates, Sam Liebert and P. J. Leary. We made a very jolly party and strolled around the island exchanging bits of news until a late hour. Sam, it seems, was the active agent in the tonsorial parlor, while P. J. was Grand Vizier to the king and major domo of the court. When asked how he heard of the place, Sam said they read an ad. in the *Democrat*, inserted by the natives, who were in dire need of a barber. For every operation they were paid in pearls which were as common as gooseberries in Columbus. I asked Bill why he did not collect all he wanted at once and leave the island, but he replied, "I do not want to rob the people, so I charge them only a handful of pearls per trim." There still remained one object for the presence of which we could not account, and when Jim asked how he constructed the roof-garden on the beach, Bill smiled and answered, "That's a Merry Widow hat the late queen wore." We left the island shortly after in a boat manned by six natives, loaned to us by the king, and were picked up by a whaler the following day.

There remains but one more of the class with whom I have come in contact since we parted years before. Commonly known among the boys as "Stubby," the Billy of the class, and answering to almost any name of a brief signification, he claims as his own a diploma which I have seen hanging in his study, and which bears the euphonious name, *Guilielmus*. I might mention in passing that he has long since found his Betty. To see him presiding in court one would think that he never indulged in a

light or frivolous thought, but I who by virtue of my prophetic office have perfect memory as well as foresight, could tell you how he lost his raven locks, not gradually, but in bunches. I might confide to you the tragedy of his refusal to play first base for the Boston Bloomers, or tell you what a faithful member of the travelling rooters' association he has been, but more precious than these is a letter from the chairman of the National Peace Conference held at the Hague. It is the embodiment of the united congratulations of the powers, and contains much undisguised admiration for the brilliant yet simple plan, subjected to them for approval by one, W. Emmett Conway, '08, viz: that of disarming the Boxers in China by invading their territory with a company of manicurists. Before leaving he told me that he had received an invitation from a well-known university to fill the chair of "History of Philosophy," and he had decided to accept. Before entering upon his duties, however, he intended to tour the United States for a year, and give the multitude the benefit of his celebrated theory on "Woman and her Education," and "How to Cut a Wisdom Tooth."

It was due to the untiring efforts and ever increasing loyalty of our esteemed class mate, Francis A. Sheridan, that I am able to chronicle the achievements of the remainder of our class. That dignitary, who has since been elevated to the dignity of the priesthood, conceived the idea of establishing a class post-office at our college home where each member was bound by promise to leave his address, and to exchange letters with every member at least once a year. Besides conferring this favor upon the class, he has benefited the world at large by his ability to express the most simple as well as the most sublime emotions by the power of harmony.

The muse-inspired F. E. Munsch has won great renown by delving into the earth in the interests of archaeology, while William J. Remillard is engaged in the conquest of souls in Asia Minor.

Our versatile incandescent friend, Carl Mahoney, another Billy, has long since usurped the place, once held by Frohman. Time has not changed his sunny disposition, nor has fame warped his sociability, for he confided in a burst of confidence that he made his little hit when he resurrected "What Happened to Jones," and "The Hook from Holland." He is now preparing for publication a treatise on Psychotherapeutics.

As for yours truly, after roaming the earth these many years, burdened with this class imposed duty, when my task is at last completed I find that it has grown to be a part of my life, so I have decided to go west and grow up with the country.

CLASS HISTORY

Wm. A. McGuire, '08.



THE history of the world, as you all know, is chiefly a recital of bloodshed and intrigue, but as the class of naught eight is only a very small portion of this wicked world, and a class whose members are of the most peaceable and loving dispositions, we will be compelled to omit the so-called "blood-stained pages of history," and confine ourselves solely to those bloodless deeds of valor which require the ingenuity, tact and skill of a master in the refined art of intrigue; and we will endeavor to search into the past and expose the agreeable and disagreeable features in the college career of each member, for they all have a past. Yes, they have a history.

The historian's task is indeed a most disagreeable one, because he must possess a number of requisites the fulfillment of which characterizes an historian worthy of belief and admiration. The first requisite for a reliable historian is that he should be grave and sincere, and since I was selected on my merits, the class will vouch for my gravity and sincerity in this matter; the second essential is love of truth; that is why I took the office, for truth and I have always been affinities.

In this borderland of mingled fable and reality it is almost an impossibility to separate fact from fiction, but since a good story, whether pathetic or humorous, is always appreciated for its own sake independent of its truth, I hope that you will overlook any harsh criticisms on my part and see only the sunny side of this history, and that the class will receive it in the same spirit with which it is given.

For the first part of this history I am indebted to our esteemed and veteran class-mate, "Pat" Legris, whose versatile pen has equally merited with a fellow-junior the editorship of "Pioneer Days in Bourbonnais."

About six years ago according to Pat, there came to Bourbonnais an unsophisticated and verdant youth who rejoiced in the name Clarence Conway and was proud of the fact that he hailed from the far-distant, wild and woolly Sioux City. Of course, like all new students Clarence on account of his superabundant bashfulness and humility, persisted in remaining in the shadow of the limelight for the first year; but at certain intervals he became very confidential and secretly but eloquently related to his friend "Pat" that he had a kid brother at home whom he called Stubby and that the following year would see the Conway duet doing the brotherly love act at St. Viateur's College.

That year was uneventful, but the following year saw the greatest aggregation of future greats both in athletics and in versatility that the College has ever known. Clarence was as good as his word, and on one bright September morn he was seen making his way toward the college entrance, gently but firmly leading his little brother by the hand, but "Pat," after welcoming the loving pair, saw to his amazement that they were both of the same height. It is needless to state that from this time forward a careful distinction must be made between the two, so Clarence was dubbed "Shorty" and his brother Emmett received the soubriquet "Stubby."

A few days later the number of students was increased (I may add greatly) by the arrival of a representative from Piper City, Ill., in the person of James L. Dougherty, who was so persistent in his efforts at booming his home town that at first he was thought to be a professional booster, but when time wore on it became evident that James was here for no other purpose than to collect gold medals which were later to be displayed for the admiration and edification of his town people.

Last but not least of that year's production was Cornelius J. Mahoney, who hailed from the west side of the great northern city and boasted of a luxuriant crop of erubescant hair. As was natural, Con received a name to match his hair, but his was not long to linger for Con dearly loved flowers and every holiday would see him wending his way toward the banks of the beautiful Kankakee and every eve would see him return heavily laden with a gorgeous bunch of fragrant violets, hence on account of his partiality toward this particular flower he was henceforward called "Violet" Mahoney.

This was the giddy quintet which successfully launched the ship of class organization on the troubled waters of college life at St. Viator's, but as they were only humble and insignificant Freshies their fragile bark was subject to the cruel buffetings of the haughty and belligerent Sophomores. The clam-like verbosity of the quintet, when speaking of the events of that year, leads me to believe that their path was not always strewn with roses or that every day they revelled in the epicurean delights of milk and honey, so we will have to glide swiftly and silently over their ten months and be satisfied with the information that Jim Dougherty collected a few medals which were displayed in Piper City; that Mahoney and Legris gave promise of future varsity material, and that the Conway brothers, after spending their vacation hunting Indians in the suburbs of Sioux City, would again return to their beloved Alma Mater.

The fall of 1905, besides witnessing the triumphal return of

the unseparable five, also saw the ushering in of two new members. The first to respond to this volunteer's call was the old and venerable cut-up and rough-houser "Sam" Liebert, a former school teacher who, although rather late in life, found out that it was much easier to be taught than be teacher. The next member to undergo the trials and sufferings of college life of that year was a meek and humble youth from Chicago, who looked as if he were always trying to give an excuse for existing, but could not; this was the historian and thus was the class completed. After initiating the new members into all the intricacies of college life the wise and wicked Sophomores proceeded in their career of wickedness. Here indeed were seven hearts that beat as one and seven minds with but a single thought; and that thought one of eager expectation for a favorable opportunity of having a demonstration worthy of a university. The 8th of October arrived and so did the long-wished-for opportunity, for on that memorable day the college varsity won such an overwhelming victory against the American Medics that, to the mind of the conspiring Sophs, the event would not be properly celebrated unless the scene of the late victory was bedecked with the dancing forms of night-attired Sophomores. Instructions were given and that night even the walls whispered the joyful tidings, so after supplying ourselves with the necessary articles and a suitable excuse for the prefect, we arrived on the campus. This was a very delicate venture and required absolute silence, but everything went well until "Pat" Legris came upon the scene. We knew the range of "Pat's" voice and admonished him to smother it as much as possible; this he promised to do; but he persisted in playing his loudest on a bugle and this being somewhat harsher than "Pats" voice the proceedings were rudely interrupted by the arrival of a number of the faculty who thought, however, it was such a good joke that they wished to call us in so we could all laugh together. But the precious Sophs, knowing full well that the joke would be on them, were very unwilling to get in the clutches of the faculty, so the retreat was sounded by our bugler, "Pat," and after leaping a number of fences which unceremoniously bereft us of portions of our attire, we arrived at the college buildings with the Reverend Brothers running a close second. The entrance of the building was soon gained, but we ignominiously fell into the hands of the waiting enemy, while some ran into the always-open and ever-welcoming arms of Rev. Fr. Marsile, who told us in very few words (without the semblance of a smile) that the joke was on us; so after taking our punishment like brave little men we went to bed sadder but wiser Sophomores.

It is needless to state that this was the last celebration of the

kind that year, but the monotonous existence of the winter months was soon broken by the greatest event in the history of the college. This was the terrible conflagration which consumed all the college buildings. More reliable and capable historians have recorded the heroic deeds of that sad and eventful night so there is nothing left for me to relate except a few peculiar happenings which, although seemingly inappropriate to the seriousness of that occasion, nevertheless have their merit on account of bringing to light a few characteristics of naught-eight men. At the first report of the fire a number of students ran out in the road in order to obtain a better view of the threatening fire-demon, and among this throng of anxious spectators were the two well-known woman-haters, Stubby Conway and Violet Mahoney. These two held a hurried consultation and decided that the fire reporter at the college was on the wrong track, for surely the fire must be at the convent. Never did two knights journey faster in a worthier cause; and with high hopes of heroic deeds and a mental picture of two Carnegie hero medals they arrived at the convent. But to their surprise and dismay they found no fair dames in distress, nor buildings wrapped in devouring flames, but in peaceful slumber. So with due haste, after murmuring softly in unison that pathetic little word "stung," they hurriedly made for the real scene of disaster. They were both in time to do heroic work on the blazing structure. Violet to skillfully guide the nozzle of a hose which was disconnected, and Stubby to aid his brother in carrying to safety a trunk which belonged to someone else. The fire was now raging, so was the excitement, and after many futile attempts at entering my room I succeeded, and gathering together all my belongings I finally arrived at a safe distance from the fiery furnace and, making a careful estimate of all my effects, found I had to my credit an old tooth brush and an empty ink bottle. This was not unusual on the night of that exciting occasion and our fellow-classmen will recall how Jim Dougherty, after saving his trusty pipe and an empty tobacco sack, made a daring and spectacular leap from the bottom step of the building, thus saving his own life and proving himself a hero. The remaining few months of that year were devoid of any extraordinary events, and were spent in anxious expectation for the coming fall when we would no longer be the wise and wicked Sophs, but respectable and peaceful Juniors.

September, 1906, the beautiful village of Bourbonnais witnessed the return of the loyal band of Juniors who, regardless of the late lamentable disaster, were still imbued with the desire of imbibing the crystal waters of knowledge at the fountain of St. Viateur's College. During the first few days of our Junior year

our lips were parched and burning with eagerness for the first refreshing draught of knowledge, but we were still more anxious that it should be tried on the Seniors first. Our inordinate craving for this intellectual beverage was soon satisfied and in the course of a few classes we all received the long-desired cup overflowing with knowledge, although it was perceptibly flavored with a slight mixture of extract of lemon. On account of the lack of rooming facilities at the college, that year was principally spent in the hospitable homes of the villagers; and although the members of our class were somewhat scattered, we managed to come together a few nights each week in order to burn the mid-night oil; some of us in heated discussions concerning the importance of certain philosophical problems, while others grew eloquent in discussing the respective events of an old plane or a newly acquired soul affinity.

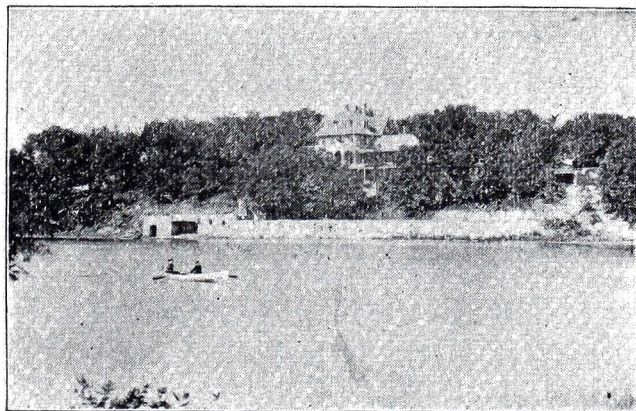
There is an old adage which says that "truth is stranger than fiction," but since the truth very frequently hurts we will have to omit some of those disagreeable and hurtful incidents which are nevertheless the strangest.

After returning from our Christmas vacation that year, we found to our surprise and sorrow that preparations had been made at the college for receiving all the students who were studying so hard while in the village, that the faculty, ever considerate for the wellbeing of the pupils, thought it advisable to have them always under their loving care and watchful eyes. However, the Juniors, on account of their irreproachable conduct, received permission to remain in the town, and the rest of that year we were the happy possessors of the now famous and historic "Frat House." These were history-making days, indeed, and every day supplied sufficient material for the development of a thrilling story of daring deeds or an interesting novel of love and adventure. Of course all the days were spent in hard study, and also the evenings, but some of the nights were spent in studying how to get out and not unfrequently the lessons were well learned. One night especially will ever be memorable to the men of naught-eight. On this particular evening a bazaar was held at the nearby convent and it necessarily followed that the "Frat boys" would be in attendance. So after a careful and studious preparation for the task before us we finally studied a way to get out. To relate all the events which happened at the bazaar would be to forsake the office of historian for that of biographer, but in passing it might be well to mention that three of the "Fratties" thought they discovered their elusive affinities. Information concerning this lucky trio will be cheerfully given by Shorty, Stubby and Violet, who enjoy more than a passing acquaintance with

these three young men. After gathering together all our "booby" prizes and a few of the lemons which had inadvertently wandered our way, we proceeded back to the "Frat house." When we arrived at the door we had to do some more hard studying, this time to get in, for the doors were locked. But our utter disappointment and bewilderment was soon turned to joy when the ever thoughtful and designing Violet told us that he had prepared a means of entrance which consisted of a string let down from an upper window, the mere jerking of which would bring to view a rope ladder whereby we might easily ascend to our rooms in safety. The contrivance was simple and worked well until Stubby endeavored to make the ascent. The village was wrapped in slumber and the occupants of the house were peacefully enjoying their well earned repose which was rudely interrupted by the climbing Conway, who made a misstep, and in his rapid descent endeavored to put his feet through a window and tried his hardest to tear a few boards off the house. The villagers were instantly in arms for prospective burglars and the landlord of the house made a flying leap for the cyclone cellar, while the naught-eight men, ever ready to take advantage of a mistake of this kind, flew in through the now open door and quickly but silently plunged into bed to sleep the sleep of the innocent. Of course, the following morning when the town gossips were enjoying their usual talk-fest we were judiciously ignorant of the preceding night's wonderful occurrence, and thus the unsuspecting villagers were made the recipients of another basket of delicious citron fruit.

I do not wish to leave the impression that all the naught-eight men are subject to such brainstorms, for we have in the class four worthy Brothers, F. Munsch, W. Remillard, F. Sheridan and P. Leary, who have always been models of piety and studiousness. Bros. Remillard and Munsch have ever been solicitous for the well-being of the students and have worked hard in the interest of the class-room, while Bro. Sheridan, our esteemed orchestra leader, is ever anxious to lend a helping hand for our enjoyment and has frequently volunteered his services for the Senior hop. Bro. Leary enjoys the enviable distinction of being the most considerate and patient member of the faculty. That is why he rules supreme in the candy store. However, his patience was severely tested on one occasion when a precocious Junior called for two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other. This momentarily puzzled the philosophic mind of Bro. Leary, who was just about to throw a hamburger at the insolent student when recalling his enviable reputation, repented and instead threw a kiss at the laughing joker.

In September we again returned with the follies of naught-seven still fresh in our minds, but we were now staid and studious Seniors who must forsake the jester's garb for one of seriousness and dignity. This year has been profitable to all of us in many ways. It has by means of a Senior play awakened the dormant talents of probable future geniuses of the footlights; and it has under the able captaincy of Clarence Conway developed an aggregation of baseball stars second to none in the west. Finally, it has, under the careful and judicious guidance of our beloved and reverend teachers, opened to us innumerable fields of soul-inspiring thought and action and we, the men of naught-eight, can say in all truth and sincerity that this fountain of learning has not only satiated our desire for the crystal waters of knowledge but it has instilled in us such a craving for its refreshing sweetness that we will leave St. Viateur's only to seek at other fountains along life's course those invigorating draughts of truth that thrill to activity the men who make history.



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EDITORIAL.

Once more the scholastic year has come to a close and has taken its place on the shelves of history with many of its kind.

Vacation has come to bring rest to the tired student, respite for the mental workman. Vacation is a boon, and is welcomed by the true student. But like all good things it is often relished by those who have no claim on it. There should be no vacation for the student who has not done his work during the scholastic year, who remorselessly let time slip through his fingers, who, while he should have sown, allowed the field to overrun with briars and weeds. Such a student does not deserve a vacation; nay, vacation should be a silent reproach to him, reminding him that it comes to erase those careworn lines, that tired look on the face of the true student. Would that the nominal student were sensitive enough to catch this message of vacation and improve himself. Vacation is what you make it. The genuine student will rightly conceive it a time of cessation of studies and will consequently put aside rigorous studies. He will enjoy himself in honorable pleasure seeking, excursions and outings. Moderation in these is his watchword. Shall he wholly disregard books? By no means. Wholesome, not heavy, but good literature, will take up some of his time. He will always have a select volume near him to spend a few hours with things of the mind. Thus his mind will be kept keen, besides being stocked with best materials at very small expense. A sane vacation is such that while all necessary rest is taken, the extreme of laziness and supineness is avoided. The student who has al-

together abandoned things of the mind during vacation, finds it hard to get into the "run of things" in September, and is so put at a disadvantage. The student who has not eschewed the company of books will not experience this difficulty. The true student will not on the 18th of June surrender himself with wild abandon to pleasure seeking, fill himself day after day with play and at night, exhausted, fall into a slumber which is not broken till close to the noon hour. Such a student surfeited with pleasure, finds study nauseous, distasteful, and another poor year is in store for him. The real student is the contrary. He has had enough of recreation, he feels the desire to know coming back on him, he can't be satisfied with mere play, he seeks something more substantial; he comes back to school, rested, jolly, in good spirits, ready to take up with a will the task of ten months, with good, earnest and hard study. These months are for him the time of stock taking and he goes at it with a will, a determination that warrants fair success.

VIATORIAN CLUB.

A more enthusiastic meeting was never held within the walls of St. Viateur's than that held by the three organized classes '06, '07 and '08, on the morning of June 17, 1908. The committee appointed a year ago, consisting of the three class presidents, W. McKenna '06, L. O'Connor '07, and W. E. Conway '08, and whose object it was to adopt measures whereby there could be had a more perfect and close union of the members of this trefoil of classes, reported and was discharged. Mr. McKenna, ever a great organizer, and the founder of class organization at St. Viateur's, in reading the report of the committee made every one see the need of firm union, undying loyalty and good-fellowship. In part, Mr. McKenna said: "I know you have all these qualities; there was never an alumnus of St. Viateur's who did not possess them in the highest degree. But fellows, we are drifting apart, even our own classmates are being lost sight of; we must keep in touch with them; we must have firmer and closer organization."

In order that this close bond of friendship and more perfect union be had, it was decided by the three classes to form what will be known as the "Viatorian Club." Its sole object is to pro-

mote good-fellowship and bind together more closely and firmly the later students of St. Viateur's.

The officers of the newly organized club are as follows: Wm. C. McKenna, Plainfield, Ill., president; Jas. A. Hayden, Wilmington, Ill., vice president; L. M. O'Connor, Arlington, Ill., secretary; W. E. Conway, Sioux City, Iowa, treasurer; F. J. Moisant, C. S. V., Bourbonnais, Ill., Sargeant-at-arms. Directors, B. J. Shiel, Chicago Ill.; J. P. Hickey, Kankakee, Ill.; J. L. Dougherty, Piper City, Ill.; honorary directors, Rev. P. C. Conway, Chicago, Ill.; T. B. Cosgrove, Danville, Ill.; A. L. Girard, C. S. V., Bourbonnais, Ill.

Although the officers of this club are at present all graduates, membership is not limited to graduates, but any person who has studied a year or more at St. Viateur's in the senior department and has honorably left the institution, intending to remain away from it, can upon application, become a member of this club.

Rev. P. C. Conway, who was present at the meeting, voiced the sentiments of the older members of the alumni in regard to the new society, and in their name he bid it God-speed. He said in part: "In God's name go on; you of '06, '07 and '08 have undertaken a giant's work, but my earnest wish, my sincere hope, is that you will accomplish it. And you will. You have been bound together while here at college by the strongest ties of friendship and by the firm bond of class organization. The Viatorian Club is but your class organization maturing, and with Mr. McKenna as your leader, I am certain that the class organization started by him in 1906 will find its fit completion in the fully matured Viatorian Club." Again Father Conway said: "The organization that you propose is necessary for the old alumni as well as for yourselves. We all know how generous and loyal they are, how their aid both financially and morally is at the command of Alma Mater. But still there is something lacking; they have not that fellowship, that social intercourse that characterizes the alumni of a great institution. They need a moving principle, something that will draw together and unite them socially, something that will animate them as the soul does the body. You men of '06, '07 and '08 have already behind you the force of organization, you will supply what we, the older alumni have not, but need; your Viatorian Club will be that animating, uniting principle. Again I say, 'In God's name go on.'" With such a man as Fr. Conway seconding the efforts of Mr. McKenna and his collaborators, and giving his support in every possible way, the Viatorian Club is sure to be a glorious and brilliant success.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., '99, in a few words submitted his sentiments and those of the faculty in regard to the newly-

launched organization. He was highly in favor of the formation of the club because, he said, it must prove of benefit to every member for it would be a means of bringing together educated Catholic men whose influence upon each other could not fail to be most beneficial.

The first meeting of the officers and directors has been held and the constitution is well under way, and will probably be completed at the next meeting which is to be held in Chicago about the middle of July. Information concerning the Club can be obtained from any of the officers upon application.

CLASS DAY AND COMMENCEMENT AT ST. VIATEUR.

On Tuesday, June 16th, the third annual Class Day of new and greater St. Viateur's was celebrated with unusual grandeur. A large concourse of people from Chicago and the surrounding country was in attendance. Solemn pontifical high mass was sung at 9:30 by Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D. Rev. Fr. Ryan, C. S. V., assisted as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Bergin, C. S. V., as sub-deacon. Fr. Morrissey, pastor of St. Finbar's Church, Chicago, delivered the baccalaureate address. He spoke of the great need there was in the world of true, honest and upright men, saying that in the graduates of the Catholic college alone could we look for such. The American Catholic graduate, like the apostles of old, should go forth and teach the sublime doctrine of Christ by his example. He should do all in his power to elevate the moral standard of his country, which is rapidly drifting into materialism, atheism and rationalism. He should beware of pitfalls which surround him on all sides and bear always in mind that not all the criminals that fill our jails were hatched in the slums or byways, but unfortunately, many with a greater and higher education have allowed themselves to drift away from the paths of righteousness and fall most miserably.

At one o'clock the class banquet was tendered to the visitors and friends of the graduates, at the end of which the following toasts were spoken: Toastmaster, W. E. Conway; "Our President," C. Mahoney; "His First Class," W. J. Remillard; "A Voice From '83," James Maher; "Our A. M.'s," J. Hayden; "The Erstwhile Senior," L. M. O'Connor; "The Viatorian," Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V.; "The To-Becomes," F. Shippy; "The Trefoil," Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.; "Our Under Grads," R. F. Shannon; "Our Professors," F. A. Sheridan. At the end Fr. Con-

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way of St. Pius' Church, Chicago, was called upon to say a few words, and in his usual humorous style kept the crowd in a hilarious mood.

At seven-thirty in the evening, the Juniors were initiated in the secrets and responsibilities of seniorship. The program was as follows: "Class Poem," F. E. Munsch; "Class History," W. McGuire; "Class Prophecy," C. Conway; "Our Athletes." Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V. Then took place the ceremony of investiture of the Junior Class, after which refreshments were served. The College Orchestra, under the able direction of A. A. Sheridan, rendered the music.

At 2:30 Wednesday afternoon, June 17th, the 40th annual commencement exercises of St. Viator's College were given in the College theatre. Most Rev. J. E. Quigley presided. The speeches, on the various phases of socialism, were delivered by three of the graduates: "Industrial Socialism," J. L. Dougherty; "Social and Political Features of Socialism," J. F. Legris; "Socialism and Religion," F. E. Munsch. W. E. Conway, president of the class, delivered the Valedictory. The Master's degrees were then conferred upon W. McKenna, Plainfield, Ill.; J. Hayden, Symerton, Ill.; F. Mueller, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hickey, Bradley, Ill.; J. B. W. Shiel, Chicago; J. Rheams, Chicago; P. E. Brown; Chicago; J. D. Kirley, Lawler, Iowa. The Bachelor's degrees were given to J. Dougherty, Piper City; F. E. Munsch, Chicago; W. E. Conway and C. Conway, Sioux City, Iowa; J. Legris, Bourbonnais; L. Libert, Canton; C. Mahoney and W. McGuire, Chicago; P. Leary, Mahonoy Plains, Penn.; W. Remillard, Lake Linden, Mich.; F. A. Sheridan, Lafayette, Ind.

Rev. Fr. Kelley, president of the Church Extension Society, then addressed the graduates. After beginning by an appropriate story, he told the students that they were going into the world to fight a battle, not the fight of bloodshed, but a fight against spiritual enemies. He admonished them to put on the breastplate of honor which consists not in power nor glory, nor popularity, but as he appropriately hinted in the story of the ermine, in being ready to die rather than soil its white feet.

The gold medals were then awarded as follows: Philosophy medal, J. L. Dougherty, Piper City, Ill.; classical excellence, J. Lareau; English composition, F. Cleary, Momence; mathematics, W. Nourie; Greek, D. Boyle; general history, E. Souligne, Bradley; politeness, R. Cunningham, Helena, Ark.; U. S. history, L. Sherman, Mutual, Okla.; senior deportment, F. Cleary; junior deportment, W. Purtell, Chicago; minim deportment, Cyrus Campe, Chicago; spelling, G. Julian, Chicago; Latin, W. Nourie, Beaverville, Ill.; junior excellence, P. Curley, Chicago;

French, J. Lareau, Kankakee, Ill.; stenography, George Lyons, Chicago; music, L. Swane, Kankakee, Ill.; penmanship, J. Hansman, Chicago; minim excellence, Charles Parker, Chicago; chemistry, W. Nourie; christian doctrine, J. Williams; minim politeness, M. Legris, Bourbonnais; physics, E. Souligne, Bradley. The Most Rev. Archbishop concluded the program by a short and appropriate address to the students. He congratulated the first three speakers on the able manner in which they had treated so vital a subject as socialism, for they showed themselves able to grapple with the great question of the day. He concluded by speaking words of praise and encouragement to the parents of the students in making the sacrifice of sending their children to the college. He also expressed his admiration of the work done by the college.

Some of the clergy present were as follows: Rev. J. F. Hayden of St. Lawrence Church, Chicago; Rev. M. Lennartz, Chicago; Rev. P. J. Geraghty, St. Bernard's Church, Chicago; Rev. P. O'Dwyer, Wilmington, Ill.; Rev. E. Kowalewski, St. Stanislaus, Kankakee; Rev. J. H. Hemlock, St. Patrick, Lemont, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Flaherty, Nativity, Chicago; Rev. T. J. McDevitt, Ascension, Oak Park; Rev. J. P. Parker, Chebanse; P. H. Durkin, Rantoul; O. R. Bourdeau, Manteno; A. L. Labrie, Momence; F. Caraher, Reddick; C. J. Quille, Mission of Mercy, Chicago; A. J. Tardiff, St. George; C. A. Poissant, Chicago; W. A. Granger, Kankakee; Rev. J. T. Bennett, St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee; M. T. Dugas, Beaverville; F. C. Kelley, Chicago; Rev. A. Mainville, Brimfield; E. M. Dunne, Chancellor; P. C. Conway; A. D. Granger; A. Martin, Pullman; Rev. A. J. Burns, Oregon, Ill.; Rev. J. P. Berard, St. Anne; Fr. Griffy; F. Lentz, Piper City.

J. V. R.



LOCALS,

—Belter.

—Itny.

—Medzie.

—Cushaber.

—Bazookus.

—Burns is a hot name.

—Korn Kinks and a sleepover.

—Sunny Jim came down to see the lads begin to commence.

—Say, Bud, did he hand you a lemon? Naw, he threw me a chance book.

—Did you ever know that today was tomorrow yesterday, or that the day after tomorrow, tomorrow will be yesterday.

—Teacher—Now Charlie can you tell me who are supposed to have inhabited America before the Indians?

Charlie (who was absent the day before)—I don't know teacher, I wasn't here.

—The Ginnies were the perlitest bunch
That ever I did spy,
They often would side step
To let a freight go by.

—Johnnie was engaged in a game of baseball and had reached third in safety; Jimmy had been sent by his mother to tell Johnnie she wanted him. As Jim drew near to deliver his message, the latter clouted a long foul. At the same instant Jimmie exclaimed, "O, John, ma says to come home."

John (in disgust)—Aw gwan, what does ma know about baseball. You can't come home on a foul.

A DAY CAMPING.

It was on a Mundy. We were all at the Campe. The day was Rainey and we were forced to stay inside. C— was about to write to his 'Bride to Warn'er against the financial crisis which was indeed becoming alarming. From his two Rheams of paper he procured a few Sheetz, took out a Quille and began. Joe, a

Curley headed Irish lad, did the cooking and was preparing to Boyle some Rice for dinner while Tom, our Brown faced friend, was peacefully smoking the Butz of a cigar and sewing a patch on his large baseball Decker, when a loud bark was heard without. In an instant the house was empty. Monarch, the bravest of Lyons, was chasing a Fox. He drove him into a Hayes-Stack where he soon became Wedge-d between two logs. We all took up the chase and before we were near enough to prevent him, C—raises his rifle and with a report as loud as a Cannon Shuetz the Fox. We started to Pile-on him and were going to Lynch him at first, but Joe Shiel-ded him and pacified us by telling us that we were to have Drake, Rice, Murphy's Graham bread and Berry-s for dinner; to keep cool Tom Munsch-s ice and Downs ice water all the way back, for he Burns with a Long unslaked thirst. We arrived at noon and prepared for dinner. Everything was of Sterling quality and quite Savary. The Curran-t pie was all Wright. In the afternoon we took a boat ride to old Miller, the black-Smith. As we had only one Mast we did not land before three. While Mar-cotte a Salmon, Joe killed a Crane and a Bear-on the voyage after eight shots. It was fun to see him Moffit the other seven times. After enjoying a few hours with the old Swain we started back Carroll-ing all the old college songs. "The Weatherby-ing fine, Wyland so soon," said Joe. "Hansmen to the oars!" After a pleasant trip we returned to the Campe, ate a hearty supper and rolled into bed, to dream of more Joy-ce to come.

O. U. C. Melaf.



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