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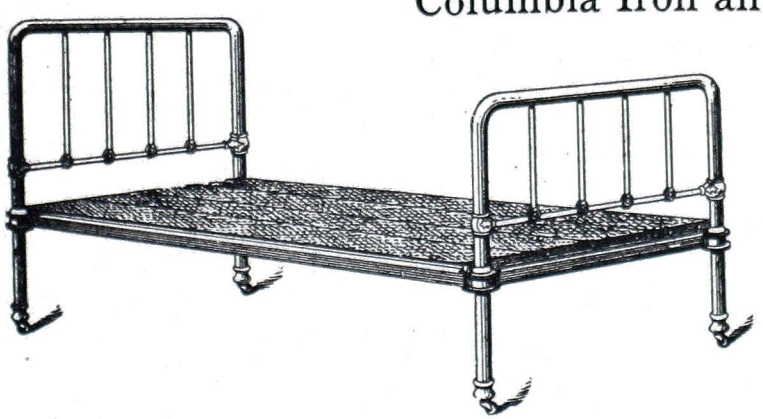

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Fac et Spera

Volume 34 November, 1916 Number 1

THE FLOWER.

There came a wind one summer's day,
That bore upon its sultry breath
A seed from the dark lands of death.

The wind itself blew far away,
But left within my garden there
The little seed to bloom and bear.

A month went by,—two months, and then
A calix formed and grew apace,
There in that quiet garden place.

And many maids and many men
Passed in my garden, wondering
Why all the birds had ceased to sing.

And there the autumn sunlight fell
Until one fair and fatal hour
It burst into a perfect flower.

Alas, it was a flower from hell,
And all who gazed upon it knew
No fairer flower ever grew.

And all to whom its odor came
Felt in their hearts the fatal fire
Of unattainable desire.

And burning with that ancient flame
They went down to the quiet shore,
But found it quiet nevermore.

And when the flaming sun went down
They cast their boats upon the tide
And sailed from out the harbor side.

Now all is quiet through the town,
But in my garden never grows
Aught but that single flaming rose.

—*Patrick F. Kirby.*

LABOR AND LABOR REFORM.

CHARLES A. HART, '17.

"Les murmurs des pauvres sont justes. Pourquoi, Seigneur, cette inegalite des conditions?"—BOSSUET.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

In undertaking a discussion of modern social reform I mean the reform of industrial conditions, accomplished or proposed, and not the reform of all social conditions. But industrial reform is, after all, *the* social question, for in the solution of the flagrant evils so evident in our industrial system, lies the solution of many other problems which today vex society. Of course these close interrelations of one reform to another are always present, but it appears to me that the great question of our day lies in the economic and consequent social injustice under which the laboring classes are suffering. Narrowing the topic again, I shall be concerned chiefly with the distribution of wealth and but little if at all, with production. For it is generally admitted, especially in these days of wonderful invention and careful utilization of natural resources, that the problems of sufficient production have been largely solved. The great need of reform lies in a more equitable division of the wealth which every civilized nation possesses in greater or less abundance. It is in the field of distribution, then, that social theorists and practical reformers have concentrated their efforts, for here is the source of much of the social maladjustment from which society suffers. Hence reform concerns itself largely with the attempt to make normal the most abnormal conditions of distribution. In this respect society is like a great river flowing through a mountainous country. The stream will never be content until it has cut away the surrounding hills and makes its bed a plain where it will have a *normal* gradient. So likewise, society seeks to establish a normal relation between men and their surroundings. This normal relation imperatively demands a much more equitable division of wealth than we have at present; a more secure and economically sufficient position of the laboring class and a much lesser powerful status of the capitalistic division of society.

In treating this question of labor and labor reform I shall defend the proposition that labor cannot hope for any betterment of its condition through proposed collective ownership reform, but must look to improvement by allowing itself to pass through a condition akin to economic slavery from which it may ultimately hope to rise to economic freedom which shall be the result of fairer

distribution. I shall divide my discussion into three sections: I. A brief history of the various stages through which labor in general has evolved. From this past I hope to find a guide to the future because I believe this to be the great purpose of all histories. II. A statement of present evil conditions arising from the concentration of wealth (commenting especially on the state of affairs in United States), together with the significance of the successful and proposed attempts at bettering this social maladjustment. III. Speculations on the future in the light of past and present tendencies, the possibilities of the betterment of the status of the laboring classes, and the forces which can bring about this desired end.

II.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF LABOR.

Labor has been defined by an able economist as "work done by the mind or body, either partly or wholly for the purpose of producing utilities." Here we shall be concerned largely with bodily labor and with the class which exists by giving its efforts to another, either under compulsion or voluntarily. At the dawn of history we find that practically all labor was of the former sort, little more than slavery, and it would seem that the system had its roots deep in life of prehistoric times. Hence it is that the earliest records of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea and Judea contain records of so large a slave class as to characterize these states as servile." Up to the advent of Christianity," says Balmes, "there existed not only the oppression and degradation of a large portion of the human race, but, moreover, an accredited error, which tended more and more to lower that portion of humanity. According to this opinion, slaves were a mean race, far below the dignity of freemen; they were a race degraded by Jupiter himself, marked by a stamp of humiliation, and predestined to their state of abjection and debasement." This, as we shall learn, was one of the great errors which the Church had to combat with in Her gradual emancipation of the slave. But aside from this, in Europe especially, the slave class was very largely the result of poverty. In their periods of greatest glory both the Greek and Roman states were servile in their foundation and students of social conditions have generally considered this ancient slavery to have been far more oppressive than that in any slave state with which we are personally acquainted. Further, it is of considerable import that this division of the state into free and slave seemed to both classes to be most natural and acceptable, indeed, vitally necessary for the existence of the state at all.

With the advent of Christianity, teaching the essential dignity and equality of men and the nobility and obligation of labor, this most natural arrangement of the state into citizen and slave class began to weaken, although it must not be thought that emancipation

was brought about immediately, for this was the work of upwards of a thousand years from the time of Constantine, when Christianity began to exert a wide influence. With the error as to the essential inequality of men removed the Church gradually extended the rights of the slaves by admitting them into her monasteries, and by other privileges She secured for them. Later, after some struggle, they became attached to certain large estates known as villae, with the privilege of conducting a part of the land for their own particular use. In this way the slave evolved into the serf. By the early twelfth century he had become nearly a peasant by simply paying dues to his lord for the use of the land. By the close of the fifteenth century, (which also saw the end of the Middle Ages), in western Christendom, at least, society had been economically free for nearly two centuries, with property rights enjoyed by the great mass of people. In the towns this right had been greatly strengthened by the growth of the Guilds, those coöperative societies of workmen who effected a most equitable division of property. Society's characteristic trait now, at the beginning of the Modern Age, was distinctly proprietary. The condition of the laboring class both in town and country during the later Middle Ages—the fourteenth and fifteenth century—was much better than it had ever been and it may be asserted with confidence that the poorest one-tenth of the laboring population was probably better fed and better clothed than is the poorest one-tenth today. "The grinding and hopeless poverty," says the economist Gibbins, "so often prevalent in the present time did not belong to mediaeval life." Wealth was far more equitably distributed, the laboring class receiving a larger share per capita of wealth then created than the laborer today obtains from the wealth produced at the present time. In the town the guilds succeeded quite admirably in harmonizing the interests of the producer and consumer.

In a discussion of the length here contemplated this very brief and inadequate outline of the history of labor must suffice and more especially since it is not the history of labor but labor reform and its tendency that I desire to deal with mainly. I shall now pass on to a consideration of labor in modern and present tmes with special reference to United States, and to labor reform programs, their significance and possibility of success.

III.

PRESENT CONDITIONS AND REFORM MOVEMENTS.

On the threshold of the Modern Age the laborers of Western Christendom were economically free. Whence came the breaking point? Whence arose on the one hand this small class possessed of the fundamental means of production, and on the other, this vast majority (almost nine-tenths at present in United States) who were dispossessed of the means of production and became wage-earners

for the first class,—the proletariate, these earners are called. The breaking point came, like so many other strains, with the Reformation. Early in the sixteenth century, in England especially, Henry VIII and his weak successor, Edward VI, seized the Monastic lands which at the time comprised nearly thirty per cent of all the land in England. This was done as soon as Henry left the Church. But he and his weak successor were unable to hold their unlawful possessions. Little by little it fell into the hands of the lords of England who were already possessed of more than one-fifth of the land of the country. This gave the latter class control of more than one-half the land by the seventeenth century. From then on down until the nineteenth century the history of labor is nothing more than a steady decline of its holdings and a consequent increase of the other class now commonly termed the capitalistic class. The Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century only hastened the process. And what happened in England is largely what happened in the other important countries of Europe with only rather minor differences which I cannot stop here to notice. Suffice it to say that the nineteenth and twentieth century sees the establishment of the capitalistic state which had been developing since the sixteenth.

Let us look at this present state and note its characteristics. It has been defined as a "society in which the ownership of the means of production is confined to a body of free citizens not large enough to make up a general character of that society, while the rest are dispossessed of the means of production and are therefore wholly proletarian." Here we have a vast concentration of wealth into the hands of a very few. A remarkable thing, to my mind, is the fact that even our own country, which has yet to see its two hundredth birthday, is in just such a state as that of European nations many centuries in age. This has grown up largely within the last hundred years with the development of our internal resources and the control of them by a few capitalists, largely through the lavishness and extravagance of the government. In 1829 in United States the average estate in Massachusetts, a very representative state, (according to the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor) was $4,000; sixty years later it was over $10,000. In 1893 Mr. Geo. K. Holmes estimated from a study of the statistics of farm and home ownership in the United States in 1890 that 91% of the families of the country own no more than 29% of the wealth, and 9% of the families own about 71% of the wealth. From the 1910 census it has been computed, from a less well known source, that about 3% of the families own over 90% of the wealth of this country leaving to the 97% of the families only about 10% of the wealth.

What has such a state of affairs produced? One need but go into any of our large centers of living, and nowadays even into the smaller centers, to see the squalid misery and wretchedness to find the answer to this vile state existing under the capitalistic

regime. It is too well known to the social worker to need any lengthy treatment. I shall content myself with a short quotation concerning the living conditions of a family in what is known as "Painter's Row," in the mill district of Pittsburg as reported by Elizabeth Crowell, in "Charities and the Commons" (Vol. 21, pp. 914–915): "In one apartment a man, his wife and a baby and two boarders slept in one room, and five boarders occupied two beds in an adjoining room. . . . . Not one house in the entire settlement had any provisions for supplying drinking water to its tenants. . . . . They went to an old pump in the mill yard—360 steps from the farthest apartment, down seventy-five stairs. This town pump was the sole supply of drinking water within reach of ninety-one households, comprising 568 persons. . . . . Another row of one-family houses had a curious wooden chute arrangement on the back porches, down which waste water was poured that ran through open drains in the open drain between this row of houses and the next. . . . . They carried other things besides waste water,—filth of every description was emptied down these chutes, for these six families and three families below on the first floor had no closet accommodation and were living like animals."

Such is a fair description of the way in which a great number of the proletariat lives; often the conditions are worse, not often better. The description above is afforded us from the "City of a thousand millionaires." Similar descriptions might be detailed endlessly of living conditions in the tenements of New York, the stockyards district of Chicago, the industrial towns of Pennsylvania, and the coal-fields of West Virginia. The very livelihood of the people living in these surroundings is at the will of the multi-millionaire employers who can give or withhold the means of subsistence quite as they please.

The result of such a state of affairs is the most deplorable insecurity and inefficiency of the laboring classes. It must be evident to even the most casual observers that such a state cannot last. In its very nature it must be transitional. Here is a society politically free but economically dependent upon a very small class called capitalists. From the laborer's point of view a change is inevitable. With this political freedom possessed by the laborer the capitalist is likewise in an insecure position, for under the true capitalistic system of unrestraint one capitalist may carry on a ruinous process of competition till one or the other possessor is forced out. Again, no state can exist naturally in which the great majority are wholly at the mercy of a few for the bare necessities of life itself. Finally all our laws and traditions of the present are built upon the assumption that the state is made of free citizens. Hence it enforces contracts, which require two free parties. But here is a great proletariat class who are really not free. To a very large extent they accept rates of wages offered them under the penalty of starving. It has made one man responsible for

damages he willfully inflicts on another, on the presumption that the first man has property to make good the injury. But as we shall soon see, present social reform is coming to recognize that there is a very large class who are not really free, who cannot be held for damages caused by their willful action on the property of another, and hence this reform is changing the old laws and traditions which diverge so widely from actual facts as society presents them today. For these reasons economists and sociologists all agree generally that the present society is transitional and that a more secure state must inevitably result. A change then is upon us, since we cannot continue in the present way.

What will be the direction of this change and what goal will be reached when the change has been effected? This question brings me to the heart of my discussion. Hillaire Belloc, the eminent English economist, narrows all social arrangements which can replace the present doomed capitalism down to three: Slavery, Socialism, and Property. In the present state we have ownership of the means of production by a few with the freedom, at least nominal, of all people. Now the first solution would take away the freedom of the vast numbers of proletarians and compel them to labor for the few who should then be compelled by state enactment to give sufficient subsistence and consequent security to the proletariat. This would then be a secure state. Or we might continue the freedom of all and take away this other factor in the capitalistic state—the means of production. We could dispose of these means in two ways: 1. Give them over to state control. 2. Divide them equally among all. The first would result in Socialism, or collectivism; the second in fairer distribution, which was what I desired to arrive at when I maintained, at the beginning of my discussion, that the great need of reform lies in a more equitable distribution of economic goods *produced* abundantly enough (approximately speaking) to satisfy all, but which were *not* satisfying all because of this very evil of unequal division. But can this condition of fairer distribution be reached directly? It involves in the first place the taking away of the wealth concentrated in the hands of a few capitalists and secondly the division of this wealth among all. From *present conditions* and the *tendency of present social reform* I shall try to prove that this desirable end cannot be reached directly; that it must be reached, if at all, by taking an indirect route, whose indirectness consists in the passing of labor through a condition akin to economic slavery, and finally (by forces inherent in that economically servile state and by other forces outside it) into the desired state of fairer distribution. In this evolution of labor from the present evil conditions through a state of economic slavery into the state of fair distribution I shall call upon the history of labor outlined in the first part of my paper, to present a similar evolution in the past; thus advancing the theory, or more strictly speaking the speculation, that

labor may, perhaps, move in fairly regular cycles which repeat themselves in given periods. This last shall be merely a private speculation of my own to be taken only for what it can demonstrate. It is not strictly essential to my thesis that I demonstrate this.

In the first place I said that labor could hope for no betterment of their conditions from collective ownership. I base my conclusion on two premises: 1. Collectivism can only end in unstability and insecurity, the very defects in capitalism which makes it objectionable. (2) Collectivism cannot expropriate the capitalist by any method at his disposal although expropriation is vital to its system. From this it will be seen that the collectivist must accept the only other alternative solution offered—that of evolution through a state of economic slavery to fair distribution.

Let us now briefly consider the collectivist's claims and the practicability of his solution. In the first place collectivism may be objected to on the score of idealism. No important state was ever conducted according to a collectivistic program. The men who hope ultimately for a state of fairer distribution can well point back to a most equitable division of property in the past. On the other hand it would seem that we are tending to considerable collective ownership of property such as municipal and state railways, water systems, gas, light, etc. In this respect the collectivist would, perhaps, be more in harmony with the times than the other class of reformers, just as it would be easier to have the city take over its lighting system, etc., than it would be to attempt to create a great multitude of shareholders in this system which is now in the hands of a few capitalists. But this is all more apparent than real because the collectivist cannot achieve his purpose. Consequently he leaves the mass of wage earners in their old state of abominable insecurity and insufficiency. Why are his efforts doomed to failure? Because he cannot expropriate. He has just two methods open to him to reach his desired end—to arbitrarily confiscate, or to "buy out" the capitalist. But the first is, practically speaking, impossible. The owner is so firmly entrenched in his right of property not only on every legal and traditionary basis, but, what is far more important, on a moral basis which all classes recognize, whether rightly or wrongly, and which appear to be part and parcel of the nature of things. Confiscation has been so thoroughly exploded so often, that even many of its advocates among collectivists have now abandoned this method, so I shall consider it at no greater length. Now as to "buying out." But the capitalist will not sell his property at face value alone. He will demand not only the price representing his principal plus the interest he receives per annum, but a price in *excess* of the principal plus interest. By reinvesting he is better off at the end of the time when the state has settled its indebtedness to him than if he had never sold at all. On a small scale and for a short time the state can buy and in instances has bought out the owning party. But there is no practical way by

which it can in this manner gain control of all the means of production. The collectivist's proposals are futile, since he cannot in any practical, unrevolutionary way, bring about the necessary expropriation. Hence, as we shall see, he becomes an opportunist and seizes upon reforms for the betterment of the laboring class which, in reality, are the very opposite of his own proposal. He is wholly unable to remove the insecurity and insufficiency of the present regime and hence his scheme must be, and is today being cast aside for more practical measures.

Now what are these practical measures, these "laws and project laws." They are the enactments of today and tomorrow which recognize conditions as they really are, which face the facts of present social conditions and do not hesitate to banish all pretenses. They are laws which, while trying to get for the laborer a fairer share of production, nevertheless place the latter in a status akin to slavery. They are to be welcomed however as anything will be welcomed which will take from the capitalists and give to the proletariat. Through them we may hope ultimately, with the aid of other agencies, to arrive at equitable distribution. First and foremost among these are the minimum wage laws already adopted by some countries more advanced in labor legislation and surely destined to be placed on the statute books of all states. In general a minimum wage law fixes a certain rate below which wages may not go. Such a measure must come because it is an obligation of the state. The old theory of the eighteenth century that the minimum of state regulation meant the maximum of industrial freedom has been completely discredited. "The function of the state," says Dr. John A. Ryan, in his splendid work, "A Living Wage," "is to promote the social welfare." Continuing he says: "The social welfare means in practice the welfare of all individuals over whom the state has authority; and the welfare of the individual includes all those conditions that assist in the pursuit of his earthly end, namely, the reasonable development of his personality. The primary business of the state, then, is to protect men in the enjoyment of these opportunities that are essential to right and reasonable life. They may be summed up in the phrase natural rights. . . . . State activity in the first sense is mainly protective and restrictive; in the second, auxiliary and coöperative. Now a law requiring employers to pay a living wage would evidently be an instance of State activity in the primary sense, for it would be an attempt to protect natural rights, and to provide one of the essential conditions of reasonable human life."

But there is certainly another aspect to the minimum wage law, aside from the ethical aspect of which Dr. Ryan here speaks. The principle underlying it is the principle of slavery. It reduces the laborer from a free contractor to the condition of status. He cannot offer his services at a price below the minimum. Two classes are recognized in law—the owner, or capitalists, and the non-owner, or

proletarian. The object sought is security. The great concern is to fix the minimum at a livable level. There is no immediate tendency to put the non-owning, proletarian class in the way of ownership. In this the minimum wage law is not striking at the root of evil. The aim should be fairer distribution. A well known economist, after careful investigation, proves that the laborers of the United States are putting from 40 to 65% of all that goes into production by their bare labor alone, whereas they receive back in the form of wages but from 17 to 21% (Ecclesiastical Review, Dec. 1914), hence that the laborers of this country are receiving much less than half of that wealth to which their labor alone, aside from all tools, etc., is entitled. The minimum should gradually be raised until labor receives very nearly what it earns. It should be so high that finally the laborer will be able to get a hold upon part of the means of production. Present proposals however, are expedient. They meet the issue of present conditions. All these reforms must come by a very slow process. This gradual growth to economic freedom is what I have in mind when I say that the laborer can only hope to arrive at a state of fair distribution by passing through a state of economic slavery. Presently projected and enacted minimum wage laws represent the state of slavery. By passing through it I believe the laborer can ultimately arrive at the desired end of freedom. To assure a man a decent living wage is something. It gives him hope and confidence without which he cannot exert his best efforts, let the principle of such a law be what it may. Having gained him this concession, we can, with this as a basis, go on increasing our demands for him. This slow laborious process may have none of the glamor of collectivism nor the rapidity of attaining justice which those who advocate what they term a distributive state would bring about, but it will get to that distributive state with far more surety of success and less violence to the existing regime than any plan of direct redistribution.

In this labor legislation movement the minimum wage laws are most important. Only by legislation can any such agreement between labor and capital be reached. Through the strength of his union the laborer's power is greatly enhanced. With the aid of the law he shall be still more powerful. After a most exhaustive study of this one reform, Dr. Ryan, who is perhaps the greatest authority on this subject, concludes that although the determination of *complete* justice in the field of economic distribution is bewilderingly difficult, nevertheless the universal application of the Living Wage principle would cause an immense improvement in our industrial and social conditions, and would be followed by a larger measure of beneficial results than any other method of industrial reform that could be pursued. Added to the power of the labor union and the force of law, Dr. Ryan sets forth the strength of moral suasion—the consistent and continuous activity on the part of public teachers (clergymen,

etc.) and moulders of public opinion to compel the payment of a living wage—in the securing of this most vital and necessary reform.

Much has been said and written about those whom the minimum wage excludes from the area of normal employment—those below the minimum. On the peril of destroying the stability of the industrial system (with its demand for profit), which we hoped to obtain through a minimum wage, we cannot compel the capitalists to pay this class what they are not worth. The state could hardly undertake to support the class in idleness. They must be compelled to work somewhere. Some sort of a labor colony system must be devised to meet the exigency. Herein enters compulsory labor again. But even for the more efficient laborer who is above the minimum there will be much of compulsion. Coupled with minimum wage laws are the projected insurance laws, guaranteeing against sickness and unemployment. With all these will go a complete system of registration and statistics on labor. Now there is nothing to prevent the state from refusing a workman his insurance against unemployment if he in turn should refuse to work for a fixed minimum which has been customary in his district. Thus will the whole mass of labor be quite completely controlled. There are many who oppose state interference, notably organized labor itself, yet these same people favor minimum wage laws, and accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance laws. Yet it appears to me that this is similar to a desire to eat one's goose and have it. With the advent of these reforms there will come greater and greater state interference until labor shall be quite thoroughly controlled. For my part I think the movement, on the whole, is a good one. It may take away the economic freedom of the laborer but it gives him security and sufficiency which he has not now. With these he can look more hopefully to the time when he shall rise again to economic freedom. This is the point I desire to especially emphasize. I can see no hope from any other source. It seems clear to me that the laborer who must submit, and is submitting, to servile legislation recognizes the economic facts of today. But with this encroachment upon the wealth of the capitalist I believe the laborer is on the high road to ultimate economic freedom.

Another proposed labor reform, already adopted in New Zealand, is compulsory arbitration—that is, the compelling of contending employers and employees to submit their differences to legally constituted tribunals, by whose decisions the differing parties must abide. Here the underlying principle is so very apparent even to the laborers themselves that it has made little headway outside the country where it was initially adopted in 1894 and where, on the whole, it has proved a thorough failure. It is, openly, a piece of servile legislation while the other reforms I have mentioned are of that type implicitly. Were it capable for reformers to veil it, to disguise its purpose, it would perhaps be accepted.

I do not think labor can hope for anything from compulsory

arbitration. I base my belief on the experience of the country where it has been tried. It is generally admitted that the cause of the laborer's complaint, to repeat it again in a slightly different way, is that he is putting much more into production than he is receiving in the form of wages. As I have said, there are economists who maintain, after careful investigation, that the laborers are putting from 40 to 65% into the elements of production and are getting back in wages but from 17 to 21%. When the toiler strikes he expresses his dissatisfaction at such obvious injustice. Here is the main cause for strikes. Now what has compulsory arbitration accomplished in New Zealand, where it became a law twenty-two years ago, in the way of actually giving the laborer a fairer share of production? In probably no place in the world might it be expected to be more successful than in this young island nation. At the time of the bill's adoption the country was in a most prosperous condition. Laborers with a low standard of living were rigidly excluded by strict immigration laws, thus making the laboring class homogeneous. The government, during the time, was granting farms to laborers at $1.25 per acre, thus helping to relieve any particular stress on the labor market. Public opinion, which must be with all laws if they are to be effective, was most favorable to this one. And what has been the result of these 22 years under these almost ideal conditions? Statistics reveal the bald fact that wages in New Zealand are much lower than those in United States.

Let us compare Colorado of our own country with New Zealand. The analogy is the more striking when we know that both are practically the same in size and population, both have large undeveloped resources; both are new countries with the same occupations; agriculture, herding and mining. The figures for New Zealand are taken from the Department of Labor in 1909 and 1910, those for Denver, the capital of Colorado, from the report of the investigation by the University of Denver during the same years. Let us first examine the wages and see how much higher they are in Denver than in New Zealand.

Labor.	Wellington	Denver.
Farm labor, with board, per week	$4.80—6.00	$7.50
Female domestic labor, per week	3.60—6.00	6.00—8.40
Miners, per day	2.40	3.00
Carpenters	2.40—2.88	5.00
Masons	2.88—3.66	4.80
Shearers, per 100 sheep	4.20—5.28	8.50
General labor	1.92—2.16	1.68—3.50

And so I might continue but this must suffice. In every single instance in this long list the wages of Denver are far higher than those of Wellington. But it might be said the prices of food and lodging

are cheaper in Wellington, thus helping to equalize matters. Let us turn to these same sources and see what are the facts.

FOOD.

ARTICLE.	WELLINGTON.	DENVER.
Bread (2 lb.)	$ .07	$ .08½
Beef (sirloin)	.12	.14
Butter	.26	.34
Flour (25 lb.)	1.22	1.00
Coffee	.40	.40
Milk	.08	.08
Eggs	.44	.25
Bacon	.22	.22
Potatoes (14 lb.)	.24	.11
Kerosene	.10	.05
Coal (¼ ton)	1.80—2.56	1.45—1.78
HOUSES.		
4 rooms	$2.80—5.00	$2.80—5.00
5 rooms	3.36—5.30	3.60—6.00
6 rooms	3.84—6.00	4.30—7.40
7 rooms	4.80—6.50	5.30—8.15

Thus the facts of the case are, that the laborers of New Zealand are receiving less in wages and are paying higher prices for their food and lodging than in United States. Is this giving to them a fairer share of production and thus removing the cause of practically all of their grievances? We can hardly reply in the affirmative. Further as a strike preventive compulsory arbitration has proven futile. According to the report of Hon. A. J. Millar, Secretary of Labor in New Zealand, during the years of 1907 and 1908 there were 24 strikes in that country, four of which were general strikes, affecting almost every industry. Compare this with the two years preceding the passage of the measure when there were four strikes. The conclusion, then, that is forced upon us is that Compulsory Arbitration, having failed to remove the great cause of industrial disputes, must also fail to remove the effect which is evidenced by the presence of the disputes themselves. Here in New Zealand it was given a trial under the most ideal conditions possible. Certainly then it could have little hope of success in a country like United States, where complex economic conditions and public opinion are strongly opposed to it, where population is crowded in our large cities, where laborers of a low standard of living are freely admitted, and where the labor market is glutted with competitive labor. Hence I think that labor can hope for little

from compulsory arbitration in the obtaining of a fairer share of production. Voluntary arbitration has done considerable and may accomplish much in the future, but to compel men to settle their disputes in an arbitrary manner is so opposed to nature that failure is imminent at the outset.

I have already referred to workmen's insurance, but I should here like to say a few additional words concerning this reform before I pass on to the closing section of my paper. Irregularity of earnings is an even more frequent cause of distress than absolutely small earnings. With the inadequate wages of today few earners are able to provide for vicissitudes of the future. Even where they are able to provide for the insurance they seldom do so. Accident, sickness, old age, and unemployment are the main causes of irregularity of earnings. Provisions against all of these should be made by insurance. But the question is, who shall take the insurance—the employer or the wage earner? Economists and social workers have generally agreed that the earners themselves will not, generally, make provisions. In France, Germany and England where laborers are insured against accidents by Workmen's Compensation Acts it is the employer who looks after the insurance. This is very significant and is in keeping with the whole trend of labor reform of the past decades. No one thinks of asking or compelling anyone to enter such a system unless he is a wage-earner in the common meaning of that term—a man who earns his living by his hands. The fact that the employer is asked to take out the insurance may be construed as an answer on his part to all plans to dispossess him. He replies, implicitly, that he refuses to be dispossessed, but he compromises by his willingness to do something to provide his proletarian employee against starvation, just as a slave owner might express a willingness to provide for an injured slave. The employers' liability law, so common in Europe, and now very widespread in United States, is founded on a similar principle. It also is servile legislation. It goes even further, in that when one employee injures another, even through utter carelessness, while the two are at work, it is not this careless employee who pays the damages but the employer of the men. Thus are we coming to recognize the fact that such an employee, without property or means against which the law may make attachment, cannot even be held for his own action. Under the law of a century ago this would never have been the case. But we have recognized the vast divergence between the actual facts of today and our old traditions and legal enactments. Hence we are changing the latter to make them conform with present conditions.

Insurance against sickness, old age, and unemployment, while quite as feasible, is not nearly as widespread. Insurance against sickness is compulsory in Germany since 1883. Here again the obligation devolves, immediately at least, upon the employer. Germany, which leads the world in all kinds of labor reform, has also insurance

against old age, as have Great Britain and many of her colonies. In France only since 1910 has the compulsory system been in vogue. Under the voluntary system nothing, practically, was accomplished. In United States alone, of the great nations, little headway has been made in the whole movement of workingmen's insurance or pensions. Only in liability for accident have we really done anything and even here our system is not widespread nor where adopted so highly commendable. Insurance against unemployment seems to present the greatest difficulties everywhere. It has been carried out largely through trade unions wherever it has advanced. In Belgium, Norway and Denmark, the "Ghent System" of augmenting the efforts of the union has been tried. Just prior to the war now raging Great Britain was preparing for unemployment insurance for certain great industries independent of trade unions. It will be the first large scale system. Germany will probably enter into unemployment insurance unless the war greatly hinders her ante-bellum plans.

All these movements are most commendable and should be vigorously pushed in this country and wherever not adopted. They are all working to bring about economic and social justice in the matter of distribution. They have met with success in many countries. They are bound to come. The present abominable capitalistic state with the wretched insufficiency of a vast portion of the population and the insecurity of many more cannot last. Let us hasten its passing by working with all our might for all labor reform that shall bring the relief of the masses, the bettering of the environment and the brightening of their lives.

IV.

THE FUTURE OF LABOR.

To any keen observer of economico-social reform it is evident that the future of labor is much more hopeful than it ever has been. Conditions under which labor formerly eked out an existence are no longer viewed with the apathy of the past. A great wave of human sympathy has come over the world and has aroused men to a greater interest in social questions. Our great aim is to make life happier for all. Suffering, squalor, human misery, need but to be made known, and there is an eager effort for betterment. Organization among workmen is becoming, and will become, very powerful. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, in his encyclical on the condition of the laboring classes (Rerum Novarum) has urged the necessity of such unions. Coöperative societies for the advancement of the wage earners are becoming more prominent. Our "supreme aim," to quote Ryan, "is to make the mass of wage earners, in some degree owners and managers of capital. Hence we will welcome minimum wage laws, employers' liability laws, insurance against accident, sickness, and unemployment, and old age pensions as forces enabling the laborer

to get on his feet. Even though all this may be servile legislation, with this start the laborer will be enabled to save and gradually, by acquiring property, to pass through the status of economic slavery to economic and political freedom.

Among the forces outside of strict labor reform, tending to fairer distribution, are the inheritance and income tax reforms. But at present these taxes are used largely to pay a whole force of new offices. What we should try to do would be to raise the inheritance tax especially, and the income tax, until the revenues attained would not only pay for their collection but would actually limit very heavily the capitalist's fortune. Very high per cents should be charged. Further these funds should be put out at interest and the revenue turned over to general coffers of the state. They should be used for the acquisition of means of production. This is the main thing. Our whole energy must be exerted in the work of breaking up the vast fortunes we find on one hand and the bettering of the squalid conditions we see on the other hand.

Another great force for the advancement of labor is economic education. By this I mean an education of the present wage-earning class which will increase the efficiency and earning capacity of the working class: (1) By developing each wage earner along lines for which he is most fitted, a thorough system of selective business or trade education. (2) By developing the character and judgment of these classes. Germany has worked along these lines and the whole world knows the result of such education. The idea that the children of the proletariat should be in school by compulsion until fourteen or fifteen years of age and then thrown out upon the industrial world for the rest of their lives is wrong. The school should not entirely release these until they are twenty-one years of age. Promotion in the grades before the pupil reaches fourteen should also, in a large part, depend upon the growth in character in the habits of industry, honesty, and desire for clean living. The hours in school after fourteen should gradually decrease until by the time the youth has reached eighteen he would be studying only two or three hours and working five or six. Eight hours should be the limit for all labor. "The crowning work of an economic education," says Roger W. Babson (of the Babson Statistical Organization, Boston), its most enthusiastic exponent, "will be vocational guidance." One of the greatest handicaps to all classes today is that ninety per cent of the people have entered their present employment blindly and by chance, irrespective of their fitness or opportunities. Of course, the law of supply and demand is continually readjusting these errors; but this readjusting causes most of the world's disappointments and losses. Some day the schools of the nation will be organized into a great reporting bureau on employment opportunities and trade conditions directing the youths of the nation as far as their qualifications warrant—into the lines of work which then offer the greatest opportunity. Only by

such a system will each worker receive the greatest income possible for himself, and also the greatest benefits possible from the labors of all, thus continually increasing production and yet avoiding over-production in any single line.

Finally religion must become a greater force in the emancipation of labor and its rise to ultimate economic independence through widely diffused ownership of the means of production. To the minister of religion, Pope Leo XIII, gave the command to "throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance." While the social question demands the attention of everyone, nevertheless, as our Holy Father declared, "all the striving of men will be vain if they leave out the Church." Her influence must be properly felt in all reform. Of course it is foolish to say, as some do, that "only religion will solve the labor problem." As Dr. Ryan points out: "Men may be religious in the ordinary meaning of the term, and yet remain so thoroughly dominated by the ethical code of unlimited competition that they are blind to the moral wrong which that code sanctions . . . . . In other words they conform to the standard of business ethics rather than to the standard of Christian ethics." There is much room for workers in religion to infuse more of the Christian ideals and principles into the industrial system, fearless outspoken leaders, who are not afraid to tell capitalists of their ill-gotten gains is what the Church needs.

Today, labor, having gradually passed from the stage of comparative economic independence of the Middle Ages, is drifting rapidly into a status of economic dependence on the capitalistic class. From this condition the future shall see the laborer rise to economic freedom. Has not this cycle been observed in the past? In the beginning labor was free and independent in every sense of the word. Gradually masses entered into a state of slavery. This became so universal that at the dawn of history we characterized the state as a servile institution. From this slavery labor arose, through the aid of the Church, to economic freedom. Now it is drifting back into a servile state. With the influence of the Church again, and with other forces in modern society, which I have outlined in this section, may we not rightly hope that history will repeat itself and out of dependence shall come independence?

Let us, then, strive on in the work we are in, with renewed energy, with all the vigor we can command, to that goal which society must reach ere it can rest—economic justice to the laboring masses in so far as it is humanly possible. With that attained many of the ills which today vex society shall be righted.

"In growing and in uttering the joy and strength which growth accumulates,—in other words, in becoming and giving ourselves,—lies the secret of a blessed life."—*Archbishop Spalding.*

THE REFORM CANDIDATE

Amh. '17.

It was long after midnight. At long intervals an occasional pedestrian trudged down the street, otherwise all deserted. A gleam of light floated out from the third floor of the large brick house at the corner, as a slight gust of wind flapped the loose curtains. The patrolman looked up knowingly as he passed, and walked on. There are places which even an officer of the law finds it wisest to ignore.

We may be more daring than the policeman, and peer into the third floor room. Three men were seated there. A table, somewhat discolored with cigar ashes lay before them, and on it there were three piles of red, and white, and blue discs, looking like the large peppermint lozenges which one may see at any drug store. One of the piles was very small indeed, and the anxious look of the short ruddy man who sat behind it showed that the evening's losses had not been inconsiderable. Somewhat nervously he fingered the cards in his hand, and then very deliberately transferred three blue chips to the center of the table. "I'll open with a thirty," he said.

The wizened, grey-moustached man at his side covered it, and then carefully counted the chips left his opponent. His scrutiny finished, he reached to his pile, and drew off an equal number. "Right you are, Hampden," he said, "and we might as well have an end of this right here. I'll raise you fifty-seven."

Hampden hesitated but a moment, and then covered with the remainder of his pile. He laid down his hand nervously. "Three kings," he called.

His opponent smiled as he disclosed five diamonds. "Diamond straight and I win."

He raked in the chips, pausing to pick up one or two that had fallen to the floor. Hampden arose, "Well, I am through," he said, somewhat bitterly, "Even my clothes are not my own."

The third man, who had been silent for some time, sat forward in his chair and spoke up. "You have only yourself to blame, Hampden," he said. "No man can say that we do not play the game straight. You had a chance to win, and also a chance to lose. You have played, and lost."

"Precious lot that matters now, Claverly," retorted the victim. "You may have played fair, but even if you did, the advantage was all yours. I never schooled myself to conceal my emotions. But you two,—there was no way in the world to tell what kind of hands you had. Well, I had to have the money. I took the only chance that offered, and I lost. There is nothing left for me but the river."

Quick as a flash Claverly was on his feet. "You will not talk that way again, Hampden. I can stand a crook, but I detest a fool. And you are a fool. Now listen to me. You are only a young man. You have many years of life before you. No one knows what great honors may not be waiting for you. The election is as good as won. This time tomorrow you will be mayor elect of one of the largest cities in the country. And yet you talk of the river."

"Hampden, listen to me," he went on. "Dead men refute no accusations. If you do as you threaten, people will talk, and it will be your name that will be on their lips. They will not be content with the truth, whatever it may be. Many things that you have been innocent of will be laid at your door. Heaven knows the truth is probably bad enough."

"You are wrong," shouted Hampden, his usually ruddy face turning white. "I have done nothing that I am ashamed of. No man can say a single thing against me."

"Then why do you come here? Why do you say you must have money, and that only suicide is left you now that you have failed to get it by gambling? Do men who have nothing to win seek the chance to lose everything? Hampden, you might as well tell us everything. Perhaps we can help you. If not there is still the river, as you say. Are you not willing to take a chance for life?" He bent over and whispered in Hampden's ear. "How much is the Westmorly fund short?"

Hampden recoiled like a man who had been struck by a live wire. "How dare you say anything of the kind? How dare you? How dare you?"

His face was a livid white by this time and he was in a paroxysm of mingled terror and anger. With clenched fists he rose, and started for Claverly, but the big gambler was too quick for him. With a swiftness born of long practice and continued expectation, he caught the politician by the wrists, and threw him writhing back into his chair.

"It seems as though I had made a good guess," said he. "Men of my business make it a habit to know of such matters. It is now a little over three years since Arthur Westmorly died. He was not a rich man, but such money as he had he wanted kept intact for his daughter. He had never seen you, and yet he made you her guardian. Your fearless work as public prosecutor made him think you the only honest man left in the country. You played for the big cases then, Hampden. A burglar or highwayman could go free for all you cared, but if a rich man was involved in a case, you played the game for all it was worth. You were a reformer, Hampden, and you only worked on cases that you knew would be featured in the newspapers, for you were a politician first of all, and only public prosecutor in so far as it bade fair to help you to higher offices. Old Westermorly took you at your face value. Now, tomorrow, on the very day you are to be elected mayor, his daughter will come of age, and you must

render an accounting of your stewardship. No, sit down! It is our business to keep informed on such matters. Now answer my question. How much are your accounts short?"

Hampden sank back into his chair, and was silent for some time. A great struggle was going on within him. Finally he spoke up. "I do not know exactly. Somewhere about fifteen thousand dollars. Heaven knows I thought I could make it up from the campaign contributions, but they were short of what I expected. I swear that I have not benefited from one cent of the fund. Every cent that it is short went into the party coffers. But—well, here I am. I don't know why I tell you this. It can do no good. Now perhaps you will be good enough to let me go."

"Be quiet for a moment. I have told you we are your friends. We are going to help you out in this matter. Ridgely, you may look in the safe, and see how much cash we have."

The man with the white moustache went to the safe, toyed for a while with the lock, and then threw the heavy steel door open. He opened a small compartment and drew out a metal box, which he brought to the table. Claverly drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, selected one and opened the box. A roll of bills of various denominations was held together by a heavy rubber band. He drew off the band, and counted out eighteen thousand dollars in bills.

"You are fifteen thousand dollars short. Of that amount you have lost about six thousand in these rooms. Here are eighteen thousand dollars, enough to cover all possible deficiencies in the fund. Take it, the money is yours."

Hampden changed immediately. Hope again returned to him. His face brightened as he reached over and took the proffered bills. "You mean to lend me this?" he questioned.

"It is useless to pretend that," the gambler answered. "There is no need to wear the mask here. You have been in politics long enough to know why we are giving you this chance. Your boast has been that you meant to clean up this city, and that you would close all the gambling houses if you were elected. Well, you are going to be elected. We have worked against you, and have fought you tooth and nail. Tonight we are conceding your election. You have taken the money, and you know what is expected of you."

Hampden returned the roll of bills, and stood up, with something of the fire that had charmed thousands from the stump, and spoke: "If those are your terms, there is your money. Heaven knows I may have done wrong, but I never deliberately sold myself. Such money as I have taken I always intended to repay. I have been a fool, but I will not be a crook."

"You have been a coward, from first to last," retorted the gambler. "And you are a coward now. When you leave this room, you will take our money with you. I have met your type of man before."

"And I swear I will have nothing to do with it."

"You need have no fear of your future. No one will ever know what takes place in this room tonight. Listen to me. You shall clean up the city, as you have boasted. You shall close up the gambling hells, as you call them. We will see to that. All that you will have to do is to send us word before each raid, and we will have men ready for the sacrifice. Only these rooms are not to be touched. There is too much competition in this business. We can tell you the names of hundreds of gambling places. Make a raid every night, if you will. But remember, this house is not to be touched."

Hampden faltered. "I cannot do it. I have pledged myself."

Claverly pointed out the window. "Then, there is the river. Go over to Hollowell Avenue, and walk down it until you come to the railroad bridge. It will be deserted at this time of night. Walk out to the center. The water is not so deep there. It will be easy to climb to the rail. Then drop. Do not dive, but drop. There is five feet of mud under the river at Hollowell Avenue. You will strike the cold water, and go to the bottom. Your body will be caught in the mud and will not come to the surface. There you will die swiftly and surely, for you cannot struggle. In the morning there will be no trace of you, for your body will be safely anchored down in the slime of the river."

Hampden's face was again livid. He rose to his feet, and grasped the edge of the table for support.

"Or if you are too much of a coward to do that, go home, and go to bed. You will not sleep, for the morning will be before your eyes. While the people are down at their voting booths, and cheering your name at the polls, you will be making out your report for the Westmorly girl. What will you say? How will you gloss over your theft? Do not wince at my words, for thief you are! Between honor and disgrace you will stand, and while the people are exalting you to the skies, and your name is in everyone's mouth, the mills of the gods will be grinding, but they will not be grinding slowly. The wheels of justice will be turning, and you will know that the end is but a matter of hours. Go home, if you will, you coward."

Hampden stuck his face in his hands, and shivered like a man in the death-house, when he knows that the chair is being made ready, and hears in every rustle of the wind the footfall of those who are to lead him to the slaughter.

Once more Claverly extended the roll of bills to him. "Or if you prefer, make out your reckoning, have the money all on hand, and go out on the streets in the evening, and hear the city acclaim you its hero. You will live long and happy. What goes on here tonight, no one need know. In a month you will take your place as mayor. Who knows but that in two more years you may sit in the statehouse? In Washington, there is a low, white, colonial dwelling, set in a beautiful garden. Who knows but you may some day dwell there?"

Claverly scarcely looked at his victim. He moved slowly to the window. "I can see the river gleaming in the moonlight. It is very cold."

Then he returned to where Hampden was standing. "Take the money, you coward!" he said.

And down the long stairs to the street Hampden made his way, the roll of bills clasped tightly in his hand.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Another day is over, Jesus dear,
Another day of life on earth is spent,
And now, before in sleep my head is bent
In night's long hours I ask Thee to be near.
Jesus, a sweet good-night I beg Thee hear—
As from a child this prayer to Thee is sent.
Do promise shelter in Thy heart all rent,
Then, O my Jesus, I will never fear.

O give me but one tender smile of love,
And I will leave my heart beside Thy shrine
That near Thee it may feel Thy sweet caress
And then meet Thine in Thy bright home above.
Once more good-night, dear Lord and Savior mine,
And may I wake at dawn Thy name to bless.

T. J. S., '17.

THE DUSTY GODDESS

ICARUS, '17.

Strange, that in all the calendars of the gods she has no place! Greek and Roman and Celt and Norseman had their mythologies, as Egyptian and Babylonian had before them, and yet they raised no shrines to her. Her praises have remained unsung, and yet what can Bacchus or Venus offer that her gifts do not outnumber a thousandfold?

Because her name is not written, she must go nameless among us. Because men knew her not, they have no stories to tell of her exploits. Her history is untold and unknown. We only know that she still lives, and calls to her devotees from the roads and the hills. "Follow, follow," she cries, and he who hears her but once must worship her forever.

Some call her the Wanderlust. Some call her the Spirit of the Road. But to me she has no name—she is merely "the dusty goddess," that cries from all the wildernesses. In the dust of the road she dwells, awaiting the coming of her worshipers, her arms filled with gifts. In her service there are no regrets and no sorrows.

So give me my stick, my dog, and a warm day with never a task for my hand, and I will guarantee to be richer, for that day at least, than many a millionaire. A warm, bright holiday, a heavy walking-stick, preferably cut by one's own hands from a hardy old hickory, and a dog—an unfashionable black mongrel with curly hair, and just enough fleas to be comfortable; these are all that a man really needs for happiness.

The world is his who will have it. It is only the sod under foot that any man can claim ownership of. The sunlight, the air, the singing of birds and beetles are all free for those who care to go after them. For me at least, the privilege of plowing a piece of land is far less desirable than permission to walk over it while it is yet unplowed.

So come on, Rover, and you, Old Hickory! At last we have a holiday. Don your oldest clothes, for old clothes are the sign of freedom. There is no place in the world where we may not venture in overalls; the man in a dress-suit must keep to the ballroom. And so out of the town!

The road leads over the hill, past the last few houses, and down to the valley. Long before we reach the little narrow river we can hear it humming over the stones, incessant, always the same, and yet changing with every mood. In and out of the grove the road winds, slowly descending all the time, until at last we come to a sudden curve and the old red bridge heaves into sight. A farmer and his

wife are coming to town, and the bridge resounds with the slow, dull step of their horse on the loose, creaking timbers. Every board shakes under the strain. Far up in the air the bridge-rods chatter and clatter like a flock of noisy sparrows. We will stand aside a moment to let them pass, watching the stream moving on beneath us, with its hundreds of lights and shadows.

Beyond the river there is a field of red clover, where the bumble-bees make their homes. All the air is sweet with its fragrance. Even the few scraggly willows by the roadside, and the stagnant, frog-laden creek by whose side we go, seem to bask in the sunshine of that delicious and overpowering freshness.

We go over a little knoll, and the road slopes before us, alternately rising and falling. On either side are barbed-wire fences, and there the meadowlarks and the plovers and the long-tailed swallows perch, watching us as we saunter past. Above our heads is the constant, musical hum of the light breeze in the telephone wires, and many a noisy flock of blackbirds that fly from one side to another, keeping just above our heads for the most part, and creating a tremendous racket. One old male bird, with a bright crimson V on his shoulders, circles above our heads like some ravenous bird of prey, darting down almost within touching distance, and then withdrawing in ever lessening circles, until he is again in position for another swoop.

And, so on! Locusts, and grasshoppers, and bumble-bees, and dragon-flies as we pass in the hollows, are all about us, minding us as little as we mind them. We pass a field of corn, not yet as tall as a man, but beginning to shoot forth its tassels. Yellow barley, and oats, still a grayish green, and restless acres of wheat, hurrying here and there in the breeze, are unfolded before us, as we go from hill to hill.

And now, it is nearly noon. The sun is high in the heavens, and we doff our single coat. Rover runs along from side to side, until presently his unerring nose discovers a distant spring, and thither we turn our course, cutting through the corn and clambering over the inevitable pumpkin vines. The path leads down to the old box-elder with its disheveled limbs, at the feet of which we find the spring. A large brown sewerpipe is sunk in the ground, and we gaze down into the clear water which fills it. The sand at the bottom is restless—one can see the water bubbling up through it. Shades of Bacchus, was ever nectar so delicious! Deep we drink, Rover and I, getting down on our hands and knees, and thrusting our faces into the water. Old Hickory is a teetotaler—he will have nothing to do with our revels.

Thoroughly refreshed, we sit down in the shade of the old elder, to rest a while from the heat of the day, growing with the grass and the corn, forgetting all of our animal restlessness, and becoming mere vegetables for a time. To exist—that is all we ask. There is nothing to look forward to, and nothing to look backward on. We

live in the perfect present, with every desire fulfilled. Let those who will, call us idlers, and say we shall never grow rich. What matter? We would rather be rich than grow rich. O Rockefeller, are you any richer than we are in this moment?

After a time we are off again, off to seek new lands, and new pleasures. Nothing ever palls on us. The hills and the meadows that we love shall never grow old, never grow wrinkled, never cease to whet our passion even while they satisfy. Here is our perfect love:

"Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young."

You, bold lover, may have your mistress, and your hours of pleasure, but there is always something that you lack. You may have her eyes, but the violets we find in the woods of May are deeper and bluer. You may have her soft cheeks, but our fleecy clouds are whiter and softer, and never grow red with cold, or rough with time's passing. And her warm breath on your lips: Ah, what is that to our summer winds, that have breathed in all the fragrance of the clover fields? Nay, go your way! Ours is better.

There are few pleasures greater than that afforded by a long aimless walk in the summer. Would you taste of it? There are no tiresome conventions to be followed. In the ritual of the road there are only three rules, and if you will but follow them you will know all its secrets. Never was circle so esoteric as that of Vagabondia, and never one easier to enter. First, you must walk for pleasure only. Take your exercise, or go out for your fresh air when you will, but until you leave these utilitarian motives behind you, you are not a true believer. Only he who throws his pack lightly on his back, or better still, learns to do without pack at all, and exists only to enjoy the heaven that is all about us, can ever know the pleasures which the dusty goddess showers upon her devotees.

The second rule is this: Go where you will, but never be going anywhere. To have an aim, or a goal, or a place to go to, is to have a lack in the present. He who has something at his journey's end, cannot put his whole life into the journey. Always there is something that waits beyond, and so is the present moment robbed of its fullness. For true happiness you must look neither forward nor backward, but up and down, and all around. If you are to come into a million tomorrow, or to be hanged the day after, banish the thought of it from your mind, or you cannot truly enjoy the moment. The journey's end is beyond: it will be time enough to think about it when you reach it.

There is still one more rule to follow: Go alone, or take only your dog and your walking stick, and your lunch if you will. A companion might want to go west at the cross-roads, while your heart is set on the east. In either case some one must give up absolute

fulfillment. Take a friend with you when you wish only to enjoy the delights of companionship, but do not mistake them for the joys of the road. The two are as far apart as the poles. You can no more share your stroll than you can your pipe, or your dreams. Always there is the thought, "I must not do this, or I shall offend my friend." There will be conversation instead of calm; mutual friendship instead of solitary enjoyment. That old oak may charm you, but if you stand to look at it too long your friend will accuse you of posing, as Oscar Wilde's friends accused him when he stood for an entire hour gazing on the Venus of the Louvre. As if one could drink in any beautiful thing in a single hour!

Nor are we alone in this demand. Stevenson and Henley have both said the same thing before. In order to enjoy a walk properly you must go alone. Or if you will not, find your friends as you go along, and leave them when you will. Walk a mile with this boy, and another with that man, who has the long grey beard, and never does anything but wander. Stop a while to watch this fisherman, or that black mammy as she feeds her chickens. There are no class distinctions on the road, and consequently no obligations. You may talk with whom you will, and you may leave them at your slightest whim.

So,

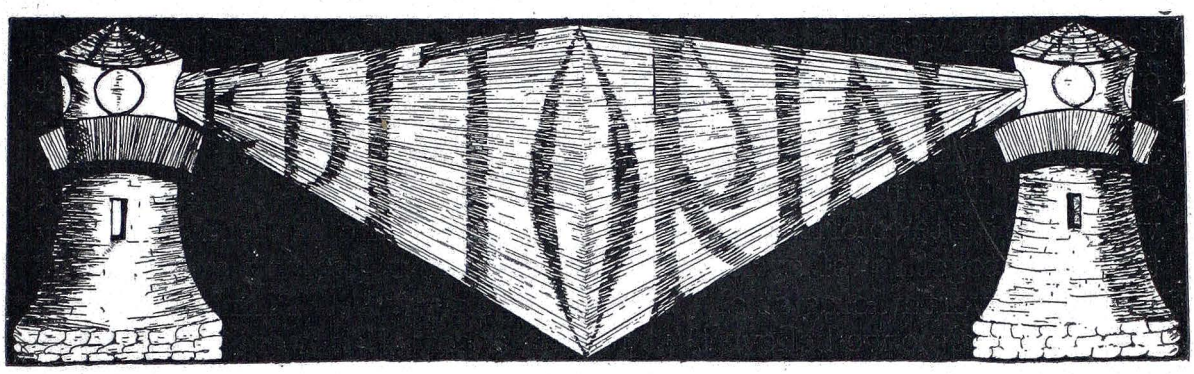
"Come, choose your road, and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road, and away.
We'll out of the town by the bright hill's crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day."

Come, choose your road, Rover. You have a better nose for a path than I. Old Hickory will go any place, he has no preferences. But, bless my heart, we forget our song:

"All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of May!"

"Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,"
Cries, laughs and yawns—then sleeps within the tomb.
If this were all his life were worse than vain
And never to be born the richest gain:
From out the depths therefore the soul doth cry
To God, to save it lest it wholly die."

—*Archbishop Spalding.*



THE VIATORIAN

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"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

—TERENCE.

An Innovation and a Salutation

With this number of the Viatorian the thirty-fourth volume begins to materialize in the realm of college journalism at St. Viator's. Relatively speaking thrity-four years in such a business is a fairly considerable achievement. During that period a paper must necessarily gather about it no few traditions, precedents, and principles all of which tend to become more settled as the years roll by. One of these in our instance is that only a monthly magazine would be worthy of consideration. Such a paper was always felt to be the proper representative of our school in college journalism. In changing this year, from a monthly to a bi-monthly we have done with no little misgiving and hesitation. But, all things considered, we feel that the innovation will be a good one and will ultimately meet with your approval. We hope now to produce six bigger and

much better numbers in place of the ten issues of former years. While the decision was influenced by a variety of reasons, the journals of other colleges which have presented themselves for exchange has not been the least among the determining factors. We receive no bi-monthlies which are not worthy representatives of their respective colleges. This much cannot be said of the monthlies, a number of which are quite colorless and nondescript, showing the result of hasty throwing together of articles of rather dubious literary quality. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Firmly adhering to this principle we believe that we can accomplish more work worth doing by less extensive and more intensive effort.

The Viatorian wishes its readers God-speed in the new scholastic year to which they have already set their hand. It asks the loyalty and support of every student without which it is doomed to failure at the very outset. Make that support tangible and concrete by contributing at least one article during the year. This paper demands your help by the same right and with as much justice as any other college undertaking, either athletic, social, or academic. It is no poor relation begging at the door but a member of the immediate family circle. During this year we ask you to give it the welcome deserving its position.

Gentlemen All

There are more ways than one of achieving a reputation. Achieving an evil one seems to be a peculiarly easy task in these days of rapid and facile communication. And the inconvenience of a character of this kind is its grim power of persistence. Once attained it holds on to the individual or the institution to which it attaches itself with all the stick-to-it-iveness of that type of fighting canines who are especially virtuous in the matter of teeth. But a college is an institution which perhaps may fall from grace more easily with less power of retrieving itself than any other form of community life. Further, it is judged, rightly or wrongly, by the individuals attending it. Sociologists tell us learnedly that this arises from the solidarity of the group. Be all this as it may, the simple truth is that one or two fellows may do an immense damage to the character of their school, the full effect of which they themselves are not even aware. Hence we are justified in criticising in no unmistaken terms the conduct of just these one or two fellows. We speak of that insufferable boor who makes himself generally contemptible by insulting remarks from the side-lines at visiting athletic teams. Note his position; he is always in the side-lines. He lacks the moral stamina of ever securing a position on any kind of a team no matter what may be his physical prowess. This is his despicable manner of riveting the attention of those around upon his own miserable, mean, disgusting ego. We think with considerable feeling how good it would be if in the instance of this coward the Lord would only answer the fervid prayer

of Bobby Burns: "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us." He might then see how infinitesimally small is the pygmy which he calls "I" in the eyes of every decent student and in his ignominy he might be induced to make himself scarce. In the gentle art of being a gentleman he is so lacking in the most rudimentary requirements that he is almost a hopeless case. In this institution he has been so very rare, inhabiting the carcass of only one or two bullies that we have hesitated even to mention him in polite society. But as we have said, rare as he is, he has the power to give the fair name of St. Viator's an odium in College circles which it would not deserve and which it would never be even in danger of receiving if every man took it on himself to discountenance this brand of rowdyism so vehemently that life would be a misery to those practising it. And if this did not work we think the prefect of discipline would be looking the other way while gentlemen of husky stature sought to impress the fact upon the rowdy's hide—sometimes an admirable way, in view of his lack of brains. To just one or two these lines may be addressed and if in the heat of passion you were ever included in those one or two, we hope you will not forget that St. Viator's has been and intends to remain a college of gentlemen.

Organized "Pep"

While we are on the question of conduct at athletic games, a word might not be amiss concerning enthusiasm of a legitimate kind—namely, rooting for the warriors of the old Gold and Purple. Rooting at college games has long ceased to be an unessential accessory. It has now all the earmarks of a fine art—one calculated to accomplish more than even its followers realized. It has pulled many a team out of the rut of failure and sent them bounding for a goal, a basket or a home run. The teams are not slow in telling of the rousing value of rooting. And as for the rooters themselves, there is something all right about the fellow who "hollers" his head off for the home team, and something all wrong about his neighbor who looks on with indifference and silence. As a fine art rooting needs organization. The cheer leader should be recognized as an important individual. He should not be absent from a single game on Bergen field even when we are piling up a mere trifle of two hundred and five points. There is need for more rooting here for the spiritual advantage of students and players—less of the desultory occasional shout of some animated soul, and more of the organized, united kind of consistent cheering.

The Philistine

Some people are enthusiasts; the rest are cynics. In college life the latter class is too apt to predominate and an abominable and disgusting portion of the human race they form. There are cold and warm cynics. Of all the frigid icebergs the cold cynic is the coldest. He possesses about as much sympathy in his mental makeup as

oozes out of the heart of the wooden Indian who in days past used to adorn the front of cigar stores. His response to every demand that college life necessarily makes upon him is met with a properly bored appearance that crushes and kills every effort of his fellow men. The favorite occupation of this animal is pouring cold water on all attempts of the supposed foolish enthusiasts who labor to make life a little more pleasant thing to endure. Like an early frost, wherever he spreads himself there is gloom; a kinship of spirit exists between himself and the raven who gloats over the field of dead things before beginning his ghastly banquet. The cold cynic feeds on the dead efforts of nobler and better men whose souls he has paralyzed by his discouragements. His motto is "*cui bono?*"—what's the use of anything? Like the poor he is always with us, "a millstone about our necks, a blot on the 'scutcheon, a rent in the garment, a death's head at the banquet, a fly in the ointment, a mote in the eye." He does not deserve the space we are giving him.

But paralyzing as are cold cynics the warm variety are even more dangerous because they do not wear their badge of trade about them. They appear to be very pleasant people. Instead of the sneer they use the smile. But their weapon is even more deadly in effect. In this case everything is laughed to its destruction. Everything is ridiculous. All laudable endeavors are really too funny to be endured. At the bottom of it all is self adoration. Because *some one else* tries to do something it is all wrong or very ludicrous. The cynic is the man who would do the things properly. He could but he never does. His business is to sit like a bump on a log, doing nothing and laughing or sneering at every effort of others. A school that does not purge itself of this class is doomed as far as any noteworthy accomplishment in the art of joyful living is concerned. May we be blessed with more enthusiasts—fire-brands as they may be at times, and with all their faults and lack of judgment. Very few things ever died from over-enthusiasm. We'll welcome it at all times for it's bound to succeed in the end. Enthusiasm is the only antidote for the inertia, the inanition which follows in the dreadful wake of cynicism. Are you an enthusiast in the things and the efforts of this school? If not, why not? If you are not an enthusiast you are a cynic. If you are a cynic you are a detriment and the sooner cynics tumble off the earth the better for life in general.

A Mighty Mind At Rest

On the twenty-fifth of August, the great spirit of Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding quitted its earthly habitation for its eternal home. In the passing a busy world that paused to honor was bereft of one of its mightiest leaders, a rare spiritual genius, in some ways the Newman of today, and America's immortal Churchman. But the bereavement was one in name only for a great mind like his cannot pass from the sphere of its mortal life until the dawn of Eternity itself.

On and on it lives in the work it has accomplished, animating the souls of men of future countless generations by the sublime light it has received from that Immortal Flame which set it aglow. So the mighty mind will remain to guide the faltering steps of wayfarers yet unborn, to lead them to God, the perfection of their being. On this basis of measuring a man's greatness, what a man is Archbishop Spalding! His every act, his spoken or written word, his life itself, his death, tell the story with an eloquence which needs no additional word from the tongue or pen of the greatest panegyrist that a eulogy of surpassing beauty be impressed forever upon the memory of a grateful world. His life and work are an open book wherein all may read in unmistaken lines his goodness and his genius.

John Lancaster Spaulding was essentially a spiritual man. He aspired to the higher life of God and the soul. The spiritual was the great dominating force of his existence; a force moreover, which did spend itself within his own soul but which vibrated in the minds of those with whom he came in contact; and in view of his great writings this means that a whole world was at his feet. How intense was his spirituality is well epitomised in those beautiful lines of his which appear on the title page of his book of poems:

"Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,
Cries, laughs and yawns—then sleeps within the tomb.
If this were all, his life were then in vain
And never to be born the richest gain:
From out the depths therefore the soul doth cry
To God, to save it lest it wholly die."

From the great and glorious conflict the mighty mind finds rest at last in the Heaven so eagerly desired. The feverish toil is over. In peace and calm, in the light of the Beatific Vision repose comes at last. May God in His Goodness now fulfill this fervent desire that found utterance long ago in the heart of our beloved archbishop:

"Oh! many times my spirit ponders o'er
My body dead, and looks into my face
To catch each line and there my life to trace,
With all the pain and all the joy it bore.
In the brief day I wandered on the shore
Of troublous sea of time, in narrow space
Striving to hold 'mid shifting sands a place
Heedless of winds and waters' deafening roar.
But now the storm has died; calm is the wave,
And freighted is the bark that bears away
The little good and ill life to me gave;
It glides into the dark, led by a ray
Of faith and hope and love, which through the grave
Falls like faint dawning of eternal day."

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

HANKISMS

F. C. H., '19

Did you ever hear of a man expressing his thoughts on a freight train?

Pride has a tendency to make a man puffed up, but it never helps him to rise.

Don't find fault—try to lose it.

Reformers are going to hit a snag when they try to make Venice a dry town.

You can't always tell a married man—even bachelors are grouchy now and then.

Lots of men reach the top of the ladder, but success makes them dizzy and down they come.

When a man stakes his reputation on the truth of his assertion, it is well to investigate the former.

Look out for the man who always agrees with you—for he does not.

Is it meet to wear mutton-chop whiskers?

Some have trouble, some have trouble thrust upon them, and still others get married.

Never mind the man who makes the biggest noise—the bass-drum does this in a band and it has an empty head.

A gold-brick hits the hardest.

People who think of nothing but themselves generally wear a vacant expression.

Although a yard-stick has three feet you never hear of it kicking.

We generally refer to the fellow who goes out on a "lark" as a bird.

Be careful that your "Little Lamb" is not a black sheep.

"There are many things in which they who have only industry and method are quite as sure to attain their end, as they who have talent."—*Archbishop Spalding.*

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

—GOLDSMITH.

The dawn of the new scholastic year finds the craft, Exchanges, piloted by a stranger. Needless to say the new pilot feels somewhat uneasy upon this, his maiden voyage across that dark and turbulent sea of criticism, and perhaps he would feel entirely despondent were it not for the fact that one beacon illumines his pathway, one compass directs his course—the beacon of his successful predecessor, the compass of the former Exman.

Therefore, following the dictates of wisdom he deems it expedient to forge straight ahead, ever keeping that beacon before his eyes so that he may reach the port of success in safety; and should it be his misfortune to deviate from the course which his predecessor has marked out he will carefully consult his compass until he finds again the right path. In other words the present Exman will do all in his power to follow out the policy of his predecessor:

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

for, in this quotation, he believes, is to be found the essence of criticism. Censure, and yet become not a cynic; praise, and yet become not a sycophant, and in every case preserve the decorum of a gentleman. Keeping this policy in mind the Exman takes up his pen with just one word of advice. Let there be no ill feeling shown to the Exman on the part of those whom he criticises, for, although in their estimation their work is flawless let them remember the words of Pope in this regard;

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

The Exman, being wholly unacquainted with the character of the many magazines that grace his desk, blindly extends his hand for one which will be the object of his perusal. It is the *Collegian* from Oakland, California and the Exman is by no means disappointed with his lot, for he finds this publication bubbling over with pithy articles and snappy stories. In the first article, a sketch embodying the truth, "the dreamer lives for ever while the toiler dies in a day." The denoument is, perhaps, a trifle too evident; yet we are inclined to overlook this fault because of the other admirable qualities the article possesses, especially the vivid character portrayal. The essays are mainly aspects of the present European war discussing the policies of the various belligerent nations and pointing out the lessons that America must learn from this terrible conflict. In "A Sign of Promise" the author holds out a very optimistic aspect, from the religious point of view, for Europe and the world in general when peace has been restored. He maintains that Catholicity will be looked upon in a more favorable light by the once irreligious nations of Europe, and very vividly he pictures France, the eldest daughter of the Church until the war began, a wretched degenerate, already putting on sackcloth and ashes and doing penance "to make amends to the God against whom she had so greviously and so often sinned." We realize quite clearly that the present war will act as a general purgative to rid Europe of the slime and filth of error in which she wallows and we realize also that France has been taught a forcible lesson in the action of God's annointed whom she had driven from her doors, yet we cannot quite conceive France as the humble penitent that the author pictures. The author's remark upon the hopeless failure of international Socialism is worthy of note. This organization, the international brotherhood of Socialists, was regarded as the strongest in Europe until shattered by the present war. The vividness and elegance of style of the author is highly commendable.

"A Vindication of Preparedness" and "The Fallacy of Militarism" are two opposite views on preparedness. The author of "The Fallacy of Militarism" lays the cause of the present war at the door of preparedness, while the author of "A Vindication of Preparedness," as the title indicates, estimates the lesson to be drawn from this conflict to be preparedness. The one urges the settlement of international disputes by arbitration in order to preserve permanent peace, while the other declares that the maintenance of permanent peace is impossible and therefore "prepare." While the appeal for permanent peace made by the author of "The Fallacy of Militarism" is a noble one because it is in accordance with Christian virtue yet we can regard it only as an ideal, for, as the author of "A Vindication of Preparedness" remarks, permanent peace will never become a reality as long as man inhabits this earth, for "nations will ever be beset by that selfishness, that lust for wealth, that jealousy of power, common to the individual" and while these exist strife is inevitable.

But perhaps the best article in the *Collegian* is "The Nation's Need," an essay that is inclined to be the happy medium between "preparedness" and "peace at any price."

In this article the author deplores the startling defection from American ideals and appeals to the American people to cultivate a love for the principles of our nation, such a love that prompted our ancestors in their struggle for independence and preservation. He brings out the lamentable fact that the American people in general are losing their patriotism and illustrates this fact by the observance of Flag Day. "This very ceremony itself," he remarks, "beautiful though it unquestionably is, strongly reflects discredit on us. For if our hearts were right every day of our lives would be Flag Day, and every act of our lives would bear eloquent witness to our belief in a devotion to those ideals and principles of which the Flag is our only sign and symbol!" Alas! this statement is indeed too true, for the American people are maddened with the spirit of commercialism, have become calloused to American ideals by that selfish desire to increase their individual wealth and power, and as a result they have no time to think of their country, no time to keep burning brightly the flame of patriotism which, perhaps, is unknown within them or if it be there is in a smoldering state. It is this semi-lethargic condition of the American people that calls forth those eloquent appeals "to prepare," which otherwise would be unnecessary, for, if the American people were really patriotic an adequate defense of the country would be a logical sequence.

In this the first number of the *Collegian* of this year an admirable standard has been set. The Exman hopes that in the following issues this high standard will not be lowered.

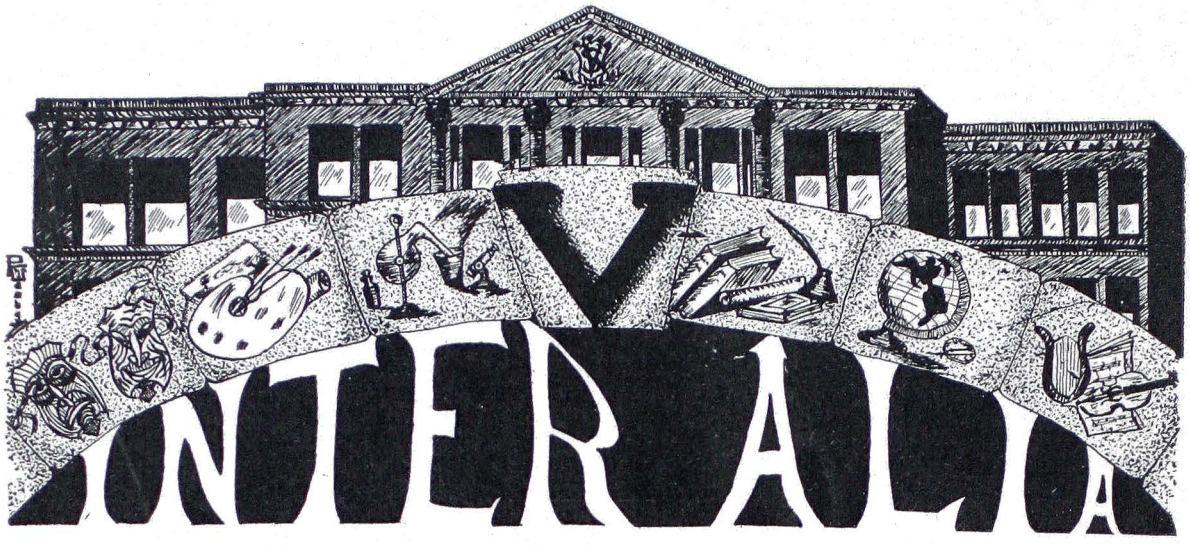
The *Columbiad* of Portland, Oregon, is the next publication to receive the Exman's attention. The introductory paragraph of the first essay, which, by the way, is a medal essay, would lead one to expect a veritable masterpiece to follow, but sad to relate, this paragraph is wholly out of joint with the rest of the essay, for from then on the author, at times throwing discretion to the winds, slips into an uninteresting and incoherent history of the music of Ireland. The statement, that the old Irish bards have excelled the poets of all nations, is one to which no one except the author can truthfully assent. The author has a knowledge of the qualities of Irish poetry, but places poetry of this quality upon too high a plane. "A Put-Up Job" is a fairly good short story, but is pervaded with the cinemal atmosphere of a typical wild west film, an atmosphere which has become disgusting to ordinary intelligence.

The essay "A Taste of Poe" is in rigid conformity with the title, for in it we have but a morsel of the abundance of material treating of that author. The verse that is sprinkled through the *Columbiad*, such as "An Impossibility," is scarcely worth the space it occupies

much less serious comment. Suffice it to say that a magazine is much more creditable without this marring, nonsensical feature than to be filled with it.

Perhaps the trouble of the *Columbiad* lies, as the editorial remarks, in the lack of coöperation among the students. Let us hope that the appeal made in that editorial will be productive of some fruit.

"The test of worth of work is its effect on the worker. If it degrade him it is bad; if it ennoble him it is good. This also is the measure of the value of institution. Their one end is the furtherance of life."—*Archbishop Spalding.*



The Opening

The Scholastic year of 1916–1917 was opened Monday, September 11th with the usual ceremony, a High Mass of the Holy Ghost sung by Rev. William Irish, '05. In the afternoon the first session of classes was held and a decided increase in the registration over the preceding year was noticed. Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., President of the College, gave a short and interesting talk to the students, laying before them the necessity of taking the year's work seriously, and assuring them of the hearty coöperation of the faculty in making the year a most profitable one—both intellectually and morally.

Chemistry Professor In Embryo

Our Professor of Chemistry now signs his name Charles A. Roach, Sr. No, gentle reader, it is not a new degree, but a permanent handle made necessary by the arrival in his family of a new chemistry professor, yet in embryo, viz: Charles Andrew Roach, Jr.,—a bright-eyed baby boy who even now promises to snatch the chemistry crown from his father's head. With you, Professor and Mrs. Roach, we feel proud of our embryonic chemistry professor.

Changes in the Faculty

St. Viator's, striving always to raise her standards and to keep apace with educational advances, has secured the services of two new and able professors: Patrick F. Kirby, A. M. (Harvard), and P. O'Riley, Ph. D. Professor Kirby, who will have complete charge of the College English classes, received an A. B. from the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., and an A. M. from Harvard in 1916.

Professor O'Riley, A. B. (Holy Cross) Ph. D. (St. Thomas Aquinas, Rome, Italy), who studied foreign languages in their native

countries, will be well equipped to assume charge of the modern language department. In addition to this he will teach the History of Rome and Greece, which study he specialized in under Marucchi, the famous archaeologist of Italy.

Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V., of the St. Viator Missionary Band, will succeed Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., as Prefect of Discipline. With Father Rice goes the memory of a frictionless and pleasant government of the college students, and with Father Kirley, who is well selected as his successor, comes assurance of hearty coöperation from all students under his guidance.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., who last year had charge of Academy English and History, was honored with the presidency of Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota. While we regret the severance of actual associations with genial Father Stephenson, yet we are resigned to his selection, realizing the deserving honor conferred upon him. Good luck and success, Father Stephenson.

Rev. Sheridan, C. S. V., last year a member of teaching staff of Columbus College, has returned to St. Viator, where he will succeed Father Stephenson.

Columbus Day Celebration.

The Senior Class of 1917 entertained the student body on October 12th by a program made up of speeches and music. Mr. Charles A. Hart, President of the Class, delivered a beautiful oration in his own eloquent manner, on the subject: "Why Great Men Should Be Honored." Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the versatile actor, and the "Burke Cochran" of the Senior Class, entertained with his treatment of the subject, "Humanity's Debt to Columbus." Mr. Fulton J. Sheen, spoke on "The Pathos of Columbus's Life." Rev. W. J. Bergin closed the pleasant evening by an address on the great moral lesson of determination and "stick-to-it-tiveness." to be learned from the life of the discoverer of this continent. Mr. Gordan McDonald and Mr. James Elmslie rendered beautiful solos between speeches, which were well received by the students. The College Quartette and the St. Viator Orchestra also lent their efforts in making the evening a pleasant one.

"We neglect the opportunities which are always present and imagine that if those that are rare were offered, we should put them to good use. Thus we waste life waiting for what if it came we should be unprepared for."—*Archbishop Spalding.*

OBITUARY

REV. EDWARD J. SCHUETZ, '05.

The sudden and tragic death of Father Edward J. Schuetz, of the class of 1902, which occurred October 4, was a profound shock to all his friends at St. Viator. Father Schuetz was killed when a large Packard automobile in which he was riding with Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, and Very Rev. James V. Shannon, '82, was overturned on the way to Princeville, Ill. The sudden death of Father Schuetz cut short what promised to be a most brilliant career. For the last two years he had been Chancellor of the diocese of Peoria, and had won the respect and love of all the priests of the diocese. Father Schuetz graduated from St. Viator College in 1905, being the Valedictorian of his class. The following year he began his studies in theology at St. Viator Seminary, and was ordained May 27, 1908. He was first appointed assistant at Eagle, and then was appointed pastor of Hennepin, Ill. Bishop Dunne later made him Chancellor of the diocese. The tragedy of his death cast a profound gloom over all who had known him, for Father Schuetz will long be remembered here for his fine qualities of mind and heart. His funeral, which took place from the Cathedral in Peoria, was attended by the Very Rev. President, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., and Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V. May his beautiful soul rest in peace.

"Be active in many ways, be a sower of good seed, a distributer of good things, but look within thy own spirit for refreshment and joy. Unless all is well there an applauding universe would be of no help to thee."—*Archbishop Spalding.*

ALUMNI AND PERSONALS

Ordinations

As each year spends its allotted space of time in relentless eternity, so Old Viator sends forth new sons to preach and proclaim the doctrines of the Gospel. Hence, it is with untold joy and the breath of a fervent prayer to our Almighty Creator, that the *Viatorian* has the unalloyed pleasure of chronicling the news concerning the elevation to the Holy Priesthood of three more young Levites.

Rev. Gerald T. Bergan, who received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from St. Viator College in 1912, celebrated his First Solemn High Mass in America last August. After receiving his degree in this country, Father Bergan departed for Rome, where he pursued his course in theology at the North American College. He was ordained in October, 1915 and returned to the United States last summer. Father Bergan is now stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill.

Rev. David Scully, another old Viator student, continued to pursue his course in theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O., after leaving St. Viator and was ordained recently for the diocese of Alton. Father Scully is now located at Granite City, Ill.

Rev. Martin O'Connor, who last year finished his theological course at St. Viator, was ordained on the 11th of October at St. Michael's Pro-Cathedral, Sioux Falls, S. D., by the Rt. Rev. Thos. O'Gorman, D. D. Father O'Connor celebrated his First Solemn Mass on October 22d at Welton, Ia. Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, President of St. Viator College, representing the student body and faculty, attended the Mass and preached the sermon.

Emmet Conway, A. B., '08, is achieving great and deserving success in the Magazine World. Since leaving school Emmet has held various responsible positions on the staff of the *Sioux City Tribune*. Recently he left the employ of the last mentioned paper and became identified with the advertising department of "*Vanity Fair*." Several of his articles, such as short stories and humorous sketches, have recently appeared in different magazines, and we notice he received very favorable comment from the *New York Times*. Success, Emmet, and may your writings bring strong men to tears and open the corpulent pocket-books of the rich!

Rev. Justin Cosgrove, A. B. '09, formerly of St. Columba's Church, Ottawa, Ill., has been appointed to succeed the late Rev. Edward J. Schuetz, as Chancellor of the Peoria Diocese. His appoint-

ment to this position gives to this important office a brilliant and efficient young officer, and to St. Mary's Cathedral a zealous priest and orator.

Years may come, and years may go, but Cupid goes on forever. Let wedding bells ring forth their joyous peals, for another St. Viator man has joined the ranks of the benedicts. On the 11th of October, Thomas J. O'Reilly and Miss Teresa Flannagan, both of Springfield, Ill., were united in the holy bands of matrimony. Mr. O'Reilly received a Commercial Diploma from St. Viator in 1911 and since that time has been paving the way for a brilliant career in the world of commerce. For some time after leaving school he was identified with the Illinois Traction System, but lately has entered in the retail business in Springfield with all prospects for an exceptionally bright future.

"I Do"

After returning from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly will be at home at 1605 S. Fifth St., Springfield, Ill. The *Viatorian* extends to them a wish for long life replete with happiness.

The news comes to us that Rev. John L. O'Donnell, '11, assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, Ill., has been appointed to the office of Chaplain of the Second Regiment, Illinois National Guard.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.

The students in the agriculture courses reorganized the "Aggie Club" for the ensuing year on October 18 with Charles Walker as president. Arrangements were made to obtain speakers for the coming meetings, and to develop a basket ball five to uphold the laurels gained by last year's "Corn Tassels."

On the evening of October 25 the Reverend President, Father O'Mahony, gave his annual talk to St. Viator's Farmers.

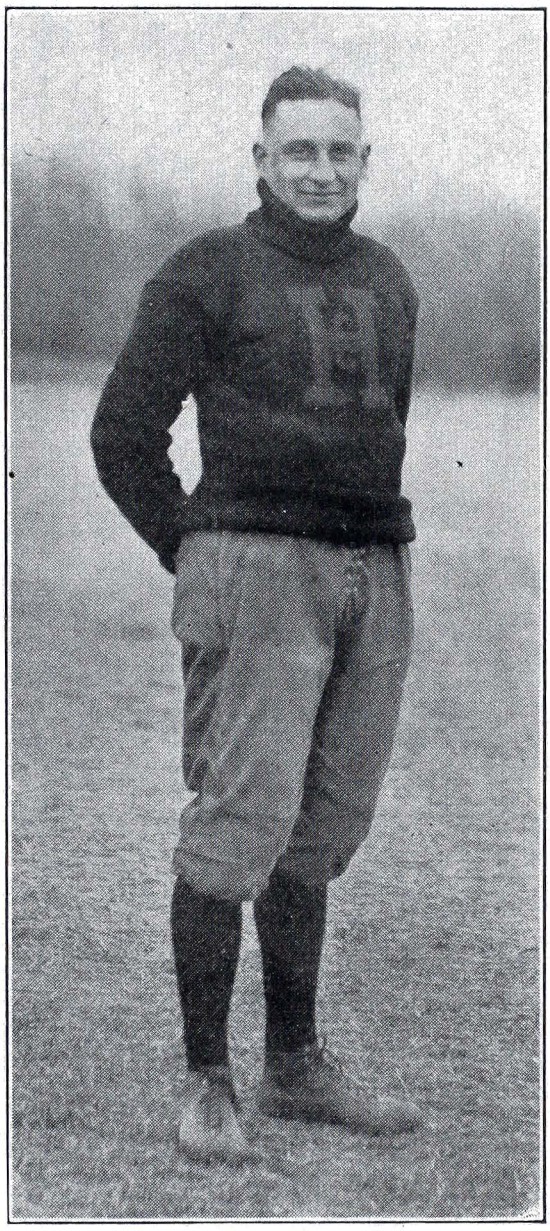
Equipment for the dairy laboratory has been ordered and will be installed before the opening of the winter course.

The facilities for instruction in animal husbandry have been increased by the addition of a flock of pure-bred Shropshire sheep. These animals will be used for practice in judging and for demonstration in sheep management.

In the demonstration plot the agronomists have planted a series of plots in a variety list of winter wheat, while the horticulturists have laid out a nursery for orchard stock, and have a large hotbed under way for spring planting.

This year the class rooms in agriculture are filled to their capacity. The enrollment so far has doubled that of last year.

The ear-to-row test of seed corn did not turn out very well, due to the drouth. When the class harvested it the other day the best ear yielded at the rate of seventy-four bushels per acre.



"COACH."

Coach Schissler is with us, and in fact, has been with us since September 1st. Now we are absolutely certain of this fact, for at present St. Viator has "three scalps" in her belt and her goal line has not been crossed. Our stocky director has put a team on the field which bids fair to be the swiftest in the Illinois minors. His ability in handling a football squad has long since been proven, for the team has smacked of the university since the first whistle blew. His style is snappy and just a little different; he gives us something new every day and from all appearances, he will give S. V. C. one of the fastest football teams she has ever had. *We're all with you, Coach.*

"THE STORE."

Brother E. M. Kelly, the newly appointed manager of athletics, has fully equipped the Association Store, making it as neat and attractive as possible. This undoubtedly deserves the entire patronage of the student body and it is our wish that the students loyally support this department. This is an indirect means of supporting your athletics in general. No loyal student will object to a good football, baseball or basketball team, so now that it is partly in our power to determine the success or failure of our college store and hence the success or failure of our athletics, let's get together and trade nowhere else but there.

S. V. C., 54; Lewis Institute, 0.

The football season was initiated on Saturday, September 30, when Schissler's warriors took Lewis into camp 54–0. St. Viator went over for her first touchdown two minutes after the first kick-off and then distributed the remaining points throughout the four periods.

Dunlap, Schlick and Summers, were in the limelight throughout the contest, for their work in the backfield was a problem which Lewis could not solve. Meyers, Goldenstein and Finnigan came to the front in the line-work on account of their vicious tackling, while Larson and Alder starred for the visitors.

LINE-UP.

Lewis I.		*St. Viator.*
Holden	R. E.	Finnigan
Robinson	R. T.	Dunlap
Tinney	R. G.	Cross-Kasper
Morency	C	Meyers
Howe	L. G.	Hughes-Walker
Timmare	L. T.	Lawrence
Kingsley	L. E.	Goldenstein-Lepley
Alder	Q	Flynn
Spencer	R. H.	Welsh
Larsen	L. H.	Schlick-Roach
LeBeau	F. B.	Summers

Touchdowns:—Dunlap, Summer, Goldenstein (2), Roach, Lepley (1). Goals—Schlick (6). Referee—Newman. Headlinesman, Harrison. Umpire—MacDonald.

S. V. C., 6; Ill. Wesleyan, 0.

St. Viator journeyed to Bloomington on October 6, to make her first bow to the conference fans. It was graceful enough too, for she outpointed Illinois Wesleyan by 6. This game however proved to be a genuine battle. For three periods both teams were fighting for blood, with the result that neither goal line was crossed. In the early part of the final period the "Old Gold and Purple" opened up and by a pass from Schlick to Finnigan, chalked up the only touchdown of the game. Wesleyan made desperate attempts to score toward the end of the game, but could make little headway against the Viator wall.

It would be a hard proposition to pick the stars of this contest for every man played with wonderful skill. Wesleyan had an advantage in weight but the hard charging of the Viator line offset this difficulty to a remarkable degree. Meyers our big center, played a brilliant game on defense, while Walker and Cross helped to bolster up the central part of the line in great fashion. Summers, Lawrence, Goldenstein and Finnegan protested the off positions and played veteran games on offense. In the backfield, Capt. Welsh, Flynn and Dunlap gave superb exhibitions in line plunging. For the opposition, we must mention the names of Applegate, Kemler and Whitesell.

Applegate, the Wesleyan quarterback, showed an unusual amount of dash in running his team while the two latter men played exceptional games on offense.

LINE-UP.

Ill. Wesleyan.		*St. Viator.*
Whitesell	L. E.	Goldenstein
Mills	L. T.	Summer
Thomas-Best	L. G.	Walker
Eagleton	C	Meyer
Nichols-Taylor	R. G.	Cross-Kasper
Sterling	R. T.	Lawrence
McFarland-Thomas	R. E.	Finnigan
Applegate-Hurst	Q	Flynn
Kemler-McFarland	L. H.	Schlick
Ward	R. H.	Welsh-Roach
Prather	F. B.	Dunlap

Touchdown—Finnigan. Referee—O'Neil. Umpire—Evans. Field Judge—Dunn. Headlinesman—McCarroll.

ST. VIATOR, 205; LANE COLLEGE, 0.

"Enough Said"

LINE-UP.

Lane College.		*St. Viator.*
Suerth-Herman	L. E.	Goldenstein
Thompson	L. T.	VonHuben
Green	L. G.	Walker, Cahill
Block	C	Meyers
R. Wilson	R. G.	Cross-Shea
Schaefer-Gregory	R. T.	Dunlap
Hirschberg	R. E.	Finnigan-Lepley
Boyle	Q	Flynn
M. Wilson	L. H.	Roach-Krampff
McGrath	R. H.	Welsh-Summer
Jucus	F. B.	Schlick

Touchdowns—Finnigan (11), Schlick (5), Flynn (4), Welsh (3), Roach (2), Goldenstein (2), Lepley (2), Krampff (1). Field Goals—Schlick (25). Referee—Harmon, DePauw.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notre Dame Freshman, Nov. 3, at St. Viator.
St. Ambrose College, Nov. 11, at Davenport.
Eureka College, Nov. 18, at St. Viator.
Dubuque College, Nov. 30, at Dubuque.

"OPEN-FIELD."

"Woosy" Welsh is back in uniform. We saw him in '13 and it brings back memories which are vivid for he is playing the same consistent game as of old. He will captain the 1917 squad to victory, *we hope.*

"Mooch" Summer turned an ankle in the Lewis game but was on duty one week later at Bloomington.

The Lane game gave us the world's record football score, with some to spare. Decided improvement over the Lewis game was noticed, especially in tackling and interference.

The entire squad is in shipshape at present and hitting a fast clip in practice. *Look Out Normal.*

The "dummy" is nearly worn out.

Ed Dunn, center of '13, is assisting Schissler in line drill.

Who said "Goldie" ever missed a pass?

Cross and Walker are making the fans sit up and take notice.

"Fuss" Meyers, you're a dandy.

Here it is: "FINNIGAN."

The line has been made much longer, with the advent of Galvin.

"Summer" inclined to think we have a "Schlick" back-field for Roach and Flynn have "Dunlap's enough to win three games and "Wel-sh" ould be proud of his team.

Coach Dondanville has a high-school squad over on the other lot that gives the "Varsity" a good argument now and then.

So far the High School team has made no formal appearance hence we will defer a write-up until they have given an account of themselves. This promises to be favorable however, for the prospects are bright, as Coach Dondanville has an option on twenty huskies. He tells us that he will have a winning team.

Just a word for "O'Hara," who has been on the hospital list for several weeks. The little quarter-back suffered a broken ankle in the early season and was forced to quit. From what we saw of him, however, we may say that the team lost a good man.

VIATORIANA

THROW ON THE FEED BAGS, for this is the season of eating, as the ancient hash slingers were wont to exclaim whenever they thought someone ought to be hungry. We of the student body, more commonly known as the Grubconsuming Crew, are confronted with a serious problem. For is it not true that the Chief Custodian of the Bean Bag has announced that the price of our Wednesday night enervator, of the Boston variety, has increased to such tremendous proportions that the price is almost prohibitive? And it brings pitchers of tears to our respective eyes when we even think of the sad predicament that may stare us in the face any day in the near future. BUT why speak of our favorite fruit when we possess a weak back and oodles of will power, because it has been said that certain people have even seen the veal loaf on the job. SO, cheer up comrades and follow the motto of that illustrious I. W. W., Alexander Adenoids, who, as he dethroned the freight brakeman, shouted with great gusto, "SOC ET TUUM." Even some horses won't eat a bit.

Wipe Your Chin!
"UM–M, WE'VE GOT NAPKINS."

Did you get your little blue slip? Comin' back on the eleven?

"I hear Vonachen at the door."
"Guess he's feeling knobby."

CRUEL BOY.

Red from Streator wore overalls during the first week of school in order to make the swains homesick.

"Put it in the nominative."

Gartland's white sweater, Made for the best retail trade.

MOOTCH'S PHILOSOPHY.

Rules laid down,
Deign to break.
Sneak down town,
They'll cut your cakes.

FAMOUS SITES: "Para———."

"THE BLOW-UP."

(An Accident in three parts)

"———for what he thought was lemon pop
Was 'nitro' that some crook had dropped."

"Why don't you take something for that cold?"
"Thanks, old man. Don't care if I do."

Sullivan has an interior hunting jacket. Wonder if he's seeking parlor hounds.

Oswald: "Let me hold that pretty ring."
Genevieve: "I can't get it off my finger."
Oswald: "Well, what of it?"

NEW HISTORY.

Ex. 206 R. H.: "She was 116 years old."
"How do you know?"
"Well, she was 11 years old when Washington fought Custer."

Her daughter married Doctor Sword
Who had built up a practice.
She said: "At last, I can afford
To have appendicitis."

Meyers: "His girl's car is so long she has to put hinges on it every time she wants to turn a corner."

Roche: "Why not call spondees 'crippled poetry'? They have no feet."

Why don't K.K.K. people learn how to spell "BOURBONNAIS"?

"Do you sleep with that suit on?"

Gartland, our Indiana rarebit, has decided to enter the Mail-receiving contest. Look to your honors, Red, for Koke is a speed merchant.

Why is Ted Mooney? (Ask the express company.)

Great question up before the occupants of 220: "WHAT SHALL WE HAVE: LIGHTS OR HEAVIES?"

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"All candidates for the hemstitch team will please report in the clubroom under the Academics' gym., Nov. 31st to indulge in preliminary tryouts for membership in the Embroidery Club. Several good games have been arranged for the coming season and it is hoped that this year's team will even surpass that of last year. We should all feel it a personal duty to support this worthy organization and lend whatever assistance is possible.

Everyone remembers vividly the wrist-watch stopping and blood-curdling battle which our squad won down at Exeter last Valentine's day. Captain Thumgoffy, although handicapped by an unthreaded needle, rallied and rallied; enabling his team to win by two centerpieces and a doily.

So come one come all. Bring good cheer to those at home who expect you to do great things. Those who succeed in making the team may use a fork during the evening meal."

(Signed) COMMITTEE.

Old Joblots was no longer spry,
The doctors gave him pills.
And finally they gave him up—
He wouldn't pay his bills.

Kelly got a letter.
"Eh, Oscar?"

BLOW! BLOW! BLOW!