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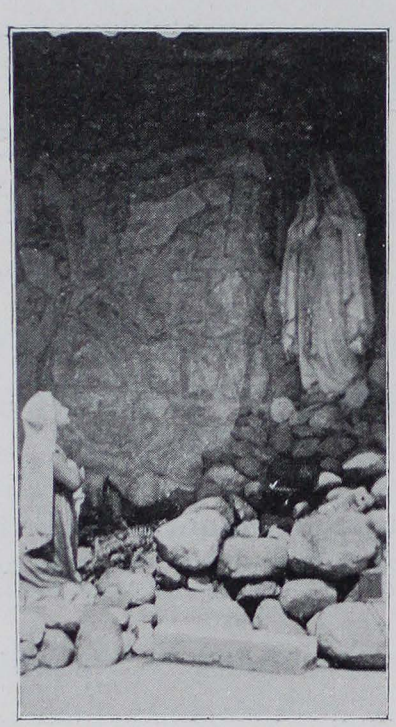


SERENADE

My love soars up to thee,
On wings of melody
Lady, my love.
Riding the skies afar
To thee, my Guiding Star,
Enthroned above.

My hope and faith in thee,
Are boundless as the sea,
Mary, my Queen.
Life o'er—my heart full free
Will someday soar to thee—
Raptured, serene.

Freed then from earthly care
Offer it, my Lady fair
Unto thy Son;
That I may ever rest
On His fond loving Breast
When life is done.

My love soars up to thee,
On wings of melody
Lady, my love.
Riding the skies afar
To thee, my Guiding Star,
Enthroned above.

—Rev. J. A. Williams.

Christianity and Mahatma Ghandi

By Murel Vogel, '26

"He is religious by nature and his doctrine is essentially religious. He is a political leader by necessity." Thus Romaine Rolland characterizes the man who is leading hundreds of thousands of people in a bloodless revolt against British rule and tyranny, for Mahatma Ghandi rules the heterogeneous masses of India with a more absolute sway than any Czar ever ruled despotic Russia, for he commands not only their bodies and external obedience, but also their minds and even, in a sense, their souls. At his word, the whole nation acts; if he commands, the entire country obeys; and if he raises his hand, all India kneels to receive his blessing, for he rules not by force, but by love. The whole nation, while they follow him as a leader, venerate him as a saint. There emanates from him a potent spiritual force that seems to draw all classes to him, and once they come within his magnetic influence, they seem hypnotized into obeying his every wish. Nor is this power confined to his mere presence. Every word he utters is filled with it, so that its influence is felt from one end of India to the other. With this mysterious force as his sole weapon, Ghandi led a revolt against British tryanny in South Africa for twenty years,—a revolt in which no violence was shown by the oppressed Indian immigrants, and in which love repaid the cruelties of the oppressor. And Ghandi won. England tried every means of torture and cruelty from flogging and imprisonment to death, but in the end she was forced to do as Ghandi desired, although neither he nor his fellow revolutionists in self-defense had shed a single drop of British blood. They won by a revolt based on the mysterious force which Mahatma Ghandi was wielding. Now in India that same potent force, led by the example and leadership of the same man is slowly bringing the British Government to its senses. Millions of people are in a state of revolt and yet, in the face of the most extreme cruelty and oppression, they are not raising a hand in self-defense. British tyranny is fighting in vain against a power that it can neither understand nor overcome. Ghandi, with thousands of others, is in a cell of a British prison, but his influence and power is directing the policies of the entire nation. What then is the nature of this force that he is using so effectively? Rolland says it is essentially religious. Therefore, in order to understand the hidden force that is directing the course of the whole Indian revolution, we must search into the religious views of Ghandi, and discover the underlying principles which form the basis of his power.

Love forms the fundamental principle of his whole creed. Just as the Savior, two thousand years ago, reduced all law to two commandments of love, Mahatma Ghandi rests his whole religious structure on the same pillar. He tells us that "love, not intelligence, is the road that leads to God," and in his explanation of what he means by love, we are reminded of the interpretation that our Lord gave it. Indeed, Ghandi admits that he gained his first clear conception of it after he had read Christ's Sermon on the Mount. His love, like Our Lord's, embraces all creation. It is an ardent and burning love that forbids all anger, tolerates no violence and knows no bounds. It must not only be extended to those who are our friends, but even to those who are our enemies. Blows and cruelty are to be repaid by love towards our oppressor. Vice is to be overcome by love, and the world must be purified to all evil by passing through the burning fire of love. It is the love of the Good Samaritan, that gives expression to itself in deeds of kindness and charity. It teaches us to hate the vice in a man, but to love the man himself. It wars against cruelty and evils by returning good to those who are guilty of these crimes, for according to Ghandi's belief, all men are essentially good and they act criminally only through ignorance of virtue. Therefore, in the presence of good, where love is returned for hate and violence, men will see the vileness of their actions and eventually they will succumb to the influence of love. This love admits of no exceptions. The Hindus, to whose religion Ghandi professes allegiance, hold a certain low class called "the untouchables" completely outside of all human consideration. To touch them is a crime. Ghandi, in opposition to this sentiment, teaches that they are to be loved and treated as other men, and, to prove his faith in the universality of love he has adopted a young "untouchable" girl, to whom he has become greatly attached. This may be due to his belief in the reincarnation of souls, i. e., that men's souls do not die, but that they are born back again into higher or lower forms of life according as the person has led a good or bad life. Therefore, he may adopt the pariahs, because in a future time they may become part of the upper classes. However, his action may also be attributed to the universality of his love, for it, like the love of a Christian, extends not only to men, but to all living creatures. We are shocked to hear that such an idealist as Ghandi believes in cow worship, but when we examine his real belief, we find that it is merely his expression of the principle of love as it is to be shown to dumb creatures. He, like us, abhors the idea of really worshiping a cow, but he takes the cow as a type of all dumb creatures, and holds it sacred to show the relation of love existing between man and all dumb animals. It is a living reminder that we must love all creatures and show pity, not cruelty to those types that are inferior to us. Christians have no animal that they hold sacred, although they, too, believe in showing pity toward dumb beasts. Ghandi's principle of love goes farther

than ours therefore, in that we only have the principle, while he has both the principle and a living reminder or example of it. Love then forms the whole basis of his creed and therefore, in this respect, Ghandi and Christians are almost exactly similar.

The second great doctrine of Ghandi's religion is self-control. He tells us that he "believes implicity in the Hindu aphorism that no one truly knows the Shastias who has not attained perfection in Innocence, Truth and Self-Control." In his development of this doctrine he lays down a course of action that is not excelled in severity in the most rigid orders of the Church. It includes control of the palate which consists in eating only those foods that are absolutely necessary to life, and forbids any indulgence of appetite whatsoever. It teaches non-stealing, which not only demands that we do not take what belongs to another, but that we must not even use articles that we do not actually need. Naturally the acquisition of wealth or possessions is absolutely forbidden under this rule. For a man to horde up treasures or possessions is to make it impossible for others to enjoy them, and therefore this is intrinsically wrong. Celibacy is advocated even for married people, whom he exhorts to live on mere terms of close friendship. In all things man must deny himself and exercise self-control, or else he will not become perfect. He admits that such severe self-control requires suffering, but he says that "suffering is the great law. It is the mark of the human tribe. Progress is measured by the amount of suffering undergone, the purer the suffering, the greater the progress."

What a strong resemblance this bears to the words of Christ! Ghandi may attribute his belief to Hinduism, yet I can not believe but that he has drawn the fundamentals of his religion from Christianity. The likeness between his doctrine of love and Christ's has been shown. In his second principle, the similarity is even more noticeable. While reading his exposition of self-control can we not hear Christ's words, "If thou would be perfect, go, sell all thou hast, give it to the poor, and follow Me?" And in his acknowledgment that self-control is accomplished by suffering, is not the whole meaning summed up in Christ's words, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." Indeed if one were to read St. Thomas á Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" and then read Ghandi's doctrines he would be tempted to brand Ghandi as a plagiarist. The purity of his life makes me believe that Ghandi is sincere in believing that he is following Hinduism, and that he is ignorant of unconsciously absorbing the very spirit of Christianity. But when we consider that he studied the Bible and the Christian religion attentively and that he received his higher education in a Christian country, then we must admit that there is ground for the assumption that he has been influenced, at least, by the doctrine of Jesus Christ. And when we consider that previous to his studying in England, he had renounced all belief in religion, and that after he had studied Christ's doctrine

he became a religious devotee! that he admits even now, that he believes Hinduism errs in many of its doctrines; that he himself says he gained his first clear conception of religion after reading Christ's Sermon on the Mount, then, when his doctrines show such a similarity to Christianity, is there not room to question their original source?

The last great article of Ghandi's religion gives added strength to the above hypothesis, that, while he professes Hinduism, he is practicing Christianity. This third great principle is the brotherhood of man, a doctrine preached by Christ throughout his entire life, and exemplified by him in his every action. Almost every admonition bore the phrase, "Love thy brother," and he explained that "all men are our brothers." In a sense, this is not a distinct tenet, since it is based on love, yet its consideration gives us a scope of thought so separated from that usually included under the title "love," that it really deserves mention as a distinct doctrine. It conveys to us, not so much the fact that we must love all creatures, but that all men, of all countries, are united by a tie that binds them to assist each other and to live as one great family. We must love dumb creatures, but certainly we do not consider them our brothers. The brotherhood of man deals more with the common relation and equality of the men of all countries, of all creeds, and of all races, as common children of an Eternal Deity. It breaks down all barriers of caste and nationality, and unites all men in a common society for their mutual benefit and welfare. We are bound by it to consider all men our brothers, to give them aid in time of need, to help and not hinder them in working out their destiny, to do good to them instead of trying to oppress them for our own selfish interests. Although Ghandi would have all nations support each other, he does not advocate thriftlessness, nor will he tolerate parasites. He considers it a crime for a nation to import articles that it could grow or manufacture itself. Nations that do this destroy the nobility of independence, and breed a spirit of laziness. He firmly believes that every nation should live simply on the products of its own industry. He only believes in charity when an individual is not able to maintain himself after he has made an honest effort. This is his first deviation from the teachings of Christ and on second thought we find that it is not really a difference of doctrine. His doctrine on the brotherhood of man and Christ's doctrine are identical; it is only in the application of the principle that they differ. I do not recall reading of Christ ever preaching against the exchange of products between nations or people, nor do I believe He did teach such a proceeding, for if we are to live as a great family in a common brotherhood, why should we not barter back and forth for our mutual benefit? To forbid the exchange of goods between nations, is to set up a barrier between them, and this is what the brotherhood of man seeks to break down. However, as I stated before, the principle is the same in Christianity and in

Ghandi's religion. Christ taught the brotherhood of man two thousand years ago, in words that could not be misunderstood. The principle is Divine; if Ghandi errs in its application, it only demonstrates the inability of man to grasp the whole significance of a Divine rule. Furthermore, his error strengthens the belief that he took the principle from Christianity, for if he had formulated it himself, or if it had been taught to him from childhood in the Hindu religion, he surely would not have made such a gross mistake in the understanding and application of the meaning and spirit of the doctrine.

Thus, we find that strange, potent force by which Ghandi is directing the masses of India to have for its basis the fundamentals of Christianity. No one will deny that Ghandi firmly believes in the principles or that he is sincere in his adherence to them. He has suffered almost as much for them as the Apostles suffered for the same doctrines in the early days of the Church. But what is most hard to understand is that Ghandi, who has studied Christianity and knows its teachings, does not see that he is preaching Christianity, and clothing it in the trappings of Hinduism. By the force of Christian teaching, he is leading a whole nation to independence without the least display of violence. Passive resistance, the outgrowth of the principle of love, is overcoming the strongest powers of England. Self-control, the cause of suffering, and the "march of progress" is being practiced by the whole of India under the spiritual leadership and example of Mahatma Ghandi, and deeds of British cruelty and oppression are being repaid in love. Non-violence is the watchword of Indian independence. And India unselfishly seeks not only the independence of her own spirit, but the freedom of the world by disseminating love and self-control through the medium of the brotherhood of man. This is certainly a Christian ideal. Mahatma Ghandi, the leader of this movement, is practicing Christian virtues as perfectly as many of the saints, yet, in spite of all this he has deluded himself and his nation into believing that he is practicing Hinduism. And India, under his leadership, is practicing the highest Christian virtues more perfectly than any nation since the time of Christ has ever practiced them, yet India, as a whole does not understand what Christianity means!

HANDS

By Homer E. Knoblauch, '25

The small, but thriving city of Northhampton knew Dr. Forbes as a physician and surgeon of more than ordinary merit. He made all his night calls in a light inclosed car of popular make, but when time and weather permitted he preferred to walk during the day. Of medium height and straight as an Indian, he made a very impressive appearance as he strode briskly along. Indeed, there were many of Northhampton's more elderly matrons who watched daily for his passing, peeping coquettishly from behind parlor curtains, their lonely hearts ever refusing to give up hope of life's fulfillment. But Doctor Forbes was of a type that seemed as impervious to emotion as granite to water. Never did he engage in any of the little social intimacies which the people of Northhampton delighted in, he was reserved, reticent, and silent to the demands of society. None knew him save by name and reputation, consequently he was not delayed in his errands of relief by those who constantly congregated on the corner near the post office, or in front of the bank. He was civil to everybody, prompt in serving the infirm, and a marvel of skill in the operating room, but communicable to none. When a patient was attended by Dr. Forbes, he knew that he had the best surgeon in the county and his confidence was repaid by the greatest of talent and ability. Marvelously efficient, he performed the most delicate and dangerous operations with such a degree of success that his two competitors had been practically forced out of active practice and he reigned supreme in the art of surgery in Northhampton. Nurses related breathtaking stories to friends of his incredible wizardry with the knife, and his name was whispered from mouth to mouth. He could have been the center of the town's activities; and several of the clubs had bid and bid in vain for his membership.

He could have been feted and feasted to the point of ennui, but he refused the proferred tribute to his skill. He put up a barrier of impenetrable silence and isolation around his person, and lived alone in seclusion.

When he had first bought the great building on Hamilton street that had been the despair of real-estate agents for years, there was a great deal of curiosity as to why he had taken such a large, almost disreputable place all to himself when smaller and more comfortable homes were plentiful. But he offered no explanation, no information, and curiosity had been baffled and unsatisfied. He accepted no favors, sought none, and mixed with no one. When he spoke, it was always in reference to his profession, never to himself. At first the Northhamptonians gave him mute questioning looks, but after twelve

years even the most persistent gave up. He was a quiet wonder in his line, and grew to be an accepted fact in the town to which he had come as a stranger, and as a stranger remained.

Frederick Forbes had not always been a social hermit. There had been a time when he was "one of the fellows," a brilliant conversationalist and friend to all. There had been a time when he had discussed his affairs with the careless abandon of the man whose life is an open book to the world. In his early boyhood he had been careless and flippant, almost a ne'er-do-well. Then came a day when he had begun his regular high school course in chemistry, and he metamorphosed. At last he had found his life work, and he concentrated his time in the laboratory. Medicine and zoology naturally appea'ed to him; he loved to experiment with compounds and acids and tubes and reagents, and to watch the quivering muscles and beating hearts of mice as they lay vivisected under his scalpel. He looked with disdain upon his brother, Paul, who had quit grade school in order to follow his bent towards mechanics. All day long the latter worked over his bench in the little shop he had erected in the backyard of their home in Pittsburgh. Hour after hour he tinkered with wheels and cogs and bits of steel, making tiny models of this machine and that, in spite of the mother's scoldings and Fred's caustic criticism. Paul worked with hammer and chisel and file, while Fred absorbed the elements of chemistry. After high school, Fred entered a small pre-medical college in the east and became more and more interested in medicine. He confined himself almost constantly to the microscope, studying about micro-organisms and the various kinds of bacilli, devouring every scrap of medical knowledge that came his way, but Paul continued wasting his time and defied the world to make him cease wasting it.

Then the blow had come. Influenza carried away first the boys' father, then their mother. Paul and Fred found to their dismay that the supposedly modest fortune of the family had dwindled away in a little injudicious trifling with a wild-cat stock proposition, and Fred found himself obliged to leave school and obtain work. This he did, and for his services in the dry goods store received twenty dollars a week. He planned to obtain employment in a drug store as soon as the opportunity presented itself, realizing that for the present, at least, his hopes and ambitions in the surgical direction were indefinitely postponed, if not destroyed entirely. Medicine had been his all consuming ambition, and he bid it farewell with bitter, lasting regret.

Paul absolutely refused to let the tragedy affect him in any way after the first sorrow had lost its pangs, and continued pounding, chiseling, filing and building, in spite of Fred's threat to "let him starve before he'd keep him." He merely laughed at the threat, and when Fred began to fulfill it in earnest, he went without food almost altogether, living on scraps and the charity of the neigh-

bors. He disdained asking the only bread-winner in the family to support him. and worked and tinkered longer than ever in the tiny shed.

Then one day Paul's toil materialized into an invention that brought him several thousand dollars in royalties. He had kept his thoughts to himself and had worked on this invention for four years in secret. He had plenty now to build him a new and larger shop, and to try creating new things in the mechanical world.

Now during all these years of patient toil he had been the object of his brother's scorn and contempt. He reciprocated this uncharitable attitude by flatly refusing Fred's pleadings to be allowed to continue his life work, and Fred, grieved and shocked at Paul's refusal when he had relied so greatly on sharing his good fortune with him, became so incensed with rage that he seized a hearth iron and brought it down with all his force upon the inventor's head. Then, panic stricken at his act, he had fled from the house, and returned hours later to view the corpse.

But by fate's intervention, the blow had not been immediately fatal, and the young medic placed the unconscious Paul on a bed, and, being afraid to call a doctor, he exerted every bit of medical knowledge he possesed, at the same time praying and imploring that his brother might live. There followed days and nights of ceaseless watching while the inventor tossed and moaned and shouted in his delirium; never-ending vigil over the babbling lips and staring eyes. Fred prayed and worked untiringly that he would be able to perform the task ahead of him, and only slept when exhaustion overpoweerd his nerveless body. And when he realized that Paul would never again have the use of his reason, he nearly lost his own.

How he survived the next eighteen months; how he hushed the whole thing up within the confines of his own mind; how he at last determined to finish his education with the money which now his brother could not use; how he lived in constant and ever increasing terror of the discovery of his crime, he never could explain even to himself. He only knew that he was safe as long as Paul remained undiscovered, and chose silence and seclusion as the best means to affect this end.

So after twelve years of practice in Northampton, he became a fixed character in its population. The great house suited his purpose exactly, and Fred's conscience had been so beaten into submission that he no longer felt any pangs of emotion when shutting the great oaken door of the little room on the third floor of the huge building. Heavy bars lined the window, but the demented creature within never tried to escape. He spent the long dreary hours fumbling with the spring of his cot, all the while mumbling incoherently, sometimes shouting and singing to himself. He ate the food Frederick Forbes brought up to him three times a day and always fixed his eyes on the doctor with such a vacant terrifying stare that the latter lost no time in getting out of the room as quickly as possible.

In the meanwhile the surgeon's fame had increased by leaps and bounds. He had achieved his aim and ambition and his reputation as a master surgeon was steadily growing. In the presence of others he was positively noncommital, but oftimes when he was alone at night he asked himself if it had been worth the cost. The stabbing voice and accusations of a conscience not yet dead sometimes woke him from sound sleep, and he lay awake thinking—thinking.

If the pages of history now forever past could only be rewritten, if time could only be stopped and turned back in its flight, how different he would have acted! How bitterly he repented of his rashness only he and God knew, but now it was too late to repent. He tried and tried to keep from worry lest others see its signs and wonder. There was nothing to do but to go on now, no alternative but to see it through. Thus he fought with the spark of manhood that yet remanied, and he succeeded in hushing the small still voice each time it pricked him. He would have given up the struggle long before had it not been for his profession, his beloved profession, that urged him to carry on. He loved the whiteness of the operating room, and thrilled when he gazed at his hands and realized that upon them depended life and death. Firm and steady and sure they were, those hands.

And then one day a trivial accident occurred that would have meant little or nothing to an ordinary surgeon. He was making the incision for the removal of an appendix, when the scalpel slipped and he cut a little deeper than he intended. He stood terrified at his blunder, asking himself what had happened. His hands—they had blundered, miscalculated! His long graceful fingers had tricked him,—or was it his eyes? Yes, it might have been an illusion. Then he saw a nurse gazing at him curiously, and shuddering nervously, he hurriedly completed the operation and left the hospital.

That evening, as he sat alone in the large parlor, he looked again at his hands. What had made them waver for the first time in his memory, at their task? Was it possible that they had trembled in their duty? He held them up close to his eyes and inspected them carefully, finger by finger. Horrors, they were trembling! He stared at them dumbly. Then seizing a newspaper, he held it up with thumb and index finger. The pages quivered and shook. He watched them horrified, as a man watches an avalanche bearing down upon him. The paper slipped to the floor. Rising, he paced to and fro like a caged beast. Mechanically he took a cigar from the box. He was cold; the fire in the grate had gone out somehow. He felt strangely old and weak as he climbed the stairs to his room.

A surgeon and a nervous hand? Imposisble! He felt totally incapable of putting these two ideas together, they were manifestly so inconsistent. It would soon be noticed that the knife trembled in his hands. Then what would happen? Would he be

deserted, undesired? Would he lose his practice? Oh, God! anything but that! He was suddenly terrified by the thought that the lunatic above had escaped; there had been no sound from upstairs all evening except the howling of the wind as it swept around the gables of the great empty house. Rushing madly up to the next floor he unlocked the great door and switched on the light. His suspicions had no foundation however. There sprawled on the floor lay his brother, Paul, asleep. Long dishevelled hair hung over his shoulders and his emaciated face rested on a shrunken arm. The sleeping creature looked grotesque there on the floor; even as he slept his long thin fingers clutched convulsively at the wires of the bed. Swiftly shutting the door on the sacrificial victim to his profession, Frederick Forbes made his way to his own room, and standing before the long mirror, endeavored to study himself.

His head whirled dizzily while fugitive troubling thoughts intoxicated his soul. After the paroxysm of rage had passed, his whole body quivered, jerking spasmodically. His eyes seemed to be two burning discs leering at him from behind the glass. Rushing over to the window, he flung up the shade and sash and inhaled deeply of the cold night air. The myriads of tiny stars above him seemed to be winking at him knowingly. Falling on his knees, he prayed that it might not be true, that he would not have to give up the idol of his soul—his profession. Yet he realized, and could not keep himself from realizing, try as hard as he might, that it was true. The ringing of the telephone came faintly to his throbbing ear drums. Not because he willed it, but from sheer force of habit, he wearily arose and stumbled down the stairs to answer its call.

"Anderson speaking, doctor. Little Thelma's in pretty bad shape—too weak to take to the hospital—I think the crisis you have expected has come—Come at once prepared to operate—And for God's sake, *hurry!*"

A groan of anguish that rose from the depths of the surgeon's soul echoed and re-echoed through the great room like tom-toms from the Inferno as he numbly replaced the receiver on its hook. Shudderingly he once more held up to the light the hands that he now hated and despised because they were to betray him. With burning eyes he saw that they trembled like the shade of the aspen leaf. Were those nerveless hands to be trusted when the issues of Life and Death were in the balance? In an agoncy of despair he clutched them until the nails bit into the palms, and staggering dizzily, reeled towards his desk. As he grasped its edge he paused, then looking once more at his hands, he noticed the four abrasions in each palm made by his fingernails. "Blood! Blood!" he shouted. "There is more blood on my hands!" Standing thus, his eyes sud-

denly lighted up with the fires of hell, and his features twisted into a horrible grimace of insane fury.

* * * *

Standing by the crib, over which hovered the Angel of Death, the father prayed that the surgeon might be in time. Each second was an eternity, but a half—three-quarters of an hour passed, and still he did not come. Unable to stand the strain an instant longer, Anderson leaped into his car and drove at breakneck speed through the deserted, dawn-flushed streets. He was half way up the steps of the great lonely house on Hamilton street before the car came to a full stop, and seeing the door standing open, he entered the room Doctor Forbes used as his office. There on the floor lay the crumpled form of the doctor, and near his twisted face, a gleaming automatic. A crimson stream trickled down from his temple and was forming a shallow pool beneath the gaping mouth. As the anxious father stood aghast in the presence of self-destruction, the long drawn wail of a madman's piercing cry from above shattered the stillness. Then all was still again.

* * *

REPARATION

O Sacred Heart, My Jesus dear,
Alone within Thy cell,
I come to Thee to give Thee cheer,
With Thee I long to dwell.
I've strayed so far from Thee, dear Lord,
My heart's so worldly sore;
In penance, I return, my Lord,
I'll never leave Thee more.

—E. M., '25.

The Serpent of Old Nile

By Warren Nolan, '26

One of the most vivid recollections of my earliest youth, when the vaudeville, under maternal escort of course, was the acme of enjoyment, is that of a queenly woman, much jeweled and coroneted, taking a snake from a basket of figs and placing it at her bosom. That was a scene from "Antony and Cleopatra," played by an old Shakesperian performer, a dish for the gods served to a herd of cattle in a vaudeville house. Somehow that scene typifies the entire play, the whole work of Shakespeare's Roman play. It seems altogether fitting and proper that Cleopatra, passionate lover, wanton, egoist, and slave to emotion, yet withal a figure inspiring sympathy in the most hostile breast, should die at the end of the most terrific period in a fiery career.

In reviewing "Antony and Cleopatra" we do but study the life of the Egyptian Queen, for she is acknowledged by Coleridge, Dowden, and all other critics as the outstanding figure in the play. Though the piece is little played in our day, due to its unfitness for stage production, when it is done there is more attention paid to the role of Cleopatra than to that of Antony. We can imagine a manager seeking Ethel Barrymore for the role of Cleopatra rather than brother John to give us Antony, despite the latter's superior histrionic prowess. For "Antony and Cleopatra" is the vehicle for Shakespeare's presentation of the woman of all Shakespearian women,—Cleopatra. She dominates the drama as the spirit of poor Lear does "King Lear." She is the soul of the piece, the jewel in a dramatic safe filled with priceless gems.

The peculiar thing about Shakespeare's portrayal of the temptress, the Circe of the Nile, is that there seems a pity in his heart for her, an understanding of the passion, the emotion, the utter love of the poor creature for Antony and, yet more so, for Love. The great Elizabethan appears to be saying to his audience, "You must not be hard on this wrecker of empires. Does she not redeem all by her death at the end? Is she not clutching your heart in those scenes where sincere anguish wracks her soul?" The effect, whether or no the playwright intended it to be so, is certainly just that. When reason tells us that this vile woman, this vampire and profligate, is bringing to ruin the strongest man alive in the period, causing thousands to die in war, making good wives despondent, breaking triumvirates and rulers, all for her personal satisfaction and the satiation of the craving within her for her newest idol,—why do we strangely feel for her!. The answer lies in the skill of Shakespeare, the art of the master. Faced with the difficulty of a well-known

historically settled opinion of the "Serpent of Old Nile," the bard of Avon weaves a tale of misunderstood affection, weak nature, genuine remorse and blind devotion, still keeping within the confines of historical law, and leaving the last impression of a sentiment almost akin to martyrdom of the villainous queen.

What are the true characteristics of this vampire of vampires, whom thirty playwrights, in seven languages, have immortalized? Not beautiful in face, all agree, even the historian, Plutarch, upon whom Shakespeare drew for his data. Possesed of rare beauty of speech and capable of speaking many languages, so that one historian tells us, "She was supposed to be able to converse in his own tongue with every ambassador who came to her court." Passionate; Cæsar and Pompey had preceded Antony. A coquette, as her clever artifices and practices upon Antony when she felt his love waning or jeopardized by his love of power and conquest. Vain and egotistical, for the very cause of her death was not so much sorrow for her dead Antony as a fear of being paraded in triumph through the streets of Rome, before the modest Octavia, wife of Antony, by the conquering Octavius. Yet more than all these was her emotional nature. We can not call the characteristic which propelled her toward Antony love, for others had preceded him, —many others. Rather it must have been that Antony was the most potent sensation in her life, surpassing Julius Caesar and Pompey, exceeding all her courtiers. He aroused in her the emotional, the passionate, the lustful. That was uppermost in Cleopatra; hence Antony reached the peak in her esteem.

The characteristics of the Egyptian woman are so different from the other women painted on the Shakespearian canvas that we must notice them and draw from this observation the conclusion that Shakespeare intended a masterpiece, a portrait superior to all that had gone before. Juliet, simple, pure, sweet, affectionate, passionate in her sweet love of Romeo, is the sharpest contrast to the scheming courtesan of Egypt. Where Cleopatra would stop at nothing to attain her end,—even causing her lover's death by a ruse to keep his affection,—Juliet is incapable of such a thought. She loves and loves and loves, from the heart and the soul, not from the mind. Cleopatra's love is a greater thing, engrossing all her faculties, consuming her every moment. She thinks love of Antony all hours of the day and night, devising and planning means to satisfy the hunger in her soul. Her mind concocts weird and fanciful coquettries to hold her Antony fast. Her speech is filled with sarcasm directed first at Fulvia, then Octavia. She flies into a tantrum and beats the servant who tells her of Octavia's marriage with the beloved Antony. She watches sharply lest Antony show sorrow for the death of his first wife, then rebukes him for not having shown it,—the true artistry of the eternal feminine. Her whole life is centered on the armor of Mark Antony, her every effort bent toward holding it close to her bosom. Juliet is so sweet and

simple and delicate a thing, her love so different from that of the Serpent of Old Nile that we marvel at Shakespeare's versatility in being capable of depicting such diverse characters; and are constrained to admit in the same breath that he has far exceeded the simple Juliet in the magnificent Cleopatra.

Ophelia, Desdemonda, Cordelia, Portia, Calpurnia, none approaches Cleopatra. None challenges her supremacy in the field of Shakespearean women. Indeed, where shall we find in the history of all drama, poetry, even prose, such a woman as this creation of the greatest dramatist, the best of all students of human nature? Has Homer, Dante, Milton, or any one of the masters in literature given us so marvelous a picture of a woman, the embodiment of the eternal feminine, the prostitute and mother, the wanton and wife, the wicked and saintly, all in one?

In Cleopatra we are shown all the qualities of womanhood, all the charms, all the loathsome features. She who can strike to the ground, in awful jealousy, a messenger who tells of a rival's triumph; who can deliberately lie to a lover, just to test his love, and in the doing bring about his death; who can retreat in the heat of battle from a struggle which means the fate of the man she loves; who can consciously inveigle her lover into fighting by sea when all his counsel advise that a land battle is the only hope; I repeat, a woman who can do all this, can still be conscience-free and filled with love for the man she ruined. Have we not a million such women in the world to-day? "A woman leads to heaven or lures to hell." Can we not say that Cleopatra, the typical woman, gave Antony a taste of both? Certainly the happiest days of his life were those in which he languished in the palace at Alexandria, forgetting the cares of the world, enjoying the sincere love of a wanton woman who was giving the best her stained soul had left. That was his heaven. The duplicity, the falsity, the dagger which ended all,—they were his hell.

The Antony presented is historically true. He is noble when he tries, like Lear, to appear strong when the accoutrements, the power, the sceptre of his former might, are gone. He is noble when he dons the armor to go forth to fight his powerful adversary, still more so when he wins the first day's fighting. His adversary, Octavius, is well drawn, too. Shakespeare has adhered to the facts in Plutarch with a fixity of purpose. The Octavius is as correct as the Antony. Yet how much does Cleopatra dwarf these two mighty characters! She towers over them as the Himalayas over an ant-hill. She is as great as the moon; they are but stars in proportion. The only conclusion, the inevitable judg- five acts of the play, to leave the masterpiece on the canvas: Shakespeare's Woman, the Serpent of Old Nile.

Newman and Our Age

By J. J. McEnroe, '24

One of the notable things of the modern age is the fact that popular preferences in educational methods are assuming a definite trend. In the time of the Victorians, the opinions were more evenly divided among the rank and file of the people, and even among the High Priests of the Educational Cult learned opinions were at variance. Some people held that a thorough grounding in the Classics was a young man's best preparation for the Great World, while others contended that he should be given a complete knowledge of the rudiments of the particular trade which his youthful aspirations would lead him to pursue in after life. Among the Intelligentsia, the teachings of Locke-Huxley that an education should be purely practical are too well known by the men of our day to require an exposition here. Today, regardless of learned protests to the contrary, the tide seems to have set definitely in one direction. The practical education is being universally sought by the young people of the day. In the special courses of our large universities, in the abundance of "Correspondence Schools," in the complex system of "credits" and "hours" in which the whole machinery of modern education is enmeshed, we see this ideal.

The real cause of the widespread popularity of utilitarian education can be traced to the utilitarian philosophy that is presently so rife. All education is undertaken with "success in life" as the goal, and if the fashion of the times makes monetary success the chief object of our striving, then a practical education naturally is the one sought. The "Successes" of our day contribute their share in creating such a situation.

Nearly every man who has by inspiration or perspiration scrambled to a position of prominence in the world of affairs, seems to think that he has not fittingly graced his "place in the sun" until he propounds his theories regarding the education of the young idea. We see such a character at every High School graduation. He, the leading manufacturer of the community, or the "successful business man," will rise amid a patter of handclapping and authoritatively declaim on the glorious advantages that an education affords a young man—of making money. That is his conception of the end of education. Worse still is the concept of such men of the means to that end: they presume to formulate systems of their own. Read the first three articles of any number of the "American Magazine" for examples of such self-congratulatory savants. These amateur oracles are deeply concerned with making their theories as bizarre as they

reasonably can, fondly imaging that this is the stamp of an original personality; and it almost invariably happens that their theories are the products of a series of minute self-examinations.

Notable among the men who recently have come before the world as self-appointed authorities on educational methods was one Thomas Alva Edison—an exceedingly successful man. Mr. Edison recently startled us all by his bitter denunciation of colleges. He said that they were productive of no earthly good; that, on the contrary, they were the source of positive harm by causing students to waste time on non-essentials; and finally that they didn't teach a student anything he ought to know. These indictments Mr. Edison sought to prove by his famous test questions. The questions were all of the variety commonly known as "practical." One question was, "What is the process of manufacturing the best White Lead?" and the rest were of the same kidney. Of course the answers given by the average college man to a set of such questions can better be imagined than retailed. Accordingly Mr. Edison proved his point to his own satisfaction: Colleges were not teaching facts; they were not filling young men's minds full of lucrative information. They were failures.

It is indeed refreshing to turn back to an educational theory like that contained in Newman's "Idea of a University." It is truly reassuring to go from a welter of wild and flippant or egotistical theorists to a monumental mind expounding the fruits of a life's study and a lifetime's experiences. It is a revelation to forsake for the moment the company of "Auto School" advocates and "Fifteen Minutes a Day" enthusiasts; and Correspondence School fanatics to seek the company of the learned old Cardinal.

In his "Idea of a University," Newman displays no anxiety as to the success of his system; it is the product of a mighty mind's intense labor, and he speaks as one having power. In his first sentence he tells us that a University is "a place of teaching universal knowledge." In every word of this definition Newman unearths ,in an exhaustive development, a mine of incalculable worth. Each idea contained in that sentence is logically, completely and quietly unfolded and developed to the limit of its possibilities; until Newman's view of education, here seen by us as only a passing glimpse, becomes a glorious panorama.

"A place," says Newman. A University that had nothing of the equipment with which our minds picture such institutions endowed, if it had no professors, no laboratories, no examinatlons, but if it were just "a place" where young minds thirsting for knowledge would come together, it would serve an end sufficiently important to justify its existence. For here in the gathering of inquiring minds, where men of various nations and creeds and vocations would foregather, each pursuing his own line of study, but, what is vastly more important, each establishing with each a contact, a social 'give and take' that imparts a well-rounded liberal education to the separate students. It is this sociable side of a University that goes a long

way towards imparting a liberal education; that is a student is made to see that his particular branch is not the summation of all human knowledge, but is only a division, that is but equal in importance to the division that his fellow student contemplates. In this way he is saved from the disaster of having his opinion of the world in general deeply tinged by an overdue concentration upon his special science. This development of the social side of man is but a recognition of the true character of man's nature, i. e., he is essentially social. Indeed no system of education can possibly succeed, that provides only for the development of the man in isolation. This is what Huxley advocates when he claims education to be a development of the individual's mind and soul and body; in this he fails to go far enough so as to include the social side of a man's nature. Newman recognizes that "independent of direct instruction on the part of Superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England," and to this collection of young minds he ascribes its just measure of credit for its contribution to education—a contribution that is frequently ascribed to the effectiveness of the instruction. Indeed, when Newman said that a University was a "place," a gathering, he recognized an educational factor that is being continually lost sight of by our dilletante educators when they complain of youths gathering in institutions and when they so confidently advocate the principle of domestic self-education, by such devices as Home Study Courses, Radio Lectures, or Correspondence Schools.

Nor does Newman consider a University to have fulfilled its obligation when it is merely "a place" where inquiring minds foregather. It is a place for teaching universal knowledge. Here is disseminated the accumulated knowledge of the ages—not alone the knowledge of the "bread-winning" sciences, nor yet the exclusive knowledge of the Classics, but a comprehensive view of the whole field of human wisdom with the recognition of the relation which one's special science bears to its neighbors and to the whole. This is what he terms a philosophy—a view of the panorama of world wisdom. The man who really has Liberal Knowledge will have what Newman calls a philosophic habit, that is, the power and habit of referring every scrap of acquired knowledge to its proper place in the sphere of things. It is the state of mind in which a man sees the true relation of those things he knows and has them arranged in a fitting hierarchy; and who habitually consigns each item of incoming information to its proper position in the whole.

It is this appraisal and sorting of the particular pieces of information that is an important distinction between Newman's system and the system of accretion as proposed by modern savants. Indeed Newman expressly condemns an encyclopoedic education as empty "Viewiness." Men are expected to be prepared to express an opinion on every question of any moment. Men are expected to be mere containers of knowledge so that they can pour forth wisdom as occasion demands. This, indeed, is the result of "instruction," the "pouring

in" of facts, and not of "education," the "drawing out" of latent and undeveloped faculties. How does the possession of an undigested pile of information improve a man? What does the mere holding of anything avail a man unless he makes it his own? And yet Mr. Edison and his ilk would have the young minds of America stuffed with answers to questions about "white lead," shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings! When the five minutes perusal of an encyclopedia would supply the information exhaustively and accurately, why resort to the primitive and unscientific method of trying to remember it?

The fact is that Nature never devised each separate mind to be the repository of an age's wisdom, or a race's experiences. Memory is the least of the intellectual faculties. Some animals have better faculties for remembering than has man. Reason, that faculty which exercises itself in the "seeing" of a thing, in fully appreciating its significance, in appraising its characteristics, is of a far higher dignity. An animal hears a note, sees a color and may remember that he has heard or seen such a thing at a previous time, but the impression dies in the sensing. A man recognizes the note as a definite member of the gamut, and the color as one of the seven primaries of the prism. His reason acts upon the contribution of his sense, and it is this very process that makes his faculties different to that of an animal. Reason places sense impressions in a definite class and in a definite degree in that class. Thus by seeking the underlying "causes" of the phenomena and by understanding them, the intellect philosophizes. It is the training of this philosophizing habit, the development of the understanding, the philosophising faculty, that is, Newman rightly insists, the end of all education. It is the development of the memory toward "viewiness"—the development of what I might call, in a certain sense, an animal faculty, that Mr. Edison and the various "Successes" advocate.

In a choice between the two theories of a University Education, surely there should be no hesitation. If education is to be a developing of man and not a taxidermy of his mind: if it is to develop the highest faculty of that mind, and not a faculty which is as much a part of the animal nature as it is of the rational nature; and finally, if the man is to be fitted for social contact, there is no better plan than that of the Grand Old Educator—Newman.

Lord Byron

By Edward O'Connor, '24

(The Byron Centenary was celebrated in April. Publication of Mr. O'Connor's article was postponed because of the Cardinal Number.—Editor.)

We celebrate in the month of April the centenary of Lord Byron, one of the most prolific writers of verse in English literature. He was an individual who enjoyed more popularity and acclamation in his own age than has been the lot of any other poet either before or after; certainly no other English poet experienced such instantly widespread fame as Byron. He became the idol of London overnight and fickle society was lavish in its praise over this newly found poet. But as is often the case in public lionization, this adulation shortly turned to hatred. So intense grew this animosity that Byron, under the pressures of his friends, left England in 1816 to avoid violence at the hands of those who only a short time ago thought him their idol. He landed in Italy and during that short period of years, by reason of his great beauty, his exile and his passion for liberty, he became a prominent figure throughout Europe. But notwithstanding such popularity, Byron was rebellious, life to him was a disappointment and he delighted in shocking the staid conventions of his countrymen. The last years of his life were perhaps the brightest and greatest in the checkered career of his genius. Forsaking his vain pursuits of pleasure, Byron sailed for Greece to enlist in freedom's cause and aid that stricken country in its valiant fight for liberty. He poured forth all his youthful energies into this struggle for freedom, displaying "a wonderful aptitude for managing the complicated intrigues and plans and selfishnesses which lay in his way." In such unselfish efforts he gave up his life and in April, 1824, he breathed his last.

I have said that Byron was one of the most prolific writers of verse in English literature. It is due to this fact that Byron continues in existence today. I do not mean that all of Lord Byron's works are read, or that merely because his works are so prolific that his fame continues. Rather the extent and scope of his work afford ample space for portions which are of high and fine quality. There is much of his work that is faulty and does not rise to poetic heights, but there were certainly portions of it which are far higher in worth and far more free from fault than others. We can not, however, underestimate the volume of material presented by this poet to literature. We must likewise judge him by the totality and mass of his works. The abundance and variety of his productions is certainly a proof of his power; but we must not fall into the error that this abundance and variety is the greatest asset to his literary fame. He

possesses verses of a supremely high quality and likewise verses of a lower quality, sometimes of a quality more rhetorical than poetical. Of his prodigious poetic material, Matthew Arnold says, "To separate, from the mass of poetry which Byron poured forth, all the higher portion, so superior to the mass, and still so considerable in quality, and to present it in one body by itself, is to do a service, I believe, to Byron's reputation, and to the Poetic glory of England." Such a service would be of great value to Byron; a service which would certainly increase his popularity and our admiration of him. Arnold felt and preached that the poet should "at his best and greatest" speak for himself. With the above statement, of one of the most keenly critical writers of the essay in mind, the remainder of this paper shall be devoted to presenting some of the better and superior portions of Lord Byron's works and an appreciation of the same.

To the modern reader the greatest works of Lord Byron are his Don Juan and Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage. Both are long poems, providing ample material for a study of the varied talents and extensive genius of the author. The former is generally acknowledged as his greatest work. It must be considered great, if for no other reason than it is in contained portions a mirrored depiction of the character of Lord Byron himself. The character of Don Juan, gloomy, sinister-like, bitter and rankling is a reflection of Byron, who was at the time filled with thwarted hopes of liberty and happiness. The tenor of the poem reflects the author's reaction toward the world's hypocrisy, tearing hope from the horizon. It suggests the possible deterioration and downfall toward which this hypocrisy was tending. It is a denunciatory satire upon society. If originality and variety be the test of genius, certainly this work possesses a high title to it. It is pleasing and at once displeasing. In it is exhibited a wonderful versatility of style and thought, that is marvelous in that it is all contained within the scope of one subject. Blended in close harmony are the familiar and the sentimental, the gloomy and the droll, keen wit and sobriety, the sarcastic irony and the pathetic, presenting a poem that seems more like a dream rather than a reality. Additional vigor is added to the work by reason of the fact that Byron draws from life the materials of his strangest dreams. It excels by its ability to allure and delight, by its power to attract and fascinate attention. Amid such splendid confusion we find beautiful passages, passages that are ideal pictures. Describing the love of Don Juan and Haidee,

> "Each was the other's mirror, and but read
> Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
> They could not be
> Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring
> Before one charm or hope had taken wing.
> They looked up to the sky whose floating glow
> Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright."

He displays passages of reflection, expressing such thoughts as,

"There's music in the gushing of a rill
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

The author gives expression to his interpretation of the endurance of letters in the following lines,

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

To go on citing instances and passages from this poem would prove tedious and unending; and leave this work to which has been aptly referred the lines, "A splendid confusion of pathos, irony, passion, mockery and keen wit and brilliant epigrams."

Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage is free from the scathing denunciations which Byron levelled at society. We find in it some of the author's most splendid descriptions of nature and works of art. He speaks of Rome, Venice, the Alps, and they inspire some of the finest lines that he has written. Of Venice he writes,

"She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At any distance."

He calls Rome,

"The niobe of nations, there she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

In these passages the beauty of Byron's poetry becomes evident; he rises to sublime heights and displays the copiousness and flexibility of his language. Who is there that is unfamiliar with his stirring and beautiful apostrophe to the ocean,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

Continuing on in unexcelled beauty and depth of thought to,

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."

There is a richness and an energy through the latter part of Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage; a throng of vivid images, poured forth with a facility and profusion that characterize the author as one who is oppressed with the exuberance and rapidity of his expressions. His love of nature appears as a distinct passion and in Canto Four Lord Byron gives vent to generous and impulsive descriptions which rank in comparison with the best work of descriptive poets. The ending passages of Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage are worthy of particular notice, they possess a vibrant note of the author's individuality and remain to this day as testimony to the poetic genius

of Byron. Wilson very aptly writes of these concluding passages, "It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay—after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the maitability and vanity and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the banks of the great Deep."

Neither Time nor the length of this paper will permit any further detail of the works of Byron. They are too numerous to even begin to catalogue and appreciate them; it must suffice to merely refer to some of his better and more widely known works. In the field of dramatic poetry we may read such works as Sardnapalus, The Two Foscari, Cain and Wenner; in all of these dramatic works we find abundance of natural magic. They are lurid with the storm and magnificent with the majesty of the seas and mountains. Of his other poems, I feel compelled to make special mention of the "Prisoner of Chillon." There is not in the entire field of English literature any single piece of work that can measure up to this poem as a consideration of captivity in the abstract. It is an inspiring and passionate appeal for liberty that strikes at the heart of every individual who reads it. His extensive lyrical works flash with splendor of action, thrill with passionate regret and palpitate with pathos. He set the anguish, doubt and chaos of his own age to music, which will ever continue, "to arouse and delight the sons and daughters of men."

Byron was ever the champion of liberty; employing both physical and moral power for the advancement of freedom he enlisted wholeheartedly in its cause and carried its banner to heights considered unapproachable in his own day. He was in sympathy with the glorious stand taken by Ireland against his native country and selfish patriotism did not blind his high ideals of freedom and liberty. Promoted by those lofty motives of one who is ever furthering a high ideal, Byron enlisted in the ranks of Greece in her fight against the tyranny of Turkey and after spending his versatile talents of mind and body in her cause, he made the supreme sacrifice upon the Altar of freedom. Throughout his life his attitude towards tyranny and oppression may be summed up in the statement that he was always willing to, "take half" of the punishment. His fearless defense of liberty and his sympathy for the shackled people of humanity was perhaps the greatest cause of his widespread popularity in Continental Europe.

Satire in his hands became a powerful weapon, the use of which has not been equalled by any author in the range of literature. His Don Juan remains to this day the finest and most bitter piece of satire in the English language. Entrenched in the lofty heights of his versatile genius, he hurled upon a hyprocritical world flaming invectives that scorched and seared with the intensity of a belching furnace. He scorned with vehemence the villainy of his day, struck

at corruption and profligacy, and destroyed the effects of all of them by effusions and ridicule. With his command and flexibility of the language, Byron was well fitted to make satire in his hands a weapon to be feared throughout the length and breadth of England.

In spite of the tremendous vogue in which he held in his own day, Byron has never yet had the serious admiration which he deserves. Society at that time talked and read about him, as it ever talks and reads about some contemporaneous genius; they never get beyond the theatrical conception of the man. How few have felt his vital influence, the influence of his splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength. Only now, a hundred years after that great soul has winged its flight, are our eyes turned in solemn admiration to this dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope, who so valiantly assailed a hyprocritical world; waged against it a battle with imperishable and splendid sincerity and strength. It has been prophesied that, "The day will come when Democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron." We must leave this youthful and resplendent poet among those whom we call our great poets; if we cannot rank him as among the greatest, at least, of all of them, he was the greatest personality. To attempt to explain his personality would prove futile and it has well been written of him, "The breath of Genius descended from on high upon him, angels and demons, perchance, having also some unguessed concurrence in so vast a personality."

"ROOMIE"

More than ever a woman can mean
Is the man who stands behind
The curtains of life, at rear of stage,
Chuckling within his mind.
The lady can never stay back there,
She is always peeking through
To see if it's time for her to go on,
Watching to catch her cue.

I like to retreat from the stage of life,
Into the shadows with you
And pass a smile and a word of cheer
We have even wept, we too.
Will you always wait in the wings for me,
And tell me not to care
When there's no applause, or a silent host
In the house of life out there?

—W. N., '26.

The Commercial Value of Spanish

By Prof. Joseph J. Perez

Under the auspices of the VIATORIAN, I propose to publish a series of articles dealing with the study of the Spanish language and its position in regard to the present American educational system. I have a two-fold purpose in doing this. First, I want to give to young Spanish students an unprejudiced view of life as it prevails in Spanish-speaking countries, as well as an unbiased understanding of the latter countries' ideals, customs, and tendencies; secondly, to encourage them in the learning of a language that day by day is steadily gaining favor in the educational centers of the United States and whose study is rapidly becoming almost indispensable to the young student.

The study of Spanish can be considered from three different angles: Its commercial utility, (of which we hear so much); its cultural worth, (of which we hear so little); and its social value, (ranking first because it is international in its scope). At present I will limit myself to a consideration of the commercial merits of the Spanish language; that is, its practical importance, deferring the other advantages to a later treatment.

To any one who is even but slightly aware of the commercial relations of the United States, it is a clear and indisputable fact that Spanish is of major utility, especially to the residents of those places where manufacturing and exporting predominate. By consulting statistics we find that from 1900 to 1913 the total of all South American imports from the different parts of the world increased from 318 millions of dollars to 1,042 millions, or over 227 per cent; more than 107 per cent greater than the United States' imports. These imports were mainly from the United States. During those years the population of South America grew from 38 millions to nearly 60 millions, an increase of 58 per cent.

The exports from the United States to South America amounted to 259 millions for the year ending June, 1917, as compared with 180 millions in 1916, 99 millions in 1914, and 146 millions in 1913.

And yet there are some who say that "the United States has not done anything to capture the commerce of South America except talk about doing it."

The National City Bank of New York alone has nine branches in Spanish America, at the following places: Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Sao Paulo, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Havana, and Santiago de Cuba. It is worthy of note that in Argentina alone there are three banking institutions with larger paid up capital than

any of those in the United States and that Argentina has a gold reserve of $53 per capita as compared to the $23 per capita in the United States.

If we are to consider the possibilities of the future development of the South American countries, we must keep the following facts in mind: Peru is as large as Spain, France, Italy, and Germany combined. Sixty countries the size of Belgium could be placed within the boundaries of Bolivia, and yet the latter country has but one-third of Belgium's population. Chile's length is about the distance between New York and San Francisco, and its width is about that of Lake Erie. All the United States, not including Alaska, could be put in Brazil, and there would still be left a tract of land equal to two-hundred thousand square miles. There is more unexplored land in Brazil than in all the rest of the world put together. Buenos Aires, with a population of about two millions, will at the present rate of increase, be greater than Chicago by 1930, and will rank second in size of all the cities in the Western Hemisphere. Four-fifths of the coffee consumed by the entire world is produced in Brazil alone. The total number of automobiles sold in Mexico and South America amounted to over $2,000,000 up to 1914, and at the end of June, 1917, this sum had increased to more than $10,000,000. In various other branches of industry there has been a proportional increase. This speaks eloquently of the purchasing power of South America. And I feel that it is only right to add that each and every one of the many cities in this land are of such beauty and splendor that they are the astonishment and admiration of every tourist who visits them.

The merchant and the manufacturer will doubtlessly need Spanish in order to understand and provide the wants of their customers. The mechanical, civil, and electrical engineers will need it to facilitate their work and in order to come into closer contact with the men under them. The traveling salesman, if he is to succeed in his enterprise, will of course have to have a fair knowledge of the life, wants, and customs of the people he is dealing with.

We have but to watch the teeming crowds flocking to the various institutions where Spanish is taught in great commercial centers such as Chicago or New York, in order to comprehend the great number of people, especially business men, who realize that a knowledge of the Spanish language is synonymous with the popular American motto: "Get rich quick." They apply themselves to it at every possible opportunity, notwithstanding the fact that many are employed for long hours at their respective trades.

Mention should be made of the enormous task accomplished in the international conferences of institutions, such as the Pan-American financial conference and the International High Commission, whose great work has but recently begun. The Pan-American Union at Washington can be properly called the corner-stone upon which rests the relations of both Americas, and is destined, no doubt, to the

privilege of carrying out the future commercial, cultural, and politico-social development of both North and South America.

Banks, export commission houses, and forwarding companies are enrolling their employees in the different academies and business colleges, encouraging them in the study of Spanish, as they fully realize that with a knowledge of Commercial Spanish, they will be able to handle their business with more efficiency.

Never has there been so great a need for Spanish-trained people in this country as there is right now. The European war almost completely cut off commercial relations between Europe and Latin-American peoples; and, at the same time, it opened up new and wonderfully promising opportunities for exporters and importers in the United States to establish profitable trade relations with the countries to the south of us. But this cannot be done without a knowledge of Spanish, since that is the business language of all Latin-America. Realizing this, big firms all over the country are seeking the services of stenographers, correspondents, clerks, secretaries, and others who can step in and take efficient care of correspondence with Latin-American customers.

In a word, a knowledge of Spanish is becoming as necessary to the American exporter and importer, banker and merchant, as that of jobbing or of stocks and bonds. Some of those with whom I have had the opportunity to speak concerning this particular point, have unhesitatingly stated themselves somewhat as follows: "If I were young, I would devote my time very earnestly to learning Spanish as quickly as I possibly could, assured that it would bring me great advantages; for I am aware that the opportunity to enlarge the commerce with South America is rapidly increasing more than most of us realize."

Very much could still be written in regard to this matter for it is difficult to give a proper treatment of such a weighty subject within the confines of so few pages, but I think that what has been said will help to give young Spanish pupils a slight idea of the powerful weapon they have at their command, and of the extensive field they are opening before themselves in the study of the Spanish tongue.

To conclude: All that has been said about the learning of Spanish can be condensed in a few words.

First, if we consider the practical advantages of studying Spanish, it would be in itself a suffijcient stimulus for the American student to devote himself to it assiduously.

Secondly, the future commercial development of the United States lies beyond the Rio Grande, but if North America wants to "capture the commerce" of those marvelous sister republics, it must start from the very beginning. That is, it must know their language, customs, wants, and social life, as well as have a keen understanding of their ideals and tendencies; to come to an intelligent and true union, a union that shall be more of a spiritual than of a material nature, and a union that shall constitute the key-note of the Pan-American Arch.

ET CETERA

"ART AS AN AID TO EDUCATION."

By L. J. Roch

To determine the influence that Art has upon education, it is well to understand what is meant by education. Perhaps the best definition of it, is the one given by the late Bishop Spalding, who says, "Education is furtherance of life: a stirring of the impulses which enable one to become more perfect in his physical, intellectual, aesthetic, moral and religious nature." If the purpose of education is the broadening of these human faculties, then man must look beyond the technicalities of mere learning. He must seek further into the depths of life. Athletics may develop the body into a handsome specimen of strength. They give to him the necessary physical endowments for his fight against a world of corruption and disease. The philosophies of Plato or Aristotle may develop the mind into one of profound thinking. A careful study of Science may lead one far into the discovering of the unknown. But these are all superficial, if the soul of man is not awakened to the beautiful.

Man may rise to the pinnacle of success; his scientific researches may resound to the nations; his intellectual brilliance may win for him admirers from the four corners of the earth; but his life is as a hollow shell, his heroism is in vain, if he has been trained only to look upon life out of his eyes, and remains blind to the things that ascend far beyond the concept of human power.

The aesthetic nature of man should be aroused to the finer, the nobler things of life. Nature in all its beauty surrounds us, and if we would be attracted to beauty, it is essential to have an appreciation for art which is the expression of ideal beauty. This beauty may be found in all the various forms of art. The poetry of Wordsworth, Shelly, Blake and numerous other poetic geniuses attempt to interpret for man the mystical and infinite meaning of the universe. Dante in his immortal poetry, cries out above the agonies of hell and ascends to a sphere of happiness, which takes man, for a time, from the coldness of earth and places him in the hearing of music, which is the food of the soul, softens the heart and awakens the the spirit into a keener appreciation for the harmonies of nature. He who cultivates music, said the Ancients, imitates the gods. The rich somber tones of Beethoven's symphonies have power to dull the throbbing of a peevish brain, and minister to a tortured mind sweet dreams of perfect bliss.

And so we may look into the fields of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, and find the same powerful attraction, the same hid-

den meaning, the same transcendency toward the spiritual, the true, the beautiful and the ideal. A man who neglects to train his mind to a better appreciation for art, neglects half of his natural resources. He remains dull, cold and coarse. He has ignored his natural instincts for beauty. Using again the words of Bishop Spalding, "All art is born of man's craving for a higher and better life. It exists for man, and can be worthy only by being useful."

"WOODROW WILSON'S IDEAL"

By Soran Leahy, '26

Since nations are composed of individuals, it follows logically that they experience the same emotions and sensations as does the individual. Conservativism has rightly proven to be one of the conventionalities, which have so grown upon the human race, that it is almost regarded as one of the instincts to which humanity is heir. One of the primary factors upon which conservativism is based is fear of the unknown. People have always been reluctant to discard that which they have, for something which is uncertain or doubtful. Conservativism is like the huge wall of China encompassing the citadel of humanity. All good and evil reforms, which come into the world of reality, must scale the steep buttress which the wall makes.

It is this feeling of conservativism, this dread of the unknown, this unwillingness to deviate from established custom, which has been largely responsible for the negative attitude of mind which the American people have almost universally assumed in regard to any allegiance of world powers.

To Woodrow Wilson goes the credit or discredit of being the first internationalist, who believed that all the nations of the earth should join together and form a league, which would act as a permanent arbitration court to all disputes and difficulties. Whether or not the actual draft of the League of Nations was built upon the principles of right and justice we are not concerned with, what we are concerned with is, whether the idea of an allegiance of nations in itself is practical, possible and worthwhile.

Wilson based his ideal of a league of nations upon the thoughts and aspirations of humanity in general. He recognized that all men were created by the same God, for the same purpose, and for the same ultimate end. He knew that our civilization could not survive materially unless it was redeemed spiritually. He knew that war was as old as the world itself. He had read of it in every history he ever opened. The annals of every nation were bespattered with blood. The blood of whom? The blood of their neighbor, that same neighbor whom they had been ordained to live with for all eternity. Wilson saw the incongruity, the horror of it all, and to the solution of the problem he consecrated his efforts and pledged his

life. He originated the league of nations idea, founded upon the brotherhood of humanity.

The world owes Wilson the charity of its consideration on the subject of a world league. Remember he was the originator, and that he had no precedent to guide him. Until Wilson's ideal be proven wrong, or until it has demonstrated that he was the wisest of men,—the beacon of a new and better era,—oh, not till then, let his epitaph be written.

THE BLUE BOY

(An Appreciation)

By Joseph Harrington, '27

One can readily understand why Gainsborough's Blue Boy achieved such noteworthy recognition in art galleries. We are told that this picture was a radical experiment generally directed at the school of Reynolds, who encouraged high lights and sharp contrasts, and dominated the field of art up to the time of The Blue Boy. Gainsborough was to be a pioneer in the unknown regions of subdued color effects, and he seems to have accomplished his end. There seems to be a subtle softness in the dark background immediately surroundng the boy's head. This focuses attention directly on the face of the boy, and before one becomes aware of its enchantment, the mellow, yet sharp eyes of the youth take on life, and almost stare out from under a well defined and noble forehead. No artificial means are employed to emphasize the serenity of the head, such as is used in the work of Reynolds, or any of the contemporaries of Gainsborough. With the same delicacy of touch, a vivid blue suit is so deftly blended in shades as to reveal its beauty only after careful study. We find here the exemplification of the trite expression, "Art is true art when art conceals itself."

Again, the hat which the boy holds is almost indistinguishable, save for its large amber plume. It seems to melt into the shadow. But, upon close observation, the hat is found to be clearly defined, and it serves to illustrate the extreme care and laborious effort the artist exercised to affect the smootheness of his color scheme, and his treatment of shades and shadows rather than of sharp contrasting colors.

So far we have focused our attention on the general contour of the picture. We should remark the fine craftsmanship displayed in reproducing the mouth and chin. There is a perfect representation of youth as we know it in childhood. It is youth in the charming days before adolescence, before the majesty of puberty has assailed the portals of delicate beauty. Even in this boy's tender years, the artist has caught the almost invisible mark of force and determination, and he has reproduced it with a skill that is delightful to comprehend. Youth itself is meek and submissive, yet The Blue Boy has a well defined chin that predicts leadership and forecasts strength

of character. The mouth and chin seem to overshadow the beauty and the realism of the eyes, despite the latter's expressiveness. In fact, we wonder why the lines appear beneath the eyes of a boy so young. Not understanding the particular significance of this effect, we pass over it without delay and pronounce the picture as a whole inspiring and absorbing, and, like all things beautiful, it imprints itself upon the mind, and establishes a never failing source of refreshment and delight.

ABOUT READING

By B. L. Kirby, C. S. V., Librarian

"What should a high-school pupil read?" is a question that is frequently asked. I should say that he should read what is prescribed by those who are teaching him and he should read that which bears upon the subjects he is being taught. In doing this, he is sure to be correctly guided and informed how he should take the subject matter of the reading and he will not be mislead. But what of the reading that is done, by the pupil, outside of his class work? Every high-chool student should be directed in all his reading, whether it is upon the subject matter of his studies, or of any other reading outside of his class work. The question will immediately be asked, why? The answer is that during the formative period of character, which is from the beginning of school life until the close thereof and up to the time that one has reached the years of self direction, one needs guidance in the various avenues through which one gets information; because, that which is absorbed in reading has much to do with the formation of character and habits. But some one will say that this is a form of mental tyranny. Well, let us look at the matter as it is. Every child, youth, young man and young woman is not considered as having any rights until they reach the age of manhood and womanhood, which is twenty-one years for men and eighteen years for women. Until this period arrives in the lives of either sex, they are subject to their parents and if at school, to their teachers. This has always been the law. It will always be the law, and it cannot be changed. Besides what is good for the individual cannot be considered tyranny.

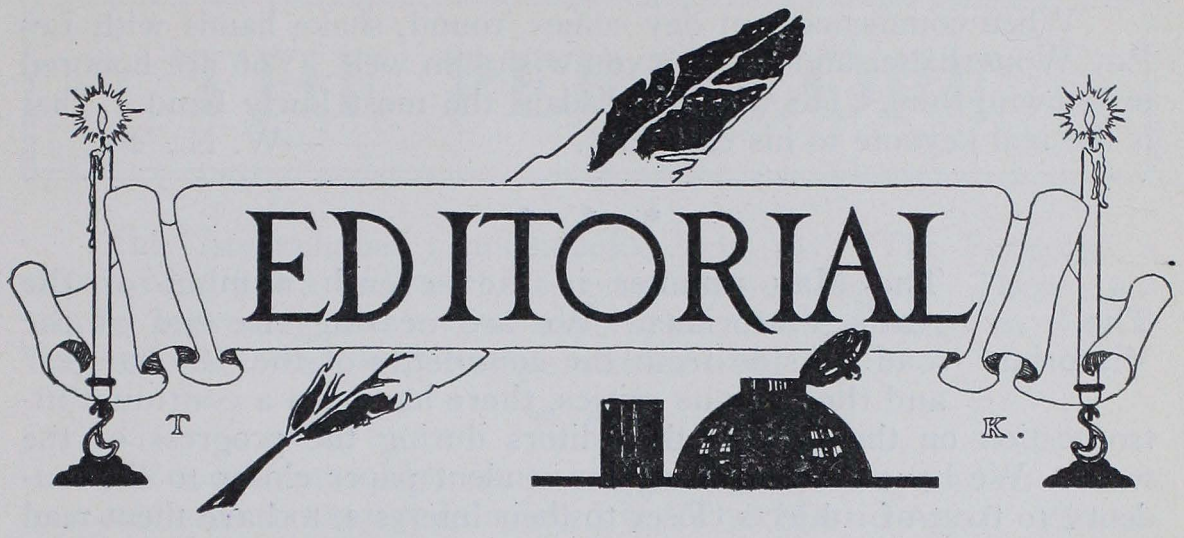
Again, you must consider the experience which your parents and teachers have had, and that this experience has been of such a nature that it carries conclusive evidence of justice on their part, in so prescribing for you, and besides they will select such reading that will appeal to your turn of mind and years, as well as possible, providing your turn of mind does not tend towards that which would warp or mislead your mind, in any way, in after years.

We must not forget that from whatever the mind devotes itself to, it is sure to retain some impressions. Then, we must remember that whatever is written, and in whatever form the writing may be, it beans the stamp of the mind from which it came. It is the soul of that person expressed in written words and the message

that it bears is just what that person thinks, believes and is. It is the message, the lesson, the philosophy which you get that affects you for good or for evil. You may see no evil in it, when evil is there; because you do not know, as yet, how to recognize the full import of the philosophy of the writer, neither do you know the writer, nor do you know for what he is writing, or why. If you were to visit a large chemical and drug laboratory and you were asked to taste or touch or smell the various products that were made there, you would surely be very careful and you would naturally have considerable confidence in the person telling you to taste, touch, or smell these substances, if you sampled them. Many of these chemicals and drugs are harmless in certain quantities, and deadly poison in others; but your youthful judgment would be a safe guide against the dangers, especially under the direction of a trusted person. Reading is also very dangerous for the same reason, but because you have not been convinced that it is dangerous; because you have not been convinced that certain thinkers in their books, articles or stories could be as dangerous to your character and way of thinking as these poisons are to your body, you naturally think that directed reading is tyranny.

You may say that you read only for pleasure and soon forget what you read. Yes, you will forget what you should not and you will remember what you should have forgotten. One should not read for pleasure alone, but for information. There is always a pleasure in reading when one wishes to be informed. Then false messages and doctrines are always dressed in the most attractive terms, their poison is hidden in beautiful diction and style, in order to gain the assent of reason through the emotions and desires. A beautifully worded sentence may cause you to repeat and repeat it until it seems to become a part of yourself and it takes form in your actions and become a governing factor in your life and thinking, yet it was laden with a poisonous philosophy that you did not see. Should you never go very far in the study of how to discover false philosophies, you are sure to be affected by the cleverly worded doctrines of your day, unless you should have a tender conscience which would drive you to some one in whom you have confidence, and in whom you are assured that they know how to discover false doctrines, and that you are willing to take advice. But most of the people have quite too much confidence in their own judgment and personal direction for that; hence the necessity of being docile to direction during the formative period of our life. Forming a habit of right reading.

If you will take your own direction, at least find out who the writer is, find out what message he is delivering in his writing, find out if his writings are condemned as having false ideas and then do with it as you would with something that was given you to eat. You would first find out if it was good to eat, and if not you would throw it away.



Date of Issue, May 29, 1924

"Ding," The Colorful

Unfortunately, it has not been the habit for contemporaries to appreciate their great. Coevals are oft too blind to the merits of those close to them. Possibly they are too close to judge of the picture's merit. We have among us on the campus a most unusual young man, whom the ensuing years of memory will make us prize more highly, whom the comparisons and contrasts with his rivals only raise the higher. He will be graduated next month. During his college years he has been a three sport man, and in at least one year, if not more, the best man on his team in each sport. All-state halfback, Interstate forward, All-state infielder. And, more remarkable than any of these, or rather, in spite of all these, a model student, a frequent "A" student, and leader of student activities. He never failed in an examination, he never failed in an athletic contest, he never failed when a student movement was afoot. He is rare, infrequent, and not fully appreciated by those of us who are so close to him. Certainly he deserves a place on every one of three "all-time" Viator teams; certainly he deserves a place on any list of "all-time" Viator students.

When commencement day comes 'round, shake hands with Le-Roy Winterhalter and tell him you wish him well. You are honored in knowing him. He will not disdain the most lowly hand. That is the real keynote to his character. —W. N., '26.

* * *

The Viatorian

The May number is the seventh number of the year's Viatorians. We are nearing the end of the road. Aside from the comments of the "exchanges" and the campus critics, there has been a continual introspection on the part of the editors during the progress of the work. We have tried to bring the student paper closer to the students, to treat of subjects closer to their interests, to have them read their paper and take an interest in their campus life, thus coming closer to each other; we have tried to instill an appreciation of good literature into all, by publishing frequent articles on masters; we have given an opportunity to all students to write, and it may truthfully be said that more students contributed to this year's Viatorian than any previous ones; we have tried to encourage the campus bards, humorists and philosophers; to review books worth reading and warn against those not worth the trouble; we have tried to make the magazine an elastic thing, with issues named and dedicated to timely subjects, such as the Freshman Number, the Cardinal Number, the Christmas Number. We have always encouraged the Class of '27.

The Reverend Faculty Advisor and the members of the Staff have been receptive to all suggestions and criticisms, endeavoring to profit by all. We have essayed accuracy in the alumni columns and timeliness of news therein; in the Inter-Alia we have tried to faithfully chronicle all the campus activities, for the benefit of those who have left and for the permanent records of future students; we have tried to keep Viatoriana wholesome, inoffensive, and alive; we have tried to give a view of the world outside in the Periscope and in the Exchange columns.

If we have succeeded, all is well. If we have failed, then at least the new editors will profit by our mistakes and in that negative degree, at least, we shall have benefited the school.

—W. N. '26.

THE PERISCOPE

The "Megaphone" (Indianapolis, Ind.) says "The Periscope, a department, has a wide outlook—pity it is not longer." These comments, approving the revival experiment, are published so that in the years to come the Periscope will survive.

* * *

All too lamentably, the young college man bears too close a resemblance to the type depicted in "The Plastic Age." The indictment is probably truer of the high school boy than of the more mature university man. The Prohibition Complex is at its apex in the neophyte of eighteen or thereabouts. The Cosmic Urge comes at about the same time. The Nicotine Bacilli attacks at the grammar school period today, and the high school boy simply must have his "butts" or die. Frats and Dick Merriwell athletic heroes run up to a surprising age limit, the post graduates and professors often being addicts. The Superiority Complex is the longest of all, beginning in first year high school and usually ending with a crash the second week after the degree has been received and the boss wheels around to inform you that colleges taught people things in his day.

* * *

In his book "Bunk" W. E. Woodward talks of the dearth of subjects for conversation today. A recent study was made by physicians of the topics discussed by various representative groups throughout the United States. In the colleges and universities, Prohibition, Myself, The Fair Sex and Athletics predominated. It may be in the offing that students shall be dismissed for mentioning Dante or Shakespeare.

* * *

It is hoped that next year a series of lectures may be conducted under the auspices of the College Club, upon subjects of general cultural value, such as etiquette; the masterpieces of sculpture, painting and music; personal hygiene; prominent persons in public life; etc. The subjects of the lectures should be outside the curricula, lectures by professors familiar with the particular theme, once a week, outside school hours. No credit should be given, because if there is not sufficient desire on the part of students to listen to a weekly discourse on a subject of live, helpful interest, then they do not deserve that benefit.

The following suggestion has been adopted by other schools. Maybe some alumnus will see the advantage and follow it:
"Editor, Viatorian:
Will you kindly publish my suggestion, that some kind member of the Alumni donate an annual medal for the athlete who earns the highest scholastic standing each year? Thank you.
Arthur L. Garrity, Roy Hall."

* * *

Pity the poor postmistress! They write, "St. Diator College," St. Vitus College (a dancing academy?), St. Victor College, St. Vistas College (featuring campus views, no doubt?) and just about everything, but Saint Viator College.

* * *

One of the reasons why there has not been greater social activity during the winter months is that everyone sits about, as at those children's parties, waiting for the other fellow to make a move and the other fellow is afraid to make it because he thinks the others will regard him as aggressive. The old story of: "What will people say?"

* * *

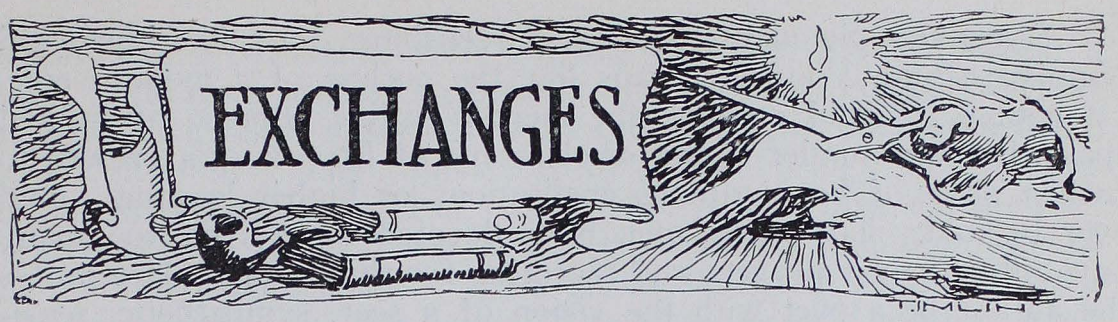
As this is the merry month of May, it is altogether in order to suggest the reading of some poetry. The spring and summer are poor periods for reading, but poetry is especially enjoyable in such splendid weather.

* * *

At the time of writing the most famous man on the campus is Gus Dundon. He did what the illustrious Red Grange failed to do, and what four other Big Ten teams failed to do. The man who did it before was watching him: one Mr. Sweeney.

* * *

Father Bergin, in a late news bulletin, is reported in a serious condition, fighting a painful fight. The cheers for him were a lusty indication of his popularity with students and faculty. Pray for him. No one can know him and not admire and love him.



NINE FOR US

Herewith are published some comments on the first few numbers of the Viatorian, taken from other school papers:

Alumni Number

FORDHAM MONTHLY, Fordham University, New York City: The Viatorian is small, but lively. What few pieces it contains are of a high standard ."*The Master Stroke*" is mirabile dictu, a good story, and the poems, "*To Francis Thompson*" and "*Autumn Trees,*" are pleasing and distinctive.

ST. XAVIER'S JOURNAL, St. Xavier College, Latrobe, Pa.:. The pages of the Viatorian were perused with much interest, The Viatoriana seeming to fulfill to the utmost the stated purpose of that column. We have no doubt the "all-world football team" would be a record breaker.

Christmas Number

BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.: Thanks! The Viatorian, which comes from Illinois, brings us an unexpected need of soothing flattery. In a review called "Five Jesuit Publications", the reader is told that Stylus writers are conservative and literary * * * The Viatorian has some interesting verse. E. M. R. writes well, if his lines "*To Shelley*" are fairly representative of his usual work.

SIGMA, Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill.: The Viatorian never lacks color. It is always interesting. The "*Life of Saint Viator*" has its place and it is well to remind the student of their patron.

Historical Number

BLUE AND GOLD, Marist College, Atlanta, Ga.: We read the Historical Number of the Viatorian with great interest. Look for ours some day.

ORIFLAMME, St. Cyril College, Chicago, Ill.: The Historical issue is without doubt the most interesting number of the Viatorian we have yet seen. There are many cuts in this issue. The editors are to be commended for their good work in the handling and arrangement of the Historical Number.

SETONIAN, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.: The Historical Number of the Viatorian reads like the outline of a modern epic. Of course it could only be the merest outline because of limited space, but we wonder if the whole story of St. Viator's growth to such a place of honor among institutions of higher learning could ever be told. Too many men have devoted their lives, too many have offered their prayers and sacrifices for this to take place unless the author be a poet with the vision of a seer, sympathetic, sensitive, possessed of unlimited appreciation and knowledge of self-sacrifice. If we found the chronicles related in this issue of the Viatorian interesting, friends and alumni of St. Viator's must have found them infinitely more so. Indeed, we can think of no better way to keep the former students of a school in sympathy with and zealous in behalf of Alma Mater than such an Historical Number. Alumni of St. Viator's need never be ashamed of the achievements of their college; St. Viator's has an enviable record. In this issue of the Viatorian there are two poems which we desire especially to recommend: *"Sunrise"* and *"Rain in the Dark."* Beauty of expression combined with true lyric quality make them noteworthy.

Literary Number

DUQUESNE MONTHLY, DuQuesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.: The Viatorian has a form that is decidedly homely. Its February issue sounds the same note in its contents and makes you feel that all formality is laid aside and that you have been invited for the nonce to a regular family meal. The articles on Kipling, Carlyle and Pater bear evidence of desire and aptitude to cater to he-minds that want something to crunch and want plenty of it. Even the verse is sonorous with masculinity, softened, however, in *"Beatrice"* to such exquisite loveliness as makes us wish we could meet the author and alleviate his distress by showing him how much more helpless it is to describe our girl.

ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.: The Literary Number of the Viatorian is well worth its name. Essay follows on essay with a variation of topics, both current and classical. The reviewer in *"Romeo and Juliet"* gives a fine appreciation of Jane Cowl's work as Juliet. Kipling has a great many admirers, and in *"The Secret of Kipling's Power,"* we find the many attributes that make this author's writing liked. *"The Extent and Increase of Divorce"* is a very scientific paper, giving the earliest history of this menace to society, statistics showing the increase of divorce in proportion to the population of our country and of other countries. Carlyle is never without an admirer and in his Carlyle's Essay on Burns he is very aptly characterized as one whose "Each pronouncement is heavy with a meaning definite in purpose." The passing of the country store as an American institution is fatal to the life of the short story. How many of us there are who have

been in like predicament with the one in *"The Art of Telling a Story,"* who have laughed so heartily at some stage comedian's joke and who have failed miserably in its recounting, in eliciting a laugh from a listener. *"The Philosophy of Pater"* brings out the fact that in our economic world of today, there is little time for the contemplation of beauty. Pater loved the beautiful and therefore he was not fully appreciated. "It's a grand old world after all" sums up the contents of the last essay, *"The Pleasure of Living."* After all, why should we always look for the darker clouds, or the vale of tears? It is better to look at things face to face and always look onward and upward.

SPRINGHILLIAN, Spring Hill College, Mobile Co., Ala.: We sincerely hope that the succeeding issues of the Viatorian will continue to show as much improvement as did the Literary Number over those previously received. It has indeed been a pleasure to peruse this issue. *"The Philosophy of Pater"* stands out prominently, though it needs the file at least in parts. *"Carlyle's Essay on Burns"* is good in parts, though it can not be said to rise above par. The essays as a whole, and hence in this case the magazine, are rather heavy, a fault which should not be excused under the plea that this is a literary number.

Freshman Number

CASCIAN, St. Rita College, Chicago, Ill.: The Freshman Number of the Viatorian arrived in time for this issue. We are mighty glad to receive such praiseworthy periodicals. This issue has been reserved exclusively for the freshmen and while it is usually true that first year students seldom bother with the magazine question, here is a glorious exception. The Freshman Number exhibits the latent possibilities that are still to flourish in the near future in the Viatorian. The usual good distribution of departments is evident and besides some good verses there are several interesting prose compositions. E. M. Roy, '27, is to be congratulated on the satisfying manner in which he developed his theme. *"Thomas Hardy,"* another excellent article, is worthy of recommendation. An excellent paper on the whole.

THE MIDLANDER, by Booth Tarkington. Published by Doubleday, Page.

Booth Tarkington has conclusively refuted Sinclair Lewis. Not only is National Avenue Main Street plus, but Dan Oliphant, the midlander of the novel, is Babbitt plus. He is the town's biggest booster and he talks to Chambers of Commerce and speaks of "our town" and—yet Tarkington has made you like him and his birthplace. He affects it in divers ways: by putting a pleasing girl, Martha Shelby, in the small town and by bringing a decidedly displeasing creature from New York, Lena McMillan, to live in and hate the growing town; by making his Gopher Prairie expand before your eyes and by showing you the struggles of its pioneers; by showing the sincerity of the small town as opposed to the artificiality and affection of the great city; in short Tarkington gives in a subdued shading what Lewis plays upon, and what Lewis absolutely fails to mention at all Booth Tarkington gives in its entirety. He writes of the Dr. Kennicotts and the Babbitts, of the ordinary, everyday people of the town, with their limitations and with the advantages of their life. He gives you not only life, but life plus, which Mary Roberts Rinehart says is the true function of the novelist.

Tarkington once more makes his protagonist the underdog. He did it in *The Conquest of Canaan,* in *The Magnificent Ambersons,* even in *Seventeen* and the *Penrod* stories. For the same reason that ninety thousand Americans cheered lustily for Carpentier against their fellow-countryman, many more thousands are buying Tarkington's best sellers: to see man win out against great odds, the fates and his villainous fellow-men. Joe Louden, of the Canaan story, is the prototype of Daniel Oliphant. They both were scorned and laughed at, ridiculed and stamped upon; yet each had his day of triumph in the end. The Midlander sees the thriving Ornaby Addition and laughs at those who mocked his speeches beginning with the phrase, "Why, ten years from now——" But just as we see the Midlander sitting on top of the world, everything topples about him and the catastrophe finds his wife and son leaving him, his fortune gone and himself dying. Mr. Tarkington has written a tragedy and Dan Oliphant had to die, just as Romeo and Juliet had to die, because he was thoughtless and headstrong and bent on one goal, as

they were, unseeing all else. To be sure the Midlander caused his own death (and the author uses the warning oracle, Grandma, to bring this out pointedly), but we feel sad at his death. Martha Shelby deserved to win in the end. —W. N., '26.

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS, 1923, by John Farrar. Published by Doran's.

John Farrar, Editor of the *Bookman Magazine,* has gathered together a remarkable collection of essays by different authors published in his magazine during the past year. Heywood Broun, Aline Kilmer, Zona Gale, H. L. Mencken, Hugh Walpole, Alexander Woollcott, William Lyons Phelps, Robert Cortes Holliday and other masters of essays on literary themes are included in the anthology. Mr. Farrar has prefixed a brief biographical comment on each contributor to every essay, in the justified belief that the admiring reader likes to know something of his favorite's life. Comparisons are odious, of course, but out of all the essays the writer would hold that Heywood Broun and Horace Walpole excell in cleverness of writing. Broun is called a facile writer and a journalist, instead of a great essayist; but he is a leader in the field of the present day personal essay and since virtually all modern essays are of that variety, therefore, a leader in the entire ranks of essayists. Walpole defends English appreciation of American novelists in an open letter to the caustic Mencken, whose reply seems a weak defense. Phelps explains why Harold Bell Wright's books sell so well. Aline Kilmer, the widow of the Catholic poet, and herself a splendid essayist, has a light, delighting essay in the group. All the articles are written in the personal style, all interest a booklover and indeed would delight any brain which has the energy to shake off mental lethargy and read them, for they are easily read. Few of the good essayists delight in epigrams or platitudes, rather impressing in the aggregate consideration of the entire work. Some are at variance with others on points of taste, but at least there is a universal agreement that the maxim de gustibus non est diputandem shall apply.

For those who buy motion picture magazines edited by inferior writers, in order to read manufactured tales of their favorite cinema stars, this volume of essays is probably too good. It will give appreciations of literary "stars," but they are written by people who know how to write. However, mayhap the hero-worship complex can drive a few of those in the category of the first sentence into reading about writers in a book written by writers. —W. N., '26.

IN GOD'S COUNTRY, by Rev. Neil Boynton, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros.

Father Boynton has collected between the covers of this book a group of light, interesting stories that seem never to lose interest. The writer had the pleasure of previously reading "Prayer"

in some Catholic magazine and was pleased to run across it again in the Blue and Gold edition just published. The light of memory is not dimmed by time—Father Boynton wins his way to your heart in a smooth, steady and consuming way. Anyone who has been to the Great City must have seen Coney Island, and he will agree with Father Boynton that the "Devil Dip Racer, recklessly piercing the blue sky," is enough "to satisfy even the jaded nerves of a New York Boy."

Whether or not you are of the same religious faith as the author, your bookshelf will not be complete without *"In God's Country."* The type is large and easy on the eyes; the stories short, pleasant and subtly impressive. Make your acquaintance with Otis Mary Scott, a real boy, in the *"Dream Mother"*; walk with the silver haired grandparents down the valley of life in *"Golden Autumn"*; and then journey with a member of the Society of Jesus through God's vineyard in India, which the good Jesuit calls *"Xavier Land."*

These short stories are like gems of poetry—always inspiring, ever fresh and redolent with the happiness of living in peace with God and man. —J. A. H., '27.

ANNA NUGENT, by Isabel Clarke. Published by Benziger Brothers.

To say that Isabel Clarke's books are not novels because they are not true to life is much like saying that the noon-day sun is not shining because there are no clouds to mar its brilliance. Never does Miss Clarke give us the extreme realist's point of view by depicting all the gruesome and disgusting details of man's life, but rather she gives the soul-inspiring and heart-moving ideals that make of our lives a beautiful pageant. She seems a pure well of ideals from which all that is drawn must be saturated with the sweetness of the contents of that well. Indeed, seldom do you see modern authors give you a pure, wholesome ideal as she does. They much prefer the drawing of a fantastical picture of life wherein man is the monkey dancing to the tune of his passions, which are strummed and twanged by that hearty old man, heredity, or that ubiquitous joker, environment. Moreover, in these same ideals you find Isabel Clarke's philosophy of life. Hers is not an individual, strange, distorted philosophy. No, it is only that which has been tried and found to fit the life of man most perfectly. It is sane and wholesome, giving you the sensation of the broad, open spaces of the west, where earth and sky meet, but in the far distant horizon. This and more might be said of her latest book, "Anna Nugent."

On the other hand, the characters are not so well done. Anna, as the main character, seems to be only the ideal of what Miss Clarke would have wished to have been herself. Anna rarely falls into the weaknesses of human nature, although she is thoroughly enjoyable as the symbol of faith surviving the misfortunes of life. Michael also seems to be the ideal personification of a lover, one who

loves with a tender, abiding love. So through all the book the characters are not so vibrant with life as one might wish them. But as the ideals of the book preclude the depiction of those elements that lend an air of reality to character, and since we prefer to read some literature of an ideal nature, we do not mind the weakness of character so much. It may detract from Miss Clarke, the artist, but it can never detract from Miss Clarke, the helper of the man without an ideal.

All in all, *"Anna Nugent"* is a delightful little romance, even though it would not bear rereading by a lover of the moderns. But, when you are weary of reading of all the subconscious, or might I say unconscious, piccadilloes of man, or of all the inherited evils of the human race, turn to Miss Clarke's book and catch a glimpse of the bright sun of ideals, that has ever energized the actions of the greatest men of the world's history. —J. E. S., '25.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT, by Rafael Sabatini. Published by Houghton, Mifflin.

This man Sabatini has a prodigious power of industry. He turns out historical novels like papers off a press. Bardelys the Magnificent deals with the love affair of love affairs in the life of a court favorite of Louis XIV of France. The hero is a typical Sabatini hero: dashing, courageous, brave to a point of foolishness, a sowrdsman par excellence, handsome, loved of fair women and able to overcome all obstacles. The girl is properly demure and just enough the antithesis of the man to make their union logical and expected. But, as usual with the "modern Dumas" as his publishers call him, the plot is really the thing. His plots account for his vogue, since it is illogical to expect that the light fiction readers have suddenly developed an insatiable desire for periodic history. And the plot of Bardleys is up to the standard of Scaramouche, Fortune's Fool, the Sea Hawk and those others which attained overnight best selling fame.

A quarter of a century ago America liked historical novels. Sabatini's appeal shows that the field for them is still fertile. If he did not write so many he might be able to leave a couple of excellent ones for posterity, but his work shows haste and just good story telling. Please stop writing, Rafael! You may write a Henry Esmond before you die! —W. U., '26.

Academy Shows

In order to obtain funds for the memorial which they expect to present to the College on Commencement Day, the Senior Class of the Academy arranged to take over the management of the "La Petite" theatre of Kankakee, for the 13th, 14th and 15th of May. The extremely modern photoplay, "Rouged Lips," featuring Viola Dana, and a capacity house was had at each showing. The Academy Senior class netted a neat sum for their fund. The class, through the Viatorian, wish to extend their sincerest thanks to the management for the courtesies extended them.

* * *

Passion Play

The Danville Passion Players presented The Passion Play, a drama of the cross, in the College gymnasium during Lent. The superior quality of the presentation of the play was enjoyed by the faculty and students. A great portion of the success of the play was due to the coaching of Sister Albertine, a sister of Father Bergin. This drama was presented by the Passion Players in St. Patrick's Parish, Danville, Sunday evenings during Lent. The members of the cast were members of Rt. Rev. F. J. O'Reilly's parish, Danville.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Rt. Rev. F. J. O'Reilly and Father Flynn, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, for allowing the play to come to the College, and to Father Flynn for his visit and accompaniment of the players.

Program of the Passion Play, "The Upper Room."

A drama of "The Cross" in three acts.

Lamentation of Jeremiah.....Dr. M. J. Monahan
Voice of Christ.....S. Blair
Samuel (boy servant in Upper Room).....Jas. Gilmore
Achaz (Master of the Upper Room).....Arthur McGuire
Mary Magdalene (The Penitent).....Camille Andre
Joseph, of Arimathea (Owner of Tomb in which Christ's body was laid).....Ralph James
Mary, Mother of Jesus.....Johanna Dietzen
Judas Iscariot, the traitor.....Ralph James
John, the beloved apostle.....Wm. Brickley
Peter, the Repentent Apostle.....Don. Kimmerle
Longinus (Roman soldier who pierced the side of Christ).....Cornelius Dietzen
Veronica, the woman who wiped the face of Jesus on the way to Calvary.....

* * *

Father Maguire

A recent clipping from the Brooklyn "Tablet," says, "The first meeting of the Farmers National Union, at Kankakee, Ill., was addressed by the Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., professor and dean of Sociology at St. Viator College. About 4000 farmers from six states attended the gathering of these who have organized the union for the co-operative selling of farm products, and are now organizing on a national basis to sell grain at cost plus a margin. The topic of Father Maguire's address was "Economies of Co-operation."

Father Maguire is delivering a series of sermons on social and economic problems in the Cathedral, at Winona, Minn., on Sunday evenings. Among the topics of his addresses are "The Church and Property," "The Church and Capital and Labor," "The Church and Industrial Democracy," and "What The Church Has Done for Society."

* * *

Lecture

Professor Frederick Rugg, of the University of Illinois, gave his instructive lecture about Liquid Air, in the college gym on Sunday evening, April 27. This lecture gave keen enjoyment to all those present.

* * *

The Faculty, student body and the Viatorian offer their sincere condolences to John Conlin, '27, upon the loss of his mother. John was called home by his mother's death on April 25. Mrs. Conlin was buried from St. Mary's Church, DeKalb, on April 28. The Freshman class at a special meeting adopted a resolution of sympathy, and requested a Requiem High Mass to be sung for their classmate's parent in the College chapel.

The sweet season of spring is difficult for youth to survive, for 'tis then that the hearts of man and maiden beat as one and Romance romps unfettered. Another of Viator's sons has taken the helm of the good ship Matrimony into his hands to pilot it over the course of wedded happiness on Life's uncharted sea, for on Thursday, April 24, Mr. Edmund Joseph Mahoney, Jr., '19, and Miss Helene Elizabeth Sullivan were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at St. Vincent De Paul Church, Chicago, Ill. May the future hold nothing but joy for the happy couple.

* * *

Dan Cavanaugh, '19-'20, is now a senior at the Illinois Dental College. Reports say that he is doing fine and will soon set up a business of promising size.

* * *

James Cavanaugh is now engaged in Government service. "Jimmy" is in the Quartermaster Dept., Central Dept., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Charles Gallanti, H. S., '22, is taking a pre-medic course at Loyola University, Chicago, Ill. All hail to the future Doc!

* * *

Robert Hintz, Acad., '21, has an oil-filling station on Eleventh and Michigan Ave., Chicago. Business is fine! Boys, eat at the Logan Grill, 1002 S. Michigan Ave. Bob's mother will fill you!

* * *

Word has been received that Jack Finley, H. S., '20, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is studying law at The Law School of Iowa University. Good luck, Jack!

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Major Kilcrece of the days of the R. O. T. C. (Acad. '19-'20), now connected with the Goodrich Tire Co., on the arrival of a future Viatorian. How are the cigars?

* * *

Jerry Hayden, '20-'21, writes that he is a Junior at the Loyola Medical School, Chicago, Il. Here's hoping he's a little more generous with the information the next time.

Another former student of St. Viator, Gabriel Joubert, '22, hailing from Kankakee, Ill., is cutting a swathe in the medical line. Gabriel is also at Loyola.

* * *

The life-long ambition of Father Robert M. Nolan, of St. Viator College in 1918 and '19, dean of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Fort Worth, Texas, has at last been realized. This good priest recently celebrated his silver anniversary in the priesthood and was presented with a purse by the parishioners. With the aid of that purse he has realized an ambition that has lived since early youth and is making a trip through the Holy Land, during the summer months.

"Ever since I can remember," said Father Nolan, on the occasion of the presentation of the purse, "I've had a longing to visit the place where our Savior was born, reared and died on the Cross. It came to me as a smal boy when I was attending school in Atchison, Kansas. That was even before I decided on entering the priesthood. Somehow or other my mind has always centered on Nazareth, where Jesus spent His boyhood. Even the miracle of the birth in the manger at Bethlehem didn't stir me as the thought of the Boy playing about Nazareth; His early apprenticeship at the carpenter's bench and His growth into manhood."

Father Nolan left Fort Worth on March 19 and will remain in Europe long enough to visit all the places made famous by history. The trip includes a private audience with the Pope and—well, let him tell you in his own words: "For me," said Father Nolan, with a twinkle in his eye, " 'tis Ireland I'll visit, the Emerald Isle, the birthplace of my ancestors."

The American Catholic Pilgrimage to the Holy Land and to Rome on a specially chartered boat, the "Patria," makes the trip possible for the priest. When he returns what wonderful stories he will have to relate about his experiences in the Old World!

* * *

Allen Freebury, '16-'18, Ottawa, Ill., narrowly escaped death recently when the Ford coupe in which he was riding was hurled into a ditch by a vandal Chevrolet. The car was completely wrecked as a result, turning turtle three times. Allen suffered severe cuts and bruises about the head and arms from flying glass and remained inside the car throughout the hair-raising experience. Lady Luck must have sat at his side for it was only through a miracle that the Grim Reaper was cheated of a victim. The youth is a prominent figure in the state capital and is to be congratulated upon his narrow escape.

Charles McBride, '08-'09, who formerly had offices in New York and Kansas City, has combined them and is now stationed in Kansas City. He is still in the oil business, but vigorously denies being involved in the Teapot Dome Scandal.

* * *

Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, c. s. v., who is well rememebered by his many friends at St. Viator, where he was formerly treasurer, has according to recent report, completely recuperated from a severe siege of illness, and is again able to resume his duties at Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Texas. We hope that Father Mulvaney will continue in the best of health and spirits and that he may soon be able to resist the lure of the South long enough to pay us the visit we have awaited so long.

* * *

Another of our Alumni has taken another step toward the goal of fame and success! Mr. Edward Solon, '05-'06, is now auditor of the Majestic Theater Company, of Dallas, Texas.

* * *

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, A. B., '11, of New York City, and director of the Seminary Department of the Church Extension Society, was the recipient of a benefit, recently staged at the Yorkville Casino. The production called "Sport Model 1924," was put on by the famous Piccaninny Minstrels, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, provided an endless amount of fun and amusement for the large gatherings that witnessed the entertainment. The purpose of the performance was to help the Seminary Department of the Catholic Church Extension Society to support the forty young men studying for the priesthood for the poor dioceses of the West. Father O'Mahoney has been touring the state of Kentucky, lately giving missions from the St. Paul Chapel Car. Recent newspaper dispatches from Cincinnati and Ashland, Ky., tell of visits of the chapel car to those cities. The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune also announces that "This church on wheels will leave Cincinnati for Willard, O., where, on Sunday morning, May, 11, it will be attached to the Priests' Special bearing Cardinal Mundelein back to Chicago, affording the new Western Cardinal an opportunity of saying mass en route to Chicago, after which it will be sent to Des Moines, Ia., to start on another missionary journey." This was Cardinal Mundelein's first mass on American soil as Cardinal.

* * *

Word has been received from Rev. Patrick Brown, c. s. v., A. B., '06, to the effect that he is recuperating in the South after a severe attack of rheumatism. Father Brown is acting pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Fort Worth, Texas.

Stanley Cregan, '20-'23, is now following his ecclesiastical studies at St. Paul Seminary and has been adopted by the diocese of Portland, Oregon. "Creg" is one of the best Viator rooters we have at the Seminary.

* * *

Allan Kissane, another staunch Viator supporter at St. Paul, will be ordained for the Rockford diocese on June 14th. "Big Six" saw service with the American Forces in France during the World War.

* * *

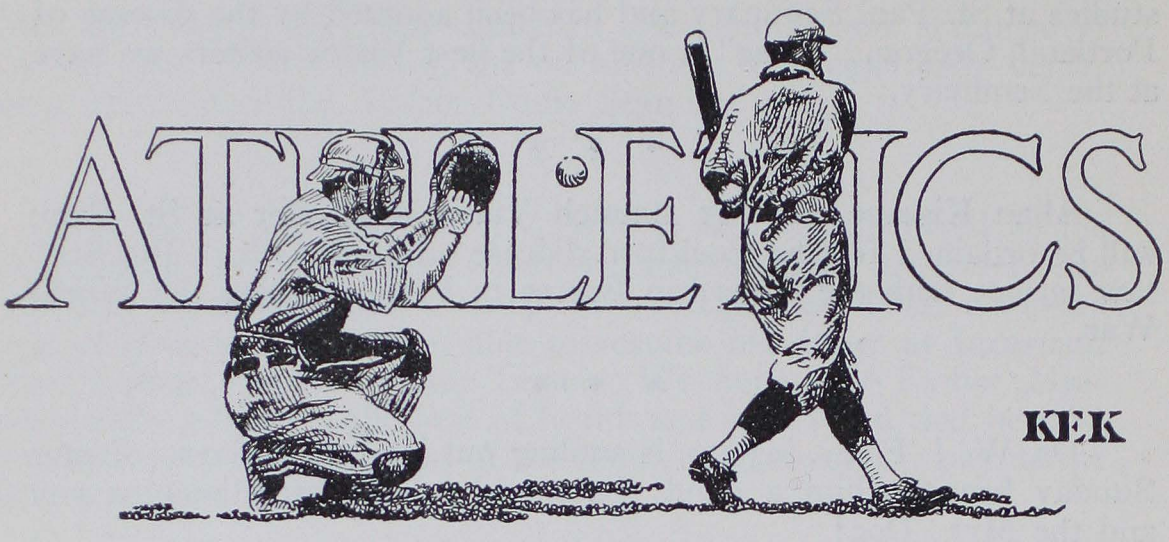
Dr. W. J. Foley, '03-'09, is smiling out loud these days. Easter Sunday brought him a dandy baby girl. Congratulations to you and the Mrs., Doc!

* * *

Walter "Andy Gump" Marquardt, '17-'19, has had the good fortune to be one of the four students annually selected from those studying electrical engineering at the University of Illinois, by the General Electric Company, for work in the East. The name and reputation of the firm that makes this selection each year speaks well for "Andy's" ability. There are a good many who believe that "all things come to him who waits," but "Andy" is firmly convinced that the only thing that comes to him who waits is old age. Persevering application made him a conspicuous figure here as well as at the University and opportunity has served him well. In his new position he has a wonderful range of possibilities and we feel sure that his high ideals and indomitable perseverance will lead him on to brilliant success.

* * *

Brother Kirby reports several recent additions to the College Library. The first gift of books was received from Rev. Edward Hearn, pastor of St. Peter and Paul Church, Chatsworth, Ill., and consists of twenty volumes of French Historical Novels. Father E. M. Hayden, pastor of St. Patrick's, Wopella, is the donor of three large volumes of Natural History, dealing with Bird Life of North America. The College Faculty wishes to thank the reverend gentlemen for their thoughtful gifts.



ST. VIATOR, 2; MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY, 1.

April 25th

The remodeled 1924 St. Viator diamond machine, minus some of the outstanding stars of former years, went along right merrily in their opening tilt of the spring campaign. Though the 2 to 1 count by which Millikin University was downed indicates a close tussle, it was the extravagant manner in which the Viatorians tossed away admirable opportunities to nick the platter that accounts for the seeming tightness of the score.

"Mickey" Donnelly, who twirled the closing game last season, upsetting Beloit 4 to 3 in a heart-palpitating combat, displayed a brand of mound work as skilled and effective as that which made him a much respected twirler last year. The Peorian toiled five frames and then Sam McAllister essayed his first Viator pitching assignment. He allowed the downstaters two bingles, as did his predecessor Donnelly. But neither hurler was forced to subdue formidable stickmen, only Schultz and Brown of the visitors being able to connect for base knocks.

The initial start of the season brought out some inevitable faults, but was satisfactory in so far as it revealed a potentially powerful organization. Stickwork of a high order resulted in eight base raps for the "Irish," but these were flung to the winds by shoddy base running. Then too, the fielding was a bit off color and nearly caused a belated Millikin rally to put the locals in distress. In the last chapter a fumble put Brown on base and Schultz's robust knock scored him, but Mr. Schultz carelessly overstepped second and was called out. A moment later Ackermann whiffed for the final put-out.

On the other hand the type of fielding contributed by the Millikinites was anything but flashy and kept Douglas in tight places throughout. It was Brown's muff of Farrell's fly that put the runner on base that counted with the first Viator score when Donnelly singled. And again in the fifth it was Switzer's bobble of John Winterhalter's grounder that precipitated a "bases loaded affair" that was converted into a run by Dalrymple's tall sacrifice fly.

St. Viator	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 0 x	— 2
Millikin	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 1	— 1

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 9; ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 7.

April 29th

Meeting last year's unofficial I. I. A. C. champs, Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington in the first away from home game of the season (the Bradley tilt the day previous having been called due to rain) the Viatorians had to put up 13 innings of give and take battling to gather in a 9 to 7 win.

All went well in the first frame, but things did not progress so smoothly in the second canto with the result that "Gus" Dundon was removed from the mound and McAllister took up the curving duties. Thereafter things went along fairly well till the ninth. In that frame with the Viatorians leading 5 to 4, a Welseyan pinch hitter, Lyle Anderson, forced the fray into extra innings with a roaring blow that scored Call and tied up the match. But the Viatorians were just as well fortified with pinch hitters and in the 13th chapter "Mickey" Donnelly, batting for Buddy Farrell, nudged a hard one for three sacks with the bases full and scored himself a moment later on Wally Fitzgerald's hit.

It was a real battle to win and all the credit in the world is due McAllister and his pals for the sparkling brand of ball they presented. The gang hit hard and opportunely and save for some mistakes of judgment in handling hit balls they played in such style that they must be considered as contenders for the Little Nineteen pennant. Fourteen raps were credited to the Viator total and extra base knocks were contributed.

Qualities were shown by the team in this game that indicate worthwhile feats in the future. They showed fight and courage, skill on the paths and adeptness at fielding besides packing a punch at the plate. A neat infield, was the verdict of all who saw the Viatorians in action at Wesleyan and much praise was bestowed on Jimmy Dalrymple. Then, too, Father Kelly is assured of a pitcher in McAllister to round out the mound corps.

St. Viator	1 0 3	0 1 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	4	— 9
Wesleyan	0 3 1	0 0 0	0 0 1	0 0 0	2	— 7

ST. VIATOR, 10; VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY, 6.

May 3rd

Possessing two wins in the Little Nineteen conference by virtue of victories over Millikin and Wesleyan, the Viatorians gathered new laurels when they downed an Interstate foe, Valparaiso, at College field by a 10 to 6 verdict.

The locals were in a socking mood for the Valpoites and the afternoon's toil brought a record total of 17 base knocks. Every one of the infielders collected at least two raps and Dalrymple outdid his mates by connecting on three occasions. The outfield was also well represented in the hit column as Tommy Jordan and Neal McGinnis rammed out two safe ones each, while Wally Fitzgerald, in the role of pinch hitter, won himself lasting glory by punching out a four sack clout in the fifth.

In his second start of the season Donnelly was invincible save for a bad fifth inning when four hits, one of which was for the circuit, combined with a base on balls to give the invaders five runs. But prior to this faulty frame and thereafter "Mickey" had things much his own way, flattening the Hoosiers with seven blows. His support fairly glistened thruout the pastiming, not an error being recorded during the combat. An increasing aptitude for treading the runways was also discernible in this tilt and few hits were wasted by the Viatorians by careless base running.

The win, besides atoning for the loss inflicted by Valpo last season, brought out the constantly growing skill of the men who are essaying their first year of varsity ball. Bell handled Donnelly nicely and was helpful at the plate with one hit. Others of the infield were prominent. John Winterhalter continued to rap the pellet and Emmie Murphy at third was conspicuous by his play both in the field and at bat.

St. Viator	1	2	0	1	3	0	3	0	x	—10
Valparaiso	1	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	— 6

VIATORIANA

Forgot to tell you in the first issue of Viatoriana that a good laugh relaxes the muscles of the face, relieves mental strain, and in general is good for indigestion. Abraham Lincoln, after reading a few passages from a joke book to them, exclaimed to the members of his Cabinet, "Gentlemen! Why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die!"

Of course there is the opposite extreme. So we have taken precautions against deaths from laughter, by suppressing our wit and humor!

* * *

DON'T IT

When you find your shoes 'neath your pillow
And strange footprints on your spread,
And your Morris chair on the dresser,
And your dresser on the bed—
Gee, don't it make a fellow sore?

* * *

Lefty—Say, Frank, but one hour ago there were five pieces of candy in this box. Now there are only two. How do you account for that?

Frank—Simple, Lefty, simple. Jes' a lil' miscal'lation on my part. I thought there were only three pieces.

* * *

A DIFFERENT CASE

Mickey—I hope I get "per" to visit the hospital.
Murph—Why the hospital?
Mick—Oh, just a case.
Murph—Scotch?
Mick—No, I think she's Irish.

As Father M. stared at Nolan's open-work sandals, he murmured, "So they call that the effete East."

* * *

BANANA OIL

The sheik he shuffles right along,
In vacuous ostentation,
Nothing on his mind at all,
Except the next vacation.

* * *

SHAKESPEARE FROM THE CAMPUS

"Verily, 'tis a consumation,
Devoutly to be wished for—" ..... A congé
"The world is but a stage"—
And Barton is the manager.
"Frailty, thy name is woman"—
And Don is thy protector.
"Lay on, Macduff!"
Just like Garrity.
"Lend me your ears."
Also a size 14 collar to hold them up.
"Out, damned spot, out I say!"
I'll wear this suit on next Sunday.
"My ducats! My ducats!"
A duet by Riley and Samuels, vaudeville's popular entertainers.
"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
Or am I seein' things?
"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."
Frank Steinbach and Polonius.

* * *

CONTEMPLATION

School is near to ending,
And I owe an awful debt.
I promised six or seven times,
But have not paid it yet.
So I guess I'll write a letter,
Telling Dad of what I owe,
I hope he'll understand me,
He was once a kid, you know.

* * *

Kearney—Why dincha give that big baby a layin' out for steppin' on yer dogs?

LeRoy Wimp—My dear fellow, discretion is the better part of valor.

TOUGH!

"Who'll save the flag?" the captain shouted.
"I'll save the flag!" we heard a young voice cry,
"I'll save the flag or die!"
He died.

* * *

AN ESSAY ON WEALTH
(Not written by Bacon.)

The last quarter of the school year is nearing its end. Would that we could spend it with as much care and reflection as the last quarter of our allowance.

* * *

Life may be just a game of checkers,
As the nimble songsters sing,
But some of the blacks and reds and kings
Can't move or anything.
So when the months of sunshine come,
Think of the lonesome few
Who sit alone in their cripple chairs
And can't run about like you.
Thank the God who made you
That the sunshine you enjoy
And say a bit of a prayer
For that other little boy.

* * *

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE

The guy who takes your last Camel and throws it away after a puff?

The table-mate who tells you after he finishes the first portion, "Oh, there'll be seconds, don't worry?"

The fellow who borrows your comb, suit, shirt and collar,—and then asks for the return of the dollar he loaned you the day before?

The amateur Valentino who collects photographs and for whom "every picture tells a story"?

The girl who will be "down in a minute, just talk to mother a few moments."

The girl who loves automobiles painted yellow and with little meters on the driver's seat? She must buy her shoes to keep her feet warm.

The roommate who never makes his bed? And sits on yours when you make it?

BANG!

Student—Why do they always refer to professors as "absent-minded"?

Prof.—Possibly it is due to the environment they work in.

* * *

MORE FAMOUS STATEMENTS

To Glenn Franks—"Oh, how I love tall, dark, handsome men."

Halpin (pompously)—When I was a kid, I used to get earaches.

A Logic Professor—Is there any necessary contradiction involved?

Another Professor—Now, take John D. Rockefeller, for example.

Still Another—That piece of writing is atrociously absurd.

An English Professor—Why, Great Heavens, Man! Haven't you read the scene?

* * *

RECENT MOVIES

"Flaming Youth".....Tom Dunn

"The Spoilers".....Leo Dee

"The Bad Man".....Thomas Dillon

"The Sea Hawk".....Eugene McGrath

"Why Worry?".....Nig Shea

"My Spanish Rose".....Ralph Garza

"The Village Blacksmith".....Francis Pfeffer

"When Homer Comes Home".....H. Knoblauch