TABLE OF CONTENTS

March, 1917

A Fantasy, Verse 109
John F. Cox, '17

An Economic Phase of Socialism: Collectivism (Economics Prize Essay) 110
Charles Hart, '17

The Book of Nature, Essay 122
Fulton J. Sheen, '17

The Spirit of the Ice, Story 126
Charles A. Hart, '17

Analyzing the Beautiful, Essay 130
Timothy Sullivan, '17

Don't Knock, Verse 133
P. O. R.

The Orphean Art 134
J. Robert Elmslie, '19

"A Shirt Story," story 137
T. D. Sullivan, '17

A Poet's Exalted Notion, Essay 140
C. A. H., '17

Essays in Embryo 143

The Metropolite.—*F. J. Sheen, '17.*

Consomme Consumers.—*E. Conway, '18.*

A Vacation Experience.—*T. J. Shanley, '17.*

At Dawn.—*John F. Cox, '17.*

Editorials 147

Looking Out on the Outlook.

Thinking in Phrases.

The Philosophy of Loyalty.

An Apologetic Suggestion.

Hankisms 151

Exchanges 152

Inter Alia 153

Alumni and Personals 158

Societies 160

Athletics 161

Viatoriana 166

WE earnestly request our readers to consider our List of Advertisements

W. S. QUINBY COFFEE CO.

Importers—Roasters—Jobbers

HIGH GRADE COFFEES AND TEAS

BOSTON - - - - CHICAGO

Samples sent free on request Correspondence respectfully solicited

42 East Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

EINBECK'S PHOTO STUDIO

Bell Telephone 407

143 North Schuyler Avenue

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

GELINO BROS.

THE BIG STORE

Corner Schuyler Ave. and Court

Kankakee, Illinois

Dr. J. A. ZWISLER

DENTIST

City National Bank Bldg.

Kankakee, Illinois

ERZINGER BROS.

FANCY GROCERS

Fresh Fruits, Confectionery and Bakery Goods of All Kinds a Specialty.

226-232 Court St. Kankakee, Illinois

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

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Independent Telephone 704

191 Court Street Kankakee, Illinois

DR. Z. J. PAYAN

DENTIST

Independent Telephone 48

123 Court Street Kankakee, Illinois

MAJESTIC

The Clean, Clinkerless

COAL

Mined and Sold by

CRERAR CLINCH CO.

The Rookery Chicago

The Best is the Cheapest

—OUR MOTTO—

"QUALITY FIRST"

In all Our Lines of Goods

J. LECOUR & SONS

Kankakee, Illinois

Independent Telephone 472

We Do Repairing

F. A. LOTTINVILLE

SHOE DEALER

All New Ideas in Fashionable Footwear

162 Court Street Kankakee, Illinois

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

LEGRIS BROTHERS' BANK

4% Paid on Time Deposits

159 S. Schuyler Kankakee

RIELY & RICHERT

Electrical Contractors

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

Ind. Telephone 923 Bell Telephone 995

370 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

CHAS. WERTZ CO.

Lumber, Cement, Brick, Lime, Sand, Sewer Pipe, Hardware, Plaster, Glass, Coal

BRADLEY

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

Milk-Cream-Cottage Cheese

Kankakee Pure Milk Co.

396 South Schuyler Ave.

Both Telephones 45 Drink Pure Milk

SPEICHER BROS.

JEWELERS

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

A Most Complete Stock of Diamonds and Jewelry

127-132 Schuyler Avenue Kankakee, Illinois

LAMARRE'S

CONFECTIONERY

Ice Cream, Luncheon and Cigars

Bourbonnais, Illinois

Amedee T. Betourne

PHARMACY

Both Telephones 88 119 E. Court St

Clothes for Collegians of Every Type—from the Lively Lads to the "Bookworms"

VANDERWATER'S

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

DISTILLED WATER ICE

The Family Ice Absolutely Pure

F. D. RADEKE BRG. CO.

Both Telephones 132 Kankakee, Illinois.

Mrs. D. H. Kamman H. Handorf

D. H. Kamman & Co.

Manufacturers of

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

KANKAKEE ILLINOIS

Gas, Electricity and Accessories

STUDENT LAMPS OUR SPECIALTY

Public Service Company

Telephones: Bell 237-R; Independent 4

C. RUHLE

Manufacturer of Lime

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

Office and Warehouse
503 West Avenue KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Kankakee Book Store

116 COURT STREET

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

THE GIFT SHOP

JOHN J. DRURY

PLUMBING

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

Both Telephones 72 — 276 Schuyler Avenue, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

THE SCHUYLER

McBROOM BROS.

Proprietors

154 Schuyler Ave. Kankakee, Illinois

First Class Restaurant and Cafe

American State and Savings Bank

184 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

GEORGE ARSENEAU

BAKERY

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Specialties: Pies and Cakes

D. M. Norris & Son

Dealers in

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

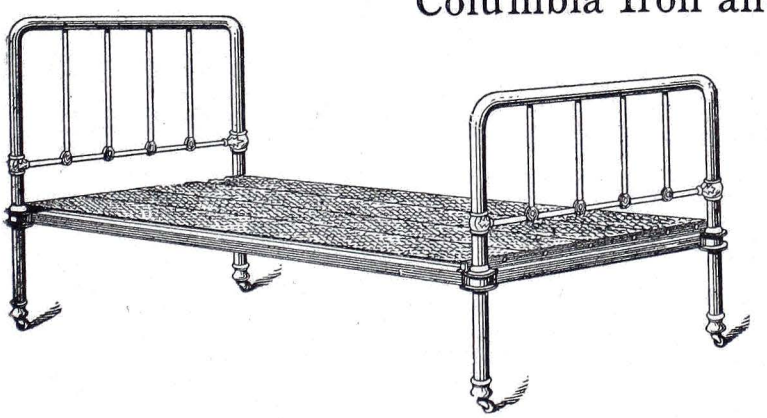
Telephone Main 30 201-7 Court St., Kankakee

JOSEPH TURK MFG. COMPANY

BRADLEY, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF

Columbia Iron and Brass Bedsteads



Special attention to Furnishing Institution BEDS

Prices and Illustrations on Application

WUNDERLICH'S
STYLE SHOP

A Store For Young Men

The Home of Styleplus Clothes $17

Just "HELLO!" From

BARRON'S CONFECTIONERY

Schuyler Avenue Kankakee

KANKAKEE ICE CREAM CO.

Purity and Flavor
Our Specialty

139 North West Ave. Kankakee, Illinois

THE LAFAYETTE
HOTEL CAFE
Kankakee's Best Restaurant
The Proof of the Pudding
is in the Eating
J. O'KEEFE, Proprietor

Boston Shoe Repairing Co.

All Work Guaranteed. Shoes Repaired
While You Wait. Best Work
Neatly Done.

JOE SHAPIRO, Prop. Telephone Bell 1386-2

225 Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Illinois

ILLINOIS PRINTING CO.
Printers, Lithographers, Stationers
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

2

G. OSCAR H. BYRON
Groceries, Ice Cream, Cigars
and Confectionery
LUNCH ROOM
Bourbonnais Illinois

G. A. FORTIN, Automobile Distributor.
151 East Station Street

All Standard Cars:—Buick—Hudson—Maxwell—Studebaker—Detroit Electric

AUTO LIVERY AND TAXIS
Telephones 40

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 34 **March, 1917** **Number 3**

A FANTASY

One time to me there came a dream of Life
As I would live it, when to man's estate
I came. I saw myself in daily strife
With kings and lords of fortune, who would prate

About their own successes; how they rose
From small beginnings to their present wealth.
From all these men the life of one I chose
To follow, tho' it lead me soon to death.

At first all things obeyed my beck and call.
I prospered; became famous; till one day
The men who called me friend—they, one and all,
Turned 'gainst me and took fame and wealth away.

Thus life does not fulfil our early dream,
And oft we find things are not what they seem.

—*John F. Cox, '17.*

AN ECONOMIC PHASE OF SOCIALISM: COLLECTIVISM

CHARLES HART, '17

(Economics Prize Essay)

I

That there is a very obvious and urgent need of far-reaching, and even radical reform in our economic system seems almost like stating a truism. Indeed the dissatisfaction at our present system has become so wide-spread that a large and growing portion of our population is making a powerful demand that it be discarded entirely and a new economic regime take its place. All agree that our modern business activities, with the consequent rise of large scale production, monopoly, and exploitation of labor, have brought us face to face with problems whose sinister aspect threaten the very foundations of presently organized society. Although the oft repeated assertion, that "while the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer," is not in strict accordance with fact, yet there can be no question that a most inequitable method of distribution has made the conditions of millions of willing toilers in every quarter of the civilized globe so wretched and so hopelessly miserable that any expectation of further non-resistance seems highly improbable. Indeed the faint rumblings of such a resistance was heard in the cry that resounded throughout the world in 1848 when the Communist Manifesto sent out the edict, "Working men of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains." It can no longer be taken as a light consideration that the evils of long hours of work for starvation wages, of unsanitary dwellings, of uncertain employment or no employment at all, the abomination of sweat shops, and the ever-present fear of pauperism, are daily realities to thousands of workers and their families in every large city. We are all familiar with the picture painted by Henry George in his "Progress and Poverty"; of the accompanying poverty which moves *pari passu* with the increase of wealth and the march of material progress.

Census reports of our own country but confirm the great social injustice that is everywhere only too apparent. According to the last report of the department of Commerce and Labor, the laborers of United States are contributing from 50 to 65% to production by their bare labor and are receiving back in the form of wages but from 17 to 21%. We learn also from such reliable sources that 90% of the total wealth of United States is concentrated in the hands of approximately one million men, or about 1% of the total popula-

tion. It is such astounding facts as these that place the grim reality concretely before our eyes.

A noted foreign authority, in reviewing our industrial system, said some time ago, "Your great industrial development has built up very large fortunes in few hands, and the conditions such fortunes produce must bring on a class conflict that cannot fail to make a test of the stability of your institutions. The men who have those fortunes know only the law of greed; they have no respect for the rights of others, and they will surely make an effort to use the strong arm of the government to enslave the people. . . . I see a great conflict which must soon come in America between the few who have vast fortunes and the many reduced to a kind of industrial slavery." A very similar conclusion was reached by that eminent observer of the times, Hillaire Belloc, when he wrote his recent work, "The Servile State."

Thus it is seen that any attempt to minimize the urgent need of immediate economic and social reform must not be seriously considered. "All agree," says Pope Leo XIII in his famous encyclical on "The Conditions of Labor," "and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. By degrees it has come to pass that the workingmen have been given over, isolated and defenseless, to the callousness of employers, and the greed of unrestrained competition . . . . so that a number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." The result of attempts to minimize the necessity for social reform has been seen in the case of despotic Russia, where such a small amount of work on this line has led to the rise of some of the most dangerous movements ever launched by a depressed people; while in Switzerland, Socialism and kindred movements have found few advocates because the state has recognized its duty in these great problems and has instituted many economic and social changes.

II

The particular remedy which is most loudly advocated at the present time is known as Socialism. But what is Socialism? This must first be made clear, at least the Socialism discussed in this paper. By this term I do not mean Anarchists who would destroy all government; nor Communists who would have all things in common; nor Extremists or Syndicalists who would use violence to attain their end. These and a hundred other radical and unreasonable offshoots about the parent trunk need no refutation since they confute themselves. Modern Socialism as an organized movement and a definite philosophy is a comparatively new movement and as such has passed through a number of evolutionary stages. Karl

Marx of Germany is generally recognized as the father of modern scientific Socialism. The main doctrines of this movement are expressed in the Communistic Manifesto of 1848, the joint work of Marx and his Hebrew co-worker, Frederick Engels. The Manifesto has taken a decidedly materialistic conception of history, and as such would be unalterably opposed to all forms of the Christian religion and morality, replacing these by an economic and philosophic determinism and a materialistic philosophy. But many prominent Socialists today are coming to disregard the religious doctrines of the founders and early exponents of the movement, claiming that in the evolutionary process Socialism has thrown off what has been clearly and absolutely demonstrated as unscientific and untenable. Thus Morris Hilquitt, probably the most prominent student Socialist in America, in the course of his recent famous debate with Dr. John A. Ryan of St. Paul Seminary, says as follows: "It is unwarranted that Engel's religious beliefs or Bebel's views on institutions of the family represent the Socialist conceptions on these subjects. Like the opinion of a judge on a subject not directly involved in the matter submitted to his decision, such extraneous views are *obiter dicta* and not binding on anybody but the author." Hilquitt himself rejected these radical and unsound views on marriage, family life, and religion, as refuting themselves, and then proceeds to define Socialism in an economic light as follows: "As a practical movement Socialism stands primarily for industrial adjustment. It seeks to secure greater planfulness in the production of wealth and greater equity in distribution. Concretely stated the Socialist program advocates a reorganization of the existing industrial system on a basis of collective or national ownership of social tools. It demands that the control of the machinery of wealth-creation be taken from the individual capitalist and placed in the hands of the nation, to be organized and operated for the benefit of the whole people."

This is the expression of a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of United States, which is affiliated with International Socialist Bureau. It would proceed by way of the ballot box with law and order; it would contrive sooner or later that all capital, or means of production, or sources of income, should be transferred to the hands of the state, whether central or local. In other words, there would be a system of collectivism as opposed to our present system of strict individualism. Now, I am thoroughly cognizant of the fact that many varieties of Socialism would go much farther and would destroy the Christian religion, the present form of family life, and married life, but there could be no form that stands for less than that expressed in Hilquitt's definition, or more concisely in the terse definition of Dr. A. Schäffle, the eminent Austrain economist, in his "Quintessence of Socialism"—"The Alpha and

Omega of Socialism is the transformation of private and competing capitals into a united and collective capital"; or by Dr. Bliss, editor of the *Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, who calls himself a Christian Socialist, who defines it as "the collective ownership of the means of production by the community democratically organized and their operation cooperatively for the equitable good of all"—in a word, Collectivism. This is the form of Socialism which is making the greatest progress in our present day. It is the doctrine of the Fabian opportunists of England, the most influential of English Socialistic parties. It is the practical Socialism which the Catholic Church is fighting in Belgium today. It is this economic phase of Socialism, defined above, known as Collectivism, that is accepted by the International Socialist Bureau, and it seems to me that refutation of this form is more valuable than refutations of the radical forms, which, if they do not refute themselves, are not a fruitful sort of discussion. Dr. W. J. Kerby, D.D., of the Catholic University, well says on this point: "It is beyond question that Socialism displays an affinity for atheism, for loose views on marriage, and distressing policies concerning the family, and for materialism in philosophy. These affinities alone should have slaughtered Socialism long since, but they have not done so. Atheism is in quite good form. Society at large no longer believes in the homely, honest, old-fashioned Christian marriage. The views of Socialism on marriage at their worst are no worse than the views incorporated into our modern legislation. The materialism that asserts itself in Socialism, ugly as it is, is little worse than the actual materialism which Matthew Arnold scourged as the curse of his time, "Hence to urge such arguments against a Socialist or against the greater number of people outside the Catholic Church is rather futile since they can never look at these points from a Catholic, or in many cases, a Christian viewpoint. Let us therefore attack this proposed remedy for our desperate economic and social evils from an economic viewpoint, since here at least every Socialist is in accord."

On its face it would seem that this scheme of economic collectivism gives great promise as a remedy for the crying evils in our present day economico-social order, evils which have grown up under our existing system of individualism and for which we have agreed with Pope Leo XIII, in view of plain facts, that something must be done. Economists have discussed at great length numerous arguments upon which the Collectivists have based their position, but these may all be summarized into three principal ones, as Prof. Charles Devas, the noted Catholic economist of Great Britain, has pointed out. The first is that known as the argument from justice. It maintains that it is just and fair for all men to start alike; and that if a man is to be poor and fill a low station it is to be his own fault and own doing, not due to mere accident that he was born of

poor parents, while another is in high station from no personal merit but from mere accident that he was born of rich parents. The second argument may be called the argument from economy and emphasizes the enormous saving to be brought about by Collectivism, with its joint and orderly system of production. It claims it would be able to eliminate the incalculable waste which is brought about by competition, such as the fortunes spent on advertising, traveling salesmen, etc., factors in every competitive business that are really not economic since they are not strictly productive agents. Then there are wastes from over-production of undesirable articles, waste in delivery of goods in the competitive system, and many others too numerous to mention. Collectivism claims to be able to end all this and holds itself up as the logical conclusion, as present large scale business clearly demonstrates. Not necessarily standing for national collectivity, this centralized unit need not be larger than the state or local government. Hence it would avoid the objection grounded in economic truth, that beyond a certain definite point, profit from growing large scale production ceases to rise *pari passu* with the extent of the plant. From this argument the Collectivists hold out the glittering prospect of a vast fund going to the general public through avoidance of waste, which is estimated to be about 25% of all production.

The third argument may be termed the argument from necessity. It is supported by concrete facts, the evils I have already pointed out—starvation, unsanitary living conditions, overwork with underpay, unemployment, vicious environment which results from poverty, with consequent disruption of the moral and physical well being of the masses who now suffer under the regime of individualism. Such conditions are really intolerable, hence the powerful appeal of the Collectivists who claim their doctrine to be the only possible way out of all such evil. On their face these three arguments are really powerful. It seems to me that such arguments as these which the Collectivists are launching forth really bring more neophytes to Socialism than any doctrine of free love, materialism, loose marriage views, or any other arguments from doctrines for which Socialism seems to have an affinity.

III

Before taking up a refutation of these three main arguments of this economic phase of Socialism we may pause for a moment to ask the Collectivists how their system will be established. Behind is the bleak desert of Individualism and Capitalism; in front lies the fruitful and equitable garden of Collective Ownership. H. G. Wells in his delightful way tells of it as exchanging "New Worlds for Old," but offers no practical method by which the transition is to be brought about. Morris Hilquitt, differing from many others,

admits the enormous difficulty involved in the passage from the old state to the new. Spargo confesses that "omniscience would be necessary," and complains of Marx's Utopian habit on this point. Schäffle suggests that the Socialists "might begin by taking only those branches of industry which are already carried on on a large scale and consolidating them into uniform productive public bodies under State regulation and inspection." Others claim the transition is inevitable and must come naturally, sooner or later, in the process of economic evolution. The government can help the evolution by smoothing the way. Ernest Untermann, the editor of the new American edition of Marx's *Das Kapital*, and most pretentious of the exponents of Marxian Socialism in America, recognizes the requirement of saying something about the manner of transformation from Individualism to Collectivism; this is his explanation:

"The antagonism between exploiters and exploited becomes more and more intense. It is transferred from the economic to the political field. Organized by the requirements of capitalist production itself, the proletariat adapts its economic organizations to the form of modern centralized industries, transforms its craft unions into industrial unions, writes its economic and political organizations in a well-planned division of labor, conquers the political power, and enables its economic organizations to take hold of the great sources of production and distribution in the interest of the working class, which remains the sole essential in society.

"As soon as the working class controls the nation, economically and politically, it inaugurates a system of collective production, in which the producers control their means of life, determine their own share in the cooperatively produced articles, and remove all obstacles to a full human development. Capitalism leaves the field to Socialism."

Some few Socialists, Hilquitt included, incline towards compensation, but many boldly advocate, especially to the workingmen, open confiscation. Compensation would be futile in that it would still leave a large monied class. Here at the very outset the Collectivists encounter a practical difficulty,—the difficulty of transition,—and from it they come much the worse for the wear. Not a single Socialist has ever explained this question with any degree of satisfaction. Utopian ideas on such a practical point can have no weight.

Now, assuming for a moment, that the Collectivist has established his state, a thing which he could not do, let us examine his arguments from justice, economy, and necessity.

The Collectivists who argue from justice ask why all men should not start on an equal plane. This is an old cry which has been taken up as the essential doctrine of many movements. It was the watchword of the French Revolution with its horrible and unequaled regime of crime and bloodshed. It has been exploded to atoms as

many times as it has been advanced. Science, in all its branches, demonstrates its absolute falsity, for everywhere in nature we see inequality, both mental and physical; we behold struggle, survival of the fittest as a common phenomenon. Especially in man are these inequalities most marked—inequalities of health, physical capacities, moral and intellectual qualities, temper, wits and memory. As long as these remain unequal in individuals, there will be inevitable inequality in fortunes. This, some Socialists do not seem to realize, in their attempt to give equal fortunes to all men at the start. To prevent inequality from arising they would be compelled to change human nature itself, which would be a rather large undertaking. Christianity, it is true, preaches, and has preached for nineteen centuries, equality, but not Collectivist equality. There is one God for all, one redemption, the same sacraments for master and servant; essential dignity and rights for all, but absolute equality, never. Rather it teaches that all inequalities of rights and authority are from God, that all obedience should have responsibility as its counterpart. The diversity of fortune is Providential and must not be rebelled against any more than we would think of rebelling because a neighbor has an ear for music, which we have not. By ever upholding the integrity of the family life, Christianity has sanctioned inequality, since it is on this basis that the family is built, and to remove this basis would be to destroy the presently constructed family. As to difference in fortune, it must exist. "For those who possess not the gifts of fortune, they are taught by the Church that in God's sight poverty is no disgrace," says Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical on labor, "and there is nothing to be ashamed of in seeking one's bread by labor. This is enforced by what we see in Christ himself, who, 'whereas He was rich, for our sakes became poor'."

As to the equity of holding private property, the Christian doctrine, best stated in the words of St. Thomas Aquinas, is a powerful argument against the equity of Collectivism: "In regard to an external thing man has two powers; one is the power of managing and controlling the thing; and as to this it is lawful for man to possess private property. It is, moreover, necessary for human life for three reasons. First, because everyone is more zealous in looking after a thing that belongs to him than a thing that is the common property of all or of many; because each person, trying to escape labor, leaves to another what is everybody's business, as it happens where there are many servants. Secondly, because there is more order in the management of men's affairs if each has his own work of looking after definite things; whereas there would be confusion if everyone managed everything indiscriminately. Thirdly, because in this way the relations of men are kept more peaceful, since everyone is satisfied with his own possession, whence we see quarrels are commoner between those who jointly own a thing as a whole. The other power which man has over external things is the using of them, and as to this man

must not hold external things as his own property, but everyone's; so as to make no difficulty, I mean, in sharing when others are in need." It is further to be doubted whether the Collectivists themselves, if put to a test, would be willing to share their ten dollars a week in England with the same salary a year, which is the income of the low classes in India. If man has the right to control property, the state cannot give him that right nor take it away. It can merely protect it.

IV.

The second argument from economy—maintaining that Collectivism would avoid the waste of our present individualistic system and consequently necessary competition—is full of economic heresy. In opposing this contention of the Collectivists we are not opposing all collective ownership; but public ownership in moderation, such as general possession of the post, telegraph, supply of water, gas, electricity, the railways and the electric tractions, which seem in most cases to be best in public hands, is not, in any sense of the word, the omnivorous Collectivism that would swallow up practically all kinds of capital. Devas puts it sensibly when he says, "You might as well say that to use butter as part of our diet is a step towards eating nothing else. Collective ownership as an ingredient of the social diet is wholesome, but as the exclusive diet is fatal."

Father Cathrein, in his excellent work on "Socialism, Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application," discusses at length some fatal difficulties in the way of this all-absorbing Collectivism. The first great difficulty is that of economic organization. Either all the property in United States would be worked from one center as one business, keeping work and wages uniform, or else it would be operated from small local communities, the county, town, or city. The first, the Collectivists would discard themselves as impossible since this plan would break down instantly from mere size. The second, although within manageable proportions, would have other difficulties. Gradually the various localities would develop inequalities of wealth, if not through difference of character of the different communities of people, then inevitably through different natural and economic environments. Nor could it be allowed that labor flow where it would be best paid, since there must be some fixity in the number of people to provide for in each community. If this were not allowed, and it could not be, there would be a condition of serfdom arising.

The second difficulty in the way of the argument from economy is that of difficulty of supply. There could be no catering to individual tastes since the providers, without the spur of competition, would be only eager to get through with their work. A sort of barrack room system must inevitably result.

Then there would be the difficulty of employment. We would have little or no freedom of choice. All would have to take turns at working at different occupations, in strict justice, and this would be a most unwise waste of human energy, a disruption of the division of labor, and increase of annoyances far exceeding all losses in our present system. Coupled with this is the difficulty of wages. All must receive alike,—payment according to need,—or there must be discrimination according to sacrifice or efficiency. Obviously the first, which would class the skilled and unskilled together, is against the nature of things. Under the second alternative the government, with no standard to go by or outside wages with which to make comparison, must resort to arbitrary decisions handed down by government officials. This would be a resort to a poorer method than the natural one of discounted marginal productivity now in vogue and would be retrogressive, not progressive.

Finally Cathrein points out the difficulty of motives. If all men were naturally virtuous and all desired to work, a Collectivist state would be somewhat acceptable. But as a matter of fact without the stimulus of reward, of fear of discharge (which would have no value in a Collectivist State, since all are guaranteed a living), of ambition, especially when ennobled by regard for parents, invalid brothers, wives and children, with the future taken out of the individual hand, it is not hard to imagine the positive paralysis and slackness that would result in the economic life.

Again there would be another difficulty growing out of the last. This would be the difficulty of developing capital, which is not only accumulated by surplus savings, but largely through invention of new machinery of production. With a particular financial stimulus gone, the bulk of invention must go with it.

Another problem is that of selection of the various men for their position in the Collectivist State. Even assuming we had secured competent judges, a very great assumption, competition is absolutely necessary to develop latent qualities of genius and talent. Thus these would be deadened in such a state. Imagine, also, the rampant dissatisfaction at the lists of appointment sent out by the judges. It would seem impossible to dispose of the present natural selection of our present Individualism. For these vital objections and scores of other economic heresies which time will not permit even to enumerate, we must reject the Collectivist argument from economy.

V.

But there still remains the great prop of Collectivism, the argument from necessity. We agree with the Collectivist that our present desperate socio-economic order is in need of immediate betterment. We must be freed from the evils of the time at almost any cost. They say society is sick and Collectivism is its only remedy;

but we, in rejecting Collectivism by breaking down the argument from justice and economy, must then take the only alternative, our present Individualism. In defending this, of course a mere negation of Collectivism would be of no avail. We shall maintain in this concluding part that the present system is fundamentally sound and that what is necessary is a vigorous and effective system of Social Reform. This alternative to Collectivism involves no injury to the Church, no injury to the state or family, and is free from the obstacles which beset the path of universal collective ownership. The road we will take will, then, be neither extreme individualism nor Collectivism but that of Christian Social Reform, or modified Individualism. It will be along the lines pointed out by that great advocate of social reform in Germany, Bishop Ketteler. If we show the needlessness of Collectivism on account of the strength, actual, latent and potential of the existing socio-economic order, then we have shown the hopelessness of Socialism. Society in its evolution is purposeful, or to say it differently, is governed by self-conscious social action. Professor Ely well says, "We are shaping society in order to accomplish ends which we have in view, and we do not change fundamental institutions which are even tolerably satisfactory."

Perhaps the most important line of true social reform, and one which really includes many others, is that on which Leo XIII laid so much stress,—namely diffused ownership. The government should do all in its power to encourage small savings among the working class and thus develop the nucleus for a large number of small landowners. This will certainly bring about a more equitable distribution and will stimulate men to work much harder when they work on that which belongs to them, as the venerable pontiff pointed out. This land should be greatly eased of local or state tax, as is the case in Belgium with such pleasing results. It would further solve the problem of exodus from country villages and would lessen the physical degeneration which results from over-crowding in large cities. Professor Richard T. Ely, of Wisconsin University, in his "Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society," has pointed out a number of forces which operate to diffuse wealth; and work along these lines will be powerful in promoting a general program of social reform. Among these forces mentioned, education takes first rank. The spread of technical education, especially, should be encouraged. We have done much along the lines of general education and in the free library movement. We are now ready for special education, since we are living in an age which is becoming more and more specialized as to occupations. Further, education requires large expenditure which must be taken out of the current income of society and it is, also, favorable to talent wherever found. Thus it works in a double manner for wealth diffusion.

The second force is control of public corporations, especially

railroad corporations. These are largely responsible for wealth concentration. We have only just begun this work, and to be effective it must be carried much farther.

A third item is change in taxation methods. Our present method, as Professor Ely points out, has been, on the whole, favorable to a few rather than to the many. This reform program should seek to extend the inheritance and income tax and should lessen the burden of small property owners. The aim should be toward public appropriation of the unearned increment, especially that arising on urban sites.

We should also extend the public ownership of public utilities. Private ownership of these utilities has been a great agent toward wealth concentration. Public ownership will, then, operate for its diffusion. This has been clearly demonstrated in every country where there has been serious reform in this respect. Professor Taussig of Harvard recognized the importance of this needed reform when he said, "It is not too much to say that the future of democracy will depend on its success in dealing with problems of public ownership and regulation. To allow the great monopoly industries to remain without control in private hands is to allow an *imperium in imperio*,—nothing less then a plutocracy."

Another very important reform for wealth diffusion is profit-sharing and cooperation. While at the present time they are confined to narrow limits they should be encouraged and extended where practicable. Several notable successes in this field should prove a considerable stimulus.

Dr. Stang, the Catholic Bishop of Fall River, in his work on "Socialism and Christianity," strongly advocates the spread of labor organizations as another important social reform. These enable the laborer to have an authoritative voice in bargaining for wages and will bring about a more equitable distribution of the articles of production. Christian labor unions in Germany and Belgium are today most powerful agents in combating the inroads of Socialism. The very able report of the Industrial Commission brings out clearly that labor organizations are already making for diffusion of wealth and hence their encouragement is in keeping with the movement for diffusion. It is well that the labor unions of American are strongly anti-Socialistic in their tendencies, as the words of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, testify: "I want to tell you Socialists, that . . . . economically, you are unsound; socially, you are wrong; industrially, you are an impossibility."

Lastly, we may mention the establishment of credit and saving institutions and industrial insurance as a most necessary social reform. It is not within the scope of this paper to go fully into the details of this method of reform. These have all been demonstrated as remarkable successes. Their adoption makes for wealth diffusion and helps to remove the contingencies in life, which are the great

evil for the economically weak and upward-struggling masses. Building societies may also be mentioned. The industrial insurance should include old age pensions and sickness and accident insurance, and arrange for unemployment. Work along all of these suggested lines will prove powerful agents in remedying the crying evils of our present order and must be undertaken with a determination that has heretofore not been in evidence in America.

In conclusion, let us take to heart the warning of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, who was ever mindful of the suffering children under his spiritual care:

"We approach the subject (of reform) with confidence, and in the exercise of the rights which manifestly appertain to us, for no practical solution of this question will be found apart from the intervention of religion and of the Church."

Recognizing the truth of these words the English social reformer, Devas, says, "There is a corrosive poison that eats away the value of all these social reforms. This poison is irreligion, whether instilled by godless schools, or godless homes, or godless professors. Thus the very Germany that among the great countries of the world leads the vanguard of social reform, is herself afflicted with the gravest social discontent; and America, with all her wonderful resources, is beginning at last to recognize, let up hope before it is too late, that for modern nations even temporal welfare is bound up inseparably with Christian schools and Christian homes." If we plant a strong moral character in the breast of the individual we will have laid the foundation for a strong moral society. With a brave heart, then, let us look to the future and hope for the best. Let us work for the betterment of our present socio-economic life through a system of social reform, not through the general destruction of rights of private property.

"He came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree;
He kept his meaning to Himself
But gave the rose to me.
I did not pray Him to lay bare
The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own face to see."

—*Hodgson's "The Mystery."*

THE BOOK OF NATURE, Essay.

FULTON J. SHEEN, '17.

"The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand."

Examine every part of the material universe, and find, if you can, a single department of it, from the mineral to the animal kingdom, which is not under the reign of law and order. From the stately march of the bright celestial bodies to the infusoria in their narrow homes, in which every want of their ephmeral life is provided; in every corner of the universe, in every form of matter, animate or inanimate, law and order publish the work of an Almighty hand. Not only the spiral of the vast nebula which covers half the heavens, but even the curve of a tiny leaf that shelters the insect are reflections caught from this Intelligent Eternal Mind. Just as a piece of chiseled marble bespeaks the sculptor, nature by a thousand voices of its marvels, cries out to us, *Ipse fecit me;* for

"Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As by the sea reflected is the sun."

The great luminary, the sun, which was called out of nothingness to preside over the day and hung in the immensity of space according to the law of gravitation, and assigned a definite course wherein Phoebus might drive his cart round "Neptune's salt wash and Tellus orbed ground," is the very personification of Harmony and Order. Not once during the eons of ages has this luminary varied a fraction from its course. The comets also, apparently stray visitors that come from the stellar region to pay their homage to the great monarch of the solar system, are under the same inexorable law and order. Countless is the number of stars; their paths are intricate and varied; many of them have three-fold and some even four-fold motion. Yet they follow their orbits and paths along courses, spiral, eliptic and hyperbolical, with the utmost precision and regularity. What a wondrous and harmonious movement is observable in the myriads of worlds, each one contributing its share to the grandeur, unity and harmony of the whole! There is no

haphazard collision. Each and every planet follows its paths at its prescribed rate of speed, never varying even a fraction of a second. All is beauty and symmetry.

"In reason's ear those orbs rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice.
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

The planets then are the time-piece of all nations. The immense clock always gives correct reckoning. It never runs down. It never requires the services of a jeweler to adjust its intricate jewels. Its dial is the sun, and its myriad hands indicating time are the earth, moon, stars and planets. Laplace has given us indisputable proof that the period of the earth's axial rotation has not changed the one-hundredth part of a second of time in two thousand years. Man cannot make a clock that will tell the hours for a single day with the exactness that this vast globe has done for all recorded time.

Since no one will deny intelligence to the crudest sundial wrought by the hand of man, then why should an intelligence of infinitely greater genius be denied to the maker of the world clock?

Was not an intelligent being necessary to design this intricately jeweled time-piece? How absurd it would be to suppose that "there can be a clock without a clockmaker (Voltaire), or that a chronometer can keep the exact time without an intelligent artisan to regulate the movements of its mechanism." Unless man is to deny analogous reasoning altogether, and stultify himself, he cannot deny the existence of God presiding over nature and its operations.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous
God hath written in the stars above,
But no less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of His love."

I can imagine a St. Francis looking at a virgin lily and saying: "Who made you, little one, and who made you so lovely and so frail?" What mind conceived the lines of wondrous beauty in thy graceful calix? What master hand blended thy exquisite colors which defy even the brush of a Raphael? Does blind nature know enough of beauty's ethereal essence to weave and paint by her unguided forces only such unparalleled loveliness? What place has the unconscious chemistry of Nature here? Must we not here again admit that the lily is a shadow of God—and Oh, how bright and beautiful must be the face which casts such a shadow!

No less wondrous is the beauty and symmetry and even excellent adaptation of means to an end to be found in animals. Every time the humble bee builds a hive he solves the problem of the maxima and minima—a problem mathematicians have wrestled with for centuries,

yet no one has ever approached its solution so closely as the bee. Hardly are all the parts of the young bee dried, hardly are its wings in a state to be moved, when it knows all it will have to do during the rest of its life. Let us not be astonished that it is so soon well instructed; it has been so by Him who formed it. Ascending higher in the animal kingdom we find man the embodiment of the masterpiece of mechanics and architecture. Among all the machines and inventions of man there is not to be discovered one single device that is not found in the human body. The arch, the lever, the inclined plane, the pump, the grist mill, the camera, the stringed instrument, hinges, pulleys, ball and socket joints—all these and a score of other man-made inventions are merely crude copies of the wonderful devices found in man's body. Yet we posit intelligence as a cause of these things. Why not admit an intelligent designer of man? While we admit purpose in the wigwam of the Indian, there isn't a man on earth who stumbled on the rudest hut that would conclude it was built by an intelligent agent for protection against the elements. But when this same purpose is found in the palaces of kings, will any one deny that it was designed by a much greater intelligence? But a palace or a Gothic cathedral are poor and wretched things compared to the human body. If one supposes purpose or finality in the hut, wigwam, palace or Gothic cathedral will he be so rash as to deny it in the latter case? Is there not also a need of a wondrous architect to design the materials of the human body?

How grand, moreover, is the human intellect, in virtue of which we are likened to the prototype. Could the blind, unguided forces of nature mould an intellect capable of the achievements enumerated by Abbe Causette! "See man proudly marching along in the midst of the treasuries of the mind contained in the libraries and museums of Rome, Paris, Munich, London, or in the midst of the marvels of a Universal Exposition, all of them the products of his skill and intellect. Hear Him: "I am the author of the Iliad and the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas; I am called Plato, Augustin, Bossuet; I composed the music of Rossini and of Gluck; I have caused the old world and the new to thrill at the accents of Pindar, Euripides, Racine, Corneille; I built the Parthenon, and launched into the air the cupola of the Vatican; I weighed the stars in the balance; I have analyzed their elements and have followed the course of the sums in the depths of space; I have discovered unknown continents and sailed as master on all the seas; I have brought into the light of day and studied a world of animalcules; and I have succeeded by the achievements of medical and surgical science in prolonging the average life-time of my fellowmen; bending the forces of nature to my will, I have harnessed steam to my chariot, and spoken to my fellowmen from one end of the world to the other with the speed of the electric current; I have made the civilization of Babylon, of Athens, of Rome and of Christian Europe." Chance or blind forces could not have created this great

intellect and power, for chance could not create the smallest atom.

Here again we must posit an intelligent cause of this wondrous piece of work, so "noble in reason" and "infinite in faculties." Yet as great as man's intellect is, it is amenable to a still higher Intellect—God Almighty.

Every particle of matter, animate or inanimate, then has stamped upon it the Intelligence of an Almighty, all Powerful God. The deeper we study the secrets of nature, the deeper shall be our reverence for this Intelligence by whose unfailing design all laws and all elements are moved. Wherever we find order we find intelligence as its cause; but we find multiplied examples of finality and order in nature. Therefore Intelligence is the cause. Now this order, whose existence we have just established, is in the very nature and essence of things and consequently, absolutely inalienable from the things themselves. Thus conformity to design is the essential mark of an organism, and as He, who determined the form, determined also the essence,—for we are speaking of essential forms,—then this same being must not be merely an Architect but the Creator of the World. If this regulating intelligence is not divine, whence and from what has it received its origin? To avoid following into an infinite series one must admit that this ordinating intelligence springs from a first and Sovereign Intelligence which is the Necessary Being—God. And with the poet we sing:

> "*Thou art, O God, the life and light*
> *Of all this wondrous world we see;*
> *Its glow by day, its smile by night,*
> *Are but reflections caught from Thee.*"

"Hope which comes to all, outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous fingers beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!"

> "God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world."

THE SPIRIT OF THE ICE.

CHARLES HART, '17.

It was while visiting in Alaska some years ago in the interests of a client that I first came upon Jean Dautoil, familiarly known throughout a goodly area of the Klondike as "The Frog."

Jean was a tall, very thin, and very angular French-American who had been born and reared in a small village near New Orleans, in the States. He had migrated along with the other thousands in the days of the great rush to the frozen north, drawn by the lure of gold. Like many of these same thousands, Jean was sorely disappointed and found sickness, exposure, and famine in place of the fortune he had expected when his "strike" would be forthcoming. Indeed he was one of the not very large number who had even lived through those awful first days when the turmoil was at its height. The vilest of all passions which held the sordid mob tightly in its grip stifled any feeling of humanity the lucre-mad souls might know.

Around the mining camp of the Whitfield, far in the interior; there was no exception to the general rule of lawlessness, debauchery and crime that ever shows itself in such communities. The law of the jungle reigned supreme here as in a hundred other centers of that great graveyard of dead hopes men are wont to call the Klondike.

Jean was a young man in those days, he told me—young and full of the buoyant life that is youth's priceless possession. But that was almost thirty years ago. Now he was on the shady side of fifty, a life almost spent,—old age coming on, and only a cook in a mining camp. He was one of the many dismal failures. How he had survived the struggle, the passions of men and the worse, if possible, relentless warfare the terrible climate had waged against his weak constitution, does not admit of an answer. He was only another of those inexplicable anomalies one meets with everywhere in life,—outstanding instances seemingly at variance with every rule that men believe most rigid.

During my stay in the vicinity of the camp I became much interested in Jean and prided myself in my ability to draw him out—something few people were ever able to do if one is to believe the reports of him which his fellowmen readily gave. Notwithstanding all these I found his very sullenness attractive. He was so different from the common run of Northerners who were generally only skin-deep in character, mere gold-hunters, greedy in their success, brutes in their failure.

"Pretty dull, this frying bacon, making bread, and cooking coffee

in endless round, without variation, and all for a pack of snarling hungry wolves," I ventured one day when the ice had been broken.

"Rather," was the laconic reply. But then in a burst of unaccustomed emotion he faced about, "Oh, yes, it's hellishly dull. I don't know how I stand it; but I guess the spell of the North is in my blood. I've often wanted to go back home, to the States, to my own home, but I can't. I can't leave. These mountains, the snow, and ice, the long nights and skits of day have got me tight. And they won't let me go."

After this outburst he went into his shell again and attempts at conversation were useless—all the talk on my side with morose grunts from Jean to interpolate my sentences. I gave it up as an exceedingly bad job—chagrined indeed at this worst of failures when I thought I had captured him.

It was not more than two days after this defeat that I was given another jolt. I was busily engaged in letter-writing when Jean rushed in upon me without notice and threw a legal-looking envelope on my table. He was trembling with emotion, a tense, determined look in his face instead of the usual dull hopelessness.

"Read," was the only word that came from his thin lips.

I read—an announcement from a law firm in New Orleans that a long search had ended in the discovery of Jean's whereabouts. He was to come back to his native village to receive a comfortable sum from the estate of his father, just deceased.

"I'm goin' this time, by God, I'm goin'. I'm goin' to leave this dog's life behind and hit the States where I was born."

"Jean, old fellow, I'm glad," I said, "You've been down long enough, and kicked and beaten. It's time you got a rest. Good luck and happiness. You've made a 'strike' at last."

There was just the trace of a tear in his eyes as he gathered his few belongings together next day and departed without much ado. With a small amount I loaned him, added to what was coming to him from the camp, he could get to Louisiana. As he stood at the shed which served as a depot, awaiting the train that was to take him far off to the Southland, he gazed with a hungering look at the mountains, with the river winding at their feet.

Snow and ice covered everything. It was chilly and uninviting. The sun wore a leaden hue, as always, here near the earth's end. The sky was white and pregnant with another snowstorm. What a place to live! And yet I could see from the rapid heaving of his breast that for this piece of humanity's riff-raff the parting from the place of thirty years' habitation was no easy matter. But he did not say a word. With a tight, nervous grasp of the hand he bade me good-by and boarded the train which had drawn up at the station. The last I saw of him (as I thought) was a long, gaunt, hungry-looking figure with eyes fastened on the hills; drinking in, as it were, the Spirit of the North, with a never-quenching thirst.

In my supposition that I should never see the "Frog" again, it happened, rather oddly, that I was quite mistaken. It came about in this wise. I have an inveterate habit of taking short mid-winter vacations and about a year after the events which I have already narrated, I decided upon a trip to the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. To this center of amusement I proceeded as swiftly as the lightning Seminole limited would carry me. All went "rushingly" until we were within a half hour of the festival city. Then the porter went through and announced some sort of defect in the engine which would delay us for at least an hour. I quickly grasped the opportunity for a little walk through the quaint little Southern village where we happened to be stranded. It was a straggling, lazy town of a few streets in the midst of great fields of cotton that stretched away from its limits in flat, level distances as far as the eye could reach.

I was proceeding leisurely to the south when I noticed ahead of me a very familiar form. I could not be mistaken. Hastening up I came upon no other than the "Frog."

"Jean," I cried, "this is a great pleasure."

His eyes lighted up and I could tell he was not less glad to see me. My, but he had changed! He was thinner and more gaunt than when I saw him last, if that could be possible.

"Down at the end of the street, I live with my widowed sister, who is keeping house for me. Do come over," he begged.

I had nothing to do but consent and I was soon making the acquaintance of a stout, elderly lady of very good-natured appearance. Everything about the house, inside and out, was neat and inviting,—so home-like and comfortable.

"My! Jean, you must be happy at last with such a fine place to live."

He did not answer, nor did his sister say a word. There was something wrong, but I felt that I must not inquire. I explained my presence in their village and we had a pleasant chat together. The sister was indeed a light-hearted, happy woman with a merry laugh that almost succeeded in bringing a smile to the sad countenance of Jean himself. Our visit ended with my solemn promise to run out from New Orleans for a stay of at least one afternoon and evening.

Accordingly after I had been in the city a week and had fully enjoyed all the carnival, when the queen was ceremoniously crowned I betook me to the home of my friends quite unprepared for the announcement that was to greet me. The sister was sitting on the porch, eyes swollen with tears.

"He's gone," she sobbed. "Jean—left last night without a single good-bye. Gone and left me alone and only this scrap of paper to tell anything about his going."

She handed me the note that had every appearance of much reading and upon which many a tear must have been spilt. I could just barely decipher the cramped, scrawled hand:

"Dear Sister:—I leave you all that is mine here. I'm going away, up North to end my days. I can't stand it here, this heat and the cotton-fields and all the rest. I got to get back to the North, to the snow and ice and the hungry pack. The days never end here and they put no grip in your blood. I'd die if I didn't go, and the longing has 'most killed me already.

Your Brother."

I left her sobbing as though her heart would break. I could give no comfort, for the hand of fate had done its work.

"I that on my familiar hill,
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings, his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss
Help me to die, O Lord."

—*Melbourne, from "Before Action."*

ANALYZING THE BEAUTIFUL.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, '17.

The word beauty suggests at first glance something abstract and philosophical; it seems to carry us beyond the range of tangibility and transcend all things material. Yet in order to discern and appreciate the beautiful, where can one go but to something material and tangible? In this instance, poetry is the thing in which the beautiful is found in all its exquisite fineness. The poems are few in which there is not found beauty of some sort. Even in the ugliest lines written in English, some critics will maintain there exists beauty. Due to the inclusiveness of the term, they will contend that this line from Caliban:

"Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,"

has beauty. The form cannot but provoke a repulsive thought, yet there is to be seen greatness of power in the poet's imagination, from which a certain pleasure is derived. Beauty is an essential element then in all good poetry.

When the artist tries to realize his conception on canvas he rejects everything ugly and paints only that which is beautiful. He will, with the power of his imagination, produce the beautiful as more beautiful still. So it is then with the poet, who by his brushes of imagination and fancy can paint a more beautiful picture in words. He can carry his reader into realms which the painter or sculptor cannot reach; into a field which seems celestial. Shelley for instance, wrote of the "Unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

Keats intimates the immortality of the human soul with an exquisite beauty almost inconceivable and ends his "Ode to a Nightingale" with these words:

"Charmed magic casements opening on
The foam of perilous seas,
In faery lands forlorn,"

thought by many to be the finest bit of imaginative work in English poetry.

Not only does the poet employ beauty as his subject matter and reveal it more than actually perceived but he also uses beauty to affect his style and form. He will hesitate awhile in his writing to adjust and rearrange his words and sentences so as to produce a beautiful effect. A stiff prose sentence may express the thought even more concisely, but it is the poet's delight to linger for a moment and to rewrite it in his poetic form. He has at his disposal accent,

rhythm, quantity and one quality to achieve his style and to create his beauty. With these external elements, he can realize the beautiful in his piece, be it an exquisite little lyric like the "Hymn to Dianeme," or be it a tremendous poetic achievement such as Milton's "Paradise Lost." The poet can picture in delicate fashion the bursting flower of springtime with his honeyed tongue and he can likewise follow in verse the course of a man's life, divulging all the secret passions of his soul. Hamlet, with his highly sensitive nature, struggles through life under the shadow of an unnatural circumstance, and all this is vividly and beautifully portrayed through the channel of poetry.

Taking the element of the beautiful as applied to all those things conceded to be beautiful, it is just to conclude that it always awakens a noble emotion in the reader. This emotion is not however understood in the philosophic sense, as an intrinsic attribute of beauty, but as co-extensive with it; that is, we find it wherever we find beauty. It is ever calculated to awaken a noble emotion.

We certainly cannot admit that the beautiful gratifies only the senses and nothing more. The painter, for instance, may spread his canvas and daub it with many colors, but no matter how delicate each shade may be, unless they are all in harmony we cannot call the result beauty. The pianist may strike a chord on the piano which is pleasing to the ear but which might not be called beautiful. Undoubtedly we often do apply the term beautiful to sounds and colors which merely gratify the ear and eye. But is not this at least inaccurate. If we consider how different is the effect produced upon us by a painting of the Madonna from the mere sense gratification produced by a particular shade or combination of colors, we can discover the truly beautiful. If we attempt to appreciate the difference between a Beethoven symphony and the meagre pleasure given by a few chords of music, we will see that they belong in different categories. The former is truly beautiful while the latter is not, in the strict sense of the term, beautiful.

As mere sense enjoyment does not constitute the beautiful, neither do proportion and order manifest it. A geometric figure may contain all these; a piece of music, too, may have these characteristics and yet leave one unimpressed. It is not merely the symmetry of the human face or form which realizes beauty even though it contribute partly to the completed whole. But what is it then that makes a thing beautiful? We must apprehend with these something else in the object. First it is the idea conveyed; our minds are concerned in the process as well as our senses. In a beautiful painting some great idea is always evoked in the painter's mind. In the painting of the Holy Family peace and contentment is suggested perfectly.

A painting of a golden sunset may lead the reader to contemplate the unfathomable depths of eternity. In a poetic piece such as

Gray's "Elegy," the reader feels the quiet and peace which rest "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." These ideas may not be entertained immediately however by all who look on such scenes, but through the poet's idealization the reader is able to receive and appreciate them. And the fact that we require such idealization from the poet only proves that the idea must come to us, as well as the form, shape, and proportion.

One might say that there are ideas, however, which may be evoked, but which are not by any means poetic or beautiful. A sunset might suggest nothing more to some than a clear day on the morrow. There must, then, be an esthetic emotion awakened in the breast in order that we can term the cause of it beautiful. This sort of emotion is as difficult to define as the original conception of beauty. Our emotions are by no means clear and simple; they are rather complex and intricate. But when an emotion is awakened in us which is truly noble by the appreciation of a piece of work, we may call that work beautiful. When all the ugly aspects are removed from a poem and it is purged of all dross it then pleases the sense and stirs a feeling of beauty. A noble emotion will spurn all that is base and vicious; it will rise above any sort of selfishness; it will not confine itself to the purely sensuous and it will not waste time on that which is trivial and merely amusing. It springs from the heart and effuses from the soul, which after all, must be the seat of all true sentiment. Let one read Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Cry of the Children", and he is excited to pity. We cannot however call the social conditions described therein as beautiful as is the skylark's flight, but there is the emotion of pity excited by the pain, horror and suffering of these English mill children. The poetess has presented the shocking circumstances of her theme in an appeal to our sympathy. It is the office of the poet and painter to idealize for us. In ordinary life our noble emotions are often obstructed by baser influences, and he must not only picture the native thing but he must likewise separate the beautiful and the non-beautiful, emphasizing the good and suppressing the evil.

"The poor of Jesus Christ whom no man hears,
Have waited on your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears with blood. Our eyes bleed tears.
Come: smite our damned sophistries so strong
That Thy rude hammer battering this rude wrong,
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years.

—*Belloc.*

DON'T KNOCK

Now, what's the use of hammerin',
When a feller's down, and stammerin',
All the things he did, and didn't do, and don't;
Just take him by the hand and say,
"Cheer up" old pal, what's wrong to-day?
And meet him with a smile and pleasant front.

There's enough to do the "knocking"
And exclaim, O my, how "shocking,"
Did you hear that Mr. So-and-So fell through?
'Tis a friend of course who tells it,
And another friend who swells it,
It's a volume when the story reaches you.

Just take this "tip"; the rifle
Which aims at every trifle,
May kick, "mon cher ami," and shoot your way;
We all must taste earth's sorrow,
But for each there comes a morrow,
When the "under dog" will surely have his day.

P. O. R.

THE ORPHEAN ART.

J. ROBERT ELMSLIE, '19

"Orpheus could lead the savage race
And trees uprooted, left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre."

Music is simple, beautiful speech. It is the use of a power and an organism with which our Creator has endowed us, not for buying and selling, nor for the ordinary and necessary household speech, but for the higher speech of love, of sorrow, of joy and adoration. If it be fitting, that is, solemn and reverent,—if the sound and sense agree, then it is the most beautiful utterance of which we are capable, and has nowhere so appropriate a place as in the house and worship of Him who hath made everything beautiful in His season, and disdains not to paint with exquisite hues the flowers in the hedgerow and the spider on the wall.

Music is the natural language of the soul in its higher moods; either in the state of rhythm or poetry, or of melody and harmony. Joy sings, sorrow sings when it can, and its voice is a plaintive murmur—at least, when it is not a petulant whining, or a hardened defiance and rebellion. Now adoration and worship are the soul in its highest moods. There is no sorrow like the sorrow of a broken heart beseeching its God, and no joy like that of a man who joys in his Creator. In the history of the Universal Church it has unconciously shaped itself into poetry and song from the very beginning. The Psalms to which we fly in our various moods, as the means which will more fittingly than aught else give utterance to these moods were originally hymns, written to be sung,—many of them addressed to the choirmaster of the temple service. The hymnology of the Church, which is now become so voluminous, have had an organic growth and development from the mere rhythmical and often doggeral translation of the Hebrew psalms into modern speech, which culminates finally in those richly varied and beautiful poems which make our channels of praise today. And this has been an obedience, not merely the custom, blindly followed, nor to tradition slavishly obeyed, certainly not to any tendency on our part to copy the old Hebrew service; but, as I believe, to an inward necessitating impulse, which has created this hymnology as the earth and spring covers its floor with flowers. But what are these hymns? Are they merely praise, the utterance of the soul in its jubilant or thankful mood? No! They comprise every variety of utterance that can flow from the human soul, running, as they do, the whole gamut of feeling from the violent passions Timotheus' lyre aroused at Alexander's feast

to the ennobling prayers which Cecelia's organ poured forth, of which it has been said:

"Bright Cecelia raised the wonder higher
When to her organ vocal breath was given;
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven!"

The song that is either descriptive of love, joy, happiness, loss, trouble, sadness, beauty, terror or any other human feeling or human sensation; the song that is pure and simple is the one composition that is becoming prominent as a great feature of active musical life. No other musical form speaks to us as the song; it represents human life better, more simply, more truthfully and more impressively than any other musical composition, however grand or important. To sing a song, a speaking, earnest, throbbing, tender song well, is the acme of music, the artistic height of all musical expression. Says John Dryden.

"And heaven had wanted one immortal song;" for one immortal song would satisfy even heaven. As Milton asserts in his "Paradise Lost,"

"Song charms the sense."

Aye, and does it not? Go the round of the real songs composed by Mozart, by Haydn, by Handel, by Beethoven, by that prince of song-writers, Mendelssohn, by Schubert, by Schumann, by Stendale, Bennett and numberless fine song writers; will some of these songs not satisfy your most musical longings? Song writing, I fancy, has flagged for a time in this twentieth century, but it will come forth vigorously again, and many a composer, who will write an oratorio will be proud of that one song, which some great artist will sing as he wishes it to be sung.

"A song to drown your soul in,"

as one great writer says;

"A song to lose your love in,"

as another added;

"A song to bury your sorrow in,"

as another supplemented.

The song is a direct inspiration from heaven; it is a language of heaven, it is the true divine blessing sent down on us. No people live that have not songs, for where there are no songs, there is no national life. All national aspiration finds its highest expression in this form of music. At present we have many song composers, I mean songs that are composed for themselves, not in connection with any other musical work. The English speaking people are coming nobly forward in songs. Whole concerts can now be made up of songs.

People will listen to them intently and find in them a response to their own feeling. Songs are becoming valuable musical property, for there are always songs which find a public, which will always be listened to with delight and can never die. The study of the song should be encouraged among artists especially, for it will cultivate their tastes and keep them in that true artistic vein, that is the groundwork of all higher musical progress. To Madam Adelina Patti we are indebted for the following beautiful thought: "What a marvellous thing is music? And how little are we able to fathom its deep mysteries, and yet does it not live in the very heart of man. Does it not so imbue him with its grace and beauty that his mind is wholly engrossed by it; that another and purer life seems to raise him above the shallows and miseries here on earth." Yea, the very universe itself began with music if we may believe the poet whom Carlyle has proven to be also a seer:

"From Harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead,
Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obeys."

Thus also is the end foretold:

"So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the skies."

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some."
—*Dickens.*

A SHIRT STORY.

T. D. S., '17.

At 6:15 the front door of the Mason home flew open and in rushed Mr. and Mrs. Mason's only son. Tall and straight he was, with curly black hair, brown eyes and feet generous enough to be manly and yet welcome on the dance floor; dressed a-la-mode and responding to the name of Robert.

Bob breezed through the living room with his peppery, "Hi, Sis! Hello, Dad!"

She replied, "Hello, what's the rush?" while his father glanced up from his paper only to see his son's flying coat-tails as Bob bounded up the stairs to his room.

"He must have something big on this evening," remarked Helen Mason to her father.

"Wouldn't doubt that he has, judging from the excessive speed in going up those stairs," breathed John Mason as he adjusted the daily sheet, for a look at the financial news, even though he was only the president of a struggling soap factory. "It's about time that fellow would get the social bug out of his bonnet and attend more strictly to business."

"Oh, Dad, he's perfectly all right now," put in Helen; "he is just having a good time out of business hours; never does anything worse than dance and fuss the girls a bit."

At this juncture Mrs. Mason entered to announce that supper was ready. A kind and motherly-looking woman, with her fluffy white hair; glasses, dependent on her ears for their stability, and wearing a dainty white apron, all of which seemed to promise a well-filled table somewhere else in the house. She was the typical wife of six and twenty years.

"John! Helen! come now or the things will be cold," she said, "and where's Robert? I thought I heard him come in."

"Oh, he's probably arranging himself for some festival this evening; he passed through here a few moments ago," offered her husband as he uncrossed his legs and arose from the comfortable depth of his favorite chair.

"Helen, tell Robert to come down and let the dressing go, so that we may have supper now."

"Very well, mother," responded Helen as she sailed up stairs to get Bob and possibly pick up a little gossip about the social world outside, for she was not yet seventeen and had had only one beau whom her Dad had ousted, just because the paternal instinct of John Mason was too pronounced to like the young Romeo's looks,—and furthermore Helen was too young.

"Bob!" she called as she approached his room.

"Yes!" answered her big brother in a sort of half angry, and half disappointed tone."

"Supper is ready and mother wants you to come down immediately."

"I'll be down in a minute"—snapped Bob.

Helen's big eyes widened in wonderment at her brother's impatient answer. "Why, Bob, dear, what's the matter? you seem so surly." she ventured timidly, for every member of that household considered it almost a duty to respect and be subservient to the family Lares for his social standing.

"Well, come in here and you'll see." Helen entered eagerly, curious to know the trouble and anxious to do anything that would bring her brother back to a tranquil state of mind.

"Look at that," he said, using his forefinger to indicate the point in question. What Helen saw was a bundle of laundry with the paper folded back; laundry which has no place in a gentleman's dresser; lace things, tiny 'kerchiefs and the like. There they lay in all their dainty whiteness; but of no use to this representative member of the other sex.

"What the devil am I to do with a date in forty-five minutes and not a clean shirt or collar to my name. Some service that button-crushing establishment gives a fellow."

"Helen was anxious to laugh, but smothered a titter during Bob's denunciation of the shirt cleaners, for while he was embracing Saturn she knew it was best to take sides with him.

"Oh, Bob! that's a shame, but perhaps mother has a shirt done up for you somewhere that will do for this evening," consoled Helen.

"No, she hasn't," growled Bob; "I sent them all out yesterday. But, anyway, why do these boobs get things bawled up this way. They ought to be able to tell male and female laundry apart."

He disgustingly drew on his coat to go down first to the telephone and then to supper with the prospects of a home-evening ahead of him. At the telephone he rang her up.

"Hello, Marj! I am very disappointed but I can't go to the hop tonight, as there is some important work that I must get out."

"Oh! you couldn't go, either? Well, this is luck. What? your mother is sick? Well, that's too bad, Marj, but we'll make up for it later. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver and sauntered into the dining-room, where the other members of the family were smiling over the evening meal.

The joke was on Bob, and he knew it; so after a few excuses and complaints against the local laundry service, he sat down to make up for spent energy. The evening dragged along and he turned in at eleven, revolving in his mind the line of attack he would use the next morning when he took the package back.

At 8:30 the following morning he swung open the glass door of the Taylor Bros. Hand Laundry and dashed up to the desk ready to open the argument. Whom did he spy but Marj standing at the counter listening to an apologetic clerk. She had heard the noise at the door and turned around. Although sonewhat startled at the presence of Bob, she smiled, spoke and even blushed a bit at her own self-consciousness.

He doffed his hat to her and then for his lady's benefit proceeded to tell the clerk a thing or two. The man behind the counter looked first at Bob, then at his unwanted package and finally at the one Marj had put on the counter. He changed the two, with a courteous smile, giving each party the proper bundle and all this was done before Bob had finished his torrent of anger.

Marj was laughing, however, and Bob finally had to give way, too. At length he saw the right tag put on the right package and after ordering them sent again, he offered his arm and the victims of bad laundry service went out together.

"Did you get the work finished, Bob?" sweetly inquired his sweetheart.

"No, I didn't, because I was worrying about your mother's health. Marj, we surely missed a swell dance last night, but we'll make up for it partly, today noon. Meet me at the Mandarin and we'll have lunch."

"Sure thing, Bobby," returned Marj as they parted.

"Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find, now, to have been my golden rules."

—*Dickens.*

A POET'S EXALTED NOTION.

C. A. H., '17.

"To me I feel
That an internal brightness is vouchsafed
That must not die, that must not pass away."

"What we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how."

It is such lines as these, taken at random from Wordsworth's "The Recluse," and from his autobiographical poem "The Prelude," that express the very lofty poetic aspiration of this great nature poet, —aims that were the highest ever conceived by a great poetic genius. They are the simple expression of the ever conscious mission which Wordsworth believed was his life's work to fulfil. No lines were ever penned, perhaps, to express the great importance of one's special vocation as those which occur so frequently in the works of the author of the above.

Wordsworth, above all other things, wished to be considered as a great teacher of men. Everyone, he tells us, has his mission in life, a serious duty,

"Yet, 'tis not to enjoy that we exist
For that end only; something must be done."

His most clear calling is to teach men, to show them how their minds are a thousand times more beautiful than the earth on which they dwell. He and his fellow poets are the prophets who speak to the people "a lasting inspiration sanctified by reason, blest by faith," and like the great teacher-prophet of old when the age shall "fall back to old idolatry" and servitude, "to ignominy and shame," the poets through their knowledge will be "joint workers in the work of their deliverance." Truly this is an exalted notion of the greatness of one's life work. It reminds us of the enthusiasm of Matthew Arnold concerning the mission of poetry, when in a kind of poetic rhapsody he declared, "Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything. . . . . The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry." High as is this notion of poetry it is not so pure and holy as Wordsworth's, for Wordsworth never made poetry an end in itself but kept it a means whereby a man should be led to God. He did not use it for itself alone as did the agnostic Arnold.

Now the question which presented itself to Wordsworth's mind was how best to treat the poetic facts which were to lead men from

their old idolatry and shame. In his introductory remarks to a poem written at the time of the crisis of the French Revolution, "An Evening Walk," he tells us of some of his ideas in this regard. As early as fourteen years of age he was conscious of "the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by poets of any age or country" (so far as he was acquainted with them.) He tells us that the country described in this evening walk was an idealization of the beauty of just such natural appearances. Hence he was not of the realistic school but of the idealistic. With him truth could best be taught to men by transcending nature with its flaws and imperfections, and showing only idealized perfection.

Wordsworth tells us further how he attained his ideals in his "Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey." He did not write in the presence of the objects he describes, as we imagine Keats must have done in many of his highly sensuous descriptions, but in the recollection of them.

"These beauteous forms,
Through long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into purer mind,
With tranquil restoration."

By contemplation, by recollection, the objects became even more beautiful than in reality, and so to this degree will his purpose have fuller accomplishment. By such retrospection he finds:

"The breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul."

Thus does he "see into the life of things" and thus is he abundantly recompensed for the former actual pleasure, now no longer experienced in reality. In fact it is only through this recollection that he is able to hear "the still sad music of humanity." Here is the worshipper of nature, unwearied in that service, still in communion with God in nature even after the actual beauty has faded from his view:

"Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

This recollective beauty is always with him. It fills his mind and demands utterance. Of it he tells us that it

"waits upon my steps,
Pitches her tents before me as I move;
An hourly neighbor."

Of such a tranquil, beautiful, meditative mind we can believe the stanza which occurs in "Lines Written In Early Spring,"

"To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."

We come to believe with him that an "internal brightness" is indeed vouchsafed him, "that must not die, that must not pass away," which will truly instruct us, and, by leading us to the soul of Nature help us to come closer to God.

ESSAYS IN EMBRYO.

THE METROPOLITE.

The average American metropolite is a typical twentieth century product, a whimsical incarnation of the "step-lively" policy of this hour and day—and as completely disassociated from Fabian philosophy as *music* is from a musical comedy.

"Boil it down" is his "in hoc signo vinces." To his eyes the value and utility of all things are to be measured by their value and utility as time and labor saving appliances. The magazine with a bathing girl cover is his novel; the editorial which he swallows with his post-toasties at the restaurant while keeping one eye on his coat and hat, is his treatise. The ten word telegram, address included, is his business epistle. The "scare head" which he steals by a glance from the newsboy's stand is his paragraph. The "Literary Digest," with its masticated news in a minimum space, is his favorite periodical—and there's a reason"—it's "boiled down."

The tonsorial parlor with "U. R. Next" sign on the revolving barber pole is the one graced with his near-bald pate. The metropolite can't wait; that's old-fashioned; his grandfather did that. Seated in the chair with the bib to his neck, the barber applying a remedy for dandruff, the metropolite in order to save time, has the negro shine his shoes, the young lady with a polka-dot waist manicure his nails, and the porter call up his wife to tell her he'll be home in an hour. That evening the train that takes him to his suburban home, his new spring garden and his wife's new spring hat, is the limited—never the local. During the busy noon-hour the next day the metropolite patronizes the cafeteria, because there he can serve himself; and in perfect keeping with his character and what the Germans call Zeitgeist, he helps himself to boiled rice, condensed milk and bouillon cubes—there're all "boiled down." Even the very words he uses have the time-saving, and "pressed-while-you-wait" quality. In every case but one he uses sesquipedalian words, which go rattling off his tongue like express trains, each expressive of a long train of ideas. It is only when he realizes in the words of G. K. C. (in this twentieth century even I must use abbreviations) that "there is much more metaphysical subtility in the word 'damn' than in the word 'degeneration'," that he makes an exception.

Yes, necessarily the metropolite dies at an early age, yet he lives a long life. And isn't it strange that the explanation of this paradox is always to be found on his tombstone, on which is cut the words of Scripture: "In a few days he lived many years."

F. J. Sheen, '17.

CONSOMME CONSUMERS

They were underneath the trestle, these two. "Sticky" Rhodes and his side-wheeler, "Broken-arch" Marty, both knights of the thoroughfare and deadly enemies of the soap that floats, had encamped at the well-known Wall Street of the hoboes and were imagining the sweet nothings they would whisper into the ear of the brakeman who had so brazenly subtracted their presence from the bulk of a passing freight.

"Let's cut the sob stuff and get down to the grub. That can of soup wants a new covering and I'm going to ditch the tin covering and get outside of half the contents, as 'twere." Marty evidently meant what he said, for no time was lost in opening the can and pouring the soup into a larger receptacle which hung over a freshly-started fire.

"Marty," said friend "Sticky," after much deliberation, "you know that word soup reminds me of the days when I knew something. You never knew that I once went to college and showed symptoms of some day being able to eat a four-forked dinner and tell the queen at my side that 'the Wagnerian opera was decidedly too much to the *faux pas*.' Perhaps you wonder what that word soup has to do with education so I'll now explain, and then ask a favor of you. When I was in college I was greatly impressed with the possibility of writing a learned dissertation on that article of nourishment, soup, and so great was my enthusiasm that I stayed up two whole nights until the work was completed. Then no one fell for my line, and because I still insisted that people either read it or hear me recite it, the college faculty gave me the can."

"A can of soup?" interrupted Marty.

"No, the kind you tie to a dog's tail.

"Now as a special favor I want you to let me recite it as I feel in the mood just now and promise not to pester you again."

"All right. I'll stay if the soup does. But make it snappy, because we're going to eat soon," said Marty.

"Sticky" ascended the proscenium. He began:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The title of this piece is 'Soup.'

"No one will deny that nutrition is necessary for the maintenance of life, but there is a wide divergence of opinion regarding the methods of consuming food, especially soup. The great fault seems to lie in the fact that we have no speed, sound, or safety regulations and as a result people guzzle their boullion just as their forefathers did when it was necessary to eat in a hurry because the soup would freeze if they didn't. Of course I mean the soup would freeze, not the forefather; that would be silly.

"Sometimes soupers tuck a small sheet under the chin, fastening it by minimizing the space between the neck and collar. This might lead one to believe that the person intends going to a barber

shop, but all suspicions are cast aside when we observe the person get ready for the soup.

"As soon as a large receptacle is placed before the victim, a miniature shovel appears in one of the two hands. This, we learn, is to serve as the go-between—the disinterested third party. The person signifies his intention of commencing operations, and the stuff is off, or on, as the case may be.

"Zowie! What a noise! With each successive elevation of the spoon to the sipper's mouth a series of snorting, sneezing, zithern, zealous, Zululandish exhalations seem to permeate the ethereal nothingness and cause a wave of resonance to fill the room.

"Now, respected listeners, what I wish to say is this: In this age of efficiency we should conserve all the energy that goes to waste in the process of drinking soup. A feasible scheme would be to utilize——"

"Cut it short!" shouted Marty. "Do you know what's wrong with that speech? You stick too close to the end of the alphabet. Too many Z's! Here, put this to waist." And he handed Marty a can of soup.

E. Conway, '18.

A VACATION EXPERIENCE.

On account of the inability of the body to labor without ceasing, I thought a little relaxation from the strain of regular routine would not only refresh me, but would also supply new energy and vigor to start work again; so I took a vacation, but like all things earthly, it was only of short duration. It has now passed away; though it has gone I cannot forget it. What I experienced one evening shall never fade from my memory. for it was a thing of beauty, and a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Thus will that glorious moonlight trip on the Hudson be to me a joy forever, because I saw nature—beautiful, silent nature—asleep, shrouded in the chaste light of a lovely silver moon.

I had made the acquaintence of an old fisherman who resided in a small village on the banks of the Hudson. Having an affinity for old men and especially such as tell most romantic anecdotes *ad infinitum* I became a frequent visitor to his cabin. One afternoon he asked me to take a row with him up the river at night. I promised to set out that evening. At seven o'clock we were rowing vigorously up stream, and soon all sight of the little fishing village faded from our view.

It was the magic hour of sunset, when all things seemed turned into gold, and the sun himself, as if in a dying effort, showed himself more beautiful and calm than in his brilliant noon-day form. As the little waves rolled by, each one was streaked with gold; and they pranced along as if looking for some golden shore. Slowly the great

ball of fire descended, and as it sank down in the west its color changed from a golden to a rich crimson hue. The heavens reflected the splendor and the clouds seemed transformed into richest gold. Before long the sun had set only to dawn more beautifully still in another land far away. Then came the wonderful hour when day merges into night, when the brilliant rays of the sun give place to the sweet, soft light of the moon, when as if by the touch of some fairy wand the earth is changed from gold to silver. From the awful grandeur of the Rockies to the beautiful garden plains of sunny Spain nothing is more lovely, nothing more enchanting, than sleeping nature on the banks of the Hudson River, and as I observed the landscape so calm and so grand, the soft strains of music came stealing over the waters. It came from a party of young people homeward bound, who in the harmony of song gave vent to the joy they felt. Soon the music faded away, and except for the ripple of the oars through the waters we were left alone in silence to drink in the beauty of the scene. Now and then the clear light of the moon was obscured by some lonely cloud.

Many hours had flown since we first started out and at last I suggested that we return. We had not proceeded very far before we were face to face with the dawn of another day. The beauty of that scene is indescribable. To appreciate it one must see it, for no pen or brush can ever depict the beauty of the dawning of a summer's morn. As the sun peeped up from the horizon, starting once more on his journey across the sky one could feel the freshness and vigor of life. Nature was awakening. The birds were singing their matin song, the flowers lifted their drooping heads and exhaled a perfume which had been held in their closed petals the night through. It did not seem long before we were back again at the little pier from which we started, feeling none the worse for our nocturnal trip.

—T., J. Shanley, '17.

AT DAWN.

O friend, did'st ever wake at dawn
  And hear the birds a-singing?
The joyous burden of their song;
  Did'st thou not feel it mingling
With what, to thee, was as a glow
  All through your being stealing?
It made your spirit wake and know
  That Nature was revealing
Her wondrous glory to all those
  Who sleep through Night's dark frowning,
And ope their eyes, just like the rose,
  To greet the day at dawning.

—John F. Cox, '17.

THE VIATORIAN

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

Publication Office, North and Walnut Streets, Danville, Illinois

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—CHARLES A. HART, '17.

Exchanges—THOMAS E. SHEA, '18. Inter Alia—FULTON J. SHEEN, '17.

Athletics—TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, '17. Alumni—FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER, '19.

Viatoriana—EDMUND F. CONWAY, '18. Societies—CLAUDE M. GRANGER, '20.

Business Manager—JOHN F. COX, '17.

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

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

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

Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.

—TERENCE.

Looking Out On the Outlook

The calling of an extra session of Congress for April 16th portends momentous times ahead. What with the German crisis in the balance and our, or rather the President's, decision to arm merchant ships; with food still pouring out of the country and bread riots at our very front door; with the Mexican situation still in *statu quo* and destined to remain a "situation" for some time to come; we are, optimistically speaking, likely to experience a little excitement. Mayhap our jaded nerves will not object, either, to the prospective stimuli. As a nation we desire nothing more than to be let alone in matters international, and in a good many other matters

which concern our own immediate household. We like to sit i' the sun, and be as comfortable as possible—a sort of cabbage destiny, so to speak. However, after numerous Villa bumps and U-boat jolts we have discovered that we cannot live our own lives by ourselves. More and more intimately are our affairs being bound up with world affairs. Despite our peaceful inclinations, we have come to armed neutrality, and perhaps war, because the rest of the world is at war. When a wise man is in Rome he does as the Romans do. Then on the same principle, in wartime it seems that we must be war-like whether we will or no. We are hanging by a hair over the boiling cauldron of strife and yet as far as the individual is concerned we are not one whit better able to look out for ourselves than we were two years ago last August. Of course if we do not go to war those who oppose preparedness will say, "I told you so," inane nonsense which ever echoes from mentally vacant regions. England has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt the foolishness and futility of volunteer service. Very few do things, especially uncomfortable duties, voluntarily in these days. Why can we not profit from their sad necessity? Six million dead and thirty-five million mutilated is the European toll up to the first of this year. Is not a nation that adopts a *laissez faire* policy in everything, openly courting attack from a belligerent like Germany? Would Germany be so apt to proceed as she has proceeded with neutrals if the most powerful of those neutrals was really united, prepared, not aggressive, but ready to enforce its rights on land and sea? We are not behind this Administration, because this Administration has not thought it worth while during the past four years to put us as a solid phalanx behind itself. Instead we talk and talk and then we filibuster. So we have the admirable spectacle of twelve enlightened senators telling the world that the representatives of the people, and therefore supposedly the people themselves, are not with the President in what he feels is forced upon him. Why not make this cloture rule nation-wide? We might than have a little time for a little action. Finally as Cato might say, were he writing these lines, "Moreover, military training should be compulsory and especially in college. Unpreparedness should be destroyed."

Thinking in Phrases

It seems odd with all the people who possess brains how few there are who really think. Physiologists assure us that the craniums of all living men are inhabited by cerebrums et cetera which occupy more or less of the space therein. Yet this does not in any way disturb the original proposition that there are few who really think. Many think they think. These make up very dangerous species and one to be sedulously avoided whenever possible. Most people are too lazy to think. They let other people, a small minority, do the work. Then these non-thinkers adopt a certain set

of phrases which serve as a kind of mental playing-cards, to be shuffled out at the appropriate moment. Accordingly when called upon for an opinion or a judgment they hand out a ready-made collection of words which they palm off as more or less original, according to the listener's degree of unsophistication. The process is really not essentially different from handing out a king or queen or a deuce from the deck. It is really surprising how long the little game of mental shuffling can continue. With a few set phrases your ordinary man of the street expresses his *ideas* (used for the sake of euphemism) about the war, about the joy or sorrow of living, about his taxes, the death of his mother-in-law and about this, that, and the other thing. Not a single, original thought on anything! Mere canned goods conventions!

The college man is very apt to fall into this abominable rut of thinking in other men's phrases. By reason of his superior advantages he is supposed to be a leader of thought, and yet the rank and file of college men follow cheerfully along wearing somebody else's cast-off intellectual clothes. On anything worth while they have no opinion, not an idea. If they express themselves at all it is some rehashed, over-worked, underfed starvling sprung from another's brain that serves as the legitimate child of their mental household—poor little emaciated adopted orphans sitting where the child of their own flesh and blood, or rather their own brain and spirit, should be ensconced. In this season of Lenten reflection a little invoice of one's mental state might not be at all bad. *Et tu, Brute*!

The Philosophy of Loyalty

It was the late philosopher Royce who wrote a book not long ago, which he chose to call "The Philosophy of Loyalty." The title suggested good things, so we dipped our mental oars into its vasty deep thinking to know what kind of sailing our new found friend afforded. To say we were pleasurably surprised is to put it mildly. Indeed we wished we might cry his doctrine from the housetops that all who ran might hear. Loyalty to home, to friends, to institutions, to country, to religion, these were the things that counted, the things that made life worth living, declared our friend. It was a rather novel way of summing up the meaning and purpose of life in these days when materialistic irresponsibility, heredity, force of environment and kindred doctrines fill the air. The present tendency is to escape from all bonds, to be entirely free, to let no irksome duty interfere with one's own egotistic happiness.

Yes, this fellow Royce is quite too austere. The doctrine he preaches is a harsh creed. It demands sacrifices. Things at home are not going just as well as they might. The institution to which one belongs is having a hard struggle. It is not amongst the leaders. It is having a streak of bad luck. The church one espouses is being made the center of a ruthless attack and its members

are being subjected to unfairness, partiality, and bigoted prejudice. One's friends are sick and need help instead of being able to give it. All these things are facing the philosopher of loyalty and yet by the very fundamental tenet of his doctrine, he must stand by these institutions, these friends, through all kinds of adversity. Truly his is not an easy task. How much pleasanter it would be to throw off all of these burdens, to forget this disagreeable fossilized notion of loyalty and follow, rather, his own sweet will. In this we are but adhering to the spirit of the age. What a need we have for more Royces, more evangels of his message to turn us the other way. For they alone possess the secret of life worth living!

An Apologetic Suggestion

We had hesitated for some time about mentioning this topic. We feared a plea for a little more conventionality here in our midst might be misunderstood. Any remarks which even savor of opposition to pure, unalloyed democracy are apt to be considered as priggish to the proletariat. When, however, we hear of others thinking similarly to ourselves, our stock of courage rises. We are an especially democratic institution, as free from formalities as the poet's "unbodied joy." Yet form is not a thing to be utterly contemned. Form makes up a great part of the normal existence. Class organization at St. Viator's was never better than just at the present. Now is the acceptable time to impose a little more formality, which will no way injure that fine democratic home-like spirit which pervades the school. Class lines and seniority might be given more emphasis. Some have urged that these distinctions might be shown at the various college celebrations. If it be true that

"To feed were best at home,
From thence the sauce to meat were ceremony,"

and an undisputed authority has proclaimed it as true, then form and ceremony may be good elsewhere. In Her great wisdom, Her keen knowledge of psychological principles, the Church recognizes the many values of ceremony, not the least of which is its appeal to the eye and the esthetic taste of fitness of things. So in college life where many ages and kinds are represented it need not be that the lion and the lamb at all times lie down together.

"It has always been in my observation of human nature, that a man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him."—*Dickens.*

HANKISMS

F. C. H., '19.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, and after a "big night" they generally look as if they were made of stained glass.

A man is a failure only when he is unable to cash in his experiences.

Anxious Moments—waiting for the commission of an "overt act."

It is pretty hard to keep a clean reputation while in pursuit of the filthy lucre.

If you would sing like a lark in the morning, keep away from the "swallows" at night.

"Grand and Glorious Feelings"—when you find out that not one of those 17594 ships sunk last night, was American.

A retentive memory is a good thing, but ability to forget is a sign of nobility.

A successful man is one who has coined his golden opportunities.

Suggestion 1001—only one get mad at a time.

Wonder if the "leak" in the Ship of State had been stopped up yet.

Art is not something separate and apart—it is simply the best way of doing a thing.

How many scents in a dollar's worth of perfume?

Some men's tactics are mere tic-tacs.

Being in love will make a fellow's head go around, even though he has a stiff neck.

Girls hate men who try to kiss them—and fail.

Among the numerous magazines that have found entrance to the Chamber of Exchanges during the past month there is none more deserving of praise than *The College Spokesman*, and the reason for this well-deserved praise may be attributed chiefly to the essay "An Unsolved Problem." The Exman can truthfully say that he has not met in any college journal an article more delightful to read than this. The style of the author of this essay is indeed charming, and after all, style is an important factor to be considered in any article. The theme of this essay is a problem that is ever calling for solution by the American people,—the perplexing problem of the negro. The author very forcibly points out the great indifference with which we of today regard the solution of this momentous problem. He shows how embittered sentiment against the negro is being spread among a cultured class of Christian men by a stony-hearted group of negro haters. He points out the fact that it was not the fault of the negro that he is here, but rather the fault of our forefathers who brought him here by force three centuries ago. Finally he sets before us in unmistakable terms our duty as cultured Christians toward the negro. There is, indeed, much food for reflection in the sentiment this author expresses. If any honest thinking man harbors a feeling of hatred for the negro he would do well to read what this author says concerning the justice of this hatred.

"Grace of Shame" is a story, the triteness of the plot of which may be redeemed by the careful manner in which the author develops it. In "A Final Victory" the author seems to have been too solicitous for the dénouement of his plot, much to the detriment of its development. The plot is novel and contains the material for a good story, but the author detracts from the merit of his story by carelessness.

The Exman looked in vain for something of interest in "Mr. Dooley on the High Cost of Living." Even upon attentive reading one fails to perceive the point of this bit of prose. The lack of inter-

est, perhaps, lies in the fact that "Mr. Dooley" has gained a reputation in other circles to which the new author can add nothing.

There is one thing in which *The Spokesman* is fortunate and that is the contributions it receives from the college poets. Poetry is quite necessary to balance the contents of a college journal and it is a necessity that we often find lacking. On this score *The Spokesman* need never complain, for it always contains a goodly amount of poetry, and it is poetry, not verse.

On the whole *The Spokesman* is a well composed journal and may well be regarded as the standard college magazine.

The alignment of the contents of a college magazine is of no little importance in determining its reception by the reader. As in the arrangement of a feast the host makes certain that the first thing on the menu is something that will whet the appetite of his guests, something that will make them look forward to the enjoyment of the savory dishes that are to follow, so in the arrangement of a college journal—an intellectual feast—the staff should aim to set before its readers an appetizer,—an article that will cause them to turn with pleasure to the articles that follow. The arrangement of the contents of the Niagara Index of March 2 was not, to say the least, such as would please any intellectual banqueter. Instead of our appetites being whetted at the outset, they are blunted by an incoherent, uninteresting essay on "George Washington and American Liberty," and lest our appetites be able to withstand this first attack a second equally uninteresting essay immediately follows. Were it not the office of the Exman to peruse the entire magazine regardless of the interest, he, like others, would have relegated the *Index* to the place "from whose bourne" no magazine returns,—the editorial waste-basket.

The first article begins with a eulogy on "The Father of Our Country" and ends with a review of America's attitude toward Germany, defending the severance of diplomatic relations with that country. The author makes in places a feeble attempt to embellish his style, which only results in the unpleasantness that such a forced attempt must bring. Not infrequently he begins a sentence with "and", "but", or "however". The frequent use of these words in introducing a sentence is avoided even by the best writers, and it is hardly probable that a young writer can use them often and correctly.

The essay "The English Language" is likewise an incoherent, superficial treatment of the subject. If both of these articles, "The English Language" and "George Washington and American Liberty," had received a little attention they would have been improved one hundred per cent. When he chose these essays for this number of the *Index*, the editor, perhaps, was hard pressed for matter, a quandary in which every editor sometimes finds himself.

The sketch of Frederick Ozanam is not bad, nor is it, on the other hand, deserving of much praise. It belongs to the mediocre type of daily class work. "Know Thyself," however, is an article that might well grace the opening pages of any magazine and the Exman is surprised that it does not occupy this position in the *Index*. It is of the editorial type, deep in meaning and full of thought. The author seems to have exercised some care in writing his theme and the result is well worth the effort.

The various departments of the *Index* are well handled although in all except the editorial department excessive brevity is the one bad feature.

A more careful selection of articles than that found in this issue of the *Index* would add greatly to the interest of the magazine.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Dial, The Morning Star, St. Peter's College Journal, The Niagara Index, The Collegian, The Exponent, The Laurel, St. Vincent College Journal, The Labarum, The Missionary, The Gonzaga, The Redwood, Duquesne Monthly, The Creighton Chronicle, The Rostrum, The Canisius Monthly, The Anselmian, Fleur de Lis, Patriculanian, The Columbiad, The Manhattan Quarterly, The Solanian, The Aurora, The Fordham Monthly, Loyola University Magazine, St. Mary's Sentinel, St. John's University Record, The Buff and Blue, Abbey Student, The Patrician, Lumina, Villa Sancta Scholastica, St. Angela's Echo, The Mountaineer, St. Mary's Chimes, The Academy, The Schoolman, The Pacific Star, The Laurel, The McMaster University Monthly, The Villanovan, St. Mary's Messenger, The Saint Francis, Echoes, The Lamp, Georgetown College Journal, The Blue and Gold, The Morning Star, The Hesperian, Lorettine, Franciscan Herald, Owaissa, The University Symposium, DePaul Minerval, Purple and Gray Magazine, The University of Louisville Bulletin, The Nazarene, The Sacred Heart Review, The Prospector, The Creighton Courier.

Senior Junior Party

The Senior College Class recently entertained the Juniors, in a return of hospitality with a theater party and luncheon. May Irwin, the popular comedienne, in her farce "33 Washington Square" made the two classes laugh away the evening hours and did much to restore equanimity after the heavy mid-year examinations. The luncheon served after the performance at the Schuyler Hotel had as its *celui ci dernier* a few entertaining toasts. Mr. Charles A. Hart, President of the Graduating Class, acted as toastmaster.

Washington Celebration

Washington's Birthday was celebrated with a novel and pleasant program arranged by the Senior Class. Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C.S.V., Professor of Sociology, delivered a very entertaining and eloquent address on "Washington and Ideals." Music was furnished by the college orchestra, while several vocal numbers were rendered by the college students. Miss Jeanette Byron entertained with several beautiful vocal selections. Miss Isabella Legris proved very popular and entertaining in a charming recitation of Mark Twain's "Death Disk." Miss Legris' voice modulation in her interpretation of the five characters, ranging in age from a baby girl to an old French General, was superb. The Academic Quintette, comprising Messrs. Sheen, McEnroe, Cahill, St. Amant, and Monks made their debut in several pleasing songs. Messrs. McDonald, Elmslie, and St. Aubin rendered vocal solos in their usual popular manner. Master Harold McCormick showed himself to be quite an artist by his performance at the piano. The program marked the fourth of a series of entertainments given by the Senior Class.

Thomas Welch

Mr. Thomas Welch of the Seminary department was recently taken ill by a sudden attack of appendicitis, and removed to the Barrett Hospital, where he underwent a successful operation. He has now sufficiently convalesced to return to the college and resume his studies. Mr. Welch was captain of last year's foot-ball team and one of the most popular men in the college.

The First Knight

On January 10th the Academy of Notre Dame gave their annual play at the Majestic Theater, Kankakee, in the nature of a musical drama entitled "The First Knight." The drama is from the gifted pen of Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., who has already produced several plays with much success. The music was written by Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., paster of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill. The presentations was well executed by the many young ladies who took part in it, and was well received by a large and appreciative audience. The sisters of Notre Dame are to be congratulated on the successful management and direction of a mode of entertainment which necessitated so much care and ingenuity.

Freshman Banquet

The Freshman Class held their first annual banquet at the La-Fayette Hotel, Kankakee, in the evening of January 17th. After the banquet the class enjoyed a theater party at one of the local theaters. The college was well represented for the Freshman Class is one of the largest in the history of St. Viator.

Father Sheridan

Rev. F. A. Sheridan C.S.V., of the faculty, was welcomed back to St. Viators recently after a month spent in Mercy Hospital, Chicago, where he underwent a serious operation.

Rev. J. P. Munday, D. D.

Rev. J. P. Munday, D.D., for the past five years Professor of Dogma in the Seminary department at St. Viators, was recently recalled by his Bishop and appointed pastor of St. Thomas Church, Newton, Ill. On the eve of his departure the students of theology gave him a farewell reception and banquet, during which toasts were responded to by Very Rev. J. D. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., President of St. Viators; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., Vice-President; and Mr. Edward S. Dunn, Dean of Seminarians. Both the student body and the faculty feel very keenly the departure of Dr. Munday. His efficiency as a teacher and the willingness with which he devoted himself to the work of the class room made his influence in the Seminary Department very great. Temporary arrangements have been made for the handling

of Dr. Munday's classes, pending negotiations for a permanent appointment.

New Telescope

A valuable addition to the equipment of the Astronomy Department was recently made in the shape of a large telescope. The instrument was presented to St. Viators by Rev. N. N. Gosselin, an alumnus, who died in Ashland, Ky., November 7th, 1916. The telescope, a costly one, was purchased in Europe a few years ago, and, as a gift to St. Viators, it is a mark of the interest which the Alumni take in the needs of the institution.

Sacred Eloquence Class

Greater impetus was given the classes in Sacred Eloquence when Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., recently opened a special class on public speaking. The theoretical part of the course deals with subjects under the general groupings—organization and retention of ideas; mastery of language; technical control of voice and speech, body and gesture. A very practical turn is given to the course by requiring each student to deliver a sermon each month for which he is privately coached by the teacher. The fact that preaching is one of the principle functions of the priest makes evident the importance of such training.

Sophomore-Junior Banquet

On the evening of February 15th, at the Schuyler Hotel, the Sophomore Class tendered the Juniors a banquet, covers being laid for thirty-five. The dining room was artistically decorated in the colors of the two classes and the souvenir programs were done in the college colors, purple and Old Gold, with a cut of Marsile Hall on the cover. The program of musical numbers and toasts was well arranged and the success of the evening's entertainment well repaid the class of '19 for the pains they took in preparing the affair.

Thanks, KEK.

The Viatorian is indebted to Thomas E. Kekich, '12, for the artistic new column head cuts adorning the Editorial, Inter Alia, Athletics, and Viatoriana columns. Kek always was good at illustrating things. We consider ourselves fortunate in obtaining his services and thank him for his generosity. We look for big things from you, Kek, in the illustrating business.

ALUMNI AND PERSONALS

Ordination

On the 27th of December, nineteen-sixteen, Mr. John P. D. Connolly of St. Viator Seminary, was raised to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood in the Cathedral at Lead, S. D., by the Rt. Rev. John Lawlor, Bishop of Lead. After his ordination, Father Connolly returned to Chicago, his home, and celebrated his First Solemn High Mass in Saint Kilian's Church.

Father Connolly received his preparatory education at St. Meinrad's College, Evansville, Ind., and Kendrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo., and came to St. Viator in the Fall of 1915. Upon entering St. Viator Seminary he continued the study of Theology and completed his course at Christmas 1916. As soon as his studies were finished he received the call from his Episcopal Superior and was honored with the reception of the sacrament of Holy Orders shortly after passing the final examinations.

We wish to express to the young Reverend Father through the columns of the Viatorian our sincere and earnest wishes for his long life, health and prosperity in the performance of his sacred duties.

Silver Jubilee

On Wednesday, January tenth, nineteen-seventeen, the Rev. P. H. McCarron, Pastor of St. John's Church of Radford, Ill., and faithful friend and loyal alumnus of St. Viator, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Father McCarron was born in Boston, Mass., December 9th, 1862, and received his early education in the public schools of that city and pursued his classical course at the Boston College. He also attended St. Joseph's College of New York City, where he made his philosophical course. Later he entered Mt. Saint Mary's Seminary at Cincinnati, where he started his study of Sacred Theology. After remaining at Mt. Saint Mary's for some time he matriculated at St. Viator where he completed his Theological course and was ordained from here in 1892.

Father McCarron has ever shown the true zeal and earnestness of purpose which is so necessary in a good priest, and it is with much open-heartedness and frankness that the Viatorian extends to him best wishes that God may see fit to grant him a long and fruitful life, fraught with all of Heaven's choicest blessings.

Hugh A. O'Donnell is now publisher of the *New Orleans American*, the leading newspaper of New Orleans. We are in receipt of a letter

from him to the effect that everything in the literary world "newspaperically" speaking is rushing.

James Cook, '02-04 is at present engaged in the practice of law in Chicago.

Ambrose Boylan is employed in the Chamber of Commerce at New Orleans, La., and reports everything moving along nicely.

We are notified that Rev. Thomas G. Flynn, ordained from St. Viator in June, 1916, and until recently Chaplain of St. Anthony's Hospital at Rockford, Ill., has been transferred to the Chaplaincy of St. Joseph's Hospital at Elgin, Ill.

Clarence Langan, '05-11, is now engaged in the capacity of bond salesman, and is connected with the Central Bond and Mortgage Co., of Chicago.

Emmett Trainor, H.S., '11, recently returned from an extended trip in California, where he was looking after Company business. Emmett is identified with the Legal Department of the Santa Fe R. R., and has offices in the Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

During the past couple of months the College has had the pleasure of entertaining the following friends and old students: Father L. G. Goulette, C.S.V., Chicago; Rev. Brother Lowney, C.S.V., Columbus College, Chamberlain, S.D.; Rev. Jas. V. McKay of Kansas City, Mo.; Lawrence Ward, Otterbein, Ind.; Con Mahony of Chicago; Rev. R. P. Pugny, St. Louis' Church, Chicago; Rev. A. J. Savary, St. John the Baptist Church, Chicago; Rev. J. M. Kiely of Reddick, Ill.; Rev. Jas. Daley of Joliet, Ill.; Rev. Z. P. Berard of St. Anne, Rev. A. L. Labrie of Momence; Ill.; Rev. J. P. Parker of Dwight, Ill.; Rev. A. Mainville of Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. S. E. McMahon of Chicago.

SOCIETIES

THE CECILIAN CLUB.

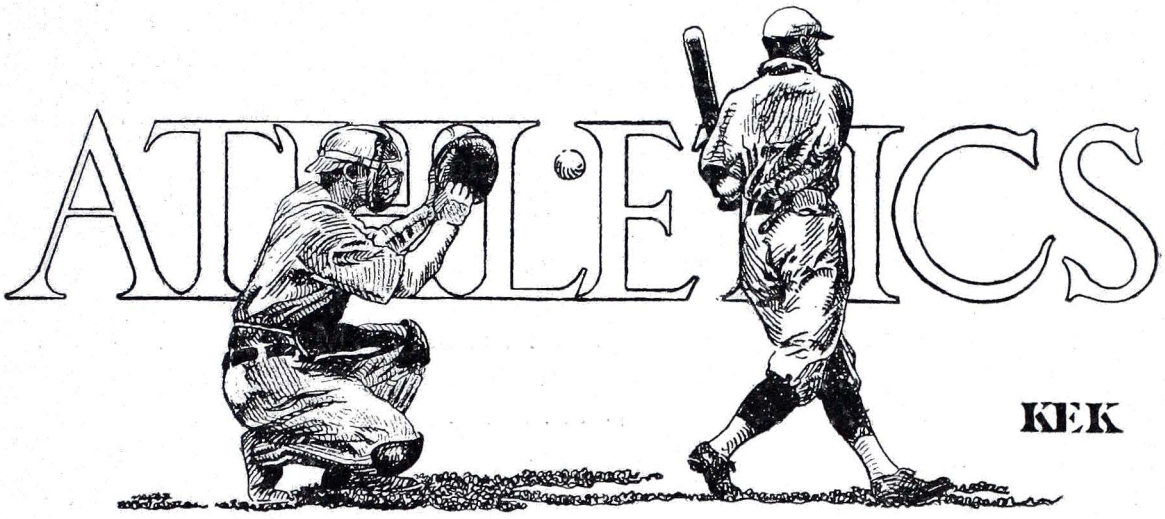
We are glad to welcome in the Cecilian Club, a newcomer to the fold of our societies. All the members of the Musical Department belong to this organization, whose purpose is to increase its members interest in their music by rendering the study of it more diverting. Mr. Robert J. Elmslie is the Moderator of the new society, and Mr. Michael Cleary is the President. The other officers are Alan Freebury, Vice-President, Thomas Sheen, Secretary, and Laurence St. Amant, Treasurer.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the first meeting of the "Aggies", officers for the Second Semester were elected. For President, Frank Tobaka was chosen to succeed Charles Walker; for Vice-President, Daniel Ryan to succeed Pierre Carey; for Secretary and Treasurer, Pierre Carey to succeed Donald Christman, and for Athletic Manager, Charles Walker to succeed Emmett Freehill.

The Animal Husbandry Class attended several live stock sales and exhibitions in Kankakee and Bourbonnais, among which were the Second Annual Sale of Pedigreed Swine Breeders Association and The Kankakee County Cattleman's Association.

During the Kankakee County Short Course held in Kankakee February 12-16, Prof. A. E. Anderson was called upon to deliver a speech on Practical Science vs. Profitable Farming.



On the evening of January 20, the Varsity opened their 1917 basketball season with Illinois State Normal University. The game was played on the Bourbonnais court, and although the Viator five had to take the loser's end of the score, the game proved to be one of the fastest of the season. Five minutes overtime was required for the final decision of 27-25. Viator was leading at the close of the first period, but Normal overcame this lead and when the whistle for the second half blew the two teams stood 24-24. Normal offended and Haggerty permitted Murphy a free throw which he caged easily. Jones, the visitor's center, then put a long one in, giving his team the lead by one point. A foul was called on a local man and Courtright rimmed another by the foul route just before the final whistle. Dondanville, Gartland and Murphy proved the scoring men for Schissler's crowd, while Roche played a brilliant game at guard.

LINE-UP.

Ill. State Normal.		*St. Viator.*
Courtright	R. F.	Flynn
Wilson	L. F.	Gartland
Jones	C.	Dondanville-Schlick
Thompson	R. G.	Roche
Hanson	L. G.	Murphy

Ill. State Normal	27
Viator	25

Referee, Haggerty

Field goals—Jones (6), Courtright (2), Wilson (3), Gartland (3), Flynn, Murphy, Dondanville, Roche, (2).

Free throws—Courtright (5), Murphy (3).

LOMBARD—VIATOR.

Lombard proved an easy opponent for Schissler's warriors when

they took the Galesburg team into camp with a 21-6 count. Murphy put away four baskets and five fouls during the game, while Schlick, who made his first appearance with the regulars, chalked up two and played the floor in wonderful style. Coach Casey's men did not seem able to get started, and the defense formation of St. Viator prevented their tallying more than six lone points.

LINE-UP.

Lombard College		*St. Viator*
Hedden	R. F.	Murphy
French	L. F.	Gartland-Vonachen
Stokes	C.	Schlick
Jackson	R. G.	Roche
Nelson	L. G.	Kernan

St. Viator 21
Lombard College 6

Referee, Haggerty.

Baskets—Viator 8, Lombard 1. Free Throws—Viator 5, Lombard 4.

E. I. S. N. vs. St. Viator.

Coach Lantz's men came up from the southern part of the state on January 27 and were beaten by us. It ended as a 19-16 victory for Viator, and was perhaps the tightest game, with the exception of Creighton, played on the home floor. At the end of the first half the teams stood neck and neck with eleven points apiece. Kernan worked at guard and won the approval of the fans. This was the first real game in which the big Nebraska man appeared, and his debut was looked forward to with much interest. He did not fail, either, for his guarding and floor work was exceptional. Roche covered the other back field position in his usual style, and his forward could score only by the foul route. Murphy and Schlick divided first honors with three baskets each. Turner and Schmalzle of E. I. S. N. starred for their school.

LINE-UP.

E. I. S. N		*St. Viator.*
Turner	R. F.	Murphy
Cook	L. F.	Gartland
Schmalzle	C.	Schlick
McCabe	R. G.	Roche
Hampton	L. G.	Kernan

St. Viator 19
E. I. S. N. 16

Referee, Haggerty.

Field goals—E. I. S. N. (6), Viator (8). Free Throws—E. I. S. N. (4), Viator (3).

William Vashti vs. St. Viator

The William and Vashti game was the second of the several air-tight battles played on the home court this season. Viator was leading at the end of the first period, 18-17. But in the beginning of the second half, the Aledo five began to creep up on Viator, who had gained a lead of two points, by putting in one foul. A little later Vonachen made a basket, which put Viator on the score board with 22 to her credit. Suman for Vashti then hit the basket from mid-court for two more, putting his team just one point behind. They fought hard for five minutes without a tally for either team, until Kernan fouled. Suman shot his free throw and put the teams at a tie. It was a furious battle until whistle time, when Fender got by the Viator guards and dropped one in for the final count of 24. Although the team lost the game, Schissler's men displayed the ability of professionals and gave as much satisfaction to the fans as if they had come out on top. Suman and Mallory must be mentioned as headliners for the visitors, and Vonachen scored 10 points against Bradbury, the close-playing guard of the W. and V. quintette.

W. & V. 24
Viator 22

Referee, Freeling (Ill. Athletic Club)

LINE-UP.

W. and V.		*St. Viator.*
Fender	L. F.	Murphy
Mallory	R. F.	Vonachen
Suman	C.	Dondanville-Schlick
Ketchum-Anson	R. G.	Roche
Bradbury	L. G	Kernan

Field Goals—W. & V. (10), Viator (9). Free Throws—W. & V. (4), Viator (4).

Referee, Freeling (Ill. Athletic Club)

Creighton University vs. St. Viator

Our first tilt with Creighton University of Omaha was probably the most exciting seen here in several moons. The Nebraskans outweighed Schissler's men by a considerable margin, but the locals managed to make up for this handicap by speedy floor work and accurate passing. This game went somewhat like the other two already noted. A 20-19 score gave Creighton victory over Capt. Gartland and his crew, but since it furnished so many thrilling moments for the spectators, they chose to consider a defeat as good as a win. In the early stages the two teams took turns in caging baskets, which were made with no little amount of effort. In fact three apiece with one foul each was the most either team could make by the time scorer O'Connor fired the *gun* for the first half. With a seven-point tie they went to it in dead earnest at the beginning of the second

half. The fans were brought to their feet several times when the locals would move one point ahead of the opposition and then sit down when Coach Mill's men would creep up and take the lead. When time was called the score stood 15-15. Five minutes overtime was set and the battle started again. Nip and tuck they went until within a few seconds of the end and Viator one point to the good, made on a free throw by Murphy, Lutz let fly from the middle ring and hit the center of the rim for the winning tally. Murphy and Vonachen stand out as the point getters in this battle, while Roche and Kernan made easy basket shooting for the Creighton forwards an impossibility.

LINE-UP

Creighton.		*St. Viator.*
Platz	L. F.	Murphy
Kearney	R. F	Vonachen
Spittler	C.	Schlick
Lutz	L. G	Kernan
Vandever	R. G.	Roche

Creighton University 20
St. Viator 19

Field Goals—Lutz (3), Platz, Kearney, Spittler, Haley (1), Vonachen, Murphy (2), Schlick (1). Free Throws—Lutz (3), Vandever (3), Murphy (9).

Referee, Young (Ill. Wesleyan University).

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY VS. ST. VIATOR

The last of the home games, with Loyola of Chicago, proved easy for the Viator quintette. The old Gold and Purple crowd had their way through the entire game, for the basket shooting, floorwork and passing was too much for the visitors. Vonachen and Schlick counted five baskets each and Gartland, who played only a few minutes of the game, put three away for good measure. G. Lyman, the fast forward for Loyola, made the total six points which his team managed to get.

LINE-UP.

Loyola.		*St. Viator.*
Lyman, G	L. F.	Murphy
Lyman, N	R. F	Vonachen-Gartland
Coleman	C.	Schlick
Cavanagh	R. G.	Conroy
DeSmet	L. G.	Kernan

Field Goals—Loyola (3), Viator (14). Free Throws—Loyola (0), Viator (1).

THE TRIP.

The Varsity took a week's trip during the later part of January, with the result that they won but one Conference game against Hedding College. Only one day had intervened between the hard E. I. S. N. game and the beginning of the trip. This found Schissler's men in bad shape for a week's travel. The teams included were Hedding, William Vashti, Illinois State Normal, Illinois Wesleyan, Milliken and Notre Dame. The Varsity put up a creditable battle against Milliken University in Decatur, and this game was probably the fastest played.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The "Varsity" made their first appearance in the annual "Inter-scholastic Basketball Tournament" held in Decatur on March 1-3. With Murphy and Captain Gartland out, the varsity stayed the first day and encountered Charleston Normal and Eureka. The first game was won by Charleston, 25-22. Vonachen scored the majority of the Varsity's points in this game. The evening game with Eureka was a tight battle until the second half, when Coach Schissler was forced to change his line-up due to injuries of his men. Viator then weakened and Eureka won out by a 10 point margin.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL.

The high school basketball team have given a good account of themselves during the present season. They won four out of seven games played, and the games lost were on foreign floors by small scores. Berry and Ashe have played the regular forward positions for the high school men, and their basket-shooting and floor work have been nothing short of varsity style. Corbett, the pivot man, has worked like a veteran and seldom gave the jump to the opposing center. Meers has replaced Corbett in several games at center, and although he did not display the ability at basket-shooting that Corbett did, he nevertheless played the floor well, and was excellent at passing. Lynch, Smith and Leregir have alternated at guards, Lynch staying as a regular throughout the entire season. His ability to prevent opposing forwards in shooting baskets was remarkable, and although playing the position of guard he has scored a goodly number of points for his team. Bushell, a recent addition to the line-up has been in only two games, but his eye for baskets is unequaled among the junior men. The high school team offers bright prospects for Varsity material in 1918, for with a year's experience together the younger men ought to form an exceptional nucleus for a college quintette, and, in fact, Coach Shissler is depending on them for his squad next year.

SCORE OF GAMES.

Onarga Seminary	8	V. H. S.	12
St. Anne	12	V. H. S.	16
Northwestern Academy	19	V. H. S.	16
St. Ignatius Academy	24	V. H. S.	12
Mazon High School	15	V. H. S.	13
Onarga (at Onarga)	21	V. H. S.	25
Spalding Institute	10	V. H. S.	28

VIATORIANA

Pipes were rusted
Pump jus' busted.
Caused great consternation
We got a vacation.
It ended all too soon
Oi, Yoi! We're here till June.

There was water, water, in the air, but not a drop to drink. We couldn't even wash our hair in the dear old kitchen sink. It surely was a touching sight to see boys homeward straggling; when some young men had served so well on the trusty water wagon. Fond mothers when they saw their sons, said "Heavens! I'm disgraced!" "No, mother! I did not get canned. I come home to wash my face."

'Twas kinda hard to look spruced on George's birthday when there weren't no water t' slicker up with.

But then Finny looked so classy in his trick suit that no one noticed the others (of the student body of course).

PARTING ODES.

Here's a check for $100. Leave my sight for ever.

Up speaks the pigeon, announcing that Brother Galvin will now sing "Rackety Coo."

Mac.—"Koke, what d'ye mean by exercise?"

Koke—"Exercise is work a fellow likes to do because it isn't work."

OF A SUNDAY EVENING.

T. Sullivan and F. Sheen; permission to leave grounds. (Rather hard on the street car company.)

Babe—"Did you ever meet the Captain?"
Kell—"Sure thing. I was in jail with him."

SCENE SEEN IN LIBRARY.

"What're you reading?"
"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."
"I wouldn't talk about it if I were you."

Everything had been arranged. It had been decided that these two young men should act as official paint slingers at the great theatrical production given by the girls. But when the aforementioned young men appeared to take up their duties, those in charge announced that the facial artists were too young and good looking. Hard lines, Prof. and T. D.

Bolly picking up a coverless periodical: "Where'd this Tiffany magazine come from?"

WATSON, THE CARBON PAPER!

O did you see the menus for the Freshman feed? They were paregorically original. Newly discovered equation: Junior menu, plus a few words to the printer, equals a Freshman creation.

There are rumors afloat in Roy Hall.

Those having the dancing bug say that during Lent they (not the bug) may be seen mourning noon and night.

"My good man: Have you any thumb tacks?"
"No, but I have finger nails."

And Tom goes fan-foot frolicking in his new shoes. The week before Lent wasn't half bad, was it T. P.?

Health and comfort hint: Never eat peanuts in the dark.

Opus 64389256473892369
"TIN FOILED."

Arnberg, Cross, and Connors devised a plan one day.
Said Cross to both his comrades, "I have a scheme that pays.
I saw a sign way down in Kank nailed up before a shoe store.
The sign read 'Fifty cents a pair for shoes you have no use for.'
Now let us gather up our own and those that others give us,

We'll take them down and cash them in for the 50 per that's slipped us."
Now verily, they gathered up two grips full of old kickers;
They waltzed into the store and said, "We'd like our money, mister.
We've twenty pairs of shoes you see, at fifty cents a pair;
That makes ten even dollars, which certainly is fair."
"Just hold your breath," the dealer said, "put on the chains, you're slippin'
The plan you have is on the bum, though you think it's a pippin,
My sign says 'Fifty cents a pair,' but bear in mind, you young 'uns
That price is paid for shoes you leave when you have purchased new ones."
The journey back to S. V. C. was tiresome and dreary.
The grips seemed twice as heavy now, the fellows were quite weary.
Up spake the three with gusto great: "It's never again for us.
The dealer couldn't hear our line; he surely was ungenerous."

J. STEALTH offers this one.
RURAL SPORTS—Red Marron.

(Don't deny it John. You forked it over in English class while Prof. Kirby was reading "Brown-eyed Susan.")

Last week the entire student body witnessed the burial of E. Stervay Kation. The ceremonies were extremely impressing, since the deceased was a very dear friend of all at St. Viator's. Father O'Mahoney in his address said that while all hated to think of our dear friend as one of the departed, it is almost a certainty that our beloved friend E. Stervay Kation will do a great deal of good in his present position.

Do your Commencement shopping early.

No five o'clock after Easter.

GUMPO.

And Ed Kelly says a periodic sentence is one that isn't finished until the end.