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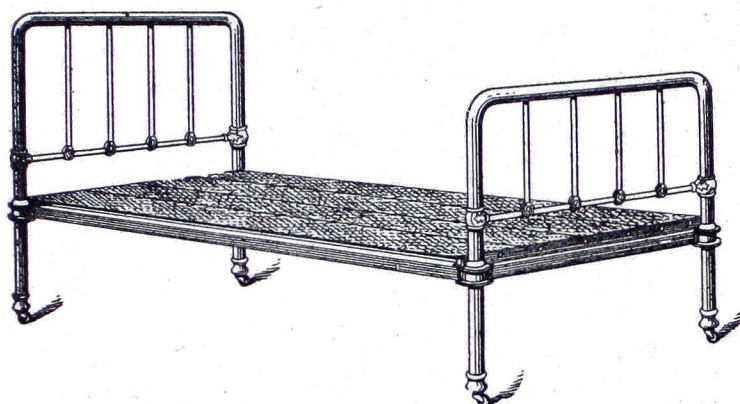
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## THE STARS SANG IN GOD'S GARDEN

*The Stars sang in God's garden,  
The stars are the birds of God;  
The night-time is God's harvest,  
Its fruit are the words of God.*

*God plowed his fields in the morning,  
God sowed his seed at noon,  
God reaped and gathered in his corn  
With the rising of the moon.*

*The sun rose up at the midnight,  
The sun rose red as blood;  
It showed the reapers the dead Christ  
Upon his cross of wood.*

*For many live that one may die  
And one must die that many live—  
The stars are silent in the sky  
Lest my poor songs be fugitive.*

*Thomas MacDonagh,  
Poet martyr of the Irish Rebellion.*



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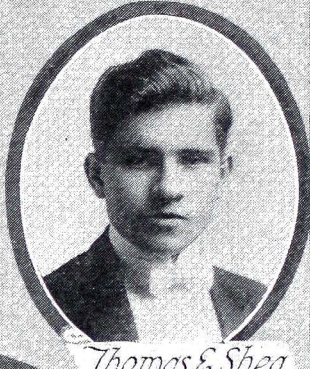


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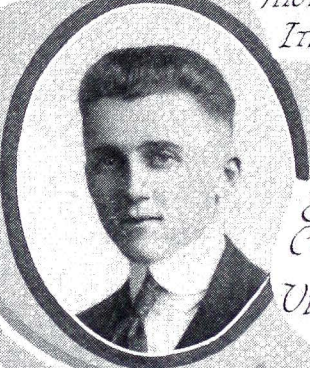


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# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

Volume 33

STAFF NUMBER

Number 8

## IRELAND AND AMERICA

CHARLES A. HART '17

One month ago to-day an event occurred which quickened the pulse of the whole civilized world. The men of Ireland were up in arms against their age-long oppressors and had declared themselves a new nation—the Republic of Ireland. Again the shots which were fired in a just cause were heard around the world. There were men in every clime and every country whose hearts went out in sympathy for those who were freely shedding their blood for Ireland in the streets of Dublin. But nowhere in the world must the news of Érin's insurrection have awakened a more responsive chord than in the hearts of true Americans. For America and Ireland ever have had and ever must have a bond of fellowship peculiarly close and intimate. And it is the strength of this bond we cannot nor we do not wish to sever that we are impelled to voice the sentiments we feel for a country so dear to us. It needs but little thought to discover whence it is that our hearts are filled with compassion for Ireland, why we more than any other people burn with indignation at this latest outrage which has been inflicted upon her in the brutal murder of her sons. We have but to turn our faces from our own hopeful future pregnant with prosperity and happiness to the past to understand why America sympathizes in a special manner for this sister country which lies bleeding by the wayside. For in that past a striking similarity is found between the one nation prosperous and free and the other suffering under almost unbelievable oppression.

Just one hundred and forty years ago on the fourth of next July a little body of wonderful American men gathered together in an old hall in Philadelphia to declare to the world that these states of America would no longer bear the tyranny of every conceivable variety which an English Sovereign was imposing upon them. "And for the support of this Declaration", they wrote



“with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.” It was a daring act, yes almost fool-hardy you will say, in view of the pitiful little army and the meagre finances those courageous signers of our Declaration of Independence had to enforce their decrees against the almost unlimited opulence and the vast hosts of soldiers the tyrant possessed. Truly it was a time which tried men’s souls in a crucible that boiled at a terrible white heat and never failed to separate the pure gold from the alloy. But every real American was loyal and a seeming defeat was turned into a glorious victory.

Just one month ago when the world was celebrating the feast of the Resurrection of Christ and His victory over sin and death another band of lovers of liberty, oppressed by the very same cruel hand and crying out against very similar tyrannical measures, met in Dublin, to declare also to the world the Ireland under God should have a new birth of freedom. As with us the difficulties were tremendous but the prize was very great. An all-wise Providence whose ways may often be inscrutable to us has permitted that their efforts should be apparent failures—apparent because the spirit which animated the lives of the brave Pearse and his fellow martyrs cannot fail. It is the spirit of right, of justice, of manhood, of truth; and the truth shall make their country free sooner or later. They were guilty of no crime save a deathless love for their own—Sinn Fein, as their band was called. They saw that island so dear to them reduced in ranks from 10 million to 4 million people in the last seventy years. The mothers of the race were as fruitful as ever but under merciless oppression at home there was slim chance for a livelihood and America beckoned. So in all the four provinces old Irish Mothers bereft after their travail and early privations had perforce to sit or walk alone with eyes sad and hearts turned to America. The Easter martyrs, however, could not tear themselves away despite the greatest personal sufferings. They watched millions of their fellow-citizens depart to a land of fairer opportunity while they remained behind in the hope of building up a new Ireland from the old spirit of the past. For the time being they are crushed and a procession of pale ghosts whose mutilated bodies bear witness to Ireland’s holy cause have wended their way to eternity. The message they leave behind to us in America is expressed so perfectly in the words of her great poet, John Boyle O’Reilly, that it seems as he must have written the lines beforehand as an epitaph for these latest martyrs:



*"No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor guilt!  
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the  
hilt*

*The wreath we bear to Columbia, is twisted of thorns not bays;  
And the songs we sing are saddened by the thoughts of desolate  
days.*

*The hearts we bring for freedom are washed in a surge of tears  
But we claim our rights by a people's fight outliving a thousand  
years.*

They, who are of that small transfigured band, whom the world cannot tame, tell us that Ireland and America have much in common in their pasts and they beg us to pray that the future may be as kind to their beloved birthplace as the present has been to us. To millions of us they speak through even closer ties of blood relationship, common ancestors. In that Easter drama of death and life many young lives that Ireland needed have been plunged into Eternity. But as surely as the risen Christ conquered sin and death they will ultimately be victorious for their cause, now, like ours of two centuries ago, is a just one. The light of the Resurrection is upon their work. In a grossly material world they have dared to die for a great principle and high ideals; their memory will live,

*"They shall be remembered forever,  
They shall be alive forever,  
They shall be speaking forever,  
The people shall hear them forever."*

---

*"I followed a morning star  
And I stand by the gate of Light,  
And a child sings my farewell to-night,  
To the atom things that are.*

*Thomas MacDonagh.*



**ENGLAND'S POLITICAL MURDERS**

ROBERT HILLIARD '18

Perhaps there is no nation which has suffered more from the cruel and tyrannical oppression of a greater power than has Ireland. Her entire history is one continuous tale of injustice, characterised by the most diabolical cruelty ever perpetrated, except perhaps in the palmy days of Roman slaughter and butchery. She has been divested of practically every single right which is her's by virtue of very existence. From the memorable tenth century when William The Conqueror started the subjugation of Ireland up until the present day she has struggled heroically against the tyranny and unjust oppression of England. Crimes that literally cry to Heaven for vengeance have been committed against her but through all the centuries of her sad existence she has borne her Cross with a remarkable fortitude. Need I mention the wanton cruelty, the barbarous butchery which was the preponderant characteristics of the Irish Reign of Terror, when people were seized on mere suspicion, flung into jail, and refused bail on any terms whatsoever; when the militia regiments from England along with a few traitorous Orangemen were encouraged by the humanitarian British Government to harass the unfortunate inhabitants of certain counties in Ireland; when houses, villages, and entire districts were burned, plundered and devastated; when men were arrested and, without trial, flogged, tortured and half hanged to extort information from them; when defenseless women and innocent children were hunted with sabres, brutally ill-treated and even murdered. Need I go even further and stir old and cherished memories dear to every patriotic Irish heart by mentioning certain incidents in the lives of such men as Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, Allan, Larkin, O'Brien, and many others, martyrs every one of them? Ah! no. There is no need of that, for the Irish heart, just at present, is burdened down with a new sorrow, a new Cross in the guise of another, and if such a thing is at all possible, a more outrageous instance of English injustice.

A few weeks ago news was flashed over the vast waters of the Atlantic that a rebellion had broken out in Ireland. Our



newspapers contained bold headlines and thrilling accounts of fiery speeches delivered by Irish patriots; of the organization of the mobs into crude, clumsy regiments; and finally of the seizure of some of the public buildings in the city of Dublin. It all happened so suddenly that, at first, we were thunder-struck with amazement and incredulity; we could scarcely realize the importance of such a procedure. By the time we had succeeded in persuading ourselves that this rebellion was a matter of earnest and grave moment and not merely the realization of some fanatical concept the rising was quelled. British gunboats had been sent up the Liffey River and had shelled the Post Office, which was the stronghold of the Revolutionists. The well armed and superbly trained British militia had succeeded in hunting down and capturing many of the leaders but not until over one hundred men had been killed on both sides, all of which goes to prove conclusively that Irish patriots were in deadly earnest since so many of them laid down their lives for the cause which they had chosen to defend.

After the leaders were imprisoned a quietus seemed to settle over the entire affair; things began to run smoothly again and the old world once more sat back at its ease patiently waiting to see what steps Great Britain would take in the trial of the captured. Our equanimity, however, was startled out of all bounds when suddenly we heard the horrifying report that sixteen of the unfortunates were executed practically without a trial and most certainly without a fair trial. They were led forth in the cold, gray dawn of an approaching day and unceremoniously shot down.

These martyrs—for martyrs they are since they died for a cause in which they believed—were the founders of what is known as the Irish Volunteer Movement. This is an organization composed of patriotic Irishmen banded together purely in the interests of self protection. The reason of the existence of this body has behind it an interesting history and a discussion of it is, at this time, quite *ad rem*.

In May, 1914, an Irish Home Rule Bill was passed by the British Parliament. This measure contained many blessings for Ireland, chief among them being the power to make its own laws independently of England. Sir Edward Carson, representative from the province of Ulster in Ireland to the British Parliament, opposed this bill most bitterly. He and a few bigots like him fought tooth and nail against its enactment into law; he went



so far as to declare openly that if the bill was passed he would oppose its enforcement by armed force if necessary. *De facto* the bill was passed and he made good his threat. He formed the Orangemen into a military body, personally supervised the organization, equipment and training necessary for this body as a standing army, and all to prevent England from enforcing the Home Rule Bill which was even then written down on its statute books. Think of it! He openly defied the Royal British Empire not only by positively refusing to abide by one of the laws actually on its statute books, but by raising an army to wage bloody war against the agents of the Government who should attempt to enforce this law. In other and plainer words he started an open rebellion against British Authority. England in all her glory, pomp and majesty decreed by law that Ireland should have Home Rule; Carson and his followers hurled the *non serviam* into the very teeth of George and defied the entire British Empire with its vast population and untold resources to compel him to obey this law.

It is well worthy of note that the Irish Volunteers were organized primarily for self protection against this band of Ulster Rebels. Sir Edward Carson and his followers were like a huge sword hanging by a silken thread over all Ireland and these patriots thought it imperative that they take some steps to protect themselves against this new power which had risen up and defied the government under which they lived. Through the inexorable decrees of Fate it came to pass that the leaders of both parties were punished; those of the Irish Volunteer Movement were imprisoned and shot whilst Sir Edward Carson was promoted from a position as a member of Parliament to a seat in the British Cabinet and his followers were secretly praised by the powers-that-be of England.

Now here we have two cases of open rebellion. It is true that the Irish Volunteers seized certain public buildings in Dublin and refused to surrender them to the British soldiery delegated to seize them, but it is equally true that the Ulster Party openly defied the power and the authority of the British Government by refusing to obey one of the laws on its statute books; in both instances the power of the British Government was defied by a display of armed force. But note carefully the different kind of punishment meted out. In one case hundreds of men are thrown into prison; in the other they are encouraged and secretly aided in their lawless endeavors by the just Mother Country; in



one case sixteen of the leaders are shot down like dogs; in the other the leader is promoted to a position of the highest rank in the service of the country against which he rebelled. If this is justice I would like to have a definition of partiality; if this is justice then certainly justice has lost its original meaning and has deteriorated into a state of putrefaction and decay; if this is justice under the British flag, then let us, as American citizens get down on our knees and thank God that our forefathers succeeded in liberating us once and forever from British control.

Be that as it may the world will not and cannot forget the immortal sacrifice made by these Irish patriots. Their names will be uttered henceforth with the highest respect, admiration, and reverence, because they have consummated, upon the bloody altar of British injustice, the supreme test of love, self sacrifice; because they have laid down their life's blood for a cause which they rightly thought to be a just cause, a true cause, a noble cause. They are patriots in every sense of that high connotative term; patriots of the same type as our own Patrick Henry, for as they were being led forth to their execution we can readily imagine, ay we can almost hear each one of them giving utterance to that immortal apothem of patriotism, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

---

TO IRELAND:

*When dullness shall chain the wild harp that would praise thee,  
When its last sigh of freedom is heard on thy shore,  
When its raptures shall bless the false heart that betrays thee—  
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more!  
When thy sons are less tame than their own ocean waters,  
When their last flash of wit and of genius is o'er,  
When virtue and beauty forsake thy young daughters  
Oh, then, dearest Erin, I'll love thee no more.*

—Thomas Moore.



## SHAKESPEAREAN MUSIC

P. I. CARBERY '18

*"Music is the true universal speech of mankind."*

When God breathed into inanimate clay life and an immortal soul, we are told that angels gathered around and sang their Master's Praises. From the very dawn of man to the present day music has been the medium for conveying man's higher thought and feelings to his fellow-men.

We find the early world ever devising more and more sensitive instruments with which to convey their sentiments. By the time Shakespeare appeared the variety of instruments was almost equal to the variety of tastes. Early crude melodies piped on instruments of rude construction now gave way to beautiful expressive tones poems accompanied by music of elaborate contrapuntal nature.

More remarkable at this time was the universal knowledge of music. So great was this influence that any who made any pretense at culture or education "ipso facto" expected to perform, play or sing on sight and even improvise according to the intricate rules of counterpoint for string instruments. This universal knowledge and appreciation of music by those audiences who listened to plays of Shakespeare is likewise reflected in his writings. In fact it is almost impossible to find any of his plays which has not numerous references to music—references of such a highly technical nature that they presuppose a developed knowledge of the art's finer points. It follows that since Shakespeare was so amazingly popular with the audiences of his day that the populace from "groundlings" to lords and the queens must necessarily have had a familiarity with music such as only the professional musician today possesses.

That Shakespeare loves the folk ballads of his day is very clear from many a passage:

"Mistress Ford" in "Merry Wives of Windsor" observes that Falstaff's disposition and truth of his words—"do no more adhere and keep pace than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves", a contemporary song. Following this we have



Falstaff calling upon the sky to thunder to the tune of the "Green Sleeve". The tune referred to is a "new courtly sonet of the 'Lady Green Sleeves' "—a song which was very popular during Henry the VIII reign.

In the "Merchant of Venice" we find an expressive allusion to Pythagorean "Music of the Spheres."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" Beatrice says that she "may sit in a cornere and cry 'Heigh Ho for a Husband' " referring to an old tune which had its birth in the early part of the fifteenth century. These musical references naturally suggest two things to the modern reader—one is that the incessant allusion to music and puns involving technical terms, which have to be explained in the notes for the modern readers, must have been clear and suggestive to the audiences of his days. The *other* is that Shakespeare's musical allusions show the same range of knowledge and accuracy as has been noticed to so many technical subjects in other branches of art and science. It is oft times argued that his puns are far fetched but we notice from a musical standpoint they are apt and artistical. Music we may infer therefore was merely one of the many departments of art known to his "myriad mind."

Unlike the drama of today song was utilized to a great extent in plays of Shakespeare. A few of these melodies written especially for his dramas exist in their original condition. They are most beautiful and possess a queer simplicity, yet inspiring in their movement. They may be best termed as purely "Elizabethanesque." The music as we have it today has suffered serious interpolation and revision which gives us but little idea of the originality of the time. The burning of the Globe Theater in the latter days of Shakespeare marks a destruction of the most valuable link in our study of the custom, manners and ambitions of the people, through their native music.

Thomas Morley, possibly the greatest of the Shakespearean composers of music, still enjoys fame in his musical adaptation of "It Was a Lover and His Lass" from "As You Like It". This participates of the true Elizabethan flavor and succeeds in giving us about the very best insight into the style and technique of this period. "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Full Fanthom Five" in "The Tempest" are all from the pen of the contemporaneous composer Robert Johnson. These few melodies about exhaust the original music of this time, the many later settings of the songs of Shakespeare are the products of later pens—pens for the most part that possess little of the true Elizabethan art, which stands out alone.



It has always been the ambition of succeeding English composers to try their hands at the musical settings of the works of Shakespeare but few have done so with any really enduring fame. Henry Purcell was probably the greatest of later composers. He produced many pieces incidental to Shakespeare's plays which still live with fair popularity. With the success of these he assumed the ponderous task of writing a musical adaptation of "Midsummer's Nights Dream". This forms the story for his opera called "The Fairy Queen". The libretto was adapted by an anonymous writer and was first staged about 1692. A peculiarity of this libretto lies in its complete independence from the original text of Shakespeare. It adheres only to the general plot and movement of the story as Shakespeare told it. This valuable opera was probably lost but most likely stolen about 1700 and not until recent years has it been recovered and republished.

Among the names of less renown and Purcell is that of Sir Arthur Sullivan who adapted music to "The Tempest", the "Merchant of Venice", "Merry Wives of Windsor", "Macbeth" and "Henry VIII". These however were ephemeral and passed into oblivion. His adaptation of the "Tempest" however possess in a high degree the true spirit of earlier times and may well rival any efforts of the Elizabethan composers. Linked also with the name Shakespeare is that of Mendelssohn, who is renowned for his skilful setting of "Mid Summer Night's Dream". This is possibly the best known musical adaptation of Shakespeare's plays and is included in the repertoire of our leading opera companies of the present time.

The spirit, style and force of Shakespeare tempted other masters of music to venture to give his dramas operatic settings. Both Haydn and Gounod, though in the main not completely successful, nevertheless gave the musical world many interesting interpretations of Shakespeare's dramas.

Since the age of Shakespeare countless composers, some of renown though many of obscure fame, have attempted the translation of Shakespeare into music. His plays have ever been the object of the ambitious composers. His works serve as a basis for more operas than all the other great poets put together. Now in face of these surprising facts why is it that no one composer stands out in high relief as the most musical interpreter of Shakespeare? It is true we have dashes of brilliancy and profound thoughts in many fragments and minor poems and songs found in the great bard's works. For example who is "Sylvia"



from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and also "Come Thou Monarch of Divine" from "Antony and Cleopatra". Yet it may be said we have not the true personality and in any the musical interpretations which have thus far been attempted. The reason for this is obviously that there must be some element in Shakespeare's immortal dramas which requires more skill and knowledge of translation and interpretation than any which have yet been evidenced. But such a criterion of perfection will suppose and make for the greatest genius the musical world knows. To the composers who can consistently interpret the ideas, thoughts and feelings of Shakespeare will be erected a monument of fame which will endure for all time, and the musical world will rise unanimously and pay him the highest compliment true appreciation is able to render—"The Shakespeare of Music".

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OF A POET-CAPTAIN

*His songs were a little phrase  
Of eternal song,  
Drowned in the harping of lays  
More loud and long.*

*His deeds were a single word,  
Called out alone  
In a night when no echo stirred to laughter  
To laughter or moan.*

*But his songs new souls shall thrill  
The loud harps dumb,  
And his deeds the echoes fill  
When the dawn is come.*

—Thomas MacDonagh.



**THE TEARS OF IRELAND**

THOMAS E. SHEA '18

"We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be sovereign and indefeasible. Long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and Government has not extinguished that right, nor can it ever be extinguished, except by the destruction of the Irish people. \* \* \* Standing on that fundamental right, and asserting it again in arms in the face of the whole world we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic, as a sovereign, independent state, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades in arms to the cause of its freedom, its welfare, and its exaltation among nations."

In these words the Irish people once more hurled open defiance into the teeth of the English lord. This was the tocsin that announced to England once more that Ireland after eight hundred years of cruel persecution was by no means subjugated. This was the signal for another short but fierce struggle for national freedom and sovereignty; another struggle which dyed the soil of Ireland, already crimson with the blood of martyrs, a deeper hue; another struggle which has placed the names of Pearse, and those who died with him, on the long list of Ireland's brave patriots, ever to be cherished as champions of Irish liberty.

Ireland's history during the past eight hundred years, from the time the usurping tyrant first gained a foothold on Irish soil down to the present, is but a record of such struggles. During all those centuries, in spite of her unjust, treacherous, and inhuman persecution of the Irish people, England has been taught again and again that the Irishman who had a just cause to defend is not to be cowed by the savagry of even the most powerful tyrant.

Full well the Irish people realize the greatness of liberty and full well they realize that this great gift has been wrested from them by a perfidious usurper, and so they have struggled in the past and so they made another attempt a few weeks ago, and so they will continue to struggle until they regain what is rightfully their own.



To some people, the last rebellion in which the Irish nation again asserted its claim to liberty, was but the product of a brain crazed with enthusiasm, that it was a useless struggle which only served to tighten the chain of slavery that now binds her. To the majority, however, and to those who have even a slight acquaintance with Ireland's past, it is the only means of ever securing that one blessing so dear to every human being—liberty. If the Irish nation is ever to regain its freedom, if it is ever to take its place among the nations of the world as a free and independent state, it can do so only by open rebellion, by open resistance to the tyranny of England. It may sound well to the stranger to talk about diplomacy, to say that England is too strong to be brought to terms by open rebellion, to say that freedom can be gained only on peaceful terms. It may sound well, I say, to the stranger, but to the Irishman, it is a mockery, a sham, that makes his blood boil with intense hatred. He, by a lesson too terrible to be forgotten, has long ago been taught the danger of too much loyalty to an English sovereign. Too often has the generous trust of the Irishman been repaid with base betrayal for him ever to hope again for an honest, faithful treaty with England. Honor which is held so sacred by every Irish heart is a word whose meaning is unknown to the English. Shameless deceit and base treachery is the banner under which England has extended her empire. Under this same banner she gained a foothold in Ireland in the twelfth century and under this same banner she hopes to retain her position.

Throughout history England's attitude towards Ireland is a series of broken treaties. Need I recall the numerous occasions when the English by untold cruelties literally drove the Irish clans to rebellion so that they might have some pretext to slaughter them? Is it necessary to mention the memorable treaty of Limerick which was broken and trampled under foot by Protestant interest, yelling for more plunder and persecution, or how lust of dominion—sheer of mastery—goaded England on, when she had been compelled to make some small concession, to begin to devise some more wicked means by which a stronger chain might be forged and bound on the Irish nation.

There is not a single instance where Ireland placed any great trust in England that she was not repaid with infidelity and persecution. England will not even listen to arbitration. When the Irish people, through O'Connell, said to England, "Let us reason this question. Let there be an end to a resort to force," England



answered by a flourish of the mailed hand. She would have no reasoning on the subject. She pointed to her armies, her fleets, her arsenals and dock-yards, her shotted gun and whetted sabre, and this same thing she does today, unless she sees through simulated trust a better chance to persecute the down-trodden race.

Could there be any revolution in Ireland unwarranted in the face of eight centuries of direst cruelty, during which time England made use of every means to brutify the mind and destroy the intellect of the Irish people and when the English press gloated over the anticipated extirpation of the Irish race? Can any one forget that night of deepest horror when Cromwell and his band of fiendish plunderers swept over the land leaving desolation and ruin in their train, and when the diabolical idea was conceived of blotting the Irish race from the face of the earth? The whole nation was driven across the Shannon into the province of Connaught, each a *Via Dolorosa*, the sorrowing cavalcades streamed, weary, fainting, and foot-sore, another procession moved towards the sea-ports, thousands of children to be transported and sold into slavery in the pestilential settlements of the West Indies. Force was necessary to collect them; but vain was all resistance. Bands of soldiery went about tearing from the arms of their shrieking parents young children of ten or twelve years, then chaining them in gangs, they marched them to the nearest port. Of those little ones—just old enough to feel all the pangs of such a ruthless and eternal severance from loving mother, from fond father, from all happiness on earth—no record tells the fate. But at home on the rifled nest of the parent's heart—what a memory of them was kept! There the image of each little victim was enshrined; and father and mother, bowed with age from suffering, went down into the grave, "still thinking, ever thinking," of the absent, the cherished one, whom they were never to see on earth again, now writhing beneath the planter's lash, or filling an endless grave in Jamaican soil! Yes, that army of innocents banished from record here; but the Great God who marked the slaughters of Herod has kept a reckoning of the crime that in that hour so notably likened Ireland to Rachel weeping for her children.

It is the memory of such things as these that has driven the Irish to rebellion in the past; it is the memory of such things as these that moved those latest heroes to throw off the bondage of a tyrannical Government. These men although they have failed in their project have driven home to England that old lesson that



the Irish race, though "oft doomed to death," is not "fated to die."

It is to be hoped that, by the murder of these men, whose only crimes was to love their native land and seek her welfare, the compassion now felt will turn into indignation and hatred for their murderers, until, by one mighty sweep the cause for which they struggled and fell is gained; until Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth once again.

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*What is white?  
The soul of sage, faith-lit  
The trust of Age,  
The infant's untaught wit  
What more white?  
The face of Truth made known,  
The voice of Youth  
Singing before her throne.*

—Thomas Mac Donagh.



**THE GLORY OF THE DEAD**

FULTON J. SHEEN '17

As an Irishman I feel that I have a special right to join in paying tribute to Ireland's martyrs. My heart beating in unison with a million sympathetic hearts tells me that the names and deeds of the Irish patriots are worthy of everlasting remembrance.

Love for the country's defenders and martyrs is one of the noblest traits of human nature. Dr. Johnson has feelingly alluded to this sentiment when he declared: "That man is little envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of the Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." The man whose heart strings do not vibrate with honest pride at the recollection of those who have sacrificed life itself in defense of home, honor, and principles is like the "man who has no music in his soul, fit for treasons, strategems and spoils. The motions of his spirit dull as night and his affections dark as Cerebus. Let no such man be trusted."

All honor then to liberty's defenders living and dead, a nation can never repay their labors. Every inhabitant of the land down to remotest posterity has become their debtor. Patriotism is always united with humanity and compassion. The noble affection which impelled these Irish patriots to sacrifice everything dear, even life itself, for their stricken country compels solemn respect not only for the martyrs themselves, but for the country they died to save. Hence it is that we raise up our hearts in thanksgiving that this day and age glorious men were raised up ready to die for a principle and an ideal, glad to give their lives that the smouldering sparks of love of liberty might not be extinguished in the hearts of their countrymen.

Let not the sad and disgraceful tales of the murders of the Irish patriots Pearse, McBride, Clarke, Plunket and the rest, ever be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with manly indignation at the thought of these Irish leaders lined up against a wall in the Tower of London, and shot; let every parent tell the shameful story to the listening children until the tears of pity glisten in their eyes, and boiling passions shake



their tender frames, and whilst the anniversary of that ill-fated day is kept a jubilee, let all Americans join common prayer to heaven that age may not wither or memory stale the grandeur of the oblation which these noble hearts laid upon the altar of patriotic devotions.

It is rarely that God blesses a nation with such men as Pearse, Connolly, Plunket and other martyrs. Over their sublime sense of righteousness, their idealism, their Spartan spirit, not Ireland alone but the world may well feel elation and a warm incentive to emulate their active love for country.

We commend them to the grave and impartial tribunal of history as patriotic and devoted citizens; we invoke the considerate judgment of the world upon the justice of their cause. We reiterate the assertion that there was a solemn duty laid upon them, by their time and their place, their country, and that this they zealously assumed and as heroically performed. To them as to the Spartans who fell around their king in stern defense of the liberties of Greece, changing but the name of the battlefield, apply the words which Simonides uttered.

*"Of those who at Thermopylae were slain  
Glorious the doom, beautiful the lot  
Their tomb an altar, men from tears refrain  
Honor and praise, but mourn them not."*

They thought not of the shuffling off on posterity the burden of resistance. They well understood the part which Providence had assigned them. They perceived that they were called to discharge a high and perilous office in the cause of freedom; that their hands were elected to strike the blow by which Ireland would be freed.

It cannot be fairly questioned that whatever they may think of their cause, they believe in it firmly. Men do not sacrifice life and property without the stint or measure, except in the faith that they are right. Men do not go out to give lives for a cause without reason. It is easy for an arm-chair philosopher to locate the madness of such so-called "fanatics". But people of Irish blood, whatever opinions they may hold concerning Ireland, must render the last full measure of devotion to the martyrs of Irish freedom.

These noble men as prisoners would have faded from notice in the kaleidoscope of this huge war's events, yet by the stupid and criminal murdering by the English tyrants have been made



heroes and immortals. Their spirits, like that of Caesar's, will be mighty long after their death a force more potent than many legions of soldiers. For when all is said and done it is always ideals that triumph in the long run of a people's history, over rifles, bayonets, and the nooses of the abhorred hangmen.

Any land for which men are willing to die is worth dying for ;

Any Liberty which men are willing to die to win will sooner or later be won.

Because of their sacrifice then these men are embalmed forever in our memory ; they will not change, they will not seem to grow less fresh, less daring than they were when they faced the executioner's rifle in the Tower of London. They will always have the dew of youth ; it is we alone who shall grow old ; and again what a wonderful purifier was their death.

Now all stains were washed away ; their life ceased at its climax and the ending sanctified all that went before. Life especially today is a poor thing enough, yet when consecrated to a great and holy cause, it becomes a precious crown to wear in the courts of heaven.

The most these noble men could promise themselves was that having sown the seed of liberty, having shielded its tender germ from the stern blasts that beat upon it, having watered it with the tears of waiting eyes and the blood of brave hearts, their children might gather the fruit of the branches, while they themselves who planted the seed would rest in peace beneath its shade. The blood that flowed from their gapping wounds will water, blossom, and fructify the tree of Irish liberty as surely as the blood which flowed at Lexington and Concord from the hearts of our glorious forefathers watered, blossomed, and bore fruit to the tree of American liberty.

Livy tells us the story of Hannibal, the mightiest enemy Rome ever knew. It is related that his father Hamilcar himself, a chieftain and warrior whose renown has been eclipsed by that of his greater son, brought him when a child nine years old into the Temple of the Gods that he might lift his little hand to swear eternal hostility to the tyranny of Rome. So likewise every Irish child should be brought to the shrine of the memory of these martyrs to swear righteous hostility not to be one of grasping power only, but to every tyranny that would enslave the body, enchain the mind of man. And to swear eternal devotion to the great principles of civil and religious liberty !



Every lover of liberty in America then will honor the men who fell in Dublin as martyrs for Ireland and freedom. Pearse may be dead, Connolly may be dead, but of such men it has been written :

*"For hour if ye look for him he is no more found  
For one hour's space  
Then lift up your face to him and behold him crowned  
A deathless face."*

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TO EMMETT :

*Though the minstrel of Erin, who chanted his fame,  
Hath said of her martyr "Oh breathe not his name!"  
Yet what bard of Erin the wild harp could wake,  
And forget the young hero who died for her sake?*

—Anon.



**SYMPATHY OF THE WORLD****F. C. HANGSTERFER '19**

Did I have an optical illusion or did I really see a faint smile as I advanced to face this highly intelligent audience? Perhaps some may think it strange that a man with a name like mine, should have the unadulterated nerve or the undaunted courage to address a body of people in the cause of Ireland, but, what is in a name when justice is concerned?

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I shall endeavor to express the sentiments of the entire world in regard to the recent political murders committed by England, in the most oppressed and yet, the most loyal and faithful little country on earth—Ireland. I am but one of a great number of men who cannot stand idly by and see this votary of human life sacrificed upon the altar of freedom. The names of the fifteen men who gave their lives for the cause of Irish independence shall be inscribed forever upon the imperishable scroll of history.

England's act has attracted the attention of countless millions of men who have not an ounce of Irish blood in their veins, but who are standpatters for justice, liberty and truth. This incident will have a profound effect upon the entire world, because it will prompt men to think and read. What difference does it make what England says—why should the world at large believe what she says? Actions speak louder than words and Britain's recent act of savagery and barbarism calls to Heaven for vengeance. Why should she not be denounced to the conscience of all mankind for this outrageous act of infamy which culminated in the execution of fifteen of Ireland's best statesmen and truest patriots? Had these martyrs been traitors all then would be well and good, but they no longer pledged allegiance to the British flag, they belonged to the Irish Republic.

What now can England say of German slaughter in Belgium, how can she speak in contempt of the salt mines of Siberia, or how can she lash with a scornful tongue the Prussians for their treatment of the Poles?—what explanation has she to offer for the blackened walls and tumbling ruins of Dublin, with the blood of Irish patriots reddening poor Ireland's soil in streams. Let us



hope that we shall hear no more about the passionate and heroic sympathy of England for the rights and liberties of smaller nations.

In this matter of rebellion Ireland had declared open warfare upon England. They were thoroughly hostile to their adversaries and were in no way any longer connected with it so far as affiliation is concerned. Since this is so, those brave Irish heroes had the perfect right to treatment as accorded to prisoners of war and provided for by all the laws of international warfare. But this is exactly what England did not grant them, instead they treated them as spies and traitors, led them as lambs to the slaughter, where they propped up their weak backs to be riddled with shot, because of their show of patriotism. Would you call that doing something for the uplift of a nation or for the benefit of humanity?

The men who directed, aided or participated in this latest Irish rebellion were men whose greatest desire, whose earnest wish, whose daily prayer, was that Ireland might again take her place among the nations of the world. These men were the true patriots of Ireland. They were inspired by the same high motives and lofty principles as were those who rescued the American colonies from tyranny and won for them freedom and prosperity. Some may claim that Ireland has received many privileges from England in recent years and hence should be satisfied—but it is known to the world that Ireland never received anything good from England, that could be kept from her. The freedom, such as it is, that Ireland enjoys, justly belongs to her and was wrung from the English only after much sacrifice and cost. No matter what England may give to Ireland it is but restoring that which was taken from her, as every student of history knows.

The hatred which rankles in the heart of every true Irishman towards England, is that of the youth who sees the horse of the conqueror standing upon the bosom of his slaughtered father, the mangled and bloody corpses of his mother, little sisters and brothers hurled amid the burning rafters of their dwelling, and he himself forced to set out into exile. This is a righteous hatred. It was such that led Hamilcar to make his son Hannibal swear eternal enmity toward the Roman oppressors of his country. Ireland, brow-beaten, down-trodden and subjected to every indignity for centuries, can never forget those who have done her wrong. Ireland asks only those rights which belong to every man and which were destined for him by a beneficent Creator.



In suffering the loss of these martyrs Ireland is by no means alone in her sorrow, because it has come as a death-dealing blow to the entire civilized world. When a man sacrifices his life upon the altar of freedom, he ceases to be the private property of any one nation, but immediately becomes the common property of the universe. So it is with these brave heroes who have died for Ireland—all the world deplores England's treatment of them and unites in one great protest against the cowardly actions of Great Britain. All the nations of the earth adopt these patriotic martyrs who have died in the cause of liberty and justice, and denounce the perpetrators of this bloody sacrifice.

The real heart of America still beats true to the cause of human liberty everywhere, it sympathizes and applauds above the graves of all those who on many fields of battle and through many years of agony and endurance bought with their blood their children's most precious heritage—American freedom. And we, as true Americans thank God for loyal soldiers and true martyrs such as Washington, Lincoln, Tone, Emmet and for Pearse and those who died with him.

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If the British Empire is to be saved . . . . it will not be by shooting dreamers and poets against the feudal background of the Tower of London, with the whole sea-sundered Irish race listening, and beginning to wonder, and to wonder terribly.—*Shane Leslie in Ireland.*



## NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES

The National Conference of Catholic Charities will hold its fourth biennial session at the Catholic University, Washington, September 17, 18, 19, 20. Work on the program is nearly completed.

The Conference holds general meetings usually in the evening, at which fundamental problems of interest to the entire membership are discussed. It holds section meetings, each one being in charge of a special committee interested in a particular field of relief work. There are committees on Families, on Social and Civic Activities, on Sick and Defectives and on Children. Arrangements are made for two meetings for each committee during the days of the Conference. At each meeting from two to four papers are read. These are discussed by a small number appointed for that purpose after which general discussion from the floor is invited. Utmost freedom of discussion is encouraged. The Conference never votes on any policy of relief. It leaves all members untrammelled in the expression of their views.

This arrangement lends intense interest to the meetings since there are no less than twenty-seven states represented at the Conference sessions. Those in attendance bring the advantage of wide experience and well tested leadership to the expression of their views in either papers or discussions.

All Catholics who are interested in any feature of relief work are cordially invited to become members. The report of each biennial meeting of the Conference makes a volume of approximately four hundred pages. These Reports constitute already an important element in the literature of Catholic Charities in the United States. Perhaps the most important constructive action expected at the meeting of the Conference next September will be the creation of a National Catholic Charities monthly magazine. It will be the successor to the St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly which has been published by the Superior Council of New York for twenty-one years.

At a meeting of the National Committee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at the Catholic University in November, 1915, heart-



iest encouragement was voted to the plan of converting the Quarterly into a monthly and of placing it under the editorial direction of Rev. John A. Ryan, one of the most distinguished scholars in the American Church. It is expected that the National Conference of Catholic Charities will endorse the plan, since it has twice voted in favor of it at former meetings.

The following are the Officers of the National Conference for the period 1915-1916:

Honorary President: His Eminence JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

President: Right Rev. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, Rector of the Catholic University.

Vice-Presidents:

Very Rev. FRANCIS J. O'HARA, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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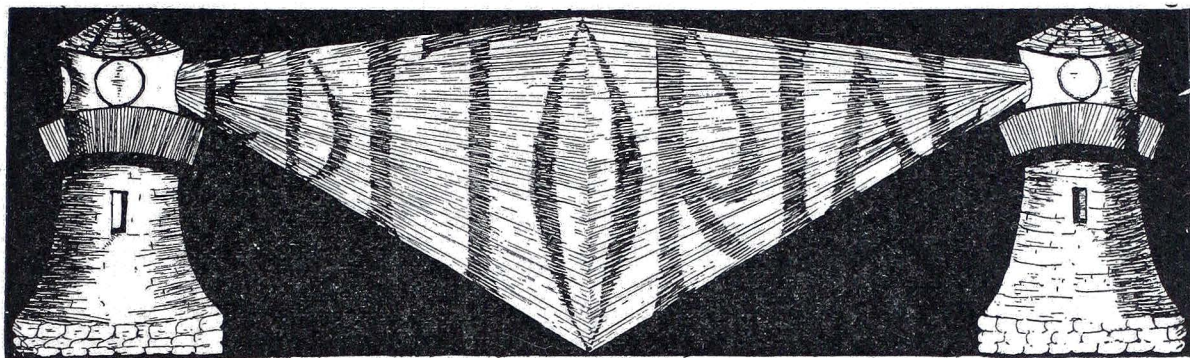
Secretary: Rev. Dr. WILLIAM J. KERBY, Cath. Univ., D. C.

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Freedom is so splendid a thing that one cannot worthily state it in the terms of a definition; one has to write it in some flaming symbol or to sing it in music riotous with the uproar of heaven.

—P. H. Pearse, *Irish patriot*.





# THE VIATORIAN

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*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.—Terence.*

With this issue of the VIATORIAN the staff offers their number for your approval or your adverse criticism, as the case may be. In so taking an issue unto themselves they do not so with any idea of monopolizing your attention but only to conform with a precedent now quite well established in the history of journalism in this college. We have had occasion, in season and out of season, to urge upon you that this paper is a mutual possession of every single individual at St. Viator's and we gladly take the opportunity now to reiterate what has been said so often in the past. The VIATORIAN will grow and prosper or decline and decay in just so far as you lend your enthusiasm and efforts

### The Staff Number



in contribution, or as you take every occasion to "knock" on the work of others and shirk the part you can and ought to do in making this magazine a fit representative of St. Viator's among the other college journals. Happily this class of "knockers" is not so large but the shirkers—well, the less said the better. Somebody once said something about spoken words and their tendency toward ugliness on occasions of heat.

We came across a slogan which a little town out in New York adopted as a spur to civic betterment. By slightly paraphrasing it, and with due apologies to the boasters of said little town, we should like to present it as a watchword for VIATORIAN readers:

*"It ain't the individual nor the college as a whole,  
But the everlastin' team work of every bloomin' soul."*

You are on the team of contributors. Kindly memorize the slogan and then do your part as a member of the team.

As a slight memorial to those who lost their lives in the Irish Rebellion of Easter week this number of the VIATORIAN is humbly and reverently offered. We believe the sentiments here expressed voice the feelings of the great majority of our college. It is true that many have deplored the act of Pearse and his fellow martyrs as one of rebellion and of rashness. Rebellion against legally constituted authority is blasphemy to Almighty God. But resistance to age-long oppression, to a consistent policy of brutality of every conceivable species, and to determined and premeditated planning against the interests of one's country, is not rebellion but the very highest type of patriotism. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Pearse, Connolly, and their band were prompted by any but the very highest and noblest motives. Perhaps they may have been rash but could we not say the same things of the founders of our country at the outset of the American Revolution? If these Irish patriots had succeeded no one would dare to call them traitors; in their failure who can rightly do so. The question of the justice of their cause does not arise because it cannot. Hitherto the world has not condemned means very similar to those used by the Irish "rebels," as some Anglo-maniacs may choose to call them.

For our part we fervently thank God that such men as these we wish to honor have lived and died. Neither they nor their nation have ever asked for anything but their own. They have



never invaded another country with the intention of oppression or of taking away the liberties of another. Few nations in history can say as much. May the spirit of Pearse never die; may the spirit of Connolly never die, until success attends it. It would be a sad thing for this world if any English rifle could stifle it.

Recently New York City witnessed a monster parade for preparedness in which 140,000 people took part. It was perhaps the greatest parade for any purpose ever held in United States. Chicago and many other large cities will have had similar demonstrations within the next month. But are the mass of the people who eagerly join in these exhibitions really sincere? Of course there is that class who, like the small boy when a circus comes to town, do not hesitate to join in the show merely for the novelty. Then there are those who parade because their friends and neighbors do, and not for any sympathy they have with the movements. But it is quite interesting to speculate upon the number who are downright in earnest. For considerably over a year we have been haranguing on every possible occasion, upon the necessity of being ready. Nearly every magazine or paper one picks up contains some allusion to the topic. It is eloquently voiced from the platform and not a few Protestant divines in keeping with their growing tendency to talk on every and any conceivable subject, have preached preparedness from the pulpit.

In view of this considerable unanimity of popular opinion Congress can hardly dare to oppose its wishes. But armies and navies are conducted and built up, for a large part, of men. Millions of dollars worth of equipment are quite useless otherwise. The slight inconsistency of these monster demonstrations lies in the fact that the recruiting offices scattered throughout the country are not overburdened with a great rush to enlist. For instance in our neighboring metropolis a recruiting station was opened some considerable time ago but it was recently reported that not one single man had enlisted thus far. And we suppose the bristling city to the south of us will have its preparedness parade on the peril of being stigmatized as unprogressive. It would never do to parade at least. One must get rid of these bothersome committees to assent to their demand that we walk up and down the main streets for a few hours. But as to real military training. Oh, well that is quite another matter. The president of United States called out the Texas National Guard



last month to serve in the protection of the border of its own state. One hundred and sixteen out of no very large total number enlisted refused to respond although it was no general protection asked but a matter very near home—quite tangible, from all reports of border raids. An insult to our integrity as a nation, such as the estimable Panco Villa and company gave to us in the Columbus raid should have spoken quite eloquently. But it does not seem to have done so. Why do these men join the T. N. G?

The moral of all these little incidents might be that if we wore out less shoes in preparedness parades and more brains in devising practical ways in actually getting ready for these supposed wars which they (that very indefinite party) tell us we may engage in, at a more or less remote date we would really be getting somewhere although the shoe-man might not think so. Are we ready for compulsory military training? Shall our army receive the bulk of attention or should our efforts be largely in the sphere of the navy? Practical means might be devised for getting these gentlemen who parade so eagerly to actually do something the way of learning how to fire a gun, even if only their leisure time were taken up in the acquisition of the art. Let us get somewhere sometime.

In an address before the student body, the president of Cornell University, Jacob G. Schurman, is reported as saying: "No railroad, no industrial concern today will take a student from Cornell unless it has my assurance that he is a total abstainer." The utterance was a remarkable one, and coming from the head of this great institution of learning must be the words of one who knows the conditions whereof he speaks. If so the statement names a grave peril which must sooner or later undermine the progress of Cornell. And Cornell is no greatly different in its general tendencies and its mode of student life than any other of our numerous colleges and universities. The men there are living in an environment very similar to that of other great secular institutions and are subject to quite similar temptations. Are American college men giving way to the habit of intemperance under the mental stress and general strenuousness of the age? This is surely a matter of gravest concern for there could hardly be a greater stumbling block to the advancement of higher learning than this very one with which Pres. Schurman so seriously concerns himself. Before the war had called the German students from their books this evil of intemperance among them was

### Temperance in Colleges



decried in all of the highest circles of Germany. The Kaiser himself, in a general address to the German universities, while deploring intemperance in every walk of life, especially condemned it in the universities as a most serious menace to the growth of national life and national ideals. American students may well heed the warning.

It is not the intention here to preach the cause of Prohibition or any of the movements related to prohibition but we think it is quite evident that inebriety and high standards either in the class room or on the athletic field cannot go together. The American students have been singularly abstemious in the past in comparison with the students of any other advanced nation. That very temperance has been one of the great reasons why our scholarship and athletic prowess has progressed by leaps and bounds. Every authority in our universities, every college man who has the interests of the college at heart must strive with all the force of their power and example that such a standard shall continue if our intellectual life would not be blighted at the roots. And let every student remember that the force of character of one man who is of "the fellows" can often do more than many sermons from the faculty.

A very diligent perusal of the course of studies as outlined in the various Catholic college catalogs reveal the fact that not more

**Sociology in Catholic Schools** than four or five have regular courses in sociology. It would seem that this is somewhat in keeping with the general attitude of our Catholic people towards systematic work in social service.

Sociology is here to stay. We should recognize the fact that it is not a fad or an ism of the hour, destined to a brief existence and then relegated to dark oblivion. The wide interest shown in the National Conference of Charities and Corrections whose sessions were held in Indianapolis last month is a very recent proof of this assertion. Further, this conference was not largely attended by Catholics, despite the fact that a Catholic priest, elected to his position as a compromise candidate by various factions of the Conference, was at the head. There is no reason why this should be the case. There is a class of Catholics which even includes members of the priesthood, who are too apt to complain of bigotry and prejudice when it comes to joining with social workers outside the Church, although there is often very little ground for that charge if only a little tact is used. We know that



the principles upon which Catholic sociology is founded are the true ones for they come from Christ Himself. Why, then, should we not take every opportunity to impress those principles upon society and give Catholic instead of often pagan ideals to the secular social worker. The science of sociology is new; it is in the critical formative period. It should be moulded along Catholic lines but it will not be if Catholic colleges and Catholics in general do not rouse themselves to more energetic work. It is up to us to maintain our own interests and Catholic colleges must be in the vanguard.

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One true man dead for liberty is worth a thousand men.—  
*Joyce.*

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Is not Ireland already traceable in the statute book as a wounded man in a crowd is traced by his wounds?—*Robert Emmet.*





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

—Goldsmith.

*The Duquesne Monthly*.—This month's issue appears to be rather deficient, quantitatively at least—two short essays, one legend and two bits of pseudo-poetry represent its entire output. What is the matter with trying a short story or a literary appreciation? The Exman is surprised because usually this journal is fairly teeming with good articles; perhaps this was an off month. "The Influence of Journalism on Literature" does not treat this broad subject as fully as it might. More historical value would have been added to the article had the author started with Addison, Steele and Defoe the pioneers of journalism. No mention is made of Samuel Johnson's endeavors in this field and we feel confident that if the venerable Doctor was alive today the author would suffer for this slight. The information as to the character of journalism during the Victorian Age is not very illuminating. Furthermore not one word is spoken of Macaulay, the father of journalism and the man who transplanted journalism from the ordinary periodicals into the realms of real literature. The decline of journalism is accounted for quite plausibly although it might be said that there were other causes at work besides a deterioration of human abilities. The transition from this point to a discussion of the modern newspaper is altogether too abrupt. Some of the criticisms of the absurdities appearing in present day journals are apropos and well-taken. These are exemplified daily in the famous "Line O' Type Column" of the Chicago Tribune. If the author honestly thinks that the poetry



contained in college magazines would serve to raise the standard of journalism the Exman is amazed. These jingles are, for the most part, capable of raising only a laugh or a groan. "The Legend of the Hidden Door" is an appetizing dish for children but is hardly suitable for college men. After careful perusal numerous instances of faulty sentence structure are found. "The Influence of Journalism on Culture" is decidedly well worth reading. The subject is treated in a novel manner and the author's style, though a trifle heavy in places appears to be suited to this kind of literary work. The Exman must say however that he finds it very hard to agree with the following statement; referring to the story written by ex-journalists: "The plot is excellent, the setting superb, the stately manliness of the hero wins our admiration; the young lady captivates us completely by the nobility of her character; her very loveliness inspires us." Far from being "excellent" the plots in a great many of these stories, are abominable; fraught with contradictions and pervaded with wishy-washy sentimentality in every nook and corner. As for the setting we think that Hawthorne would turn over in his grave if he should hear it referred to as "superb". The stately manliness of the hero instead of winning our admiration justly merits our adverse criticism because he lacks individuality. He acts because the plot of the story calls upon him to act and not from psychological motives: his action is stereotyped; it may be reduced to a formula with the same results invariably following. He never makes a mistake; he is too perfect for that. He always succeeds in amassing a fortune and in winning the hand of some fair maiden who is, quite frequently, as brainless as himself, and who, by no stretch of a romantic and idealistic imagination, can be considered as more than a mere waxen doll which talks, dances, and flirts. To consider this rubbish as the "purely elysian fields" of story telling shows a lack of finesse in selecting the niceties of art. The editorials are rather commonplace except perhaps one entitled "The Study of English". The writer of the article "Safety First" has mistaken altogether the meaning of that popular slogan.

It is simply a warning against taking unreasonable chances and has no reference to the shirking of an enterprise because it contains an element of uncertainty. His statement that we hesitate too much is hardly true: Its very antithesis is one of the predominating characteristics of all Americans. The various columns seem to be well handled, especially the Exchanges. Come again we prithee.



*The Laurel*.—Breathing the vigorous spirit of the mountains of Pennsylvania *The Laurel* arrives upon the scene of action. An interesting article on the value of Archaeology improving certain dogmas of the Church is the opening offering. In it are to be found instances of grammatical errors, clumsy sentence structure and repetition of the same ideas. The author proves his point but not as clearly and unmistakably as the Exman would like to see. After reading the verse entitled "A Reminiscence" we came to the conclusion a Sir Thomas More in embryo had risen up in Alleghany. The thought is allowed to descend to the common-place and some of the author's adjectives are not happily chosen. The line

*Of mystic, moody—midnight with so many memories fraught*  
is not half bad both in poetic thought and expression and if the author had maintained this standard his work would deserve commendation; as it is, it is very mediocre. Shades of St. Patrick! As we glance ahead we see a promising essay which every descendant of Brian Boru, Robert Emmet and company must take great delight in, namely a study of the Irish tongue. We liked the essay with its glowing words of praise but we thought it was altogether too extravagant. The statement that the Irish tongue is "the most living language of Europe" seems rather questionable. For the time being at least we are forced to remain in the same category with that inconvenient old gentleman from the state which made mules and St. Louis famous. In another place the author remarks that the language of the Gael has handed down "through the centuries, even to the twentieth, the finest, the most excellent and in a certain sense, the most essential works that have ever emanated from the prolific brains of a human being." With all due respect to Irish bards and writers we would like to remind this author that there is another little island not far distant from his island which has perhaps contributed more to literature than has any other nation. The Exman admires patriotism but when it is carried to such extremes that statements like the one quoted above are made without reserve, then he thinks it is high time to resort to more reason and less sentiment. The idea that the Irish tongue "almost infallibly conceives tranquility and happiness the one who speaks it" is positively ludicrous. We seldom indulge in merriment—it is unbecoming our dignity as a critic—but when we read this a smile persisted in bobbing to the surface. We are all in search of happiness and if it is to be obtained by speaking the language of the



Gael we predict an unprecedented stampede to the feet of Irish scholars within the next two weeks. Were it possible to obtain happiness as easily as this, America would lose millions of her dissatisfied poorer classes yearly. But state the above proposition to a laborer who works perhaps twelve hours a day for a mere pittance and note carefully what he says. Such surprising statements as the three quoted serve to make the article appear altogether too extravagant in its praise. They are similar to the proverbial biscuits of almost any Mrs. Newlywed; they cannot be swallowed whole and it is impossible to chew and digest them; there is only one thing to do, namely, toss them out of the window and seek elsewhere for nourishment. The author of the next article seems to have been nourished on "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner". His article is the most absurd conglomeration of ornate rubbish that the Examiner has yet read. The eating of doughnuts seems to have a bad effect on him. Our advice is cease eating doughnuts; or, if you cannot, see that you are securely handcuffed when you do. "The Sea of Memory" was a great relief from the preceding.

It pleads eloquently for what has gone before but we fear its case is opposed by too many destructive facts. An admirable article on Joseph Comte De Maistre greatly aids the verse's cause. However the quotation at the end struck us being rather inapropos because it refers mainly to another man. The editorial on "The Shakespearean Tercentenary" we consider quite fair. As the writer well points out there has been a criminal neglect of this great man's works due not only to the method in which they are taught but to ourselves as well. We can strike our breasts and say *mea culpa* because the great majority of us are not to place ourselves in the spirit of Elizabethan times and hence fail to enjoy these masterpieces. The other editorial is a splendid reply to an offending poet, who has actually dared to say that Irish poets make him crazy with their rhyme. Undoubtedly the effect has materialized already and he should be pitied instead of mercilessly flayed. The whole article is characterized by the same wild extravagant version of things as that taken by the author of "The Language of The Gael".

*The Fordham Monthly*:—All the way from the Gotham with its tall buildings, subways and horse cars, *The Fordham Monthly* breaks in upon the scene of our labors. One glance at its contents is sufficient to cause us to drop everything. "Absolution" a rather



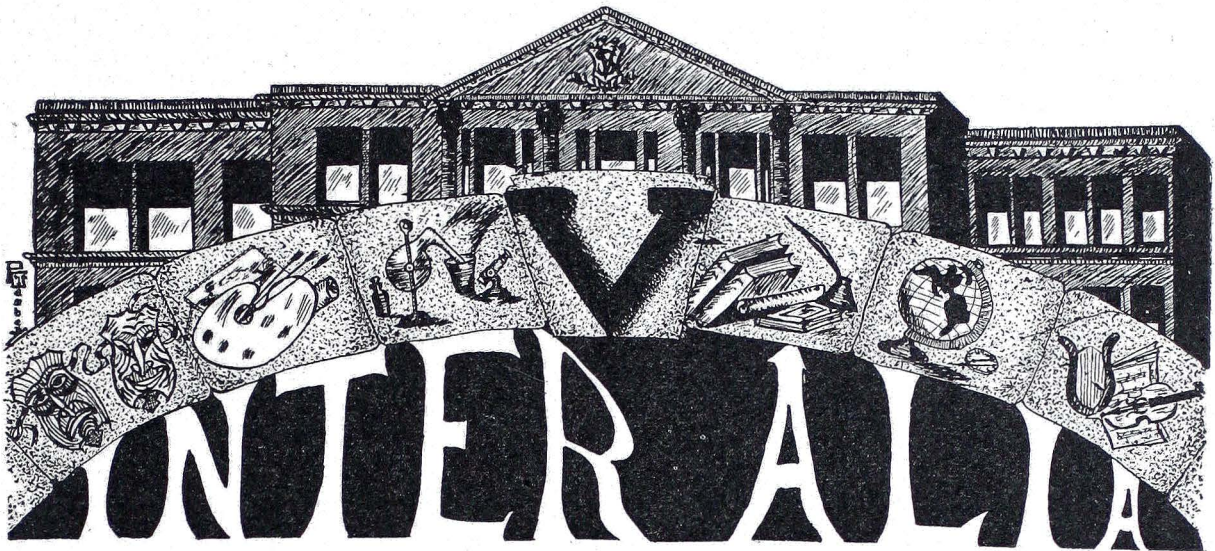
melodramatic war tragedy, is interesting chiefly because of the religious sentiment running through the entire plot. Is it not a trifle queer, however, that Captain Sicote should not demand an explanation of the fact that Lieutenant Darnay had two different types of glove? In addition to this does it not seem reasonable and logical that the Captain would question Darnay as to the cause of his possessing two similar styled gloves? Wouldn't it naturally occur to almost any reasonable man that the extra gloves belonged to some one else and that this man, for some unknown motive, was merely sacrificing himself to shield the real owner? The climax of the plot hinges on this little incident and hence if the incident appears improbable, which it unquestionably does, the catastrophe will, in its turn, appear artificial and unnatural and *de facto* it does. The "Ode for Rectors Day" expresses beautiful sentiments in the usual conventional way. The political satire contained in "Ghosts I Have Met" is rather crude; the author seems to be laboring under the impression that such dross and tinsel as this is humorous. It might be considered almost a public service if some one would set him to rights. "The One Way Out" is well written and worth reading but the Exman thinks that the author has undertaken to solve a problem which is morally impossible of solution. The tendency to struggle against one another has ever been an innate and preponderant characteristic of man; it is part of his nature and we think it needs no elaborate argument to prove that a change in the nature in man is absolutely impossible. Therefore since the author himself admits that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link and that "a State is never better than the citizens that compose it" universal peace is a moral impossibility. Furthermore as a matter of fact nations fervently religious, devoted, pious and God-fearing have had wars. Hence it is perfectly obvious that the remedy he suggests is impractical and cannot be carried out in this mundane sphere of ours. The conclusion to the article "Patriotism" could be made a great deal more effective by the addition of this incontrovertible fact, namely: that since patriotism is the fundamental principle upon which good government is based and since the home is the only place where true patriots can be nurtured, that if we are desirous of having this country stand out preeminently among the nations of the world because of its wise and judicious policies, its great and illustrious men, its liberty, integrity and fearlessness, we should bend every possible effort within the range of our individual capacities to put a check



on that malignant, damnable malediction which is now gnawing at the vital of the American home, Divorce. There is absolutely nothing of more importance to the welfare of the country today than the removal of this great evil. On all sides we hear "Prepare" but will it not be of infinitely more value to us to begin at the bottom and remove certain fundamental falsities than to start at the surface and prate about things which merely skim over the ulcerous parts? Some of the reflections of the short article "Utopian Common Places" are indicative of a close study of human nature in its multifarious phases. The thoughts expressed on youth are questionable; perhaps the author has based his conclusion on limited observation. What there is of the editorial column is good but there is hardly enough to provoke rhapsodies of admiration over. We admire the editor's stand in "Waste". As he so well puts it if more of us spent more time at good solid study instead of raising demoniacal noises in the corridor, reading quasi-indecent magazines, devouring the latest news from sportdom, and venturing forth on numerous "Parlor Hound" expeditions, we would be a great deal better off.

*The Monthly* is to be congratulated for the general impression upon the ordinary reader like the *Exman*. The entire number is harmoniously woven together with a rather blundering finesse it is true, but never the less so well that we can confidently say that thus far we have reviewed none better and few its equal.





The recent rebellion in Ireland in which the Irish nation once more asserted her claim to national freedom and sovereignty was the cause of much joy to every man of Irish birth or decendancy. St. Viator, rich in Irish **Irish** birth or decendancy. St. Viator, rich in Irish **Celebration** lood, did not remain unaffected, for, on Thursday evening, May 25, she witnessed a very lively celebration in commemoration of that event. On that evening such a flow of eloquence flooded the college auditorium that a stranger might easily imagine himself in a town of Kerry instead of Bourbonnais.

The program arranged by Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., was carried out with great success. The scope of the evening's speeches took in the history of Ireland from the time the English first set foot on Irish soil down through the late revolution and ended with a tribute to the murdered heroes and a toast to Ireland as a free and independent nation. To make the memories of the "ould" sod more vivid, G. F. McDonald and J. A. Elmslie sang beautiful Irish songs.

Mr. Timothy O'Sullivan was chairman for the evening. The speakers were: Very Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Messrs. John O'Brien, John Molyneaux, Patrick Buckley, Fulton Sheen, Charles Hart, Robert Hilliard, Thomas O'Shea, and Francis Hangsterfer.

May 30 will ever be a memorable day in the annals of St. Viator for on that day was held the first "Home Coming" for the old students. The extensive preparations made for the occasion were very productive of success. **Home Coming** The various halls were artistically decorated in old gold and purple and the whole campus as-



sumed the spirit of the celebration. At no time in the history of the college had such a member of old students assembled at their Alma Mater.

At one o'clock a gorgeous banquet was served in the college dining hall. At the banquet Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '82, acted as toastmaster. The Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D.D., '85, one of St. Viator's most distinguished alumni, spoke on the topic "Catholic Education and American Citizenship." Hon. Judge Joseph Rafferty, '85, of the Municipal Court, Chicago, Ill., expressed his views on "The College Graduate and Social Problems." Mr. Alexander L. Granger, '87, of the Kankakee Bar Association, gave his appreciation of "The Worth of a Liberal Education in Professional Life." Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney spoke in "St. Viator's Hopes."

Immediately after the banquet a meeting of the Alumni was held for the purpose of organizing the Alumni Association. At this meeting Mr. William McKenna, '06, the originator of Class Organization at St. Viator's, unfolded a novel plan of "Preparedness". Mr. Albert O'Connell, '09, recalled the "Glories of Warriors of Old". Rev. William Cleary, '03, spoke on "The Moral Support of the Alumni."

At eight o'clock Tuesday evening the College Shakespearian Club presented the "Taming of the Shrew", Shakespeare's "merriest and maddest comedy." On the following evening the High School Shakespearian Club presented "The Merchant of Venice". Though amateurs on the stage, the players played their part very successfully, at times reaching the height of a star cast. The great success of the productions is due wholly to Mr. E. Kenyon, Professor of English. Mr. Kenyon labored unceasingly to make the occasion a success and his labors were well rewarded.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Petruchio .....	G. Galvin
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.....	J. R. Elmslie
Vincintio, an old gentleman of Pisa.....	T. E. Shea
Lucentio, son to Vincintio, in love with Bianca.....	J. Cox
Gremio } suitors to Bianca.....	{ P. Dunn
Hortensio }	{ E. O'Connor
Franio } servants to Lucentio.....	{ F. Sheen
Biondello }	{ J. Hughes



Grumio	}	servants to Lucentio.....	{	L. Dondandville
Curtis				W. Roche
A Schoolmaster.....				T. Demarais
A mirthful Wedding Guest.....				F. Hangsterfer
Haberdasher and Tailor.....				T. Finnegan
Servant to Baptista.....				F. Driscoll
Nathaniel	}	Servants in Petruchio's Country House	{	E. Cahill
Gregory				T. Lichtle
Phillip				J. McEnroe
Joseph				L. St. Amant
Peter				J. Brennan
Katherina.....				L. Dougherty
Bianca .....				J. McCarthy
Widow .....				E. Conway

The Scene: in and near Padua, Italy, during the sixteenth Century.

- Act I. A Public Place before Baptista's House.
- Act II. Baptista's House. Reception Hall.
- Act III. Scenes 1, 2 and 3. Room in Baptista's House.
- Act IV. Scene 1: Petruchio's Country House. Scene 2: In the Garden of Baptista's House. Scene 3: Petruchio's Country House.
- Act V. Scene 1: A Public Place before Baptista's House. Scene 2: Lucentio's House.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

*Presented by the Fourth Year High School Students.*

Duke of Venice.....	G. Powers	
Prince of Morocco, suitor to Portia.....	T. Cavanaugh	
Antonio, 'The Merchant of Venice.....	C. Granger	
Bassanio, his friend.....	G. McDonald	
Salanio	} friends to Antonio and Bassanio.....	{ R. Russell
Salarino		
Shylock, a Jew.....	H. Arnberg	
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.....	J. Henneberry	
Launcelot Gobbo, servant to Shylock.....	M. McCarthy	
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.....	B. O'Connor	
Leonardo .....	F. Driscoll	
Balthazar .....	M. Kilbride	



Clerk in Palace of Justice.....J. Collins  
 Portia, a rich heiress.....L. Dougherty  
 Nerissa, her companion.....J. McCarthy

The Scene: Partly at Venice and partly at Belmont.

Scene I. Venice. A Street before Shylock's House.

Scene II. Belmont. A room in Portia's House.

Scene III. Same as Scene I.

Scene IV. Same as Scene II.

Scene V. Venice. A court of Justice.

The scenic settings for these plays, though not to the letter Shakespearean, were so in spirit and quite in accord with those of the most progressive art theatres in this country and abroad.

Special mention is due Messrs. J. R. Elmslie, '19, pianist, and Paul Carberry, '18, violinist, whose assistance in choosing the music from the traditionary and authentic music of Shakespeare's times, was indispensable.

## PART II.

The Revival of Folksong.....J. Robert Elmslie, '19

Oh! No, John.....Messrs. G. McDonald and J. R. Elmslie

My Man John.....Messrs. G. McDonald, J. Elmslie and J. Cox

Lord Randal.....Chorus

Queen of May.....Chorus

Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor; Bedfordshire May

Carol.....C. Brittain and V. Kowalski

Here Some Three Dukes a Riding.....

Masters E. Cahill, A. Perow, L. St. Amant, T. Sheen,  
 J. McEnroe and W. Fleming.

Shakespeare and Music.....Paul Carberry

Hark! Hark! The Lark.....J. Robert Elmslie

Dances from "Henry VIII" by Edward German....

.....Paul Carberry and J. Robert Elmslie

Thou Soft Flowing Avon.....G. McDonald

Elizabethan Pastimes.....C. A. Hart

English Sword Dance.....H. Armberg and M. Kilbride

Come Lassies and Lads; Sellengers Round.....

Masters L. St. Amant, E. Cahill, J. Feeney, J. Fleming, W. Flem-

ing, E. Goodwillie, F. Kinsella, F. Monaco, M. Morrissey,

C. Mahoney, F. Kornacker, E. Nichols, J. Mc-  
 Enroe, G. O'Toole and T. Sheen.

Pianists, J. Robert Elmslie, '19, John Hefferman; violinist,  
 Prof. G. Martineau; cello, P. Carberry.



A special word of thanks is due to Mr. J. Robert Elmslie '19 for his gracious assistance in the preparation of the songs and dances.

## PERSONALS

Rev. J. R. Maguire, C. S. V., Professor of Sociology, attended the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Indianapolis, Indiana. Upon return he delivered a course of lectures to his class on the discussions held at the convention.

Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., delivered a very interesting graduation address to the graduates of the St. Paul's High School of Chatsworth, Ill.

Robert Hanley '14 when not writing insurance policies is studying law in Chicago. Bob visited us last week.

Edward Stack '11 was the synosure of every student "fan" during his recent visit to his Alma Mater. Ed is now pitching "air-tight" ball for one of the leading Chicago semi-pro teams.

Very Rev. Mgr. Legris, D.D. and Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., were present at the elevation of Dean Weldon to the monsignorship a few weeks ago. The investiture took place in Bloomington. The VIATORIAN extends heartiest congratulations to Monsignor Weldon—*ad multos annos*.

The students enjoyed a band concert last Saturday evening given by the College Band on the campus. To make this a weekly practice next year would be a sweet and commendable act of our good band master and his musicians.

Francis Hughes, '14, better known as "Babe," was given a hearty welcome last week by his many friends at the college. "Babe" is at present the respected station-master of St. Anne, Ill.

The faculty recently had the pleasure of entertaining the following clergy: Rev. J. F. Ryan, Kankakee; Rev. J. J. Bourdeau, Manteno, Ill.; Rev. W. Granger, Bradley, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Kearns, St. James Parish, Chicago, Ill.





**REV. J. A. PILON**

Ordained from St. Viator, 1909



## O B I T U A R Y

*"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."*

REV. JOSEPH A. PILON.

The untimely death of Rev. Joseph A. Pilon, of the diocese of Superior, which took place in New Mexico during the first week of May was a distinct shock, and caused heart felt grief to his numerous friends at St. Viator College. Father Pilon fell a victim in the freshness, vigor, and beautiful enthusiasm of his youth to tuberculosis, and without exaggeration it may be said he died a martyr to his sense of duty. He was ordained in the summer of 1909 from St. Viator Seminary, and though always of a delicate constitution he elected from a sense of duty to labor in the rigors of the winter climate of that diocese, and to refuse the many flattering offers of what would have been a more congenial field which his first class talents won for him. Few students at St. Viator have been more highly gifted than was Father Pilon. He possessed superb talent of mind and heart, and had in addition that power which borders on genius, the power of close and persistent application to study. He also had a gentle, kindly disposition, which instantly won all who knew him. He never was known to say an unkind or uncharitable word of any one.

A rigorous sense of personal duty, a consuming love for souls, and simple unobtrusive piety were the controlling elements of Father Pilon's rarely beautiful character. His high sense of duty led him to devote his life to labor in the diocese in which he was born, and cheerfully he gave himself to the salvation of the Indians, and the poor immigrants with which that diocese abounds. At different times he held charges at Winter, Cameron, and Spooner, and was also for about a year secretary to Bishop Schinner. The bitterness of that wintry climate, and constant exposure on long journeys to attend the sick and dying sowed the seeds of the fatal disease, and last September he was forced to go south in search of health. The change came too late, and he never rallied, though with the persistent hope of the victims of the white plague, he always expected to recover.

Father Pilon's unflinching courage, and winning personality accomplished a feat which arms and men had ignominiously failed to accomplish, namely the surrender of the famous outlaw



of Cameron Dam. Father Pilon volunteered to cross the bullet swept clearing in front of the outlaw's cabin, and persuade him to surrender to the sheriff, whom he had successfully resisted for nearly a week. Father Pilon succeeded in his undertaking, thereby putting an end to much slaughter and bloodshed, and to what threatened to develop into a miniature civil war in that part of the country.

Father Pilon was born about thirty-two years ago in Minocqua, Wis., and was educated at St. Mary's College, Dayton, O., and Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. He made his theological studies here, and won the esteem, respect and love of all who knew him. Words are poor instruments for the expression of feelings, and the writer feels their inadequacy as he vainly tries to commit to paper this halting and inadequate tribute to the memory of one of those rare men, who cross one's pathway once or twice in a lifetime, but having crossed it leave their impress on it for ever. He was a friend, faithful and true to me; in moments of discouragement and difficulties he gave inspiration and strength, and I feel lonely because Father "Joe" is gone. I know, however, that if our lives and deaths are only feeble reflections of his, Father Pilon will be standing at Heaven's gate to welcome us. May his white, beautiful soul rest in peace.

J. M.

The prayerful sympathy of all at the college goes out to Howard Bushell of the Academie who mourns the loss of a loving brother.

The college extends their sincerest sympathies to Thomas Welsh of the Seminary department in the loss of his uncle, of Durand, Ill.

*Requiescant in pace.*





Professor MacGovern, Director of Physical Culture, introduced a new phase of Athletics at St. Viator on May 19 when he staged an inter-class track meet. This exhibition to be of much interest to the lovers of the field and track sports.

The high school classes were the parties concerned, and each one had several crack men competing. The meet went to the fourth-high class, for Shields managed to take a place in six out of the nine events of the afternoon.

Gartland of third-high took the individual honors with four firsts or winning every event in which he entered. His work in the dashes especially the hundred and the two-twenty was exceptionally brilliant.

McGinnis and Kilbride also made the fans sit up and take notice with their versatility. The former secured first in the half-mile, and second in the pole vault while the later won two blue ribbons in the broad and high jumps.

This meet proved the capabilities of the younger men in this line and with a little time and training these academic stars will ably represent the college in Conference Track meets in which she expects to participate in the future. Track is a department so far undeveloped but plans are under way for a full equipment in this line and Viator expects soon to turn out a Varsity of high caliber.

#### SUMMARY OF EVENTS

50 yd. Dash:		100 yd. Dash	
1st., Gartland	} Time, 6 sec.	1st., Gartland	} Time 11 sec.
2nd., Shields		2nd., Sheilds	
3rd., Freebury		3rd., Freebury	



220 yd. Dash:		440 yd. Dash	
1st., Gartland	Time, 25 sec.	1st., Lenighan	Time, 60 sec
2nd., O'Conner		2nd., Kilbride	
3rd., Shields		3rd., McGinnis	
880 yd. Dash:		Mile Run	
1st., McGinnis	Time, 2 min. 25 sec.	1st., Shields	Time, 5 min. 25 sec.
2nd., Lenighan		2nd., McGinnis	
3rd., Kearney		3rd., Cavanaugh	
Shot Put:		Discus Throw.	
1st., Shields	Len., 37 ft. 7 in.	1st., R. Dinnen	Len. 87 ft. 11 ins.
2nd., Freebury		2nd., Lawler	
3rd., R.Dinnen		3rd., Freebury	
Running B.J.:		Running H. J.	
1st., Kilbride	Dist., 18 ft.	1st., Kilbride	Dist., 5 ft.
2nd., McGinnis		2nd., McGinnis	
3rd., Shields		3rd., Freebury	
		Pole Vault.	
		1st., Gartland	9 ft.
		2nd., McGinnis	
		3rd., Freebury	

## ST. PROCOPIUS 5; ST. VIATOR 7.

May 20th was a rainy day and the diamond was heavy but this handicap did not prevent the varsity from chalking up a victory on St. Procopius College. The German aggregation from Lisle however proved a formidable enemy especially in pitching. Begos was not greatly checked by a wet ball for he displayed an amount of stuff not easily hit by the locals. Ostrowski started on the mound for Viator, but was replaced by Pemberton, who fanned eleven batters during the remaining time. Daley of Viator led the team with the stick by securing four bingles out of four opportunities at the plate. The game was not featured with any brilliant work in the field on the part of either club due probably to the inclemency of the weather.



## ST. PROCOPIUS

	Ab	R	H	Po	E
Ondiak, 2b. ....	5	I	O	I	O
Konecky, lf. ....	5	I	O	O	O
Havelka, rf. ....	5	I	I	O	O
Lach, cf. ....	4	O	I	I	O
Stonka, 1b. ....	3	O	2	12	3
Begos, p. ....	4	O	O	O	I
Patrasck, ss. ....	3	I	O	I	I
Spirko, c. ....	3	I	O	8	I
Jokubec, 3b. ....	4	O	I	I	O
	—	—	—	—	—
	36	5	5	24	6

## S. V. C.

	Ab	R	H	Po	E
Flynn, ss. ....	4	I	I	O	I
Gartland, 1b. ....	4	O	I	6	O
Kawolski, 3b. ....	4	I	I	3	I
Pemberton, cf,-p. ....	3	I	I	O	O
Daly, lf. ....	4	O	4	O	O
Sullivan, c. ....	3	I	O	15	I
Conway, rf. ....	3	I	O	O	O
Hilliard, 2b. ....	4	I	O	2	O
Ostrowski, p-cf. ....	3	I	O	I	O
	—	—	—	—	—
	32	7	8	27	3

Stolen bases—Kowalski, Pemberton, Flynn, Gartland, Ostrowski, Ondiak. Two base hit—Stonka. Strike outs—Pemberton (11) Begos (6). Umpire, Conroy.

St. Viator began her athletic relations with Niagara University of Niagara Falls, New York, on May 25 by losing the first ball game to the easterners 7-2. The swift club from the Empire State did not, however, have an easy job in beating the Viator team, for the game went nip and tuck for 6 innings. The Fates turned against the Old Gold and Purple at this point and Niagara annexed three runs in one inning. Scoop Pemberton tossed for the locals in capital style, letting them down with but six hits. And these were scattered so that the visitors made but



3 earned runs. Flynn led with the two hits out of three times at bat. The Varsity has one more game to play before it closes the season. Coach MacDonald must be commended for his success in presenting a team—which, although far below the average college team in size and experience, has offered a game of no mean worth.

#### NIAGARA UNIVERSITY

	Ab	R	H	Po	E
Manley, 2b. ....	5	3	0	0	1
Hartray, ss. ....	5	2	0	1	2
Carroll, 3b. ....	4	0	1	3	0
Lynch, rf. ....	4	1	1	0	0
Fitzgerald, 1b. ....	4	1	1	8	1
Benguagh, c. ....	4	0	1	10	0
Ryan, lf. ....	4	0	2	3	0
Camdy, cf. ....	4	0	0	1	0
Mangan, p. ....	4	0	0	1	1
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	38	7	6	27	5

#### S. V. C.

	Ab	R	H	Po	E
Flynn, ss. ....	3	0	2	0	2
Gartland, 1b. ....	3	1	1	14	0
Kowalski, 3b. ....	4	1	1	3	1
Pemberton, p. ....	4	0	1	5	1
Daly, lf. ....	4	0	1	2	0
Sullivan, c. ....	4	0	1	3	0
Conway, cf. ....	4	0	0	0	0
Hilliard, 2b. ....	4	0	0	0	0
Conroy, rf. ....	4	0	0	0	0
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	34	2	7	27	4

Stolen bases—Daley, Hartray, Manley. Umpire, Stack.

The high school ball club has lately given the fans two interesting exhibitions of the national pastime. On May 10 they crossed bats with the rapid Ottawa High School and took the better end of the score, 8-2. Again on May 17 they swamped Kankakee High, 19-4. The former contest proved to be the



better game as the score indicates. Boyle, a former Viator Academy pitcher, worked against his old team mates, but his knowledge of their weaknesses did not prevent Capt. McCarthy's men from counting eleven bingles. Freebill of the Viator club, let the overstate sluggers down with five swats and managed to keep them scattered. The second game with K. H. S. was on the order of a foot-race, for the younger men hit Walters of Kankakee freely and this, together with their brilliant base-running, made it comparatively easy to run the count up to 19.

## INDEX OF GAMES

	R	H	E
Ottawa H. S. ....	2	5	3
V. H. S. ....	8	11	2

Batteries—Ottawa, Boyle, Roesler; V. H. S., Freehill, Francis.

	R	H	E
K. H. S. ....	4	7	5
V. H. S. ....	19	14	2

Batteries—K. H. S., Walters and Read; V. H. S., Freehill, McCabe and Francis.

## VIATORIANA

*Most Sliding Cut of All:*

"Speaking of Cavals hows your Panama?"

If a thailor makes thails

Does a panther make panth?

Collecting Silverware in Roy Hall:

"Here's a knife and fork."

"Never mind about the knives and forks. I wanta spoon."

*You're another:*

"Nope! I'm not coming back next year!"



O list, the fire siren  
The academics scoot.  
Draw your own conclusion  
The kids on a toot.

Glook—"My ancestors were very distine wished people."  
Snook—"What a pity that so many of them died."

It Takes you out:  
The 12:55.

"How much are your collars?"  
"Two for a quarter."  
"How much for one?"  
"15 cents."  
"Give me the other one."

"Where are you living?"  
"Nowhere! I'm boarding at the same old place?"

"I don't want to interfere with your business, but—"  
"Alright,—Go ahead and interfere."

"He's a college athlete."  
"How do you know?"  
"He was pinched for speeding *yesterday and he jumped his bail beautifully.*"

Daisy—"She just lives for art."  
Pansy—"Is that a fact? I thought she was strong for Herman."

When bids for the 30th were sent out  
Ex-studes left home a-running.  
What puzzles me is why we called  
Our blow-out a "Homecoming."

Mrs. G. R. Q. Wallingford—"We had a grand time travelling through Europe. We saw the Dardanelles and took supper with them just before sailing."



"You can't see Mabel tonight. All her hair burned up."

"Was she burned?"

"Nope. She wasn't home. She don't know it yet."

This is too mutts.

It Takes the Cookies.

Practical answer to the great question:

"How to keep milk from Souring?"

*"Leave It In The Cow!"*

Bad eyesight is no longer used as an alibi for not joining the army. To overcome defective observation, officers now put victims in front trenches where they have a good view.

"They say she paints."

"Well, she needs brushing up."

St. Patrick's day comes but twice a year.

IF UB A UB.

AT OLD S. V. C.

UB A UB

Wherever U B,

PAT.