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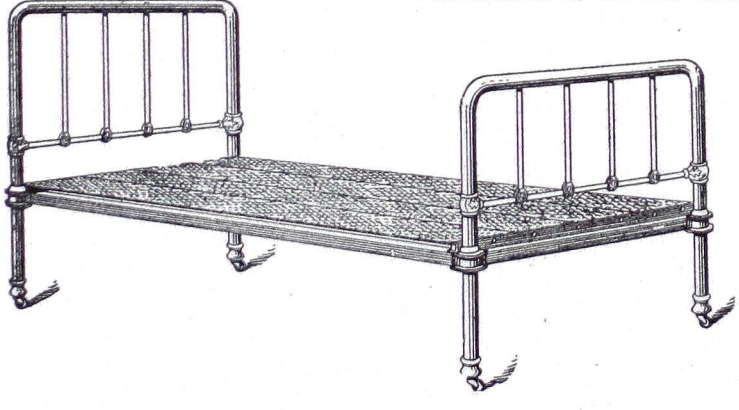

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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

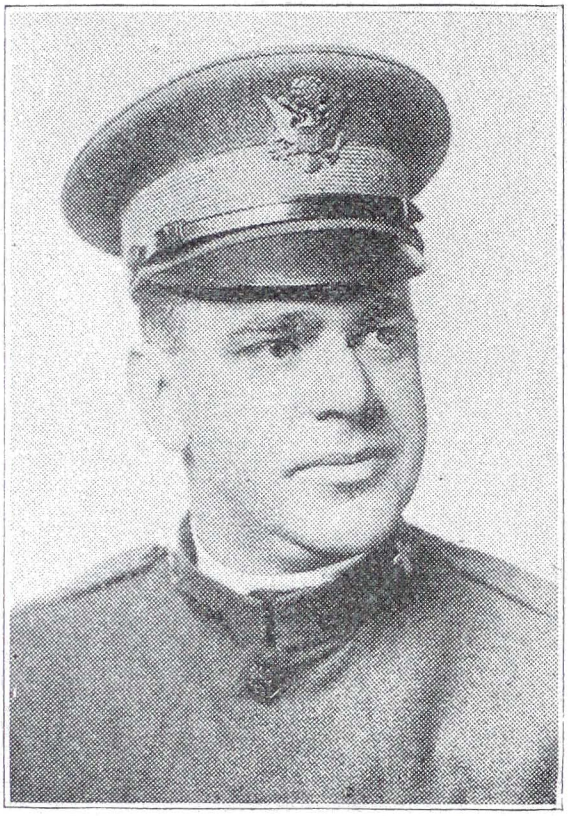
Volume 35 December, 1917 Number 2

The Jubilee Tocsin

Plans are maturing rapidly for the Golden Jubilee celebration which will take place on the 11th, 12th and 13th of next June. A local committee has been appointed on programs and is cooperating with a committee of the Alumni Association. Efforts are being made to secure speakers of national reputation. These plans will be further developed at a dinner of the Chicago chapter of the Alumni Association which will be held at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, December 13th. In the next issue of the VIATORIAN public announcement will be made of some of the speakers whose services have been secured.

It is sincerely hoped that despite the excitement of war and the additional pressure of business that it lays upon everybody, that the alumni in large numbers will now begin to make preparations to return to ALMA MATER for the Golden Jubilee celebration Do not forget the dates, June 11, 12, 13. This will be the greatest celebration St. Viator has ever had; and the officers of the college, as well as the officers of the Alumni Association, hope that the OLD BOYS will attend in overwhelming numbers.

Rapid progress is also being made towards perfecting the organization of the Alumni Association. The resident secretary, Prof. Clarence J. Kennedy, has published in this issue of the VIATORIAN a complete list of all the CHARTER MEMBERS of the Alumni Association to date. He earnestly hopes that all the alumni, who wish their names to appear upon this ROLL OF HONOR, will send in their names and addresses with the annual fee as soon as possible. Remember, that though the country is at war, we must not forget the works of peace. We must provide now for the well-being of the next generation. Hence educational establishments such as ST. VIATOR COLLEGE must not even in the excitement of war be neglected. The loyal alumni of St. Viator will know that in doing their ALMA MATER a service, they will also be helping their country to make the fruits of victory permanent and profitable. Support of your ALMA MATER is also support of your COUNTRY.



REV. J. F. MOISANT, C. S. V.
CAMP PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES

REVEREND WILLIAM J. BERGIN, C. S. V.

[PAPER READ BEFORE THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION]

Everyone believes in wise and prudent economy. Everyone condemns extravagance and ruinous waste. Everyone understands that no business, great or small, can prosper without a judicious and well planned expenditure of the available resources. Economists have taught us that for the past hundred years we have been wasting with mad prodigality the vast national resources with which a bountiful nature has so richly endowed us. We have come to the clear realization that these wasteful methods must be eliminated if the nation is to meet the pressing needs of our growing population. Hence we hear on all sides an imperative demand for a careful and rational conservation of our national resources. Only a few months ago the President of the United States set this truth before the American people with all the power of his singularly gifted pen and all the authority of his exalted office.

Nothing is easier than to get what Newman has happily called "a notional assent" to these simple truisms; nothing more difficult than to secure a "real assent" which expresses itself in practical action. Men will agree readily enough on the abstract principles, but they will differ widely in the application of these principles to specific cases. It is not always easy to determine where a prudent economy ends and a cowardly parsimony begins; it is sometimes difficult to say where wasteful extravagance begins and generous and rational expenditure ends. No general rules can be formulated which will be equally applicable in all cases. The question must be decided in each specific instance in the light of all the available evidence. But, in spite of the wide divergency of practice, it is no small good to have these broad principles generally recognized. It gives us at least a common point of departure and a solid basis for a hopeful and fruitful discussion of vital and far-reaching issues.

Now we, Catholic educators, are engaged in a business, as we believe the most momentous business which can occupy the thought or arouse the energy of a human being, a business which is a mighty factor in determining the temporal and eternal well-being of individuals of nations and of races. And, let us not forget that the work of Catholic education has its economic side, no less than its intellectual and spiritual aspects; that it is no less amenable to the laws of economics than any other business; that no industry, however sustained, no devotion, however loyal, no sacrifice, however generous and heroic, can make our institutions of learning worthy of the great cause they

are designed to serve, if the simple dictates of reason and common sense are disregarded, and the laws of economics be "more honored in the breach than the observance." Because of the special difficulties which confront us in the prosecution of this great work; because of the heavy financial burdens we are compelled to bear; because our means cannot possibly meet even our more pressing needs unless they are husbanded with the utmost care, a prudent conservation of our educational resources is not only an imperative dictate of economic wisdom, but a sacred duty as well. Here wasteful methods, blind and unreasonable expenses, the extravagant squandering of our educational resources, are not only economic blunders,—they are a kind of sacrilege against the sacred cause of Catholic education.

Of course, there is no ground for even the shadow of a suspicion that any of these charges may be urged against our educational institutions individually. We all know that in each one of them the prudent and economical administration of resources is considered a sacred and religious duty. Most of us could testify from a somewhat painful and vivid experience how faithfully the "watch-dogs of the treasury" guard the resources entrusted to their care.

But because our educational institutions individually are managed with a prudence and wisdom which challenge our admiration; because, considering the meager resources at their disposal they are achieving results which are little short of amazing, it does not follow that the system of Catholic education is organized and managed with equal wisdom and efficiency. I speak especially of colleges and high schools. A careful study of the facts presented by the Catholic Eduactional Association, by the *Official Catholic Directory* and by the United States Commissioner of Education, convinces me that our system of higher and intermediate education stands in grave need of serious and radical reorganization. I think it better to limit this discussion mainly to colleges, but *mutatis mutandis*, I believe what is said is equally applicable to seminaries and high schools.

In my judgment, the Catholic college is suffering from three great evils which sap its vitality, stunt its growth and paralyze its proper development. In my judgment again, these evils could easily be removed by a little prudence and foresight, a whole-hearted cooperation and a loyal devotion to the great cause of higher Catholic education which would cheerfully sacrifice individual institutions for the sake of the common good. My statement of these evils may not be happy, but at least it will serve to bring out clearly what I have in mind. And what are these evils?

First—Excessive multiplication;

Second—An extreme autonomy;

Third—An erroneous and inadequate financial method.

We shall study each one of these heads separately. The first great evil from which Catholic colleges are suffering is the excessive multipli-

cation of institutions which involves a waste of our educational resources, and unseemly and ruinous competition, and, for most of the colleges, the impossibility of meeting the minimum requirements laid down by this Association. This first point requires little more than a bare statement of the facts to be found in the sources I have already indicated. I shall begin with Illinois because I am more familiar with the educational situation in that State. In Illinois we have fourteen colleges, thirteen of which are offering courses in college work. The other, I believe, contemplates the opening of college courses in the near future. Every one of these colleges has a considerable sum of money invested in land, buildings and equipment; every one of them must provide a faculty for the handful of college students enrolled. There are not enough Catholic college students in the State of Illinois for more than one, or at most two, fair sized colleges and yet we have fourteen colleges to supply that need. In the whole State of Illinois there are less than one thousand students attending Catholic colleges, and one thousand students is surely not an extraordinarily large college. If you distribute these over four years and divide them into eight or ten courses, you would have classes ranging from twenty-five to fifty students. It would seem, therefore, that one college of moderate size would provide ample facilities of college education for all the Catholic students of Illinois, and yet, let me repeat it, we actually have fourteen colleges for these one thousand students. If we had unlimited resources of men and money, this wasteful and unreasoning multiplication of colleges would be highly censurable, because injurious to the cause of Catholic education; but when you consider how sorely straitened our resources are, when you remember that most of these colleges are dependent chiefly for their support upon the paltry tuition received from students, I think our fourteen colleges for less than a thousand students is a spectacle to sadden the heart of every enlightened friend of higher Catholic education.

If you divided these students equally amongst the fourteen colleges, it would give you an average attendance of about seventy students to the college. Of course, the vast majority of them have nowhere near seventy students. At least ten of them have less than fifty students. Do not these facts throw some light upon the oft-debated problem of standardization? Just fancy a college with fifty or sixty students meeting the requirements laid down by this Association! Fancy such a college attempting to maintain at least seven distinct departments with seven professors giving their entire time to college work! Fancy such a college providing a library of not less than five thousand volumes, and a scientific equipment which represents an investment of not less than five thousand dollars! The simple facts show more conclusively than any argument that the vast majority of these colleges will not and cannot maintain the minimum standards accepted by this Association. Let no man think this is a

passing condition which will remedy itself in the course of a few years. In my judgment, so long as these fourteen colleges continue to exist, they will constitute an insuperable barrier to the proper development of higher Catholic education. If it has taken seventy-five years to provide sufficient students for one moderate sized college, how long do you think it will be before there are enough students to give each of these fourteen colleges a decent attendance?

But perhaps some will think that the condition in Illinois is anomalous and that I have chosen it because it is peculiarly favorable to my thesis. Would that it were so! The facts, however, compel me to say that with two or three exceptions Illinois has fewer colleges in proportion to the number of college students than any other State in the union. Let me set some of the figures before you. With less than a thousand students, New York has thirty colleges; for less than seven hundred college students Pennsylvania has eight colleges; Ohio has six hundred college students and yet she is credited with fifteen colleges; Iowa has not two hundred college students and yet she rejoices in three colleges and a fourth is to be opened next September, thus giving her one college for every diocese; Minnesota with less than two hundred students has three colleges; Wisconsin has seven colleges for less than four hundred students. And so the story runs. If this is the situation in the richest and most populous States in the union, I leave you to imagine what it is in the poorer and less populous States. There are scores of colleges which have less than twenty-five college students. We have colleges listed which have six or eight college students. Truly, as Bishop Spalding used to say, we Americans have a passion for calling little things by very big names.

If we take a general survey of the whole field throughout the United States the result is not more favorable. Accurate figures are not available, but even a rough approximation is instructive. We certainly have considerably less than ten thousand college students in the United States. The bulletin put out by the Catholic Educational Association gives us only 8,304. But let us take the larger figures. According to the *Official Catholic Directory*, we have a grand total of two hundred and sixteen colleges in the United States. That would give us an average of forty-six college students to each college. Of course I am well aware that many of these so-called colleges have never had a single college student, but still the fact remains that they call themselves and are officially listed as colleges, and therefore presumably they have college charters. But even this does not tell the whole story, because according to the same authority, we have sixty additional seminaries which are offering one or two years of college work. In fact, some of them insist that one year at least of the college course must be made in the seminary. One has not the heart to pursue this wasteful duplication of institutions and courses through all of its endless ramifications, even if he had the power.

When we turn to our professional schools, the record tells the same sad story of multitudinous schools and few students. According to the report issued by the Catholic Educational Association we have seventy-seven professional schools with a total enrollment of 6,179 students, thus giving each school an average attendance of eighty students. Of course the majority of these schools have not half that number. There are four or five large schools which swell the general average. We have twenty-six theological schools with an average enrollment of thirty students. Now these twenty-six schools jointly cannot have much less than one hundred professors. That would give us one professor for every seven or eight students. Draw your own inferences. The total number of theological students in these collegiate seminaries is 792. Not too many, some will think, for one large seminary. But let us be generous; let us say four, thus allowing two hundred students to the school, and not more than fifty to each year. If that is a reasonable provision for theological students, then we have six times too many schools and probably three or four times too many professors. It would be difficult to estimate what a loss that means besides in dollars and cents.

But the theological school is not the sole offender. The engineering school is not less fearfully and wonderfully multiplied. We have seventeen such schools with a total enrollment of 974 students which makes an average of about fifty-eight students to the school. Now I do not profess to know how much money and how many professors would be required to give an engineering school a reasonable equipment and faculty, but I have always been led to believe it is the most expensive of all schools with the possible exception of the school of medicine. But apparently, our policy has been "hang the expense" —let us have the school. And so we have provided an engineering school for every fifty-eight students. In some cases we have two such schools in the same city, not half an hour's ride apart. One cannot help believing that the equipment of some of these is somewhat curtailed. If this be wise and prudent economy, then I should like to know the meaning of rash extravagance.

But I cannot conclude this phase of the subject without presenting it to you under the most favorable aspect possible. I shall take the figures from a report issued by the Catholic Educational Association last year. Out of the two hundred and sixteen institutions, listed as colleges in the *Official Catholic Directory*, the committee could find only eighty-four which had any students above the high school grade, or just a little over one-third. Although the report, very properly, excludes them from the list of colleges, yet it is careful to say—"that this rule was adopted without prejudice to any claim to college standing." Two-thirds of them have not a single college student, yet let no man be rash enough to challenge their pretension to the rank of college. The report continues—"It is realized that, where collegiate attendance is small, a year may come now and then when, owing to

special local conditions, no student may register who is above high school grades." Apparently, these institutions have adopted the delightful philosophy of the immortal Micawber—they are "waiting for something to turn up." How great the number of such colleges is, may be inferred from the fact that out of two hundred and sixteen only eighty-four had college students enrolled in 1916. That the committee which compiled the statistics, "searched Jerusalem with lamps" is evident from the fact that it has listed colleges which have only five students and seminaries which have only two theological students. The following statement of the committee sheds a flood of light upon the chaotic condition of Catholic college education: "Several of the institutions excluded have been but recently established, and they express the intention of offering collegiate courses in the near future." These distressing facts may well serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale." The number of Catholic colleges is already so great that many of them did not have a single college student in 1916, and yet "several institutions have been recently established which express the intention of offering collegiate courses in the near future." It is a poor year which does not witness the foundation of one or two new Catholic colleges. Well might Catholic education exclaim—"O Lord, save me from my friends, I'll take care of my enemies myself." Truly, the tree of college education stands in grave need of vigorous pruning. In my judgment, the Catholic college needs, above all things, a Pius X who would do for our colleges what that great Pontiff did for the multitudinous seminaries of Italy—suppress the vast majority of them.

I have left myself but little space for the other two points, and so if you will bear with me I will dispatch them in a few paragraphs. The second evil from which Catholic colleges are suffering in an "extreme autonomy," by which I mean an almost complete independence in the activities of the various agencies responsible for the foundation and conduct of colleges. Perhaps I should have placed this first, because in my judgment it is the principal cause of the wasteful and extravagant multiplication of colleges which, I believe, we all deplore. And what are these agencies? First, the religious communities, and, second, the Bishops. At present there are at least twenty-two religious communities of men engaged in college work. Each one of these is absolutely independent of all the others; each one of them founds colleges and opens courses without any reference to what other communities have done in the same field before them. Apparently it is assumed there is always room for another college no matter how many may already be in existence. It is their business to conduct colleges, and since the country is very large there must surely be ample scope for a very large number of colleges. What matter if the number of available college students is very small. Once established they must bend every energy to secure students. It is a matter of life and death. Heavy debts have been contracted and interest must

be paid. Stony-hearted creditors are deaf to every sound save the music of jingling dollars. So get the students. Scarcely has the school year ended, when the hungry quest for students begins anew. The papers are choked with advertisements during the summer months, and representatives of competing colleges are scouring the country far and wide in search of their quarry. It not unfrequently happens that the representatives of three or four different colleges will call at the home of some prospective student during the course of a few weeks. Yes, I know it is not pleasant to hear these things, but the grim facts are a thousand times less pleasant.

Since we are all working for the same great cause, since we have consecrated our lives to the service of that cause, one would expect to find a unity of purpose and a close coordination of labor, such as does not exist in any other field of human activity. But instead of that, what do we see? If one may judge by the results there is just as little croodination in the educational work of the various religious communities as there is in the multiplied sects of Protestantism. Apparently each religious community goes its own way, formulates its own plans, founds colleges and multiplies courses as though the others did not exist. Besides this, we must reckon with the diocesan college. Each Bishop in his diocese may found colleges without reference to the existing educational facilities. In my judgment it is just as short-sighted a policy to build colleges along diocesan lines as to build high schools along parochial lines. According to many serious students of educational problems the practical application of that policy in both cases has been no small detriment to Catholic education. This extreme autonomy of action on the part of the various agencies responsible for Catholic college education, renders it practically impossible to enforce measures which this Association considers necessary for the best interests of college education. For years you have been debating the question of standardization. You have finally committed yourselves to the minimum requirements which every institution of collegiate rank must meet. You have solemnly declared, at least equivalently, that no institution which falls below that standard is a *bona fide* college. But you have not yet got beyond the stage of impotent resolutions. Last year Father Schumacher made a powerful and eloquent plea for a list of standard Catholic colleges for which this Association would stand sponsor. But you have so many colleges which will not and cannot come up to the standard adopted, that no practical measure was or could be taken. If the question came to a vote, these colleges could out-vote your standard colleges five to one. In fact this Association has been informed time and time again that it has no legislative power to regulate the action of these educational agencies, and neither has anyone else, so far as I know, except the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence, you may pass what resolutions you please, you may wheel into line your heaviest batteries from the arsenal of logic, fact and common

sense, you will not move these colleges, because they are entrenched behind the impregnable fortress of a well-nigh "absolute autonomy."

The third great evil which fetters the proper activity of Catholic colleges and prevents the best of them from assuming the powerful and commanding influence in the educational world which should rightly be theirs, is an "erroneous and inadequate financial method." Whether rightly or wrongly, whether for good or ill, the greatest educational force in the Catholic Church is now and has always been the religious orders of men and women, and I for one do not believe the Church could carry on this work without them. But be that as it may, they are certainly the principal agency employed by the Church in the work of education. These communities do not exist for themselves, but for the service of the Church. They come into being by the *fiat* of the Church and that same *fiat* could suppress them. Since they do not even exist for themselves, they do not, of course, work for themselves. They do not, therefore, found colleges for their own benefit, but for the benefit of Catholic education. Whenever any of these colleges cease to be serviceable to the cause of Catholic education, the Church has the power and the unquestioned right to close them. Since, therefore, the religious community is merely the agent of the Church, employed to carry on her work, it would seem that the burden of providing the equipment necessary to do that work properly, should devolve, not upon the religious community, but upon the Church at large. In grammar school work, and, to a large extent, in high school work also, this is precisely what is done. The same just and reasonable plan is pursued in the case of diocesan colleges. No one expects the men teaching in these colleges to give their services gratuitously, and besides to assume the heavy financial burden involved in conducting a college. The bare idea of asking men to do such a thing would be considered preposterous. The diocese not only pays the men engaged in college work a salary, but it also assumes the whole duty of financing the college. If the tuition received from students is not sufficient (and it never is and never can be sufficient) to meet the current expenses and to provide for the reasonable development of the college, the diocese cheerfully supplies the deficit. And why? Because the men teaching in the diocesan college are merely the agents employed by the Bishop to carry on the work of Catholic education in his diocese. But when a religious community founds a college in a diocese, it must not only give the services of twenty or thirty men without any thought of salary, but it must also assume the whole financial burden of supporting the college. Is this distinction reasonable and just? Is it such a crime to give your services for nothing more than a bare livelihood that you are thereby rendered unworthy of the same encouragement and support as the man who demands a salary for his services? If a college conducted under diocesan auspices is not and cannot be sustained by the industry of the men teaching in that college, why

should it be expected that a college conducted under the auspices of a religious community will be sustained by the unaided efforts of its faculty? I say, therefore, if it is considered necessary to found a college at all, the burden of financing that college should devolve, not upon the little group of men who are conducting the college, but upon that section of the country which it is designed to serve.

But some will say this is a piece of destructive criticism which can serve no purpose. I do not think so. Eliminate your wasteful and ruinous multiplication of colleges; curtail the excessive autonomy of the educational agencies at present conducting colleges; provide a just and rational method of financing the college necessary to carry on the work of higher Catholic education, and the Catholic college "will run her course like a giant," "mighty in words and works."

"No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

—*J. Milton.*

VIATORIAN MILITARY CHAPLAINS

Two Viatorians are chaplains with United States troops; they are not very close neighbors, one being in California, the other in North Carolina. Rev. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., who was commissioned in September and took his post as chaplain of the 62nd Infantry at Presidio, San Francisco, reports in a recent communication that there are in the 14 companies forming the regiment 1,180 men, of whom about 160 are Catholics; 60 per cent of the entire body profess no religion. "I am living in a shack," he says, "and have a room 10 by 12 where I have the consolation of saying Mass every morning; with this and the continued prayers of my friends I hope to accomplish some of the great good for which there are here such constant and exceptional opportunities. The Knights of Columbus and Daughters of Isabella of San Francisco have shown me every courtesy. On last Sunday I celebrated my first Military Solemn High Mass assisted by two Rev. Franciscan Fathers and a number of devoted gentlmen and ladies who came from the city to sing in the choir. Already I have started a regimental choir among my own boys. I have received from a friend 'Solution of the Great Problem,' a book written by The French Military Chaplain of Soissons (Herder, St. Louis) and I recommend this excellent book to other chaplains. I have become acquainted with my superior officers who have all been most kind. Col. Lindsay is a fatherly gentleman and good soldier. His Grace The Archbishop of San Francisco and His Lordship the Bishop elect of Los Angeles both gave me most cordial encouragement. May their blessing give plenteous fruit to my humble efforts."

Upon the urgent request of Rev. L. O'Hern, C. S. P., of Washington, Rev. W. J. Stephenson, S. C. V. was sent as supplementary chaplain to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., early in September. A visitor at the camp thus describes his impressions of the camp and the activities of Father Stephenson.

"My first trip to the base hospital was made in company with Rev. Fr. W. J. Stephenson, the Knights of Columbus chaplain here, and our first stop was at the alcoholic ward. It is an odd circumstance that the base hospital's first call was for a case of acute alcoholism. Between the stoppage of their accustomed stimulant and the strain of the new life on their ragged nerves, some men simply gave way to delirium. To make their condition worse, carpenters were still at work on the alcoholic ward, and when the hammers rang out it was double torment to the men who were enduring the hell of tortured nerves. They were all young fellows, some of them of good family, others wholly friendless. Several died. But fewer died than was

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expected. There were days and nights of work up in that ward that few men would willingly endure and that no man would look at for the sake of seeing it.

"Presently life and sanity came back to the poor fellows who won through, and the world began to look inviting again. Some of them awoke to find wife or mother sitting by their cot. Those who had no friends awoke to find a jar of flowers nearby, or the good-hearted chaplain waiting to see what he could do. These men's nerves were still ragged; their outlook on life still without confidence; but in every case that pulled through there still remained the physical foundation for the making of a man. And army life will toughen them all against their worst enemy as nothing else could ever do for them.

"That is what Fr. Stephenson keeps saying to them: 'Thank God and the government that you have a new chance to become a man.'

"I was very much interested in the methods of this priest as he went from ward to ward. He had stuffed my pockets with writing paper, envelopes, bottles of ink, of which commodities he carried a small load himself, so that we were disbursing agents of material for home letters. He was postman, too, for he had written about some of the sick boys to their mothers, and they had written their sons through him. He gathered up such letters as were ready for the mail.

"That is scarcely the military side of the base hospital. But it is the human side, and it will be more and more developed as the clergymen get the work under way."

Another visitor writes:

"It is perfectly marvelous the way this big cantonment has minimized religious differences. I went into the Y. M. C. A. headquarters today and what do you think I saw. I saw Catholic masses advertised for 6:30 and 8 o'clock; a Hebrew religious service set for 10 o'clock and a general religious service of the Y. M. C. A for the evening, and all to be held in the same room. Priest, rabbi and preacher, all using the same platform. If that isn't nearly realizing the prophecy of the day when all peoples shall sit down in the Kingdom of Heaven in amity and service, what is?

"I had a long talk today with Father W. J. Stephenson, the priest in charge of the Knights of Columbus welfare work in this camp. The Knights of Columbus, you know, are erecting three buildings here at a cost of $20,000. The social welfare secretary is to be J. E. Sanford, a young real estate man of Detroit.

"Father Stephenson is a man who came from the army to the priesthood. He was a member of the First Massachusetts Volunteers and also of the Second U. S. Artillery. He is a Spanish war veteran. He sleeps in one end of an empty barracks on an iron cot, and the only furniture I saw was his suitcase, his crucifix and a comfortable-looking old pipe with which he communes when his day's work is done.

"The notable thing about his work is that it is open to all men, regardless of religious or fraternal affiliations. That is written in the resolutions under which the Knights of Columbus rear these buildings that they are for all men. As Father Stephenson put it today: 'I am the servant of any man who will let me serve him.'

"Just think of all this work centering for the present in the Y. M. C. A. Wouldn't some of the narrow-minded brothers and sisters have a conniption fit if they knew of mass being celebrated in the Y. M. C. A.? Yet, why shouldn't it be? Father Stephenson is cordial in his appreciation of the way which the Y. M. C. A. has co-operated with him."

Towards the end of October, Father O'Hern, of Washington, after noting the efficient services of Father Stephenson in Camp Custer in spite of the hardships incident to beginnings at a camp, and knowing that while there were four chaplains at Camp Custer there was not one Catholic chaplain at Camp Greene, transferred Father Stephenson to this camp where the need of his services is most urgent and will prove most valuable.

Communications received from Father Stephenson state that on his last Sunday at Camp Custer six masses were celebrated at which fully 5,000 men attended, about 500 receiving Holy Communion, and that this evidence of religious interest, not to say enthusiasm, on the part of the soldiery was one of the reasons why he regretted leaving Camp Custer.

Father Stephenson celebrated his first two masses at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, on Oct. 21, in the well appointed auditorium of the Knights of Columbus Building. The number of Catholics was at that time relatively small; 10,000 men from New York State were, however, then on the way to Camp Greene and several thousands were expected from other States.

On the morning after his arrival at Camp Greene, Father Stephenson visited the Base Hospital, which is situated four miles from his quarters. He says "As I passed through the wards I noticed one boy who seemed very sick. As I approached his bedside a strange expression flitted across his face. He attempted to shake hands, I bent down, heard his confession and then hurried back for the Holy Oils. Twenty minutes after I annointed him he had answered the last call. I visit the Base Hospital every morning, and some days twice or three times. They are thinking of giving me the use of an automobile on account of the long distance from my quarters to the hospital. Every day I have some interesting experience that makes me grateful for the privilege of exercising the powers of the priesthood. Every morning I celebrate mass in the K. C. Hall. Some mornings I have a few communicants, young men who have just begun to realize the seriousness of life.

During the day the temperature is agreeable, but at night it is very cold. Thank God I have not as yet been sick one hour.

Both Father Moisant and Father Stephenson declare that, notwithstanding their absorbing occupations, their thoughts often revert to their religious brethren, to the students and parishioners among whom they were until lately working so successfully, and upon whose prayers they rely to carry on the important work they have in hand. Both were for several years on the teaching staffs of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill., and of Columbus College, Chamberlain, South Dakota, and also engaged in parochial and missionary work.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Honest Man's Fortune.

—*Fletcher-Beaumont.*

RETRIBUTION

RONALD L. FRENCH, '19

Mr. Whiteford sat reading the evening paper in the richly decorated drawing room of his London home. Suddenly he dropped the paper to his lap, stretched himself out in his comfortable chair and viewed his surroundings with an air of self-satisfaction. As he glanced from one object of furnishing to another, each one typical of the luxuriousness of the upper class, he remarked to himself, "Bretherton certainly had good taste and I think I may be considered quite fortunate in being the benefit of it." This turned his thoughts back to the events of the past year.

He and Bretherton had met for the first time some years ago at the Bear's Paw in Piccadilly Square. Bretherton, then a young man, was making great strides in the financial world. He labored assiduously and it was not long until he was regarded as one of the leading bankers of the city. Whiteford having no business of his own, save attending to social engagements, found himself nearing the end of a bank account which he had, through some means or other, managed to secure. He would need money very soon so there was only one logical procedure to follow, revert to the old game. It was then that he began seeking chess games where the stakes were worth while, and it was then that Fortune brought Bretherton into his path. Bretherton's unconquerable passion for the game and Whiteford's unequalled skill was all that was necessary to put Whiteford on easy street. From then on it was a simple process. Night after night the contestants met, the interest became more tense each game and incidentally the stakes increased. Whiteford craftily led his victim on by allowing him to win occasionally until he knew that Bretherton's passion for the game was too strong to permit him to quit. Then he began in earnest. Bretherton lost heavily and continuously. His income was staked and lost. He contracted debt after debt. Finally he wagered his mansion which at the end of the game became Whiteford's property. Bretherton's crushing loss and degradation unbalanced his mind and after a few months he became the pitable and tragic inmate of the violent ward of a hospital for the insane.

As Whiteford was recalling these past events he heard the sound of stealthy footsteps outside the French bay windows that opened out of the drawing room onto the lawn. The sound ceased. Whiteford turned around suddenly to meet the wild stare of a tall unkempt man. He was hatless and his dishevelled hair hung down over his forehead. About his mouth there played a semblance of a cynical

smile. Whiteford started back with fright, and the man stepped into the room.

"What do you want," hoarsely asked Whiteford, deathly pale and trembling from head to foot.

The strange caller grinned somewhat diabolically as he answered, "I want to play a game of chess."

Terrorized by the manner of the maniac, for such he was, Whiteford began moving slowly towards the door. As he did so the madman reached inside his coat and brought forth a rudely fashioned but wicked looking dagger and before Whiteford reached the door the man stood in his path. Whiteford thought of calling out for help but he remembered that it was the servants' night off, so he tried to humor him until some plan should suggest itself.

"Come, my friend, let's have a glass of whiskey together while we chat?"

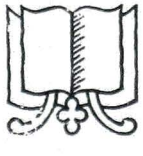
"No, I want to play chess, I must play," grinned the maniac. "It's awfully lonely over yonder and a game of chess will make me feel good. Don't look so pale, you're too comfortable here to be looking ill. Come let's play one more game, my last and maybe *your* last. We'll make it well worth while,—we'll stake our lives."

With this he tightened his grip on the hideous weapon. Whiteford stricken with fear hesitated for a moment.

"Come, hurry, I am getting anxious," and he moved menacingly towards Whiteford.

Whiteford realized that it was useless to try to argue or to endeavor to escape. His only chance depended upon checkmating his fearful opponent. Trembling he brought out the chess. They began to play. The maniac made his moves with feverish intensity. Beads of cold prespiration gathered on Whiteford's forehead as his opponent cunningly warded off each of his plays. The game progressed rapidly. Suddenly the maniac shrieked "Check."

The next morning newsboys dodged about the street corners yelling shrilly, "Deep mystery surrounds murder of rich man." Just opposite the account of the murder a short notice warned the populace of the escape from the asylum of a maniac who was still at large.



But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:

—*J. Milton.*

THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP

LOUIS V. DOUGHERTY, '20.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."

As the human soul should love the God who created it, because it is an expression of His ardent love, because it is the work of His almighty hand, and depends upon His goodness for its existence; as a child should love father and mother who are ever ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, that he may live and prosper, and because it is from them that he receives shelter and protection, so should the heart of every man beat with an honest, a true, and a filial love for his own, his native land.

It matters not whether we be descendents of the hardy Norsemen, or heirs to sunny Italy; it matters not whether we claim the verdant vineyards of grief-stricken France as our natal land, or Erin's emerald isle as the home of our birth; it matters not whether God granted us the inestimable favor of having His light first dawn on us in this liberty-loving nation, or we have been drawn by an innate love of Freedom to this "Gem of the Ocean," we should cherish within our hearts a burning love, an over-powering affection for the liberty we enjoy, for the freedom of our land.

When Columbia was liberated from the fettering shackles of England she declared her land free and independent, and gave to us certain inalienable rights, the God-given rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is because of these rights that we should love the land wherein we live, for if her government be a well constituted organization, she must grant us these rights and make it her bounden duty to see that we enjoy it.

The Declaration of Independence that all men are created free and equal, and that they have an inalienable right to life, thereby embodying in a succinct manner a right which is innate to man. Furthermore, the Declaration grants to man the right of Liberty, for the maintenance of which millions have perished in this present war. For many years the bright sun of Freedom shone down upon the entire world, but when the black cloud of Teutonic Despotism appeared on the horizon and dared to darken that light of Liberty, man rose up to defend his God-given right.

Do we not feel that we have a right to that which will maintain our lives, to that which will protect our bodies from heat and cold to that which will shelter us and our families from inclement weather? Yes, we have a right to these primitive needs. Moreover, we inherit

the right to enjoy mere pleasure and to profit by our country's gains and benefits.

These three fundamental rights belong to us, and our country, if she deserves the name of Mother, must give them to us, her children. But these inherent rights are correlative with equally inherent duties which we owe our country, and we cannot enjoy the one without being obliged to the other. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; hence, the governed must cooperate with the government. It has been so ordained by Almighty God that we are not isolated beings, and, therefore, the interests of every individual is the interest of his fellow-man, and the common good should be the interest of all, and not until it is the interest of all can it be attained.

Now, what is our duty towards our country, this independent and free nation? Are we fulfilling our obligations towards Columbia as long as we obey her laws, as long as we contribute to her support, as long as we proceed to make gain for self? No, there is something far greater than any of these that we owe this land of our birth or of our adoption. Our duty is to be patriotic, and as long as we are patriotic we are loyal citizens.

Patriotism is love of country, but that love does not mean an affection for its hills and dales, a fondness for its lakes and rivers, or an attachment to its shady woods and sunny plains; but it is that love which we must have for our fellow-man, for the living nation. If not that, love is not patriotism.

There is that sort of man who stands idly by and urges his fellow-man to follow the Stars and Stripes, but *he* is not imbued with true loyalty. It is an exceedingly simple task to urge mothers to sacrifice their sons on the blood-stained field of Mars, to ask our moneyed men to part with the accumulated wealth but today our country seeks him who proves his loyalty by action and not by trivial words. Did George Washington remain quietly at home while his army wintered at Valley Forge? Did "Honest Abe Lincoln" merely exhort men to follow our standard of liberty? Did Meagher stand by while other Sons of Erin fought in the Civil War? These with countless thousands of others have shown their patriotism by action—not by words. "They were doers of the word—not hearers only."

One of the foremost orators of the day, speaking on the duties of a citizen to his country, characterized that duty by saying, "The loyal citizen is the man whose horizon is not limited on all sides by self, but beyond self can see his family, his friends, his country, and his God." A man's duty does not necessarily mean that he shoulder a musket in defense of his country. The poorest peasant who tills the soil is fulfilling his duty as a loyal citizen; the lowly merchant who distributes the necessaries of life is in every sense of the word patriotic; the statesman who endeavors to maintain the integrity of his nation is serving his country; the young man who leaves behind all that is near and dear to him that his nation's honor may never be questioned is a patriot and is fulfilling his primal duty.

There comes a time in every man's life when his patriotism is put to a supreme test. It may come to him during the early morning of life. He may be overtaken by this crisis as fortune casts her favorable eye upon his time-worn brow; or as the evening of his day approaches he may be called upon to display his patriotism. Since we have entered this war the crisis has fast been approaching, it is now at hand, and we as American citizens must either defend ourselves against the barbarous onslaughts of the Huns or suffer them to drag our long cherished freedom in the mire.

Oh Freedom, Thou for whom our ancestors fought and died, Thou of whom Patrick Henry so nobly said, "'Give me Liberty, or give me death," Thou who brought about the Emancipation of the Colored Race, Thou who prompted our greatest statesmen to devote their lives to Old Glory, we call upon you during this crisis to awaken in our dormant citizens their duty towards their country. Instill in them a consciousness of the rights they now enjoy, draw for them in bloody color the tyrannic subjection under which they would labor if conquered by some foreign power. Call upon them today to realize fully and to perform faithfully their duty as patriots that their emblem as well as ours may float serenely in the breeze, and that all gazing upon it may say with animated voice:

"The Star Spangled Banner
O long may it wave
O'er the land of the Free
And the home of the Brave."

RETROSPECT.

We see the day a-dawning as we look into the sky;
We see the sun a-shining as we fix our gaze on high,
We know that one day has gone by, that another day is here—
The good we've done in the day that's gone, is the thing that's not quite clear.

We start out in the morning with good resolves on mind,
We keep them up till noontime, though 'tis one steady grind;
And when the waning sun has set, our resolutions dear
Have vanished in the day that's gone, *though why* is not quite clear.

We stroll along the country road in happy days of spring,
And think the whole world joyful because the robins sing;
But as we journey homeward our joy is gone I fear,
For another day is spent and the good we've done is not quite clear.

So the summer finds us—the winter and the fall;
We think that we're enjoying life, when a rising cloud mars all.
Our mornings so pleasant and happy, our evenings stripped of their cheer
When we think of the good we might have done; the good that's now quite clear.

F. J. M., '17.

A FOOL'S ESCAPADE

T. P. KELLY, '19.

It was a still autumn night. The moon looked around with majesty and saw that the world was fair. The distant hills and surrounding landscape seemed to approach and become the plaything of observant and musing man. It is on such a night that the spirit of romance is abroad in the land and the spirit of exhiliration and delight is uppermost in man. It is on such a night that man becomes the prey of moods and fancies and becomes totally immersed in himself and all that passes beneath his critical eye.

On an autumn night such as I have described a student strolled lazily into his room. The rays of the moon entered through the windows and caused a halo of romance and delight to surround the various objects on the wall. The most unimportant things became artistic under the influence of the rays, and even the very pennants and pictures on the wall became objects of unsurpassing delight. The student, not being particularly bent on studious pursuits, walked aimlessly toward the window. The limited express swiftly approaching in the distance, the dim lights, the corn fields, the landscape in general pleased him so much that he decided to sit down and watch the double aspect of the moon on his room and on the surrounding country. He looked in all directions, viewing the most insignificant objects. Underneath his window was the foot-ball field and in a prominent position was the dummy fixed for practice. The student's eyes alighted thereon and the memories of Saturday's game, in which he had been the hero, came back to him. Many times in practice it was the cause of a hard felt jolt, still he had a certain fascination for it, and at times his eyes never wandered from it.

It was during one of these reveries that he noticed something approaching—a human form emerging from the shade of a large tree and immediately this form was followed by others. As they approached it seemed to him, under the influence of the moon's rays, that they were men. Stealthily they walked toward the dummy, his favorite plaything; then they lowered it from the rope on which it was suspended. At once the thought came to his mind that this familiar object was the victim of some dire designs.

He leaped from the window to run and save it from a treacherous attack, when suddenly it dawned upon him that the coverings on his feet which he foolishly thought were shoes, rendered it seemingly impossible to pursue the thieves. He thought of hailing another student to his assistance, but his feverish anxiety for an escapade succumbed to his wishes and off he went. His heart was throbbing with

emotion, but his feet were paining almost unbearably as in his house slippers he pursued them. Nearer and nearer he approached the culprits. These beings were not so fleet of foot but being tenacious of purpose, made good headway with the object of all their desires. The pursuer leaped in the air in the manner of one of his famous flying tackles and with one fell swoop hurled himself against those who possessed the dummy. With a wail and agonizing cry it was thrown away. The cry was shrill and feeble and to the ears of the rescuer it seemed almost feminine. He recognized his victims who had thus far camouflaged their identity and to his great surprise discovered they were his co-ed friends who intended to play a Hallowe'en joke on a newly married couple.

The dummy was theirs. The tackle was illegal and the foot-ball hero was penalized the entire distance back to his room.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Tennyson.*

THE VISIT OF SENATOR J. HAMILTON LEWIS

Last year, on Memorial Day, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis was invited to deliver an address at the college, but unfortunately circumstances made his presence in Washington an absolute necessity. At that time, however, he assured our Very Reverend President that he would on the first opportunity visit St. Viator. The opportunity came November 14, and true to his word Senator Lewis availed himself of it.

The student body in full military uniform drilled in the presence of the Senator after which all repaired to the auditorium where Father O'Mahoney commissioned Mr. Lewis to bring back to Washington the message which St. Viator sends to our President. In part Father O'Mahoney said: "While our senator is with us, we wish to have him know that we are honored in his visit. We wish to have the pleasure of honoring one so honorable, we wish to have one so worthy bear to the great leader of our nation a message of love, of devotion and of patriotism from the students of St. Viator. We want him to carry back to the center of the world, to the center of the future of humanity the message that every student of St. Viator recognizes that to-day there is no place of honor for any man who is morally and intellectually fit but in the ranks of the soldiers. Bear back to our chieftain, to our leader, to our father, the message that beneath the uniform of every boy at St. Viator beats a heart that is ready to give expression to its devotion with the life's blood of a patriot's love. And that this is no empty boast is proven by the young men who were students here last year or during the past few years. There are now in the ranks seventy-five students of last year who are giving this same message in the eloquent language of deeds, while we are forced to be satisfied with the feeble language of words."

Mr. A. E. Smith, of Kankakee, then introduced Senator Lewis, who spoke as follows:

Reverend Fathers, and very excellent friend Mr. Smith; sisters, soldiers, ladies and young gentlemen:

I want to thank my friend, your very eminent citizen, whom I regret was not made a member of congress, for his introduction of me, and to assure you that I appreciate any compliment from his hands. He is recognized by all the men of the party under which I move, and by the citizenship who know him, as a lawyer of the first rank and a gentleman of the highest order.

Young gentlemen, the presiding Father has told you that I could not come to you at the time you had invited me because of official duty. I am sorry that I have not now time to remain with you

longer, as I must catch a train, but I came out the only moment I could give you.

Boys, the great book *Les Miserables* contains a little chapter where a poor man, pursued by everybody and without a friend takes refuge in a little church, far away in the woods. It was dark, and nothing but a little shrine lamp gave forth a few rays of light, He hid in the back pew; then the holy man of God, the little Curé came up to him and said: "Come in." In surprise the poor man said: "You ask me to come into your house?" "This is not my house," said this little priest, "this is the house of Christ, besides before you spoke, I knew you." "Knew me?" "Yes, when I saw you in trouble, I knew you were my brother." Young men this nation of yours is in trouble, it is today assembled in the house of Christ; it summons you to come to help it as its brother, and it knows you will respond. Your superior has appointed me to report to the office of the government this splendid patriotic exhibition by you young students from our land, and especially from this state of the union.

I have more to say than that. I am not a member of the Catholic Church, but I have heard through our land the quotings and echoings of that little narrow mind that can be found in every land, who wanted to hiss from time to time the accusations against the Catholic Church and its people; and to assert that it was not loyal to this republic. Yet, now that this nation is attacked, the very first of all the Churches in all America to bring its students and its people to the aid of this government was your holy establishment. Out of one million, 150,000 Catholic soldiers burst forward to the colors of your land, and of the whole army, 280,000 almost one whole third came from the people of your faith.

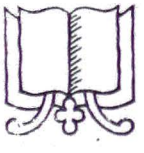
It was this exhibition by a people who had been abused and slandered that showed the world what patriotism really stands for; it was that demonstration that shut the mouth of the slanderous agency in this country as well as in all the others, and I believe it will forever stop the slanderous tongue that had made the accusation for political uses; we know now it was a falsehood and had always been a slander.

Now, boys, you are called upon to render two great services. This is your country; if it lives you live, if it cannot live as a free land, you cannot. America has been set upon and set upon by a crushing military power which thirty years ago would not let a Catholic be elected to an office, and twenty years ago would not allow a Catholic to come into the Reischtag or the Parliament, and fifteen years ago boasted that no Catholic was in office at Berlin. Only lately after the loyal statesmanship and ability of staunch Catholics in Germany has the burden of the Catholic Church's loyalty been able to force its recognition on the state, and it is only recently in Prussia that any attempt has been made to cultivate the favor of the Catholic people, and to confess the great worth of this Church to those people through

all the past years. Religious tolerance and freedom was unknown to the country which is fighting our people.

The question for you is what is your duty? You have but one, it is to be with your country; your father, your mother expects that of you. You are young men. You are going to build a land where you can have freedom, where you can have justice, where the little ones that come after you may have a home, where your mother may have tranquility, where your father may have freedom. This is your country. So too these young ladies who are growing into womanhood to devote their lives to the interests of good education, to live in their family, to have their home, to worship in their Church, and to love their neighbor; they will have their home, their peaceful life, and their opportunity of worship by the sacrifice you boys are willing to make.

I congratulate you boys. I will do everything in my power to see that my government recognizes you; when I return to Washington your holy fathers will write me, or brother Smith will write me in order to keep me in mind of the things you are doing, that you may be recognized by the government in such a way that you may have all the necessary equipment. I will do all in my power to help bring this about, because of the service you are doing to your land. In the little time I have, I bid you good-bye, I congratulate you, I wish you boys every success and the nobility that I know will come to you, the great reputation that is going to be yours, the proud condition you will be in by and by as you rise in the teaching of your holy fathers who are around you. On this day I congratulate you young men, I salute you boys, I pay my respects to your holy fathers. I return to Washington to speak of this little college and this people, to tell how I found them, everyone, men and women, girls and boys, father and tutor dedicated to the great future of their country. I bid you all good-bye.



"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in"

—*Tennyson.*

EFFICIENCY BUD

E. T. Conway, '18

Ambition, luck, and a stand-in with his employer had placed Bud Smaltz in the elevated position of handy man and would-be drug clerk in the thriving apothecary shop of one, R. H. Wallace, possessor of a bad temper and a balky motor car. Maybe one was the cause of the other, but that has no bearing on the incident under discussion. All in all, Wallace had observed several commendable qualities in Bud, who aspired to become a man of the world and captain of industry. One of these characteristics was a determination to be thorough in all things and accomplish every task with as much efficiency as his ability permitted. So, it was only natural that the druggist should take an interest in the lad and give him every opportunity for advancement. It was three years since Bud had enlisted in the services of Wallace and in that time the youth had become well acquainted with the business stock and could actually sell an occasional article despite the fact that most people referred to him as the boy "Who aint quite right in his head." Rumor and gossip being distasteful to Wallace, had no effect on his attitude towards the striving young man, and on every possible occasion he gave his clerk an opportunity to learn just a little bit more.

The steady improvement in Bud's condition, especially in the line of finances and mentality became the main topic of conversation in the boy's home. Bud's parents were delighted with the progress that their son was making, for it was common gossip that the youth would either land in the penitentiary or spend his last days in the poor-house.

One Saturday night Wallace announced that he was departing for New York on a buying trip, and he directed Bud to perform several little tasks. One was of no small importance although it was not difficult of execution. It seems that the proprietor had neglected to complete writing the advertisement for the following day's newspapers and was desirous of getting it out of the way as soon as possible. He directed Bud to finish the job and, picking up a new brand of tooth brush which had been on the counter, suggested that he feature that article in the ad. He then set out for the depot.

The young man went about his task with great concentration. He arranged a few minor details with complete satisfaction to himself. He picked up the toothbrush. For a moment he appeared to be thinking. Then, like a torpedo he shot out of the front door and headed for the depot. For blocks and blocks he ran, but the depot was still a half mile away. Arriving at the depot he spied the Broadway Limited just starting on its journey. Mr. Wallace saw Bud and

put on a bewildered look. Bud shouted to him to get off the train and bore an expression as if something disastrous had happened. The man jumped from the train with his grip and came running down the platform towards where Bud was standing in an exhausted condition.

"What's wrong? What do you want with me?" shouted the druggist.

The boy was too exhausted to speak, and his silence was acting as a piece of shrapnel on Wallace's nerves.

Finally the man yelled frantically: "What do you want? What's wrong?"

"Tell me," said Bud between gasps, "in using the plural, what should you say: 'Teeth brush, tooth brushes, or teeth brushes?'"

"Tooth brushes. You're canned," growled Wallace.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

—*Tennyson.*

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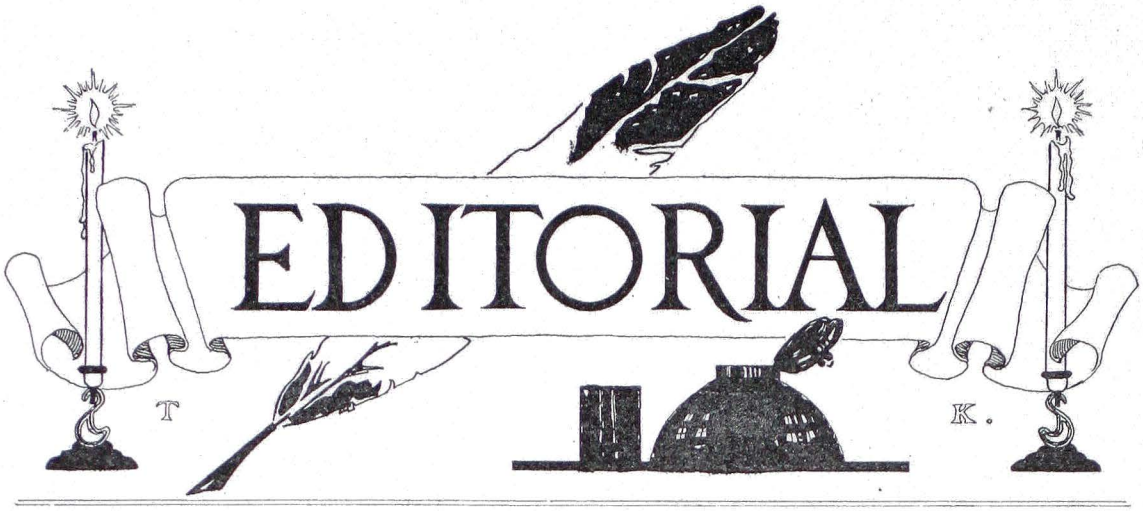

THE VIATORIAN

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The Joy of this Christmas

It is difficult for us at this time when, in the world, war, starvation, disease and death are rampant to have a Merry Christmas. It is difficult to think of merriment even during this, the holiest of seasons, when the civilized world is one huge "simmering fermenting vat" of carnage and destruction. To us and more especially of that veritable madhouse, Europe, "Merry Christmas" seems almost a mockery, for, that which is most characteristic of this feast day, "Peace on earth," is as far removed from earth as anything ever could be. But even in this, the greatest scourge with which God has cursed humanity, one gleam of hope breaks through the almost impenetrable black cloud of war and lights the Christian world—hope in Him who first brought peace to earth, whose name under the roar and smoke of battle is heard from the lips of men crying to Him in their helplessness—hope that soon, weary of war and seeking peace,

the world will turn its scarred, blood-bathed face, and raise its prayer to Him, and hope that across the ruin of man's madness and hate His Angel's voice will sing once more, "On earth peace to men of good will."

Have You Answered the Call?

In the foregoing pages of this issue of the *Viatorian* we have published a list of those who, up to November 30th, have enrolled themselves as CHARTER MEMBERS of the Alumni Association. It is a list of those who have answered either the FIRST or SECOND CALL. The Third CALL has gone out; it is perhaps already in the hands of every old student and we anxiously await the response.

Each and every old student knows that this is the greatest year in the history of our Alma Mater because it is the year of her GOLDEN JUBILEE, because it is the year in which begins the greater, grander St. Viator. Each and every *old student* knows that the Alumni Association and the faculty are laboring incessantly to make the Jubilee celebration a success, and he likewise knows that they labor in vain without his cooperation. Now, Mr. Old Student, do you wish to see the institution, to which you owe something and possibly everything in the way of success, grow and prosper? If you do, lose no time in enrolling yourself as a CHARTER MEMBER of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. Answer the THIRD CALL at once.

A Lesson

Was it back in the Ages of Antiquity that the adage, "It's too late to lock the stable door after the steed had been stolen," was first enunciated or was it only in the Middle centuries that it was given birth? The time of its origin matters little when the fact to be considered is that some people have not yet realized its truth and to all appearance never will realize it. For instance, our newspapers record almost daily that the paymaster of some large business concern has been relieved of a twenty or thirty thousand dollar payroll. This error has become so common that newspapers no longer announce it in glaring headlines but manage to find space for it in the lower corner of the front page beside an account of a driver held for speeding.

Despite these manifold experiences, large concerns will quite calmly send two men to a bank to carry back on an elevated train forty thousand dollars securely (?) locked in a traveling bag. When we read of their money being rudely appropriated by daring robbers we are inclined to heave a sigh and exclaim "Experience is a hard school *but fools will learn in no other.*"

Patriots.

There are few classes of American citizens to whom could be imputed the charge of being unpatriotic. The women of the land give evidence of their patriotism by devoting their time and talent to Red Cross work and making supplies to render life in the cantonments and trenches more comfortable. Men invest their fortunes—aye, and their weekly wages in liberty bonds, and the noblest of our land pledge their lives on the Altar of Patriotism. Yet at this critical period there is a class of citizens, and they are not Socialists, nor are they I. W. W.'S, who are decidedly unpatriotic although they would deny the accusation indignantly. We refer to that type of merchants, and they are common to every town where there is a cantonment, who never fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to fleece a soldier, who never fail to see in a uniformed soldier an excellent chance to advance the prices of their goods. It is the complaint of every man who comes home on a furlough that the soldier is prey of these lying, hypocritical leaches. Outwardly they are staunch patriots but really they are hypocrites, parasites and liars, who are "doing their bit" not to make the life of the soldier comfortable but more miserable. Are the men who are willing to give up their lives for the nation less worthy of consideration than other men? Are they a class of men whose deeds are the sacrifices of the noblest kind or are they rendered despicable because they make these sacrifices? To this particular class of citizens the latter seems true.

"The valiant warrior famoused for fight,
After a hunderd victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

THE PERISCOPE

Did you ever look around you in the society in which you move and take account of the different distinct classes of individuals; and did you ever find amongst them the class who lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are the most important personages of that group, who are obsessed with the idea that within their mighty cranium is contained an unlimited store of diverse information, which information they proceed to disperse on every occasion and on every topic; and did you ever notice that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these same *important* individuals are almost the direct opposite of what they pretend to be, of what they *would like to be*, that in reality they are almost mental vacuums, whose organism called the brain would produce a serious effect on the anatomy if a thought should grace its fissures? Have you ever found this class of individuals? Certainly you have if you have been the least observant. You say they have the "swelled head";—polite society calls them something more charitable. In either case they are beetle-headed, clod-pated, dull-brained, pretentious pedants. This class of men form a part of every society. They are amongst your daily associates, if you haven't noticed them before it is not *their* fault. —*A Student.*

If there is anything that gives endeavor a new life, that makes labor more sweet it is the interest in your endeavor or labors that others show. A man can spend a life-time in endeavor alone, without ever attaining an end if only he knows someone is interested in his work. Ireland has spent the last eight hundred years in endeavoring to attain something which perhaps will never be hers (let us hope such is not the case). Why? Because that endeavor has won the interest of millions? A dull student will try and try and try by assiduous labor to receive the required 67. Why? Because his teacher shows an interest in his attempt. Yes, even the writer of an article will toil and sweat, and maybe swear in *trying* to publish something worth while if only some will show an interest (if you doubt it ask a contributor to the *Viatorian*). To merit the interest of another, then, is a valuable asset for any work. On the other hand, to work alone, with no one interested in your efforts but yourself, is an indication that your work will be stamped a failure, and this indication becomes a certitude when there is not only lack of interest but opposition to your procedure. Strangely enough there are numerous instances, and you need not go outside of college life to find them, where a noble work dies as a miserable failure because those who should be interested block its procedure by not giving it an impetus and by placing

mountains in its path. No matter the strength of the force that started it a work cannot be accomplished by that force alone. Carlyle epitomized the idea when he said of Burns: "A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pick axe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms." No one is a Titan, yet some doubt this for they are continually putting mountains before them in the way of carping criticisms and scornful ridicule, and offer not even a pickaxe with which the dwarf may, by tireless energy, hew them down, but leave him to hurl them abroad with his arms.

Some may refuse to give their support to an undertaking because of the person who is trying to accomplish it; others may refuse theirs because, they are either ignorant of the worth of the undertaking or else are too inert to expend the energy. For my part, if I had to, I should prefer to be classed with the latter.

—*A. O. F.*

As this issue is our Christmas number the ex-man desires to take this opportunity to extend to his brother and sister exchange editors his wishes for a merry, joyful Christmas. May all the blessings of this holy season be yours; and may the new year bring your magazines continued and even better successes.

From sunny California monthly comes the *Redwood*. The first things to elicit our admiration is the beauty and simplicity of the cover design and the general arrangement of the magazine, both indicative of the quality of the contents. The November number is replete with fine verse in which feeling, imagery and even beauty is not lacking. Of the five pieces of verse, the poems entitled "Rest" and "Columbia" especially appealed to the ex-man.

Short stories form the bulk of the issue. "Sunk Without Warning" is an intensely interesting and amusing story of real experience, but the ex-man notes not without dismay that is is written by an alumnus. The "Chequer Board" is an excellent piece of literary composition. If judged merely by the requirements of a modern short story there would be much to criticise. It is almost wholly lacking in that all essential requisite, action, that electrifies readers. The plot is very simple and strikingly original, chosen not so much for amusement as for bringing home to the reader an idea which the author wishes to convey. "Clean Hands" though really a pretty story, fails to awaken interest on account of the triteness of its theme. "Around the Square" is a tragic tale, the subject of which could well be treated in verse.

Essays of this issue are few. "Christianity—a Failure?" is a brief apology for the Christian religion. The writer with earnestness and skill shows that the present titanic struggle does not spell the failure of christianity. At the first reading of the article "On Taking Oneself Seriously" the ex-man was at a loss whether to take the writer really seriously or not. Further consideration and a second reading, however, convinced him that the writer was in earnest, that he was really protesting against taking oneself seriously. The ex-man sus-

pects that the writer was not in the best of humor when he wrote the article.

One looks in vain through the November issue for literary and philosophical criticism so necessary for a well-balanced magazine. We hope that in the next number this defect will be supplied so that the *Redwood* will thus be rendered a college magazine "par excellence."

The October issue of the *Pacific Star* is one that would do no discredit to any college. Two selections of verse form the poets' contribution to the number. The poem entitled "Pacific Star" is certainly a charming piece of imagery. The verse entitled "To Mary" is much inferior to the former. Too much attention has been paid to the rhyme to the neglect of the thought.

The position taken by the author of the essay, "True Functions of Literary Criticism" is well chosen. In it the author points out that the capital sin and predominant fault of modern literature and especially critical works is superficiality. Great pains are taken to show the true function of criticism. The excellence of the work is marred, however, by the lack of concrete illustrations to bring home his message to the reader. "Intellectus Agens" takes up a point of disagreement among scholastic philosophers, viz., whether or not the abstractive principle is identical with the intellect. Though the question at issue is very abstruse, still the ex-man thinks that the essay could have been made much clearer.

"An Undeserved Sentence and Its Sequel" is an interesting piece of fiction. The plot could have been improved by having it cover a less extended period of time and by the introduction of more action and conversation. The outline of the romance novelized from "The Rosary" is well made and well told. In conclusion it may be noted that the editorials are deserving of special commendation. We anxiously await your next issue "Pacific Star!"

From the Empire State comes the *Canisius Monthly* fraught with literary lore of no mean value. A mere glance at its pages is sufficient to conclude that it is an especial object of the Muses' predilection. Of the eight poetic productions gracing its pages the poems entitled "A Mighty Brotherhood" and "A War Zone Lullaby" are deserving of special mention. Both breathe forth the martial sentiment characteristic of our day.

"The Case of Soul against Self" is an essay written in defense of the substantiality of the soul. It is in the nature of a reply to an article which appeared in the Psychological Review, the purport of which was that "the human soul is an empty abstraction," that "it has outlived its usefulness as a term of modern psychology," and that consequently "it must go." With this article the writer accordingly takes issue, and demonstrates with invincible logic the substantiality of the soul. The diverse points of view from which he argues, and

the concrete and apt illustrations employed indicate that he has a clear and thorough grasp of his subject. We think more space could be devoted with profit to philosophical essays and discussions in our college publications. As far as our limited experience goes philosophy is a very important branch of study at a Catholic college, and should therefore, claim a proportionate amount of space in the magazine.

The essay entitled "Catholics and Politics" contains an eloquent plea for all Catholics and especially graduates of a Catholic college to take a more active part in politics for the one and sole purpose of elevating and purifying them. The writer's position is well taken, his arguments conclusive and remedies suggested plausible. "The Knights Templar" is a historical account of that order, their rise, their valiant deeds and their suppression. It has the merit of being both clear and interesting. "The Model of Sacrifice" is a well written essay on a topic pertinent to our day. The writer, however, could have dwelt upon such a subject at greater length.

The short stories, also, are deserving of special merit. "Lost and Found" possesses an interesting and fairly well developed plot. But that a young man just promoted to a partnership in a large business concern should choose an apparently down-and-out tramp as his sole companion at a dinner to celebrate his promotion seems highly improbable to the ex-man. Again the reader has not been previously informed that there are any other than ordinary relations existing between Ransom and Miss Marjorie Turner. Hence it is with no little surprise that he learns the upshot of the story is that they are to be married. In "Mike Mulvey the Merciful" the almost total lack of plot is compensated by an abundance of humor.

The receipt of the following is gratefully acknowledged: *The Abbey Student, Buff and Blue, The Academy, The Anselmian, The Blue and Gold, St. Angela's Echo, Creighton Chronicle, Duquesne Monthly, St. John's University Record, Niagara Index, Exponent, College Spokesman, Fordham Monthly, St. Vincent College Journal, McMaster University Monthly, Villanovan, St. Mary's Chimes, The Collegian, Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly, Georgetown College Journal, Morning Star, Prospector, De Paul Minerval, The Dial, The Ignatian, St. Peter's College Journal, Loyola University Magazine, Echoes from the Pines, The Mountaineer.*

COLUMBUS DAY.

The 425th anniversary of the discovery of America was fittingly observed at Saint Viator's on the evening of October 12th. An unusually excellent program was rendered, for which credit must be given to the members of the Senior Class, who arranged it.

The feature of the evening was a patriotic address by Hon. A. E. Smith, of Kankakee. Mr. Smith emphasized the importance of true patriotism in the present crises and pointed out the many ways in which we may prove our love of country. His address was received with great applause, as were all the other numbers.

The Program.

I. Overture.....College Orchestra

II. Address of Welcome.....Mr. Thomas E. Shea, '18

III. Song—Miss Florence Gast and Master Adrien Roy, accompanied by Miss Louise Brule.

IV. Interpretative Dancing.....Miss Florence Gast

V. Song—Mr. F. Gordon McDonald, '20, accompanied by Mr. F. J. Murray.

VI. "Our Debt to Columbus".....Mr. Edmund F. Conway, '18

VII. Song—Miss Jeanette Byron, accompanied by Mr. J. R. Emslie.

VIII. Patriotic Address.....Hon. Armand E. Smith

Military Training.

The course in military training, a new feature in the curriculum of St. Viator's, continues to progress favorably under the able direction of Major Demelle. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in procuring the necessary equipment, since all firms are working day and night to fill war orders and can give but scant attention to other business. Uniforms have been obtained, however, and the campus takes on quite a martial air from the students' new attire. The uniform is of khaki and closely resembles the U. S. Army uniform.

An officer's reserve corps has been created, from which the student officers will be chosen. The commissions will be awarded on the merits of a competitive drill. Besides the physical and disciplinary advantage which this training affords, it is a source of interesting recreation to all the students, and we hope that it will continue to be in every way successful.

Acknowledgments.

The College wishes to acknowledge the gift of an excellent collection of Devonian fossils, from the Rev. Father Gabriel, O. M. Cap., of Cumberland, Md. The region about Cumberland is noted for the presence of these fossils, and the collectors for the Smithsonian Institute have discovered some very valuable specimens in that neighborhood. The collection which Father Gabriel has bestowed upon St. Viator's Museum is a very valuable one and the faculty is most grateful to him for his generosity.

We also wish to thank "a friend" of Denver, Colorado, for his gift of a set of law books, treating of the Statutes of Illinois. The donor intentionally failed to send his name, but we hope that these lines will reach him, to assure him of our gratitude.

St. Viator Day.

The feast day of St. Viator was celebrated on Sunday, October 21st. At 9:30 a. m. High Mass was sung in the College Chapel. Rev. John L. McMullen, of Gibson City, Illinois, preached the sermon. The singing was excellent, and great praise is due to the choir and especialy to the Rev. Director, Father Sheridan. At one o'clock, dinner was served to an unusually large number of guests. After dinner, everybody adjourned to the Auditorium, where they witnessed the first performance of "*My Boy*," Father Sheridan's most recent play. Father Sheridan's ability as a playright had been so firmly established by "*The Call*," that everyone was looking forward to "*My Boy*" with eager expectation. Nor were they disappointed, for, viewed in every way, the play was a great success. The author wished to bring home, through the medium of his play, one great lesson—the lesson of patriotism, and we are confident that no one who witnessed "*My Boy*," left the hall without a clearer understanding of what patriotism

means. Credit must be given also to the cast, all of whom played their roles with an ease and ability worthy of far more experienced actors. All the musical numbers were excellent and received much applause.

The following is a cast of the characters in the order of their appearance:

"MY BOY"

A Patriotic Drama in Three Acts

Rev. F. A. Sheridan, c. s. v.

Cast of Characters, in the Order of Their Appearance

Mr. Bennett ..... H. Arnberg
Jim Bennett, his son ..... G. McDonald
Helen, Jim's sweetheart ..... J. McDermott
Bob, Jim's pal ..... T. Kelly
Bess, Jim's sister ..... H. Griffin
Rege ..... W. Roche
Mr. Louie Hawley ..... M. Hoare
Lill, the plant ..... L. Dougherty
Sam ..... E. Conway
Benny ..... U. Berry
Tommy ..... J. Corbett
Ikey Lavinsky ..... T. Harrison
Constable ..... C. McGuire

Patrick	Patients somewhere in France	U. Berry
Alphonse		E. Conway
Kenneth		J. Elmslie

Dr. Graves ..... J. Corbett
Some One Who Was Forgotten ..... J. Madden
Bill ..... J. Elmslie

TIME—The Present. PLACE—Any Small Town

Act I—The home of the Bennett's. Early evening.
Act II—A hospital ward somewhere in France. Ten months later.
Act III—The lawn of the Bennett home. Two months later.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS—F. Seybert, G. Monks, F. McCune, M. Cooney, T. Cavanaugh, E. Freehill, P. Freehill, M. Heeney, H. Sauer, R. Lee, R. Marvel, F. Opeka, R. Kobler, B. Simon, J. Reading, J. Lyons.

SONGS USED IN THE PLAY

Act I.—"Over There," "Joan of Arc," "Good-Bye Broadway, Hello France," "America, Here's My Boy," "Let's All Be Americans Now," "I May Be Gone For a Long, Long Time."

Act II.—"I'm Only Dreaming," "Just Before The Battle, Mother," "Just Break the News to Mother," "Till the Clouds Roll By."

Act III.—"Somewhere in France Grows the Lily," "So Long, Mother," "Good-by, That Means You," "What Kind of an American Are You."

St. Cecilia's Day.

On St. Cecilia's Day, November 22nd, a most enjoyable musical program was rendered under the direction of Mr. James Robert Elmslie, the director of the Department of Music. The public was invited, and a number of people from the vicinity were present. The program was as follows:

1. The "Star Spangled Banner."
2. Overture.....*Loin Du Bal*
   College Orchestra
3. Piano Solo—"Last Hope".....*Gottschalk*
   Mr. Harold McCormack
4. Vocal Solo—"Throw Me a Rose."
   Miss Myrtle Schneider, accompanied by Miss Eddy
5. Violin Duet—"Romance"
   Prof. G. Martineau, Mr. Camil Bernard
6. Quartette—"As Day Dawns."
   Miss J. Byron, Miss Beique, Mr. A. Tetreault and Bro. A. St. Aubin
7. Instrumental Sextette—"Schubert's Serenade."
8. Vocal Solo—"Hearts and Flowers"
   Mrs. LaRocque, accompanied by Miss Eddy
9. Selection—"Memoires of Titl"
   College Orchestra
10. Vocal Solo—Selected
    Mr. A. Tetreault
11. Finale—"La Sorrella"
    College Orchestra

Marie Mayer.

On Friday evening, November 23rd, Marie Mayer, the Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play of 1910, delivered a most interesting lecture in the College auditorium. She described the quiet, peaceful little village of Oberammergau and the world-famed drama therein enacted. Miss Mayer has taken part in the Passion Play three times; first, as one of the children of Jerusalem in 1890; ten years later as the Angel in the Garden of Gethsemane, and then in 1910 she played the part of Mary Magdalene, the highest honor which can come to any girl of Oberammergau. Miss Mayer is the first actual participant in the Passion Play ever to lecture to an American audience. She has a fine stage presence, and from the first moment of her appearance commands the attention of her audience. Miss Mayer's lecture is but the first of a series of entertainments which will take place at the college throughout the winter months.

Alumni Meeting.

At five o'clock of the evening of December 13, the Chicago Chapter of the Alumni Association held its annual meeting and dinner at the Morrison Hotel. Matters of great importance relating to the celebration of the Golden Jubilee were discussed.

Senator Lewis Visits College.

On Wednesday, November 14th, St. Viator was honored by the visit of Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois. The Senator was welcomed by the faculty and by the students drawn up in military array. Rev. Father O'Mahoney bade him welcome to the halls of St. Viator, and assured him of her loyalty, which has been proven not only in words but in deeds, by the numbers of her patriotic sons who have answered the nation's call. Mr. A. E. Smith in a few well chosen words next introduced Senator Lewis to the students. Mr. Lewis' visit was necessarily short, as he is a very busy man, but he promised to pay St. Viator's a longer visit should he ever have the opportunity.

Lieutenant J. L. Dougherty.

St. Viator once more felt proud in her children when on November 27th, James L. Dougherty, A. B., '08, General Secretary of the Alumni Association, received the commission of First Lieutenant at Fort Sheridan. The appointment of Mr. Dougherty was no surprise to his friends at St. Viator's for when he went to Fort Sheridan last August, nothing short of a First Lieutenancy was expected. Lieutenant Dougherty was ordered to report at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., where Father Stephenson, C. S. V., is the Knights of Columbus Chaplain. The faculty and students of St. Viator's extend, through the *Viatorian*, their heartiest congratulations to the young lieutenant and wish him unlimited success in his military career.

ALUMNI NOTES

On St. Viator Day several old students returned to offer their felicitations and enjoy as honored guests the splendid program arranged for Alma Mater's feast day. A few of the old students present were Harold Botchen, Edward Cahill, William C. Walsh, U. S. Navy, Donald Kirley and the old pals John T. and Melvin (Horse) McCarthy.

The *Viatorian* deeply interested in St. Viator's gallant soldiers and sailors is always pleased to hear from them. The *Viatorian* acknowledges cards or letters from the following:

John M. Oakey, Fort Riley, Kansas.
Emmett W. Flynn, '17, Fort Riley, Kansas.
Rev. H. Darche, U. S. N., Quantico, Virginia.
Charles W. Walker, U. S. Marines, Quantico, Virginia.
George Rooney, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Edward T. O'Connor, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
William I. Walsh, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Robert Dinnen, Camp Taylor, Kentucky.
Peter J. Lynch, U. S. A., League Island, Hospital, Philadelphia.
Clement J. Haggerty, Kelley Aviation Field, Texas.

Rev. William Courtney, Theology, '17, has been appointed to the parish at Rantoul, Illinois. While on his way to Rantoul, Father Courtney stopped at the College for a few days. Alma Mater wishes him success.

Doctor Alexander W. Burke, '99-'04, received a lieutenant's commission and is now located at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

At the request of the Knights of Columbus, Bishop Muldoon appointed Rev. J. M. Lonergan to the important position of Post Chaplain at Camp Grant. The appointment is considered a recognition of Father Lonergan's success in his work at Cary, Illinois. Before he left Cary, Ill., his parishioners and friends presented him with a purse of gold. The *Viatorian*, together with the many friends of Father Lonergan, offer congratulations. St. Viator boys at Camp Grant will find in Father Lonergan a good friend.

Captain Thomas J. Ford, for years instructor of the renowned "Chicago Zouaves" is now residing at Ararat, Alabama. The Captain has offered his service to the government as a military instructor.

Another star added to St. Viator's Service Flag. Eugene G. Ashe, '13, has joinrd the U. S. Navy as an expert accountant and is now in Washington, D. C. We congratulate Uncle Sam upon securing such a clever young man to look after his accounts.

Dan Cupid has pierced the hearts of three Viator boys:

Leo Dougherty, A. B., '13, and Miss Helen Costello were married in Chicago. The young couple will make their home on the Dougherty farm, near Aberdeen, South Dakota.

On the twenty-ninth of November, Harry P. Keeley, '09–'11, and Miss Mary Haley, were united in the bonds of holy marriage at St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Illinois.

Bernard J. O'Leary, '09-'13, on November 19, was married to Miss Genevieve Tierney at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

To the happy young couples the faculty and their many friends wish them a long and happy married life.

Good news has reached the Rev. President that Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, assistant at the Cathedral in Louisville, Kentucky, is now convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever. We trust it will not be long before Father O'Mahoney will be able to resume his good work in the parish.

The Very Rev. Superior, E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., was recently entertained by the faculty and students. Father Rivard took a special delight in quizzing the philosophy class, consequently one or two are "in bad" with Father Bergin.

One of the most agreeable surprises to the faculty was a visit from Thomas Normoyle, '85-'90. It was the first trip Mr. Normoyle had made to the college in twenty-five years. During that time many changes had taken place in the surroundings and faculty. However, Brothers MacEachen and Seguin were able to recall with him the many pleasant hours Mr. Normoyle had spent at College.

Vincent Connor has not been at the College for six years, yet he never forgot Alma Mater. As every good alumnus should Vincent has secured a new student and brought the boy from Springfield, Ill. Vincent spent a few days among his friends in the student body and faculty. Mr. Connor, at the outbreak of war tried to enlist but was rejected on physical grounds. However, he has been accepted by the draft board and now waits a call.

In the recent changes in the Peoria Diocese our alumni has been singularly honored. Father Frank Cleary has been appointed pastor of Warsaw, Illinois. Father John Armstrong has been promoted to pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Ivesdale, Ill. Father Charles C.

O'Brien becomes pastor at Merna, Ill., and Father Richard O'Loughlin is now pastor at Marseilles, Illinois. We desire to congratulate the fathers and ask that God will continue to bless their labors.

The Faculty has had the pleasure of entertaining Fathers Gilbert Flynn, William I. Murray, P. Conway, E. S. Dunn, John O'Kennedy, J. P. Joyce, E. L. Rivard, J. P. Munday, A. Mainville, J. P. Parker, Joseph Griffin, E. C. Leonard; also Messrs. Robert Hanley, James Kavanagh, David Conroy, Leo Gartland, James and Vincent Cahill.

The student body greatly misses Father George Mulvaney, c. s. v., who recently left for Fort Worth, Texas. The *Viatorian* sincerely hopes that his stay in the south will bring good health.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson, c. s. v., K. of C. Chaplain, has been transferred to the cantonment at Charlotte, South Carolina. We are sure that the popular chaplain will meet with the same success that marked his labors at Camp Custer.

ROLL OF HONOR

Rev. H. A. Darche, 1st Lieutenant, Sixth Regiment of Marines, Quantico, Virginia.

Rev. J. L. O'Donnell, 1st Lieutenant, Second Illinois Regiment, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Rev. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., Camp Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

Rev. J. Lonergan, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

James L. Dougherty, 1st Lieutenant, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Major Captain James Burns, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Thomas J. Finnegan, Battery D, U. S. Field Artillery, France.

Donald J. Somers, U. S. Field Artillery, France.

Emmett W. Flynn, Section 4, M. O. T. C., Fort Riley, Kansas.

William Senesac, Co. L., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Emil Kekich, Rainbow Division, Mineola Camp, Long Island, N. Y.

John Gallagher, Quartermaster's Department, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Edward T. O'Connor, Quartermaster's Department, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

John Oakey, Section 4, M. O. T. C., Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lawrence Dondanville, Medical Dept., Depot Brig. Infirmary 237, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.

George Rooney, Second Infantry, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

William I. Walsh, Second Infantry, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Myron J. Wilson, Range Detachment, Co. L., Harris Island, S. C.

Clement Haggerty, Aviation Corps, Mineola, Long Island, N. Y.

William Bayer, Co. M, 355 Regt., Camp Funston, Kansas.

Justin Legris, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Alfred Houlehan, First Wisconsin Cavalry, Waco, Texas.

Forrest Houlehan, First Wisconsin Cavalry, Waco, Texas.

Charles Von Huben, Battery E, 122d U. S. Field Artillery, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Ignatius Marcotte, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

ROLL OF HONOR—[Continued]

Maurice Godin, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Roy Arseneau, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Ralph Hefferman, Q. M. C., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Arthur Gilbeault, 14th Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.
Emmett Trainor, U. S. Marines, France.
Leo. F. Kennedy, Engineering Corps, France.
Emmett Kavanagh.
Lawrence Primeau, Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.
Robert Fitzgerald, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Robert Dinnen, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
Duncan Ferguson, Great Lakes Training Station, Lake Bluff, Ill.
John Peters, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Timothy Curtin, Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
William C. Walsh, Great Lakes Training Station, Lake Bluff, Ill.
Edward Houde, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Texas
William O'Hara, Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
Jerry Garrity, Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
Donovan Riordan, Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.
John Cassidy, Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Martin J. Mentgen, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Edward Murphy, Quartermaster's Department, Washington, D. C.
Charles Walker, Coast Artillery, Port Royal, S. C.

John Mullins	Menard Caron	Daniel Boyle
Joseph Judge	Eugene Leinan	Gustave Storr
Richard O'Hare	Matthew Kilbride	E. Schovin
E. Gareau	F. Hughes	E. Lebeau
Yvon Dandurand	John Healy	William Lenehan
William Sammon	Harry Steinbach	Jerry Lynch
H. Klops	James Carroll	James Sweeney
Richard Shields	Hilary Clemens	Milton Morrissey
Earl Boland	Hilton Nichols	Arthur Krampf
Robert Gleniecki	Douglas Montroy	Theodore Montroy
Viator Burton		Imus Rice

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

During the month of the Holy Souls, St. Viator suffered the loss of two of her most loyal friends among the clergy, Rev. F. J. Lantz, of Merna, Ill., and Rev. M. A. Quirk, of Ottawa, Ill.

Father Lentz was one of the pioneer priests of Peoria diocese and for years was a member of the diocesan mission band. His illness was of a few months duration necessitating an operation. He died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Bloomington, Ill., November 12th. The funeral and burial of Father Lentz took place at Merna, Ill., Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., attending.

Father Lentz.

Father Quirk had been in poor health for a number of years although he remained in active service until a month before his death. He was sent to Ottawa twenty-five years ago to found the parish of St. Patrick. He remained there until his last illness, laboring tirelessly to build the parish that now stands as a lasting tribute to his loving memory. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church by the Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Peoria. Interment was made at Peoria, Ill.

Father Quirk.

On November 14th, death cast his dark shadow over the home of Berard Mombleau, of the Senior Class, when his sister Loretta was summoned to her eternal reward. The deceased was a patient sufferer for the past few years, undergoing several operations. In the middle of October she was forced to undergo another operation at the Mercy Hospital. She seemed to be convalescing rapidly when suddenly she began to decline. It was but a few hours until she died. The funeral which was held from St. Ann's Church, St. Anne, Ill., was attended by the entire Senior Class and representatives from the Junior and Sophomore Classes.

Miss Loretta Mombleau.

At a special meeting of the Senior Class the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS: In His Infinite Wisdom God has seen fit to send grief to the home of our friend and classmate, Berard J. Mombleau, by summoning to her heavenly abode his sister Loretta, and

WHEREAS: It is altogether fitting that we his friends and classmates, as far as we are able, try to assuage the grief that is his, be it therefore

Resolved: That we have a Requiem High Mass sung by our Reverend Censor, Father Bergin, at which Mass the entire class shall be present, and be it also

Resolved: That the class attend the funeral of our classmate's beloved sister, and be it further

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *Viatorian* and a copy be sent to our bereaved classmate.

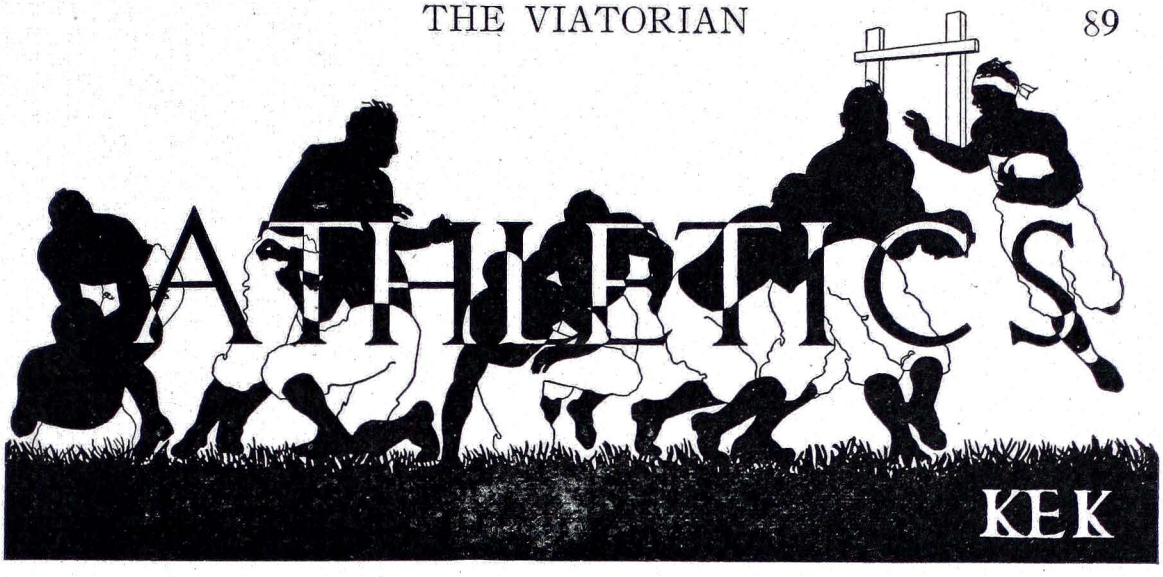
Mr. Antonio Fortunato.

The faculty and the entire student body of St. Viator wish to extend to Francis Fortunato of the Senior Department their heartfelt sympathy in the loss he suffered by the death of his loving father, Antonio Fortunato. Although Mr. Fortunato endured a protracted illness his death was very unexpected and was a severe shock to his good family.

Requiescant in Pace.

VARSITY, '17.

Top row, left to right: P. Carey, A. De Clerk, E. Kearney, A. Quigley: J. Powers. Middle row: A. Deutsch, G. Meers, Seybert A. Freebury, E. Cox, G. McDonald, D. Carey, J. Cavanaugh, I. Sees, E. O'Connor, E. Keefe (Coach), E. Fitzpatrick. Botton row: R. Delaney, E. Nichols, B. Connor, J. Lynch, W. Daughton, R. Frances (Capt.), W. Roche, F. Kenelly, U. Berry.



ST. VIATOR 19—NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE 20.

The game with the crew from Northwestern on October 13th proved to be a tragedy in four acts, having a disheartening crash just before the epilogue. There have been hard luck games and jinx games when the enemy seemed to have our nanny, but the struggle with the Naperville eleven merits the chips when it comes to carrying the horseshoe. During the first three quarters our men played the visitors off their feet and scarcely took time out between halves. So striking was our team's superiority that, after the first quarter when the local forward pass and line bucking machine got started, no one for a moment thought that the outcome could be anything but favorable to us. But in some unaccountable way, when there remained just three more minutes to play, this man Stenger of the opposition camouflaged his presence and ripped off two brilliant runs for touchdowns that forced us to be content with the second best total of scores.

The game opened with Northwestern receiving. The two teams see-sawed on the field for the first five minutes, after which Dahn squirmed across the goal line for the first score of the game. Stenger kicked goal, giving Northwestern seven points. After that preliminary workout the Viator men took the field and had things coming their way for the greater part of the time. By a series of lightning like passes, in which Harrison and Fitzpatrick featured, the ball was soon planted between the visitor's goal posts. Berry then kicked goal and the score was seven up. In the second quarter all was quiet. But when the third period opened Lynch registered a touchdown after the first minute of play. Berry missed goal. The passes were started again and soon Berry put the ball over again but failed to kick goal. The score stood 19 to 7. When the last quarter began our men played their usual brilliant game. Although we made no more points during that time, we did not weaken, nor may it be said that the team was over-confident. However when everyone was expecting the final whistle, Stenger got loose and ran for a touchdown, after which he

failed to kick goal. This was not so bad since we were still ahead and the team was going at full speed with no signs of weakening. How it was done no one knows, but to add to the disaster this same man got away again and after reaching the goal posts, calmly yet firmly planted the ball on the ground thus tying the score. Goal was kicked, giving the visitors 20 points to our 19.

There remains not the slightest particle of doubt that our men neatly outclassed their rivals in all departments of the game and really deserved the victory although things turned out otherwise. The linemen, although light and comparatively inexperienced, performed like veterans, as several of the opposing players who went home with sore shoulders will admit. Meers, Delaney, Connors, Carey, Galvin, and Daughton in the tackle and guard positions made the visitors come to a realization that football is not a parlor game. In fact the whole team starred, since the scoring was done with the assistance rendered by each member of the team. Berry showed excellent judgment in using plays as did Harrison who later assumed the quarterback position.

LINE-UP.

St. Viator		*Northwestern*
Meers	Center	Waidlich
Delaney	Guard	Snyder
Connor	Guard	Meckley
Carey	Tackle	Gandson
Galvin, Daughton	Tackle	Hoesch
Fitzpatrick	End	Beaman
Corbett, Berry	End	Weidman
Harrison, Berry	Q. B.	Stenger
Francis (Capt.)	H. B.	Schutte
Lynch	H. B.	Neargarth, Welting
Freebury	F. B.	Dahn, Warner

Touchdowns:—Fitzpatrick, Lynch, Berry, Dahn, Stenger (2). Goals:—Berry, Stenger (2). Referee—Dorticus (Army) Umpire—Smith

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ST. VIATOR, 15—ST. AMBROSE, 45.

On November 26th we bit the dust, or rather the mud, at the expense of the St. Ambrose team from Davenport. This aggregation put up the classiest exhibition of the gridiron sport seen on the local field this year. They were fully eight pounds to the man heavier than our men and that advantage was responsible for their victory. The game was played on a muddy field which made it impossible for the Viator team to make use of its speed upon which it had depended for its scoring. Instead of the Gold and Purple men ripping off open field runs and spearing numerous passes they had to rest content with straight line plunging which proved too great a strain for our

light men. However the local line performed phenomenal work and time after time broke through the opposing wall and broke up plays. Meers, Carey, Delaney and Connors were terrors on defense while Freebury, Francis and Lynch made long gains with their line plunging. Corbett and Fitzpatrick got away with the few passes that were attempted. Red Freebury pulled his usual stunt of running through the entire enemy team for a touchdown on the kickoff. Devlin was the whole ground gaining and scoring machine for St. Ambrose but excellent interference and a strong line made it possible for him to star.

LINE-UP.

St. Viator		*St. Ambrose*
Meers	Center	McCormack
Seybert	Guard	Wallace
Shea, Connors, Daughton	Guard	Fitzsimmons
Carey	Tackle	Jeager
Delaney	Tackle	Malloy
Corbett	End	Griffith
Fitzpatrick	End	Connor
Berry	Q. B.	Devlin
Lynch, Deitch	H. B.	Sheehan
Francis (Capt.)	H. B.	Quigley
Freebury	F. B.	Flynn

Touchdowns:—Fitzpatrick, Freebury, Devlin (4), Flynn, Sheehan. Goals—Devlin (6). Dropkick—Devlin. Referee—Edgeworth (Dartmouth). Umpire—Myers (Notre Dame). Headlinesman—Smith.

ST. VIATOR, 0—CHARLESTON NORMAL, 35.

The Viator squad journeyed to Charleston, November third and came away with the small end of a 35 to 0 score. The game was marred by numerous penalties. The Charleston gang had anticipated a hard struggle and as a result left nothing undone to make everything soft sailing for themselves. The officials were just lovely fellows, so the Charleston men say and the penalties inflicted on our men show that something was in the air. On returning, the local team said nice things about the Normal team and expressed hopes that we too may line things up before our games come off, in order that there may be more "undefeated champions" in the state. Nevertheless the Bourbonnais team feels no shame in connection with the Charleston game and the great consolation lies in the fact that things will not always be thus.

LINE-UP.

St. Viator		*Charleston*
Corbett	End	Gordon

Delaney	Tackle	Turner
Connors	Guard	H. Barclay
Meers	Center	D. Barclay
Seybert	Guard	Smith
Carey	Tackle	Jones
DeClerk	End	Adams
Fitzpatrick	Q. B.	Hampton (Capt.)
Freebury	H. B.	S. Turner
Harrison	H. B.	Cook
Francis (Capt.)	F. B.	McCabe

Substitutions:—Powers for Corbett, Lynch for Harrison, Deutch for Lynch. Touchdowns:—M. Turner (2), S. Turner, Cook, Adams. Goal from touchdown, Hampton (2). Goal from field, Hampton. Referee—Young. Umpire—Muhl. Headlinesman—Smith.

St. Viator High School—Loyola Academy.

The Viator high school team staged a battle on the local grounds with the fast eleven from Loyola Academy of Chicago. The game was a question of weight as were most of the contests in which the Purple and Gold teams played this year. In the Loyola game our men found a steam roller when Dunne, fullback for the visitors, began to rip off his long marches to the goal line. The heavy backfield man did all the strenuous work for the visitors and they were content to let him have undivided honors when it was seen that none of the others could make any headway. When the final whistle blew the score stood 19 to 0.

BASKETBALL

Basketball is now on the boards and for the next few months athletic activities will be confined to this form of sport. We should have a great team this year if the speed that has been shown by many of the student body is any indication of basketball ability. Speed is what will have to figure in this year's games for we have lost the heavy men who held down places on the Varsity for the past three years. Captain Roche is the only letter man left and it will be necessary to build up almost an entirely new team this year. The new students especially should get out and do their bit, since promising material is often discovered in men who have never participated in that line of sport. The schedule has not been completed but there are ten good games arranged so far, including a number of good trips, so those who make the squad will have some thing to which they may look forward.

The following is a list of games already scheduled:

Jan 18—Charleston Normal at St. Viator.
Jan. 25—St. Bede's at Peru.

Jan. 26—Bradley at Peoria.
Feb. 1—Milliken at St. Viator.
Feb. 7—Charleston Normal at Charleston.
Feb. 8—Rose Polytechnic at Terre Haute.
Feb. 9—Butler at Indianapolis (Pending).
Feb. 13—Eureka at St. Viator.
Feb. 16—St. Bede's at St. Viator
Feb. 25—Dubuque at Dubuque.
Feb. 26—St. Ambrose at Davenport.
Feb. 27—Augustana at Rock Island (Pending).
Feb. 28—Northwestern College at Naperville.
Feb. —St. Ignatius at Chicago (Pending).

VIATORIANA

Received by a member of the staff on his birthday from an ardent admirer:

Just one and twenty years ago
To earth was born a holy show,
Speckled his face—his feet were bare
And iridescent the hue of his hair.

Because he howled both day and night,
His parents begged friends with tears and fright
To tolerate the darling child,
So when mature he'd not be wild.

He grew a little every year
Thriving on pretzels, grin and cheer
Till he was big enough folks thought
To go to school and there be taught.

So to a college he was sent
And how he loved the president,
Birdie, Roche and Duck and Kell
And most of all the beauty, Belle.

He was so smart this brown haired gink
That soon he made his father think
That 'twould be money darned well spent
If they could make his boy a gent.

And now his birthday has drawn near
'Twas in November he came here,
His friends and foes all join with joy
To wish him well, this foolish boy.

We are your friends and not your foes
So please accept this fragrant rose.
These fragile orchids and sweet peas
To wish you well we send you these.

"They'll be in on the evening train"

T. E. W. & Co.

Johnnies Madden and Lyons showed great ability for a position on the next year's "Hospital Squad" by a flying tackle on Court St., with Dizz and Red running interference. Who got the reward, Jack?

OVER THE WIRE.

Dinnen: "What s playing Sunday night?"
Manager of the Gaiety: "Dark House."
Dinnen: "What are the prices?"

Jim Sees on his return from the Thanksgiving Game at Dubuque visited Chicago, and his impression of the city was described by himself in the following words: "Gee, I'd hate to live in Chicago. It took me about ten minutes to get across Michigan Avenue. When I went this way, an auto came that way, and when I came that way, an auto went this way."

McEnroe: "I was just down in the store and bought a ham sandwich from Brother Galvin. When I had it half eaten I discovered it was Friday."

McConnell: "Well, what did you do about it?"

McEnroe: "Returned it to Brother Galvin and tomorrow there is going to be a sale on 'Damaged' Goods."

"Sarah's coming," said the BOOMER,
Mids't the flat boys spread the rumor,
Speech was written, tea was made,
Collars grabbed in hurry-up raid.
Our guest was due; we waited the fun
But she joined Schumann-Heink and didn't come.

For Sale by Claude Granger—One speech, a la Francaise, elaborately decorated.

In order to give Louie that promised aeroplane ride Shorty Griffin has closed the contract with a large firm in Pasadena, Calif., for the purchase of one of the latest models. His old one was destroyed in his father-in-law's fire (in Kank.)

Say, in what course do you expect to graduate?
In the course of time, of course.

Pliers was reported missing from military but was not "jugged" as he had been practicing up on trench warfare.

INGENUITY.

Drama in Two Acts.

Taken from real life

ACT I

Time—One Sunday Night

Place—Comfortable Parlor of Kankakee Residence

(*Curtain rises with Holland sitting opposite one of the younger members of the family. Holland is being questioned as to his family connections*).

She: "How is your name spelled?"

Holland: "G-R-I-F-F-I-N."

She, interestedly: "What is your father's occupation?"

Holland, proudly: "My father, why he's the Governor of California."

Curtain.

ACT II.

Time—Two weeks later.

Place—Court Street

(*Holland unexpectedly meets his friend*)

She (after usual salutation): "Say, if your name is Griffin, you told me an untruth two weeks ago, because the name of the Governor of California is Mr. Thomas."

Holland spontaneously and unabashed): "Oh, that's just one point I neglected to mention. He's my stepfather."

Final.

Oh, them there St. Viator boys!!!!

ECHOES FROM THE PLAY.

"Well, what will we sing or do anyway."

"A bad case of aphasia mononomia."

"You're on the wrong side of the footlights, Clete."

"Oh, *shucks* I can't shoot."

"Will you ever learn."

"It looks like rain—Oh, the rain, etc."

"And the clothes business was just picking up."

("We didn't forget you, Bo—but what were the results.")

Arnberg: "Just where was that scene enacted?"

Prof. Murray: "At the bottom of page 68."

"Terrible, Eh! Shouldn't be allowed."

"Who's got my ————?"

"To all intents and purposes."

JOE OVER END.

It's rather strange that High School students under the pressure of examinations can become so inventive, for instance,

In English:

"The inimitable was upset at midnight."

"Do you assiduity to go to town."

"The emanation is not being used today."

"Sunset is that part of day between the ending of day and the beginning of night and is sometimes called twilight."

In History:

"Columbus was born in 1776, discovered America in 1492 and died in Chains."

Mooney: "Say, tighten up."
Jimmie: "Why?"
Mooney: "Because you're Too-loose." (Tullus).

"Come right in, sit right down, and have a bowl of bean soup."