

July Number, 1916

CONTENTS

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| AT THE CLOSE OF DAY, VERSE | PAGE VIII |
| <i>C. Hart, '17</i> | |
| HOME AGAIN—A REMINISCENCE OF THE HOME-COMING | 1 |
| THE PERSONALITY OF NEWMAN—AN APPRECIATION. | 4 |
| <i>Charles A. Hart, '17</i> | |
| THE ETERNAL YOUTH OF SHAKESPEARE (PRIZE ESSAY), | 12 |
| <i>Edward A. Kelley, '18</i> | |
| DISCOURAGEMENTS OF NEWMAN | 18 |
| <i>Patrick J. Buckley, '16</i> | |
| PREPAREDNESS—FRESHMAN ORATION | 22 |
| <i>Edward O'Conner, '19</i> | |
| EDITORIALS—Bon Vacance—Mental Ulysses | 26 |
| HANKISMS | 29 |
| EXCHANGES—The Periscope | 30 |
| INTER ALIA | 37 |
| ATHLETICS | 40 |

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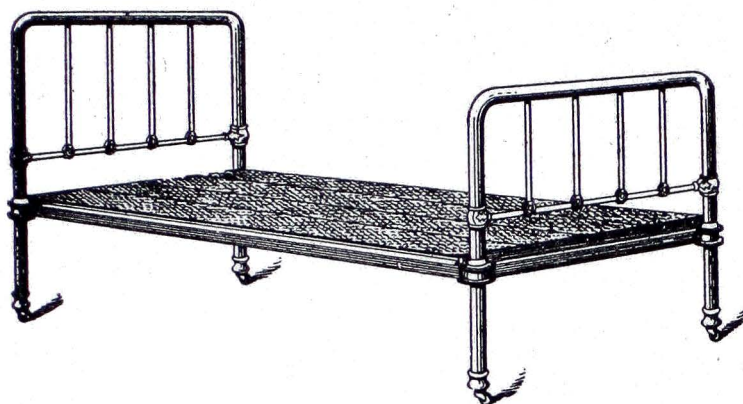
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AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

*INTO the mist called Twilight,
Glides now the sunny day,
Into the Land of Forever,
Bearing sweet mem'ries away.*

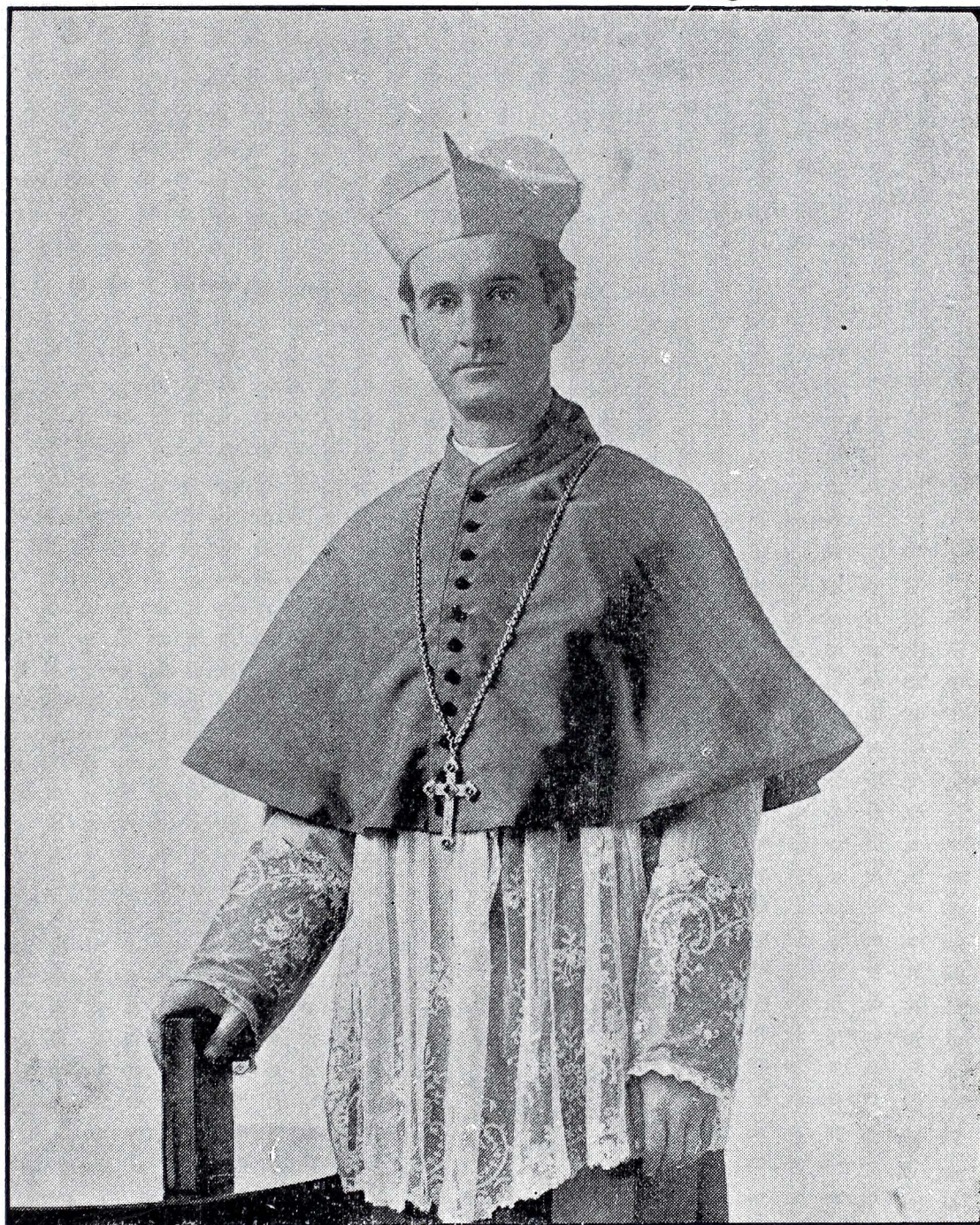
*Out on the western horizon
The hand of a Titian of old,
Has wrought a rare blending of colors
That no painted canvas e'er told.*

*Soft from the sea comes a zephyr,
Over the land gently blows,
Kissing the birds and the flowers
Bidding them night's sweet repose.*

*The thrush sings a low sacred vespers
To the rose in the garden bed;
The flower in its turn offers incense
From out its perfumed, petaled head.*

*Soon on the blue of the night sky
The stars coming one by one,
Whisper o'er slumbering Nature,
"'Tis the end of the day, 'tis done."*

—C. Hart, '17.



Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick
who presided over Homecoming at St. Viator's



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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 33

JULY NUMBER

Number 9

HOME AGAIN

A Reminiscence of Home-coming

C. HART, '17

It was a goodly crowd of some three hundred loyal sons of St. Viator's that gathered round the festive board in the college dining hall, at the noon hour on May 30th to partake of the splendid banquet their Alma Mater had prepared for their first annual Homecoming. And it was a goodly setting for a goodly crowd. Even the skies, which had been weeping copiously for days prior to the event, wore the clearest azure blue throughout the day, and general ideal weather put everyone in the mood for an especially happy visit, which will linger long in the memory. The refectory bore evidence of artistic decoration with a nice combination of the national colors and the Old Gold and Purple of the college. Truly it was an event which made every friend of St. Viator's proud. The enthusiasm and good fellowship everywhere displayed made the guests feel that to be among the old students of St. Viator's was to be one in a gathering of fine Christian gentlemen of which any institution might well be proud.

By the time the guests had partaken of the various dishes in the six courses, efficiently served to them by present students of the college department, all were quite in the mood for the brilliant after dinner talks in store for them. With Father Patrick C. Conway, '82, at the helm as toastmaster, there is inevitably a continuous ripple of laughter for banqueters. Father Conway is quite without a peer in this position, where his long experience has made him quite at home. As one of the speakers of the day expressed it, there is no one who could have a better time by himself than Father Conway.

The Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, '85, St. Viator's most distinguished alumnus, was called upon as first speaker. His

Grace, responding to the toast, "Catholic Education and American Citizenship," gave most eloquent proof that the very spirit which animates the educational system of the Church cannot but make for the very highest type of citizenship. His stirring words were greeted with prolonged applause by his listeners. Next in order was the response of Hon. Judge Joseph Rafferty, '85, who showed that "America's Need" was just such a type of young manhood as was the great aim of the Catholic college to create. Attorney Alexis L. Granger, '88, of Kankakee, Illinois, in his usual pleasing manner, discussed the practical value of "Liberal Education in Professional Life." His entire speech was filled with classical allusions and showed him to be a profound student of the literature and art of ancient Greece and Rome. Very Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., '01, President of the college since 1906, responded to the toast, "St. Viator's Hopes." He gave the banqueters an insight into the work accomplished by the institution in the past and told of its present conditions and future aspirations. His picture of what he hoped the days to come had in store for St. Viator College could not be too roseate for a single man present, from the oldest alumnus to the student who has just entered this year.

Following the banquet the organization of the Alumni Association took place. The first speaker for this part of the program was Mr. William B. McKenna, '06, of Chicago, who, in his talk on "Preparedness" urged every old student to unite with every other student toward the creating of a strong bond of union between the old students and their Alma Mater. Mr. McKenna, who is the originator of alumni organization at St. Viator's, had ample cause to be pleased with the response which greeted his laudable efforts. Mr. Albert E. O'Connell, '09, in a reminiscent mood, was most entertaining in his stories concerning the "Warriors of the Old Gold and Purple"—the past athletes of the college. As a fitting close Rev. William J. Cleary, '03, delivered one of the best speeches of the day on the subject, "Moral Support of the Alumni."

At the conclusion of the speeches Father Conway was chosen as temporary chairman of the new organization. A committee on nominations for permanent officers nominated the following, who were elected unanimously: Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, Honorary President; Rev. P. C. Conway, St. Pius Church, Chicago, President; for vice-

presidents, William C. McKenna, Chicago; A. L. Granger, Kankakee, Illinois; Rev. J. Lynn, Ft. Wayne, Indiana; Rev. J. B. Shiel, Chicago; Mr. James F. Murphy, Rock Island, Illinois, and Rev. J. Armstrong, Farmer City, Illinois; for treasurer, Mr. Frederick Legris, Sr., Bourbonnais, Illinois, and for secretary, James F. Dougherty, Kankakee, Illinois.

Following the banquet there were informal class meetings where old times were discussed and former association and ties of friendship renewed. From the laughter and merriment everywhere it was quite apparent that the "old boys" were young boys for the time being at least, and would not have hesitated to say with our fun-loving American poet:

*"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise,
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalog's spite,
Old Time is a liar, we're twenty tonight,
We're twenty, we're twenty, who says we are more?
He's a tipsy young jackanapes, show him the door!"*

It was voted to make May 30th annual homecoming day, when old students would be invited to come back to their old school for a day, to be boys again. Plans were laid for a particularly big celebration in 1918, the golden anniversary of the college.

In the evening the Shakespearean Dramatic Club gave a fine performance of Shakespeare's merry farce, "The Taming of the Shrew," an account of which has already been given in the pages of the VIATORIAN.

From the auspicious manner in which our permanent Alumni Association was brought into being, and with the list of officers chosen to guide its youthful steps, it is certain that no college in the country will be able to boast of a more loyal and enthusiastic body of alumni. *Ad multos annos.*

—C. H., '17.

Solitude—

*There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower;
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.*

—Newman.

THE PERSONALITY OF NEWMAN

CHARLES A. HART, '17

*"Cor ad cor loquitur
Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."*

It has often been said of great writers that they are either very much greater or very much less than their works. What Samuel Johnson owes to Boswell for his imperishable fame is quite incalculable. Certainly the estimable doctor's place in a magnificent literature can hardly be ascribed to "Rasselas," to "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and much less to the obsolete English Dictionary of which he was the lexicographer, or even to the more readable "Lives of English Poets." On the other hand the author of the world's greatest dramas, as far as our personal knowledge of him goes, was a very ordinary man of the middle class in England—hardly distinguishable in a crowd by any particular magnetism of personality.

The difference in greatness between a writer and his works is hardly as marked in the subject of this discussion as in the case of either Johnson or Shakespeare, yet those who were intimately acquainted with John Henry Newman, both friends and enemies, have all declared that his personality was far greater than any writing which issued from his active pen. To appreciate those productions at their proper value it is of all things necessary that we should know the personal man as he appeared to his contemporaries. Those who understood him loved him almost to the point of adoration; yet no one was more misunderstood than he, as that great classic of revelation, the "Apologin Pro Vita Sua," so plainly proves. In this paper we shall look at him at a time when that personality exerted its greatest influence, when he was the unique hero of the remarkable religious awakening, the Oxford Movement. "That year," says his biographer Ward, "was the summit of Newman's life, to which he ever looked wistfully back, a time of hope, of confidence, of influence, when his one inspiring idea to work for God and religion was satisfied, and tokens of success daily multiplied."

Before beginning a discussion of his character in general, let us turn to what is perhaps the most vivid pen picture extant of his position in the eyes of his generation at Oxford,—that sketched by J. A. Froude. "When I entered Oxford," writes Froude, "John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. . . . Clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears, and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar and I should say exactly the same. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers. . . . Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength; and he was interesting, because he never talked for talking's sake but because he had something to say. . . . The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond." "In Oriel Lane," says Sharp, "light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman!' as with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though at some vision seen only by himself, with swift noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell upon them for a moment, almost as if an apparition had passed."

Again, the following lines from Aubrey De Vere's "Reminiscences" give a vivid picture of Newman's appearance and manner at this time: "Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged to a young ascetic of the Middle Ages or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace,

but when not walking, intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement."

These are pictures of the external man as he impressed his contemporaries. If we would seek the key that unlocks the inner soul we shall find it in sincerity. "Cor ad cor loquitur," he chose as the inscription on his cardinalate coat of arms, and from heart to heart he ever spoke throughout his long life. We talk glibly of sincerity as though it were a common virtue when in reality it is very rare indeed. No higher type of it has ever lived, perhaps, than Newman. The "Apologia" has proved that beyond a doubt, even to a most skeptic secular world. As an expression of this intense earnestness, however, that wonderful sermon preached at St. Mary's on the second of June, 1839, on "Unreal Words," stands out, eloquently proclaiming its author a keen lover of sincerity and a despiser of hypocritical sentimentality. Even the simplest spoken word he would guard that nothing might creep in which sounded of the counterfeit. "To make professions," he says, "is to play with edged tools, unless we attend to what we are saying." Words have a meaning, whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning when our not meaning it is our own fault. . . . Aim at things and your words will be right without aiming." Strange it is that this very man who was the prototype of real sincerity, should have been so often and so violently accused of insincerity and untruthfulness with such a vehemence that he felt it absolutely imperative upon him to write an "Apologia Pro Vita Sua"—he, of all men, under such a charge, in a world usually so content with tinsel and superficiality, so ready to take the most hypocritical scapegrace at his word. Froude tells us that Newman never tried to be witty or say sharp things and it is well in keeping with Newman's character. The keen analysis of the shams and foibles of the world given us in "Unreal Words," must have been from the heart of a man who detested hypocrisy and false show. Serene in temperament as he usually was he could not always conceal his intellectual scorn of men who made loud pretense with inferior gifts. Indeed, this almost extreme soberness in Newman's writings, with seldom, if ever, the slightest leaven of humor, has made New-

man a stranger to that large class of readers who cannot endure very prolonged seriousness of subject matter.

"*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*," were the words which Newman desired to have engraved on his tombstone. Not only upon the monument which marks this last resting place but upon his soul they were deeply engraved in letters of fire, and perhaps even more than his sincerity (if the two may be separated), does truth represent the dominant principle of his active life." From childhood until the fitful fever of his days of trial were over, he pursued truth with a heart that never quavered and a purpose that never knew defeat. He indeed was

"One of that small transfigured band
Which the world cannot tame."

Errors and mistakes he made by the score. His enemies were as numerous as his friends, but against the rash charge of untruthfulness, which Kingsley urged against him, he forever vindicated himself with a vehemence in keeping with the gravity of the charge. It is inconceivable that a man of Newman's caliber should give up a life of wonderful promise, should resign a **marvelous** leadership in a great movement, at the very zenith of his success, to come to a church where he was for many years suspected and distrusted, unless he was moved by a desire for truth, which could not know rest until it had attained what it sought. The gaunt, emaciated figure, the very countenance,—the sharp and eagle face, with its hungering expectancy,—bespoke a depth of yearning which has been given to but few souls in any age.

In keeping with his sincerity and desire for truth, Newman had nothing of the world in his personality. He was "in the world but not of it." I have always believed that there was a strong resemblance between the great Oratorian and his genial and affable patron, St. Philip of Neri. Both were, of necessity, in one sense, men of the world, in that their work often led them into the company of all sorts of people. And yet in both there was an absolute setting aside of all things that men most prize. We may call them saints of the world. "From the seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen," writes Shairp, "he seemed to come forth that one day a week (on a Sunday when he was to preach one of his wonderful, popular sermons at St. Mary's) to speak to others of things he

had seen and known." It was this utter unworldliness of Newman which made the "Apologia" so hard for him to write. "It may be easily conceived how great a trial it is to me to write this history of myself," he says at the beginning of this spiritual autobiography, "but I must not shrink from the task. The words, 'Secretum meum mihi,' keep ringing in my ears, but as men draw towards their end they care less for disclosures." To tone possessed of Newman's keen vision, an almost inhuman knowledge of his conscience, the careful analysis of his innermost life, if very revealing to the reader, is, nevertheless, very painful to a nature like that Newman possessed. On one occasion when he had written the whole night through, being constantly engaged twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours (for he wrote the "Apologia" in parts and under great pressure for time), he was found with his head in his hands, crying like a child over the, to him, well nigh impossibly painful task of public confession, and exposing of his secret self to even the idly curious who might pick up this pathetic self-revelation, simply to scoff.

From the material world about him Newman had recourse to the spiritual. Even as a child his spirituality was very marked, for he tells us of certain events confirming "my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." Young manhood and old age did not lessen this reality of the spiritual world, where he ever found a haven to retreat when the troubles and afflictions, especially those of the mind, became too heavy for his soul to bear. We know that it is an intensely spiritual man who tells his congregation at St. Mary's: "All the trouble which the world inflicts upon us, which the flesh cannot feel,—sorrow, pain, care, bereavement,—these await not to disturb the tranquility and the intensity with which faith gazes upon the Divine Majesty. All the necessary exactions of our obedience, the anxiety about failing, the pain of self-denial, the watchfulness, the zeal, the self-chastisements which are required of us, as little interfere with this vision of faith as if they were practiced by another, not by ourselves. We are two or three selves at once, in the wonderful structure of our minds, and can weep while we smile, and labor while we meditate." Here in the life spiritual we find Newman really at home. He pursued it with a steadfastness, a singleness, a devotion that never faltered, an intensity

that only men of genius can apply to any purpose. This it was that really lifted him above other men and made him truly great. To its demands he brought all his great talent and willingly offered them in sacrifice. It must be a perpetual source of wonder to the secular mind how he could expend all his literary ability in the world of the spirit which is so little concern to them. "What master-pieces of secular prose would have issued from his magic pen if only he had chosen to write to that much larger world of matter!" must be the thought uppermost in their minds, a thought which even a casual reading of the "Apologia" invokes,—to all of which we fervently reply, "Deo Gratias," that Newman's efforts were spent just as they were and not otherwise.

I may not here go into any discussion of the poetic insight of Newman, which followed quite naturally upon his spirituality, beyond a few very general remarks, which may serve to bring out the purpose of my theme, and these may most fittingly relate to "The Dream of Gerontius," his greatest poem. We know that he had little regard for his poem, so little as to permit him to consign it to the waste paper basket, from which it was rescued by the merest chance. Here his intense reality of the spiritual life of Christian Revelation, of the relation of the soul of God, has risen to the heights of poetic fancy and he soars with the soul of Gerontius to the awful Judgment Throne of the Almighty. Of this masterpiece an early biographer says: "The Dream of Gerontius seems to me to contain the happiest summary we could have of the ideal which has pervaded and constituted the significance of this remarkable life—a life that has fed itself from beginning to end on the substance of Divine Revelation, and that has measured the whole length and breadth and depth of human work without the fascination and without dread—a life at once both severe and tender, both passionate and self-controlled, with more in it perhaps of an ascetic love of suffering than of actual suffering, more of mortification than of unhappiness, more of sensibility and sensitiveness than of actual anguish, but still a lonely and severe and saintly life. No life known to me in the last century of our national history, can for a moment compare with it, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose. It has been carved, as it were, out of one solid block of spiritual substance; and though there may be weak and wavering lines here

and there in the carving, it is not easy to detect any flaw in the material upon which the long and indefatigable labor has been spent.

But much as these things commend themselves to us, much as we might be inclined, at this later day, to worship at the great Oratorian's shrine, it can hardly be said that Newman was a man of the people. His intellectual refinement, his classic reserve, his asceticism and concentration on things of the mind to the entire subjugation of merely sensual pleasure never fitted him to become the popular idol of the populace. At Oxford, at St. Mary's, he found his perfect environment as far as his intellectual tastes were concerned. Hence it is that here he reached the zenith of his career. Here his most wonderful sermons were preached, yet it has been said by one of his most subtle critics, that if he had preached one of his St. Mary's sermons before a Scotch town congregation, they would have thought the preacher a "silly body." Is it to be wondered at then, that all who spoke of Newman either lauded him to the skies, or thought him a very "commonplace preacher?"

It is very hard now to represent adequately the extraordinary personal charm which intellectual minds, and at times even simple minds, felt for John Henry Newman. His biographer tells us that an almost unique combination of tenderness, brilliancy, refinement, wide sympathy, and holiness doubtless went for much; and that an absence of those qualities which sometimes makes asceticism repelling, and an ability to love each friend, with a peculiarly close sympathy for his mind, character, thoughtfulness, and the circumstances of his life, also helped to account for the manner in which he was idolized by his intimates.

A most human side of his character was his great love for music and especially for the works of Beethoven, of which he was passionately fond. Mr. Mozley, in his "Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement," thus describes him playing his favorite Beethoven with Blanco White. "Most interesting it was to contrast White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's sphinx-like mobility as the latter drew long rich notes with a steady hand. Later in life the gift of a violin from his friends made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval. "The manner of playing was somewhat different," said his friend Belasis. "Sphinx-like immobility made way

for an ever-varying expression upon his face as strains alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, and holding it against his chest, instead of under his chin in the modern way, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution awkward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practice between the hours of two and four of an afternoon." With this humanizing touch let us leave him declaring as Macauley said of Johnson, that he was "a great and a good man," by whose life the world has been a better place in which to live.

*When I would search the truths that in me burn,
And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried,—“Hast thou to learn
Those dreams are scattered now, those fires are spent?”
And did I mount to simpler thoughts, and try
Some theme of peace, ’twas still the same reply.*

*Perplexed, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree;
But now, I see that men are mad awhile,
And joy the Age to come will think with me:
’Tis the old history—Truth without a home,
Despised and slain, then rising from the tomb.*

—Newman.

THE ETERNAL YOUTH OF SHAKESPEARE

EDWARD A. KELLEY, '18

In the literary world Italia has produced a Dante; Old Greece, a Homer; The Tribe of Israel, a David; and the Teutonic race, a Goethe. Nearly every civilized country has brought forth a worthy poet or writer. Sooner or later the great literary men have been adequately honored, but in eulogizing favorites and heroes, especially the dead, we note a tendency to exaggerate their virtues and qualities. However, we find one hero, Shakespeare, a product of the Elizabethan age, equaling if not surpassing the praises of the most distinguished critics. Thus in reading criticisms of their author's immortal works we find authorities ranking Shakespeare's tragedies with such a masterpiece as Dante's "Inferno" and placing this dramatist's work not merely first but something apart from the masterpieces of all other—a *sui generis*.

Perhaps at no time, judging from a literary standpoint, did so many diverse yet favorable conditions present themselves as in the Elizabethan Age. There were the wondrous explorations of the New World with vast promise of wealth and enjoyment and infinite source of food for the imagination occurring simultaneously with an expansion in the Old World. Everywhere was to be found a popular yearning for knowledge—knowledge that would unfold the wonders and mysteries of the universe. An evolution in society saw the rise of the middle class and the intermingling of the people of all stations of life. Men's minds, thrilled with new hopes, ambitions and ideals, soared aloft on the wings of imagination and unlimited enthusiasm. The reign of Elizabeth saw the beginning of England's supremacy on the seas and the awakening of the sense of nationality. No wonder this was the age that saw the high-water mark in the world's poetry, the age of songbirds, and the age of the poet of poets, William Shakespeare.

Public opinion is an asset and favorable public expression is a mark of a man's greatness, the more so where the opinion is of many and practically universal. Not only in America and

England but in the whole literary world, especially in Germany, the verdict is unanimous that Shakespeare is the greatest writer of ages. His works have stood the test of time and have put reality into Ben Johnson's words, "He was not of an age but for all time." Many are those who wrote of the greatness of this wonderful man. Herder says, "This is not a poet, it is a creator" Goethe, "I do not remember that any book, or person, or event in my life produced so great an effect upon me as Shakespeare's plays;" Carlyle, "Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects." Even in this indifferent age we witness the revival of an appreciation of the "Sweet Swan of Avon" which has taken such a large scale that we venture to say that Shakespeare's fame is still in its great morning. Japan is observing the tercentenary of Shakespeare, Germany is not too busy waging war as not to pay homage to this man, earnest men and women in America are endeavoring to encourage students to become interested in this poet. The great Catholic actress, Miss Margaret Anglin, has devoted considerable time, money and energy to bring the dramas of the great dramatist before the unshakespearean American audiences.

The study of Shakespeare is the study of human nature, for his notable characteristic lies in his power not only of knowing women and men but in his ability to describe and to delineate in words their character—the very soul that animates them. Thus calmly with a pleasant sympathetic eye he reveals the inner man, his sorrows and joys, his secrets and his wiles. Unconsciously he penetrates human emotions, vivifying mental struggles, reaching to the utmost depths of the human soul. To his keen eye the world is but a stage,

*"All the men and women are merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."*

Probably the most admirable description of mankind is Hamlet's words, "What a piece of work is man! how noble is reason! how infinite is faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god. And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust." Thus Shakespeare takes players of all the seven stages of life and reveals the ways of men, not a general hazy idea but a fantasy of each individual character—a marvelous portraiture

of men and women of varied types in many occupations of life, from the old servant Adam to King Henry the Fourth, a Hamlet to a Falstaff, a loveable Rosalind to a monstrous Goneril, a diabolical Iago to a noble Kent.

What volumes might be written of Shakespeare's insight and intellect. Surely only a Shakespeare could understand and interpret the unseen operations of many beings and only a Shakespeare with a wonderfully balanced mind could shape in such elegant and compressed sentences the problems of the moralist, economist, the philosopher, the psychologist, the doctor and the lawyer. We read of the beauty and harmony of the heart and the discord arising from the mental or physical abuses. Goethe in speaking of this trait remarks, "His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible. Where in literature in one man's work can we read the hearts of men and women; all their emotions, the effect of their thought upon their character, and the analysis of human nature that we find in Shakespeare's. Where again is there such a wealth of understanding, imagination, fancy, beauty, history, and philosophy as in the thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare.

Men wonder at the extraordinary ability of Shakespeare; some even doubt the possibility of one mind being able to produce the work which is credited to Shakespeare. Yet all men have thoughts more or less great which might be of benefit to mankind had they the power to express their thoughts. Would that men could utter the beautiful, the aesthetic, the spiritual hopes and desires that arise in their minds. It's said that it is better to feel compunction of the heart than know how to define it, yet a combination of both is superior to either feeling and definition separately. It seems a rarity to find both these qualities in the individual and thus men with edifying concepts and deep understanding are helpless to make known their thoughts because of the lack of "words, words, words." Shakespeare unquestionably was a talented man in many ways but his special genius in portraying the woes, the griefs, the joys of men lies in his mastery of the English language. He uses about fifteen thousand words, while the second greatest writer in our language employs seven thousand. Combination of words gave Shakespeare a wealth of expression which in itself is a mark of greatness and when used to advantage as in the case of Shakespeare

it enabled him to make known to mankind his feelings and his thoughts, wherein his greatness lies.

The undisputable evidence of the greatness of Shakespeare is his skill as a dramatist which is inferred from the fact that his plays have continually held the stage throughout three centuries. His characters are human beings with distinctive individualities. Every word and every action is what it is because of the special characteristic of some individual. The plot is simple, clear and interesting, and the style is elegant, artistic and beautiful. There is a unity of action both internal and external, two different times so united that it was only recently discovered that Shakespeare's plays have two different clocks. The action is rapid, culminating in a climax about the middle of the play. Then to hold interest and create suspense this artist introduces scenes which are so striking as to compel interest in themselves, as in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*. Every scene, even every word has a significance and is essential in the development of the story.

The basic pillar of society is morality, hence in estimating his greatness we must apply the elementary test of morality. The morality of his plays are seemingly secular yet such a man as Father Vaughan could find material in the plays to write a series of sermons. There is unity of truth, morals and philosophy without conflict with our ethical sense. (This man is untouched by the immortality of his time and unmoved by the religious and political quarrels of the Elizabethan Age). However, there is a difference of opinion as to the morality of Shakespeare and we often hear the accusations that a trend of fatalism runs through his plan.

Truly there is an element of hallucination, insomnia, the supernatural, chance and accident—for instance Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, the Weird Sisters, the insanity of King Lear, the delay in forwarding a letter. However in examining these instances we find the actions are not the basic motives of the tragedy but the result of certain definite action. Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking, coming as it does after the crisis of the play is the logical result of trifling with her own nervous system. Neither does the supernatural control the action, nor does chance or accident enter in the tragedy until character development has run its course. Shakespeare's heroes are men of distinction with a human failing and through this defect the pro-

tagonist falls. The dramatist draws a heavy line of demarcation between good and evil and pictures the mental as well as physical torture of the heroes the direct result of their weakness. Romeo pays dearly for his impetuosity; Macbeth, for his unbridled ambition; Hamlet, for procrastination; Lear, for the foolish division of his kingdom; and Othello for his confidence in a villain. Shakespeare had definite moral lessons to teach and as we witness the fall of the mighty and great men fear creeps into our hearts,—a fear aroused because any personal offence to the Divine on our part affects not only our own well-being but a step from the path of virtue must also be of momental concern to those around us. Then at no time is there an absence of pity—a pity that makes us sympathize with our fellow-men and softens our sometimes harsh judgment of others.

We may divide the dramas of Shakespeare in three classes, the comedies, histories, and tragedies. In each comedy there are three or four stories from different sources, each of which in itself might be independent. Selecting his material the author so skilfully interweaves the stories that in the finished play they seem indivisible. There is a medley of harmonious tones, the tragic, the fantastical, the fanciful, the sentimental and the comic. The best of the comedies are, "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest." Schlegel calls Shakespeare's historical plays epics, Marlborough once said that the only English history he knew he had learned from Shakespeare. Carlyle thought that the battle of Agincourt was the most beautiful of all things in this type of play. In one of these plays Cardinal Wolsey advises Cromwell:

*"Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's
Thy God's and truth's;*

The best of the three, the meat of Shakespeare, is the tragedies, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and King Lear. They were written in the most trying period of his life, the time of glooms, sorrows and disappointments. When life seemed to be a fitful fear and when he felt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, when he wrestled with the problem, to be or not to be, and when he was out of tune with his surroundings. He fought truly and conquered and the world has learned of his victories in these inimitable tragedies.

"To know the English language," says Brisbane, "you must know Shakespeare; to know the power that has inspired the human race for three centuries, you must know Shakespeare." Modern English thought has felt the influence of Shakespeare's drama and several of Shakespeare's sayings have been accepted premises upon which certain modes of thought have been built up. Phases such as these, "Brevity is the soul of wit," "What's in a name," "Frailty thy name is woman," "Ay, there is the rub," "Comparisons are odious," are often used in ordinary conversation. No intelligent person can study Shakespeare without becoming a deeper thinker or without securing a broader comprehension of life with its vicissitudes. We learn that all are frail, even ourselves, and learn that it is great wisdom to judge well and kindly of others. Shakespeare's influence is felt the world o'er and unquestionably it has been for the betterment of men. Of Shakespeare's influence on the world's thought and literature, Brandies says: "No mortal man, from the time of the Renaissance to our own day, has caused such upheavals and revivals in the literatures of different nations. Intellectual revolutions have emanated from his outspoken boldness and his eternal youth, and have been quelled again by his sanity, his moderation, and his eternal wisdom.

It would be easier to enumerate the great men who have known him and owed him nothing than to reckon up the names of those who are far more indebted to him than they can say. All the real intellectual life of England since his day has been stamped by his genius, all her creative spirits have imbibed their life's nourishment from his works. Modern German intellectual life is based, through Lessing, upon him. His influence is felt in France. Not only have the drama in Russia and Poland felt his influence but the inmost spritual life of the Slavonic storytellers and brooders are fashioned after the pattern of his imperishable creations. From the moment of the regeneration of poetry in the North he was revered by Ewald, Bredahl, and Hauch."

*Glory to Him who from the mire
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people of his praise!*

—Newman.

DISCOURAGEMENTS OF NEWMAN

PATRICK J. BUCKLEY, '16

In the study of the religious convictions of John Henry Newman, one is impressed with two important facts: the power of truth, and the sacrifices that men will make to gain it.

The processes of Newman's mind through every step of its evolution towards the truth, were faithfully detailed in the "Apologia," one of the most unique, spiritual autobiographies in all literature. At one time it is exultant, at another, sad; now hopeful, then despairing, but usually, sustained by the conviction that truth was ever attainable. Besides, Newman found truth to be irresistibly fascinating and hence sought it on all occasions from the dawn of reason. Despite the external pressure brought to bear on his affections and sensitive feelings by the suspicions on the part of his acquaintances by the unrestrained accusations of his enemies, the actual distrust even of the friends of his own heart, and particularly by the severing of family ties, and the loss of power and position he persevered amid all this faltering gloom to the truth and to the light.

We are now to consider these trials and sufferings of Newman, for to my mind, his patient and resigned forbearance of them demonstrates clearly his deep-seated, innate spirituality.

Throughout the greater part of his life he was troubled with ill-health, which was the cause of no little worry and disappointment to him. In 1820 he was breaking down from exhaustion, brought on by hard work, and some twelve years later was again in the same condition, this time being compelled to travel to the south of Europe to regain his health. In his "Apologia" he tells us that in 1827 he was afflicted by two great blows, "illness and bereavement." His bereavement was caused by the death of his sister Mary, for whom he had the greatest affection. He says of her: "It draws tears to my eyes to think that all of a sudden we can converse about her only as about some inanimate object, wood or stone."

A greater source of grief and a severe test of his love of truth for truth's sake, can be seen by the fact that in becoming

a Catholic, he had to separate himself from many of his closest friends and from Oxford where he had joyously labored for so many years. He had been held in high esteem there, and most of his friends were connected with the university, but in entering the Catholic Church he had to sever all connections with Oxford and all who were connected with it.

After he had entered the Catholic Church, Newman found the most appalling accusations being hurled against him. Some said that while he was in the Anglican Church he had been a Jesuit in disguise, others that Newman taught it was permissible to lie, while others accused him of insincerity, as is especially seen in Kingsley's article, "What then does Mr. Newman mean?" All these accusations were keenly felt by Newman for he was of a very sensitive nature. However, he did not answer these charges until the year 1864, when he wrote his "Apologia." This work convinced the English people that all the accusations which had been so unmercifully hurled against Newman had been false, and caused many of them to retract their cronic and biting sarcasms against him.

These malicious and slanderous charges we might well expect from his enemies, but it is not so easy to understand the distrust of the members of the faith that he so ardently espoused. Irish and English bishops seemed to have had little confidence in Newman's idea on educational matters, and hence thwarted his endeavors in almost every direction.

He realized the necessity of higher education for Catholic laymen, and deplored the fact that Catholics were forbidden by the Church to attend Oxford. He conceived the plan of erecting a building at the university where Catholic students might be accommodated, but this noble project was prohibited by order of the Bishop.

It was most natural that Newman should still love Oxford, her halls of learning, her wealth of fine traditions, her classic surroundings, her intellectual and social intercourse, because he realized that these same things were potent factors in developing the best that was in him. So strongly did he believe this, that he said in his "Idea of a University" "that were a person to remain a year or two at Oxford without attending classes, he would be bound to leave it considerably better educated than when he came, because Oxford is intellectual in its very atmosphere." Is it not then most natural that upon his reception into

the Catholic Church, he should yearn to obtain for Catholic students all those inestimable advantages which Oxford had to offer, especially, in view of the fact that no Catholic institution of learning in England could then offer such advantages. In this matter, Newman was far-seeing and provident as future events testified. And the frustration of this his fond hope was a severe disappointment and discouragement to him.

We should naturally expect that such men as Cardinal Manning and Father Faber, who like him were converts to the faith, would be friendly to Newman and would further his plans, or at least not be hostile to them. But the facts reveal the contrary. We see they were very much in disagreement with him and that they even went so far as to arouse the suspicions of Pope Pius IX against him, and it was not until Leo XIII ascended the papal throne that Newman's services to the Church were recognized by the bestowal of the red hat.

Having failed in his plans relative to the admission of Catholics to Oxford university, Newman next turned his attention toward establishing a university in Ireland. In this also he was to meet with opposition from the Irish Bishop. Archbishop Murray endeavored to hinder the plans made by Newman for the university on the ground that he was founding a university in his own diocese.

Shortly after this, however, the university was established in Dublin, Newman being appointed its first rector in 1854. The rector of a university selects his own faculty and teachers, but this privilege was denied Newman by the Irish Bishops. They appointed as members of the faculty, men who would not work in unison with him. This state of affairs could not last long, and as a result Newman resigned, broken hearted. Though Newman's administrative work to all external appearances failed, it gave rise to a golden book on modern education, a perfect classic, "Idea of a University."

A writer so powerful and various could not but arouse ire and hostility among those whom his subtle irony pierced and wounded. "The Rambler," a monthly magazine, which had been aiding greatly in spreading the doctrines of the Church, was beginning to fail, owing to the delinquencies of its editor. It was seen that in Newman's hands this magazine would be a success, and against his will he was appointed editor. Not long after this, he was calumniated by his enemies, who said that he

had been seeking the editorship in order to set his own views and ideas before the public. But nothing was further from the truth, as he accepted the editorship only out of obedience to his Bishop.

These and many similar attacks upon Newman's integrity and uprightness, caused him no little anxiety and worry, but he was of so brave and generous a nature that never do we see him faltering under the crosses placed upon him. Like our Divine Saviour he rebuked not when he was calumniated and ignored, but rather prayed for his enemies, prayed that his father in Heaven might forgive them for they knew not what they were doing. As fire tries iron, so troubles proved the truth and sincerity of Newman.

He has left us a striking example of the faith which ought to animate our hearts, that faith for which he sacrificed his very life, as well as everything that was near and dear to him on earth, for faith was dearer to him than friends; the friendship of God, to the friendship of men.

*Father of Lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
Their rudiments in light;
Thou who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.*

—Newman.

PREPAREDNESS**Freshman Medal Oration****EDWARD O'CONNER, '18**

The harrowing events of the past two years have brought very forcibly before the minds of all peaceful nations the question of "Preparedness." The dreadful suffering and struggles of the weak and oppressed has aroused the world from its dream of peace and plenty to a sorrowing realization of the fact that the cruelties and brutalities of ancient times still exist. For many years man has boasted of his unparalleled strides in civilization; he has looked upon the savage and barbarous actions of his forefathers as dead and gone, but this terrible struggle of the east has proven, very forcibly to him, that his mental achievements have served to increase the horrors of war instead of lessening them. Still in the face of all these glaring facts we find a certain class of people willing to sacrifice the very foundation of their nation's defense, in order to further their plan of peace at any price. The motives that prompt these people to advocate such a plan may be good and just—but they are dangerous—for they strike a decisive blow at the very life of a nation and therefore should be cast out of the mind of every true patriotic lover of his country. These same people would not even dream of sending a weak, untrained team on the athletic field to compete with a strong, well trained, aggressive team. They would consider it foolish and ridiculous for any student to enter an examination room without preparing himself before hand. They would look upon a business man who used weak, lax, unprincipled methods in trying to outdo his competitor as little better than a mad man. Yet against their very convictions they will turn and allow their nation to go on in a state of unpreparedness. They will, in their apathy, suffer the slurs and even the outrages of other nations, and ultimately see their country go down in destruction.

The United States above all other nations should heed this warning, because she is more open to attack than any other nation on the face of the globe. America is a treasure-isle of peace and plenty; her natural resources far surpass those of any other

nation; she has miles and miles of fertile land that is practically going to waste simply because she has no immediate use for it, her mines of the west furnish a supply of minerals that far exceed the demands of her people, while her numerous factories and mills are capable of producing in such large quantities that in many cases the producers themselves are forced to seek markets in foreign ports because of the over-supply at home. All this wondrous wealth and opulence has afforded the American people a home of affluence and luxury; and it has made the rest of the world look upon the United States as a new paradise wherein nothing but peace and happiness can reign. But while the world dreams of this marvelous land across the sea, it also envies it because of its untold riches. Most of the nations of Europe and the Orient are overcrowded with population and consequently are compelled to utilize every square inch of their land in order to supply their increasing millions with the bare necessities of life; and in many cases they are not even capable of doing this, but must depend upon other nations for help. It is a human fact that four out of every five loaves of England's bread is furnished by other countries. These are the powers that cast a malicious eye upon the opportunities afforded in America. Their condition is critical and in order to exist they have got to remedy it. The question now arises—how are they going to remedy it? Europe affords them no opportunities to ameliorate their situation, for no matter on which side they may turn they find precisely the same circumstances from which they are struggling to liberate themselves, therefore their only hope is America. A small piece of our eastern coast would be sufficient to solve the problem for several of these nations, and like a starving man they will risk almost anything to gain that which they are so much in need of. The realization of this fact should rouse the American people to the seriousness of their situation; it should prompt them to investigate the strength of their defense. What would be their fate at the present time if they were compelled to meet a strong, well trained military force? In what condition would they find their army? And would their navy be capable of defending their miles and miles of unfortified coast? These are the questions that should be fresh in the mind of every true liberty-loving American, for they mean the very life of his nation.

The number of military trained men in the United States to-day, ready to take up arms in defense of their country, is esti-

mated by Major Gen. Leonard S. Wood as 250,000 men. This not only includes the government troops, but also the national guard,—not even equal to the population of one of our leading cities. Our reserve forces would not amount to 75,000 men in all, for the only source of reserve that we have are those men who some time or other during their lives have spent a few years in the service of either the standing army or the national guard, and since then been granted their discharge. This means that all the available men in the United States would not exceed the paltry number of 300,000. Germany, France, Russia, Austria and the majority of the European powers all have a standing army of over 600,000 men, more than twice our number, and their reserves amount to every able-bodied male citizen under their control. The reason that these nations have such a powerfully efficient military force is that they demand that every man living within the bounds of their restriction shall serve a certain length of time in the service of his country. What could the United States in her present condition do against a power as strong as this? Our little army would crumble under this mighty force like a child in the arms of a Titan. We would be compelled to tax our resources to the last by calling into the field old and young, unfit and untrained, there to be cast into a very shoal of death. This is a grave injustice to the American people, for if they are willing to offer their lives in defense of their nation they have a right to demand that their sacrifices shall be lessened as much as possible by an adequate preparation to meet such perils. In the words of Gen. Lee, "A nation is the murderer of its citizens which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they are to meet men of the same age and strength, mechanized by education, and disciplined for battle."

America's defense on the sea is in much better condition than that on land, but still it falls far below the standard of a highly efficient navy. It is true that we can boast of possessing several of the largest and best vessels sailing the sea, but of what service are these mighty monsters to us when we lack the very foundation of their support—naval auxiliary? The navy department has estimated the gross tonnage necessary to supply the needs of our navy at 1,200,000 tons of which we possess at the present time only 600,000 tons. With such a handicap in the shortage of tonnage our navy can never become highly adequate. The American people take great pride in the wondrous feat their navy performed a few years ago, in sailing around the world, but in

their pride they have forgotten that if it had not been for the assistance of foreign coalers and supply vessels that same marvelous fleet could not have even made a successful start.

A navy of this calibre is absolutely useless to any nation in time of war, because when forced to rely upon its own resources it becomes practically helpless. The United States has possessions in the Philippines that are of priceless value to her none-too-friendly neighbor Japan. If this little Yankee of the east was to make an attempt to gain a stronghold there, it is very doubtful whether or not our navy would be capable of transporting sufficient troops to defend what we have. This is a serious and critical condition for the United States to find herself in, and if she intends to exist as one of the leading powers of the world she must remedy it. For a country like the United States without a navy is like a soldier without a gun.

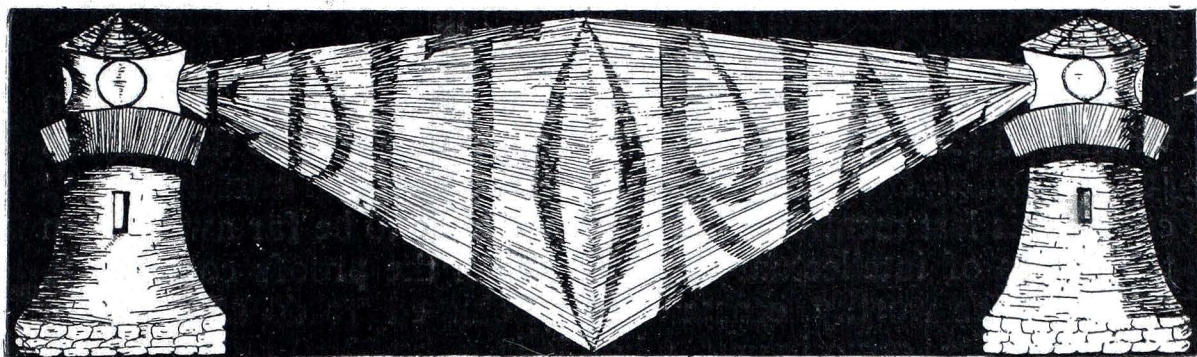
The reason for this unpardonable deficiency on the part of the United States apparently rests in the hands of the people themselves. America has made marvelous strides in both economic and commercial achievements. She has erected cities that stand today as monuments to the wonder of her genius. Her railroads far surpass those of any other nation in both size and service. Her commerce has flown along broad lines to every land in the world. Her manufacturing industries have developed to such a capacity that they are now capable of competing with any foreign power. But all these wonderful achievements have torn from the American heart true love for its country and rebuilt in its place a throne to the idealistic god—the almighty dollar. In their struggle for gold they have forgotten their most priceless jewel—liberty. They seem to think that because they have proven themselves the superiors of their foreign brothers in commerce they can do the same in time of war, but mental force does not mean physical force. Many of the most brilliant men in this country today would be absolutely helpless if compelled to defend themselves in a physical struggle with a strong, well developed maniac. We often hear of the vain boast that one untrained American is equal to five muscularly developed foreigners, but these are merely idle words uttered from the lips of those possessing the false patriotic spirit of the times, and if put to the test would prove false. This deluded notion has developed among the American people a general lack of the appreciation that willingness does not mean fitness or ability. Are the Americans going to allow these base, degraded, irra-

tional principles to tear down and destroy forever that for which our forefathers stained the top of Bunker Hill, with blood to gain; that for which those brave heroes on the field of Gettysburg laid down their lives to save; that for which Admiral Dewey stormed Manila Bay to preserve, or are they going to build up a strong, adequate defense and make the rest of the world look up with admiration and fear to the United States, whose every citizen should have instilled within his very soul the spirit of those immortal words of the poet:—

*“Land of my sires! What mortal hand can e’er untie that
filial band that now knits me to that rugged strand?”*

*O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarf’d to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.*

—Newman.



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Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum suto.

—Terence.

It has been a time-honored custom with past editors to make the editorial column of this number of the VIATORIAN preciously brief. With theses and examinations, and note books and laboratory experiments, and over-due themes and speeches, and et ceteras flying about there is nothing to do tomorrow, but we're not saying anything about today. Be all this as it may, it's a long lane that has no turning, saith a wise old head and verily he is everlastingly right. We may moan and groan through terrible examinations, for tomorrow we will have one long, sweet time for dreaming. Three months of blissful vacation are ahead. Ye gods, was ever an opiated lotus eater happier at the thought of

**Bon
Vacance**

entrance into a nirvana! (Pardon this mixing of classical allusions. It must be blamed on the weather.)

Really, just now we don't know anything less enticing than writing editorials for a summer number unless it be the tedious job of reading them, even in the proof. We think ourselves shall escape this last mentioned task, for we hope to be far away from the scenes of intellectual endeavor when the proofs come back. Mayhap the worthy censor will be obliged to do some extra sweating for some hours, when it is a hundred or so in the shade,—not wishing him any ill-luck.

It's vacation and all the great out-doors is calling you to the beach, or the boat, or the shady nook, where you may read and dream to your heart's content. We earnestly hope you will not suffer any mental aberrations during the summer months. It is our one best bet you will not. Get out in God's great sunshine and let its warm rays flood your heart and soul with new life in preparation for another year. A vacation is not a waste of time. It is an absolute necessity to rejuvenate the marrow of your jaded spine and put you in a condition to create new creases in your stale cerebrum. But enough of this alliteration; the habit grows upon us as though it were strong drink, whereas we are pledged to grape juice and ice cold lemonade. All of which means the staff wishes one grand congè.

Perhaps it is too warm to think upon whether you were a thinker during the last school year or whether your mind was a veritable Ulysses, wandering about over a boundless intellectual sea, heeding the call of dangerous sirens, and meeting shipwreck on the rocky shore of failure. The mental wanderer is a creature to be pitied. He is everywhere whither fancy may travel, but where his mind should be he is not. The power of concentration is, on the other hand, a wonderful thing. Try it now and then on your brain even though it is vacation. If you have not done so during the last school year you were a failure. It is an absolute prerequisite to success. Its absence spells defeat. During vacation make up your mind that you will put harder and more energetic effort into the tasks appointed you for the coming year.

HANKISMS

F. C. H., '18

Few abhor old age so much that they want to die young.

Love makes the world go round and it puts wheels in many a fellow's head.

Every man who has long hair or who wears shabby clothes is not necessarily a genius.

Would you call a department store elevator a shop lifter?

Girls are a mere after-thought with some fellows—they are always after them.

By all means send your child to Europe to study music—for the neighbors' sake.

Many a prima donna thinks herself to be a star when she is only a howling success.

Few women *can* tell the secret of success.

Beware of that dignity which consists in a frock coat and a silk hat.

Getting religion will not save you, it is what you get out of it that counts.

People who find so much fault can generally afford to lose a little.

Many a man's ideal has been shattered when he saw it in a gingham apron.

By the time most men have made enough money to gratify their tastes, they haven't any.

The majority of rich men are quiet and unassuming, which only goes to prove that silence is golden.

Young Ambition is like a child and should now and then be reprimanded by its knowing brother Common Sense.

If some people should try to swallow their pride they would choke to death.

Many a fellow has had the wool pulled over his eyes by his "Little Lamb."

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him.

—Cardinal Newman.



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

—Goldsmith.

THE PERISCOPE.

*I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss.*

—Macbeth.

During the past scholastic year our brother Exmen have frequently taken occasion to criticize THE VIATORIAN. We thought that perhaps our readers would be interested in their comments and accordingly decided to publish them in this month's issue, leaving our "fond farewell" rest peacefully until the Midsummer Number. These reviews come from all over the country; from the Stock yards to the Golden Gate; from seats of culture, refinement and cabaret entertainments like New York and Boston to the wilds of Kansas, "b'gosh." Hence we feel perfectly confident in saying that the scope of our little paper's circulation, as well as the recognition of its literary value has enjoyed an appreciable boom this year. We sincerely hope that our fellow college magazines have met with a like success.

THE VIATORIAN is mostly devoted to essays (and very excellent ones) on literary topics. This is, of course, an admirable field of endeavor, especially in this case, where the writers seem to *know* their subjects, but one searches the present issue in vain for a single poem, while the one only story lacks plot and prob-

ability. In contrast to the essays in *THE VIATORIAN*, the paper on "Sir Walter Scott" in the *Xavian* merely rehearses biographical details, easily synopsisized from a dictionary of biography, with little or nothing about Scott's value to literature, or the particular currents of thought which he set in motion.

The Boston College Stylus.

The November number of *THE VIATORIAN* is to be commended for the superior quality of its contributions. The opening poem, "Thanksgiving," voices a beautiful sentiment in very choice language. "Into Light" is another poem that embodies an elevating thought in no less studied expression than that of "Thanksgiving." "Moral Spirit in Shakespeare," an essay of eleven pages, appears to be the result of intelligent study of Shakespeare's dramas. We agree with the writer in his proofs of the existence of a profound moral spirit in the plays of "the Immortal Bard." "Luck," the only story of this number, is short, but pungently interesting. "Wordsworth's Aim as a Poet" goes to prove that Wordsworth felt he had a mission and that his chief aim was to fulfill that mission, namely, to teach men to contemplate and to love nature. The editorials are of a high standard. Every one of them treats of an entirely different subject. Of the other departments it must be said that they are all carefully handled. Especial credit is due the editor-in-chief; about half of the articles in this issue appear under his name. Come again, *VIATORIAN*.

The Pacific Star.

Two little poems found in the February number of *THE VIATORIAN* appeared to us delightful. The prose was likewise good, especially "One Jitney" and "To-morrow," etc. The latter was written in a happy, attractive style and contained much truth. Every department of the magazine, especially the editorial column, is well taken care of. But we missed the short story, which in our opinion, is not a luxury, but a necessity; and the exchange editor seemed out of humor with the world at large and with college magazines in particular. We are willing to confess that the issue of the *Abbey Student*, which he criticized so severely, had several faults; it certainly was not a representative number. But we believe its good points would be found to outweigh its bad ones. With all due charity we would advise our critic to be more lenient, especially to young writers, and to be, above all things, "a good-natured man." Then people will be more ready to heed his criticisms, and to remedy or prevent the recurrence of mistakes.

The Abbey Student.

THE VIATORIAN shows that St. Viator College is still upholding, and even surpassing, its reputation as a seat of learning. Perhaps its leading articles are too deep for the average reader. Its articles are almost always the efforts of the college men. Why not a more representative VIATORIAN? Let us hear from the lower grades. The Exchange department is quite "peppery," and the Exman observes the very letter of the motto he has chosen.

His forceful and logical deductions are to the point and are delivered in the convincing style of "Brann's Iconoclast," showing he has the courage of his convictions, and that he has a true idea of his office as critic; for his criticism, "Blame where you must," a procedure refreshingly different from the usual "bouquet throwing." We admire your "pep," Exman.

Mount St. Charles Scholastic.

As we concluded our comments on the raree—show staged by the journal from Pittsburg, we glanced apprehensively at THE VIATORIAN lying quietly on our desk. Auspicious glance, for ideals rudely shattered were now partially restored. A composition of merit dwelling at length on the ethical genius of Shakespeare discovered in the manifold characters of his divers elaborations greets us in "The Moral Spirit in Shakespeare." An argumentative discourse, "Competitive or Intercollegiate Athletics," written from a series of articles on athletics by Dr. James J. Walsh, essay to prove the destructive forces of such athleticism and would abolish it from the colleges and schools of the country. "Five Minutes With the Faculty" is surely an instructive department and will ever prove worthy of the space given to it. It can hardly be said that the editorial pages are deficient in matter. A fitting sequel to the foregoing article on college athletics is the Ed., "The College and Military Preparedness," which would substitute military training for gymnastics in the institutions of learning "on the utilitarian basis of its necessity for the surer preservation of our national existence." The average short stories of college magazines can never justly elicit favorable criticism. We trust your "Short Story Contest" may produce plots fit for publication and not allow your columns to be contaminated with shallow ravings. Good! Exman, stick to your motto. Perhaps October came all too soon for the muse, for the lone bit of poesy is hardly deserving the prominent position of the initial page. While thinking of short stories, why

not give the promising bards a chance to compose suitable versification now so conspicuous by its absence?

Niagara Index.

There comes to the exchange desk every month a magazine, not overly large in size, nor remarkably striking on account of lengthy articles, but we are always sure to find the task of reading it an unusually pleasant one. We refer to THE VIATORIAN. The last number received conveys the usual satisfaction to the reader. "Chaucer's Prioress Tale" is a well-written study of one of the finest parts of the "Canterbury Tales." It shows considerable thought and brings out the beauty found throughout the poem. "Old-fashioned Criticism" is a rather verbose comparison of modern criticism with that of Brownson and Macaulay. The author would gain much by the use of less bombastic adjectives and the cultivation of a simpler style. "A Chip of the Old Block" is a little study of human nature that is quite funny. There are several other things in the magazine that are also quite good, but the total absence of poetry leaves something to be desired.

The Schoolman.

When we glanced over the contents of THE VIATORIAN for January two words placed prominently at the heading caused us to hurry in our survey of the publication. The title, Poet's Number, we thought implied a rather pretentious claim for recognition of some original poetic effort on the part of St. Viator students, but we discovered instead the interesting results of some commendable research. There are four essays which deal with the representative poets of different periods of English literature. "Browning's Optimistic Outlooks" is the title of a splendid essay apparently composed by an ardent admirer of the poet. We beg to differ with the author on the point of Browning's obscurity, however, as we consider it to be rather the result of the poet's passion and of the fact that he is more happy in the use of dramatic monologue than of conscious effort to outguess his reader.

"Tennyson and the Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," is the title of a brief summary of the poet's attitude toward religion and science.

The author of the essay, Alexander Pope with the Mantle of Thomas à Kempis, presents in an able manner the result of a clever conjecture and research into the origin of some of the aphorisms found in "The Essay on Man."

The short story, "A Friend in Need is—" is a graphic sketch

of an imaginary incident in the author's life. The question of its probability is another matter, but the plot is quite possible and the tale is well told.

Purple and Gray Magazine.

One of our most welcome visitors was the compact and well-regulated VIATORIAN, coming from St. Viator's, Illinois. This magazine bears an air of long good standing and solid foundation. One of the leading features of October's issue was the folding picture, which, when opened, displayed a marvelous view of all the buildings and part of the grounds of St. Viator's College. This feature at once gives us the impression that the magazine is a live one.

Charles A. Hart, the editor-in-chief, is a generous contributor this month, his poem occupying the fitting place of first page. His composition on "The Moral Spirit in Shakespeare," is nothing short of marvelous. Upon reading this composition, we are enlightened on points, where before we may have held the opposite view. But the author's reasons are so clear and convincing, that there is no room for further argument. We are informed by a line at the head of the composition, that this same article won the medal. It is enough to say that the composition deserves any medal that could be given. We await with great interest the next installment of this admirable composition.

A brief narrative on the trials of a college graduate seeking a position is told in an attractive and amusing style by Fulton J. Sheen. All other departments are well taken care of, and at no place can fault be found.

The Rostrum.

We greet the January number of THE VIATORIAN with pleasure, and at once observe its splendid display of essays. "Browning's Optimistic Outlook" is written in a very pleasing manner, and is a scholarly appreciation of the spirit of this writer's works. "Wordsworth, the High Priest of Nature," pays a glowing and meritorious tribute to the beloved author. "Morality Plays, Old and New," is a pleasing and appropriate discussion, and "Alexander Pope with the Mantle of Thomas à Kempis" is as novel a subject as we have discovered for some time, in our literary journeys through exchange magazines. The other essays are well adapted to the pages of a college periodical, and their number is also to be commended. The sole example of the short story, "A Friend in Need Is,—," though rather short, is well written. Verse is absolutely lacking in THE VIATORIAN; extracts from classic poets, sprinkled throughout the pages, do not compensate for the absence of the students' work. The edi-

torial invites interest, but the exchange section strikes us as being rather severe in its criticism, particularly of the really excellent verse in several journals. The standard set seems unreasonably high when one takes into consideration that it is the student's work, and not the cultivated poet's, that is being judged, and that THE VIATORIAN has not a single specimen of original verse to offer in this entire issue.

The Helianthos.

THE VIATORIAN impressed us. It is not voluminous, yet it contains spicy stories and interesting essays. The stories, however, are too short; they hardly give the reader a grasp of the situation when he is "cut off." We read with special interest "A Chip of the Old Block;" it contains a strain of well-concealed yet dominant humor which every college man must appreciate. "Almost" has material for a better constructed story. The too frequent "I" and the long, broken sentences make the title itself an appropriate criticism. The essays show a mastery of subject, yet "Old Fashioned Criticism" should be read with a dictionary at one's elbow. The author's careful study of the history and development of the short story makes "The Short Story" worth while; then, too, the essay is long enough to give the subject a fair treatment. The absence of verse is conspicuous. The exchange man, however, was generous.

The Collegian.

THE VIATORIAN of St. Viator College of Bourbonnais, Illinois, is also to be congratulated upon their first issue for this year. It is filled with articles whose merits place the paper in a class almost by itself. It is attractively gotten up and designed, and bids fair to continue its years of prosperity for many years to come.

The Blue and Gold.

Forgive the pun, the hero of One Jitney was "In Via." He enjoyed it. What wisdom in that essay, "Tomorrow." Now, Mr. Exman, after ten years we put on a new cover and some nice girl compliments us and then you come along in your superior way, like thundering Jove, and your heavy voice has rudely drowned the echo of that pretty compliment. All joking aside, Mr. Exman, you have views of your own and can express them.

The Patrician.

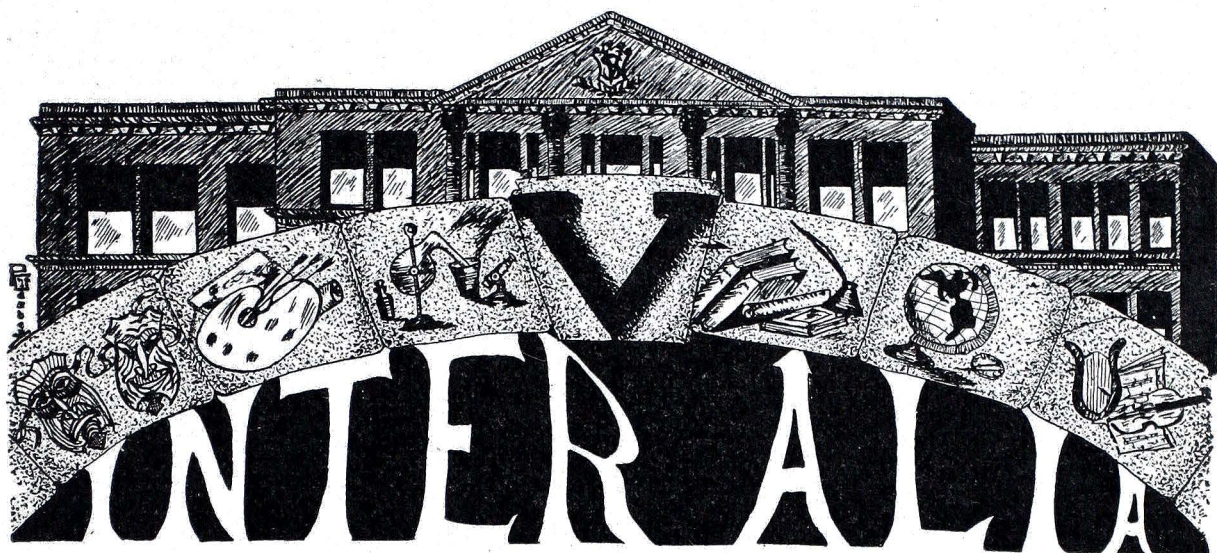
We always welcome THE VIATORIAN and never is it cast aside until it is perused throughly from cover to cover. For its literary productions both in quantity and quality are always up

to the standard. Especially did we enjoy the "Significance of Parsifal" wherein the author shows a keen knowledge of the subject in hand and explains the plot in a most pleasing manner.

The Nazarene.

The October number of THE VIATORIAN has a prize composition, too; this is the season for the publication of essays of the kind. It is called "The Moral Spirit in Shakespeare" and is every bit as Shakespearean as "Conscience" of *The Index*. An alumnus of St. Viator's has an article on "Competitive or Inter-collegiate Athletics" in which he cites Dr. Walsh to agree with him. Dr. Walsh and the agreeing alumnus ought to know whereof they speak, but we fear that they are going to have a strenuous time convincing the student of today that the "College Team" should be disbanded forever; and that mere inter-class or inter-hall, or, to quote, mere "intramural" games should take place upon the campus. As regards the moral phase of this question, the orgy of excess likely to follow rigid training, moral short-circuiting, etc., we express no opinion. However, we may ask a question: With our Catholic College "Varsity"—to keep the question right at home for the nonce—is rigid training the common thing? Is the breaking of such training, if it do exist, likely to be followed by orgies of excess on the part of Catholic College-trained athletes? "A Vacation Experience" is good,—very good. We enjoyed every line of it,—but, sad to say, there are not many lines! The author has a good style; he uses good English to express thoughts that are definitely formed before they are written. "A series of talks on various topics from the faculty," announces the editor, "will continue as a feature of THE VIATORIAN throughout the year." And a very commendable feature it will be. The column is headed "Five Minutes with the Faculty." In the present number the Professor of Philosophy has an exhortation drawn from the text, "Work whilst you have the light; for the night cometh on, when no man can work." It is a timely advice to those about to begin the new year of studies. It urges to "mount the shining heights of wisdom and virtue around which the light of God's countenance forever plays," and gives, as the fearful alternative, "you shall go down into the black depths of ignorance and vice." To speak of the first page last: "The Song of Life" is a harmonious ditty of metric vagary that tells us that the song of life that is in the heart is better far than nature's flower song of spring,—so don't let the gray of autumnal sky depress your spirits.

St. Vincent College Journal.



"The hour so ardently awaited, has come at last. Behold the day sweeter to me than all the feasts of the earth." This

Ordinations

was the sentiment that filled the hearts of the ten young men who, during the past month, left the halls of St. Viator to assume the sacred duties of the priestly life; a life supreme in dignity, but a life filled with cares and trials, for, upon the priest's shoulders rests the burden of hundreds of souls entrusted to his care. He with Christ holds out his arms and says, "Come to me all you that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." This is the duty the priest must perform. This is the duty that these young men have undertaken to fulfill. Let us pray that they may not fail in performing this function upon which depends the salvation, not only of themselves, but also of the flocks they tend.

Rev. James J. Daley, dean of the seminary department, is a native of South Chicago, Illinois, where he made his preparatory studies. After graduating from St. Patrick's high school in 1910, Father Daley entered St. Viator College, where he made all his college studies and completed his theological course. He was ordained to the holy priesthood Saturday, June 17, by the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., in the Cathedral of Holy Name, Chicago. Father Daley celebrated his first solemn mass Trinity Sunday, June 18, at St. Patrick's Church, South Chicago.

Rev. Daniel F. Monaghan is a native of Ivesdale, Illinois. His preparatory course and part of his college studies were made at St. Bede's College, Peru, Illinois. In 1912 he entered St. Via-

tor College to complete his philosophical and theological studies. Father Monaghan during the past two years has been assistant prefect of the college department, where his presence will be greatly missed. He was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, Saturday, June 17, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Illinois. Father Monaghan celebrated his first mass Trinity Sunday, June 18, in St. Joseph's Church, Ivesdale, Illinois.

Rev. James Dawson Byrne made all his preparatory studies in Ireland, at Seraphic College, Multyfarnham, County West Meath and at Mount Millary. He studied philosophy at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, Ireland, and was professor of elocution there for two years. Father Byrne came to America in the year 1913 and entered St. Viator College to study Theology. Father Byrne was ordained Saturday, June 17, by the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D.D., in the Cathedral of Holy Name, Chicago. He celebrated his first mass in the college chapel on Trinity Sunday, June 18. After spending a few days about the college, Father Byrne went to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he will take up his duties as a priest.

Rev. John A. O'Brien made his preparatory studies at Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois. He began his college course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, and in the year 1911 entered St. Viator College, to pursue his philosophical and theological studies. Father O'Brien, while pursuing his studies at the college, distinguished himself as a debater, being a member of the team that first brought defeat to Notre Dame University. He was ordained Saturday, June 17, by Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D.D., in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Illinois, and celebrated his first mass in St. Patrick's Church, Peoria.

Rev. James N. V. McKay is a native of New York City. His preparatory studies were made at St. Francis Xavier College, in the city of New York and his philosophical studies were pursued at St. Joseph College, Yonkers, New York. He began his theological studies in Montreal, Canada, and completed them at St. Viator College. He was ordained on June 6 by Rt. Rev. Bishop Lillis, of Kansas City, and celebrated his first solemn mass on June 11 in St. Vincent Ferer's Church, New York, New York. Father McKay's labors will be confined to the diocese of Kansas City.

Rev. Jeremiah P. Holley pursued most of his studies at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Illinois, entering St. Viator College in

1912, to complete his philosophical and theological studies. He was ordained June 17 by the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D.D., in the Cathedral of Holy Name, Chicago, Illinois, and celebrated his first mass Trinity Sunday, June 18, in Epiphany Church, Chicago.

Rev. Edward C. Leonard after leaving the Rantoul grade school came to St. Viator, where he pursued all his studies, high school, college and theological. He was ordained June 17 by Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D.D., in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Illinois, and celebrated his first mass in St. Malachy's Church, Rantoul, Illinois.

Rev. John J. Molyneaux made all his preparatory studies in Ireland at St. Brendan College, Killarney, and All Hallows College, Dublin. In 1913 he entered St. Viator College to pursue his theological course. He was ordained June 17 by the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D.D., in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, Illinois, and said his first mass Trinity Sunday, June 18, in the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Chicago. After a short stay in Chicago, Father Molyneaux departed for the field of his labors, Des Moines, Iowa.

Rev. Thomas Gilbert Flynn made his preparatory studies at Elburn High School, Elburn, Illinois. After leaving high school Father Flynn entered St. Viator College to pursue his higher studies in philosophy and theology. He was ordained June 24 by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D.D., in St. James Pro-Cathedral, Rockford, Illinois, and celebrated his first mass June 25, in St. Gall's Church, Elburn, Illinois.

Rev. Patrick Casey made his preparatory studies at St. Edward's College, Liverpool, England, and at St. John's College, Ireland. In the year 1913 he came to the United States and entered St. Viator College to pursue his theological studies. He was ordained June 17 by the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D.D., in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, Illinois, and said his first mass in the Viatorian Institute, Chicago. Father Casey's labors will be confined to the diocese of Helena, Montana.

To each of the young Levites the faculty of St. Viator and THE VIATORIAN extend their hearty wishes for happiness and success in their sacred calling.



"THE NEW COACH."

The faculty has engaged Mr. P. J. Schissler for the year 1916-17, who is to take complete charge of athletics at St. Viator. Mr. Schissler comes with the highest recommendations from both Indiana and Nebraska Universities. In the latter place he at one time filled the position of assistant coach. With his coming St. Viator expects to present a "varsity" track team also in the Illinois Conference meet next year. This phase of athletics hitherto undeveloped at St. Viator promises to be a major branch under the supervision of the new man.

"HOME-COMING ATHLETICS."

Home-Coming Day at the college brought with it many loyal supporters of athletics at St. Viator. The alumni showed an enthusiastic spirit in the prospects for the coming year. A committee was appointed, whose duty will be to communicate with all old students of the college, and a reunion is contemplated on Thanksgiving Day, to be featured with a football game. This interest, together with that now being displayed at the college, indicates a "big" year for the college in this department.

"NEW ATHLETIC FIELD."

Bids have been accepted from several construction companies for the building of a new athletic field at the college. The proposed field is to consist of a gridiron, baseball diamond and a quarter-mile track. This project has been considered for some years past at St. Viator, but not until this year has there been any definite action taken on the matter. Excavation will begin

shortly after commencement and with favorable weather the field will most probably be in shape for fall football practice. A new one-hundred and fifty foot grand stand is to be erected also in connection with the field. The present student body has shown its good will and interest in this new proposal by starting a fund, the contributions to which are to be used in the constructing of the new field. Thus far all members of the present association have subscribed generously.

We bid farewell to the season of 1916 by writing the last game of our high school club, which proved to be a sweeping victory. The team in its usual style, chalked up 18 runs on Grand Prairie Seminary of Onarga, Illinois. Connors and Freebury each were afforded five opportunities at the plate and responded with four hits apiece. Freehill and Francis did the battery work and performed like veterans.

| V. H. S. | LINE-UP. | G. P. S. |
|-----------------|----------|-------------|
| McCarthy | ss. | Steiner |
| Edgar-McCarty | lf. | C. Spillman |
| Connors | cf. | Pike |
| Spaulding | rf. | Kebler |
| Francis | c. | Poppe |
| Shields | 2b. | Calloway |
| Freebury | 1b. | Meents |
| Berry | 3b. | R. Spillman |
| Freehill-McCabe | p. | Dixon |
| | | R. H. E. |
| G. P. S. | | 0 5 2 |
| V. H. S. | | 18 16 2 |

The football schedule for the coming year seems to indicate that St. Viator will afford the "fans" some interesting exhibitions of the collegiate sport. Contracts have been closed already with Illinois Wesleyan, Notre Dame Freshman, Eureka and St. Joseph College of Dubuque. Thus far two conference teams are on the schedule and several open dates will probably be filled with other conference teams.

Knowledge, the discipline by which it is gained, and the tastes which it forms, have a natural tendency to refine the mind, and to give it an indisposition, simply natural, yet real, may more than this, a disgust and abhorrence towards excesses and enormities of evil.