The Viatorian

No. 3

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The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

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HARBINGERS OF SPRING

I saw two bluebirds in a bush,
A lark sail o'er the lea,
Midst cloister-hedge a warbling thrush
Entoned a threnody,
Whilst in exotic lilac tree
I heard a vagrant bee
Hum honeyed melody.

Beside a gurgling brooklet free
I heard the pipes of Pan,
Their sobbing cadence beckoned me
To fly the haunts of man.
And swift my inebrious spirit ran
Far, far away to scan
Love's vernal caravan.

REV. JAMES A. WILLIAMS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

IN ACCORDANCE with Article V, of the Constitution of the Alumni Association, the Annual Reunion will be held at the College, in connection with the Memorial Day Exercises. The festivities will be held on Monday, May 30th.

It is a source of encouragement and inspiration to both Students and Faculty of the present day to see the students of former days, to hear them and to have the privilege of meeting them. Every loyal son of Viator should be sufficiently interested in the progress of his Alma Mater and in the activities of his Alumni Association to make a special effort to be present at the important Reunion of the Old Boys.

Everybody is welcome. A large attendance is already assured. Around the banquet tables will be gathered those friends of old whom you have desired to see, and whom you have not seen in a long, long time. They also will be disappointed if you are not here on that day. Then, if only for the day, lay aside your cares; forget your worries; come to your College Home; be happy again with the friends of your Campus-days.

Remember the day,

Monday, 30th of May.

JAMES G. CONDON, '91,
Pres.

LOWELL A. LAWSON,
Gen'l Sec'y.

An Apostle of the Quiet Life

Paul H. Kurzynski, '23

When one reflects upon the number of books of quiet reflection that gain popularity in these days, he realizes that, though life seems a mere matter of hustling and bustling and that many books are concocted rather than written, there is a public that has an eye for its own welfare, and is looking out for something strong or something new to add to life. If, in addition to being new and strong, this "something" is sincere, and is put forth by a man, who means what he says, it then has greater qualities in the reader's eyes. For sincerity and conviction are the first qualities that commend themselves to a thoughtful reader. In conversation or in a book, when a man says what he honestly believes, his statement is interesting; if he says it because he is too full of his subject to keep silence, then his utterance has vitality and the power of holding people.

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson now stands in the public eye as the type of a successful and sincere essayist. He has attained to this position not only through hard and earnest work, but also because he has a mind in admirable keeping with his knowledge and his endeavors. Added to this first requirement he has every incentive for good work—an ideal environment, the best preparation, adequate income and literary connections. Situated as he is at Cambridge, in the quiet seclusion of a University, with his diplomas and degrees giving the best proof of his scholarly efforts, he is able, on his sufficient income, to live the ideal quiet life. Of this great-grandfather's descendants, sixteen were writers of books, and of these, five children in his own immediate family have published something of their literary work, his two brothers being almost as copious and successful writers as himself.

Appropriate of two brothers whom she knew, Mde, d'Argenson is credited with the remark, "Quand je suis avec l'un, j'aime mieux l'autre" (When I am with the one, I like the other better). This is the sort of wit which as a rule can only have room to play, when justice has been carefully put away in a corner. But even if such unsatisfactory brothers are to be encountered in society, the odd thing is that they are practically unknown in literature on either side of the Channel or the Atlantic. It is fortunately possible to occupy oneself with "Pragmatism" and yet for the time being be sensible of no passion or preference for "Daisy Miller," or "The Portrait of a Lady." One might even dip heroically, I imagine, into the pages of Thomas Corneille, and find perhaps enough to prevent one from developing a sudden liking for the dramas of Pierre. At any rate, the Benson books hardly ever tempt

one to echo the French lady's epigram. Each of the three brothers has individuality enough to retain the reader's interest, not for the same length of time in every case, not for very long in any case, nor with exactly the same results; still, whether it is Arthur Christopher, Edward F., or Robert Hugh, one can enjoy meeting any one of the trio in a literary way, without having your time and pleasure spoiled by comparisons knocking at his elbow. After one has been with one of them, there may be a desire to meet either of the others for a change; but not before the interview is over, provided it is not unreasonably prolonged.

Of the three, however, Arthur Christopher comes nearest in spirit to their sententious cultured outlook on life, their variety of interests, their easy flow and their intense Anglicanism. He has a certain mid-Victorian manner, combined with a modern viewpoint of life. To complete these characteristics, he has the common academic style of the three brothers. But of the trio he is the "noblest Roman of them all," since the youngest became a Catholic, and the other a Christian Scientist. Through all their struggles, he has remained true to the faith of his fathers, Anglicanism. This stanch adherence to the English creed should have ensured his popularity among British readers; but it would have been difficult for any reviewer or reader to have predicted from the beginning his popularity, and it proves how large a number of the reading public are glad to step aside from the rush and tumult of life and find leisure to reflect a little, to study the nature and cause of their own conditions. Another of the same general sort as Mr. Benson's books was Amiel's Journal. Amiel had undoubtedly a higher literary gift and profounder feelings; still he was, in the main, just such another introspective muser as Mr. Benson, with an added power of restraint, and a gift for selection, which the later writer would do well to emulate. If this restraint and this gift for selection had been in his possession, he would not have repeated himself so carelessly. All that he has to say in "The Altar Fire" has been said, and better and more spontaneously said, in "The House of Quiet," and that even more beautiful book, "The Thread of Gold." He turns over and over the same themes: depression, lack of vitality, religion, pain, the unanswerable problem of evil, education, self-development, and duty. All these he touches upon in the same gentle, resigned, intimate way, but he has exhausted his ideas, and has no new light to throw on his subjects. What he says he has repeatedly said before.

Doubtless this reiteration is entirely due to industry. Mr. Benson probably feels that his vocation being that of a writer, he must write whether or not he wishes to do so. But that rule holds good only for the small hack writer, whose business is not that of giving ultimate form of thought, but merely that of multiplying words to fill given spaces. Mr. Benson is or ought to be, one of our lasting English Essayists. He is a charming fireside philos-

opher. His little row of blue books with the dark labels and gold lettering stand on the shelf with Lamb and Montaigne, Emerson, Arnold, Pater, Amiel, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, St. Augustine—men to whom we turn for the wisdom of living, and we cannot afford to let him grow lifeless and imitative. He, of all men, can afford to wait for the wind of the spirit to blow his words into flame. If he must justify existence by mere writing, there are scholastic tasks for which he is fitted; or let him give us more biographies of real men. The man who has for a mysterious reason renounced life; who is bounded by depression, and lives through threatened death; who likes small, neat English scenery, vignettes, as it were, but not the tremendous and the grandiose; who labors, as indeed all men ought, at the softening and beautifying of human relations; who lives gently with all men, but close to none; who is profoundly pious, but not in the least dogmatic; who refuses to explain away the mysteries of life and death and sin and suffering and change, but accepts life as a training school from which we may emerge to something higher—that man has given us all too often and at too great length.

Mr. Benson is one of those men; with his temperament partially paralyzed by fastidious taste, and unable to cope triumphantly with what is still brutish and gross in life, he is forced to turn in upon himself, much as Pater and Amiel, and take solace in self-development and self-expression. Pater and Amiel forsook the world, partially, at least, and had sought seclusion deep within the walls of some great house of learning; Amiel at Geneva, Pater at Oxford. There they studied and fought and solved their own problems. They were, as indeed we believe that Mr. Benson is, men of a distinctly timid character; timid not in the strict sense of the word, but rather in that they were not able to reveal themselves to careless and casual observers. Those, however, who can least unveil themselves are very often those most passionately aware of themselves. Mr. Benson's success has proved a very vital thing, namely, that there is still a public that is interested in individual experience and the state of a soul; that the man who sits and thinks and analyzes apart finds enough kindred spirits to make some books of analysis and reflection popular.

So we see that his work, while it is in a certain degree reticent, and at the same time so intimate both on the intellectual and spiritual side, has become popular, because there is a class of readers who seek after that kind of book. Because of his popularity, readers are greatly interested in his personality, and to get at that personality, we must look into its formation. He had had a very fortunate education for his work. His father was a man of a great charm of nature and sweetness of spirit. No one who ever saw him ever forgot the mingled refinement and strength of his face—one of those faces, like Newman's, Manning's or our own late Cardinal, which reveal the latent sweetness and spiritual fineness of

a great character. Arthur Christopher, his son, was born in 1862, received his early education at Eton, perhaps the richest in historical associations of the great English public schools, certainly the most beautiful in situation. From Eton he went to King's College, Cambridge, affiliated in origin with Eton. He had several experiences as a teacher at Eton, and is now a Fellow of Magdalene College at Cambridge.

From an academic point of view, at least, his training in letters was the best that England can afford. He never escaped the academic atmosphere. From Eton to Cambridge, where he captured a classical first, then back to Eton as Master for eighteen years, then, since 1903, again at Cambridge as a Fellow of Magdalene; growth to middle-age bachelorhood under these circumstances is a *parlous* thing. It is due to this that Mr. Benson presents the rare spectacle of an accomplished literary workman who has preserved to middle age an almost childlike ardor and ingenuousness. There is, in truth, a touch of the spinsterly in the author of "From a College Window."

Such a career, at all events, gives ample leisure for the development of the writing talent, and Mr. Benson was predestined to write. Before he became a "Don," he had published various books on biography and essays and half a dozen volumes of verse. During this time he was known as a capable and diligent worker in the field of belles-lettres; and for his poetry, refined, restrained, simple lyrics, there was an appreciative, if not precisely enthusiastic audience. It is perhaps a little too obviously reminiscent of Clough and of Arnold; a quiet melancholy, a plaintive elegiac note, is its character; its moods of joy are always expectant of a gentle disillusion against which they hardly think it worth while to arm themselves:

Hidden music, airily heard,
The child's voice in the warm wood-ways,
The soft glance and the murmured word,
The soft close of the summer days.
Heart speaketh to heart,
Friend is glad with friend;
The golden hours depart,
Sweet things have an end.

There is a plaintive loveliness in such strains, which characterizes his verse at its best. In more aspiring moods, he is less impressive, as for example, in his patriotic odes—that "Ode to Japan," let us say, which presents in diplomatic rhyme the advantages of a union between Japan and England and concludes:

Perchance, some war-vexed hour,
Our thunder throated ships
Shall thread the foam, and pour
The death sleet from their lips.
Together raise the battle song,
To bruise some impious head, to right some grievous wrong.

But best, if knit with love
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The wide world dream of peace;
And smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in loving hand across the golden years.

Mr. Benson rears on these occasions as loud as the jingoist Kipling. The truth is, that Benson is a bad jingo and a good sentimentalist. But there the resemblance stops. Kipling's portrait is familiar, but rarely have looks less truly revealed the man. Under the eclipse of those steel-rimmed spectacles reposes an eye that roving over five continents, has photographed every place of human endeavor and placed on it the watermark, the stamp, of the British flag. Kipling is an out and out jingoist; Benson has in his make-up too much of the sentimental.

He is not a robust person. In the "Upton Letters," "T. B." says of Kipling: "I don't like his male men; I should dislike them and be ill at ease with them in real life, and I am ill at ease with them in his books." One need not be a female man to understand this feeling about certain of Kipling's heroes; but the brute is not worse than the mollycoddle, and the croquet school of literature has its failings as well as the football creed. Not really effeminate, Mr. Benson is of the sensitive, reflecting, confiding temperament, which shrinks from whatever is brusque, rough and uncompromising. He is but boyish, eager, ingenuous. There is an air of wistfulness about his confidences which is very winning. No doubt the feminine element in his following is large; for if women snatch a fearful joy from contact with the rude male man, they respond quite readily to the gentler adolescent appeal for sympathy. The "Upton Letters" was the first of a series of intimate confidences which have given him an audience far larger and more attentive than his more formal work would have won him.

Critics of Benson have generally derided or deplored his tendency to preach. The improving tone seems to irritate them. This is a matter upon which a reviewer who has himself to preach is possibly a biased judge. He has no jealousy of a lay-brother. He is only too glad to hear or to read any one who preaches well, and if Mr. Benson does preach too much, even if, as Charles Lamb said of Coleridge, he does nothing else, the average excellence of his prelections inclines one to overlook the fact that they are sometimes out of place and sometimes a trifle superior. That they are occasionally obvious is not a drawback to this point of view.

From Marcus Aurelius down to the present, in every age of literature and thought, there have been books which were moral advisers. Now we have books like the "House of Quiet" and its fellows, which run into many editions, and secure contemporary popularity, if not critical esteem. In every generation there is a public, which, whatever be its attitude to the pulpit, reads and

likes the cultured expression of sincere and profitable convictions, which are more or less religious, about the management of life, even on its fairly prosaic and obvious sides. One of these sides is trouble, and, quite apart from their technical merits, or demerits, as literature, Benson's books do appeal to a certain class of men and women, who are inwardly bruised and baffled by pain, mental or physical, or both. No one who has read the Benson books will fail to recollect the prominence of this pathos in the form of a searching sympathy with the wounded creatures of his own generation. He voices the feelings of some of them, at any rate. His pages flow with a smooth, bright current of literary criticism, personal reflections, and social discussions; they have the attractive knack also of analyzing and expressing sometimes with a masterly touch what many people are vaguely conscious of feeling about ordinary things and men. But unless I am hopelessly mistaken, their vogue is due in no small degree to the solace and encouragement of their human sentiments, and it is only fair to recognize this even when the moral and religious basis does not strike one as particularly adequate, or even when the pedagogue rather than the preacher is in evidence.

The world, as Mr. Benson knows, is larger and noisier than the "hortus inclusus" of a Cambridge college during the long vacation. But his pages sometimes breathe an academic and aristocratic aroma, which unconsciously limits his power of sympathy. It even annoys a well-disposed reader. There is an understanding, after a while, of what was in the mind of the intelligent lady, who remarked after a course of the Benson books, that Mr. Benson made life such a fine, or superfine art that she almost hesitated now to eat a mutton chop. Besides, the circle of people who appear in his pages, as lay figures to be moved and posed, belong almost exclusively to the worlds of culture and society—an error which, one would think, he would have too much sense, dramatic or otherwise, to commit.

When Nicholas Nickleby had retired from the Kenwig's party, Miss Petowker observed that he had "something in his appearence —dear, dear what is that word again?" "What word?" inquired Mr. L. "Why, dear, how stupid I am," replied Miss Petowker, hesitating, "What do you call it when lords break off doorknockers and beat policemen and play at coaches, with other people's money, and that sort of thing?" "Aristocratic?" suggested the collector. "Ah! Aristocratic!" replied Miss Petowker, "something very aristocratic about him, isn't there?" Mr. Benson's country gentlemen and charming ladies and Anglican clergy do not amuse themselves with such amusing ongoings. The test of their aristocratic position is very different from Miss Petowker's standard. Their demeanor is nearer to what one may conjecture to be that of the Four Hundred. They have their own pains and problems, but they frequent big dinner-parties and country houses and all the rest of

it; they seem to have nice libraries and as a rule, comfortable incomes; frankly there is often "Something very aristocratic about them," in the way of extraordinary advantages, which is not exactly a fountain of human interest in most cases. However the fault that must be found in Mr. Benson's work as a whole is precisely that it is inconclusive; very amiable, very engaging, very helpful to people who stand in need of a mild sedative, but not really stimulating, not really convincing.

This fact is at first view obscured by the extraordinary charm of his style. He repeatedly cites Newman as his master; and the peculiar excellence of his own style is admirably characterized and illustrated in this comment: "The perfection of lucid writing which one sees in books such as Newman's Apologia or Ruskin's Praeterita seems to resemble a crystal stream, which flows limpidly and deliciously over its pebbly bed; the very shape of the channel is revealed; there are transparent glassy water breaks over the pebble gravel; but though the very stream has beauty of its own, a beauty of liquid curve and delicate murmur, its chief beauty is in the exquisite transfiguring effect which its has over the shingle, the vegetation that glimmers and sways beneath the surface." Mr. Benson's style always flows limpidly and deliciously; it is a delicate and pure medium through which, to tell the truth, ideas of moderate or even negative value are capable of taking on a positive charm. But this, as a feat of literary art, is a feat which the world has never learned to despise, and the personality thus revealed is separated by a strong barrier of genuine purity and spontaneity from the art-for-art's sake prettiness of decadent literature. If Mr. Benson has no robust philosophy of life, if he is not quite fitted to be spiritual father of a flock, he has, more than any of his contemporaries, the faculty of intimate discourse, of winning sympathy through frank and human confession. He bids fair to be ranked, not with the Newmans, or even the Ruskins, but with the Rousseaus, the Constances, the Amiels of recorded time. He improvises delightfully upon the theme of his own temperament and experience, and this quite as clearly in such signal essays as he collected in "From a College Window," or as in the rather perfunctory anonymity of the "Upton Letters" or the "Gates of Death."

In one of his essays, he declares improvisation to be not only his own method, but the best one. "One can not do much by correction;" "incessant practice" is the thing; "We must be content to abandon and sacrifice faulty MSS. entirely; we ought to fret over them and rewrite them." Such a method has its perils.

Mr. Benson's besetting sin is overproduction. When he was released from the drudgery of teaching and promoted to the rich seclusion of his fellowship at Magdalene, might one not have thought his literary instinct would have been to bide his time, to bring forth the fruits of leisure and quiet and well-being? Yet that moment of release seems to have been the signal for the begin-

ning of an almost feverish burst of literary industry, the end of which is not yet. No hack writer in his attic ever consumed more blameless sheets in a given time. Besides numberless periodical articles, he has published four books a year. There is something a little undignified in this haste, something reprehensible, as in gluttony or in any other excess. The habit of incessant practice would seem to have got the upper hand. "T. B." puts the situation very clearly: "My head is full from morning till night of everything except living. . . . Where I am at fault is not relapsing at intervals into a wise and patient passivity. . . . I have never, God forgive me, had time to be in love."

Mr. Benson has happily disproved the theory that in order to secure attention in this day of much writing and publishing; one must shout about like an auctioneer, or scream like a victim of hysteria, or deal with forbidden things, or paint with a flambouyant brush all manner of morbid, abnormal and unwholesome experiences. No books could be further removed from the world of noise, confusion, appeal to popular prejudice, cheap and seeming interpretation of religion and philanthropy, than his essays. They contain the work, not only of a thinker, but of a man of academic taste and surroundings. "From a College Window" happily characterizes the point of view of the writer, though without the limitations that sometimes mar the prospect and blur the vision from the college outlook. Writing from an environment almost as quiet as it was in the times of Gray, the author of the "Upton Letters" and "Along the Road" sees life sanely and with warm human sympathies, and envelopes his readers in an atmosphere of rest and thoughtfulness, in a style at once fluent, accurate and beautiful without overemphasis or exaggeration.

TO ST. PATRICK

O Patrick, warrior of the Risen Lord,
His slave, thou captured and enslaved a race;
Alike, chained sage and seer with bonds of grace—
Thy battle cry was God's Eternal Word,
Thy Armour Truth, Christ's Conquering Cross thy sword.
To thee thy chosen people cry—"Embrace
Us in thy strong and sheltering care and place
Our hopes within Christ's Heart Divine. Ignored
By men, we rest our trust in Him. Do thou
Cast forth our country's foe into the sea,
As once sin-serpents cast. But still we bow
To His Blest Will, who died to make men free.
May we, O Saint, soon see the victory won—
Yet now, as in all else—God's Will be done!"

—Rev. J. A. Williams, M. A.

Joseph Conrad—An Appreciation

J. J. Mc Enroe, '24

The majority of modern novelists treat of some evil in the social, political, or religious systems, and by this treatment they endeavor to present the evil in such a manner that public interest is awakened and consequent reform effected. Their novels are of the spirit of the age: utilitarian. The writer has but one object in view and to its attainment he sacrifices all that the artist holds dear. The purpose of the story is kept continually in view often to the detriment of the technique. Such writers subordinate art to the message which they infuse into their writings.

There is one novelist outside the main current of modern fiction whose sole purpose is to entertain. He is one in whom the rare exoticism of romance blooms amid the unfriendly air of the modern environment. True, Conrad sometimes deals with the lower strata of society, but his purpose is not one of reform. His stories breathe the romance of the sea; the romance which seems incompatible with the narrow, gainseeking, mammon-worshipping world of today. He has preserved that romance and made it as appealing as it was in the time of Drake and Nelson, yet he makes it doubly interesting by the circumstance of its existence in this our day. His tales of adventure amid weird Oriental settings or with the eternal sea as a background have a fascination that is peculiar to them in contrast to the vulgarities of modern realists. This is mainly due to the fact that his novels express his conception of the spirit of the ocean. He attains this effect by his choice of characters, whose lives are directly affected by the waters in whose bosom they spend their lives.

Thus, he does not choose his characters to portray the unhappy effects of our social system as Dickens did. Neither does he select them to teach his personal views on religion or the sex question which is the outstanding fact in all contemporary realism. There are two classes of characters in Conrad. Both have the same end but with different methods in its attainment. The first class of characters are chosen with a view merely to show the effect which their association with the ocean has on their development. In treating this type of character, Conrad becomes psychological. He makes a minute study of the motives, passions and characteristics of his character. In "Lord Jim" we see evidence of this. The whole novel consists in the analysis of Jim's state of

mind after each change in his circumstances. He had violated the code of the seas and to him the scorn of his acquaintances was unbearable. Throughout the book, there is a conflict raging in his mind. It is the struggle of every human soul that ascends from the depths of shame to self-respect. In treating this character, Conrad displays the power of his imagination and the delicacy of his artistry. His sympathetic understanding of the depth of Jim's nature stamps him as a novelist of remarkable powers of analysis, and his treatment of Jim's mental malady shows him as the artist par excellence. In this class of characters the ocean exerts a great influence. Thus in Jim's case it inspires him with hope; for the might of the sea shows by contrast the inconsequence of human opinions.

The second type of characters evident in Conrad are chosen not because they are of interest in themselves, but because they help portray the spirit of the sea. In "Typhoon," Captain MacWhirr falls under this category. He is represented as being absolutely unimaginative, as being set in a mould which restricts his actions and totally destroys his individuality. His simplicity of character is so thoroughly proved and his changelessness is so frequently insisted upon, that the reader can foretell his every action. As a human being he is not convincing, for he is too simple. The soul of man can never entirely be laid open; its minute details can never be catalogued. In Captain MacWhirr, Conrad has given us a man whose purpose is simply to act as the incarnate embodiment of the spirit of the sea. Since Conrad treats the sea as a human being, the sole reason for the character of Captain MacWhirr is that he says the thing that the sea would say were it permitted to speak and voice its desires.

All those characters are placed in close association with nature, and the majority of them are in conflict with natural forces. It is this conflict that causes the character's development, which is slow at first, but gradually increases until the character has been given full treatment. Until they come in contact with nature, the characters are virtually a closed book, but when they come under the influence of this touchstone, their qualities take more tangible form. Men, today as were their ancestors before them, are tested by this great standard. It is in the struggle against Nature that the individual's worth is measured. As man remains ever basically the same, his struggle against the hostile forces of Nature goes on as in prehistoric times. It is upon this principle that Conrad bases his version of the survival of the fittest. It is on the open sea, or in the silent jungle that the conventional values by which men are usually judged, cease to have a meaning, and in contact with this natural enemy the worth of man is ascertained. Not only is this test merely physical, but nature's close contact tries the human mind and soul as well. This is seen in some of Conrad's descriptions of sea storms where physical hardship is the least dreadful

of the tests imposed on the sailor. Fear, born in mid-day darkness, and nournished by the rapid succession of untold dangers, creeps into the souls of men, but it is only in the souls of the unfit that it finds permanent lodging. In the rush of a torrent of events, when the world is turned topsy-turvy with the violence of the tempest, when the mind must direct the battle with the elements, then it is that Man's intellect receives its test.

It is in this treatment of nature that Conrad excells. He finds in the sea and the jungles inexhaustible matter for superb description. By his calm, impersonal descriptions, he makes scenes so vivid, that the reader becomes not only a spectator, but he feels within himself the spirit of the scene described. Thus in "Typhoon," the battle with the elements is so vividly depicted, that one feels as the characters would have felt; the care, anxiety and stress of the terrible experience. By this means, Conrad interprets the moods, caprices, and passions of the sea that the reader regards it as a living being. In fact, Conrad views the sea as a fate that maps out the life of each man and forces him to prove the worth to which he lays claim. Conrad looks on the sea as a being conferring a favor on those against whose intellect and will it deigns to pit its force. He considers that the sea's latent personality is revealed only to those worthy of the honor. He says in "Typhoon" that "Captain MacWhirr had sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence to sink gently into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without having been made to see all it may contain of perfidy, of violence, and of terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate—or thus disdained by destiny or by the sea." In this tale, nature is represented as a turbulent, passionate being whose one purpose is to sink the ship "Nan-Shan." The storm is not pictured merely as a blind force that spends itself in the violence of sweeping wind and heaving sea, but it acts as though directed by intelligence. Against all the tactics of the skipper, the typhoon seems to play a cunning counter move. The warfare is not a mere physical struggle between the ship's bulk and the force of the elements, but the fight is carried on in the stoke-holds and in the engine room, the very vitals of the ship, as well as in the souls and minds of the men. Each man has to fight an individual conflict with the typhoon, and this battle is of a triple nature. He is assaulted by physical hardship, mental anxiety, and by that most terrible enemy of all, the fear which racks his soul. It is in this attack that Conrad shows nature as a living being. He says: "A furious gale attacks a man like a personal enemy, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout the very spirit out of him." Here is Conrad's own version of nature's war on man. In his descriptions of the sea, he changes the expression of the being's countenance from its aspect of a world of roaring, tearing wind and hissing flying water through all the gradations of change down to its description as a limpid mirror

reflecting the azure arc of heaven; thus drawing a parallel with the human soul in all the stages of its change from being tossed and torn by passion and sin, to the repose consequent upon a life of virtue.

It is this use of nature that constitutes the main interest in Conrad's novels. There is little plot. The characterization and setting, however, more than supply for this defect. It is simplicity of plot and complexity of characterization coupled with a note of the mysterious in the setting, that give to his tales that quality that makes one see and feel in them the open sea with its hidden shoals and manifold dangers lurking beneath a glassy surface.

The style of Conrad has an important influence on this happy effect. His tales of the sea are told in a calm, deliberate, impersonal tone which makes the reader oblivious of the fact that the author exists. The method of narration is so natural, and the descriptions so vivid, that the reader forgets his role as such, and seems to be taking an active part in the deeds narrated and the scene described. In Conrad's even flow of language, there is neither the unnaturalness nor the jerkiness that one would expect in the writings of one who never spoke a word of English until his nineteenth year. His smooth style is probably the result of his extensive and early readings in the French of Flaubert and Gautier, while his use of forceful adjectives smacks of Dickens. Like Dickens, his humor does not consist so much in incongruous situations as in his words, particularly his adjectives, so slightly inappropriate and so unnecessarily grandiose that the ratio of his words to the object of his discussion is as the sublime to the ridiculous. He has mentioned in his "Personal Record" that the right word is the Archimedes lever of modern times. He considers that the power of sound has always been a more powerful factor in persuasion than the power of sense. In fact, his ear was so attuned to the delicate harmony of sound, that his language has a delicious cadence.

He is neither an idle dreamer nor a quixotic romancer, but he has shown us as no one else has, the romance bound up in the life of the modern sailor. This was his only purpose in writing. He has an almost filial regard for the sea—its ships and its men. In not writing to "reprove mankind for what it is and praise it for what it is not," Conrad recognises the fact that his fame will suffer in consequence, but nevertheless he contends that if he has successfully recorded the vibrations of life on the ocean that his mission in literature will be fulfilled. There is a note of the tragic in the manner in which he deals with the strange meetings and partings which life in the world of waters experiences. Here, men meet, live together for months, endure hardships and brave dangers together, and then part, perhaps forever. We find this mournful note in the closing words of the "Nigger of the Narcissus" where he says: "A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone forever;

and I never saw one of them again. But at times the spring-flood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of Shades. They pass and make a sign in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale."

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, lay me at rest
On Maternity's mounded crest;
There let me lie in peaceful sleep
Where drooping willows softly weep,
No flattering stone rear o'er my head
When I am dead, when I am dead.

Oh, may my memory ever be
Enshrined in hearts that cherished me;
Be goodly deeds which I have done
My epitaph when I am gone.
Let unkind words be left unsaid
When I am dead, when I am dead.

Let faults of mine forgotten be,
But oh, let patient charity,
E'er pray for me, that I may rest
On Maternity's mounded crest.
And may no useless tears be shed
When I am dead, when I am dead.

—*Rev. James A. Williams.*

"I sincerely hope that when another Home-coming day comes around, we will have all of you present again with us, and that everyone of you will bring with him many others of the old Alumni —that we shall all enjoy a beautiful and perfect day such as this." —Rev. W. J. Bergin c. s. v.

"We come now to this particular moment and it is a great pleasure to welcome the old boys back again."—James G. Condon, '91.

The Fool

J. G. P., '21

Outside the cold rain of late November lashed the dormer windows and swept the glistening Dublin streets. It was a damp foggy evening, but the cold and damp were far removed from the glowing half circle of warmth before the open hearth where two men sat sipping a liquor and leisurely smoking an after-dinner cigar. There had been a pleasant dinner, fine food and sparkling conversation to add to the zest of this meeting of old friends. The conversation had turned easily from politics to religion, from religion to world affairs, and finally literature, for here was a common ground. Both men were prominent in the literary circles of the great metropolis of England. The broken remarks of the dinner table were resumed. "John," spoke the older, a man past middle age, of heavy feature and undeniable self-complacency, "the thought has come to me most frequently of late that the need of the world today is literature and literary men. They alone are capable of interpreting beauty and truth; they are acquainted with the thought and ideals of centuries and alone of all men are schooled in the needs of the world today, because they alone know best the unconscious longings of the race. These men, we," with calm egotism, "should rule men's lives and guide their destinies. No racial prejudice, no religious bigotry, no restraint of that culture they call the national spirit, tramels our thoughts and lives. Naked principles alone claim us."

The younger man to whom the other's words had come, a gentle murmuring in his egotistical reverie, reluctantly shook himself from his dreamy ease.

"Yes, indeed, Wal. We should teach the people those ennobling lessons they need so badly, free them from the enslavement of fear and servility by giving them an aristocracy of idealists. What can the commons know of the beautiful emotions that make life worth while—fullness of intellectual elation, devotion to great ideas and the transcendence of the spiritual over the physical?"

The silver chime of the mantel clock ringing the hour of eight interrupted him with a start. "But the curfew at nine! It is enforced, is it not? I failed to file my papers at the Castle and receive a permit. Devilishly stupid of me. But I must go." The older man frowned slightly. This self admiration and glorification was immensely gratifying here in the warm glow of the library fire and the company of a kindred egoist. The curfew! It recalled Dublin, cold, foggy and under martial law, and the Irish,

rebellious, ignorant, and the crowd. "It is most annoying," he said. "You cannot remain?" "No, I must return to my hotel to finish my latest manuscript for publication in the morning."

"Very well. I shall call a hansom. Mix yourself a whiskey and soda. The decanter is there on the small table. I will return in a moment."

The two men descended the steps to the waiting hansom. The fog whisped about, broken here and there by small blotches of light and flurries of rain. It was a miserable night. A few words of farewell and the young man had entered the cab. A word to the huddled driver above, the cabby's shutter banged and the cab rushed off over the wet pavement. The rain continued to pour, its incessant patter sounding monotonously above the clatter of hoof on asphalt. The shutter above opened. "'Tis a damp night, Sorr," in a throaty brogue from the Jarvey. "My dear man, kindly close that trap," snapped the fare within, drawing his coat about him to escape the small gusts of rain and wind. The droning patter and the creaking continued, sounding doubly loud in the quiet streets. Again the shutter—"Where was it agin your worship would be goin'? Sure with the wetness of the night and the police——"

"To the ——— Hotel, my man, and *please* close that shutter."

"Yis, Sorr, yis, Your Worship, but the ———, is it? 'Tis a doubly bad night for me. To the ——— and the fare but a shilling! Sure, Sorr, 'tis my poor horse as must go widout oats this night, him as has been near devil a stand these four hours past. 'Tis not myself——"

"You shall have double fare, but close that trap," roared the exasperated man within the cab.

"A thousand thanks to you, Sorr. Now, isn't he the dear, good kind——"

"CLOSE that shutter!" interrupted the fare, glaring at the imperturbable Jarvey. The trap banged closed, deadening the praises of the driver to a murmur that was lost as the rain swished across the roof and streaming glass. A few more blocks and the cab entered the circle of a street light. The man within hurriedly consulted his watch. The hands stood at five minutes to the hour of nine. The fare was startled. The curfew would sound at nine. He was an Englishman, it was true, but he was without a pass and he would greatly dislike the embarrassment of identifying himself at a guard station or run the chance of a stray rifle shot from roaming bands of police. A gush of rain—that trap was open again. He raised an angry face to meet the merry eyes of the driver.

"Your worship has a pass? 'Tis near curfew an 'tis hard the damned perlice are wid the poor Jarveys if ye be a mite from your stand. Your worship is an Eng——"

"Will you close that roof?"

"Yes, Sorr; your pardon, Sorr. But the police——"

A few moments passed and then a nervous tapping on the top of the cab. The Jarvey opened the trap immediately.

"My good man, do the police patrol all avenues after curfew?"

"Deeds they do, the divils. 'Tis hard for a poor Jarvey to make a dacent living these beautiful days wid thim about wid their tanks."

"Can you make my hotel before the hour?" interrupted the man.

"'Tis a hard drive, Sorr, but we are a few minutes from there. Now two shillings——"

"Never mind the shillings. What would the police do if they were to find a hansom about after the hour?"

"Well, Sorr, if we be near a station, they'd stop us. But if a patrol they'd shoot, accident-like. But now two shillings——"

"Your shillings be damned! Would these men shoot without cause? Surely——"

"Would they shoot?" mocked the driver. "They're a hard lot, curse 'em. They'd shoot ye for the joy of banging their guns. Damn the country as sends 'em to——"

"Stop. I am an Englishman and——" The siren of the curfew sounded threateningly through the fog. "My God! Can you make my hotel? Are we near a station?"

"No station near here, Sorr. I can rush the hotel, but two shillings——"

"You shall have ten, but make the hotel quickly, you robber." The slide cut short the Jarvey's answering chuckle and the horse leaped forward to the touch of the whip and the cluck of the driver.

"The scoundrel," muttered the fare, as the cab careened around a corner and settled down to a fast pace over the pavement. "He is of the crowd. Mercenary devil! Would disregard a man's safety to quibble over a shilling. That is the measure of their emotion, a shilling. They are too close to their cab, their horse and their mean daily life to appreciate any higher things—consideration, thoughtfulness. If I only had a——" A shot rang out.

"My God!" exclaimed the passenger, as he snuggled into a corner of the cab. The shutter grated open. "Never fear, Sir," above the rush of the horse and cab. "They has a car, but I can shake 'em." The horse bounded forward, as another shot sounded, followed by a hoarse cry of "halt!" The fare hammered loudly on the shutter, "My God! stop." "Not now, Sorr," from the huddled figure in the driving seat. "Sure, they'd shoot me, Sorr, for not being shot at the first crack and by accident." The cab wheeled around a corner on one wheel and rattled up a side street. For five minutes the cab raced at breackneck speed, making corners at dizzy angles, but the fare had thought only for the car behind. "Are we escaping? Shall I make my hotel?" "You will kindly shut up, Sorr. They are in the side street behind," yelled the

Jarvey, and still the chase continued. Suddenly the speed slackened and they were running parallel to what appeared a long, high stone wall. The street was dark save for a few scattered street lights and here and there the wall was broken down by narrow slits of windows heavily barred. The speed continued to slow down, until the cab had come to a halt. A moment, and another, the hansom stood there. The fare could refrain no longer and hammered violently on the slide. It slowly moved back.

"For heaven's sake!" he cried in a panic; "what are you stopping for?"

"'Tis the prison, Sorr," came the hushed answer; "'tis here the six poor boys were kilt this morning because they loved poor Ireland. 'Tis here my Mary and the children came to pray with the sad people. And I have gone this day with nary a prayer in my heart for the dear lads."

He paused. Far down the street came the hushed rush of the pursuit and a shot rang out. The fare in his terror hammered the top of the cab, but the driver continued his prayer, muttering his "Hail Mary." Another shot, the silent driver was galvanized into life.

"The damn perlice," with a look behind, "damn 'em an' the likes as sends 'em. But the poor, dear lads! They were brave and they loved Ireland, God bless 'em." He slammed the shutter in the scared and wondering face of the English passenger as the cab gathered momentum, swept into a side street and was lost in the mist before the raging police could reach the prison gate.

"Two shillings, Sorr. 'Twas a hard drive and the poor horse, Sorr, sure he must have more fodder as to-morrow will be a hard day after this night's chase. And begging your pardon, Sorr, for what I may have said against the perlice and England; sure, 'twas a hard moment, your worship."

The fare scowled. He stood before his hotel, impatient to reach its sheltering door and in his relief raging against the insolent Jarvey.

"Here are five shillings. I have a mind, my man, to report you for your impertinence and your rebellious remarks. I——"

"O! 'Tis all right, Sorr," as the Jarvey mounted his box. "A good night to you, Sorr."

The passenger gazed after the cab until it dashed around a corner and was lost.

"The fool! Insolent, flattering, mercenary. What can they know of the great things of life? Well for them that they have English culture and England to protect them."

He was gone into his comfortable hotel.

* * *

But, I ask you, which was the fool?

Arnold and His Age

J. G. Powers, '21

New ideas are slow to effect the national conscience and are long in becoming a force in moulding public life and manners. They are like the waters falling from great heights that slowly seep through strata upon strata of earth to swell the great underground rivers which flow beneath the earth's surface, ever ready to burst forth in violent geyser or spring upon the peaceful countryside. So the ideas that sway men's lives fall from the rarified heights of genius to permeate class upon class and generation upon generation until they swell the hidden currents of common conviction, hence to rush to the surface to disturb the calm of a century. Like the plays of natural forces, violent at their point of eruption, these new ideas lose their fierce and destructive character in dispersion and a sterile or stunted civilization, like the barren countryside, gains new life from the wholesome flood. From the genius of the Greek came democracy to permeate civilization upon civilization until the powerful undercurrent of humanity's conscious longing for this ideal had become a mighty hidden current underlying life and ever ready to burst forth. At length its tremendous power was unleashed to break forth in a French Revolution and a World War to disturb the outward calm of two centuries. But this great idea, which rocked political custom, did not subside in a swirling eddy about fallen governments but swept on and over all institutions and principles, leaving its lasting impress everywhere. Democracy was that Individualism that has proven an abiding influence upon the thought of all people. It has lost the violence of its first outbreak but remains a power which if unleashed spell destruction, which if curbed shall bring about fertility, progress. Democracy's turbulence shall be felt until it has lost itself in universal conviction and has felt the restraint of law. The same is true of individualism as the complement of Democracy. In this gradual assimilation there must be a powerful directive agency, a limiting resistance, to turn the flood into its proper channels, there to find its way to all. The calm, unchanging and stern check upon the unrestrained Individualism of our day is Arnold.

In late Victorian times Arnold was the embodiment of a new ideal seeking to offset a lawlessness in literature that had almost become a prejudice and an obscession. The doctrines of Individualism were rapidly obscuring sane standards and liberty threatened to descend to license. There was need of some influence to stay

the disastrous flow of exaggerated Individualism and to introduce a saner note in English literature, for in literature alone was to come a return to true cultural standards. And to Arnold fell this task, nor was his field of action limited nor his importance exaggerated in his confinement to literature. When we consider literature we are dealing with national thought and philosophy at its source and in its strongest medium of propagation. It is the unfailing exponent of new thought and ideals and by its nature gave the strongest expression and indication of the individualism of the last two centuries. In the novel of Arnold's day the trend of this spirit was most pronounced. The novelist of the Victorian Age stamped the novel with the impress of personality. In the novels of Dickens, the types created are but mannikins clothed in his own sentimentalism, his vanity, all his weaknesses and strengths of soul. In George Eliot's works the situations, at times, do not accord with the mechanics of plot, but seem to hinge upon the logical development of a pet philosophy. These marks are not blemishes, nor do they detract from the power of the authors, but they demonstrate a new radicalism in literature. This individualism is to be expected in the novel but only in so far as it reflects the degree of conviction in the race, for the novel is the portrait of national life and must picture all the social forces if it is to be true. This does not, however, admit an author's right to preach personal philosophy in defiance to authority. In poetry and in the essay much the same condition existed. It is Lamb's personality that enhances his essays. In his hands the informal essay was a paradox; it was dangerous and constructive. Lamb's peculiar genius is responsible for the constructive element but his style of writing in less gifted hands would have been a hopeless failure. The dangerous character of his writing was the absolute dominance of personality. He was saved by the grace of genius and the sanity of a master builder, but he gave example to mediocre talent that could not but result in much trash. In poetry Byron still held sway over the popular mind and his revolutionary and iconoclastic tendencies were leading men into paths where only genius could tread without being lost in nonsense. The literary genius of the age had ceased to be true leaders along the high road of truth, but was treading down barriers and wandering into forbidden paths where men could not safely follow. Chaos was threatening national thought and idealism because intellectual leaders were too fervent in the experimentation of their peculiar genius and did not brook the restraint upon the teachers. Arnold saw the play of these great forces acting and interacting without order because they cast aside the universal for the particular canons of conduct. And he saw but two remedies—man must either be raised to a common level or educated to accept definite principles, established by the intellectuals of the race since its conception. He labored to subject self, for the individualism of the day must be suppressed

or made to accept restriction, if culture was to be regained. From the literature of the race he isolated those canons of truth that the centuries had sanctioned; from the ancients he drew again the lessons which had guided the first great minds of the people and to which genius had attached sanctions. These principles he embodied in his own writings, for, like the true reformer, he sought to live the doctrines he preached. All literary production must recognize a certain standard of excellence, therefore he must subject his own thought and style to the test. As a result he sought at all times to conform to law and to suppress self. There is an element of restraint and studied technique in his writings that are the result of conviction, which account for his singular position in literature. his disfavor with the public and the unpopularity of his ideals.

Arnold's great contribution to the writings of the Victorian Age and these, the opening years of the twentieth century, was his ideal of education. It is this principle which brought him into conflict with his age and its philosophy because he believed education should rest primarily in authority and that it was losing its constructive and cultural value under the heightened liberalism and individualism of the age. Education, he taught, was the development of man's highest faculties. It gives the imagination and the intellect limitless possibilities of expansion and exhaustless capacity for beauty. It directs the will in the pursuit of good, for it alone can teach the will what is good. But man must attend to the spiritual experiences of others and must not disregard the intellectual, spiritual and emotional values which genius has found to be true and which the experience of the race has taught to be true. If the individual is permitted to become a law unto himself, to measure all life and its problem by that law, if established standards, tried by time, are subjected to arbitrary selection and interpretation, then our educational ideal is far from profitable. Our emotions are based on character and if character is a matter of prejudiced formation our emotions cannot be good and their influence wholesome. They are good to the degree that the thought in which they are grounded is capable of high idealism, but to insure idealism there must be established principle and recognized authority. These principles and this authority Arnold sought to give England and English thought by striking down individual judgment, fraught as it was with bias and personal emotional and intellectual limitations. He came in conflict with the leaders of thought and with the public. Arnold, it may be said, struck the deathblow to the unwarranted overenthusiasm of the public for Byron. Byron, he said, was bad because he was a rebel against constructive idealism and led men astray by holding up false ideas of beauty and truth. Byron would recognize no limit save his own egoism. Keats and Shelley, his associates, were of purer esthetic appeal because they were more lyrical. The true lyric spirit was the spontaneous

expression of emotional elation which truth alone could inspire. These poets found beauty in the ancients and in the Grecian philosophy of the beautiful and therefore had a higher ideal before them than mere self. Arnold's essay on Grey sums up his views on poetry, ideas foreign to the fevered and ceaseless ramblings of Byron and the analytic coldness of the age of Victoria. Grey sought retirement and found truth in the repose of classical study, a repose like to Wordsworth's sojourn in the Lake Country and quite foreign to the skeptical calm of science.

Arnold was less pronounced in his stand on the novel. His critical endeavor in this field is limited to his general criticism of literary movement and principles. He could not write a novel because of the technique of the novelists of his day. The purpose of the novel is to portray and to reform the world by showing its nonconformity to social, economic, religious and political principle, whose permanence have been established by their survival of successive civilizations. The novelist should not seek to remodel the world to suit his or her particular plan of philosophy. In this regard Dickens, who sought reformation by exposing evils, was superior to Eliot, who sought to remedy human ills by a complete change of basic principle. Nor was Arnold retroactive. He was not opposed to progress, in fact, he most earnestly sought it. But the teachings of Victorian leaders of thought should be tried by the long standing and tried criterions of social and religious or moral action and that which survived the test be proffered man. New thought which did not sustain such a test, and could not, was faddish and pernicious because of its lack of sincerity.

By virtue of his ideal Arnold was an essayist. The essay became a forceful weapon in his hands to strike at exaggerated individualism in public life and in literature secondarily. He believed true English culture on the wane and he attributed this decay to what he styled Philistinism. The spirit of Philistinism was heightened individualism, the right each one reserved for himself to establish personal conviction as a criterion of excellence in all fields. Man did not recognize literature as the universal teacher. There were no standards of excellence in thought and style, but thousands upon thousands of degrees of excellence, all unstable and vaguely determined and all based upon individual capacity to feel and appreciate. We can readily see the blighting effect of this situation, for what one man thought literature might be drivel to another. This was Philistinism in the field of letters. It led to skepticism because it fostered the scientific spirit, which scoffed at the ideals of ages.

Idealism is founded in truth and interpreted through nature because nature is objective beauty and the guide to subjective truth, therefore a means to idealism. Science would make it the end of all things and in changing the end of beauty would debase it because it robbed it of the beauty of its Author, which it reflected,

and left it but material. As a consequence man was becoming material, as his commercialism demonstrated. Arnold fled this view and returned to the old poets and philosophers. He taught an olden teaching but to a new people and he suffered by its strangeness and incompatability. But we can say that Arnold aided not a little in furthering the idealism of Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, the spiritual return to authority.

Today we are reaping the whirlwind of the exaggerated individualism of the last century. All the barriers are down and modern writers, well read in the philosophy of license, ride roughshod over every traditional canon and principle of literary technique. Personal opinion and emotion, they style it temperament, are the canons of twentieth century criticism; the individual is the last court of appeal in poetry, drama and the novel. We have free verse and the modern ultra-sentimentalism and vitiated public taste as a reward. It is an iconoclastic libertism that only the exceeding cleverness, not the solid genius, of a great number of our literary men has saved from downright insipidity. The thought of Arnold and his contemporaries failed to close the flood gate at the beginning of the century but their influence is gradually asserting itself and the flood is subsiding. This voice crying to us from the last century should and will bring us to literary repentance. Old standards of true beauty are gradually bringing men from the by-roads of sensualism, sensationalism, and downright foolishness because these ideas mean a high idealism. Arnold is a silent but irresistible force which militates ever against literary license and which shall some day bring us to sanity.

Arnold led a long life of literary mortification. He suppressed his lyrical thought, not because it was censurable, but because he feared it would swerve him from the path of duty. Public opinion and appreciation were alike indifferent appeals to him, hence he feared no criticism. He demonstrated his fearless championship of authority in truth and beauty by his bitter denunciation of Byron, the idol of a public. In Byron's subjection of thought and poetic dignity to egotism and in the public's enthusiastic response he saw the spirit he warred against and he sprung to the attack with total disregard of favor. But though Arnold was a pedant, though he denied his genius the liberalism of the day, he could not suppress the poetic within him. We find in his work little touches of lyric freshness that warm the cold theme as only the intensity of poetry can. We cannot but admire this unselfish adherence to principle. This distant man denied, in his destiny, the lyric beauty of expression he craved, bending himself to his thankless task, arouses our admiration, but an admiration wherein is the saving grace of pity and gratitude.

"We are here because we want to perpetuate the love we have for the College."—Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84.

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Proproganda

The most misunderstood word in America today is "proproganda." This situation is due in a large measure to a more or less general practice of suiting meaning to circumstance. A few years ago when this country became actively engaged in war with Germany, proproganda was a term of ill-omen. It epitomized frightfulness, poisoning of wells, sinking of passenger vessels, circulation of anti-Allies literature, and all the malpractice of German agents. But people failed to see and leaders neglected to point out in the counter attack, in anti-German speech, pamphlet, and journal the germ of proproganda. The public accepted the current definition and the term became odious, an expression of intrigue, espionage and perversion of justice. This mistaken conception has survived the war and is rampant in public speech today. Men are not ready to accept the true influence of proproganda as a means to an end. Proproganda is a powerful agency, a necessary instrument in the formation of public opinion. Let us accept it as such and judge it in the light of the end it would accomplish and not the accidental

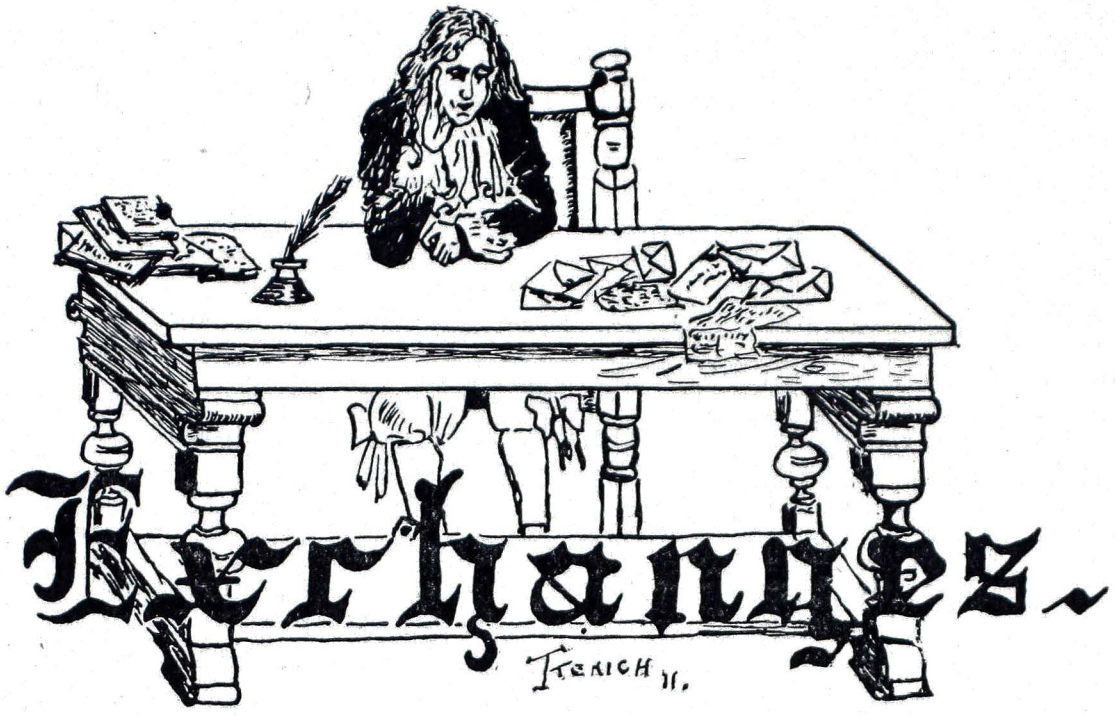
and erroneous connotation it has come to receive. If proproganda, for proproganda it was, brought us to a sense of our duty in 1917, let us be consistent in our stand today. The public press and certain of our "enlightened" citizenry make stock of this warped conception of proproganda. Let the name of Ireland be mentioned today and these champions cry "Proproganda!" for they may rest secure in the antagonism this much abused expression can arouse. But what of their own means? It is proproganda and proproganda of the vilest kind, akin to Junkerism, when judged in relation to the end it would accomplish. They do not seek true Americanism for do they not seek to blind America to her established principles of justice and democracy? Did not German influence seek the same end in 1914-1917? Agitation in the interest of Ireland is proproganda but it aims to re-establish American ideals in American government and public life. Its opponents seek to hoodwink America and terrify the American people. They appeal to greed, smug national security and fear of consequences, certainly not high appeals.

In Memoriam

A great churchman and a fine patriot is dead and his Church and his Country have paid him the last tribute of love and respect. He has bequeathed to his people an example of a life well spent that cannot but inspire men for all time to acts worthy of religion and of country. Cardinal Gibbons was the living embodiment of Catholic idealism. In his long life of unselfish service to his fellow men he did more to teach man the intimate, necessary union of religion and of patriotism than any man of his day. To the members of his Church he was a zealous pastor, who bent every talent and every energy to their religious advancement. His life and works were a living refutation of the bigoted cry of their enemies that a man could not be a good Catholic and a good citizen. But not to the Catholic people alone did he leave a precious heritage but to all Americans. To all progressive movements he bent all his influence and prestige. To the solutions of the problems of this country he brought foresight, judgment and charity and the leaders of the people listened respectfully to his words. He taught men the golden lesson of morality in everyday life and its difficulties, that man must turn to God and religion for the ultimate adjustment of economic and social problems. He proved to America that intimacy between God and man was not a beautiful theory, an impossible ideal, or even a weakness, but eminently practical and natural. America can ill afford to lose the strength and the guidance of this man in these times when justice and charity are so little regarded. The Catholic Church in America has lost a valiant heart, a versatile mind and a saintly soul, to inspire her in her fight against bigotry and social persecution.

Convention of A. A. R. I. R.

The average American is inclined to look upon the general run of conventions with philosophical indifference, save, perhaps, for the conventions of the great political parties. A few short weeks ago, however, one of the most remarkable gatherings in the history of American public life convened in Chicago—the convention of the six thousand delegates of the American Association for the recognition of the Irish Republic. Not as eloquent as some of the great conventions, perhaps, for the men who met there came for no purpose of self-advertisement or oratorical display; not as tumultuous as our great political meetings, perhaps, but more representative for the delegates who listened and acted there were the embodiment of the stern opinion of over a million people, yet, withal, a demonstration whose influence shall be long felt in our modern life. It was not the scurry and excitement that attends large throngs, not the thunderous applause of a packed convention hall, not the usual rumors and hushed whispers of secret meetings of leaders that characterized this convention, but a stern determination and a dispassionate weighing of facts, as typified by the leaders of the meeting. When Mr. Martin, the head of the World War Veterans, rose and pledged the support of that body, four hundred thousands strong, to the Irish Cause as a matter of principle and Americanism, he indulged not in the oratorical possibilities of his theme but in simple, unaffected speech voiced the sentiment and conviction of his organization in no uncertain terms. The great Father Peter York, the Hon. Joseph Scott and Mr. John Fitzpatrick, the voice of Church, People and Labor, did not bandy words. They knew what their people wanted and they gave expression to these demands without equivocation, flattery or nonsense. And what of Miss Mary MacSwiney and Mr. Donal O'Callahan? They breathed a new national spirit. They did not beseech, but stated their case simply, as the representatives of one sovereign people to another. When will America realize the absurdity of vacillating? When will she see and feel the force of this idea, Irish Freedom, in her public life? When shall she accept this culture, not alien, but apostolic, calling not only for the vindication of Irish honor but American as well? One million of her people have spoken. Thousands of her defenders have demanded the re-establishment of those principles for which they fought, in American politics and life. Too long have the American people permitted the slanderer and the hypocrite to lead her to the villification of a people who would give her liberty, true liberty, in the realization of Irish nationhood.



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

The College Spokesman

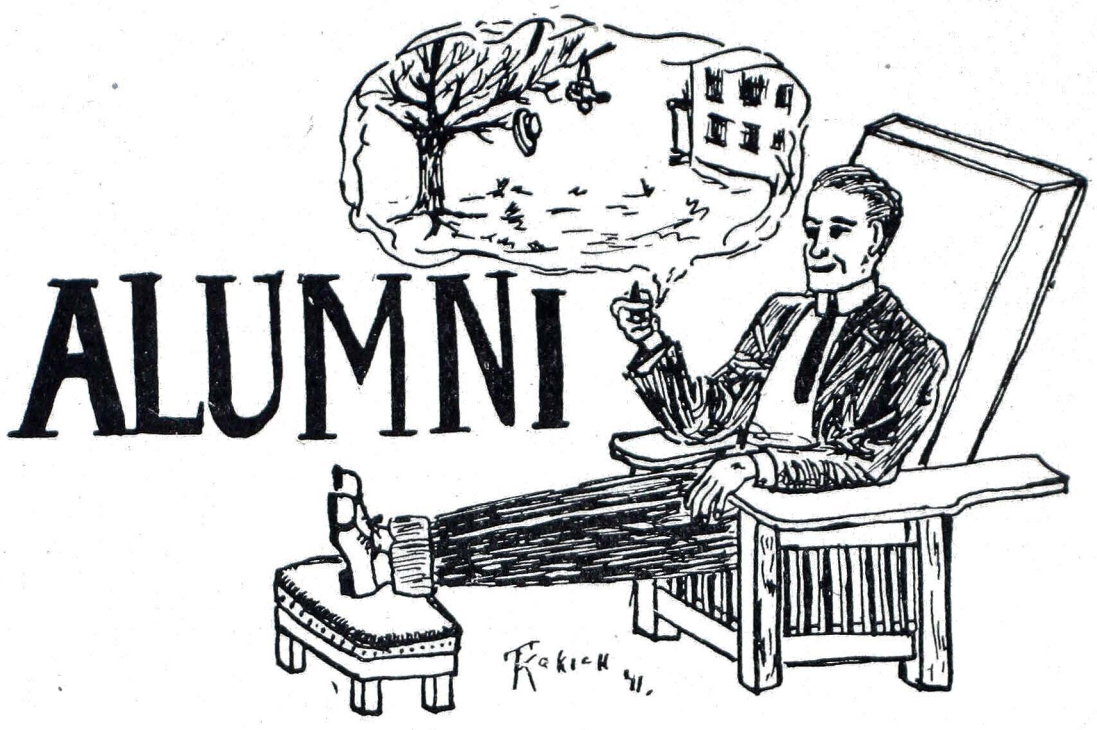
The March number of the *College Spokesman* is replete with good college literature. "Morality and America" discusses how our government came into being and how long it will remain if it continues to offer incense to the god of wealth, to deify the pleasures of sense and to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage by establishing what the author calls "an independent morality." The thought is timely and well brought out but the article should not be spared the criticism of too many preludes before the main topics are reached. "Charles Dickens, Humorist-Satirist," traces the evolution and development of the learned Englishman's sense of humor and satire. It evidences great erudition and undoubtedly voluminous reading, for the study of all the works of Dickens is indeed ambitious, if not voluminous. It seems, however, a more intensive study of these qualities as found in those more widely read books—Oliver Twist, David Copperfield and Martin Chuzzlewit —would appeal to a larger field of readers. The style must be commended for its ease and graceful transition from topic to topic. "Too Late" is merely a series of instances and is as a consequence weak in plot. The O. Henry twist at the end is laudable as an attempt, but hardly credible. "Scared to Death" is more interesting and more skillfully handled than "Too Late," but it suffers from detail, especially in the establishment of motivation. The poems evidence an enthusiastic following of Pope and Dryden at Columbia.

"Spring Tithes" is graced by much splendid imagery, but "A Query" intimates a mind capable of a clear interpretation of the beautiful. Success to you, *Spokesman.*

The April number of the *Exponent* is characterized by its well balanced order and type of matter. "Keats" is intended to be an appreciation of the poet's genius. The gifted writer seems to misunderstand what constitutes real genius but makes up for his misunderstanding by a pleasing versatility of style. "A Poet's Dream" is a delightful tale of a girl poet who thought she would become famous in the far off city but soon learned the old lesson. The sympathetic tone of the style exceeds the quality of the plot. The ending is traditional. "America! Are You Awake?" deserves to win first prize in any college oratorical contest. The writer is eloquent and elegant in his denunciation of England's brutal treatment of Ireland. It is a well recognized fact that the world will never be at peace until might ceases to be right, and in that adjustment the nation to be given first consideration is downtrodden and persecuted Ireland. "The Inexorable Law of Life" contains much philosophical discussion to permit any burst of eloquence; it is more of the formal essay type. You have our compliments, *Exponent.*

St. Vincent College Journal

A high tone of thought reverberates throughout the April number of the *St. Vincent College Journal.* The setting and characters of "The Judge's Gratitude" are well developed. The solution is clever and unique. "Shall We, Too, Pass Them By?" is a timely appeal to generous-hearted America to deal charitably with the ravaged war towns of Europe. The style surpasses the ordinary style so prevalent in college journalism. "Enter, the Woman in Politics" discusses woman's position in the political world now that she has the vote. The author possesses meager insight and foggy forethought. There is a slight possibility of the establishment of a "Male and Female Party" when the public opinion of the world is gradually but surely breaking down the double code of morality that has been existent. When all people live according to the same high rules of conduct there is little chance of a "sex" party. As for woman's purported fickleness of judgment, why condemn a whole class for the shortcomings of a few? What if Miss Rankin fainted when she cast her vote for war? Even Nero wished he had never learned to write when asked to sign his first death warrant, but he became accustomed to it, too accustomed, in fact. The courage of man in the performance of duty has never excelled that of the so-called "weaker sex." "Lead Kindly Light" is an excellent interpretation of Cardinal Newman's famous poem. Always welcome to our sanctum, *Journal.*



DO NOT FORGET!!!
WHEN?—MAY 30TH.
WHERE?—YOUR ALMA MATER.
WHY?—YOUR HOMECOMING.

Your Alma Mater is happy in the thought of your return and is making preparation for your coming home. Come and renew again the old acquaintances of the past; pledge again the friendships of your college days; spend a few carefree hours at the old school.

The zealous labor and lifelong yearning of another son of Viator have been rewarded. On the twenty-eighth of March John A. Bradoc was elevated to the Holy Priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Thomas Lillis, D. D., in the little chapel of Loretta Academy, Kansas City, Missouri. Father Bradac celebrated his First Holy Mass at Sacred Heart Convent, Springfield, Illinois, on Sunday, April the third. Father Bradac made his High School studies at St. Viator College and completed his college course at Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D. He completed his theological studies at Kendrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri. THE VIATORIAN takes great pleasure in extending the heartiest good wishes of faculty and student body to this young Levite and to wish him every blessing in his ministry.

On April 10th, Mr. Alphonse Houde, H. S. '13, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Loretta Boucher. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Surpenant c. s. c. at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Mr. John B. Liston, H. S. '15, spent a few days at the College recently. John has been in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. since his graduation and save for a brief space given to fighting the "Doitch" has been located at their Chicago offices.

Walter Clifford, '10-'12, spent a few pleasant hours at the College amongst old acquaintances. He reports that he is at present affiliated with his father as a structural engineer with offices at Valparaiso, Ind.

A postal card from Jimmy McGarraghy, H. S. '18, found its way into our sanctum recently. The good Jimmy spent a goodly number of weeks in balmy Florida this winter. Miami augurs that Jimmy has the cheese market of Chicago pretty well in hand.

"Wee" Pat Meegan spent a few days with us and registered a complaint for his good friend, Gus Doyle. Gus will tell the world that he wields a mean scoop for the Pennsylvania and not the C. M. & St. P.

Rev. D. P. Drennen was recently appointed pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Marengo, Ill.

A few days after Easter, Fathers James Shannon, M. Sammon, J. Hayden and J. D. Sullivan were the guests of the Reverend President and Faculty.

Anthony O'Mahoney was a recent visitor. He was accompanied by his friend John Moynahan, for a number of years a student at Columbus College. Anthony is at present guiding the destiny of a tea business in Chicago. He is an ardent booster for the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic and is one of the leading spirits of his council.

Bill Roach and Frank Vonachen accompanied the St. Louis basketball team on a recent trip and had occasion to renew old acquaintances at Viator. Bill and Frank are doing well at the University and are high up in their medical studies. Bill reports that his old side kick, "Bolly" Dondanville, is still in the medics at Northwestern "U."

Among recent visiting clergy were: Rev. E. S. Dunne, Ottawa, Ill.; Rev. James Fitzgerald, Farmer City, Ill.; Rev. T. J. Bennet, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. E. L. Rivard c. s. v., Provincial of the Viatorians in America; Rev. James F. Ryan c. s. v., St. Viator's, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. McDavitt, Oak Park, Ill.; Rev. J. Mullen, Gibson City, Ill., and Rev. P. Parker, Dwight, Ill.

Among the St. Patrick Day visitors were Jack Dillon, Rich Kissane, John and Mike Broderick, who dropped in long enough to wish all the returns of the day.

Obituary

MR. JAMES RICE

It becomes the sad duty of The VIATORIAN to record within this column the untimely death, at Seattle, Wash., of Mr. James Rice, brother of the Rev. T. J. Rice c. s. v., Vice-President of St. Viator College. The news was all the more affecting to Father Rice as it came in the manner of a complete surprise to him. Mr. Rice, though always healthy and vigorous, failed to rally after a serious operation.

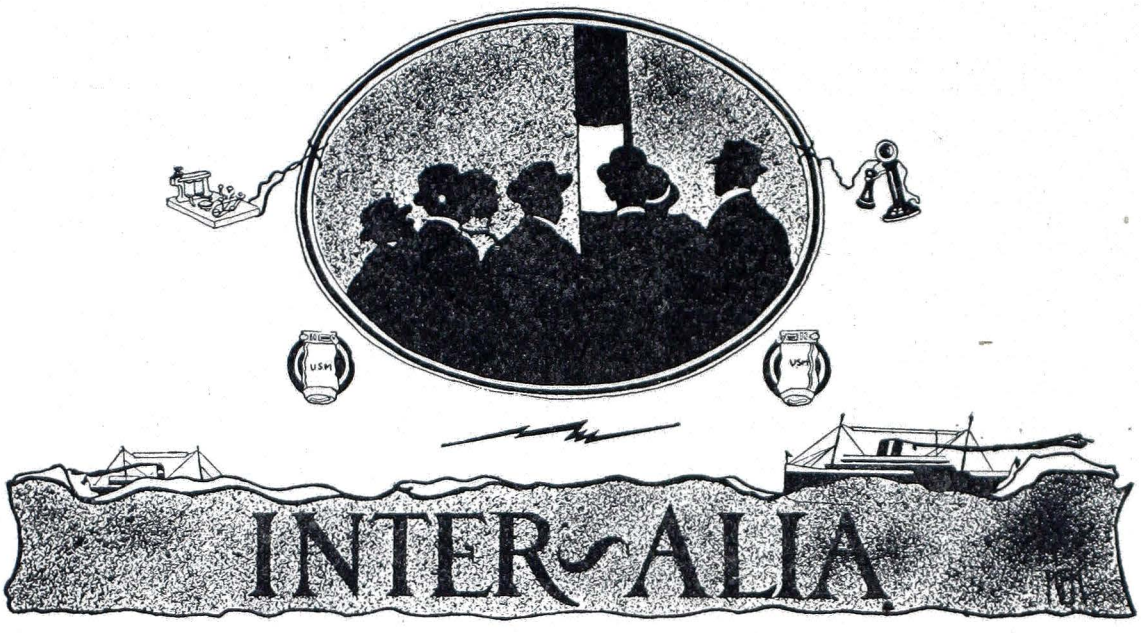
Young and ambitious, Mr. Rice with his wife and child had gone to Seattle some years ago and had prospered. A second child increased the happiness of the young couple—then God saw fit to call this devoted father and husband to Himself. The young Mr. Rice was a man possessed of the finest qualities. His was a solid faith first of all of the Good Catholic, a character built on the finest principles that made him a man, a pleasant and cheerful disposition that won him many friends, and lastly a heart of great capacity which made him an ideal husband and father. To Father Rice, his bereaved family, relatives and friends The VIATORIAN extends prayerful sympathy.

HARVEY LEGRIS

In the death of Mr. Harvey Legris of Bourbonnais, Illinois, St. Viator College loses a kind friend and benefactor. The death of Mr. Legris, who is well known to all the alumni, was sudden and unexpected and was a great blow to all his friends among the faculty of the college. Any word of praise we may speak is little in comparison with the noble life of this sterling Catholic gentleman. His life has always been the admiration of his friends; and his piety was remarkable at all times. Mr. Legris has been for years the conspicuous example of piety in Bourbonnais. His activity in promoting the affairs of the Church and his example as a perfect Christian will not soon be forgotten by his many friends at St. Viator. In his death we feel the loss of a faithful friend, a noble, devoted Catholic and a true gentleman. To his bereaved family and his many friends, THE VIATORIAN wishes to extend its sympathies. As in life he was a benefactor to St. Viator, so, in death, he shall not be forgotten and he shall be remembered perpetually in the prayers we daily offer for our departed friends and benefactors.

REVEREND ASCHILLE BERGERON

In the death of Father Bergeron, whose life was spent in a continual self-sacrificing and devoted service to God, St. Viator College loses one of its oldest and most faithful alumni members. All through his long life he was a true servant of the Master and in his death, regretted though it be, there remains that all-consoling thought that he was true to his high calling to the end. Father Bergeron was, for many years, pastor of Notre Dame Parish in Chicago, from which he resigned recently on account of illness. To the relatives and friends of this faithful friend and alumnus, THE VIATORIAN, in the name of all his friends here and in the name of the Alumni association, offers its sincerest sympathies.



"Among Other Things" which these pages are destined to treat of are those things of circumstance which will come to pass within the period intervening between the publication of this and the subsequent issue of THE VIATORIAN. One event of importance stands forth among these which will not bear only passing note. It is the coming of that great day when the boys of yesterday, now grown into manhood, will once again sport themselves about the campus where they were wont to roam in days gone by. Do you remember Billy So-and-So? Well, he is going to be here and he is anxious to see you. He has been inquiring for you through the alumni office perhaps and he is wondering what has become of you. Do you remember the time that you and he painted your class emblem on the tank? Do you remember the time when you and he got caught going down town and how you feared Brother So-and-So? Well, he is going to be here and so is Brother So-and-So, because this is going to be the greatest revival in the history of the college and they will all be here—if you're here. Are you going to leave a blank in the party or are you going to put away your business on the 30th of May and be here? Do you want to see a real ball team play ball; just as good as the one that you played on way back in ——? Well, if you do, come out and see them. We have a regular little ball team here and one that you will be proud to see in action, so come on down and don't be a back number. Come on! You're wanted and you're cordially invited.

THE SENIOR CLASS

At a recent meeting of the class of '21 arrangements for graduation were discussed. Mr. J. Glen Powers, president of the class, presided and appointed various committees on arrangements.

Without much discussion the Green, White and Orange of the Irish Republic were chosen as the class colors. The class motto was left undecided after a lengthy discussion. Mr. J. H. Newman was appointed class poet, Mr. Thomas Cavanagh was appointed class historian, Mr. John P. Lynch executor of the class will and Mr. Robert L. Russell, class prophet. It was agreed that the ancient and time honored custom of class day should be revived. A committee was appointed to have the invitations for the ceremony printed and distributed to the alumni members and the friends of the grads. Mr. Glen Powers, as president of the class, will deliver the valedictory. The bachelor orations have not yet been decided upon.

BANQUET OF THE COLLEGE CLUB

Amongst the many cares and worries of the college student there comes an occasional hour of respite when the erstwhile laborious duties of studying and attending class are put aside and he indulges himself in something of a lighter nature even though perhaps of a heavier quality. Such, at least, was the evening of the fourteenth of February, when the college department was regaled in its finery and spent a happy carefree evening in a grand and luxurious banquet given in honor of the men who have been laboring for us in the cause of our education. By right of his position as president of the senior class of 1921, Mr. J. Glen Powers presided over the festivities and introduced an excellent program of remarks and speeches, interspersed with an entertainment of a lighter vein, in the form of musical numbers. The event was a tremendous success and will go far toward promoting that spirit of fellowship among the members of the college department that the individual efforts of classes can never attain.

The program of the evening was as follows:

The College Club.....Mr. Thomas Cavanaugh, '21
A Vocal Selection.....Mr. Lawrence St. Amant, '24
Violin Duet....Mr. Thomas Brunnick, '22; Mr. Raymond Warner, '24
Breaking In.....Mr. Frank Lawler, '23
Relations Between Faculty and Student.....Rev. T. J. Lynch c. s. v.
Selections.....College Quartette
Mr. J. Ambrosius, '24
Mr. J. Connors, '22
Mr. W. Barrett, '24
Mr. V. McCarthy, '23
The Needs of the College Man.....Mr. Vincent McCarthy, '23
Passing the Buck.....Rev. G. P. Mulvaney c. s. v.
The Freshman.....Mr. J. R. Thompson, '24
Piano Selections.....Mr. W. H. Gibbs
Ad Libitum.....Rev. W. J. Bergin c. s. v.

"The oracles are dumb.
Fare ye well, sweet gentlemen.
And tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In accordance with ancient precedent, the feast of the great Irish saint and apostle was celebrated with fitting ceremonies on the 17th of March. The solemn high Mass was sung by the Right Reverend Monsignor Legris, D. D., assisted by Reverend F. E. Munsch c. s. v. as deacon and the Reverend E. Dunn as subdeacon. The sermon of the day was preached by the Reverend Stephen Mahon of St. Ann's, Chicago.

The afternoon program consisted of a military review under the direction of Captain Gilbert Burnett, director of military tactics at St. Viator College. The principal event of the day was the presenting of Rev. Harris J. Darche, the fighting chaplain of the 5th Marines, with the last of a series of decorations, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the reading of the citation which accompanied it. Father Darche has been honored with the decorations of every government that fought with the allies in the great war and the D. S. C. is the final honor which the United States Government has conferred upon him.

KEVIN BARRY

The memory of Kevin Barry, the young Irish patriot who was murdered last November by order of the British invaders of Ireland, has been perpetuated in a play written by Rev. F. A. Sheridan c. s. v. It has already been produced a number of times and has met with great success. The play was staged at the Majestic theater in Kankakee, Illinois, where it met with enthusiastic acceptance and appreciation and again in the Aryan Grotto, in Chicago, Illinois. It has since been produced by the Dramatic Club of St. Mel's parish in Chicago where it was no less successful. The play is a tragedy based upon fact which brings out very forcibly conditions in Ireland under the British invasion. The similarity between the cause of Ireland and that of the American colonies is remarkably well portrayed and cannot but appeal to all true Americans.

CAMP ST. VIATOR

For the benefit of many who have asked for information regarding Camp St. Viator, its purpose, location, advantages and requirements, we herewith publish some few details and we solicit the Alumni Association and friends of St. Viator College to lend their assistance in making this project a success in the future as it has been in the past.

Camp St. Viator was founded in the summer of 1919 for the purpose of providing a suitable place of resort for the Catholic boys of Chicago, to keep them off the streets during the summer and also to keep them away from the influences of the many other

resorts about the lakes which are under the direction of sectarian persuasions or private organizations and which, if they have no evil influence upon our boys, cannot have very beneficial results to the moral character of those boys.

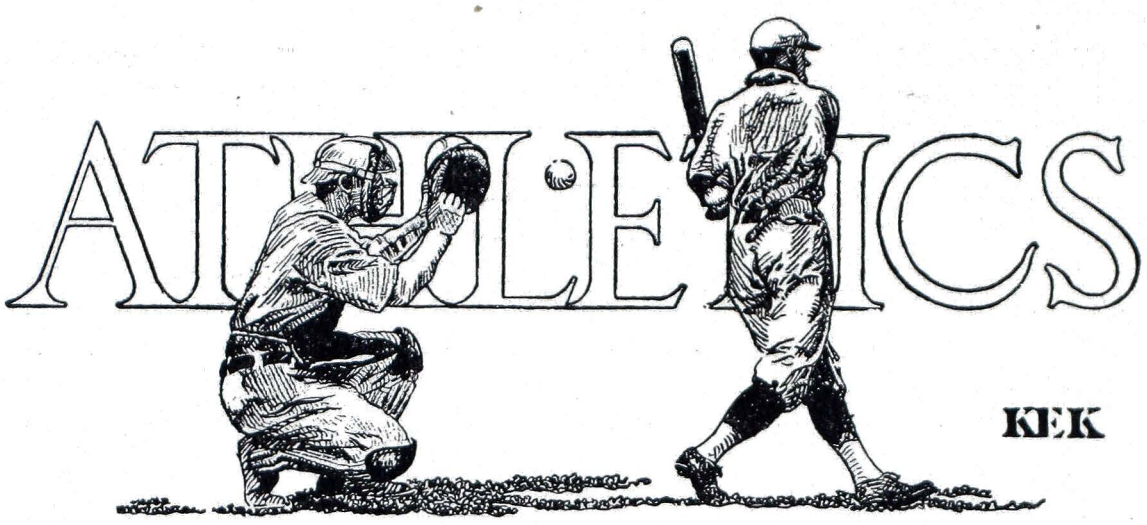
It is located but fifty-three miles from Chicago, convenient to the Illinois Central Railroad and to the Chicago-Kankakee Electric Railroad. The camp proper is situated one mile from St. Viator College, in a beautiful and historic stretch of woods, bordering the majestic Kankakee River and has all the advantages of the more remote camps without their inconveniences and their distance. Rich beautiful woodlands, winding natural ravines, streams and springs make up some of the natural attractions of the place. Fishing, swimming and boating, hunting and woods lore, under the direction of capable adult instructors and guides, together with campfires and the stories of adventure that are inseparable from such an atmosphere, life in tents and rich and plentiful food, the great prime essentials of a camp—these are some of its advantages.

The requirements of the camp are few: a bathing suit, an old suit of clothes and a lot of energy, these are the only essentials.

The camp is under the direction of Brothers A. Bracken and J. H. Newman and a fully capable staff of swimming teachers, life guards, guides and story tellers, all of whom are experienced and devoted to the cause. A resident chaplain will care for the spiritual needs of the boys and will celebrate mass daily under the canopy of the sky on a rustic altar erected on the crest of a hill.

The co-operation which has been received from the editors of the *New World* and Father A. L. Girard of St. Thomas the Apostle Church, Chicago, has made the camp a success in the past and we solicit the co-operation of all our friends and alumni as well, to enable us to extend its beneficial effects to as many of our boys as possible. The rates are designed simply to cover expenses of operation and upkeep and not to make it a financial proposition.

Have you a son, a friend, an acquaintance whom you would like to give the time of his life? Send him to Camp Viator. If you have not, would you like to help a worthy boy to get an outing? Send a check for ten dollars to Bro. A. Bracken c. s. v. and we will get the boy. There are many of them worthy enough but who are unable to pay. For further particulars write Bro. A. A. Bracken c. s. v., Rev. A. L. Girard, 5478 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, or Mr. Larimore, 1447 McCormick Bldg., Chicago, Harrison 4030.



At a recent meeting of the Athletic Board of Control, Varsity monograms and sweaters were awarded to the following members of the basketball squad: Captain Clancy, Bushell, Winterhalter, McCarthy, and Maclain. High school monograms and sweaters were awarded to the following members of the Academy basketball aggregation: Captain Doyle, D. Walsh, J. McKenna, Clancy and Heintz.

Immediately after the Easter recess Father Kelly issued a call for candidates for the baseball team. All of last year's champion aggregation reported in uniform. Captain MacLain will again hold down the middle section between the second and third way mark. Clancy is slated to grab all comers at the initial sack, and Winterhalter, a new man, will place at second as a running mate to Lyons, who will also share in the second sack honors. Barrett replaces Bushell, who will do the receiving, at the third stopover. Sweeney will dispense curves and varying degrees of smoke from the w. k. mound. Farrell, a new man, is a comer in the hurling honors and will do the honors with "Patrick." Connors, McCarthy, and Healey are again guarding the outlying section and L. Murphy, E. Murphy, and Jordan will also spend odd hours of the season in the same locality. The gang that landed the I. I. A. C. shield last season stands almost intact and from the dope should add another trophy to the collection in the trophy room. The infield needs no introduction to local fans and is the best collegiate first-line-of-defense in the middle west. The outfield is fast and sure under the bingles and sure death to long drives. Sweeney and Farrell will take care of the pitching department in grand style. Both men are fine performers in all the tricks of the pitching art and run neck and neck for premier honors. Bushell as catcher

gives the aggregation the last word in a sterling battery. The aggregation is a formidable one in handling the hickory. Connors is the "Babe Ruth" of the conference and Healey and McCarthy have a long-standing slugging record among the local opponents. Clancy is a sure man in the bingles and MacLain and Bushell are the finest pair of batting strategists developed here in many moons and have a varied and interesting collection of pitchers' goats. Jordan looms up as a hard hitter and a sure fielder, while L. Murphy and E. Murphy are close seconds.

A hard schedule has been arranged and the card calls for tussles with some of the strongest aggregations in the middle west. The schedule is not complete and will admit of change from time to time as new games are listed.

SCHEDULE, 1921

April 16—Crane College at Bourbonnais.
April 23—Lewis Institute at Bourbonnais.
April 26—Millikin University at Bourbonnais.
April 28—Chicago Y. M. C. A. College at Chicago.
April 29—Manchester College at Manchester, Ind.
April 29—Valparaiso University at Valparaiso, Ind.
May 3—Beloit College at Bourbonnais.
May 5—Bradley Polytechnic at Bourbonnais.
May 7—Notre Dame University at Bourbonnais.
May 9—Bradley Polytechnic at Peoria.
May 10—Millikin University at Decatur.
May 11—Rose Poly at Terre Haute.
May 17—Valparaiso University at Bourbonnais.
May 19—Lewis Institute at Chicago.
May 20—Knox College at Galesburg.
May 21—Augustana College at Rock Island.
June 1—Lake Forest at Lake Forest.
June 4—Knox College at Bourbonnais.

ST. VIATOR, 13—LEWIS INSTITUTE, 3

The team uncorked the schedule with a 13-3 victory over Lewis in eight innings. Bunching runs in the 1, 2, 6, 7th innings, an overwhelming score resulted. Farrell and Sweeney worked on the mound giving only 4 hits while their teammates gathered in 8. The visitors raised their tallies in the first inning.

ST. VIATOR, 10—AVIATION, GREAT LAKES, 0

Pitching airtight ball, Sweeney blanked the Aviation crew and we took the second win, 10-0. Four hits in the fourth netted six tallies towards the final count. Bushell and Clancy led with the stick, grabbing two hits apiece.

ST. VIATOR, 14—CHICAGO Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE, 1

The three-day trip was initiated with a 14-1 win over the Y. M. C. A. College of Chicago. Connors with three doubles and Farrell with a triple and two singles led the batting attack. Eleven stolen bases were credited to us and the outfit grabbed every break. Two hits were clouted off Farrell and Sweeney.

ST. VIATOR, 10—MANCHESTER COLLEGE, 0

The second tussle with Manchester College of Indiana resulted in another victory, 10-0. Farrell allowed Manchester five hits while his support piled up a count of 13. Clancy slammed a homer in the fifth session. McCarthy with three hits led the field.

ST. VIATOR VS. VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

The third game with the strong Valparaiso aggregation gave us our first defeat. Sweeney gave only 6 hits and pitched fast ball. The team suffered a batting slump and could not bunch their bingles for the winning count.

E. O'C.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

There was a great wrassler named Jawn,
Who wrassled from dusk until dawn;
His friends thought him great,
Their purse was his stake
Till ? threw him all over the lawn.

SEASON'S CALENDAR

April 27—Kurzy leaves off his sweater.
April 23—Lawler had his hair cut.
April 21—Cavanagh goes to Chicago.
April 22—Cavanagh still in Chicago.
April 23— " " " "
April 24— " " " "
April 25— " " " "
April 26—Powerful dope.
April 27—Cavanagh back from Chicago.
April 28—Cavanagh goes to Chicago again.

1st Stude: Why do the varsity wear spikes on their shoes?
2nd Stude: To keep their soles dry.

Spectator: What kind of a catcher have you this year?
Stude: Oh, a regular bushell-basket.

The fate of the Unions will be decided by the next issue.

Freshman: C'mon; les go to da woods.
Sophomore: Huh! Youse muss be crazy.
Junior: Naw; we ain't goin'.
Senior: Wher du youse get that stuff—woods?

Oh! I guess you wunt?

George A. Sullivan——

Little Merrylegs and Gingah will carry the master's cart.

Heard in the refectory—
Have some more gravy, Walsh?
Do help Mr. Thompson to some soup.
Mr. Barrett, will you have a few more patatoes?
Shove over that scuttle of tamatoes.

Rumor hath it that Joe Ambrosius is collecting cherry seed for his father's orchard. Very nice—huh, Joe?

A GRECIAN LILY!!!!!

Apologies to Sandburg—he drove us to it

A ripe banana, such lovely lemon yellow,
The worm gnawing its full meal.
Whilst a pale blue moon is overhead,
Laughing waters surging through the hydrant.
And mellow pumpkins wet with dew
Soon, so soon, too dreid with cooling winds.
Pretty dandelions—pretty flowers,
Shading little insects from the sun.
Ham and bacon, hanging high
Upon the kitchen walls. Cloudless skies
Dashing red, confusion purple with
A delicate pink.
And then it rained!

Our garden fair, all said 'twas fine,
The grass luxuriant thick, was green;
'Twas to be admired whenever seen;
But now, Oh! Gosh—there's nothing but a dandelion.

Just off the press:

"Toddle and Cake-Walk Instructions," by William Barrett.

"Nature and Its Relation to the Human Emotions," by Frank Lawler.

"The Call of the Silo," by Rich Finley.

"A Primer for Golf Beginners," by J. Aretry.

Ac. (very fresh): Come down to the refectory and we will Dynamite.

YOO-HOO, EDDIE!!!!!

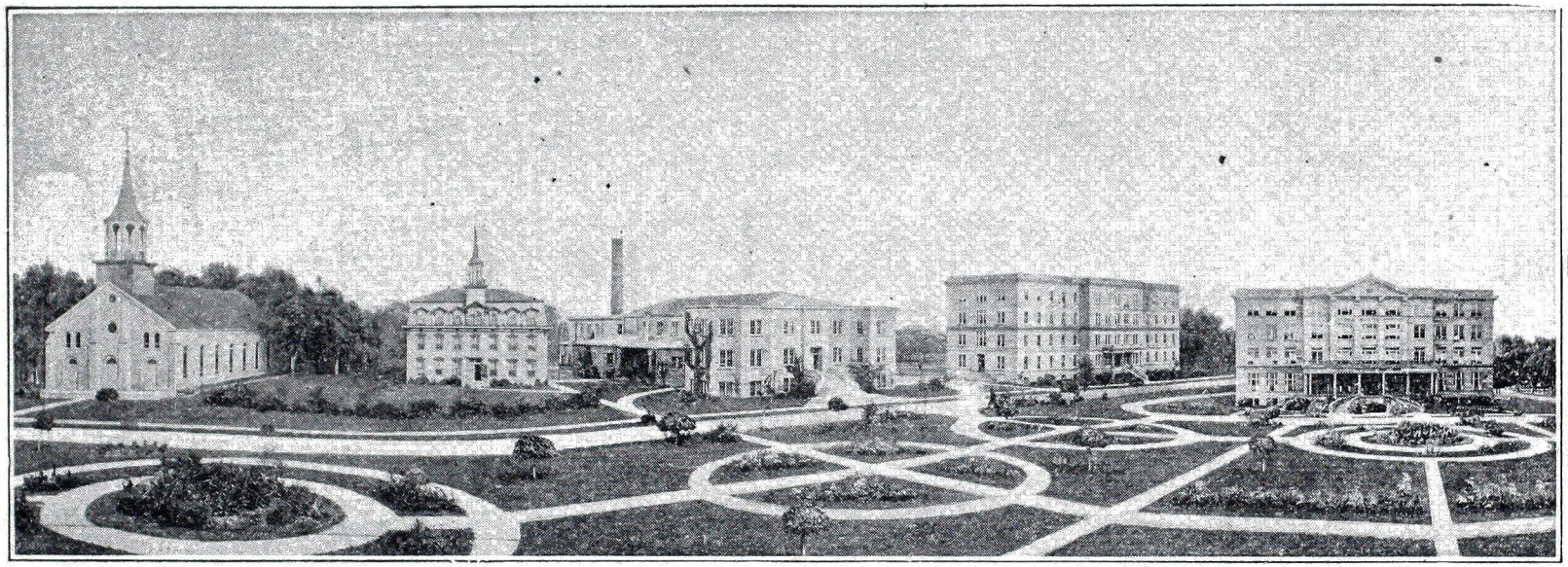
Our Advertisers Will Extend You Every Courtesy

This space reserved for names of Alumni who desire to contribute to our work in getting out the "Viatorian"

THE STAFF.

St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

A College for Young Men



A College of Recognized Standing

ESTABLISHED 1868

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE offers seven college courses leading to one or the other of the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Letters, Bachelor of Science in Biology, Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, Bachelor of Science in Mathematics, and Bachelor of Science in Economics.

CONNECTED with the College is St. Viator College High School, a well organized four-year high school in which the student may elect from seven distinct groups of studies the one best suited to his aptitude.

TO MEET the needs of those boys and young men who cannot attend the regular sessions of its School of Agriculture, St. Viator College has instituted a Winter Course. This year the course opens Saturday, November 13, 1920, and closes March 31, 1921.

RESIDENT students have four hours of study and four hours of recitation a day. An average of one teacher to every twenty pupils gives a splendid opportunity for individual work. The College invites the inspection of the public.

Address the REVEREND WILLIAM J. BERGIN, C. S. V., President of the College, Bourbonnais, Illinois