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FAC ET SPERA.

TEARS OF EASTER JOY.

Ah, Magdalen! The world doth weep with thee,
Tears of remorse and grief in hope distilled,
Our tardy tribute with repentance filled
Before His Tomb, a well of sympathy.
Yet list, a rapturous word of ecstasy—
“Mary,” ah sweetest greeting ever borne,
Our love has risen on this Easter morn.
Flow on, oh joyful tears of victory—
Our sighs to gladsome alleluias rise,
With angel choirs and souls redeemed to blend
In hymns of praise through glory without end,
Rejoice! The Crown of Grace for man is won
Now from the grave ascends God’s glorious Son,
His tomb become the gate to Paradise.—

W. C.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

That day Father Burns called—Father Burns of the parish church, St. Gabriel's. Mrs. Riley had sent for him to speak to her son, Gerald, who, I am sorry to say, was becoming an atheist in his views. On his (Father Burn's) arrival, Gerald was upstairs reading a book by the latest atheistic writer. When told that Father Burns desired to see him, he came slowly down and entered the luxurious sitting room where Father Burns was patiently waiting his coming. He was extremely polite to the priest, but when that person broached the subject of atheism his cheeks flushed slightly with anger. But he said quietly: "Father, I have considered this subject of the existence of a God thoroughly, and it is impossible for me to form the opinion you would desire; my reason rebels against the consideration of a Divine Creator. As I said before, Father, it is impossible for me to believe otherwise and if you would talk for all eternity it would not alter my decision in the least." Father Burns was extremely gentle with Gerald, whom he had known from his childhood, and endeavored in every way imaginable to bring this wayward lamb back into the fold. He was in truth, a shepherd leaving his flock in search of a lost sheep. But all the reasons and inducements of the zealous priest were unavailing. Gerald's heart remained steeled against all high sentiment and his convictions seemed inexorably settled in the wrong direction. At last the priest left, promising to come back again in a few days. Gerald went to his mother, who, upon the arrival of the priest, had left the room, and said to her: "Mother, I know what you would have me do; but, dear mother, it is not consistent with my reason, and I am sure you would not have me live a lie by joining a church whose fundamental doctrines I cannot believe." Saying this he left her. Some days after Gerald's departure, his mother called upon Father Burns, to ask him what she should do in the case of her obdurate son, who was so discouragingly fixed in his unbelief. "Pray," said Father Burns, "keep on praing for his conversion. The sweet unction of heaven descended grace alone can mollify the hardness you complain of

in Gerald. You need not be disheartened. Augustine was a worse youth than Gerald, and you know that St. Monica, his mother, never ceased during many many years to pray for his conversion. Besiege heaven with your prayers. Count upon my own humble ones. Really your afflictions afflicts me. But I am confident that your trial will end soon and that your patience will be rewarded." The woman went away comforted but only to meet another sorrow, for Edward, her youngest son, now took sick and was soon at death's door. When little Edward, Gerald's brother, became ill, Gerald was in New York city. On hearing of Ed's extreme danger he hastened home, reaching there just four hours before the poor lad's death. His mother meeting him at the door, silently wept in his arms.

"How is Ed, mother?" said Gerald, in anxious tones; and Mrs. Riley, in the accents of her deep and pitiful grief, answered him thus: "Gerald, your brother is dying." Gerald hastened at once with his mother to Ed's room and there gazed upon the still fair features of his young brother on which death was slowly writing its fateful decree. He looked up when Gerald entered and Gerald then noticed the sunken eyes, the cold sweat that had gathered around the lad's beating temples and his slightly flushed cheeks. He noticed too that the light of love that sprang from Ned's eyes, as they rested on him, had instantly given place to one of pain and a low moan involuntary escaped from Ed's mouth. "Gerald," breathed Ed, and a tender light spread over his features. Gerald said not a word, but falling on his knees by the bedside, he wept as if his heart would break. Ed, soon after this lost consciousness and did not regain it until an hour before his death. He then said: "Gerald, are you here?" "Yes," replied Gerald. "Gerald, is mother here?" "No, Ed," said Gerald, "but if you want her I will call her." "No, Gerald, I want to see you alone. Gerald, I want you to grant me one thing before I die—now don't say 'I can't,' Gerald, just to make me feel good—I know I am going away fast. And, Gerald, if you don't change that belief of yours, Mamma will not be long in following me. Oh, I know all about that thing, Gerald,—about you leaving the Church and believing in no God and all

that and I want you to promise me—and it's the last thing I ask of you, Gerald—I want you to try to believe in the teaching of our religion and to go to church with mother. Will you do this for me, Gerald?" and he looked up pleadingly into his brother's eyes to see the tears that Gerald was in vain trying to repress roll slowly down his cheeks. "Yes, Ed," Gerald said huskily and he left the room to recover his calm, which this sad scene had evidently destroyed. He returned to the sick room to find brother dying. He called his mother, who hurried down in time to hear the dying boy say: "Mother--good bye; Gerald remember your—promise".

Yes, Ed was dead; taken away in the budding of his youth by an All-knowing God, he was as gentle and resigned as any one could be; taken away to that far off land on the wings of angels to the blissful land of the pure. The mother's grief was inconsolable; Gerald took the blow in what appeared calm despair. Not once did he shed a tear, but the people who saw him instinctively knew how extremely he suffered. On the day of Ed's funeral and for the first time in five years, Gerald entered a church. On this day mass was celebrated for Ed and Gerald prayed thus beseechingly: "O God," said he, "if thou livest, give me the light of faith, not so much for my sake as for dear Ed's, who perhaps even now is enjoying thy sight in the everlasting kingdom."

Two days after this sad occurrence, Gerald was forced to go to Chicago, to represent the firm of Carnby and Company, of which he was treasurer in a suit for damages. Arriving in that city Gerald directed his steps to an hotel at which he always put up while in the town. To reach his destination, it was necessary for him to traverse a long dark street, whose reputation was not of the best kind. Though Gerald had never been molested while walking through it, yet each time he did so it was with some feeling of uneasiness. The night of his arrival was dismal one. No moon was there to pour her cold reflected light upon the darkened earth. The night was still. Not even a slight breeze would drive away the heat which the steady sun and shed during the day, while dark threatening clouds filled the

sky. This evening certainly did not brighten Gerald's spirits in the least. He had crossed an alley between the blocks and was proceeding when he was struck with some heavy instrument from behind with a force that sent him to his knees. It was with no little difficulty he arose only to find himself in the clutches of two fierce looking thugs. "For God's sake let me breathe," he managed to gasp, as one of them was proceeding to strangle him. "What did he say," asked the other. "Oh, he'd have you let 'im breathe for *God's sake!* but we are not in this business for God's sake, are we Billy? Ha! ha! ha- We 'uns 'ave ter hustle to get our money, we do. There ain't no God in our business, fellow!" Gerald by this time had recovered somewhat from the effects of the blow he received and began to fight off his assailants. "Give him the but of your gun, Jack," said Mr. Billy, "this is too rich a bird to let loose, we'll have to clip his wings." Then the man called Jack struck Gerald a blow that put him *hors de combat*. After relieving Gerald of his valuables the robbers fled leaving him senseless upon the ground. The policeman came, as policemen usually come, after the deed was committed and the perpetrators had made good their escape. On searching Gerald for identification, he found the name of John Morrison, a friend of his in the wounded man's card case. He at once had Gerald removed to Mr. Morrison's house. When Gerald at last regained consciousness, it was to find himself in a well furnished bed room, surrounded by a doctor, his friend John and John's mother. Gerald smiled gravely as he held out his hand to his friend who grasped it warmly. He asked John all about the circumstances of his unhappy accident and the cause of his being in John's house. The doctor put a stop to Mr. Morrison's answer by administering some medicine to Gerald which soon had the effect of putting him in a sound slumber. One week after his sad experience he was well enough to sit up. On that day, while reading the papers he was pained to learn that a friend of his (whom we will not name) had embezzled \$50,000 from a bank and was now in jail. In the paper was also a statement made by him concerning the crime. "On being asked by our correspondent," said the paper, "the motive for the

offence the prisoner said: "I believe that if I *can* do an act that will in any way benefit me, whether lawful or not, I may do it. I have long since ceased to believe that there is any moral power capable of restraining a man from accomplishing whatever nature has endowed him with the power to accomplish. Man is responsible to no church, to no God, and to no man but himself. etc. ect."

During the period of his recovery Gerald read very much. One time while searching for reading material he happened to pick up one of the many Catholic papers to which John was a subscriber. Glancing at the name he found it to be the New York Freeman's Journal. He sat down and glanced at first carelessly over its pages. Then with more attention he began to read. He was so interested in the editorials of that and the other Catholic papers John had collected that he read them all. Once again, while he and John were alone in the library, Gerald saw works in the book case which he knew would interest him very much. They were Fr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," and "Famous Answers." "What are these?" queried Gerald, holding up one of the books in his hand. "Why, that is something which will amuse you very much, I am sure. Our college professor often recommended those works to us as the best specimens of argumentative writing we could read. I love them all and certainly think they are strong refutations of infidelity." Gerald read the books very attentively and many things hard before for him to understand, were now clear as day. Belief was slowly dawning upon Gerald. On Friday evening John was surprised and delighted to meet an old friend of his and his father's, Father Dooley. This venerable priest had been a missionary for full thirty years and was now teaching theology in a Catholic college in the west. As a missionary, Father Dooley had achieved great success and in that capacity had seen the greater part of the Great Wild West. Gerald was surprised to find that, as the priest walked, his right leg would squeak. He was gazing askance at that member of the Father's anatomy when the priest happened to look at him. He colored; Father Dooley smiled, but said nothing.

After the good Father had gone John related to him the cause of the priest's affliction. Fifteen years before, Father Dooley had been on missionary work in Minnesota. One day during the intensely cold winter of these northern regions, Father Dooley had been called to administer the last sacraments to an aged Indian who was dying in a distant camp. Well provided he started out on his long journey through the bleak prairie and the thick woods. He was successful in finding the hut of the dying Indian whom he comforted both spiritually and physically, leaving him his own provisions. On his return homeward he was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm, that would not permit his horse to proceed. Soon the beast, overcome with cold, lay down in the snow, never to rise again; night came on the priest sought to make of the horse's body a rampart against the cold. But in spite of his skillful use of the dead beast the priest found in the morning that his right leg, more exposed than the other, was frozen. He could not move. There was not a living being in sight, though the storm had abated. Having given away his last crumb to the poor Indian, he was compelled to cut a piece of flesh from the horse's haunch in order to keep himself alive. Finally, the second day, he succeeded in attracting the attention of some Indians, who had ventured out after game, and was rescued by them and brought home where a doctor immediately cut off his leg. Father Dooley remarking merely that he was happy the ill accident did not happen while he was on his way to the Indian village, for then he would not have been able to help the poor Indian's soul. The loss of the leg he thought of very little; it was a means of sending a soul to heaven.

It was Sunday, and Mr. Morrison and his mother were preparing for church. Gerald went with them. During the two weeks of his sickness a great change had come over Gerald. He was trying in every way possible to believe in God and God's religion and his efforts were being rewarded. How solemn were the services that Sunday. How devout, the parishoners. The sweet sounding organ. The musical voices of the young in the choir. All these were impressive. At the middle of mass a

priest ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent sermon. God, on His goodness, His Justice, and His love. "He showed His goodness," said the priest in His forgiveness of our greatest offences, His Justice in not hesitating to punish the wicked, His love by dying on the cross for our salvation." It was a grand sermon a most convincing one. It was the ultimate determinant of Gerald's conversion. After mass was finished and the people had gone Gerald made some excuse to John and his mother and stayed in the church.

He thought of his dying brother, his promise to him and of the continual prayer of his mother that he might see the error of his ways. He recollected the story of the old priest, of the crime his former friend had committed. Then came to his mind with dazzling clearness the falsity of the infidel position as shown by Father Lambert. It is clearly untenable. He thought of the ruined lives of many of those who have no belief or hopes of an after life and he resolved once again to be a member of the true Church. That night he went to confession to the parish priest, and at once left for his home. The suit had been decided in favor of the Company during his illness. On his way home he thought of the holy joy he would cause his mother by accompanying her to church Easter Sunday, just one week away. Arriving in New York he took the train on the next morning for B-----, where he lived. In due course he reached his home. Rushing up the stairs to his mother's room, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Then he said, "Mother I have brought with me a little Easter gift for you. It is my old self, dear. I am once more a Christian in my belief. It is your prayers, mother, and dear Ed's that have with Jack's aid let me see my error."

Easter Sunday was a beautiful day. Nothing seemed to mar the happiness of anyone. The sky was clear. The sun was not once hid by clouds. Nature was once more bedecking herself in the velvet green the winter had stolen. On this morning Gerald and Mrs. Riley went together to the little village church and together communicated. As the Divine Bread was placed on Gerald's tongue and sent its healing balm to his heart an

ineffable feeling of joy illumined his face and he uttered to himself, "Oh why, sweet Jesus, did you ever let me doubt?"

JAMES COOK, First Rhetoric.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

There is nothing which affects man more vitally than right education. It embraces his whole being, physical, intellectual and moral. It makes for the harmonious development of all the latent capabilities of his nature. No system of training which is less comprehensive than this in its scope, deserves the name of complete education. This is the ideal which all great educators seek to realize, so that man may attain the beautiful symmetry, the majestic proportion, the adequate perfection of which his nature is capable. The subject is so vast, so comprehensive, so many-sided that it were little short of folly to attempt to embrace in its whole extension in the compass of a brief oration. We will therefore confine our attention to a single phase of the subject. Ours shall be the humble task of determining the part athletics should occupy in college education.

For several years athletic sports have been coming more and more into prominence among the students of American colleges and universities, until at the present time they are even competing for the place of highest importance upon the college role of honor. When kept in their proper relation to the work of the school, athletics should be discouraged in no way, but, when the man who can kick the highest, or that one who can jump the farthest on field day is considered worthy of the highest honor in the power of the institution to bestow, then I assert that these sports are transgressing their proper limits and should be brought within their own scope. So long as their is uppermost the idea that they are the means to be used and valued, only so long as they contribute to the development of the physical powers, thereby lending support to and really aiding the mental faculties, and then to be cast aside, the practice

of them is highly beneficial. Yes, I had almost said necessary. Brown is good in its proper place, but it is no substitute for brain.

In our efforts to reach the ideal: "Mens sana in corpore sano," is not the American boy or student in danger of going to the extreme? A very natural tendency will be to care for physical at the expense of mental development. Strength of physique with weakness of mind is no more to be desired than is mental power with bodily feebleness. Strength of body should be valued only in the degree in which it conduces to intellectual activity. On the whole few of us are slow to acknowledge the fact that the man of highest bodily development is not the typical man. The body is but an instrument which ministers to the mind. The end a student has in attending a school of learning is the dignifying of mind, the development of the body is the means. It behooves every student to keep this distinction in clear view.

When a student whose work keeps him confined in his room for from twelve to sixteen hours each of the five school days of the week, gets a few moments of leisure in some way should he not employ them in judicious physical exercise? An overtaxing of the mental powers to the neglect of physical exercise, is in the end severely injurious. Strength of intellect is conditioned upon health of body and steadiness of the nervous system. A sound nervous system is in a measure dependent upon the condition of the bodily organs. How important it is, then, that every one take the proper care of his physical powers. Believing that a certain amount of such exercise is necessary for students, a gymnasium has been fitted up for the purpose of affording all ample opportunities to obtain it. This gymnasium is open to all students and its advantages should be availed of by all.

While we are aware that it is very easy to waste time in athletic sports, yet we know that many of our fellow-students do not take even the necessary amount of physical exercise. I do not mean that they should enter the various games which necessarily entail a loss of energy, if abused, and then become by this loss of energy, incapacitated to pursue their mental

work. No, by no means. There is a just middle athletic exercise of some kind is necessary to keep the body in proper health and repair, and the games devised to afford the exercise should be indulged in, only to the extent of fulfilling this purpose. They have no other claims upon our time.

Higher interests must be attended to, and nobler aims engage our energies. When success in athletic games becomes the goal of college life, and mental pursuits are only of secondary importance, then our various schools should, to prevent deception, recharter and advertise accordingly.

The question of college athletics has, of late years, worked itself into the serious consideration of the authorities of many educational institutions. Conferences convened at the instigation of educators will give to the world at large and college circles generally, some interesting results, the utility of which will be to avoid the objectionable features of college athletics. Many of you still remember having heard of certain football and base-ball contests that took place last fall and in former years, that were remarkable for their unsportsmanly wranglings and their most disgraceful endings. Such abuses of sports well deserve to be stamped out of existence. College students are too prone to forget the functions of athletics.

Besides the development of the body and keeping it in proper health, athletics have another grand quality, namely, that of forming the gentleman, of moulding the character. Foot-ball, base-ball and other games teach and require the contestants to obey and respect the just rights of impartial officials. Low and degrading meanness to opponents is entirely out of place in these manly sports and should be severely penalized. Foot-ball specially affords many occasions for inflicting painful and cowardly blows, which generally, occasion disagreeable disputes and sometimes terminates in fistic encounters. It is in this game specially that an athlete has many chances to act gentlemanly. In doing so we can judge him to be a gentleman in social circles also.

As students who wish to succeed in their earnest efforts to acquire knowledge must be consistent in the daily preparation

of their classes, must have a determination to succeed, accompanied with the praise-worthy ambition to lead their classmates, so also, the physical contests will teach and develop in the athlete these grand qualities. He must be regular in his practices, careful in his training. Throughout the contest he has the determination to lead, not to be out-done by any player, he enters the contest with the idea that to win the prize is a laudable ambition, and that all other competitors are to be vanquished, all previous records to be beaten. This is the spirit with which every athlete should enter any contest whether physical or mental. It is by acquiring these splendid qualities, which help to form the character; it is by the development of the bodily organs which conduces to intellectual activity that athletes attain the end for which manly sports are practiced. "A sound mind in a sound body!" strikes nearer than any other condition to our conception of an ideal man. Nothing so strongly appeals to our notion of the fitness of things as to see a perfect equipoise in the strength of body and mind. A harmonious development of both is the condition that comes nearest towards affording the perfection of our higher and better nature.

The attitude of those who are wont to disparage athletic sports is called to the following facts which I have read in some daily paper sometime ago. Of the six Yale seniors who last year received the highest literary honors, one was captain of the foot-ball team, another the captain of the base-ball team, two rowed in the class crew, one was a strong competitor in a dual meet, and the sixth was a good athlete. Again another daily reported that among the contestants who represented their respective Alma Mater, Michigan, Wisconsin, Chicago and other Western Universities, and participated in the inter-collegiate debate, were some athletes of world wide fame. But why go so far for facts? Here in this very institution among the student body, are not the leaders of classes and the champions in the debating rooms, also the leaders on the gridiron and the diamond? These facts are certainly strong arguments in favor of physical training. They conclusively prove that the highest mental achievements are to be found where there is the highest

physical development. If athletics benefit the students of other institutions, they will benefit us also. Therefore athletics should not be discouraged, specially when they do not usurp the place of mental pursuits.

We would like to see, now more than ever before, a greater animation and true college spirit manifested among our student body. Let each one substantially help the good cause, by belonging to the various associations, and paying his just dues, and by participating earnestly in the different feats of skill, strength and endurance. In doing so each student will contribute his share in making college life a cheerful one, by breaking the monotony of the long "conge" days.

Again, I say, let every encouragement be given to such sports and methods of exercise, and let nothing be allowed to dampen the enthusiasm in these games. The benefits derived from them have better tasted, and a greater zeal and relish is taken in all kinds of mental labor, when the mind has been refreshed by vigorous physical exercise. J. D.—'05

THE GLORIOUS 17th OF MARCH.

In striking contrast with the atmospheric depression and gloom that prevailed outside on the 17th of March this year were the cherry joy and exultation that radiated within our college halls as well as in the hearts of all. Elaborate programs had been prepared for the superb celebration of this great day, which is one of the two traditional red-letter days in yearly calendar of festivities at St. Viateur's College. Enthusiasm seemed contagious. The older students, who knew from experience how well the Viatorians can organize a feast and how successfully they ever carry it out, were delighted at the part they had to take in the celebration and at the opportunity they had of entertaining their fellow-students and their guests. The new students could not help in their own delight to wonder at the ease and perfection with which every number of this long, complicated and well ordered celebration was exe-

cuted by all those who had been assigned parts in the different programs that filled the day.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

Several of our much travelled guests, who have witnessed the grandeurs of Catholic worship in the most splendid churches of the world, observed that one would have to travel many leagues to see a more beautiful religious service and to hear more beautiful music and more persuasive eloquence than were heard and seen in our chapel St. Patrick's day.

Loving hands had enshrined the grand statue of St. Patrick in a veritable niche of greenery and flowers amid which scintillated scores of tiny lights. The grand marble altar was in festal garb and resplendent with lights as the procession of sacred ministers entered the sanctuary to the majestic strains of the organ. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., assisted by Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., as deacon; Mr. J. McCarthy, as sub-deacon; and Rev. O. Paquin, C. S. V., as master of ceremonies. Some sixteen altar boys serving in different capacities were decked in white cassock and lace suplice and added much to the impressive grandeur of the divine service by their pious grace.

The music of the mass was almost exclusively choral and was rendered by a choir of eighty well trained voices. The following was the program of sacred music ably executed under the direction of Brother L. Goulette and Brother A. St. Aubin: Kyrie, La Hache's Pro Pace; Gloria, Mozart's Twelfth; Sanctus Gounod's, Messe Breve; Agnus Dei, La Hache; Veni Creator, Millard; Ave Maria, Millard; sung by Mr. D. Feely; closing Hymn to St. Patrick was sung by 250 students and was one of the many musical successes of that tuneful morning.

The sermon, which was a warm tribute to St. Patrick, was delivered by Rev. C. Quille, of Chicago, whose voice sounded familiar to many ears in St. Viateur's chapel. Father Quille said in part: "Every nation has its fag and its heroes whose mere mention fills every heart with enthusiasm. What true Frenchman remains unmoved on hearing the name of Napoleon? How the heart of every American thrills at the name of

our immortal Washington! We are, however, not gathered here today to celebrate the memory of any martial or political hero, but to contemplate and honor a hero of the faith. St. Viatuer's has ever been foremost in honoring the memory of Patrick and hence we have again today assembled to join with countless others who on this day sing his praises. All over the earth priests today recite his office, in every land hymns and prayers of petition, of thanksgiving, are wafted heavenward in his honor.

At all times nations have been conquered, however, not without much bloodshed and great loss of life.

Patrick not only conquered, but he entirely transformed that sturdy Irish race; he instilled into their hearts that invincible firmness of faith, which even centuries of persecution could not shake, and which in every age has distinguished the Irish as illustriously loyal children of Holy Mother Church; and Patrick achieved this great mission without shedding a drop of blood, without the least violence.

But let us not content ourselves with merely a biographical sketch of this eminent Saint's life, but let us look down into the heart of Patrick. How did Patrick accomplish this stupendous work. Was it by great intellectual application? No, it was by the exercise of austerities and the practice of prayer. Nor did his austerities and prayers cease with the end of day; he continued them even through the night, praying for the conversion of his people. How could the Almighty other than crown such heroic effort with success? Though Patrick's Godly life disseminated the sweet aroma of every virtue, it was chiefly his surpassing humility that diffused the brightest lustre. His great humility was clearly visible in his liberality, in his love and devotion to his flock, in his every action. It is only by imitating Patrick's humility that we shall succeed in our undertakings. Today Ireland looks to the young for the realization of her lofty hopes, for the transmission and perpetuation of her ever high and noble ideals. Will you be true to your destiny, or will you betray the cause? If you conform with the principles inculcated by St. Patrick you must always be loyal Catho

lics. The great influence which the Irish exercise not only in political and social but also in intellectual circles, during the present epoch, has attracted the gaze and consideration of all peoples and the preponderance of the Irish element in every sphere is being rapidly established. But it is only by imitating the example of St. Patrick that our success shall be complete, that our success shall be permanent."

THE DRILLS.

The echoes of the closing choral hymn to St. Patrick had scarcely died away when we were invited by the blowing of trumpets and the nervous beating of drums to repair to the gymnasium to witness a rare exhibition of military drilling. The marching and counter-marching of the large battalion, the neat appearance of every officer and private in the ranks, the almost perfect execution of the whole manual of movements by such a large number could but win the admiration and the warm applause of the astonished beholders. The St. Viator's battalion consists of four companies and is officered as follows:

Colonel, W. J. Maher; Major, W. J. Burke; Adjutant, J. B. Shiel; Aid de Camp, Walter McGuy; Commissary, J. Spratt; Captain Co. A., J. B. Shiel; First Lieutenant, F. Miller; Second Lieutenant, F. Munsch; Captain Co. B., B. A. Kelley; First Lieutenant, F. Shippy; Second Lieutenant, R. Foley; Captain Co. C., W. McKenna; First Lieutenant, W. Foley; Second Lieutenant, R. Cunningham; Captain Co. D., D. W. Keefe; First Lieutenant, W. Nourri; Second Lieutenant, F. Katzenburg.

Without doubt the most surprising as well as the most pleasing of the military manoeuvres witness St. Patrick's day was the exhibition given by the Minims' sword squad. Everything about these little fellows is attractive, their neat and tasty uniform, their natural grace, their elastic step, their perfect execution of over a hundred different commands which would seem to require a military formation far higher than could be expected from such mere children. However, the formation of crosses, of letters, and of a score of very complicated

figures, even the forming of those three wonderful pyramids and afterwards engaging in mortal duels seemed to them really child's play. Their instructor, Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., certainly deserves credit for the really wonderful proficiency which he has made these boy soldiers acquire. This squad, which drills exclusively with swords and is known as the Columbian Guards, is composed of the following officers and members: Captain, Albert Birren; First Lieut., Elmer Russell; Second Lieut., Harvey Filstrup. Swordmen in line: Masters Albert Gundelack, William Carrol, Arthur Dandurand, Fred Smith, Edwin Robinson, Joseph Kelly, Robt. Aisquith, George Barret, Arthur Lowenthal, Fred Anderson, Maurice Lamarche, Rowan Delaney, Lambert Geogan, Joseph McDevitt, Frank Lynch, Thomas Harrison, Peter Lynch, George Beck, Mathew McDevitt, and Orion Ford.

Like the bright colors of an iridescent dream the dressy Lord Zouaves next burst into view with the brisk step of masters of the military art. The entrance of these veteran drillers was hailed with generous applause and their well diversified and well executed movements were all likewise enthusiastically greeted. Rounds after rounds of complicated movements without command were gone through with a mechanical precision and an ensemble that showed careful training. The following are the names of the young gentlemen who compose the crack company known as the Lord Zouaves and who have been several years favorites of the campus:

Captain, W. J. Maher; members: W. Burke, E. Burke, J. Spratt, E. Kelly, P. Wahl, J. Hayden, W. McKenna, A. Kelly, B. Shiel, W. Keefe, R. Foley, J. Monahan, F. Munsch, F. Shippy, C. Carden, M. Hayden.

Immediately after the drills dinner was served to guests and students who all agreed that this number of the program was not inferior in its way to those which preceded and followed.

THE PLAY MACBETH.

At 2 p. m. The Thespians, under the able direction of V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., presented Shakespeare's grand tragedy, Macbeth. It is not necessary to be a dramatic gourmet or to have free command of all the critical technicalities, a la O'Donnell Bennett, in order to be able to say how and why we appreciated this performance. Perhaps we cannot give the young actors a higher and better deserved compliment than by saying that they succeeded in clearly interpreting to us that strong play and in leaving upon our minds the lofty moral it is calculated to impart. They really showed us and made us feel that this drama is a grand object lesson of the success and the failure of ambition. The bloody proceedings of this ambitious pair, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, were clearly unravelled before our eyes and were made to work so wonderfully well as to form a bloody ladder leading to the eminence of the throne, but a ladder whose rungs were so many cruel murders. To maintain themselves on their ill-gotten throne the usurpers must continue to mow down lives, nor do they hesitate to deluge the country with blood. Soon, however, nature asserts itself. The constant upbraidings of their crime-haunted conscience rob them of both peace and happiness, until death in the throes of despair frees them from the tortures of an existence which the consciousness of their guilt makes unendurable. The at first suppressed horror of their ill-used subjects soon breaks into open and well planned revolt which speedily precipitates the usurper from his throne, and peace and justice again reign in Scotland. Swift and just and really Shakespearian retribution this.

Mr. W. Cleary showed us plainly that Macbeth was a proper subject through whom a strong, fierce and determined woman might successfully work her evil designs. He forcibly represented that type of man which we have every reason to believe Shakespeare meant his Macbeth to be, a man full of potentiality for evil-doing, a man in whose eye float visions of coveted honor, yet whose power to act asserts itself only when

acted upon by some external force. Thus throughout is his arm nerved to kill by the tauntings and caressings of Lady Macbeth. When she disappears he sinks into utter despondency. Macbeth, the thane and King, as thus interpreted, was faithfully portrayed in every word and gesture of Mr. Cleary, who, however, made his most impressive histrionic effort in the banquet scene, wherein he really acted as the man whose ghost-haunted visions rack his conscience even in the midst of mock festivity. That scene was strong and awful.

Mr. W. Maher, as Lady Macbeth, was indeed a success from beginning to end. From the moment she invokes "the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts," while she insidiously pours into the soul of her spouse the subtle poison of her baneful influence, to her last somniloquous reverie, there was not a single lapse from the high and well sustained strain of violent emotions which constantly agitated this unsexed woman. Mr. Maher's most finely dramatic moment, we think, was his well-felt rendition of the sublimely awful sleep-walking scene.

In Mr. Wuerst's Macduff we had the vibrant voice and the throbbing heart of true Scotch loyalty. This horror stricken patriot gave vent to fine out-bursts of indignation at the murder of King Duncan, and upon hearing the slaughter of his family his tear-bedewed pain traduced itself in his weeping voice and demeanor.

Another true personification of staunch fidelity to the Scotch King was Mr. T. Cosgrove's Banquo. The honest Banquo flung far from him the alluring promise of the weird sisters because its fulfillment must entail disloyalty. With his clear eye upon the events that were transpiring in the kingdom Banquo's indisposition to truckle with ambition made him an obstacle that must be removed. It was with regret we saw Mr. Cosgrove as Banquo removed from the scene.

A new actor to us, though evidently no novice on the stage, was Mr. Flanagan, who, in his impersonation of Ross, attracted the notice and applause of all lovers of dramatic finish. By his dignified appearance, his voice, his gestures, which all so well expressed how deeply he felt the sadness of the heart-break

ing messages he had to deliver, he came near making of that secondary role a principal one.

All the cast did remarkably well, especially when one takes into account the fact that this difficult drama was prepared in less than three weeks. There were none of those awkward hitches that so frequently mar the performances of amateurs when many actors are taking part. The banquet scene, in which the attractive and vivacious court ladies appeared was especially well rendered. The stage scenery was all that could be desired to assist the action of the play. We regret not to be able to present a few photographs of the many striking scenes of this grand drama as staged here. Between the acts, we were treated to several musical selections by the orchestra, which elicited warm applause, especially the well played Irish airs. Rev. C. J. Quille, the able orator of the morning, and the general favorite, Master M. De Sousa, regaled us with vocal selections twice and three times recalled. The following are the principal actors who took part in the play:

Duncan, King of Scotland	J. P. Wahl
Macbeth	W. Cleary
Lady Macbeth	W. Maher
Banquo	T. Cosgrove
Macduff	R. Wuerst
Ross	J. Flanagan
Malcolm	J. Monahan
X Lenox	J. B. Shiel
Fleance	E. Russell
Siward	F. Shippy
Siward, jr	F. Smith
Seyton	C. Mahoney
English Doctor	B. McCarthy
A Porter	C. Savage

J. LONERGAN.—'05.

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE.

As Ann has gone into obscurity, Shorty offers this:
How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck, if a wood-chuck
would chuck wood?

And how much wood would a wood-chuck chuck, if a wood
chuck only could?

If a wood-chuck could made good and would, but there ain't no
reason why he should.

But how much wood would a wood chuck chuck, if a wood
chuck would chuck wood.

Alex's receipt for Ribbon Cake—Take four yards, or, say,
four yards and a half, of narrow green ribbon and a yard of
light orange ribbon. Place these in a chopping bowl and mince
into fine shreads. Add a spool of sewing silk and a paper of
needles. Mix thoroughly and spread between layers of well
pounded cake.

But it becomes the plain duty of this country to adopt as
speedily as possible an amendment to the constitution making
the laws against polygamy effectual. They would seem to be
pretty much of a dead letter in Utah at present. It will not do
to say that there is no more immortality in Utah than in any
other state of the union. One crime, publicly connived at by a
sovereign state, is a greater scandal to the christian conscience
than ten thousand heinous offences perpetrated in spite of the
law. If we cannot insure morality, we should safe guard its
principles.

—Western Watchman.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, which has en-
joyed so many delightful programs during its course of winter
sessions under the direction of Rev. M. Breen, C. S. V., had its
closing meeting March 23, on which occasion excellent music
al numbers were rendered by Messrs. J. B. Shiel and J. Flana-
gan, and appropriate addresses were made by Messrs. M. Hay-
den, C. Savage, W. Maher and Rev. M. Breen, C. S. V.

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EDITORIAL.

The icy bonds of winter have at length relaxed as though to allow even nature to awaken from her long wintry sleep and spring from out her ice-sealed and snow-palled grave into new and promiseful life. Oh! hopeful resurrection time! Ever joyous Eastertide! Let the birds of the sky greet in their most tuneful lays the conqueror of death and the victory of life! With their accents be the songs of men attuned! As each blade of grass breaks from its dark recess into the genial sunlight of larger life, as each timid flower opens the bud to smile to the sun, so too on the glorious Easter morn does each human soul come forth from out the dark shell of self, and, looking up as far as stretch the gleaming rays issuing from that glorious sepulchre, it gladly views in the illumined realms above that rich dower of unending life,—immortality. Unless Easter maens this assurance of new and larger and better life to us mortals there were no consistent reason why we should sing alleluias of gladness.

ANENT THE SCHOOLS.

The teachers of the public schools are very good men and women, competently learned, regularly trained in pedagogics, and eager to improve those committed to their charge; the children of the schools are good children, pliant still to the exigencies of raeosnable order, wide-awake, inquisitive, intelligent;

the parents of these children are also good people, naturally interested in giving to their offspring those advantages that will promote their success in life. But the teachers, the children the parents are all victims of a law, a constitutional enactment, which forbids the parents alike to ask more and the teachers to teach more than the law allows. Parents would like to have religion taught to their children in the schools; teachers are neither incapable nor unwilling to teach the religion which parents desire and which children need. But the law says: "No." In this country the people make and unmake the law, because the people are supreme. Let us then change the law so as to make it say, "yes" instead of "no" to the religious demands of parents, the religious needs of pupils, and the religious zeal of teachers. This cannot be done? Nobody wants this? Then let the law stand. But let us know that while the law is law, it is supreme as is the sovereign people; let us be prepared to abide by its exactions; no matter how galling its yoke, be we American enough not to seek exemptions and favors. Here every citizen is equal before the law, and to seek to establish privileges for any class is in so far to seek to establish the rule of lawlessness. Religiously inclined people may say that the present law favors the agnostic. Perhaps it does. But law it is for all that, and good American law, made by the majority; and here the agnostic seems to be the vast majority. We are not surprised, however, at the occasional, not to say frequent, attempts made in different localities, for instance in Brookville, Ky., in Momence, Ill., and in scores of other towns in Illinois, New York and other states to teach the school children to sing church hymns, to say the Our Father and to listen to readings from the Bible. These efforts, while they are actually lawless, prove how frets the religious conscience beneath the agnostic law. They also proclaim how many people firmly believe that the school is one of the three places in which children should be taught religious duty; these efforts also, in their way, prove how unnatural and violent is the law-enforced divorce of religion and education. But until we have been instructed by our own grow-

ing dangers, until we have learned from still Christian Germany and not yet wholly dechristianized England, how to modify our American law so as to allow religion to enter the school, we must, if we would be law-abiding, hush our hymns in school nor speak of the ten commandments, of the Our Father or the Sermon on the Mountain except perhaps as literary curiosities.

EXCHANGES.

Now that King Sol has made his way into that section of the universe which lies north of the vernal equinox, now that joyous spring has come again, now that the little birds will sweetly sing, the trees bud, the flowers bloom, and the murmuring brooks ripple on their way, now that all these beautiful and poetic things are here (or almost here) to gladden the tearful vale of our mortal existence, we deem it quite proper and charitable to make a few brief, more or less pertinent observations, not altogether discordant with the season. First of all, let us all try to avoid the spring fever as we would a pestilence; let us keep in mind the not discouraging fact that it (the work) will be all a thing of the past in a few months, and then everybody can get the spring and summer fever to his or her heart's content, (that is, if parental solicitude for your temporal welfare and slight pecuniary embarrassments don't make it necessary for you to get out and look for a dear little job to while away the summer months). Seriously though, tis true, spring is here, and is it not pre-eminently fitting and in unison with the fitness of things, that every student should harken and answer to the call of the spring? Let your dreamy-eyed dreamers, indolent knaves and *soidisant* students neglect their studies, waste their precious time, and think of nothing but the blue sky, the birds and flowers trala-lala (as Georgetown says), their baseball games and three squares a day, but let every one who goes to college for a purpose and is determined to make use of every available means to improve himself intellectually and morally keep his wagon hitched to the same old bright and true

star during the three months of work that remain, and let not the spring fever, not even a touch of it, hinder him from being faithful to his guiding lights, and then only shall he have heard and heeded the call of the spring, which is a summons to newer brighter, higher and more beautiful life.

Yes, we know it wasn't necessary to wax thus eloquent (?) on that inspiring theme, the spring fever; but really what we have said is well-meant, and we give it for what it's worth.

Spring and athletics are almost correlatives; you can hardly conceive one without the other,—at least such is the case in the college world. Now, we are convinced and have been for a number of years, that athletics are indispensable and most beneficial feature of college life, and we are for them, heart and soul. But in our indefatigable efforts to become a second Lajoie or Duffey, it were well to keep always in mind that athletics are simply a means to an end and should be indulged in accordingly. In speaking of athletics, we would remark by way of digression, that a certain exman, our mutual friend, Busy Izzy Bee, if we mistake not, has taken to physical culture stunts of all kinds, and finds the strenuous life of the athlete perfectly agreeable to him, just the thing he needs, a very panacea for all physical and intellectual ills. If the track records of Duffey, Long, Maloney, Uffendell, Powers and Kranzlein are ignominiously lowered in the near future, the exman of the Bee did it. If the base ball feats of Kelly, Jennings, Ewing and Lajoie, are far surpassed, Mr. Bee did it. Why, said Mr. Bee, actually believes a severe physical culture course will cure forever a vitiated literary taste. A certain '04 man writing in the S. V. C. Index, and guilty of a heroine of the "Patsy Brown" type, is advised to hie him to the gym, and cure his literary "softness" by work on the trapeze. The exman of the Bee might have advised the gentleman who concluded his article on New York City (appearing in the same Index) with 'we were glad to get back to dear old Chicago, for we love her still,' to work with the parallels and buck and then he would never be so criminally guilty and awfully affectionate as to end his

article in the amorous and romantic way we have just indicated.

We are free to admit that we were completely ignorant of the power and influence athletics exercise over bad taste and other such purely intellectual deficiencies. And we probably won't be accused of high treason in saying that we still have a sneaking suspicion that physical culture has very, very little to do with such things, which are clear outside its sphere.

The March number of the *Bee* is a very readable and instructive edition of that model journal. A "Reverie," the opening poem deserves to be highly commended for the beauty and tenderness of its ideas; in fact, the conception is, in our humble opinion, much superior to the execution, which lacks that exquisite musical quality and perfect ease of expression which the thoughts seem to call for. The "Songs of Ireland" is an ably written and striking article on Erin's national music, certainly good enough to be of greater length. Having finished reading a "Strange Story," we were gratified to see the initials of an '07 man appended, and we would have been simply delighted beyond all expression if the author had been a 1900 and 'steen man. The tale in question is positively puerile, improbable, in plot, deficient in execution, uninteresting, imparts no moral, and in its entirety impresses us as an exceedingly weak effort at fiction. In the introduction we are wearied with the description of a beautiful afternoon, then a steely-blue sky, then a beautiful valley, of virgin-green, then a gleaming, ribbon like brook, then a ridge of mountains, then of refreshments at a way-side inn and other things, all of which, we assure you, dear reader, have practically if not absolutely, nothing to do with the Strange Story. The tale of the haunted house which is the "Strange Story," is improbable and some of the incidents are extravagant, for instance, the manner in which the little girl accidentally met death, and the deaths of Somers and his men. The style lacks vividness, and, in places, obscure. To be brief and to pass on to more delectable reflections, the story in question, it seems to us, has no excuse for being. The essay on "Irish

Characteristics" is far and away the best thing in the *March Bee*; in fact, the very best essay we have seen in our last months exchanges. The writer is thoroughly acquainted with his subject and handles it admirably. Catholicity, courage and patriotism are shown to be the characteristic virtues of the Irish race, which enable them to be found in the "vanguard repelling national enemies; in times of peace, advocating the inauguration of wise legislation; and in domestic life, a living vindication, if such were needed, of the faith which they lovingly cherish." Earnestness, strength and maturity of judgment are in evidence throughout the essay, the style is not only good and excellently adapted to the subject treated, but, at times, really eloquent. The editorials of the *Bee* are second to none in the college world, and the exman, is, to be sure, a stellar light, except in those instances when his athletic tendencies and all-consuming desire to make other people happy, do not get the best of him. Let's call it off, Mr. Bee, and be as friendly as of yore.

W. J. MAHER.—'04.

PERSONALS.

The venerable superior general of the community of St. Viateur, V. Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C. S. V., who, like many other victims of the Combes ministry, was exiled from France over a year ago and found a friendly refuge in Catholic Belgium, intends visiting the American provinces of his community during the summer. The Very Reverend Father recently left Aerschot, Belgium, for Rome, whence he will sail for America. In a letter recently addressed to the members of the province of Chicago, Father Lajoie proclaims the many virtues and merits of the recently deceased and much regretted Father Corcoran, C. S. V., and announces that the appointment of a new provincial superior for Chicago, will be deferred until he arrives here. For many reasons the members of his community and the students of St. Viateur's college eagerly await the coming of the

venerable exile, and, while praying him a prosperous voyage, prepare him a hearty welcome.

We congratulate the Rev. James Cusack, of Brooksville, Ky., for the firm and thoroughly American common-sense stand he has taken in the defense of the rights of Catholic parents and children against the sectarian aggressiveness of the local public schools. In the "Brief for Appellant," presented by Attorney Wm. A. Byrne, in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, we know not which to admire most, the consistent and gentlemanly testimony of Father Cusack or the scholarly presentation of evidence by his able attorney. If the sense of fair play is not dead in Kentucky the case is clearly won, and the Bible will no longer be read in the state schools of Brookville.

A letter from the artistic hand of Mr. Addison Fusch, recently told of his prosperous business life in the millinery and fancy goods line in the now wide-awake World's Fair town. May success continue friendly to our quondam companion.

In one of its recently issues the daily Presse, of Montreal, publishes an illustrated biographical sketch of the V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., in which it recalls the eminent services he rendered the cause of higher education in Canada. His success as an educator the Presse attributes to his large learning and to the charm of his manners, which won him the respect, confidence and affection of his pupils. Although his mind was well stored with the acquired knowledge of many years of patient labor he nevertheless remained ever an active searcher and an indefatigable student. The Presse corroborates our own impressions of Father Corcoran as a preacher and speaks of several of his oratorical successes as veritable triumphs of sacred eloquence, mentioning in particular his splendid panegyric of St. Asellus in Joliette, and his fervid eulogy of St. Aloysius in the Immaculte Conception church of the Jesuit Fathers, Montreal.

Rev. C. McCabe had the happiness of seeing the finishing touches put on the beautiful interior of his new St. Charles' church at Otterbein. The last pieces of art introduced into the church were the elaborate side altars donated by his generous parishioners and blessed by Father McCabe Sunday, March 13. We congratulate Father McCabe on his good work, and take the liberty of publishing the following comment of the Otterbein News, which we are sure will be of interest to our readers:

The interior of St. Charles' church, with its stained glass windows, its costly pews, its lovely frescoing and its superb altars, that rise majestically above all, presents a scene most pleasing to the eye, and in matter of harmony and beauty is not surpassed by any church in this part of the state.

A decided compliment to St. Charles' congregation and to the community at large, has been recently paid by the Wabash Church and School Furniture company, whose headquarters are in New York City. This well known firm has in preparation an elaborate souvenir which will contain photographs of all the principal churches of all denominations throughout the United States, in which they placed their best grade of church furniture. The firm has informed Rev. Father McCabe that its representative artist will shortly visited Otterbein and prepare photographs of the exterior and interior of the church in order that the same may be placed in the National Souvenir, which will be on exhibition during the Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

“Les Cloches de St. Boniface,” of Manitoba, has been publishing an interesting detailed account of the visit of His Grace Most Rev. A. Langevin, in Chicago, and in several of the important centres of French Canadian population in Northern Illinois. This modest publican is right when it declares that the Archbishop's sermon produced a lively impression upon the Canadians of Chicago. But we are sure that both those who heard that masterpiece of sacred eloquence, and especially those who only heard about it, will feel disappointed in not being afforded the advantage of reading the text of the entire ora-

tion. We respectfully suggest to the editors of "Les Cloches" that they desist not from their efforts in this direction until they have supplied their many readers with the verbatim text or at least a long resume of that stirring sermon. We are delighted, of course, at the praise which this paper bestows upon our worthy President, whom it rightly calls a distinguished French scholar; we are happy to know that his several French works, "Epines et Fleurs," "Lionel" and "Levis," are so well known and so deservedly admired by the Canadians of Manitoba. After stating that the French language is still taught in this institution over which Father Marsile has ruled for now a quarter of a century, "Les Cloches" concludes its remarks with the following timely advice to those whom it concerns: "If our compatriots are desirous of endowing their children with the advantages of a superior education, if they wish to perpetuate that long and honorable line of distinguished priests, lawyers, physicians, bankers, merchants, and agriculturists, who have issued from the classic halls of St. Viateur's college at Bourbonnais, they must send thither larger numbers of students and thus practically demand that the teaching of the beautiful French language continue to occupy a place of honor in that institution."

Mr. Charles Schneider, who is conducting a Gent's Furnishing and Jewelry store with gratifying success in Highland Park Chicago, was a welcome visitor at the college March 12.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., assisted at the month's mind of Rev. Father Cregan's mother, celebrated at St. Edward's church, Chicago, March 14.

Rev. Louis Kroschowitz was ordained priest by His Grace, Archbishop J. E. Quigley, March 19. He celebrated his first mass in St. Joseph's church, Joliet, Sunday, March 27. Father Kroschowitz was immediately appointed to the pastorate of St. Stephen's Slavonian church Chicago. We heartily wish success to the young priest.

Rev. P. J. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Rev. J. Armstrong, Rev. J. Kleinsorg, and Rev. E. Barnes received deaconship at the hands of Archbishop Quigley March 18. Mr. J. McMullen received tonsure and minor orders. To all we offer our respectful congratulations.

Rev. E. G. Griffin, who is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia, has left Chicago for a milder climate. May Father Griffin be soon restored to perfect health.

V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., went to Butte, Mont., to preach missions in Rev. J. O'Callaghan's church of the Sacred Heart.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Laberge assisted Rev. F. Tinan at Pullman, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., assisted Rev. J. Solon at DeKalb, Rev. Dr. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., assisted Rev. M. A. Dooling at Clinton, during Holy Week and Easter Sunday.

VIATORIANA.

Eggs.

Tit--Bits.

Lemonade.

Wurzburger.

Is Shorty a senior?

Rah, rah, hullabaloo!

Did you see the rang outang?

O joy! O joy! Spring is here!

He is just too waffle for anything!

Edmund has a plaid golfing suit for Easter.

Get me some toast for I'm a scrambled egg.

The Oriole suits are made of white Swiss muslin frock, with green ribbons, and a pale pink chiffon made up over green taffets.

Base-ball players wanting exercise will find a pitcher on the table.

Students will not be allowed to tip the waiters, as it is liable to cause them to break the dishes.

Don't talk so loud, the fishes carry tales.

John—What is the cook doing in the ice house?

Kelly—Oh! just getting a few cakes.

Bill—Why do the Juniors call the new student "sponge?"

Fred—Because he is all the time soaked.

Mike refused a green orange on the 17th.

Two Juniors had to write five hundred lines for climbing in the cocoanut tree.

A certain Senior wrote home a few days ago and addressed his epistle as follows: Dear Father: Roses are red, violets are blue. Send me ten dollars and I will owe you. The poor boy is waiting with impatience.

Charley—"What are you carrying that shutter around the gymnasium for?"

Willie—"Just for a blind."

People are getting very strong nowadays. I saw a junior and minim go out in a boat and pull up the Kankakee river.

Prefect—"You should think of the future."

Student—"I can't. It's my brother's birthday and I'm thinking of the present."

A smile in the gymnasium is worth seven in the Greek class.

Mike—"I know a student who says he can't sit down and he can't stand up."

Alex—"Well, if he tells the truth, he lies."

All men who wish to try for the Orioles base ball team, report in the cage on Easter Sunday.

When Alex slipped he was heard to exclaim, "Hully gee! Ice isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Hooray! They're wearing straw hats in Bourbonnais.

Was it a parody on Mr. Dooley? Ask Bedelia.

People seem more disposed nowadays to disagree like gentlemen if they cannot dwell together as brethren; and this is better than hating and ostracizing one another for the love of God.—*Ave Maria.*

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Indoor team is to be congratulated on the work done during the past two months. The men have labored faithfully, to land the pennant, losing but one game out of twelve played since December, and this after ten innings of the fastest kind of playing. Capt. Burke leads the league as a slab artist, being ably supported by Sheil, whose work behind the bat is exceptionally brilliant. Kelley, A. Burke and J. Hayden have carried off the fielding honors whilst Burns at the initial corner has the lead over all the leaguers in that position. The fellows deserve great praise for having secured first place and if they can succeed in winning the final contest on March 28, from the 20th Century club their fame will long be preserved at St. Viateur's. A full record of the season will be given in the next issue.

Recent games:—

College 16	Shafer 11.
College 15	Co. L. 10.
College 28	Shafer 18
College 6	20th Century 7
College 10	20th Century 7
College 8	Co. L. 6
College 23	Shafer 11
College 21	Co. L. 2

The baseball squad has been unable to do much outside work to date, but it does not take veterans very long to knock off the rough edges, and the previous experience of the majority of the candidates will offset the effects of the prolonged winter season. In case spring arrives with Easter the team will play a series of practice games early in April and open the season about the sixteenth. The Wheaton, Uni. of Illinois Freshmen and Northwestern Military academy games have not been definitely decided in view of this fact. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

- April 30, St. Cyril in Chicago.
- May 4, Morgan Park in Chicago.
- May 7, Morgan Park at College.
- May 14, St. Cyril at College.

May 21, Chicago Freshmen at College.

May 28, Armour Inst. at College.

June 5, St. Ignatius at College.

June 11, Open.

April 23, American Medics .

May 30, Illinois Scrubs.

FATHER DORAN DEAD.

It is with much regret that we announce the untimely death of Father Doran, who after a short service on the missions in Peoria diocese, had gone to Arizona in quest of health. He died on his way back from the West and was buried in his home cemetery at Kikapoo, Ill., March 29. May his soul rest in peace.

Rev. L. Kraschowitz, recently ordained, has the heartfelt sympathy of all his preceptors and fellow students for the sad death of his father, who was buried in Kankakee March 26, the eve of Father Kraschowitz's first mass. May our prayers win peace for the departed soul and the assurance of our sincere condolence bring solace to the bereaved family.

Take away the scenery and the music of most of the dramas represented on the modern stage and we have what Shakespeare aptly terms

“Sound and fury signifying nothing.”

—The Mountaineer.