

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 25

MAY 1908

NUMBER 8

THE DOLLAR VALUE OF ETHICAL EDUCATION

Jas. L. Dougherty, '08.

SO VITAL has the subject of education become in this country that it is impossible to peruse any newspaper or periodical without seeing treated therein different phases of this all-engrossing question. On all sides we hear the school discussed, everywhere we hear the present system of ungodly education censured and blamed for the low standard of morality which prevails in America today. Not only are Catholics deploring this state of affairs, but Protestants as well. Yet yearly we see hundreds, yes thousands, of Catholic children being sent to non-Catholic or even to sectarian schools and colleges when it would be just as convenient for parents to send them to Catholic institutions. The only possible reason for this is that the value of morality has been underestimated by the parents.

To us Catholic students there is no doubt whatever about the spiritual value of morality. From childhood we have been taught the worth and the beauty of virtue. We have learned that to be a man one must be moral, that without ethical training a human being is little more than an educated and indeed a very dangerous brute. Ethical education or moral training lends a peculiar power, an attractive beauty to the one who has received it; it enhances the individual who possesses it, and endows that society which it permeates with that admirable orderliness which is heaven's first law. Why then, you may ask, do our schools continue to be so immoral, to be as devoid of ethics as is the multiplication table or a course in civil engineering? If such priceless benefits accrue from the refinement of the heart and the culture of the soul, why are not more of our young men and young women taught in those schools which aim at educating not only physically and mentally, but also morally? To these questions

there is but one answer, and that is that these higher religious motives for the cultivation of morality and the inculcation of its principles in the minds of the young have so far failed to appeal to the mass of our people. In the pursuit of wealth and in the service of Mammon, the American mind has become blind to those supernatural, blind to those infinitely superior incentives which prompt a man to educate the moral side of his nature. From their actions I am led to think that the bible of many of our modern plutocrats must read, "What doth it profit a man to save his soul, if he does not gain the whole world, or at least a good share of it." The great mass of our people think not of morals, they think of money. For them moral training is a good thing if it yields material, tangible, monetary results. Ethical education is just what they want if it has attached to it the least economic value. If we can prove that this training in virtue has an immense economic value, that its effects can be counted in dollars and cents, that it will yield results that can be noted in the counting-room and in the bank account, then we will be able to enlist large numbers in the cause of ethical education. My object is to show that the economic value of moral training is very great, both for the individual who receives it and for society, of which he is a member and in which he moves.

How to support one's self has been everywhere and always a serious economic problem. We have but to look around us to see that this is a problem which has proven too difficult for many to solve. Why is it that our nation is filled with tramps, our streets thronged with beggars of every description, and our poor-houses crowded with paupers? It is only because these people have not been taught to provide for themselves, because they have not received that moral training which develops self respect and a lively consciousness of one's duty to self as well as to God and fellow-men. The inculcation of sound moral principles will teach the individual that his first duty is to himself; will teach him to take care of himself, to become self-supporting, to preserve and perfect the existence he has received; in a word, it will teach him to work, to be industrious. If his education is based on a solid ethical foundation, he will not be ensnared by that alluring principle which begets anarchy, namely; that the world owes him a living, but he will know, that "in the sweat of his brow he must eat his bread." He will have learned that the key which opens the portals to success is industry.

On glancing over any of our daily papers one invariably sees a heading which reads, "Bank clerk and funds missing," or something to that effect. Does not this fact speak most disparagingly of American honesty, American uprightness, American mor-

ality? It is impossible to overestimate the economic, the monetary value of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal." For a commercial people like us it is absolutely necessary that every one be imbued with that moral truth, that he must respect the property of his neighbor. Without the knowledge of this principle, without this training in the obligation of honesty, we are what William Allen White calls "Educated Vandals" when he says; "If our free schools and our colleges and universities do not teach the economic value of kindness (and honesty), then these institutions turn upon society each year a horde of armed vandals for the destruction of society." That is to say, if education merely provides men with the weapons to strike down their fellow-men in the melee of self-seeking which attends modern business enterprise, it brings disaster upon the many for the benefit of the few. It produces an intellectual giant, but a moral pigmy; a lopsided monstrosity which we are pleased to call educated, but which is most dangerous to society.

What the business man, what society at large needs most to-day, is honest men and upright women, and if these cannot be found the wheels of commerce will cease to revolve and society will perish. Honesty in the individual begets confidence, dishonesty, social chaos. In a recent address Bishop Muldoon said: "Today there is sweeping over our country a great expression of unrest. Let me tell you, it is on account of a lack of confidence; it is dishonesty that is the cause. We put two men to work watching one man who is paving the city's streets because we are afraid he is dishonest; we put two detectives to work watching a policeman, because we fear he is dishonest, and so it goes. This is a sad state when under Christianity we do not trust people." The state deplors these conditions as much as the church. Yearly millions of dollars are paid to our policemen, detectives, and attorneys whose duty it is to apprehend and convict these victims of their own avarice. Jails and penitentiaries are maintained in order that these grasping vultures may be properly caged and be prevented from further preying on their honest fellow-men. But fear of detection, fear of dishonor, fear of imprisonment, will not alone make men honest. The only thing under heaven that will do away with American graft, American dishonesty, is moral training.

But dishonesty is not the only evil that will be obviated by the inculcation of sound moral principles. Go the whole length of the graven tablets of the great law, and the list of the virtues and see how it pays to be moral; see how it is a clear temporal and monetary gain for the individual and for society. The adulterer and the drunkard not only burn their own lives and their

own money upon the altars of Eros and Bacchus, but after the wreckage of their God-given lives, they become public burdens and fill our poor-houses, our insane asylums, and our penitentiaries, while their scattered children become the inmates of our public orphanages. If our citizens were all well instructed in the doctrines of morality, drunkards would be few and libertines fewer; there would be no such things as crowded poor-houses. With the lessening of vice, the number of insane would decrease; our penitentiaries would be nearly empty, and such things as public orphanages would become almost useless because the family tie would not be broken. Not being obliged to support these public institutions, our taxes would be lowered and consequently there would be an immense economic gain for all. To promote a system of education which begets murderers, adulterers, drunkards and thieves, is evidently a bad financial investment, yet the state spends annually fabulous sums on our public schools which are constitutionally as devoid of ethics as schools of technology are devoid of aesthetics.

Would you have tangible evidence, a forcible example of what moral training can do and does? Look at Ireland, serene, peaceful Ireland. Although her sons and daughters have not, as a rule, the opportunity of receiving an extraordinary mental education, they are all well taught the lessons of virtue. As a result her crime list is the lowest in the world, and what national resources there are do not have to be expended in the costly apparel of courts, and in the keeping of prisoners. Come still closer to home and take our peaceful little village, Bourbonnais, for example. In this favored village Church and State work hand in hand. Our public school, our convent, our college are all Catholic; all impart the doctrines of our holy religion; in a word, all teach morality. You have all seen the result of this. Bourbonnais pays one policeman fifty dollars a year for sweeping out the town hall. Its jail has stood for twenty-five years with scarce an inmate to occupy it, except perhaps some unknown vagrant who drifted here. What better monument, what more eloquent testimonial to the economic value of ethical education than this empty little jail, with its rust-eaten hinges and its weather-worn sides.

Is it not better to invest in a system of education that renders both spiritual and temporal results than in one which renders neither? I might as well ask, is it not better to buy a nugget of unalloyed gold than to invest in the proverbial gold-brick, yet the State yearly invests millions of dollars in the gold-brick of unmoral education. Irreligious education must of necessity produce irreligious scholars, and France today offers a warning to

the rest of the world of the consequences of depriving the youth of a sound religious elementary education. There is a world of truth in these words of Father Cavanaugh: "The heart of refinement is the refinement of the heart, the soul of culture is the culture of the soul."

THE COLLEGE WINDOW

I. RICE, '11

NURSE you!" The words rang out dreadfully clear on the still air of the campus and as he spat them out Ronald Randolph, banker's son and general gilded youth of the school, placed a perfumed handkerchief to the suffering portion of his neck. "Ha! Ha!" The silvery laugh seemed to come from above, but without looking up Ronald Randolph strode haughtily into the Gym. But Ronald was as cunning as he was handsome. No sooner was he inside than he jumped hurriedly to a window and peered long and cruelly at a certain window of the rooming building. His gaze was rewarded. A window on the fourth floor opened, a curly head looked out cautiously, and again the silvery laugh awoke the echoes of the campus. "Victor Vindmore," he hissed between clinched teeth. "I thought as much, and now Mr. Vindmore it's up to you to pay the fiddler." Ronald Randolph, it seems, had been in the shadow of the rooming building when a rejected piece of soft raisin pie seemingly dropped, yet coming with considerable speed, attempted to force its juicy bulk between Ronald's immaculate collar and his aristocratic neck. Failing partly in this, it had left a streak of uncertain color on his light gray suit, and Ronald Randolph was angry.

"Who stole the baker's pies?" The question was on the lips of every student. Excitement prevailed everywhere. During the absence of the baker from his wagon, three raisin pies had been appropriated by some unscrupulous youth, and every one was as-

tounded. It was indeed a daring robbery in broad daylight, yet, no one it seems had witnessed it. The baker was furious, and the faculty one and all vowed terrible punishment on the offending culprit if caught. The president of the college was in a towering rage. What! could he not trust the students of his school from gorging themselves with raisin pie, for did they not get it once a week. Why should they resort to such low methods for the gratifying of their appetites! But there was no one to answer. All were dismayed at the very boldness of the deed. No, not all. Ronald Randolph, dressed in a brown thick suit, rapped confidentially on the president's door. The door opened. Ronald smiled and entered.

It was evening study and the assembly hall was filled with boys preparing the lessons for the morrow when these words broke the ghostlike stillness "Victor Vindmore, come to my room!" It was the president's voice, and a hush fell on the entire hall, then a buzz. Was it about the pies? Had Victor stolen them? Pale and trembling, Victor rose from his chair and walked unsteadily out of the big room. The short walk to the president's room braced him wonderfully and he had just regained his lost spirits only to have them flee again at the imposing sight of the entire faculty seated around the president's table. They frowned on him as he entered. He felt a lump rise in his throat and thought it was his heart, but he swallowed hard and put on a bolt front. What did it mean? Was he to be tried for something? But he was soon to know. "Victor Vindmore!" The president's voice seemed far away but he heard him plainly. "Is it true, that on the day of the pie robbery you pelted a certain young gentleman with the remnant of a raisin pie?" Victor started. All eyes were turned on him, he felt it and could not find his tongue. He nodded in a dazed way. "Where did you get that pie?" The faculty leaned forward. Ronald Randolph smiled cruelly and took an easier position on the lounge in the corner. Victor started to reply, but his honor refused to let him speak. He remained silent.

"Then you must accept the consequence you—" The door burst open and Oscar Tate sprang in. "Then I shall answer for him. On that fateful day I gave Victor Vindmore a raisin pie." The faculty would have liked to cheer, but restrained themselves with an effort. The little fellow had been listening at the key hole. Victor heaved a sigh of relief. But again the heavy voice rang out. "Where did you get the pies to give away?" Again the oppressive silence. Oscar glanced at Ronald Randolph, sort of hesitated and in a dramatic tone replied, "From Ronald Ran-

dolph." Ronald sprang forward, but was held back. Tate continued: "I detected Ronald Randolph in the act of stealing the three pies, and as the price of my silence he gave me one of them. My conscience forbade me to eat it, so I presented it to Victor and now you know my story." A big tear left the president's cheek.

.

In the morning, just as the sweet intonation of the rising bell fell so pleasantly on youthful ears, an expressman labored with an expensive trunk marked "Ronald Randolph."

LOST AND WON

E. DOUGHERTY, '10



ACK Ross was a typical college student. His shoulders were broad and well formed and he was a trifle taller than the average man. His father was the proprietor of the Ven-Dome Hotel, which was a few blocks from the College campus, and situated on the shore of a small lake. Jack sat on the veranda, now glancing over the morning paper, now gazing out upon the placid lake, while the refreshing breezes of the morning sported with his hair. Suddenly his attention was attracted by the footsteps of some one approaching and on turning, his eyes met with those of a beautiful girl of about eighteen. She blushed slightly while he moved awkwardly in his chair, but after she passed he felt a keen desire to know her. He again continued to read but he found it impossible to concentrate his mind on such a trivial thing as a newspaper. After a short interview with the hotel clerk he learned her name to be Lucile Grant and that she was one of a party of co-eds who had arrived the evening before. They came up from the State University to root for their undefeated team.

.

In the afternoon all was excitement. Both teams were on the field and Jack, who was the captain of the local college team, was perfectly confident of winning. His players were in the "pink

of condition" and his first pitcher was in "top form," though his others were a little "off-color." But big Jim Laney was always to be relied upon. After a clock-work practice by both teams the umpire's gruff cry of "Play Ball" rang through the crowded stands and the fight was on. During the game Lucile Grant, who sat in an immense car a short distance from first-base with her companions, recognized Jack as the man she saw on the veranda in the morning. From the score card she learned his name and she occasionally caused some uneasiness among her companions by speaking his name when he made a good play.

Nine innings had passed and neither team had scored and likewise fourteen without the rubber being crossed. In the fifteenth "Big Jim" struck out the first two men up but the third hit to him and in picking up the ball he fell and dislocated his knee. He was carried from the field and replaced by Goat Green, the next best man on the reserve list. The first ball Goat pitched was hit for two bases, scoring one run for the State school. He then walked two men, filling the bases; the next man up hit over third base but Jack, who was on short, never lost heart and after a brilliant run into short left caught the fly and retired the side. The locals were at bat and never did an opposing twirler look so big. Being a little nervous he walked the first man up but came back strong by retiring the next two batters on three strikes. Under a relapse of his nervous spell he lodged the ball in the ribs of the fourth batter. When Jack Ross picked up his bat and strolled to the plate with a bull-dog look of determination written on his face the home rooters went wild with enthusiasm. Lucile, who had been very nervous but quiet during the entire game, unconsciously cried out, "Hit it Jack," which was perfectly audible to her companions, who looked at her with contempt. The opposing twirler cut the pan with a beautiful twister which Jack let pass; the local rooters did not lose heart but showed their confidence by long and continuous cheers which bothered the opposing man so much that he fed Jack two wide ones. Jack, who expected a gift, let the next one pass by only to hear the gruff voice of the umpire call "Strike Two," which sunk the grand-stand into a death-like silence. Jack rubbed his hands in the dust and changed bats, the pitcher sent over a speedy one, and when the official's voice rang out "Three Balls," the home rooters' wing of the stand was in danger of collapse. The pitcher paused in the box for a few seconds, raised his arms over his head and pitched the ball with all his strength and skill. Silence was supreme, there was a crash, and the ball was floating far over the left-fielder's head. But as Jack hit the ball there was a cry, "mad-dog!" He looked in the direction from

which the cry came to see a huge mastiff frothing at the mouth rush directly toward the car. His every thought was of the girl in the auto. He did not hear the cheers that ascended from his fellow-students, nor did he think of the game in which he was participating. For the moment he had but one thought; he must save Lucile. Bat in hand he rushed directly toward the ravng beast and with one mighty blow behind the ears he brought him down just as he was about to close his massive jaws upon her. The left-fielder of the opposing team had relayed the ball to first and the game was lost, Jack being out and neither score counting. The local varsity had lost a hard game but Jack had scored a great victory, for as he stood beside the car they looked into each others eyes, her hands sought his and she said in a soft and trembling voice, "Jack."

A SONG.

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and given in vain.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions
Yet walk their ways alone.

G. M.



STUBBY'S BIG DAY

F. CLEARY, '11



GOSH, but it's a peach of a day; guess we won't hit some today, eh fellows?" Thus exclaimed our Dick Burns as down the campus to the baseball diamond galloped twenty swarthy athletes. For today was the day of all days. Long training, sharp coaching, and hard, consistent practice had done their work, for such had been the daily routine of the entire squad for the last month. No games of importance had yet been played, and now that the opportune moment for demonstrating our abilities had arrived, it found us well primed, seasoned, and in the best of form. This day's game was the game of all games that we must win. It was the game we had scheduled with Hamilton U., and hence we were out for victory. As you know, they at that time were our most bitter rivals, and for two successive seasons they had held their state's championship. Moreover, for over two seasons they had never met defeat, with the exception of one hard game lost to us in '06. Besides, they hated us, inasmuch as we were out for the western championship.

However, cutting short these already brief introductory remarks, let us change the scene to the baseball field. The game is on. Hamilton bats first but fails to score. The 'Varsity comes next and, amid the cheers of ten thousand hearts on Frederick's Field, bring in their first run. Banners fly, pennants wave, while megaphones burst forth with deafening roar. Excitement reigns supreme, for every hamlet, village and town for miles around has assembled its loyal rooters to cheer for the 'Varsity, and they certainly have their fun; for they root, they cheer, they yell and bark and scream until every neighboring hill and valley resounds with the echoes of their cries. The pitchers show up at their best, as they, like the players, have practiced long and hard for this one game. The second inning chronicles no change in the score; neither does the third, fourth, or fifth. Nothing but strikeouts, and a few pop flies is all that the batters can accomplish. However, the sixth brings in more excitement; Hamilton scores, thus tying the game. The spectators now sit almost breathless, but the opponents can do no more. The last half of the sixth passes and then two more innings, and the teams are ready for the ninth. Meanwhile rooting and yell-

ing have proved of no avail and the teams still battle on, even as two mighty athletes, equal in every respect, with neither one overmastering the other. The ninth inning has arrived; the rooters have left the stand and the remaining crowd on the bleachers rush forth from their seats. Louder, stronger, harder, they yell; all the while pushing, crowding and shoving one another back and forth, to and fro, seemingly as a wild and furious monster foaming and seething to rush madly on, but tied to his post. The police strain their physical powers to the utmost in restraining the crowd and keeping clear the baselines. But alas! Hamilton fail in their half and still worse do we in ours, the last of the ninth. Our three star batters fall helpless victims before the invincible curves of Ryan, the star twirler for Hamilton. The game is now on for extra innings, and it is a battle royal. "Back with the crowd," shouts Big Pat Lagree, who was on the job with the indicator. "Giv'em a show there, Bunk!" "Off the lines!" The tenth inning whirls through and still nothing doing; it is the eleventh and the twelfth, still no runs. The hoo-doo number of innings has now arrived and Hamilton starts the music with a three bagger; but that is all, for the man dies on third while three men fan the air for strikeouts, and that is all for them. "Back with the crowd," shouts the big Ump again. "Nine rahs for the umpire," is all the response from the crowd and the 'Varsity are at bat. Now it is that the action changes, for Ryan blows up and walks the first man up; he repeats the stunt with the second, and then smashes the third man in the ribs, filling the bases. To hear that crowd now, one would actually believe some neighboring madhouse had turned loose its inmates. But their momentary emotion is soon overcome as Ryan is immediately jerked from the box and Gus Sammon, a youngster from the Windy City, takes the slab. It is an awful moment, but Gus seems equal to the occasion, and with wonderful celerity disposes of two star batters. However, this makes but two men out. "Who's up," shouts the crowd. "Anderson" comes the response from the scorekeeper. Now, Anderson was considered the best batter on the team, and consequently, one can easily imagine the ovation he received as he stepped up to the plate. But alas! At the first two pitched balls he strikes, but fails to connect. "Stung again," are the only words heard from the rooters as they heave forth a sigh of despair. But look! Here comes someone else to the plate. Andy retires and Stubby Hinton, the sub-man from the Hawkeye state appears. More cheers, more rahs, and Stubby is ready. "One ball" yells Pat; and then "Ball two," he peals forth; and again still another, "Ball three." It is nought but the old story of two strikes, three balls, two outs

and the bases full. Now for the worst, if it must come, and with one terrific swing Stubby advances with his bat to meet the ball. A crack, a snap, and ten thousand rooters are wild. Stubby rounds second, now third, for the ball is lost in the field beyond, and with all the pride of a hero over his enemy Stubby dashes for home, and with thousands of arms awaiting him, with as many pennants waiving above him, and with six bands to welcome him, he crosses home plate. The multitude seize him, they jerk him, they pull him. Stubby hears and sees nothing now; but with a groan that seemed to shake every room in the building he exclaims: "Cheese that bell!" "For heaven's sake ring off!" "Gee what a dream! Can't you let a fellow sleep. Think of it, and the day after the game too, and at that a defeat—me to the straw for the rest of the day Shorty."

A TIMELY ALARM



IT WAS really the most embarrassing position a fellow could be in. What to do I did not know. Here was a bevy of pretty girls all trying to sell me a ticket for a play that was to be held in their convent that night, and I didn't have a cent. And I don't think Eckersoll could have got away from that bunch for they hemmed on all sides, every one of them trying to talk at once. If they made a break in the line they were handing out to me I certainly didn't notice it. Perhaps it was because I was so fussed up. Maybe some of you fellows are not familiar with the fact that the college I attend is quite unique in its surroundings, being as it is surrounded by the palatial residences of retired farmers and flanked by a convent that harbors enough pretty girls to cause the whole state of Kentucky to turn green with envy. Some are found who are dissatisfied and who say they could have a better time at home. But all that sort of rot doesn't concern my story anyhow. It came about this way. You see we have a fellow down there named Doc Baine who is quite a ladies' man always very courteous to any young ladies that appear on the grounds and ever willing to show them the buildings and explain the mysterious doings of the Frat and Rah Rah boys. Naturally, as soon as the convent beauties appeared at the portals of the grounds there

was Doc "waiting at the church" with his Sunday smile and new brown hat. He at once assumed the delightful duty of conducting the fair ones through the buildings and incidentally drumming up prospective buyers of the pasteboards. Now, I really don't think they would have got sight of me if it wasn't for Doc's bald head. You see I was in the habit of shaving the top of Doc's head. Sort of a good Samaritan act, you know, helping him to save the locks of chestnut brown that he was wont to boast of in his younger days. But alas! when I opened my door at the familiar knock of Doc's, instead of Doc's lathered head waiting for my razor, I was confronted with the crowd of dames all wearing the tell-tale smile of the ticket-seller. I was dumb-founded, confused, and a few other things, at the sight of such fair besiegers. However, I had presence of mind enough to kick the spittoon under the table and to palm the cigarette, even if I didn't put my track suit out of sight. We exchanged a few pleasantries, and as they were getting dangerously near the object of their visit, and I had about exhausted my line of lady talk I saw something must happen or I would have to buy a pasteboard or own up that I had nothing smaller than a ten. Don't faint, boys! I mean a ten cent piece. When the duty-calling tones of the fire whistle broke upon the bird like voices of my visitors I knew at once that I was saved the mortification of refusing to purchase a ticket. For didn't I belong to the village firefighters and wasn't it my duty to go at once? So grabbing my rubber coat and boots I made a very unceremonious get-away, leaving the besiegers to battle against some unluckier fellow.

"I."

VISIT OF THE VERY REV. THOMAS COUTU, C. S. V.

When Father O'Mahoney announced in the chapel several days ago that the Rev. Thomas Coutu, C. S. V., representing the Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viateur, left Aerschot, Belgium, on a visit to the American houses of the congregation, the students began a novena for the safety of his voyage. On May 20th he arrived at the college, where he was met with becoming marks of esteem and reverence by the faculty and students. In appreciation of the honor conferred upon the college by the Rev. Visitor, Father O'Mahoney allowed the students a holiday. On the following day a formal reception was held in the college gymnasium. Under the direction of Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., the orchestra rendered several selections of Canadian airs as a

greeting to Father Coutu, who is a native of Canada. When the last strains of these stirring anthems had been played Mr. W. Emmet Conway, '08 representing the student body, delivered the following address:

Very Reverend Father, we the students of St. Viateur's College, moved by feelings of profound esteem for you and your exalted mission, and, actuated by motives of loyalty to the order whose venerable head you represent, beg to offer you, not only in our own name but also in that of the Alumni of this college, an affectionate welcome. Your important mission to the provinces of your Order in Canada and the United States will, we feel confident, be a source of blessing not only to your confreres but also to the youth entrusted to their care.

We had cherished the fond hope that it would be our happy privilege this year to greet that venerable chief who today, although in his eighty-third year, continues to guide the destinies of his Order in the same paternal and effective way as he did nearly a quarter of a century ago, when sanctity, devotion and ability drew forth from the ranks of the Clerics of St. Viateur and placed at their head, the Very Reverend Father Lajoie. We appreciate the difficulties and hardships to which a long voyage would subject him but we beg you, Very Reverend Father, upon your return, to assure your Venerable Superior General, that loyalty and devotion burns with as bright a glow in the hearts of the present students as in those of other days, and to assure him furthermore that the students of the past and the present, practicing the lessons which they have learned from his loyal sons, speak not merely in words but in deeds. We know that it will gladden the heart of that veteran of many battles, to learn from your lips, that he and his order, in common with other religious orders, have our heartfelt sympathy for the trials which they have endured during the past decade and our admiration for the courage which they have waged with those godless men in whose hands unfortunately the destinies of France seem to be placed at the present time. Although the scars of battle may be fresh and deep, although defeat may seem the verdict of the world, although the fair provinces of France may be covered with the ruins of schools and monasteries, still it is our firm hope, that even as our Alma Mater has come forth triumphant from the severe ordeal to which she was subjected, so too shall victory crown the brave efforts of the members of persecuted religious orders, who, with the persecuted of every age, cry out in manly defiance, "If God be for us who can withstand us." We rejoice in the signs of this victory which we see in the progress of your order in Belgium and Spain. We thank Providence for this and

hope that the day may soon dawn when you and your noble confreres, who have been made to feel the bitter disappointment of seeing the work of a lifetime torn down by the ruthless hand of the despoiler and the associates of many years disbanded and scattered, will see this work restored more magnificently than ever by the willing hands of those exiled religious invited home by a repentant France.

We welcome you, dear Father, to the shores of America, the home of the free and the land of unsurpassed opportunities for yours and such orders as are devoted to the glorious cause of Christian education. We welcome you as the representative of him who is the father and guide of those men whose lives are devoted to our welfare. We welcome you as one whose work in behalf of Christian education in France during the past eighteen years bears upon it the stamp of zeal, self-sacrifice, and courage, thereby reflecting the efforts of your younger days for a similar period in your native Canada. We welcome you as the bearer of the paternal blessing of one whose life of many years has been spent in doing good. May your sojourn with us be one of unalloyed pleasure is the sincere wish of the students of St. Viateur's College.

In heartfelt appreciation of these kind words of welcome, Father Coutu spoke as follows:

Right Reverend Monsignor Legris, Very Reverend President, distinguished Faculty and dear Students: I am thankful to you for this beautiful and sympathetic reception which you tender me on my arrival at St. Viateur's. I owe it to the gracious invitation of the Reverend President, to the amiability of the confreres and of the friends who surround him, and I might say, to the atmosphere of family spirit and good education that characterize the students of St. Viateur's. Our Very Reverend Father General having delegated one of his associates to visit the American Provinces, you have thought it fit to receive this representative as the Superior himself. I congratulate you on your grand spirit of Faith, your attachment to the Superiors of the order, and I thank you for your magnificent demonstration. I say magnificent, and how could it be otherwise in these architectural gems, and particularly in this vast and artistically decorated academic hall. Truly, Reverend Fathers and dear Students, were it not for the sad recollection of the conflagration of February the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and six, and for the perfumes of zeal, of work and of devotedness which rise from the ruins of Old St. Viateur's, I would be tempted to recall the old adage, misfortune

is always good fortune. In any case, one fact is certain; that is, that the administration of the College has done things on a grand and princely scale; and that all together, students and professors, you have reason to be proud of this stately institution. I particularly congratulate the Very Reverend Father O'Mahoney, who has had the good fortune to inaugurate his presidency in these beautiful edifices, and who by his age and talents is called to direct this college for many years to come and to conduct it with ability in the ways of material, intellectual and moral progress. I heartily wish him the most complete success for his own personal satisfaction and that of his devoted faculty, for the honor of the college and of all its students, for the glory of this religious Province and of the American Church.

I cannot go any further without saluting the memory of Father Marsile. You would consider it amiss were I not to recall, in a few words, his work in this institution of which he was, during almost thirty years, the center and the soul. He contributed with all his might to the development of studies in the old college. With the generous concourse of the old students, he built that beautiful Roy Memorial chapel, monument out of his filial piety towards his predecessor and homage of his loving heart to Our Eucharistic Lord. It is he who presided over the erection of that grand gymnasium for scenic amusements, oratorical contests and athletics, so that physical culture might go hand in hand with moral and intellectual formation. He seems to have taken for maxim: *Haud pluribus impar*. I desire that my college be inferior to none, and this is why he steadily advanced saying, *Fac et Spera*, Work and Hope. When on the point of building Alumni Hall, Providence, by one of its trials inexplicable to our human short-sightedness, called him to the painful mission of entirely rebuilding his well-beloved institution. He set to work generously in concert with the administration, the students and the friends of the institution; and before taking his rest, well-merited indeed, but hastened by the increase of fatigues and of occupations, he desired to will to his successor and to you all, this splendid and magnificent college. God grant a sweet and agreeable retreat to this veteran of education. May he shower down upon him His graces and favors of predelection.

Permit me also, Reverend Gentlemen and dear Students, to evoke the memory of Reverend Father Roy, creator of Catholic Education in Bourbonnais, and true founder of the collegiate course. All the old students of this house have known his zeal, his devotedness, his spirit of self-sacrifice. He spent himself so unreservedly that in a few years his career ended and was forever closed. But in heaven he became the protector of this house,

and his children consecrated to his memory, first a chapel and afterwards the splendid edifice known as Roy Hall, which is to perpetuate his name through generations to come. I cannot, without false humility, conceal the fact that I was born and raised in the same country, even in the same town with him and that I have the honor to be one of his spiritual sons. To this fact, I am pleased to believe, I owe this cordial reception in your midst. And permit me to add that in consideration of this man of God, who is dear to us all, I claim today the honor to be counted among the students of St. Viateur's, and the right to acquire citizenship in Bourbonnais. I still remember with what legitimate pride he brought, at the end of their course in 1874, to Canada his first graduates, among whom was Mr. Gerasime Legris, now Monsignor Legris, Protonotary Apostolic, eminent professor and generous benefactor of this institution, the most loyal, the most modest of the sons of St. Viateur. Yes, I remember good Father Roy when he presented his graduates to the philosophers of Joliet college. I was among the number. You should have heard him laud his students, his college, and proclaim that it had received the University Charter, that it could confer degrees, etc. His whole soul was in his words. This is, in a few words, what were the Reverend Fathers Roy and Marsile, what they conceived, and what they executed. You know who Father O'Mahoney is. You enjoy him, you love him and appreciate him at his just value. You see at his sides, to speak only of the former students, Monsignor Legris, Doctor Rivard and Father Labrie. In the presence of men of such a stamp, and considering the different classes of the American Society, I see at work and in places of honor a great number of old students of St. Viateur. I am happy and proud of it, as you yourselves are, Professors and Students of this great institution; and I take the liberty of telling you, "Noblesse oblige"—What your Superiors and those who have preceded you in this house have done, you also can do in the commercial and financial world, in the arts, in letters, in the sciences, in history, philosophy and theology. I invite you to imitate them for your own personal advantage, for the honor of your families, for the glory of your country; I especially exhort you to follow in their footsteps for the diffusion of the Christian faith in North America, as a worthy preparation for the celebration of the golden jubilee of your Alma Mater, as a token of constant success and incessant advancement of the new and always greater St. Viateur. Excelsior, according to your great American poet, Longfellow, and I might add Ad altissima! Yes, I sincerely and cordially wish the highest destinies to St. Viateur's college.

THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—J. DOUGHERTY, '08.

Alumni—C. MAHONEY, '08.

Exchanges—EMMETT CONWAY, '08

Societies—A. SAVARY, '09.

Athletics—S. J. MORGAN, '09.

Personals—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—D. McAULIFFE, '09.

Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed. Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL.

No one would think of calling a thistle a rose, simply because it has thorns or because it happened to be found growing in the flower garden, but there are many who give the dignified name of student to all those found within college walls and in doing so they commit as grave an error as though they had denominated a thistle a rose. Though sad to say, it is nevertheless true that there are at every college and university a certain number of nominal students, mere hangers-on, who have no right whatever to the name student. They do not study; they "cut" class, and when they do attend the professor can get no recitation from them. Have such individuals any claim to the name by which they are characterized? No, they are sailing under false colors; they are not what they pretend to be, they are hypocrites, and more, they are criminals. The nominal student is a thief because he actually steals from those who are keeping him in college. He does himself immeasurable harm. He is guilty of the basest ingratitude, both to his parents, and his professors.

And he does the college he attends incalculable injustice and injury because he is a false standard whereby others will judge it.



During the first few days of this month the eyes of the whole world were turned toward the scene of rejoicing and festivity taking place in New York and marking an era in

A American Catholicity. The celebration of the centenary of that great Eastern diocese, gives us ample and positive proof of the futility of persecution to stay the progress of the Church of God. Probably the Catholic Church in America never experienced such big-

Triumphal Event oted intolerance as it did in New York during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1691, during the reign of Mary and William of Orange, liberty of conscience was granted to all with the exception of Catholics, who were expressly denied this right, and later in the year 1700, it was enacted that any priest found in the province should be adjudged a disturber of the peace and should suffer perpetual imprisonment, and in case of escape and capture, should suffer death, and moreover those who harbored priests were to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and stand three days in the pillory. That there are now a million and a half of Catholics in the diocese and nearly one thousand priests, besides many religious orders of men and women, but goes to show how Divine Providence draws real good from apparent evil.



Possibly a good way to kill socialism is to let it get in the saddle and ride headlong to its own destruction. The cable this week states that the city of Esbjerg, Denmark,

Docet. now sees the glory of socialist rule. Its city council is made up of Comrades, and now evidence leaps up showing that its members have squandered the public money and now find it necessary to levy exorbitant taxes. All this might have been foreseen. The disciples of Marx have been hungry for years, and no doubt the desire to remake the world is strong within their bosoms. After they have taxed themselves out of existence they will be a sorrier group of philosophers if not a wiser.—The New World.



REV. JOHN MORRISSEY

Alumnus of St. Viator's, Pastor of St. Finbarr's Church, Chicago.

PERSONALS.

A new acquaintance is Mr. George Methe. Come again.

Rev. Father Wang, a Norwegian priest collecting in this country for the Church in Norway, spent a few days at the college.

Mr. Herry Weber '07 whose illness obliged him to return from Rome was operated upon recently in the Mercy Hospital Chicago for appendicitis. We are glad to say that the operation was successful and that Henry is steadily regaining his health.

The appointment of Rev. John J. Morrissey to succeed the late Dr. Judge as pastor of St. Finbarr's parish, Chicago, has been the occasion of much gratification to the faculty and friends of St. Viateur's. The appointment is an award of merit and a distinction won by unselfish labors in several fields. The first appointment of Father Morrissey was to Sterling, Ill., where he administered faithfully to the needs of the people for several years. The Rev. C. B. Foster of Joliet then procured his services as assistant, where he remained for seven years. He was then transferred to labor with the Rev. Dennis Hayes at St. Rose's church, Chicago, and after five years' labor there he received his first appointment as pastor to St. Mary's church, Highland Park. In May, 1903, St. Mary's was destroyed by fire. Undaunted by this mishap, Father Morrissey immediately began the construction of the new edifice where the faithful of Highland Park now worship. The inaugural sermon of Father Morrissey in taking possession of St. Finbarr's won for him the hearts of his new subjects, who we are sure will find him a devoted and unselfish pastor.

Rev. I. P. O'Mahoney was chosen by the Rev. Edward Grobusch to deliver the dedicatory sermon at the dedication of St. Joseph's church, La Salle, Ill., Sunday, May 10th. Rt. Rev. F. J. O'Reilly officiated. Bishop Spaulding was present at the ceremonies.

We regret that we cannot give in full a lengthy clipping taken from the Kankakee Democrat concerning the good work done by the Rev. A. Tardif, C. S. V., in the Church of St. George, St. George, Ill. The latest addition in the improvement of the church is a handsome set of stations costing nine hundred dollars. Each painting measures eight feet in height by four in width. The blessing of the stations took place on Good Friday forenoon.

The union of the law offices of James G. Condon and Andrew J. Ryan present a formidable partnership. Their suite is 721-22-23, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Announcements have reached us of the coming marriage of Mr. John Byrne of Rockford, Ill. John has made Bourbonnais touch the route of his honeymoon, so we will have the pleasure of congratulating him about commencement day.

His European trip over, Winner Knitcel will spend the remainder of the year with books at St. Viateur's.

While on his homeward trip from Louisiana to Montreal, Canada, the Rev. Charles Ducharme, provincial of the Canadian province of the Viatorians, stopped for a few days with his confreres in Bourbonnais.

There are loud ovations for the public champion of educational institutions, but the hero of the fray is the one who goes into the school-room and there advances the work and cause of education. This is where the Very Rev. A. Shulte of Iowa City, can daily be found giving talents, time, energy and effort to the promotion of the young along the ways of learning. We hope his interest in educational work will bring him to St. Viateur's, where a hearty welcome awaits him.

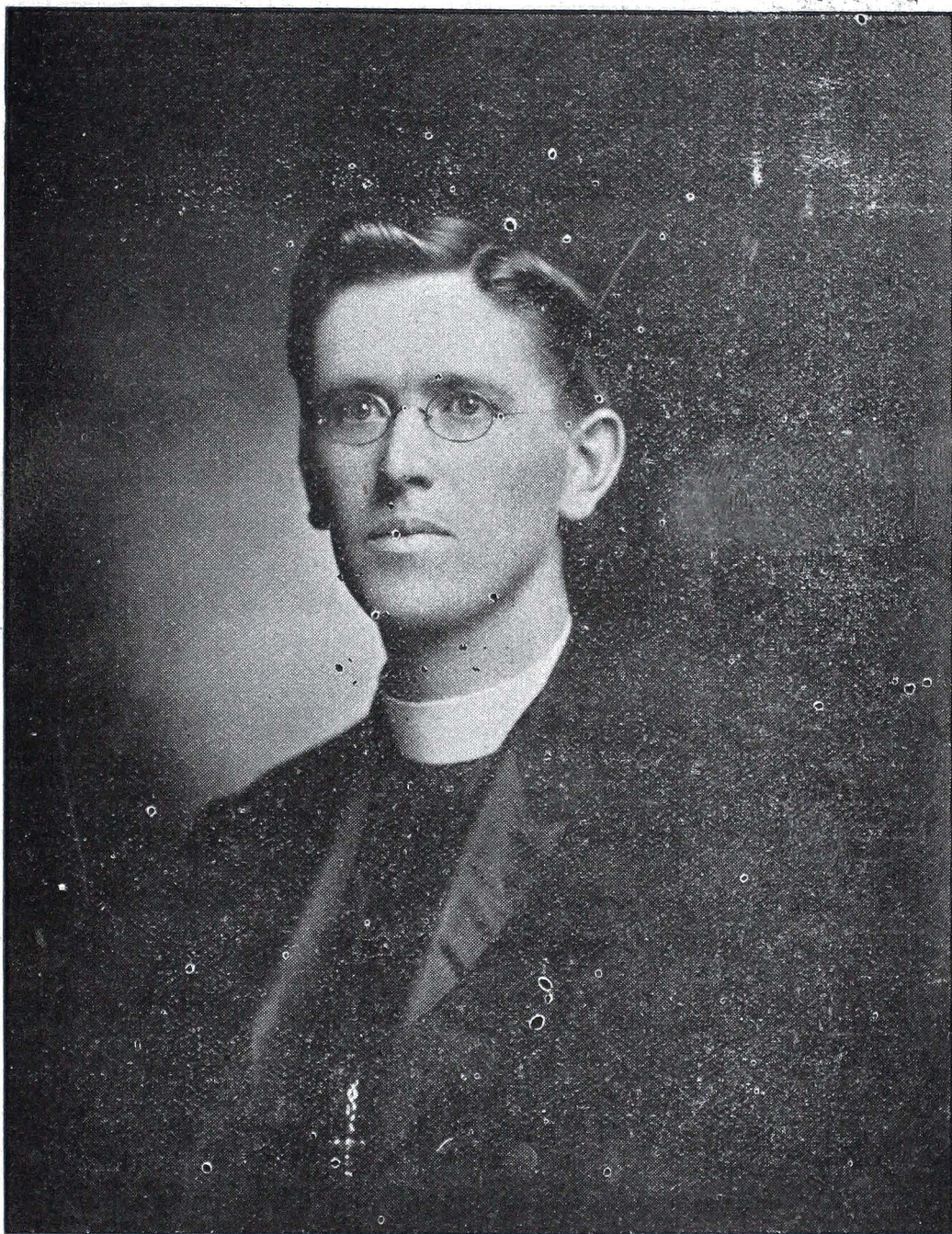
LAMENTATIONS.

As we walk on the shores of the distant past
 And we dream of the times gone by;
 Then we think of the rain we used to have
 Fifty-six miles from Chi.

And we think of those dear old college games,
 And the players and their ways,
 And the games galore, that we did not play
 On account of the Kirley days.

And we think of Shorty and his men,
 And the swell chests with their cry,
 But no matter how hot the weather was,
 The diamond was never dry.

W. J. Flavin.



REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY, C. S. V.
President of St. Viateur's, Contestant for the Trip Abroad.

CONTEST FOR TRIP ABROAD.

In their eagerness to be of practical assistance to their college, St. Viateur's students have prevailed upon Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., president of the institution, and Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., professor of Rhetoric, to enter the lists in a contest for ten cent votes for a trip abroad. This contest will form the chief feature of a grand bazaar which will close at the end of September, 1908, the proceeds of which will go toward the equipment of the athletic department. The public is accustomed to being appealed to in behalf of institutions of learning, but there are very special reasons why the public should be partial in its generosity towards St. Viateur's College, which is making such brave efforts to recover from its disastrous losses through the fire of 1906.

The boys of '08 desire to lend what help they can and to enlist the assistance of all their friends. Both sides of the contest will be in the hands of competent managers. Father O'Mahoney's manager has not yet been chosen, and Mr. W. J. Dimmer who is with the Marshall Field firm, Chicago, will look after Father Breen's success.

Why Vote and How Often?

Vote because both men are popular among the students, whose interests they have devotedly served these many years in and out of the class rooms.

Vote because the cause of education which they represent is one of vital importance to you, to your neighbor, to every family and community, to the nation and the church.

Vote because you are asked and thereby afforded the opportunity of making friends of hundreds of students who will benefit by your generous co-operation. Vote because each dime you give entitles you to a chance on a hundred dollars.

And how often? Well, when you vote for a public official you can vote only once; but in this case you can vote as often as you are requested and vote on both sides without becoming legally entangled.

E. L. R.



REV. M. J. BREEN, C. S. V.
Professor of Rhetoric, Contestant for the Trip Abroad.



Exchanges



It gave us great pleasure to receive **The Redwood**, which has unaccountably absented itself for several months, and to again participate in the pleasure to be derived from its contents. While we generally content ourselves with commenting on the contents of a magazine, still in this case we may well make an exception to the rule and draw attention to the neat and artistic make-up of **The Redwood**. It is one of the few journals which strives to delight the eye as well as the intellectual faculties. It evidently costs a good sum to produce such a monthly, but from the excellence of the articles and the interest displayed by the student contributors the management should consider it a good investment—one which can fittingly and creditably represent the institution from which it issues. We, who have experienced the delights (?) of an Illinois spring season, are well prepared to read with interest the article, "The Coming of the Blossoms"—which, by the way, is much more interesting and readable than the title implies. It pictures the delights of California weather and is commendable for the descriptions it contains and the profusion of appropriate adjectives. In reading "The Inner Man" one is apt to receive a shock and have his refined sensibilities ruthlessly jarred, for one can hardly imagine three young men, turn upon and devour one another even though they are shipwrecked and craving for food and drink, without experiencing a sensation which can no way be identified with pleasure. The story displays a vivid imagination on the part of the writer and considerable skill in narration. The verses in the number at hand are above the average in college journals, and are pleasingly interspersed with the more lengthy articles.

The Abbey Student presents an abundance of substantial and beneficial reading matter in the April number, which, however, become somewhat cumbersome and uninteresting when they are so closely connected and have nothing of a lighter nature to allay the fatigue of close attention which should be accorded an essay. The omission of one of the half dozen essays in **The Abbey Student** would have done the journal no harm, especially if a short story or a few humorous verses had been inserted in its place. The essays themselves are praiseworthy and above censure—they are the very kind we like to see in Catholic journals, in which religion should be a predominant trait. "Religion and

Poetry" indicates the connection between religion and art in general, but it conclusively demonstrates the intimate relation of religion and the art of poetry. The article is of a high class and does justice to the chosen theme. "Forming Judgments," "Thoughts on Reform" and "Religion in Business," are short essays which display no small ability and enthusiasm on the part of the authors. The verses are not up to the standard of the prose compositions; they show the ability of the writers in choosing happy rhymes but contain very few of the requisites of poetry.

The A. P. G. U. edition of **The Collegian**, while not as interesting to the outsider as other numbers of this same journal, still contains much which, from the ex-man's point of view, is worthy of praise. It is a good example of the careful blending of prose, verse and college gossip, which makes a good recipe for an admirable college journal if the individual components are well developed. The April number gives the history of the A. P. G. V. society, under whose auspices the edition is published, and in which the members of the society may justly take pride. But we think the ex-man has missed his mark and has violated the sacred space allotted to the exchanges by devoting a whole page to quotations from a college paper on "Cigarette Smoke." If the article mentioned was the best to be found in the exchange quoted, then why not call attention to the insipid and utterly worthless article, with a request for better work or else refuse to recognize the exchange? For in the lines quoted there is nothing, absolutely nothing, of merit in the intellectual sense and certainly nothing in the moral sense. The article depicts the grunting of the tobacco-hog who wishes to win others to his own mode of thinking and thus make excuses for his own weakness. Now, please don't understand us as preaching against cigarette smoking—such is not our intention—but we wish to emphasize the fact that a college journal, in which we naturally expect to find the best intellectual efforts of the students set forth, is not the proper receptacle for such trash as that embodied under the title "Cigarette Smoke"—and the offense is greatly enhanced when such a worthy journal as **The Collegian** reprints, with lines of commendation, the above mentioned, worthless article. Evidently **The Collegian** ex-man underrates the importance of the exchange column or else the amount of praiseworthy reading matter which reaches his sanctum is exceedingly small.





Athletic Notes



Baseball.

The games so far played, all of which have been victories, indicate that St. Viateur has another great baseball machine, equal, if not superior, to any ever seen on local diamonds, a team which would be a credit to any first-class semi-pro or "Class B" organization. The inside work is all that could be asked. The batting is strong and is daily getting better. The fielding is superb, and the batteries are our one best bet.

St. Viateur 7-10; Bradley Grays 5-3.

The 'Varsity defeated the Bradley Grays, the fast Trolley league team, by comfortable margins in the pre-season games. These were merely work-outs for the 'Varsity, affording the coach a good line on the merits of the men. Mahoney's fielding and stick work, B. McCarthy's batting, and the perfect form displayed by the entire team, were especially pleasing to the coach and student rooters.

St. Viateur, 6; Armour Institute of Technology, 5.

The 'Varsity opened its 1908 college season with a clean-cut victory over our fast and ancient rivals from Armour Institute. The game was fast and furious all the way, the rain-sodden field in no way interfering with the batting and fielding of both teams, which bordered on the sensational.

Ahern started the game for Armour by lofting a high foul fly which was smothered by O'Connell. Fey hit to Berry, Smith popped to A. McCarthy. St. Viateur also went out mathematically. In the second, Armour continued the mathematical procession which, however, was rudely shattered by Stack who poled a high one over short. Mahoney received a hot one on his shoulder and ambled to first, Stack trotting to second. O'Connell larruped a wollop to right, but sensational fielding spoiled a possible home run. Berry sacrificed, pitcher to first. At this junction Shiel proceeded to win his own game by slapping an out on the walter for a double, scoring Stack and Mahoney. In the third, Armour tried to even matters. DaSilva reached first on an error and scored on the two bumps which Niestadt and Ahren contributed. In the fourth McAuley sat on a floater for four bases, and incidentally tied the game—2 all. In the sixth Smith of Armour was soaked on the heel. McAuley hit a roller to right,

quick fielding by B. McCarthy choking Smith at second. Trinkans hit to left, advancing McAuley to second, and the latter scored on Struble's fly to Stack. Daly secured a life on an error. Da Silva ended the inning by skying to Stack. With two down in the sixth, Stack opened the pyrotechnics on a hit to right. Mahoney followed suit with a terrific smash to center for three bases, scoring Stack. O'Connell popped to Trinkaus, who fondled the ball and dropped it. Berry singled to right, advancing O'Connell to third. Berry pilfered second, Shiel smashed a roaring triple to the left frontiers, killing a snipe on the way, and scoring both runners. Bachant ended the inning, Niestadt spearing the ball and retiring the runner at first. Some stop. At this point Shiel was stabled, Stack going on the job. With two down in the seventh, Fey did the Weston stunt, reaching the Keystone sack on an error, and scoring on McAuley's single. Trinkaus whiffed, ending the inning. In the ninth Niestadt grassed, second to first. Ahern skied, Fey poled a double to left. Smith again was stung by the ball, this time on the right heel. McAuley punctured the Armour balloon by bouncing a hot one at Stack, who retired the runner at first.

McAuley's drive to center and Fey's imitation of a tumbler in center field robbing Shiel of a clean hit, were the luminous pieces of Armour work. For St. Viateur's the hitting of Stack and Shiel, the fielding of Mahoney and the battery work of Bachant, Stack and Shiel, were the features. The score:

| Armour | R | H | P | A | E | St. Viateur | R | H | P | A | E |
|------------------|---|---|----|---|---|-------------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Ahern, ss .. . | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Conway, lf.. . | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| Fey, cf.. . . . | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | McCarthy, B. rf | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Smith, c.. . . . | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 0 | McCarthy, A. 3b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| McAuley, 1b.. . | 2 | 2 | 8 | 0 | 1 | Stack, cf & p.. | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Trinkans, p .. . | 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 1 | Mahoney, ss .. . | 2 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 1 |
| Struble, 3b.. . | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | O'Connell, 1b .. | 1 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Daly, lf.. . . . | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Berry, 2b.. . . . | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Da Silva, rf.. . | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Shiel, p & cf .. | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Niestadt, 2b.. . | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Bachant, c.. . . | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 5 | 6 | 24 | 8 | 3 | Total | 6 | 8 | 27 | 11 | 4 |

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| | H—0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Armour | R—0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0—5 |
| St. Viateur .. . | H—0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 | * |
| | R—0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | *—6 |

Summary—Earned runs, Armour 3, St. Viateur 4. Left on bases, Armour 7, St. Viateur 4. Home run, McAuley. Three-base hit, Mahoney, Shiel. Two-base hits, Shiel, O'Connell, Fey. Struck out, by Shiel (2), by Stack (2), by Trinkans (8). Bases on balls, off Stack

(1). Hit by pitched ball, Mahoney (1), Smith (2). Innings pitched, by Shiel 6, by Stack 3. Sacrifice hit, Ahern, Berry. Hits, off Shiel 4; off Stack 2. Stolen bases, Berry. Time of game, 1:35. Umpire, "Jack" Pickett.

St. Viateur 10; St. Ignatius 3.

On Thursday, April the 30th, the Collegians from St. Ignatius were met and defeated in a slow game, uninteresting on the whole, but dotted here and there with pieces of spectacular work. After St. Ignatius had been retired with a goose-egg, St. Viateur fell on Roberts hard. Mahoney smote the second ball pitched for a double. A few seconds later after O'Connell had landed his first triple, the game was no longer in doubt. In the second inning a collection of six hits, two errors and a base on balls sent eight runs over the pan. Roberts, who had been hailed as invincible, was placed in the repair yard; Prindaville finishing the game. Shiel and Stack divided honors on the slab for St. Viateur's, jointly holding the maroon and gold to three hits. For St. Viateur the work of the batteries, the batting of O'Connell and Mahoney, the superb fielding of McCarthy, and a marvelous catch of a Texas leaguer by Mahoney, were features. Chouinard's work in the center pasture and Hankes' difficult catch of a long drive from O'Connell's bat, helped St. Ignatius considerably in holding the score to what is given below. Herman's double play unassisted, was also brilliantly engineered. The score:

| St. Ignatius | R | H | P | A | E | St. Viateur | R | H | P | A | E |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kevin, 2b.. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Mahoney, ss.. | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Hankes, rf.. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Conway (Capt) lf | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Fox, lf .. | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | McCarthy, 3b.. | 1 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 1 |
| Chouinard (Capt) cf | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Stack, cf & p .. | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Heckinger, c.. | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | O'Connell, 1b.. | 1 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 1 |
| Croake, 1b.. | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 0 | Berry, 2b .. | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| Mooney, 3b .. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Conway, E., rf .. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Herman, ss.. | 1 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 | Bachant, c.. | 1 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| Roberts, p.. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Shiel, p & cf .. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Prendaville, p.. | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | | | | | | |

Total .. 3 3 24 9 5 Total .. 10 10*26 15 6

*Chouinard hit by batted ball.

H—0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2

St. Ignatius .. R—0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 0—3

H—2 6 0 0 1 0 0 1 *

St. Viateur .. R—2 8 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 *—10

Summary—Earned runs, St. Ignatius 0, St. Viateur 8. Three-base hits, O'Connell (2). Two-base hits, Mahoney. Innings pitched, by Roberts 1½, by Prindaville 7½, by Shiel 5, by Stack 4. Hits off Roberts (7), off Prindaville (3), off Shiel (1), off Stack (2). Bases

on balls, off Roberts (1), off Prindaville (5), off Shiel 4, off Stack (1). Struck out by Prindaville (4), by Shiel (2), by Stack (2). Hit by pitcher, Herman. Double plays, Herman, unassisted. Sacrifice hits, Mooney, McCarthy, Stack, Shiel, E. Conway. Stolen bases, Kevin, Herman, Prindaville (2). Umpires, Legris, St. V., and Howard, St. I. Time of game, 2:00 hours.

St. Viateur 6; Knox College 4.

St. Viateur won the first game of the series with Knox in a listless game on a sloppy field, with the mercury hugging the freezing point. The conditions under which the game was played were ideal—for football, rowing, yachting, and other kindred sports. The incessant rains of the preceding week made the new Bergin Field a quagmire, thus necessitating the use of the Browns' park in Kankakee. With Stack on the firing line, St. Viateur got a quick getaway, sending three runs over the platter, on a combination of three hits and an error. In the third, two hits accounted for a run, and in the seventh a hit and two bases on balls totaled two more, which finished our run getting. All this time Knox was serenely whiffing. However, in the last three innings they made a desperate bid for recognition, securing six hits off Stack's delivery. Stack showed that these were merely scratches by holding them down at critical moments. For Knox, West's work, both at bat and in the field, was spectacular. The batting of O'Connell and Shiel, the catching of Bachant, and high-grade fielding stunts by berry and C. Conway, were the features. The base-running of the entire team, and a neatly executed double play, McCarthy to Berry to O'Connell, also assisted the locals considerably. The score:

| Knox | R | H | P | A | E | St. Viateur | R | H | P | A | E |
|----------------|---|---|----|---|---|------------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| West, 2b... | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Conway, C. lf | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Ellis, lf | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mahoney, ss... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Richardson, 3b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | McCarthy, 3b | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Mettler, ss... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | O'Connell, 1b | 2 | 2 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Essick, 1b... | 0 | 1 | 12 | 0 | 2 | Shiel, cf... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Grant, p... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 | Berry, 2b... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Gault, cf... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Conway, E, rf... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Duncan, rf | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Bachant, c... | 1 | 0 | 10 | 2 | 0 |
| Lillie, c... | 0 | 1 | 8 | 3 | 2 | Stack, p... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 |

Total ... 4 9 24 13 5 Total ... 6 7 27 13 2

H—1 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 3

Knox ... R—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 2—4

H—3 0 2 0 0 1 1 0 *

St. Viateur ... R—3 0 1 0 0 2 0 0 *—6

Earned runs, Knox 2, St. Viateur 4. Two-base hits, Mettler. Bases on balls, off Stack 1, off Grant 4. Struck out, by Stack 10.

by Grant 9. Double plays, McCarthy to Berry to O'Connell. Wild pitches, Grant (2). Passed balls Lillie 2. Stolen bases, St. Viateur 9, Knox 3. Sacrifice hits, Stack, Lillie, Richardson (2). Hit by pitcher, Stack. Time of game: 1:50. Umpire,, McDonald.

Notes of the Games.

Rumor has it that during exciting parts of the games, a certain member of the faculty is seen mounting the railings of the bleachers trying to climb into the surrounding atmosphere.

Stack, Shiel and Bachant are working in big league form. The cold weather encountered in the games so far played would freeze cream, but it did not seriously interfere with their work which was of high grade.

The nine seems to be under some "hoodoo". The day before the Armour game Legris was compelled to quit through doctor's orders. A day prior to the St. Ignatius contest, B. McCarthy sprained a tibia and had to quit for a couple of weeks. Shiel suffered from neuralgia prior to the Knox game, but gamely played.

The second team is now in the midst of its season, and is posing under the grandiloquent title of "Roy Hall." James L. Dougherty, '08, has been elected to assume the managerial reins, and Albert G. Quille has been chosen captain. The line-up of the Hall team reads: Catcher, A. G. Quille; pitchers, A. Savary and Coss; 1st Nourie, 2d Lynch, ss, E. G. Quille, 3d Slattery. E. Conway, Shannon and McGee form the outfield. Their schedule is not yet ready for definite announcement, but it is rumored that several trips have been arranged for the nine. Up to the present writing their stunts have consisted in taming the Mules. They have also played several close games with the 'Varsity, once succeeding in defeating the "regs" by a close score. Mgr. Dougherty had games secured, but J. Pluvius became so disheartened that he caused the elements to dampen their grounds thus spoiling three trips.

The "Missouri Mules," "Orioles," and "Le Clube Francais," are the titles by which the several other teams are known. The Mules, as their name indicates, are stubborn in the game. The Orioles are birds. As for the "L. C. F's", their stunts are so numerous that we are unable to write them up in the language in which they should be described. Omar Senesac is captain.

Miscellaneous.

The class of 1909 won the college bowling championship, in a closely contested series with 1908's, five pins being the margin separating the two teams. Kelly, McAuliffe, Savary, Shippy, and Morgan form the victorious aggregation.

Juniors.

Hats off to the Juniors.

Hitherto not much news concerning Junior athletics has reached the Viatorian. It is but right however that they receive their just recognition. The Junior basketball league furnished many an hour of amusement during the dreary winter months, by presenting fine specimens of the indoor game. The baseball team has been since organized and has been under rigorous training for some time, till now it has rounded into splendid form and bids fair to compete favorably with any of the junior and high school teams of the neighboring towns. Not since the days of '03, when the Junior team was pronounced the best that ever played on the south diamond, most of whose names now appear on the Varsity, has the Junior department been represented by a better aggregation who play the national game. Harrison and Marcotte, the strength of the team, form a good battery, and are supported by a classy infield, while the outer garden is filled with sure men.

Several games have been arranged with the surrounding towns and high schools, and if that old mut, J. Pluvius, doesn't butt in one can witness a game every Saturday and Sunday with outside teams, while on the remaining congenial practice games will be played with teams picked from the Senior and Junior yard. One thing to be admired in this team is, that they are not always on the lookout for "Mutts" they are sure of beating. Squeeze it minims. The games thus far arranged, are: Bourbonnais Giants, Bradley, Manteno Stars, Chebanse, Irwin, Irving Park, Chicago, Momence High and Wilmington High Schools.

The lineup is as follows: I. Harrison, pitcher; H. Marcotte, catcher; S. Gorman, 1st base; R. Warner, 2nd base; T. Cunningham, 3rd base; W. Purteill, ss; W. Tynan, lf; E. Leonard, cf; E. O'Brien, rf; F. Legris and A. Ledoure subs.; Waffem, 23.

ALUMNI.

Francis E. Walsh '07, writes us an interesting letter telling of the beauties and wonders of the Eternal City. He is one of the latest of St. Viator's graduates to take up theology in Rome. In part, he says: "I find life at the American College very pleasant. There is a fine crowd of students here. Keefe '06, Flanagan '06, and Hayden '05, are all well and happy." Here is hoping they continue to enjoy these blessings.

Walter Maguy, who was one of our popular students until 1906, is getting wise to the curative properties of medicine and

knife at St. Louis University. We noticed in the Fleur-de-lis, that our former companion is slated for the third sack position on the 'Varsity nine. We will watch his performance with pleasure when the St. Louis team makes its appearance on the local diamond.

James Mulvin, com. '07, and John Donavan and Robert Fitzpatrick, students in late years, were recently initiated into the intricacies of the Knights of Columbus in Paducah Ky. We commend these young men on the step they have taken, in thus affiliating themselves with this great Catholic order.



MR. JAMES MAHER

Alumnus of St. Viator's, Recently Honored by the Knights of Columbus.

Mr. James Maher, A. B. '83, was recently honored by the Knights of Columbus, when he was elected as State Deputy of Illinois. Mr. Maher is a prominent attorney of Chicago, besides being an enthusiastic Knight of Columbus. He has graciously consented to respond to a toast at the Senior Class banquet on Class Day, June 16.

Another speaker who will be heard at the Class Banquet is Louis M. O'Connor, A. B. '07, now a student at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. O'Connor expects to come to Chicago by way of the Great Lakes; this trip will undoubtedly awaken in him that poetic instinct which he was wont to display while an able ex-man of the Viatorian.

The several councils of Knights of Columbus in Kansas City, Mo., who have consolidated, have recognized the ability and sterling qualities of John M. Cleary, a former student of St. Viator's, by electing him Grand Knight of the consolidated councils. The Columbiad says of him: "A man of pleasing personality, splendid ability, tact and good judgment, he will have the hearty co-operation of all the members of the consolidated Councils in the future development of the order in Kansas City."

We are glad to chronicle the success achieved by John Busick, student '03-'05, as a twirler and heavy hitter on the fast Illinois University team. He has had his regular turns in the box this spring, and gives promise of becoming a star.

Charles Carney, student '02-'05, the hustling treasurer and manager of the Kentucky Theatre, Paducah, Ky., paid the college a short visit a few days ago. Charlie was on his way to Chicago, where he intends to book all the leading attractions for his theatre. From Chicago he is going to New York, for the same purpose. Paducah theatre-goers need not wait for amusement while Charlie is on the job.

The Usual Windup of a Commencement Speech.

"As I stand on the brink of the cruel world, counting the seconds until I shall be no more one of yours dear old Alma Mater, the briny deep tide of pent-up affec(ta)tion begins to ooze thru my eyewinkers. I fear that I will dissolve into tears of grief and sadness for you, dear old Alma Mater. The unmanly tears are beginning to tickle down over my ambitious mustache, dear old college. The flood of tears is tearing rapidly—I must weep! Will some happy Junior please bring me a sheet whereon I may dry my burning eyes. I am overwhelmed."

A REQUEST.

Mother mine! you gave me succor,
Calmed my passions, eased my pain;
On my soul like dew has fallen
Thy sweet peace. May it remain
As a mark of your affection
E'en when earthly friends depart,
Or still worse, should they deceive me,
Give me refuge in thy heart.

My life bark has struggled bravely
When the winds and waves rose high,
Now the danger past I'm wearied
And to thee for help I cry;
For when winds and waves subsiding
Leave me resting in thy care
There secure, wilt thou seek for me
Strength, anew, to do and dare.

Strength to do the will of Jesus,
Strength to brave the breakers wild;
Strength to bear all slights with patience,
Strength to meet with answer mild
Harsh reproaches, taunts so cutting,
Uttered oft by seeming friends—
Give this strength or vain my striving
Mother! all on thee depends.

For my voyage may be lengthy
Or I soon may reach the shore;
None may know—but do thou guide me
Star of Ocean—shining o'er
Barks that seem too frail to venture
On the wild and stormy main
Yet I follow in thy glimmer,
Let my trust be not in vain.

One request I make while kneeling
Here before thee Mother sweet,
Guide my bark through all life's danger,
Leave me safe at Jesus' feet.
There to praise thee in thy glory,
Grateful that my bark is cast;
Safe at last within the haven
Of thy love—all sorrows past.

G. M.

OBITUARY.

Few sights are so expressive of sympathy as where a number of priests are gathered around the remains of a priest's mother. Such was the scene when the solemn requiem services were held in St. Mary's church, Elgin, over the remains of Mrs. Catherine McCann, mother of Rev. John McCann. Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon was celebrant of the solemn pontifical mass; Rev. Thomas Finn assisting priest, Rev. J. C. Gillan deacon, Rev. J. J. Jennings sub-deacon, and Rev. H. Read master of ceremonies. Rev. M. J. Dorney, L. L. D., delivered a touching eulogy, after which the remains were laid to rest in Mt. Hope cemetery.

On April 10th a large cortege of mourners followed the remains of Mr. Matthew Foley to their last resting place in Calvary cemetery. For thirty-three years Mr. Foley was a faithful officer of the Chicago police department, and a platoon of his brother-officers formed a part of the funeral procession. The edifying life and the fidelity of Mr. Foley gave the Rev. E. M. Griffin an inspiring theme for the beautiful eulogy pronounced over the remains. At the solemn requiem mass celebrated in Annunciation Church the Rev. Hugh O'G. McShane was celebrant, Rev. Jas. O'Shea deacon, Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V. sub-deacon, and Rev. E. M. Griffin master of ceremonies. Rev. Jas. O'Shea pronounced the absolution at the grave.

When the summons of death came to Sister M. Cecilia, the pure soul of an angel of the cloister took its flight to God. Sister M. Cecilia's religious life was brief, but it left an example full of the odor of sanctity. At the time of her death she was teaching in the Dominican community at Mt. Sterling, but the remains were buried from the Mother House at Monroe street and Lincoln avenue, Springfield, Ill. Sister M. Cecilia was a sister of Frank Welch, of the senior department, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Welch of Monticello, Ill. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney represented the college at the requiem services.

Solemn obsequies were held over the remains of John Carroll May 5th, in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Chicago. Rev. F. N. Perry was celebrant, Rev. J. J. Jennings deacon, Rev. Jos. Casey sub-deacon, and Rev. J. P. Dore master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., Rev. J. J. Cregan C. S. V., Rev. Thomas McDevitt and F. I. McFachen, C. S. V. The death of John Carroll awoke an intense feeling of sadness in the college where he spent several terms. After leaving the college

some time ago he traveled extensively endeavoring to recuperate, but his health kept gradually on the decline and he returned home to die, surrounded by his beloved relatives.

On April 14th, after a lingering illness of three weeks due to a complication of pneumonia and typhoid fever, the angel of death summoned from our midst Master Paul Martel, one of our beloved and esteemed fellow-students. Painful and trying were his sufferings, but he bore all without complaining. On the morning of Holy-Thursday, while his school-mates were departing for their Easter vacation, his remains were taken to Beaver-ville, Ill., where interment took place at the Catholic cemetery, from St. Mary's church. Owing to the Holy Week exercises, the requiem mass, at which Rev. M. T. Dugas C. S. V., the pastor, acted as celebrant, Rev. J. G. Vien, C. S. V., as deacon, and Rev. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., as sub-deacon, was not sung till the following Monday. The college was represented at this mass by Bro. J. F. Moisant and Bro. A. N. St. Aubin who sang in the choir. This was our young friend's first year at the college, but he applied himself to his studies with such zeal, that everything presaged a successful future. His behavior was exemplary, both in the class-room and on the campus. One of the remarkable traits of his character was his great love for his parents. He spent his evenings and leisure hours with perfect contentment in company with his father and mother. And even to the very last moments of his life, whenever his mother came into his sick chamber to see how he was, in order not to cause her too much anxiety, he would try to look as cheerful as possible and would tell her that he was feeling better, although he saw himself gradually growing weaker. The example, which Paul has left to the students will ever be cherished and remembered by his companions and professors.

With the death of Mr. Michael Slattery of Clarkville, Tenn., on April 12, an old resident and business pioneer of that town passed away. Acting as pall bearers were six of his sons among whom were Frank Slattery of the senior department and Arthur an alumnus.

The death of Mr. Michael P. Solon, which occurred April 29th, made sorrowful the hearts of a host of friends and admirers. Gentleness and child-like faith were notable traits of Mr. Solon's character, and so amiable was his disposition that those who knew him loved him. Solemn requiem services were held over his remains in St. Sylvester's Church, Chicago, at which Rev. J. P. O'Mahon-

ney, C. S. V., was celebrant, Rev. J. Foley deacon, Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V., sub-deacon, and Rev. J. Stevenson, C. S. V., master of ceremonies. Rev. J. Lynch, C. S. V., of St. Viator's Normal Institute, attended the services.

Requiescant in Pace.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: It has pleased the Biessed Father, in his infinite wisdom to call from the trials and privations of this world, the sister of our esteemed friend and classmate, Frank Welch, and

Whereas; By her death the family has been deprived of a beloved sister and devoted daughter, her associates of a sincere and true friend; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1910, St. Viateur's college, tender to Frank Welch and the members of his bereaved family our deep-felt sympathy and condolence, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in The Viatorian as a mark of our sympathy.

CLASS OF 1910.

LOCALS.

—Dat-a boy.

—I wish my little Daisy was here.

—Doc has a Merry Widow hair cut.

—The 200 had a monkey race.

—Shakespeare's private car has pulled in on the switch.

—Although at one time we considered Atlas' task of holding the world on his shoulders as something marvelous, we now think it a small matter as we gaze upon some of those Merry Widow hats.

—We all have some ambition, but in the Spring our ambition is to loaf.

—The staff begs no pardon for any insult, which the appearance of their picture in this issue, may cause to any who may deem it a bunch of ugliness, for we assure you that they are far better than the reality.

—Harris: "Do you write poetry?"

Willie: "No."

Harris: "Then why don't you get your hair cut?"

—Sometimes we do not know just what we are
But when our friends tell us—oh what a jar.

—"I can lick any man my size," shouted the belligerent bantam member of the senior class.

Numerous responses having been made the bantam senior explained that they all lacked an inch or so either way.

—The student looked Fate straight in the eyes. "Trust me," he spoke confidently.

"It's all very well saying that," answered Fate; who was in this instance the store-keeper, "but I trusted you too long."

Hindu Proverb.

God cures the patient, the doctor takes the fees.

—Bill: "I saw something neat and modest in a spring hat today".

Turkey: "What was it like?"

Bill: "Its main features consisted of 6700 tips snipped from feather dusters, festoons of tin cans all around, and an elegant lace curtain effect at the back."

—When things run smoothly, and my mental sky
Is clear of clouds and there's no cause for sighs;
That is, when all is lovely and serene, then I philosophize.

—Taylor: "Why is it that truth always rises again when crushed to earth?"

Fred: "Because it is elastic; didn't you ever stretch the truth?"

—Frank A: "Is he a great doctor?"

Frank B: "Well, his patients are always at the head of the procession."

—In June she says she'll graduate,
And flowers she begs of Denny,
But he will send her those of speech
They do not cost a penny.

—The surgeon's a peculiar man
For often he descends
With a most sardonic smile
To "cut" his closest friends.

—Jim (ever boosting the R. H.'s): "We won three games straight."

Wemmet (who must crack his little joke): "And the others crooked."

MUSINGS OF DADDY DAN.

—A rolling horse gathers much dust.

—Necessity is the mother of many excellent poems.

—Trouble leads some men to drink, but some beat trouble to it.

—Be not forgetful that an act of charity works both ways.

—Where there's a rule there's always a way—to break it.

—Many a student to make the mare go invests much money in wild oats.

—Frequently we look upon a dollar saved as a good time lost.

—It is intrinsically repugnant to use family jars to preserve domestic peace.

—Lack of credit prevents some from living beyond their means.

—Clothes do not make the man but they often break him.

—The man behind the plow leaves somewhat of a mark in the world.

—Many a student gets ahead by inducing others to put their shoulders to his wheel.

—He who neglects to put his best foot forward when he has a chance, feels like kicking himself later.

—When you have succeeded in accumulating wealth people will then be convinced that you have some sense.

—One of the most expensive coats is the one we all get occasionally on our tongues.

—What excuse has a student for making the same mistake twice, when there are so many other mistakes to make.

—It seems that every time we do something foolish, we fulfill the prophecies of our enemies.

—Money is the grease paint, that makes many a bad actor look good.

"THE GINNIES."

As the "ginny" aggregation wends its way down yonder switch
 Their step is light and springy like the ooz in near-by ditch.
 They are bound for yonder freight train and they hail from
 Bourbonnie,

In St. Viateur's they're Juniors and their manager P. E. B.;
 But before I go much further methinks I should describe
 The members of this "ginny bunch," brave, faithful, true and tried.
 It's composed of seven Juniors, P. E. B., and "Mon" the dog,
 A happier and a better crowd in leather never trod,
 For there's Tom the Junior's twirler, there's "Si" of Moneetown,
 And Warner from Chicago makes the trio of renown;
 There's Drake, "the Hoosier farmer," John O'Neil of First Year
 High,

There's Tom surnamed Zorilla from the land of sunny sky;
 Then there's Ralph, the freshman student, brother of our Zum
 and Pat,

And last of all there's Monarch, mascot of the "ginny" "frat."
 So there's "Jack" from Irving Park "Dudley" from Lake View,
 "Irish" from a northern burg and "Ducky" who skidooed."
 There's Simon called the "pieman," "Mr. Gooseland" is his name,
 And it's all the same to Irish as he gets there just the same.
 Any other information of this ginny aggregation
 Will be given to you gratis if you wish to call around,
 So I'll cease my little ditty, which you see is far from pitty
 While my shoes are good I'll beat it
 To escape your grins and frowns.

—Uncle Dudley.

 Ragtime.

De wite fo'ks talk o' music
 Dat de classical chune am fine
 But to git dese ol' laigs movin'
 Hit's de ragtime song for mine.

Don' keer fur dat fine singin'
 Hit mebbe mighty sweet,
 But gimme de banjer plunkin'
 An' Ah shu 'kin shake dese feet.

THE DELUSION OF THE WOOD-BE MAJOR

S. Jayne Morgan, '09.

At midnight, in his feather bed,
The star lay dreaming of the game,
When he a twirler mighty led
The men behind him on to fame.
In games, through shouts and bleachers' roar,
The bird of victory he bore;
In games, his bat the ball oft stung;
And bleachers' shouts of triumph sung,
As bases came, and bases went
Beneath his feet to home plate bent.

At daybreak on his bed he leaned
And thought of nothing but the game;
Strong as blue steel his muscles seemed,
He felt, and knew they'd not be lame.
That afternoon, when on the mound
He'd nobly stand, and look around
To see and hear the noises rise
In praise of him up to the skies.
In fancy, then, he heard the sniff
That rose as mighty batsmen whiffed.

The hours passed on; the time was come
When he with ball and bat and glove
Left for the field to pitch. To some
The day was hot. His head above
The crowds was seen, when to the park
He went. The people smiled on him,
For he was happy as the lark
And seemed to pierce the icy film
Which many rooters' hearts possessed
In blithesome mood he straightway dressed.

Two hours passed. The game was tight
The score was tied, the ninth had past
Likewise the tenth. And now a sight
Of grief to fandom came. At last
He walked a man, and then three more.
The game was lost. His magnate's face
Revealed his thoughts. To him the door
Of big league ball was closed. His race
Was run and he had failed. He blew
But heard the voice, "You dub! Skidoo!"

The Sounds You Hear at Night.

—When lying in your college bed
And sleep is overdue,
But still refuses to come 'round
And make a date with you,
Although the world outside is dead
And not a soul is near
It's startling then and strange, indeed,
The noises that you hear.

Above your head a roomer tramps
Upon the floor in fun
And slams his door with all his might
He surely takes the bun;
About the room he drags his bed
With full Satanic joy,
You grind your teeth and at him swear,
That sleepless noisy boy.

Outside from time to time you hear
The creaking of the doors
Together with the awful noise
Of him who ever snores.
Each sound is greatly multiplied,
They give you such a fright,
They drive you to distraction quite—
The sounds you hear at night.

Psalms of the Knocker.

Let us each be up and knocking
For this life would seem so slow,
If we weren't sometimes picking
In life's sea, the straws that flow.

When you're knocking you are boosting,
Boosting others in their strife;
Keep on knocking you are helping
Someone in this strenuous life.

THE IDOL.

The pitcher's the man, gets the eye of the fan
Who comes out to see every game.
With the bleachers a "dandy", the fair rooters' "candy"
Rejoices and humbly takes fame.
And when in condition, he takes his position,
His "tootsies" arranged on the slab,
He's all to the mustard if he splits the custard
And sets the whole grandstand agab.

He causes commotion as he sets in motion
And wiggles himself in a knot,
Then comes the unbending, the spheroid descending,
Upon the big mitt like a shot.
The man with the mask may well do his task
And help the big batsman strike out,
But when it is over the pitcher's in clover
For him the great multitudes shout.

But, sad the contrary! if he becomes scary
And issues a few gratis walks
Or gets his from the bats or hits one in the slats,
Gee! how the whole grandstand then talks.
"To the bench with the dub"—ah that's the cruel rub—
Or "back to the minors!" they say,
And thus they berate him, in cold storage crate him
While sadly he goes down the way.

But back at the college (where much besides knowledge
Is given to athletes of fame)
No treatment so cruel is slipped to the jewel
Who pitches and loses his game.
His friends may feel sorrow but hope for the morrow
And cheer him along through the day
With songs they will praise him, on broad shoulders raise him,
And lessen the pains of his way. W. E. C., '08.

—The oysters have a college yell
That dislocates the jaw,
Each oyster opens up its shell
And bellows: "Raw, Raw, Raw!"

In The Spring.

In the spring the boy is happy
 Ever romping out of doors,
 In the spring he's almost daffy
 Bat and ball he now adores.

In the spring the patient angler
 Sits upon the sloping shore;
 In the spring the weary scholar
 Thirsts no more for wisdom's lore.

In the spring the leapyear maiden
 Looks ahead to leafy June;
 In the spring she thinks she hears 'em
 Play the stately 'wedding tune.'

—I am going to be a bachelor—I am sentenced so for life;
 I'll never have a honeymoon, I'll never have a wife,
 I'll never laugh at biscuits which are amateur and raw,
 I'll never have a visit from a bustling mother-'n-law.
 With none to share my triumphs or to soothe away my tears
 I'll step in single harness down the long and lonely years.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official Athletic Supplies

Baseball, Archery, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Roque, Lacrosse, Football, Quoits, Croquet, Golf

IMPLEMENTS FOR ALL SPORTS

Spalding's Official Baseball Guide for 1907. Edited by Henry Chadwick. The most complete and up-to-date book every published on the subject. Fully illustrated. **Price 10 Cents.**

¶Spalding's Official League Ball is the adopted ball of the National League, and must be used in all match games. ¶Every requisite for Lawn Tennis and Golf.



¶For over a quarter of a century Spalding's Trade-Mark on Baseball implements has marked the advancement of this particular sport. : : : :

SPALDING'S TRADE-MARK

On your Athletic Implement gives you an advantage over the other player, as you have a better article, that lasts longer and gives more satisfaction.