

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 10

## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

After all these happy hours  
Spent together, we must part;  
We must leave these haunts and bowers,  
Separate, and rend each heart.

For next Autumn, many faces—  
Many fond, familiar ones—  
Will be missing from their places;  
Will have quit their boyish tones.

In the busy world of labor,  
Some will sweat for daily bread;  
Each one striving with his neighbor,  
Giving none nor seeking aid.

Some may guard their nation's honor;  
Some may walk in paths of crime;  
Some may serve beneath the banner  
Of the One who rules all time.

On commencement day, together,  
We are thinking of the past;  
Wondering, asking each one, whether  
This gay meeting is our last.

Vows of friendship, now, are spoken  
(Welded by long years of love)  
Which, alas, too soon are broken.  
Like the drifting clouds above.

Hands are clasped in silent sorrow,—  
Boyhood's first, short glimpse of pain—  
But these tears are gone tomorrow,  
Which today our hearts' blood drain.

Fleeting memories pass before us,  
Of the pleasures of the past;  
And of clouds that fled o'er us,  
Clouds of grief—which did not last.

Visions of the sunny hours  
Passed in roaming through the fields,  
Gathering the sweetest flowers  
That the mead of knowledge yields.

In that sweetly scented meadow,  
Separating rose from thorn;  
Hunting Truth, obscured in shadow,  
Seeking Good, from evil torn.

Thoughts like these come up today,  
And make us sigh to leave these walls;  
We sadly see the parting way  
That leads us from these college halls.  
P. W. H., '99.

## DANTE AS A PHILOSOPHER.

Some few of the world's geniuses are so broad and so profound, have penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of time and eternity and embodied in undying song the hopes and fears, the aspirations and heart-longings of the human race, that long centuries pass away before their greatness is fully recognized. Volumes are written to explain the beauty and charm, the depth and grandeur of their immortal works, and yet their pages remain as fresh and invigorating as some unexplored, luxuriant world. Such was Dante, the great poet, the greatest philosopher, the greatest scholar, the greatest genius of modern times; the man who molded scholastic philosophy into the grandest song the world has yet heard sung; the most glorious production of the Catholicism of the middle ages.

Dante's transcendent merit as a poet



has so overshadowed his claim to philosophic excellence, that this side of his genius has attracted but little attention. Nevertheless, it is perhaps precisely because he is a great and profound philosopher that he has attained such excellence as a poet. "No man," says Brownson, "can be a great poet or artist, whose mind is imbued with a false speculative system." It may, at first sight, seem a little extravagant to require sound philosophy from poets, but yet it must inevitably be required. The poet aims at the creation of the beautiful, but the beautiful is so inseparably connected with the true that it is unattainable without the true. Falsehood never was and never can be beautiful any more than it can be good. The poet's mind must know and feel the eternal verities of things and the principles upon which they rest, or he can never apprehend the beautiful. Without this his poetry will be nothing but the outbreak of lawless passion, the extravagance of a wild and inconstant fancy, or the incoherent ravings of folly and madness.

Dante was a diligent and earnest student of the great philosophers, and especially of St. Thomas, of whom he speaks in most affectionate terms in his "Paradiso." Modern literateurs are only too prone to sneer at the philosophical system of the Scholastics, in which, they say, there is nothing but profitless and interminable speculations on abstruse subjects; nothing that appeals to the heart or warms the imagination. Dante's "Divine Comedy" is a standing refutation

of this absurd charge. Without Scholastic philosophy this immortal song would have been impossible, for it is nothing but that same philosophy beautified by a poetic mind and clothed in poetry's bewitching costume.

The link which binds the "Divine Comedy" together and unites the three parts into one harmonious whole, is the exposition of the Scholastic theory of good and evil. Dante shows the nature of evil, its struggle against good, and the final triumph of good, in the "Inferno." In the "Paradiso" he shows the nature of good, in itself, in man, in social life, and finally in the life to come. He chooses the invisible world as the theater on which this contest between good and evil is waged. He is most profound in his study of evil, its nature, its causes, effects, and remedies. All these questions in the solution of which the Neo-Platonists, the Gnostics, and Manicheans were so hopelessly entangled, he explains with all the elegance and lucidity of St. Augustine, and the scientific accuracy of the Angelic Doctor. Evil he defines as the privation of good. "Those things alone are to be feared whence evil may proceed." Sin is therefore, to his mind, the greatest evil because it is the privation of the Supreme Good; or rather, it is the only permanent evil because all others are only temporary privations of a relative good.

No less interesting nor scholastic are his theories on cosmology in which he follows Aristotle and St. Thomas. He proves that the triple principle of



matter, form, and privation explains all bodies and their various phenomena. As a metaphysician he handles with ease and accuracy such subtle subjects as essence, substance, accident, act, and potentially, contingency, and necessity. At the summit of all things visible and invisible he places God, their Creator, the prime and immovable motor of all that moves, the invisible center towards which all times and places converge; the circle that circumscribes the world and is itself circumscribed by naught.

Passages could be selected from almost every canto which show clearly that the mind of Dante was thoroughly imbued with the great principles of scholastic philosophy, and that it exercised a wonderful influence upon his thought. In fact, as we saw in the beginning the "Divine Comedy" is the poetic embodiment of this philosophic system.

Dante was fully alive to the grandeur and sublimity of scholastic philosophy and he recognized, what so many of our modern poets deny, at least in theory if not in practice, that man must be guided by his reason and not by his affections. "Man," says Dante, "is distinctively rational, therefore for him to reason is to live and to depart from the lawful use of reason is to die. But how can he be said to be dead whom we still see acting? The beast, indeed, is still living but the man is dead."

Much cant has been written within this last century about getting close to nature, gazing into her face divinely

fair and listening to the wisdom that falls from her lips. Nature has been deified. Would-be poets have filled volumes with empty declamations on flowers and trees, flowing brooks and lowing cattle. But the fact is that external nature never did and never can inspire a great poem. It is only when the poet soars above the earth and enters the sphere of morals that he can produce anything that will be of permanent value. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, all the world's greatest poets, are preeminently moral. No one would dream of measuring the worth of Shakespeare by the beauty of his delineation of natural scenery. His field is the acts of men and their moral bearing. No doubt he often gives brilliant descriptions of nature which greatly enhance the charm of his pages, but these are only incidental and do not constitute the excellence of his dramas.

Philosophy and theology introduced Dante into quite another world than the one immediately surrounding him, where in the light of eternity, things appear as they really are. Appearances vanish before his penetrating glance and reality becomes visible. Let maudlin sentimentalists sneer at intellectual philosophy and moral theology and grow eloquent in their praises of nature. When they have produced a work inspired by the visible universe that will bear comparison with Dante's "Divine Comedy" then we will confess that philosophy is the mere "baseless fabric of a dream."

This immortal song stands and must



forever stand, a beacon on the summit of a mountain to which the earnest souls and thoughtful minds of all times may turn their eyes for genial light and lofty inspiration until time shall be lost in eternity and "this globe dissolve itself nor leave a wreck behind." It stands as a light of admonition to the shallow-brained worshipers of cant and sentimentality who despise what is most exalted and condemn what they do not understand. So long as great moral purposes shall have influences upon the lives of men, so long shall Dante's great work point out to the learned and unlearned the extent and boundaries of their rights and duties founded in the laws of reason and the eternal God of reason.

W. J. B.

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### HOME.

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"Home is the golden setting in which the purest gem is mother."

We seek in vain for words to eulogize the enjoyments of home for those who are still under its influence, and lack expression to portray the feelings of those separated from it.

Home is the place where we were born and spent our innocent days, guided by the sweet precepts of parental influence, and reproofed by sweet words of affectionate sisters and brothers. As it is the nursery of God's noblest work, it should not fail to perform a corresponding duty in imprinting a noble character on the youthful mind of a child, who some day may

be the leader of a nation and the backbone of society.

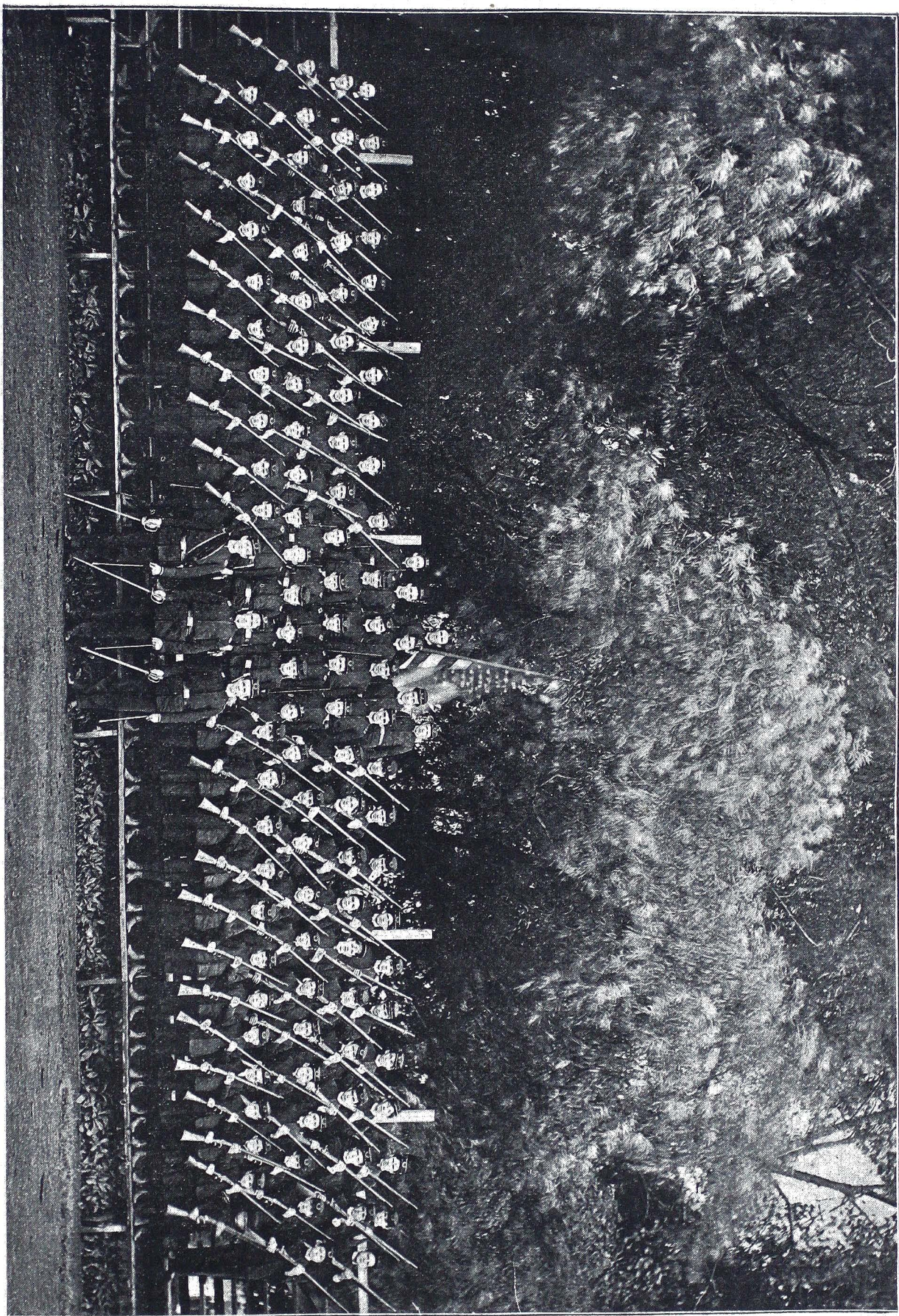
Home is the germ of our national pride, honor, and greatness. From this source emanates all that is good or bad in the manners, principles, and maxims that govern our private as well as our public life. "To love the little platoons we belong to in society," says Burke, "is the germ of all public affections. From the home comes public opinion and the noblest philanthropy. From this center extend the sympathies of the human family in an unbroken chain which, like a circle in the water, never ceases to enlarge itself until it has embraced the whole world.

We cannot conceive any method better suited for raising the moral standard of a country than by a careful study of home. All other ways may appear plausible, but it is like starting a building at the top and working to the foundation.

Home is the great factor in molding a nation and strengthening the bond of Christian charity by a uniform love that permeates the world. Its influences are more manifestly exhibited in the youth. Affectation and deceit are alien to the children, and the true character of the parents is constantly reflected in the child. Even one act of self-denial, one unconscious look of a parent may stamp a character in the mind of the child that will never be effaced. Who can tell how much evil is stemmed by the thought of a good parent, whose memory their children may not sully by an unworthy deed.

We are more apt to learn through





BATTALION OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.



the eye than any other organ, because what is seen leaves a deeper impression than that which is heard. This is the case in youth, especially when the eye is the main inlet of knowledge. Whatever comes under the notice of children they generally strive to imitate and are molded like those about them.

All good traits found in us can be traced to the home-training, all bad qualities that prevail we can safely attribute them to the inattention we practiced, regarding the virtuous counsels of a kind father and loving mother.

Where is the hoary head, bleached by years, unmindful of the lessons taught to him in his youthful hours at his mother's knee? Where are the victorious youths who have gained laurels of esteem in the battles of life that will not point to the principles inculcated at home as the source of their success? If the teachings of home are adhered to and stamped with the indelible character of a sound Christian education, we seldom fail to succeed in our undertakings.

There is no one insensible of the soothing influences of home. It may be years after we have exchanged it for some place that has offered less restriction, when fancy and the inexperience of youth have buoyed us, but sooner or later we realize that there is no asylum so pleasing as the parental roof. Even when time has shed our sweetest bloom we can look back with pleasure to home and delight in the salutary lessons instilled into our youthful minds.

Ask any man, from the humble peasant to the stately ruler—whether born in a hut or in a mansion—where he spent his happiest days, and he will not hesitate to answer, at home.

Ask the young sailor boy, as his fingers glide over the delicate chords of his guitar, and the stars smiling on his surroundings, where his thoughts wander, and he will answer: Among the scenes of my early boyhood.

It may be providential that the beauties of home cannot be realized in our young days. If they were, many would never hazard the happiness they enjoy for the uncertain ones of the world. Though our bark on the voyage of life may have found greener shores than the one we have departed from, still our thoughts fly back to the home of our childhood, and revel in the past hours of happy innocence.

Bereft of everything save a mother, a home is the grandest spot this world affords. Every other place that gave us pleasure seems to vanish from our mind, but the remembrance of home is so deeply engraved in our minds that only death can efface it. "There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps." Endowed with all the gentle feelings of nature, she needs no inherent royalty to fit her for the noble position of trust and affection in which she is the center.

The word *home* carries with it a charm. It constitutes the sacred retreat in which the weary and despondent spirit finds solace; it is the



untainted asylum in which the careworn heart seeks to find rest from the troubles and disquietudes of life. It is the word which sends a thrill of joy through every nerve, and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic touch. What fond remembrances are connected with home which nothing but death can break! What pleasing images and deep emotions it awakens! It calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in our nature the purest, deepest, and richest fount of consecrated thought and feeling, all which are better imagined by my readers than justly described by the writer.

M. J. BRENNAN.

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#### THE SOLDIER.

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In the great domain of heroism the soldier stands next to the martyr. For to die for one's country is the noblest thing after dying for one's God. How excellent, then, is the office of the soldier! In fact, such is its dignity that, it seems, only the most worthy ought to be admitted to it.

The soldier is the man of generosity; the man of suffering; the man of sacrifice. Impressed with a high sense of loyalty and patriotism, in answer to his country's call, he willingly leaves his cherished home to cling to the still dearer flag. He abandons the soft and easy, peaceful life, for the rough and painful existence of the camp and battlefield. He turns his eyes from the fair and lovely faces about him to gaze boldly on the dark, fierce, and

open-mouthed cannon. He exchanges the happy life at home for the hardships and sufferings of the camp. But the fortitude he displays begets for him a glory that age does not procure, and he finds his reward in the faithful performance of duty, and in undergoing pain, suffering, and even death for the welfare of his fellow-men.

After the generosity of the soldier his bravery is most to be admired. There is something great in that contempt for fear, suffering, and death itself, when duty, honor, or glory is at stake. In fact it indicates the supremacy of the human soul over the human animal. For the mind being spiritual can be injured only by what is disgraceful or undutiful, and although all the terrors of the elements would league together to crush the body, the spirit still remains unharmed. Undoubtedly, it is for this reason that bravery and valor have always been most highly esteemed. In truth, they are so essential to human greatness that those nations which cultivated these qualities to the highest degree have risen to the greatest glory and civilization. As examples of this exalted fortitude among the Greeks we hear of a Spartan mother, who being told that her son had fallen on the battlefield fighting for his country, coolly replied that she had brought him forth into the world for no other purpose. In the early days of Rome we read of brave youths eagerly exchanging the pleasures of society for the painful and arduous life of the camp. Moreover, we are told that our great an-



cestors, who emerged from the forests of Germany about the fifth century, were most brave and valorous. The old Norseman believed it a disgrace not to die on the battlefield, and if he discovered that natural death was overtaking him he would cut wounds in his flesh so that his god Odin might receive him as a warrior slain. To come nearer to our times, we find the brave Washington with his tattered and half-clothed army, praying and suffering patiently amid the blood-stained snows of Valley Forge.

Having such examples of greatness of character in history and in our ancestors, we, who have grown up in what we call enlightened civilization, should also make sure to preserve and cultivate those great and noble traits of bravery and valor so essential to the moral nature of man.

As a consequence, recognizing the dignity of the office of soldier, wealth, learning, virtue, or any high social position should be additional reasons urging us to join the ranks of the army when our services are needed. For if we have a high esteem and interest for our country, we must necessarily wish its honors, its glories, and its welfare to be entrusted to the hands of men possessed of the highest moral character and loftiest ideals,—men most gentlemanly and accomplished,—rather than given over to the care of the ambitious, the vulgar, or the rapacious. Moreover, if a greater number of our best men would join the martial ranks, we would naturally find in the camp less dissensions and disorders, a more

kind and brotherly relation between privates and their officers. It is but fit that in any great movement of patriotism and self-devotion, the best men should always take the lead.

Now as to the motives which should influence a man to embrace the noble office of the soldier, undoubtedly they are of the highest kind. First is the great moral fact that the only true worth of this life is to be measured by the quality than the number of the actions we perform, since our eternal glory and happiness will be in proportion to their value and amount. Secondly, because it is one of the highest testimonies proving our loyalty, love, and devotion to our country. These teach us the respect and gratitude we owe to our predecessors for the liberties, the rights, and other privileges which they have secured, augmented, and transmitted to us, and this often at the cost of highest sacrifices, suffering, and even death. Patriotism reminds us of the duties to those who will come after us, to whom we ought to leave, as an inheritance, all those blessings we have received from our fathers, and even add new ones to them. This love of country is also consecrated by the love of the home where we first received existence; the parents, brothers, and sisters who circled about the fireplace to pass delightfully the long wintry evenings when storms were raging without.

Now, especially, when our national colors are floating over lands and seas, indicating that our government has deemed it worthy of the chivalric char-



acter of the American people to defend the weak against the strong, and for this purpose has declared war, pronouncing it a cause of humanity. Yes, under such circumstances it is well to reflect on the dignity of the office of soldier, and the duties which loyalty to our country claim. And thus, since the arms of the nation are now crossed in this Cuban war, it belongs to every good citizen to do his utmost in order that our flag may return wreathed in glory. But nothing can be more expressive of this desire than our joining, in the person of the soldier, the stars and stripes, if the country but calls for our assistance. Yes, to rally and fight bravely under those stars and stripes that never yet knew of defeat, nor ever will, so long as those over whom they wave, shall be truly generous and brave.

J. I. GRANGER.

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#### GOOD MANNERS.

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Thus far in our national career the majority of our citizens have been too busy in pushing ahead their individual fortunes and enterprises, and too intent upon exhibiting their independence, to pay much attention to the social and refined courtesies of what is called polite life. But this neglect is to be considered a fault rather than a virtue. Appearance, manner, a pleasing exterior, and true kindness of heart, go a great way sometimes in helping one forward in the race of fortune, and because of

their power and utility must be mentioned as among the materials necessary to succeed in life.

It is not enough to possess good qualities and traits of character, but it is equally important to have a good bearing towards our fellow-men. True politeness is not something which can be put off and on as occasion requires. To be genuine it must spring from the heart and have its source in disposition. In nature it is very closely allied to goodness and good sense; it is composed of kindness, gentleness, tact, and benevolence.

One way in which the rules of politeness are often violated is by the love of jesting. There are some who would sacrifice a life-long friend for a joke. If one has wit he may use it occasionally, but as a rule politeness and wit are seldom united in the same person.

It is sometimes thought in this day and age of the world that if a person pretends to be very polite and agreeable, that he lacks essential force of character. But nothing is wider of the real truth. It is true a man may push his way through the world by main force. But advancement so gained is acquired by a great waste of power. The same abilities accompanied by agreeable manners would have achieved far more brilliant results.

The inbred politeness which springs from good-heartedness and kindly feelings, is of no exclusive rank or station. It is by no means a necessary condition of labor that it should in



any respect be either rough or coarse. The politeness and refinement which distinguish all classes of the people in many continental countries amply prove that those qualities might become ours, too, as doubtless they will, without sacrificing any of our more marked qualities as men.

We can hardly be said to have any "upper classes" in this country, although there are many who act and feel as though they were such. And one trouble with us in this respect is that those who claim to be the aristocracy are not such by birth or gentle blood, but rather those who have happened to become wealthy somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly; when these have moved up into the upper

circle, they have necessarily carried all their ignorance and coarse manners with them. As a consequence, there is no class to set others an example of good manners in this country. But this is no reason why all young men should not strive to acquire refinement for themselves, let others do as they may.

A consideration for the feelings of inferiors and dependents as well as equals, and respect for others' feelings, should pervade the true gentleman's whole conduct. He will rather himself suffer a small injury than, by an uncharitable construction of another's behavior, incur the risk of committing a great wrong. D. B. HAYDEN.

#### LIFE'S MORN.

How beauteous the op'ning day,  
When cloudless sky, its azure blue  
Lit up by heaven's golden ray,  
Shows worlds in drops of sparkling dew.

And youth, of human life the morn,  
How full of hope and boundless joy!  
His lightsome heart no storm hath torn,  
'Tis morning aye for thee, O boy!

He sports him all the livelong day;  
For him the robins ever sing,  
And distant hills fling back alway  
The silv'ry notes that echoes bring.

One gladly sportive, happy hour,  
This early morn to thee, O boy!  
Who thinkest not of fading power,  
Of night, or death;—but only joy.

Nor would I shade of sorrow cast  
On thy bright path, O gentle youth;  
I would thy joys should ever last,  
Thy life angelic, full of truth.

But as the day grows on to noon,  
And soon to darkest night doth go,  
So shall life's day for thee all soon,  
Its length'ning shadow earthward throw.

Dost see that weary, tott'ring man?  
As thou art now, so once was he;  
Life's rapid flood so swiftly ran,  
He thought no end would ever be.

But night will come, and clouds will lower,  
Decay and death their fruitage claim  
Of youth and age, of wealth and power,  
Nor heed the hollow cry of fame.

O long and happy be thy day,  
When thy pure soul makes all things  
bright;  
Nor ever leave the blessed way  
That leads to rest in peaceful night.

M.



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### EDITORIAL.

The commencement exercises took place June 20, under the most favorable circumstances. We do not recall the day when so large a crowd gathered in the college hall. Moreover, the program was a decided departure from the old-time commencement order, and it was a great improvement. Everything passed off not only in an agreeable manner, but in the most successful way possible. It is safe to say that St. Viator's never had such a fine ending to a school year.

Altogether the year just closed has been both a happy and successful one. The school was large, the quality of the students good, and harmony was retained throughout. Like all years, there may have been misunderstandings, but where do these not occur? Still, on the whole, we have no hesitancy in saying that we go out with none but the happiest memories of the school year of 1897-8.

We wish to extend our best wishes to the students and professors for a pleasant and profitable vacation. It is very opportune, also, to thank our teachers for their zealous efforts in our behalf, and to assure them that we are not entirely unmindful of the weary days and sleepless nights they passed in our service. Circumstances may decree other labors and other fields for the coming year, but we shall often think of the work done for us, done, too, where no glad shout of approbation went up to cheer on the weary toiler. We should, indeed, be ungrateful, if forgetful of devoted teachers, we should recall only the reprimands our own willful acts made necessary.

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### VACATION.

Our long-looked-for guest, vacation, has arrived at the college and was welcomed by all, professors and pupils alike, as a dear friend whose long absence we have deeply regretted. We shall prevail upon him to go with us to our homes where we will minister to his comforts in the most appropriate manner. With him we will attend the theatres, the ball games, and races. He will accompany us on our long rides, our solitary walks, and our days of pleasure at Manhattan Beach. He will lead us beneath the cool shade of spreading park trees, and in the intervals of keeping off the flies and sleeping, he will read to us the most select passages of the popular writers. When the weather becomes too warm for



comfort anywhere, he will pack up and depart with us to the Rocky Mountains where he has many relatives and friends. Once among his kin we will find him a very delightful companion. But alas! in the cool September days, when we shall have learned to love his company, he may suddenly be called away to attend the funeral of his twin brother and we, returning to realities of life shall find that we have done very little and that our liabilities exceed our assets by a few thousands. In a sudden plan of retrenchment we are hurried away to resume our studies at St. Viator's College and enjoy the pleasures which that delightful place affords, with its immense campus, its long, shady vistas, and the beautiful scenery along the banks of the poetic Kankakee.

J. M. C.

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#### THE MAGAZINES.

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*Donahoe's*, for June, is well filled with illustrations and good reading matter, and two little stories, one by Mary T. Waggaman, and the other by Miss Nixon, are very entertaining. Mr. Adams tells some very plain truths to those hideous screech-owls that go about the land hooting at the Pope because of Spain.

The June number of the *Catholic World* contains an elaborate paper on "Catholic Collegiate Education in the United States," by Austin O'Malley, L.L.D., which is very appropriate reading now, around the time of com-

mencements. "Personal Recollections of Father Hecker," by L'Abbe Dufresne, is a beautiful tribute to that leader among spiritual men.

The *Rosary Magazine's* issue for June contains its last paper on "A Benedictine Princess," and we must say that the papers have been splendid. After reading the history of one of God's own, e'en like the beautiful Louise De Conde, one must feel better, stronger, and more willing to bear the trials and sufferings of this life. O! how truly great are the souls of such creatures, placed, though they may be, in the fragile frame of women.

The *Reading Circle Review* for May is very interesting indeed, and among the finest papers we may mention "M. F. Egan's Poetry," by Charles J. O'Malley, and "Arbitration vs. War," by Hon. John W. Willis. Thomas O'Hagen's gem on "English Literature" is, as usual, beautiful.

We have just received the quarterly, *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia*, and it makes very interesting reading. The illustrations are very fine, and we would assure the *Society* that we are proud of their beautiful Catholic spirit.

The *Century's* June issue is out in war colors, and has for a leading article "The Spanish Armada." Among other things of interest are the following: "Toledo, the Imperial City of Spain," and "An American School of Dramatic Art," which is a well deserved tribute to Mr. Augustin Daly.



The *Strand* is quite pleasing for June, and its leading paper particularly so. It is on Mr. William Q. Orchardson, R. A., the painter of the famous picture showing Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. Several illustrations of this famous man's work are given.

*McClure's* for June includes a paper by Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee on "Cuba Under Spanish Rule," "Military Europe," by Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and so on. In fact every article in the issue breathes of war and is under a warlike name. Even "Rupert of Hentzau" must meet the death of steel, and we are told that the next number will conclude this charming romance.

The June *Cosmopolitan* has a fine paper on "Liquid Air," which is highly interesting. This is the newest wonder of science and if all that is claimed for it be true, it will become a mighty factor in the world's operations at no distant day.

*Munsey's*, for June, must please everybody, for "Dewey's Invincible Squadron," "Two Miles of Millionaires," "To Die and Leave It All," and "Mrs. Blimmer's Literary Evening" constitute a variety that is sure to reach all around. Some of the illustrations are very beautiful.

J. H. N.

—"Say, Shorty, have you any shaving soap?"

Shorty: "No; but my father sells it at our store."

## THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The struggle for oratorical honors, while not so spirited as in former years, was on the whole an excellent contest. Usually the participants chose their own subjects, this year there was a departure from the established rule, which in a measure may account for the lack of enthusiasm.

Mr. M. J. Brennan headed the program. His subject was "Spain in Letters." He gave his subject very complete treatment, running carefully and sympathetically over the hallowed ground of Spain's grand domain of literature.

Following, as the second speaker, came Mr. J. M. O'Callaghan with "Spain and Her Colonies," treated in the popular style, which of course finds nothing good or elevating in Spain or her method.

The third speaker, Mr. E. Marcotte, made perhaps the best appearance of all the speakers, but his discourse lacked directness and included things that added nothing to its value as an essay and detracted somewhat from its value as an oratorical composition. His subject was "What Spain has done for America."

"Spain in Art" received due appreciation from Mr. M. J. Morrissey, the last speaker. Confining himself to the arts of painting and architecture, he showed a fine appreciation of the æsthetic culture that has placed Spain in a place of honor high above the vicissitudes of war or intriguing statesmen.





THE THESPIANS.



The young gentlemen deserve credit for their good work. All of them were making their debut, and all have reason to congratulate themselves that their "first night" was flattering to themselves and to the appreciative audience they so well entertained.

#### THE ANNUAL PRIZE DRILL.

The annual contest for the military medals occurred upon the 16th of June.

We regret to say that this year there was a glaring lack of enthusiasm in regard to these prizes, which are among the most splendid donated. There were only three competitors for the officers' and the same number for the privates' medal. We hope that next year there will be no dearth of contestants, and that the boys will not be frightened by the papers and pencils of the judges.

The pennant, an elaborate banner of silk, with a field of purple, and the college letters inscribed in gold in the center, donated by Col. T. A. Cahill, was secured by Company A, with Company B for a close second. The victorious company was commanded by Capt. P. F. Daniher, ably seconded by Lieuts. St. Cerny and Meehan.

This feature of the program was very interesting, as the contest was exceedingly close, Companies A and B differing in only a couple of points.

The officers' medal, donated by Mr. Thomas Rowan, was won by Maj. P. W. Hansl. Adj. D. B. Hayden secured second place, and Aide de Camp M. T. O'Toole third.

The medal for the best drilled, non-

commissioned officer or private was secured by Sergt. F. Millholland; second place was obtained by Sergt. Adolf Caron, while Sergt.-Maj. Arthur Caron was third.

The judges, as usual, were Captain Ford and Major Bulger, of the Chicago Zouaves. They performed their duty to the satisfaction of all, and we take this occasion to thank them for their kind services.

The swordsmanship medal, donated by the Rev. C. O'Brien to the best swordsman in the minim department, was won by Louis Hurd; George Cartan, second, and William Houmiel, third.

P. H.

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#### PERSONAL.

—The Rev. J. Labunte, Besancon, Ind., was a welcome guest at the college during the past month.

—Mr. Joseph Cahill, an old-time friend, spent a day last month with his son, Thomas, of the seniors.

—Mr. F. Casey, a student in the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, spent a day recently with Mr. C. J. Quille.

—We were glad to welcome in our midst Messrs. W. J. and W. P. Burke, '97, Ottawa, Ill., who spent the past year at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. Both gentlemen are looking very well after their year's work.

—Mr. Gus Conners, '93, in company with the Misses Lacharite, of



Assumption, Ill., spent a pleasant day with H. Lacharite, of the Seniors.

—The Rev. J. Levasseur, D.D., pastor of L'Erable, Ill., lent his valuable assistance during the examinations.

—The Rev. J. Letellier, late of Calumet, Mich., will spend the summer at the college.

—The following Seminarians received Holy Orders at Chicago, June 18: *Tonsure*, Mr. C. J. Quille; *minors*, Messrs. J. H. Nawn, M. B. Krug, T. F. Quinn, M. B. Welter, archdiocese of Chicago; Mr. J. J. Brennan, diocese of Sioux Falls; *sub-deaconship*, J. V. Lamarre, Chicago; *priesthood*, Mr. D. Walsh, Peoria.

—We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Mr. Charles Schneider, '96, whose mother died June 19. The good lady had reached a fine age, but gave every reason to her friends to hope for much longer years. Her funeral occurred from Mt. Carmel church, Chicago, June 21. May she rest in peace.

—The college has lost a kind friend in Miss Richard, whose death occurred Sunday, June 12. A pious and consistent Christian lady, she was a model to all and endeared to the whole community by her many acts of kindness. She leaves many sorrowing friends to mourn her loss, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

—Mr. M. Dermody, for the past five years a member of the seminary department, was ordained a priest by Rt. Rev.

Thomas O. Gorman, bishop of Sioux Falls, at the Cathedral in that city, Friday, June 17. We wish Father Dermody the fullest success in his priestly life. Father Dermody said his first holy mass Sunday, June 19, at St. Rose's church, Chicago. He was assisted by the Revs. T. J. McCormick, as deacon, J. J. Morrissey, of St. Rose's church as sub-deacon, and the Rev. Pastor Father Hayes as master of ceremonies. Fr. Dermody also said mass at the college chapel June 20.

—We were pleased to learn that three of St. Viateur's Alumni were honored at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where they are pursuing their theological studies. The degree of S.T.B. was conferred on Messrs. John Hayden, '96; Thos. Kelly, '94, and Thos. Small, '94. Our congratulations to these worthy young men.

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#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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The college hall was taxed to its utmost capacity by the throng of visitors who gathered at St. Viateur's College to cheer the retiring students and to witness the splendid programme prepared for the close of the collegiate year. The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, whose kindly sympathy and fatherly counsel have so often stimulated the faculty and students of St. Viateur's College to renewed efforts, presided.

After the college orchestra had played a selection, "*Fete des Roses*,"



the regular programme was opened by the salutatory, in which the following minims took part: Masters Reynolds Cartan, Raymond Daly, Lester Weber, Lloyd Fanning, and Frederick Legris. The efforts of these gifted little speakers were appreciated by all, not only for the excellent manner in which they acquitted themselves of their task, but also for the unmistakable evidence they gave of oratorical ability that would have done credit to much older students. Then followed the most enjoyable part of the programme, "St. Patrick," an operetta from the gifted pen of Rev. Father Marsile, C.S.V. This operetta was first presented on the college stage last St. Patrick's day, but it has since been remodeled by the reverend author, and another act added to the original work. If the hearty approbation of a discerning and critical audience may be taken as a criterion, then the operetta, "St. Patrick," was a complete success. The most remarkable features in the life of Ireland's apostle were selected with admirable taste and judgment. Beautiful thoughts, clothed in poetic numbers, set to the grand old melodies of Erin, produced an effect that sent a thrill of delight through the hearts of the large audience. At the end of the programme the Most Reverend Archbishop publicly complimented Father Marsile on the beauty of his composition, and expressed the hope that other gifted authors would follow his lead and find inspiration in the magnificent history and traditions of Catholic people. One could not help

contrasting the pleasure felt in listening to a work like this, with the feeling of weary forbearance usually experienced when obliged to sit for hours and hear long speeches on subjects that have been worn threadbare by frequent handling.

The excellent manner in which the operetta was rendered fully equalled the beauty of the composition. Mr. J. H. Nawn, who took the part of St. Patrick, has sufficient histrionic ability to grace a far more pretentious stage than any college can lay claim to. Those who have seen his work and who have had ample opportunity of judging, are unanimous in saying that he is one of the best actors they have ever seen on a college stage. Mr. C. J. Quille also performed his part admirably, and won the repeated applause of the audience. Mr. A. Hansl not only has a soprano voice rarely found outside professional vocalists, but gives promise of more than ordinary talent to interpret dramatic thought. Between the acts of the operetta two orations were delivered, which, to use the words of the archbishop, were scholarly and thoughtful, happily conceived, and well delivered. Mr. C. J. Quille's theme was an eulogy on philosophy, and Mr. W. Granger spoke on the reaction of religious sentiment in France. The crowning event of the day was the conferring of degrees and the awarding of medals. Degrees were conferred as follows: Masters of Arts—Charles F. Feltes, Gas City, Ind.; John F. Hayden, Wilmington, Ill.; Michael B.



Krug, Clyde, Mo.; Fredederick J. Richard, Bourbonnais, Ill. Bachelors of Arts—Stephen N. Moore, Lostant, Ill.; C. Joseph Quille, Chicago. Bachelors of Letters—Rene Pigny, Chicago. Commercial Diplomas—Homer Bouchard; Bradley, Ill.; William Breault, Bourbonnais, Ill.; William Carey, Ivesdale, Ill.; Adolph Caron, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Achilles Changelon, Chicago; John Harris, Lee, Ill.; Armand Martin, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Charles Meehan Breeds, Ill.; Armand Mangeau, Manteno, Ill.; Francis Milholland, Kewanee, Ill.; Patrick O'Connor, Chicago; Walter Rooney, Chicago; Arthur Sanasack, Bourbonnais, Ill.

The following pupils received medals and premiums:

#### MEDALS AND PREMIUMS.

*Metal Philosophy Medal*, Mr. Stephen Moore.

*Classical Excellence Medal*, Mr. P. Geraghty.

*Griffin Latin and Greek Medal*, Mr. E. Marcotte.

*Lockney Medal*, Mr. J. St. Cerny.

*Ryan Oratorical Medal*, Mr. J. O'Callaghan.

*Morel Science Medal*, Mr. J. O'Callaghan.

*General History Medal*, Mr. E. Marcotte.

*Christian Doctrine Medal*, Mr. William Carey.

*Belles Letters Medal*, Mr. William Granger.

*Commercial Excellence Medal*, Mr. William Carey.

*Dooling Deportment Medal*, Mr. P. Dufault.

*Minim Deportment Medal*, Master E. Senecal.

*U. S. History Medal*, Mr. F. Milholland.

*Feeley Spelling Medal*, Mr. P. O'Connor.

*Hogan Elocution Medal*, Mr. A. Hansl.

*McShane Elocution Medal*, Master R. Carton.

*Senior Elocution Medal*, Mr. W. Rooney.

*Junior Elocution*, Mr. R. Gahan.

*Minim Elocution Medal*, Master P. Legris.

*German Medal*, Mr. P. Geraghty.

*Morrissey Penmanship Medal*, Mr. A. Lamarre.

*Frank A. Moody Military Medal*, Mr. F. Milholland.

*Rowan Military Medal*, Major P. W. Hansl.

*O'Brien Swordsmanship Medal*, Master L. A. Hurd.

*Prize Penant*, Company A, Capt. P. Danisher.

*Marsile Excellence Medal*, Mr. G. Cartan.

The second award in English composition was awarded to Martin Brennan.

The first award in the second violin class was awarded to W. Rooney.

The first award in the third violin class was awarded to E. Marcotte.

The second award in the third violin class was awarded to L. Boisvert.

After the distribution of medals, Archbishop Feehan delivered an address to the graduates, in which he dwelt at some length on the growth and necessity of Catholic, Christian education. He pointed out the fact that the Catholic schools and colleges throughout the country are not the work of bishops or the clergy, but of the people by whose generosity they are supported. These institutions, being all unendowed, could not exist without the generous support of the people. There never was a time, he said, since the introduction of Christianity, when the great, broad, principles of Christian truth were not



insisted upon by the church. He said that many earnest and thoughtful men, both in this country and Europe, see and acknowledge the deficiency of the present modes of education without, however, knowing how to correct the defect. This complete education, which embraces the whole man, mental, moral, and physical, is found in all the Catholic schools in the country, from the elementary parochial school to the University of Washington. It is always a pleasure to hear the archbishop touch the subject of education, which he treats in a thoughtful, earnest, and practical way. The interest he has taken in this work is fully demonstrated by the large number of flourishing schools, academies, and colleges all over the archdiocese, and also by his generous self-sacrifice and devoted zeal in attending each year the commencement exercises of so many institutions of learning.

On the morning of commencement we had the pleasure of having solemn high mass sung by Rev. Father Dermody, recently ordained, from St. Viateur's college, assisted by two of his classmates, Rev. Father Walsh as deacon, and Rev. J. V. Lamarre as sub-deacon.

#### NOTES.

—The annual retreat for the members of the community took place at the college the last week of June.

—The few "lay overs" will, as usual, go out and populate a few of the adjacent farms. Fewer farms will be needed this year.

—The bi-ennial retreat for the assistant pastors of the archdiocese of Chicago begins Monday, July 11.

—Lloyd and his wheel have been very much in evidence since school closed. L. is gradually growing accustomed to "no class."

—Several of those remaining at the college attended the closing exercises at St. Rose convent, which were held at Arcadi, Kankakee, June 22. The program was well arranged and finely carried out.

—It was a little difficult for some to find the train commencement day, still every one got there in due time. There was "one at seven, and another at eight."


—The regular summer school class will open at the college Monday, July 18. Special classes will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V.

—Rev. D. E. Walsh said his first mass at Rochester, Minn., Sunday, June 26. Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., assisted him, and preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

The Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., will spend Sunday, July 3, at Minonk, Ill., where he will replace the pastor of St. Patrick's church.

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