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FAC ET SPERA.

SENIOR CLASS POEM.

An Acrostic.

SOME pleasures seek in bustling towns
And busy marts of trade,—again
In smiling plains and verdant downs,
Nor bloss'ning bowers forgetting, when
The vernal bloom of joy abounds.

Vast crowds their happ'ness every year
In halls collegiate, and in lore
And high and scholarly career
To gain do strive, yet oft ignore,
Enraptured with ambition's aim,
Under its outward form and show
Real charity to bless and claim:—
Seek not their fellows' hearts to know.

Clouds hence obscure the view of life,
On winds of rapid scurrying rate,
Like wrathful spites in heaving strife
Lend sadd'ning gloom unto men's state; —
Envelop even seem perchance
Great vap'rous shapes their common fate,
Endangering every one's advance.

Came our own fire's calamity,
Looked like a visitation's test
And trial, baffling scrutiny,
Since it might sure be for the best,—
So meant from all Eternity.

O then "increased fidelity"
Found we and strengthened amity!

Now let none sow the noxious seeds
Ill will to harvest undesired,
Nor mar our friendships greater needs,
Employing raillery not required,

To rather "keep the base in man"
 E'er down, and always "Teach high thought,"
 Enclosed in words sans base trepan,
 Nor mixed with bitterness unsought.

Hence we who graduation's goal
 Unswervingly wished and won,
 Now call on all with heart and soul:—
 Do all you can to be as one
 Right triumph over might, and Truth
 Enthroned sit, let love disown
 Dread malice, reign and feigned ruth!

And steadfast seek the common weal,
 Not for a purpose quite unreal—
 Desire affliction's wounds to heal.

So we our Class have organized,
 In college spirit undisguised,—
 Xt. Jesus though our model prized,—

"Fac et Spera" the motto stands,
 Adopted as due form demands,—
 Come heed what power this word commands!

Enlightened be our work and hope,
 To wanton pride be there no scope!

Supernal be our onward trend,—
 Prove us true sons—St. Viateur's,
 Ennobled worthily to blend—
 Renewed zeal with love that stirs
 A loyal flame which we commend.

Farewell, associates, farewell!—
 Remember us where'er you be—
 In joy and sorrow ever we
 Esteem shall all who felt the spell,
 Ne'er voiced but rouses sweetest strain
 Devout and holily sublime—
 St. Viateur's!—Alma Mater's Name;—
 Heed ye our charge who plead would fain
 In this our baccalaureate time—
 Praise friends who fellowship acclaim!

W. A. S., Phil.

DUTIES OF CATHOLIC GRADUATES TOWARDS THE HOME

By J. B. Shiel, A. B.

Between lessons and lectures our thoughts have often flown beyond the walls of the class-room and roamed far away in the great world without, where we are soon to take our places. Often, especially after hearing some of these richly nourishing, those stirring lectures on the formation of a strong character, did we feel eager to try our strength, to test our courage, to find how, with our nicely adjusted college equipments we would fit in the place the big world will give us.

When we left home for college we had to adjust ourselves to new conditions, to deal with other men, to meet other requirements; in a word we came in contact with another moral entity, the college itself. Having now reached our college majority, having been judged sufficiently equipped to leave this great intellectual and moral drill-hall to engage in the struggle for existence, in the struggle for the right, in the rivalry for success, and even in the competition for leadership, we must be prepared to meet advantageously not only other individuals, but also those other moral persons which constitute the world. We feel that as we may be influenced by others, so, too, may we exert an influence upon them; we believe that we are right in thinking that our entrance on the scene, though it may not be very spectacular and cause great commotion, yet must affect the home to which we return, the state in whose affairs we shall be called upon to take a more active part, and the church which may rightly count upon us for its lay apostles, so much needed in our times.

The home, the state and the church, then, are some of the many moral persons in whose close contact we must now come, and towards which we must own and discharge very sacred duties. I shall leave to other speakers the treatment of the duties of the Catholic graduate towards the state and the church, and shall confine myself to the development of the obligations which the Catholic graduate will be expected to fulfill in and towards the home.

Now when the joys and sorrows, the trials and tribulations of our college life are ended, we are prepared to leave that which for many years has been a second home for us, and journey to that haven of rest, our own sweet home. Home! What a word! This is one word of which the English language may well boast; it is a word expressive of the most endearing ideas and the sweetest sentiments. What synonym can we give for it? Is it rest? That—and more. May we call it happiness? All that—and more. Is it safety and joy? Nay, it is more than that—it is love!

And because home is the abode of the sacrest human affections, it is something heavenly. This magic word immediately conjures up before our minds all that is good, and all that is noble and pure, all that is fair, sweet and comforting. Such, then, is home, and should we not yearn to return thither? Should we not yearn to give all our strength, all that we have acquired during the severe training of our college terms to help maintain the integrity and goodness of the home, to preserve its purity and spotlessness, in a word to give all that is in us for the good and betterment of the home, thereby strengthening the foundation of the state and fortifying the nation against those inward enemies who silently undermine the eternal basis of social strength and national solidity?

What joy there will be in the home today! for they who have been graduated have fulfilled one duty, one obligation. How the parents' hearts must throb with joy, for their son has not failed them, hence his coming is hailed with joy, he is honored on all sides by his friends; but this return must not be the occasion for only a momentary demonstration of glad welcome; it must be a source of joy that is permanent and lasting, one that instead of decreasing must steadily increase from year to year; he must exert an influence that is enduring and beneficent upon everything that is nearly connected with him.

There is one pitfall from which the Catholic graduate must try to guard himself, he must not pose as the self-satisfied container of vast knowledge, or try to awe his parents and friends by the extent and superiority of his mental stores; he must not pose as an oracle of infallible wisdom and have all who wish to speak to him come and bow down before him and listen with awe to the outpourings of his very decisive opinions upon all the gravest questions; but what he must and should do is to seek to be acknowledged as a model son and brother, as one who is filled with a knightly love for all those things that are noble and pure as being one in whom there is nothing but what is high and as one who is filled with the highest ideals; in a word as a type of Christian gentleman, as a possessor of that higher culture which imparts to home life and to all social relations that refinement which is always an index of what really is the higher civilization of a people.

It is in home relations that a young man shows the superiority of his character, a character woven of the strong and beautiful silken threads of unswerving loyalty and willing obedience to parental authority, a religious respect and love for parents and a considerate kindness for brother and sister. What a distinction would not the Catholic graduate win in this country if he should succeed in making filial reverence and obedience popular among

the rather irreverent and self-ruled youth of America? What an honor will it not be for him if the historian of the future is able to say in tracing effects to their causes: "When the excesses of lawlessness consequent upon wrong notions of individuality were threatening to disrupt the social organism, the state was saved through the conservative action and teaching of those Christian youths who made their homes schools of obedience and therefore schools of the staunchest patriotism!"

Yes, friends, it is our conviction that the false and pernicious theories which tend to subvert domestic society can be most effectually combatted by those who dare act out the truth in their daily lives, by those loyal sons who, in the face of false notions of independence, will be brave enough to obey and revere the divinely constituted rules of the human family.

But the Catholic graduate will not only move in the narrow circle of his own home. He will necessarily entertain social relations with other domestic circles into which he will be received. While he must in good season contribute his share to the gayety and brilliancy of social gatherings, he must prove himself capable of taking a serious view of the serious aspects of life. He must prove by his words and by the general tenor of his conduct his high-minded appreciation of womanly virtue and worth which inspired in the knights of old their splendid chivalry and kept them ever without fear and without reproach." Whether or not providence calls him to become himself a builder of a home, he must ever be an active champion of all the sacred rights and principles which underlie the home and which ensure its unity and stability. With a fine sense of the dignity of his own Christian manhood he will rise to protest most vigorously against the abominations of free love, of divorce, of improvidence, of extravagance, of intemperance, of race suicide and the abuses of club life which are all destroyers of the home. Eloquently will he plead for that clean, that purified and spiritualized Christian love which alone can wed two souls in the indissoluble bonds of sacramental wedlock. By word and by the compelling force of example will he stand uncompromisingly for conjugal fidelity, for industry, for temperance, and for the joys of family life in the home itself. He will make his own hearthstone his favorite club room and his wife and children the favorite companions of his leisure hours. Where indeed can a man hope to find cleaner and more perfect enjoyment than with those who are bound to him by such sacred and eternal ties and on the spot which is hallowed by the momentous events and cherished traditions of family life?

What is there that is sweeter to recall from the storehouse of childhood's memories than those family reunions around the evening lamp, taken up with the discussion of family interests and the

reading of good books? If the Catholic graduate who fully appreciates the value of his books went forth with the fixed purpose of popularizing the family library, he would do more for the uplifting of the Catholic home than is done for the uplifting of the nation by the foundation of public libraries in every town of the country. In a democracy such as ours, where the aristocracy of personal worth and of distinguished public service alone can have recognition, what a grand field is opened to the laudable ambitions of young men to inscribe their humble but honorable family name in golden letters upon the list of public benefactors! What inspiration is there not in the thought that they, too, as others before them, may rise from out of their humble obscurity and become the great writers, orators, artists, statesmen and churchmen of their epoch, thus making their family name the immortal synonym of highest worth and shedding lustre upon the church which nourished their strong souls and glory upon the country which they have so nobly served! Traditions of family greatness will then be established and the home will become the sanctuary in which these traditions are sacredly preserved and transmitted to other generations of the noblest aristocracy the world can ever know.

If there are any Americans who can successfully give the lie to the accusation that we have no home life, that we love poodles better than children, that we are wholly given to greed and licentiousness, these saviors of the nation's honor will be found among the ranks of Christian scholars who come forth from schools which have taught them the dignity of human love, the sacredness of the laws of nature and of God and the grandeur of that large family which is called the nation. It is such young men who may be relied upon to become builders of the model American home and thereby contribute to the stability and perfection of our social institutions, to the development and spread of higher culture, to the attainment and permanent possession of that personal and social happiness for which all civil institutions exist.

DUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC GRADUATE TOWARDS THE STATE.

By John Hickey, A. B.

You will not deem that I assume too much when I state that the Catholic student who leaves an institution such as this with a certificate of proficiency in the studies he has pursued is and must be considered as fully cognizant of the civic duties he will soon be called upon to fulfill. The Catholic colleges of this country have not only been schools of religion and of secular knowledge, schools

of polite art and of philosophy, but they have been and are great schools of patriotism. These schools have taught us that this glorious country, our fair Columbia, is ours, and our own as Catholics by the clearest and most unquestionable titles. To anyone, therefore, who would question our native right to feel at home here in America we would ask: "Was not this land discovered by Catholics? Was it not explored by Catholics? Do not its streams, its cities and even its states attest by their very names the fact of their early Catholic baptism? Did not the Catholics sign the great charters of its civil and religious liberty, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution? How can we be considered aliens here on the very soil which our own have so generously sprinkled with their blood that a free and united nation might spring up and wax grand as in fact the America we have inherited?" No, my friends, we are not strangers here. And because we are proud of our title of American citizenship we are equally eager to own and to discharge the duties which devolve upon us as citizens of this great and free country.

If there is one thing more than another which is likely to be impressed upon the mind of the Catholic student in his intercourse with men and books, in his search into the essentials of the Catholic religious system itself and the reasons of its success, in the study of philosophic principles of domestic and civil institutions, it is the respect for the majesty of authority. All his studies and all his reflections convince him that authority is an indispensable element in all social organization. As the living principle in every organism gives it unity and directs the activities of its many parts towards the good of the whole, so, too, authority is the unifying principle which makes the individuals or units of civil society tend towards the common good. It is the moral force which binds the many into a community of aim which requires them to forego their own individual advantages and to work for the prosperity of all. It is from authority that issue the laws which regulate society and impart to it security and orderliness.

It goes without saying that laws would be useless without obedience. And compliance with law is always proportionate to the regard in which citizens hold the authority which enacts the law. When we speak of the majesty of the law we mean nothing else than the majesty of the authority that imposes it.

It is easy to see that whatever is calculated to enhance the authority, to raise and dignify it in the esteem of those who obey is immensely helpful both for the purposes of the legislator and for the fulfillment of civil obligations on the part of the citizen. Now, gentlemen, how have we been taught to look upon authority? Have we been taught to look upon it as the handiwork of men? Have we

been taught to consider it as a necessary evil, or an invention of crafty and ambitious politicians whereby to compel the common herd to do their high behests? If it were so what respect could we be expected to entertain for laws which in our eyes would be no more than the whips of cattle drivers? If it were so we would sink in our own estimate of our own dignity and of the worth of all social institutions. But no! We have looked higher for the source of that moral power which guides and controls the destinies of nations, and when we had analyzed the social instincts of man, when we found that man's nature could blossom forth into full efflorescence and that human activities could attain the perfection of their maturity only in society; when further we considered that man is the handiwork of God and that God wills the good of man and consequently wills the good of society, as the indispensable condition of man's perfection, we concluded that if reason is ever right in its inferences, it is especially right in concluding as the great apostle of the Gentiles declared, namely, that "all power is from God." And, my friends, with what a halo of sacredness is not authority not invested when it is thus rightly considered as descended from heaven and not a seed of the earth. Although we know that citizens may exercise their constitutional rights by designating the wielders of the nation's powers, yet that power, the right to rule, that authority itself, we know comes from God, the King of kings, the Ruler of rulers, through whom all those rule who decree just things. Could it be then that we would pass the threshold of this institution into the outer world with anything but a deep appreciation of our obligations towards the state and its laws? Can anything else be logically expected of the Catholic graduate than that he will entertain the highest regard for those invested with God-given authority and that in all his relations with that moral entity called the state he will prove both by his Catholic training and by his rational convictions the most loyal and law abiding citizen? And will not you who are making noble efforts to sustain the dignity of the state and to preserve our civil institutions welcome the reinforcement which comes to your serried ranks with the fresh battalions of college graduates? Can you deem inconsiderable the moral force which will be lent to your cause by young men who come to you with principles and convictions that will serve as effective barriers against the lawlessness of lynchers, against the contempt of authority displayed by mob rule, against the fearful aggressions of rabid socialism and red-handed anarchy? Indeed we are eager to join the fray, to engage in the struggle between the opposing forces that agitate the body politic and to help win the victories of law which is the safeguard of liberty.

We shall willingly devote what abilities we have to secure the

triumph of authority, and the triumph of authority should always deserve the credit and the high honor of being the triumph of right and justice. Right ever constitutes might, but might, whether it is physical, political or financial, can never constitute right. It is the one and sole purpose of all governmental institutions to see that justice prevails, and it is one of the distinctive characteristics of Americans that we have an intuition of justice which we popularly call "fair play" or a "square deal."

What man is there who is worthy of his brithright of American citizenship and is not ready to devote his best energies to the service of the flag which protects all that he holds dearest on earth? What a thrill of noble enthusiasm does not awaken the soul of every true born young American when he thinks of the beauty, the dignity and grandeur which his nation is destined to attain when she takes her place at the head of all nations of the world! In his dreams of her future greatness he sees her clad in all the culture of Athens, in all the virile strength of Sparta, in the fine Roman sense of justice and in all the glory of that splendid order in the midst of the largest liberty which even now sets America apart from and above the nations which have contributed most towards the civilization of mankind.

We need fear no foreign foe, it is true, but it is the duty of every patriot, of every best lover of America, to arm himself against the internal enemies of the nation, against every attempt to prevent the ends of government, against every abuse of power, against every practice which is bound to cause discontent and revolt.

If it is noble and heroic to die for one's country, it is no less so to live for it, to sustain and safeguard and perfect its cherished institutions and transmit them as national heirlooms to coming generations. We are not leaving these halls without a high conception of what constitutes national greatness and national honor. We are convinced that America will remain the citadel of liberty only as long as this stronghold is guarded by the best citizenship, by men who are imbued with a deep respect for law and authority, by men who love justice and hate iniquity, when whose wide-awake public spirit and incorruptible integrity will make them a power at the electoral urn and in offices of public trust.

What, then, is our conception of our duties toward the state? What indeed is our hope and our ambition? To join the mighty forces of all the high-minded and God-fearing citizens of our country, and lend our aid towards the total elimination of political corruption, of venality, of bribe giving and bribe taking, toward the suppression of the causes of discontent, towards the attainment of all the worthy ends of government and the realization of our loftiest political ideals and destinies.

THE DUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC GRADUATE TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

By P. E. Brown, A. B.

The church has not hitherto been for us a hidden or unknown personality. Even as we know and fondly cherish our earthly mothers, whose encircling arms have rocked the tender years of our infancy, whose guiding hands have led us safely through childhood's ways, and whose watchful eyes have been lovingly bent upon us, as we journeyed through the flowery, the bright and gay, but often dangerous, path of youth; so, too, have we, ere the dawn of childish consciousness, known and learned to respect and love that other mother who ever before our awakening to reason's earliest ray had adopted us as her own, that spiritual mother who fed our young souls with the supersubstantial bread of revealed truth, who schooled us in the practice of the right and clothed us in the armor of divine grace.

Oh yes, we gladly declare and gratefully acknowledge that we have been these many years the objects of her tender solicitude, and of her maternal beneficence. What a monster of ingratitude would be that son who, after tasting the sweets of a mother's affection, and after having been reared to manly strength by her fostering care, would refuse to love her most filially and to defend her valiantly!

The hour will soon be at hand when the church will count upon us to enlist in her actively militant forces, when she will expect that we shall loyally defend her by grandly acting out the faith that she has implanted in us, and that we shall assist her in her sublime work with all the fervor of lay apostles and the far-reaching eloquence of our spoken and written word. What an honor will it not be for us to become co-laborers with the zealous clergy and with the distinguished laity of the great Catholic church! How proud indeed should we be to own that we shall not only be admitted into the ranks of these apostolic men, of these enlightened champions of the purest religion that has ever blessed the earth, but that we are even now reckoned upon as important aids in the furtherance of her sanctifying and civilizing mission! Should we hesitate? Should we be awed into inaction or craven desertion by the sacredness of the duties she will require of us? Away with such a thought! What is it she will demand of us? That we become in our individual lives and public utterances eloquent exponents of her sacred doctrines, and fearless champions of her salutary practices.

The young man who leaves a Catholic college and is not sufficiently convinced of the essential truth proclaimed by the infallible

Catholic church, and is not so wholly impressed by the grandeur and sublimity of that divine truth as to yield it his readiest allegiance, is not worthy of the name of Catholic graduate. Nor is he who is so weak and inconsistent, that although he admits the truth of all Catholic doctrines and the loftiness and sanctity of Catholic morals, yet will not pledge himself to make ceaseless efforts, so as to bring his own life in perfect conformity with the sublime theory of the holy life he professes and believes.

If it is true that "*noblesse oblige*," we may say without presumption that one of our most elementary duties upon leaving college will be to become before the eyes of the pious faithful shining models of compliance with all those governing laws of the church which regulate the outward conduct of the large Catholic family the world over.

Faithful compliance with ecclesiastic requirements, such as to attend divine service and to resort to the soul-bracing reception of the sacraments, is not only a duty which the Catholic graduate owes to the church, but it is one which he owes to himself and to God who created him and established the church as a means of eternal salvation. Who can measure the beneficent effects of the example which the Catholic graduate will thus give by his well ordered Catholic life? We cannot rate too highly the tremendous power of example either for evil or for good.

But even more than this should be expected of the Catholic graduate. What then? Is not the church misunderstood? Are not her aims misinterpreted? Is she not still an object of mistrust in the eyes of many? Oh, my friends, how it must wound to the quick the soul of a well born son to think that his mother is thus unfairly judged. What ready floods of illuminating eloquence will not there swell up from the depths of his filial devotion to bespeak to the age of her true beauty, goodness and grandeur! With what ready alacrity and infinite tact will he not unite his own with the already organized forces of the Catholic laity to allay the vain fears of outsiders, and to break down the forbidding barriers of prejudice!

What splendid service may not the Catholic young man render to the church by thus acting as the advance guard of the valiant clergy! And why should he not thus become the strenuous aid of his church in her efforts to gather into her fold the straying masses? Is he not to be presumed specially fitted for such worthy service by the very nature of the education he has received? Will he fail to acknowledge this duty and plead that he is ashamed of his faith, that he must ever assume an apologetic tone in public, and excuse himself for being a Catholic? If such there be among the bands of Catholic graduates who on a day such as this walk forth into the world with brows encircled with academic laurels, we emphatically

disown and repudiate him, for he is no true born eaglet. We would remind him in the noble words of the great General Recamier, that we do not intend to apologize for our faith nor seek to make the world forgive us for being Catholics, but to make all men respect us for being such. What indeed would become of the grandest, most beneficent, religious institutions if they were to depend upon such moral invertebrates?

It is the sacred duty of the Catholic graduate to ally himself with the champions of every good cause, and to join the forces which are calculated to combat most effectively the foes of religion. Let him join those splendidly organized societies which seek the promotion of temperance, of charity and of justice. These are religious virtues, and in working for their diffusion he will discharge one of his gravest obligations towards the church.

Again there are the rights of Catholics as such to safeguard, rights in the matter of education, rights to positions of public trust and honor. How long shall we be compelled to endure the ostracism of Catholics from the highest offices in the gift of the people? If an era of fairer recognition of Catholic rights is soon to dawn it will be when the consistent representatives of Catholic education shall fearlessly walk in the footsteps of a Garcia Moreno, a Windthorst and a Charles Bonaparte. That the morning gates of this new day may soon be opened, when the beauty of our faith will be placed upon a high pedestal for the admiration of all men, when infidelity and indifferentism will surrender or become more modest, is the fond hope and earnest determination of St. Viateur's graduating class of 1906.

CLASS PROPHECY.

One Long Look Into the Depths.

(By J. D. Kirley, A. B.)

The past, what is it but one long, fitful dream, in which sunshine and shadows, joys and sorrows, triumphs and failure form an unbroken chain of events strangely blended together. The present, eluding our grasp, gliding onward so swiftly that we do not realize how precious its worth until it has sunk into oblivion, is never to be recalled. The future, with its deeply hidden mysteries, is so completely concealed from our view that we know absolutely nothing of what waits us in the years to come. In vain do we seek to pierce the veil of the future and get a glimpse of the secrets buried there. We gaze long and thoughtfully into the depths, asking ourselves if bitter sorrow, untold misery, agonizing pain are lying in wait for us, or if fame, worldly honor, success and happiness shall be our por-

tion. To all these questions we find no response, for only the all-seeing eye of God can penetrate the depths of the future. However, let us imagine for one moment that it were given me to thrust aside the mighty veil which hides from us our future destinies, and to unravel the hidden mysteries of the Book of Fate.

It is a warm midsummer afternoon, and strolling along a busy street in Honolulu, my attention is arrested by a voice that sounds familiar. Turning in the direction from which it came and listening more attentively I realized that the voice came from a courtroom which I had just passed. Retracing my steps, I entered, and taking a seat near the door, I listened to the trial in progress. The case was that of a boy accused of murder. The testimony was strong against him. The prosecuting attorney eloquently demanded the death penalty. Finally a gallant looking young counsellor whose features bore close resemblance to those of one of my former classmates, arose amidst vociferous cheering. Taking his place upon the platform and addressing the judge and jury, he began his final plea for defense. He spoke for fully an hour, educating clear and convincing arguments why his client should be pronounced guiltless. The jury after only eight minutes' deliberation, brought in the verdict "not guilty." During the storm of applause which followed, our hero was the recipient of warm congratulations. His face, his manners, everything about him seemed familiar to me. Surely I had heard that silver-tongued orator before. He faced me squarely and it was only then that I recognized my old time classmate, William McKenna.

While Willie and myself chatted together in the hotel that evening, recalling many an incident of dear old college days, he informed me that another of our class was a resident of the island, but refused to disclose his name. It was on the eve of pentecost, and on the morrow we attended pontifical high mass at the cathedral. As we entered, a dusky native ushered us to the front pew, which we had the honor of sharing with Queen Lila Qua Lana. I had never assisted at mass in these regions and was anxious to see the rites and ceremonies of the country. Presently the gentle peal of bells announced the beginning of the procession. Twenty ebony-hued little chaps came first. They were followed by a long line of torch bearers, incense bearers and acolytes. When the last boy had left the sacristy there was a momentary pause in the procession and then the bishop, clad in his beautiful pontifical robes, moved majestically towards the altar. I started from my seat and to my great mortification elbowed the hat off Queen Lila Qua Lana. Surely this cannot be my old classmate! I must be mistaken! My eyes deceive me! I turned questioningly to Willie, but he answered me simply, wait. I was not long in suspense, for just then the

organ struck up a plaintive little melody and three thousand voices burst forth in the grand refrain—"Hail to Bishop Hayden."

The following year, while journeying to Memphis, our train, the St. Louis Flyer, packed with merry excursionists, was plunging through a narrow cut at the rate of a mile a minute and collided head on with a freight train that was driving ahead with a speed of twenty miles an hour. The freight engine leaped into the air and crashed, with its deadly contents of fire and steam, straight into the middle of a crowded passenger coach. The great monster of heated steel, as though it were maddened by its injuries, tore at the wreck beneath it with whirling wheels and tortured the living and the dying with blasts of steam. Fortunately I was in one of the rear coaches, and when I recovered from the shock I went forward to lend my feeble assistance in caring for the injured, who lay strewn upon the ground awaiting the arrival of a relief train from Warrensville. Such catastrophes leave scars upon the mind as well as on the body. Time can seldom erase the lurid glare which they paint upon the canvas of life. The horror of such sights and sounds is too vivid to be ever forgotten. In less than a hour the relief train arrived bearing four doctors and about a dozen nurses, who immediately went about ministering to the wants of the suffering. One of the doctors was engaged in binding up the wounds of a little girl who had sustained several ugly gashes about the head and breast. Being near, the doctor called me to assist him, and while he worked upon the almost lifeless form, the little one faintly whispered, "Doctor, I am dying." The doctor took from his pocket a small crucifix, placed it in her hands, and while he continued to wrap the bandages I was edified to hear him breathe words of spiritual strength and comfort. Before the doctor had finished his task the soul of the little one had fled, and who can doubt that the first prayer of that pure young soul upon entering the abode of the blessed was one of fervent petition for him who had been her last solace upon earth, Dr. J. B. Shiel.

The relief train was about to return to Warrensville, and as it promised to be some time before the wreckage could be cleared away, I readily consented to the earnest solicitation of Dr. Shiel to spend a few days with him before continuing my journey. The next day, after the doctor had visited his patients, he took me out in his auto to show me some of the interesting sights in that beautiful city of Warrensville. After about two hours' pleasant spin, the chauffeur drew up in front of a large office building. We entered, took the elevator to the fifth floor and as I landed I could not help noticing the roguish smile on Bennie's face. I suspected he was playing some trick on me as in former days he had done so often. Presently we stopped before an office and as Bennie silently

pointed to the inscription on the glass door which stood ajar, I read the following, "Walk in and have your teeth extracted without pain. Fifty years' experience. The most reliable painless extractor in the world, Dr. John Hickey." We entered and found Jack putting the finishing touches to a set of false teeth. He received me very warmly and soon began to ply me with questions concerning the college. Among other things he asked me, "Has Bro. Boisvert finished the Roy Memorial Hall? Is the switch in yet? How is the toboggan." He seemed greatly surprised when I informed him that the Roy Memorial, together with three other rooming buildings, were now occupied by hundreds of industrious students pursuing the higher courses at the university. What was formerly known as the switch to bring freight to the college is now one of the principal branches of the Illinois Central, and sixteen trains enter the university station daily. The old toboggan has been supplanted by a velvet coaster. I spent a week in Warrensville, and need I say that I was highly entertained by those two warm-hearted and jovial classmates of '06?

Some time after, being called to Europe to attend a chapter of the community, I paid a short visit to my old friend Will Keefe, now Rt. Rev. Mgr. Keefe, rector of the American College in Rome. He told me that Rome was quite as familiar to him now as was Bourbonnais in the day which he was wont to call "the happiest of his life." He was one day piloting me through the magnificent corridors of the great Basilica, and while I stood in admiration of one of the productions of Raphael, a venerable "red cap" approached, whom the Monsignor introduced as Cardinal Secretary to His Holiness Pope Pius XI. I had hoped to obtain an audience with the Holy Father, and now I felt sure that I would not be disappointed. After conversing with the reverend gentleman for some time I happened to mention something about St. Viateur's, and with a smile—that kind that won't come off—he disclosed his identity, which he had the while so skilfully concealed, and to my great surprise and delight I found myself face to face with our esteemed poet and genial classmate of '06, Mr. Schoenle.

After a three weeks' sojourn in the eternal city, I gladly assented to the kind invitation proffered by the Monsignor to accompany him on a pleasure trip to the famous Baden-Baden springs of Germany, which he was wont to visit each year during vacation. The journey thither was a very pleasant one, and after a thorough laving in those invigorating waters of Baden-Baden, resolved to pay a short visit to the capitol city, which was not many miles distant. Entering the city of Berlin, it was evident that some mighty question was agitating the minds of the populace. Numerous placards announcing socialistic gatherings were surrounded by

motley crowds. At the hotel that evening we learned that on the morrow would take place the closing struggle between the factions of socialism and the representatives of law and order, for on that day the Reichstag was to vote on the third reading of a bill for the suppression of socialism. When the session opened the following morning we occupied prominent seats in the balcony. The speeches both pro and con were masterpieces of oratory, and the respective speakers were cruelly hissed or loudly applauded. The forces were almost equal and the tension of the multitude was well nigh strained to the utmost. In the course of debate following the reading of the bill the Lord Chancellor, a man of strong, commanding physique, and one who bore all the striking traits of the Teuton, ascended the rostrum. Before his gaze had swept over the assembled throng the wrangling mob was hushed and all eyes were centered upon the speaker. With all the strength and vigor of a mind that rivaled even the greatest of Germany's statesmen, he launched into his subject, and with a logic which was unerring in its conclusions he drew over to the side of law and order not only the wavering ones, but even those who opposed it the most obstinately. It was a great victory. It sounded the death knell of socialism and caused the Fatherland to lapse once more into that state of tranquility which is so much in harmony with the German temperament. Feeling that I was in the presence of one of the world's greatest statesmen, I was seized with an insatiable desire to approach him and if possible to make his acquaintance. After several futile attempts we gave up the task and returned to the hotel somewhat disappointed. However, a few days later, being a guest of the Anti Duel Club, which gave a dinner in honor of the idolized chancellor, it happened to be my privilege to sit near him at the banquet. I noticed a '06 button in the lapel of his coat and then I began to study his features closely. Presently the waiter served him a dish of Spitsberger Braten, and as he instinctively placed his hand over his lips to conceal a suppressed smile, I immediately recognized my old friend Fritz. After dinner I had an interview with him, and while we rehearsed some of the doings of the '06 class, we enjoyed a pleasant smoke after I had furnished the match.

As for the rest of the class, I must hasten to tell you where fortune has placed them. The sacerdotal dignity has been conferred upon Brothers Brown and Rheams, the former has earned for himself an enviable reputation as professor of electrical engineering in one of our universities in Paris, while the latter has been blessed with unusual success as an instructor in the deaf and dumb institute at Mile End, Canada. The saintly Mr. Drennan has become a missionary father and generously sacrificed himself in behalf of

God's most afflicted members, the poor lepers of Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands.

As for your humble servant, he still patrols the yard, and although his step has lost some of its former elasticity and his sight has become somewhat dimmed, still he occasionally discovers, in some of the secret recesses of the old play ground, a few adepts at the art of paper rolling and not infrequently rounds up a bunch of bummers.

But you asked me what has become of him who led us through the tortuous ways of the Inferno and extricated us from the mazes of old Zig? He is Superior General of the Viatorians, and need I say that he is loved and revered by all his subjects?

VALEDICTORY.

By W. C. McKenna, A. B.

Your Grace, Rev. Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

At last the long wished for day has come! Today Alma Mater stamps the seal of approbation upon our brow and with benevolent words of advice and paternal admonitions bids us a last, long, loving farewell and sends us forth to fight life's battle in the busy world. Graduation day! What unexplored possibilities, what deep meaning and what new-born responsibilities are contained in these words! What hopes, what fears for the future and what sweet memories crowd upon the graduate on this day of days. As he conjures up these welcome memories of by-gone days and looks into the unknown future his heart becomes heavy and it is sadly and with moist eyes that he takes a last, lingering glance at the scenes and haunts of his youth, the field of his young endeavors, successes and failures, the dear friends who congratulated him in his triumphs and remained true and loyal in his adversity.

Thus we of 1906, on the eve of our departure from our college home, standing on the threshold of a new and more curesome life, realizing the work expected of us, fearing lest the burden be too great or our shoulders too weak, and that when separated from the paternal surveillance of our beloved professors and superiors, our cherished plans may fail of fruition we tire of the vain attempt to fathom the misty depths of futurity and reminiscently, soliloquizingly, again relive our happy college days whose successful termination is marked by today's celebration. As we search memory's effervescent fount our heart becomes the scene of a tumultuous battle, many and varied sentiments, occasions and circumstances are wafted back to us as welcome visitors of by-gone days.

It has been our happy lot to be numbered among the students of St. Viator's during the most eventful, memorable and success-

ful years of our Alma Mater's existence. Hardly had we been initiated into the manners and customs of college life when the call went forth summoning the Alumni and friends of the college to do honor to the most tender of fathers, the poet, priest and educator, the gentle, just and ever esteemed Fr. Marsile, who had completed his twenty-fifth year in the vineyard of the Lord. Truly under auspicious circumstances did we enter our new home, and with enjoyable wonder did we look upon the many and varied but withal filial manifestations of fidelity and protestations of loyalty shown by those who had gone before us for him who has grown gray in the education and moral upbuilding of the young. Since then we have learned the sterling worth of this father and his solicitous care for "his boys."

The contemplative and ambitious student during his college career looks forward with eagerness and boundless expectation to the successful termination of his course, not that he desires the end of these happy days of freedom from college routine and discipline, but because he then will be fitted for larger pursuits and mature occupations, he will be self-reliant and capable of overcoming multiple and adverse situations and circumstances. To this student there is nothing more inspiring or a greater incentive to successful labor and perseverance than the success of those who have gone before him, and surely no student body ever had more upright, zealous, successful and honest examples of true manhood and worthy American citizenship than the present students of St. Viateur's. In every walk of life, ecclesiastical, professional and commercial, the worthy sons of St. Viateur's have exceeded the expectations and predictions of even the most sanguine—the Alumni of St. Viateur's—what loyalty, generosity, learning and prestige are combined in that enviable name! Already, before our advent here, Rome, that infallible judge of ability and worth, had conferred the episcopal dignity upon our honored alumnus, the scholarly, the pious, the eloquent Bishop McGavick. Again, in 1901, glad tidings were heralded across the broad Atlantic, the Papacy had recognized the sterling worth and profound erudition of another distinguished alumnus, our learned professor of church history, the scholarly, the gentle, the generous Monsignor Legris.

Thus in the early days of our college career we assisted at the never to be forgotten and enthusiastic gatherings of fraternity and love. As the years passed on and as we daily entered more and more into the soul and spirit of our Alma Mater we witnessed, partook of and gloried in her innumerable and grand triumphs educationally and athletically; we prided ourselves as being students of an institution so rapidly becoming the pride of the western educational world, and prospective members of such a loyal, generous

and distinguished band of Alumni. To you, honored members of the Alumni of St. Viateur's, we owe much; you have given us Roy Memorial Chapel, the spacious gymnasium, and have contributed the means of erecting a magnificent and lasting monument to bear to future generations a worthy attestation of your gratitude and generosity—Alumni Hall. Gentlemen and fellow Alumni, we of 1906 most heartily thank you for your generosity, and we only hope we may be able to follow your magnanimous footsteps.

But the day we truly enjoyed and capably appreciated was commencement, 1905, when in response to the call of the leaders hundreds of the "old boys" bravely and loyally answered the summons and gathered here in dear old St. Viateur's to honor him who for twenty-five long years had faithfully guided the destinies of our Alma Mater and under whose solicitous care St. Viateur's had risen from an ordinary commercial school to one of the best equipped and largest colleges of the Mississippi Valley. Then, my friends, we clearly and joyously realized why you so enthusiastically and generously honored the mild, courteous and zealous president of your Alma Mater and ours; we, too, during our college years have been won to his mild rule; we, too, have learned—it is not a difficult or laborious task—to love, venerate and admire him who is so solicitous for "his boys," who knows the young heart, who understands the tribulations and inquietudes of college days, and ever stands ready to pour the balm of advice and hope upon the wounds of adversity and dissatisfaction.

But, my friends, we who witnessed and partook of so many feasts of joy and brotherly love, who paid homage to our loving father, and through him to his worthy faculty, we who have rightly felt proud of our jubilations in honor of St. Viateur and St. Patrick, our religious, musical, dramatical and oratorical triumphs, we, too, not long since, have seen our beautiful home, those grand and imposing buildings, the fruit of years of sacrifice and generosity, razed to the ground in a few short hours by the ruthless hand of the most destructive scourge, the great and pitiless fire of February twenty-first. Though we may separate today and drift away into divergent paths that will cross only after years of care and struggle in the busy world, as long as there stirs within our breast the breath of life there will remain ever fresh in the archives of memory the realistic vividness of that calamitous night when all that was mortal of old St. Viateur's was swept away forever. New scenes, greater cares and all-important situations will never efface from memory's page the burning of St. Viateur's or the manly sorrow of its homeless family. In vain did we struggle with the relentless fiend! The fiery spirit was master, and amid sighs and tears we saw the forked tongues leap from window to window, from

spire to spire, encompass the main building and then in spite of our pious lamentations the fiendish blaze pillaged our beautiful chapel, the fitting abode of the Most High, and during a death-like silence broken only every now and again by a stifled sob the devouring flames consummated their devastating work and left but seared, begrimed, windowless walls to attest the former greatness of St. Viateur's. Who can appropriately portray the sorrow and loss occasioned by that terrible catastrophe? We realized that the home of our youthful joys and collegial triumphs, the abode of sweet and cherished memories, was passing away forever. But our loss was only secondary. Those were there who witnessed the progress of that dreadful holocaust, men, ay, noblemen, who saw ambitions, their plans, the work of a lifetime consumed by the devouring flames. But, notwithstanding all this, though the visible results of their life work was passing away, though all their earthly belongings were exposed to the flames, these heroic men looked not to their own safety or welfare, but rushed through the doomed buildings from corridor to corridor mid showers of fiery brands and incandescent beams anxious only for their charges, never for a moment considering material things until the safety of every student was insured. Oh! heroic and self-sacrificing faculty, you have patiently and nobly undergone this last and greatest of trials, and now may your reward be doubly great. Truly, "the darkest hour precedes the dawn; already you have commenced the laborious and difficult task of reconstruction, and mid prayers and divine supplications you will erect a greater, more modern St. Viateur's—a St. Viateur's University.

But today marks the end of our college course, the time of parting, and as we retrospectively glance over the history of those past years, the dear friends of our youth and our beloved professors and superiors, their solicitous care in fashioning our character, and diligent, self-sacrificing spirit exemplified in years of untiring labor in preparing us for the worthy reception of today's honor, as we contemplate all this we fain would tarry longer and delay the hour of separation, for only a student of St. Viateur's about to be deprived of their care and guidance can truly and capably appreciate the value and erudition of such noble, self-sacrificing men as Fr. Marsile, a Fr. Ryan, a Fr. Rivard, a Fr. Bergen or a Fr. O'Mahoney. I will not endeavor to proclaim in words our appreciation of the worth of these men. In the presence of action—straightforward and honest action—words become all too feeble and ineffectual. We of 1906 unhesitatingly pledge our fidelity and support to these devoted men who have given their lives for the young and are conscientiously doing Christ's work on earth.

But, my friends, the time for our departure approaches. Fain

would we lift the curtain of doubt and uncertainty that shadows the future from our gaze and predict the joys and pleasures, successes and failures in store for each of us in our new field of greater activity. but this time alone will develop. And now on this graduation day as we stand at the parting of the ways, on the brink of this new life, fearing the consequences, though eager for the fray, there re-occurs to us the oft-repeated though ever true words of our rector, "My boys, you may not all be chosen for high places; you may not all be priests or professionals; even some may be destined to fill lowly places, but in spite of all this remember, my dear boys, you are all expected to be good, honest, upright men, loyal citizens of our grand republic, and worthy communicants of our holy faith." And, my friends, if we follow these fatherly admonitions and the many other valuable moral lessons imparted to us at St. Viateur's, though we may enter vastly divergent walks of life and be differently favored by fortune we will all reach the one great and all-important end, we will have fought a good fight, we will have fulfilled our destiny, we will have lived a good and useful life.

And today, in taking a last, loving farewell of our Alma Mater and pledging our fidelity to its devoted faculty, our fervent wish is that a new and greater St. Viateur's may soon replace the ruins of our old home, and that God may grant long life and full success to those noble, heroic, men whose loved home has been wrecked, but who, undaunted by vicissitudes, are bravely planning and laying the foundations of a magnificent institution that will be a grand seat of learning, a place of inspiration to future generations.

THE END.

Class Day—Graduation Day.

It will no doubt be a matter of surprise for numbers of the old students to hear that notwithstanding the desitution occasioned by the fire the termination of the scholastic year '05 and '06 was in many ways the most brilliant that has ever been witnessed at St. Viateur's. The successful completion of the the school year under such adverse circumstances must have been especially gratifying to the faculty who displayed such undaunted courage in reorganizing the various courses after the great disaster. For us, the graduates, and for our parents the glorious scenes enacted upon the occasion of our graduation will ever remain among our most preciousy treasured memories.

"Et hos olim meminisse Juvabit" old Horace has well said,

and hence we consign to these tablets for future pleasure record of these last eventful days, class day and graduation day of '06.

According to arrangements made by the faculty and the class of '06, Sunday, June 17, was selected for the exercises of class day. Elaborate preparations were made to feast in regal fashion the score of graduates who had so faithfully returned to pursue and finish their studies within the darksome shadow of the college ruins. To us, at least, the old village church never looked more inviting or more splendid than it did on that beautiful June morning when it appeared, dressed by the loving hands of the class of '07, in a graceful array of streamers, flags and flowers, of blazing lights and triumphal arches. And indeed was not the venerable edifice to be the scene of a very sweet and at the same time a very august religious event? The graduating class had been fortunate enough to secure the recently ordained Father William Cleary, the universal favorite, as the celebrant of their last mass and of his own first mass at the college.

Parents and friends of the students had already arrived on Saturday evening and scores more came by the early trains from Chicago Sunday morning to witness this imposing ceremony. The entire village was on its feet to view a ceremony never seen before. At 10:30 a long procession of faultlessly attired altar boys filed from the vestry marching outside toward the front entrance of the church. They were followed by the twenty-one graduates imposingly clad in the academic cap and gown. Behind these came the master of ceremonies, the acolytes and the officers of the mass, Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., sub-deacon, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., deacon, and Rev. W. Cleary, the celebrant. All entered the church and proceeded through the flowery arches of the great aisle to the sanctuary. The graduates occupied the front seats in the nave.

The Mass.

As Brother Moisant, C. S. V., had put forth all his efforts in tastefully decorating the church and in drilling the altar boys, so Bro. Roche, C. S. V., had taken special pains to prepare the choir which executed in the faultless style of our happiest chapel days the musical part of the religious service, and from the organ gallery the tuneful throats of boys and youths poured forth songs of joy, of adoration, of triumph and of thanksgiving. In turn from the altar came tremulously the sweet and just tones of Father Cleary's familiar tenor as he sang the impressive words of the sacred liturgy. At the solemn moment of the consecration, appeared four little boys clad as angels, who in gracefully reverent attitude swung golden censers to welcome among his own the new come divine

guest. Their caps removed, the graduates knelt in eucharistic prayer, in offering of grateful thanks.

The Sermon.

Another one of our joys on this auspicious day was the privilege of listening to the baccalaureate sermon delivered to us by Rev. J. Cannon of Urbana, one of the many distinguished alumni of St. Viateur's. He spoke and spoke eloquently of the moral force that contributes to upbuild the home, the church and the state, and most convincingly argued that the repression of evil influences or the work of reform must begin with the individual. Hence do we look hopefully to young men whose learning has been acquired and whose character has been fashioned in schools such as St. Viateur's. He told the graduates that they were expected to do great things in the world. That there was as much history to be made in the future as there had been in the past.

"Some men will tell you that my place is in the sanctuary," said Father Cannon, "but I say to you it is out in the world as well. You cannot influence man at long range. It will be a part of your duty to carry the work of the church in many directions, but the great evils which you must fight and help to conquer are divorce, socialism, graft, intemperance and religious indifference."

Continuing, the speaker said that the campaign must be an aggressive one. He pointed out that if men who lived in other ages should come back to the world now they would find a century unexampled by any in the history of man as far as material improvements are concerned, but they would also find a century in which the family and home were in greater danger than ever before. He stated that in order to make Catholics take the foremost place in history, science and philosophy they must put steam into their effort.

He closed with an eloquent plea for the Christian home, the home of the God-fearing husband, the loving wife and the obedient children, stating that the home was the nursery of the state, and that the church and state could go hand in hand though separated one from the other.

"Go out in the world," he said, "with the principles of religion in your hearts and you may rest assured that you will be successful in all the best that the word implies."

We regret to be compelled to give but this brief sketch of the sermon which was a gem of thought and of language and was spoken in such a spirited manner that its precious lesson shall no more be forgotten than it shall ever cease to be most highly prized.

The Class Banquet.

Even the grand refectory in the gymnasium had been the sub-

ject of artistic transformation. Class colors and college colors were everywhere in evidence, in streamers and banners, in wreaths and festoons. It was here that the class of '06 royally entertained their guests. At 1 o'clock the following menu was served:

	Bouillon	
Olives	Green Onions	Radishes
	Cider	
	Fillet De Boeuf	
Green Peas		New Potatoes in Cream
	Roman Punch	
Turkey		Spring Chicken
Tomato and Lettuce Salad		Saratoga Chips
	Ice Cream	Cake
Crackers		Cheese
Cigars	Coffee	Candy

The toasts were in the following order:

Mr. W. C. McKenna, '06, class president, toastmaster.

Our Rector	Mr. D. P. Drennan, '06
Our Alumni	Rev. P. C. Conway, A. M.
Our Professors	Mr. J. V. Rheams, '06
Our Masters of Arts	Mr. T. B. Cosgrove, A. B., LL. B.
Our Theologians	Rev. W. J. Cleary, A. M.
Class of 1906	Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.
Our Commercial Grads.	Mr. F. Hull, Co., '06
Class of 1907	Mr. L. M. O'Connor, '07
Our Under Grads.	Mr. E. J. Conway, '08
Our Late Catastrophe	Mr. F. F. Miller, '06
Greater St. Viateur's	Mr. J. A. Hayden, '06

Fac et Spera.

At the close of the banquet Class President W. C. McKenna introduced D. P. Drennan, who responded to the toast "Our Rector." Mr. Drennan spoke briefly and feelingly, and the next speaker was Rev. P. C. Conway, whose subject was "Our Alumni." He explained the broader meaning of the term and said that it meant much more than the classes which had graduated. He paid eloquent tribute to the college for the success it had attained and feelingly referred to the sentiments which actuated the alumni and kept the memory of their alma mater fresh in their minds. He named some of the fields in which graduates of St. Viateur's had made their mark, but did not forget those who had no claim to distinction except that they had also acquitted themselves well. He told the graduates of their duty to support the college and closed

with a word picture of the greater St. Viateur, which elicited a tumult of applause.

Father Conway struck the keynote of the greater St. Viateur and every other speaker of the day followed suit. Each vied with the other in sounding the praises of Father Marsile and his associates. There was no word of sorrow for the conflagration which had wiped out the old. It gave way to one of hope for the new St. Viateur's which is expected to make its place among the great colleges of the west.

J. V. Rheams, who responded to "Our Professors," acknowledging the gratitude of the class to Fathers Marsile, Rivard, Bergin, O'Mahoney, Ryan and Mgr. Legris, was the next speaker, and he was followed by T. B. Cosgrove, who spoke on "Our Masters of Arts." Mr. Cosgrove is a graduate of '04 and has just finished a law course at Notre Dame University. He stated that in all his college work he had always been proud of his alma mater and thanked the faculty for the training which they had given him and which had helped him to hold his own in debates with the graduates of other institutions, and closed with a beautiful tribute to Father Marsile.

Father Cleary was the next speaker and responded to "Our Theologians." He spoke of the influence of the church of which the theological students are the motive power, and delivered the greetings of the latter to the class. Father Marsile said a few words to the graduates in which he reviewed in part their college life and gave them some advice. For the commercial graduates F. Hull congratulated the men of the caps and gowns, and he gave way to L. M. O'Connor, who carried the good wishes of the class of '07. E. J. Conway spoke with diffidence of the modest ambitions of the under graduates, who also tendered their offering of praise and congratulations. The last two speakers were F. F. Miller and J. A. Hayden, who ably discussed "Our Late Catastrophe" and "Greater St. Viateur's," respectively.

The Class Reception.

The class reception was held in the evening, when the following program was carried out and the day's exercises brought to a close:

Overture—Orchestra .
Class Poem—W. A. Schoenle.
Violin Solo—Prof. O. Martell.
Class Prophecy—J. D. Kirley.
Selection—College Glee Club.
Violin Solo—F. Sheridan.
Orchestra—Selected.

Our Athletes—Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.

Investiture of Class of '07.

Address to Class of '07—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.

Orchestra.

Refreshments.

Professor Martel is a distinguished Chicago and Montreal violinist, and the audience fully appreciated his talent by giving him a hearty encore.

The class poem is a skilfully constructed acrostic which celebrates "St. Viateur's College Class of Nineteen Hundred and Six—Fac et Spera—Friendship," and will be found in toto on another page. The class prophecy, which was the most interesting number of the evening's program, will appear in another part of the Viatorian.

Rev. Father Bergin, who had been in Chicago collecting for the reconstruction of the college, returned by an evening train, and in answer to the storm of applause that greeted his appearance as well as to the call of President McKenna, he spoke on behalf of "Our Athletes," the subject he was to treat in the order of toasts. He forcefully proved the necessity of athletics as a part of a college education, and waxed eloquent in bearing testimony to the gentlemanly and manly qualities of the two star athletes of the class of '06, Mr. J. B. Shiel and Mr. W. J. Hickey.

Seniors Surrender Ensigns to Juniors.

President W. McKenna, Vice President J. Hayden and Secretary J. B. Shiel took the floor, and President McKenna read off the names of the juniors who had finished the first year's work in the philosophy course as follows: L. O'Connor, A. Kelly, H. Fitzgerald, F. X. Haxen, A. B. Schick, F. X. Moisant, W. Maguy, C. J. St. Amant, F. Walsh and J. W. Weber. Then he summoned the officers of the junior class to come forward and receive the ensigns of their respective offices. President L. O'Connor, Vice President F. Walsh and Secretary Maguy came forth and received the president's gavel, a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the class and a book of minutes of the proceedings, respectively. After this investiture of the juniors in the rights and privileges of the seniors the ritual called for an address from the Rev. Censor, who closed the evening's program with appropriate words of encouragement to the class of '07. He said that the return of the graduating classes and of the students after the fire had been a source of great comfort and gratification to the afflicted faculty and that the men of '06 by their well-directed initiative and the courage they displayed had measured up to the epoch-making events which were lately traversed. Deeply did he regret parting with these brave and loyal youths, the representatives of those fine and recreative

arts, poetry, eloquence, music and athletics. He wished them well on their onward course and took comfort in the thought that the class of '07 had inherited the rich dowry of the '06 men. Spiritual goods need not the physical presence of their giver to be possessed. The class of '06, though absent, has infused its generous spirit into the souls of their junior comrades, who will keep alive the sacred flame. They, too, will find other poets who will take up the silent harp and sing in tuneful strain the events of coming years. Orators will spring up among them to plead all noble causes, historians and prophets to record the past and tell the future, and music and athletics will find votaries among them to play fitting accompaniments to the joys and sorrows of college life and restful interludes to the sober themes of grave philosophy. The faculty, said the speaker, will look forward with especial assurance to the return of the men of '07, whose significant motto reads "Per aspera ad astra." If we are not able, he said, to welcome you back in September in gilded halls and grand new lecture rooms, come back as you did before with the valiant class of '06, who did not shrink from the smoking ruins of their alma mater, and who would gather the last words of her wisdom sounding from out of her broken arches and proud columns. Even if we do have to teach you yet awhile beneath the shadow of weeping willows on some crumbled tombstone of yonder cemetery or on some shattered pillar of the great Roy Memorial Chapel, come back and, true to your motto, be yet heroic and seek even through adversity and hardship the very highest things, mounting through rugged steepes up to the starry spheres, per aspera ad astra. The Rev. Father concluded by thanking very cordially all those who had so kindly lent their services to make the day the brilliant and joyous one it was. Rev. Father Cleary, Rev. Father Cannon, Rev. Father Conway, Mr. T. Cosgrove and Mr. W. Maher, Prof. Martel and Bro. Sheridan, the college glee club and the large gathering of parents, relatives and friends.

At the close of this address refreshments were served and enjoyed by all, while college yells and songs immortalized the full fledged heroes of '06 and the budding ones of '07.

GRADUATION DAY.

The day dawned not a minute too early to meet the eager anticipations of those who expected medals or diplomas. According to the beautiful time-honored custom of St. Viateur's all the students assisted at the farewell mass and received holy communion from the hand of the V. Rev. President. During the early morning

hours the great gymnasium hall which for the last four months has been used as a dormitory was undergoing another sudden transformation. With marvelous quickness the improvised study hall had been reconstructed into the original stage with its elaborate settings. Beds, trunks and other fancy boudoir furniture mysteriously disappeared and gave place to well arranged rows of chairs.

Again the village began to fill with guests, parents, friends and alumni from all quarters. Many and deeply felt were the expressions of regret and sympathy from the old students who viewed the ruins for the first time. But their manly sorrow gave way to hopes of a greater St. Viateur when they saw the proportions of the two splendid new buildings now going up to replace the old.

The announcement that His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop James Edward Quigley was unable to be present at the exercises caused great disappointment to the faculty and graduates, who had looked forward to the honor of his visit with such eager longing.

At 1:30 the graduation exercises began with an overture by the college orchestra under the direction of Prof. G. Martineau. Masters Tiffany, Boyle, Mullaney and Canty, representing the minim department, discussed in a well-worded dialogue prepared by the versatile Father Marsile the sorrows of the present college year and the hopes of the future. Prof. Martel, the noted virtuoso, delighted the audience with his artistic execution of fine selections. Needless to say that every one of his several selections was insistently encored. The program then proceeded as follows:

Discourses on the Duties of Catholic Graduates.

Duties toward the Home	Mr. J. B. Shiel
Duties toward the State	Mr. J. Hickey
Duties toward the Church	Mr. P. Brown
Selection	College Glee Club
Valedictory	Mr. W. McKenna
Conferring of Degrees and Diplomas and Awarding Medals.	
Closing address	Rev. Joseph Bollman

Class Motto: "Fac et Spera."

Class Colors: Purple and Pink.

The text of the discourses will be found in the first portion of the Viatorian. The audience seemed pleased with the selection of the subjects treated and with the creditable manner in which these were handled by the young orators. The general impression was that young men who go forth with such convictions as the graduates eloquently expressed will be a valuable addition to the moral forces which make for cleaner public life, higher social life and stronger and more consistent religious life.

Diplomas Awarded.

Diplomas were awarded as follows:

Master of Arts—Martin J. Breen, Chicago; W. J. Clifford, Milwaukee; Terrence B. Cosgrove, Seneca; William J. Maher, Chicago; Armand J. Martin, Bourbonnais; Walter J. Surprenant, Lake Linden, Mich.

Bachelor of Arts—Patrick E. Brown, Chicago; Daniel P. Drennan, Elgin; James A. Hayden, Wilmington; John P. Hickey, Bradley; Joseph D. Kirley, Lawler, Ia.; William C. McKenna, Plainfield; Frederick F. Mueller, Chicago; James V. Rheams, Chicago; James B. Shiel, Chicago.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to Frederick Hull, Burnside; Albert Klucker, Hegewisch; James McGinnis, Reddick; Robert Russell, Louisville; Arthur Slattery, Clarksville; Jerome Sweet, Chicago.

Medals Awarded.

Medals were awarded as follows:

O'Callaghan philosophy medal—James A. Hayden, Wilmington; honorable mention, James V. Rheams and Frederick Mueller.

Gold medal presented by Rev. P. H. Durkin, Rantoul, for highest average in the classical course—Adhemar Savary, Kankakee; next in merit, Lucien Libert, Ashkum.

Latin-Greek medal presented by Rev. Thomas C. Gaffney—James Dougherty, Piper City; next in merit, Adhemar Savary, Kankakee.

Oratory medal—Emmett Conway, Sioux City, Ia.; next in merit, John Walsh, Chicago.

English composition medal—Joseph Legris, Bourbonnais; next in merit, Adhemar Savary, Kankakee; Charles McDonald, Hardin.

Science medal presented by Rev. W. Granger—Adhemar Savary, Kankakee; next in merit, James Dougherty, Piper City.

Gold medal for mathematics—James Dougherty, Piper City; next in merit, Frederick Hull, Burnside.

General history medal—Francis Donovan, Paducah, Ky.; next in merit, Peter Lynch, Cleveland, O.

Christian doctrine medal—Charles McDonald, Hardin; next in merit, Francis Donovan, Paducah, Ky.; Frederick Hull, Burnside.

Commercial excellence medals—Frederick Hull, Burnside; next in merit, Albert Klucker, Hegewisch.

Gold medal for politeness—Clarence Conway, Sioux City, Ia.

Senior department medal—Michael Hayes, Chicago.

Minim department medals—Maxmilian Legris, Bourbonnais; honorable mention, Charles Dean, Duncan Ferguson, T. Harrison, Arthur Ledoux, Frederick Legris, George Lyons, Elmer Marcotte,

Harvey Marcotte, Joseph Mallaney, Edward O'Brien, Herbert Tiffany.

Minim excellent medals—Alphone Chalifoux, Bourbonnais; next in merit, George Lyons, Chicago.

Senior elocution medal—John Brankin, Joliet; next in merit, Joseph Legris, Bourbonnais.

Minim elocution medal—Joseph Mallaney, Woodland Park; next in merit, Herbert Tiffany, Chicago.

U. S. history medal—Charles McBride, Chicago; next in merit, Columbus Boyle, Chicago, and James Mulvin, Paducah, Ky.

Feely spelling medal—Walter Thyfault, Bourbonnais; next in merit, James McGinnis, Reddick.

Gold medal for French among the English speaking boys—Alexander McCarthy, Bradley; next in merit, William Carroll, Waterbury, Conn.

Penmanship medal—Frederick Breault, Bourbonnais; next in merit, Frederick Hull.

Gold medal for instrumental music—Charlie McBride, Chicago.

Presents From Friends.

Announcement was made of the presentation of a set of masterpieces of literature by Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Reilly to J. B. Shiel. gold watch by his parents to J. A. Hayden; gold watch by his parents to Frederick Hull.

The baseball team presented an outfit to Messrs. Shiel and Hickey, and the parents of the latter presented him with a fine diamond ring.

Closing Address.

After the distribution of prizes, V. Rev. Father Marsile, C. S. V., announced that in the absence of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop, he had requested Rev. Father Bollman to address the students. His introduction of the reverend speaker was greeted with hearty applause. Father Bollman said that the only reason why he consented to assume the difficult task appointed for him was that he never could refuse Father Marsile anything. He warmly congratulated the students who had won honors and distinctions. He declared, however, that he himself had never had such happiness and that although he had reaped no particularly brilliant success in life, yet he had always been happy, and that consequently the boys who had failed to deserve medals need not be discouraged or disappointed. He noted the important fact that nowadays nearly everybody who takes the trouble to think recognizes the necessity of religious education. Such institutions as St. Viateur's are becoming more and more justly appreciated, and St. Viateur's not only must remain in the field, but must gather strength

from its present trial and grow stronger and more efficient. From present indications he thought it safe to predict that if St. Viateur's college in its crippled condition could send forth such a promising array of graduates as are leaving its broken portals this year, she must surely take the lead of our western colleges when these elegant and spacious buildings now going up will allow her to offer opportunities equal and even superior to those of any educational institution in the west.

When the applause which greeted Father Bollman's concluding remark had subsided the V. Rev. President declared "vacation" and announced the fall opening of classes for Sept. 13.

Chronicle of Class Doings and Social Events.

Since the fire, society at St. Viateur's has been in one mad whirl of excitement. Banquets, lawn fetes, smokers, stags and what not succeeded one another with the most bewildering rapidity. The menu of the theologians' banquet rests before us as we write and stirs up our appetite to more than its wonted activity. This banquet was tendered in honor of the now Rev. W. J. Cleary and opened with soup or words to that effect and closed with "Cigars a la Bill." W. P. Joyce in his usual jocose manner called off the toasts. J. P. Munday told about "Bill the Athlete" as though he knew all about it, and A. J. Martin described the joys of "College Life with Bill." W. J. Clifford proposed "Bill the Student," and E. J. Schultz, who should by his propinquity to the hero of the evening know whereof he spake, revealed some inside facts regarding "Bill the Rough-houser." M. J. Breen dwelt upon Mr. Cleary's poetical abilities, and W. J. Irish toasted him with his title of "Dean."

The philosophers would not rest in the shadows of this affair, and on Monday, June 1, presented the Dean with a handsome gold pyx. Humor and pathos blended on this occasion. Mr. Martin seduced the unsuspecting Bill into Foresters' hall, and upon his entrance all struggled to conceal the purpose of the assembly. Mr. Hickey made the most strenuous efforts of all by playing on almost every conceivable musical instrument except the bass-drum, while some even suggested that he render a solo on that. Mr. McKenna made the presentation and Mr. Cleary responded in a few well chosen remarks. The final blowout then took place in the rear of the hall, at which nearly all distinguished themselves.

An ice cream social was held one night at the convent, at which the most remarkable thing manifested was the sociability of the college students and the heavy monetary receipts which occurred from the aforementioned sociability.

The doughty men of '06 were closeted every Wednesday evening preceding commencement in the Sorbonne and discussion as to what and how the class day should break in upon the well earned slumbers of the hard working villagers. Mr. J. P. Hickey invited his fellow graduates and the faculty to his home in Bradley on the evening of June 12th. The tables were heaped with viands and dainties of every description which more than supplied the clamorings of the '06 men's appetites. Nearly all present were called upon for remarks by Mr. Hickey. Rev. Fathers Marsile, Rivard, Bergin, O'Mahoney and Messrs. Hayden, Kirley, P. Brown, Shiel, Schoenle and Miller said things to Mr. Hickey which, were they said to us, would cause us to cease wearing our hat for a week, but Mr. Hickey deserved them. After the hunger of all was satisfied an informal stag was held, and songs, piano solos, violin solos, etc., were rendered by host and guests. Mr. Miller made an amusing attempt at dancing a nigger break-down to the tune of "Rocky Road to Dublin," played by Mr. Hickey. At an unspeakable hour all wended their weary way (as best they could) back to Bourbonnais, and that good time will long occupy a grateful corner in the heart of each one of the graduates.

On June 13 a fete was given at Mr. and Mrs. Mullaney's spacious lawn for the college's benefit. We had too much personal business that evening to discover all that occurred worthy of being mentioned in imperishable print, but we did hear rumors that a well known student was very attentive to a popular young Bourbonnais heiress, but as nothing further has developed we have dismissed these rumors as idle gossip.

Indications promise that the year '06-'07 will be as eventful as the year '05-'06. The class of '07 which has been lately organized will see to it. That they were not wasting time was shown in the reception which they gave the class of '06. President L. O. O'Connor and F. X. Moysant tried their best to reach the vain spots in the seniors' anatomies. Mr. H. Fitzgerald reviewed the year of '05-'06 from its quiet beginning to its lively climax. Mr. Francis Walsh, of innocent countenance, gave his fellow classmen hot shots. Fathers Rivard and O'Mahoney accused each other of stealing each other's jokes, and the occasion was capped by a magnificent banquet.

Sunday, June 10, was one of the many occasions which brought us together for mutual rejoicing. That day Rev. Father Cleary celebrated his first mass in Momence. The college choir, of which Father Cleary had been a member during his eight years' sojourn at St. Viateur's, gladly went to lend their aid to the home choir.


The entire seminary department and representatives of the other departments were present to attest their genuine esteem of Father Cleary and to seek his first blessing. All the college visitors were most hospitably received and royally entertained by Rev. Father A. Labrie, the pastor, and by the parents of Father Cleary, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Cleary. Rev. Father Quill's beautiful sermon and Father Cleary's singing were delightful features of this impressive religious celebration.

F. M., '06.



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EDITORIAL.

The American College Graduate.

The month of June is known as the month of roses, of weddings and outdoor festivities. It is also the time of college graduation or commencement exercises.

The world is in some respects more intimately concerned with the collegiate feature of this blithesome moon than with any other. People are interested in the new recruits to the social army coming with the preparation received at the great educational training schools. Much is expected of them on account of their superior intellectual and moral equipment; they are supposed in due time to take the lead in the battle of life and become shining examples of substantial achievement and social prestige.

Our American college graduate is often filled with high-strung youthful enthusiasm and utopian ambition. He "plans great things"—great business enterprises, legal victories and political triumphs. The possession of an "A. B." (which might have been conferred through mere charity on the part of the faculty of his respective alma mater) seems to him as a kind of "Open Sesame" to any professional or mercantile success. But to the skeptical, prosaic, matter-of-fact public our rapturous academician appears rather as a ridiculous, impractical and visionary adventurer, unworthy of confidence and unfit for any responsible position.

After the first shock of disillusion, many once buoyant and hopeful "grads" are inclined to give way to sheer discouragement and despondency. The shafts of derision fell too heavily upon their sensitive mental and moral armor, they reel before the mockers' onslaught and wrap themselves in the mantle of pettish self-indulgent inertia. For those the sealed and ribboned sheepskins

betokened but little solidity of character, manly persistence and fixedness of purpose. Hence the lamentable spectacle of numerous blasted careers and ruined lives of college-bred men—a phenomenon scarcely equalled for its intrinsic shame and consequent disgrace. Yet the “head and front of the offending” lay precisely in that lack of mental and moral stamina just alluded to, qualities well nigh indispensable to honorable success in these days of ruthless competition, hard-fisted calculation, and merciless egotism.

“But,” it may be interjected—“American young men dismayed at the very outset of life’s serious enterprise—scion’s of a nation’s boasting rugged common sense and resistless energy, yielding at the initial trial of perseverance?” Yes, even so, because in our educational institutions and in our homes too little attention is paid to that cardinal requisite of true education and solid culture—“character building.” “We cannot dream ourselves into a character,” says Ruskin, “but must hammer and forge it.” We ought not to imagine that being professedly an energetic and resolute people we are necessarily exempt from the law of formative influences. If during the plastic ages of boyhood and adolescence the cultivation of will-power, sobriety, prudence, fortitude and the love of God has been neglected or insufficiently attended to, the grown up man will easily succumb to the trials and hardships of work-a-day life, the innumerable temptations of the world, and the insatiate struggle for superiority.

But to the American college graduate with a “well regulated and balanced interior,” fervent piety, steadfast virtue and harmonious culture, there is in our opinion a bright and glorious future. It is to such men as these that the greatly afflicted social organism looks for relief—builders of the home, preservers of the sanctity of family life, and the maintainers of civic righteousness. Said ex-President Grover Cleveland in a recent interview with a representative of “Men and Women” anent this all-important subject:

“There should be a motive for everything that is written. I know of no better point for you to bring out than this: That after serving for two terms as president of the United States I can do my duty in no line of endeavor so well as by setting the example to the American people how to live the true home life. The American home is the axis on which good citizenship turns. He who can accentuate this feature of our body social will write the index of our body politic, and from this beginning there will be unfolded the complete story of a nation’s strength and greatness. If this be the motive of your article you can preach a lay sermon that all may read and heed with profit.”

The home, then, being the center or nucleus of civil society, once firmly established on an ethical and religious basis, the com-

monwealth, the larger family aggregation can be concomitantly purified and elevated. Similarly the church of our land has a just claim upon the newly formed alumni: she expects them to become her lay apostles and zealous champions against the invidious forces of indifferentism and infidelity; and the disseminators among "all sorts and conditions of men" of the true and saving principles of supernatural morality. This holy duty they can effectually discharge by joining and aiding such excellent societies as the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Knights of America, Knights of Father Matthew, Catholic Order of Foresters, etc. In view of these considerations it is evident that the American college graduate has much to live for. By working for all that is good, all that is noble, all that is elevating and sanctifying, he will be no less a patriot—young though he be—than the grim and grizzled veteran of the battle field. Let him in particular accentuate the "essential sacredness of human personality," which doctrine imposes on him as well as his fellow men the solemn obligation of individual perfection. Imbued with this principle he will stand forth as a pillar of righteousness amidst the contending hosts of business dishonesty, debauching commercialism, official corruption, unscrupulous and avaricious monopolization, graft, socialism, communism, anarchism and blatant, soul-destroying infidelity, ever bearing in mind the words of the immortal bard—"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's and Truth's."

W. A. S.

PERSONAL.

Rev. B. Tarskey of '02 was ordained priest June 9 in Chicago.

Rev. Edward P. Fitzgerald of '03 was ordained in St. Louis June 9 and celebrated his first mass in St. Mary's, Joliet, June 10.

Rev. W. Cleary was ordained June 6 in Peoria and sang his first mass in St. Patrick's church, Momence, Ill.

The Viatorian extends greetings to the newly ordained priests and wishes them all success and happiness in the holy ministry.

Bro. G. Mulvaney, C. S. V., whose illness detains him still in the far west, wrote from Tuscon June 6 sending congratulations to the class of '06, of which he is a distinguished member. "I sincerely regret that I cannot be with my classmates on their glorious graduation day, but circumstances will not permit my return just yet. May the choicest blessings of life be theirs, may they find success in their endeavors, and remain true to the lessons and instructions received at St. Viateur's."

In early June was received the announcement of the marriage of Mr. William Northway and Miss Evangeline Lambert of Kankakee. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Fortin at Notre Dame church, Chicago. The newly wedded pair have taken up their residence at Jefferson, Iowa, where Mr. Northway has a profitable occupation in a large hardware establishment. The Viatorian extends cordial greetings and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Northway.

From 71 Hancock street, Boston, Mass., writes Mr. Earl Harvey, '05, extending words of sympathy for the loss his alma mater sustained by the fire, pledging himself to come to her assistance as soon as circumstances will permit.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., will attend the annual conference of Catholic colleges and seminaries which will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 10, 11 and 12.

LOCAL.

Among the events which enlivened the closing weeks of the scholastic year were the spirited contests in elocution and oratory. The town hall was used as the arena for competition. The judges of the contest were Rev. J. T. Bennett and Rev. J. Kowalewski and Lawyer F. Burns of Kankakee. The participants in the race represented the minim and senior departments and appeared in the following order:

Minims.

Joseph Mallaney	The Drummer Boy
Herbert Tiffany	Little Jim's Victory
Edward O'Brien	The Benediction
Paul Stenson	The Aged Prisoner

Seniors.

John Brankin	The Doge of Venice
Louis Canty	The Crucifixion
Conrad Bentley	I am Guilty
Albert Quille	The Tiger Lily
Raymond Shannon	College Oil Cans
Joseph Legris	"Fitz-James & Roderick Dhu."
Gerald Cleary	The Face on the Barroom Floor

At the close of the contest Attorney F. Burns, after making a very appropriate address announced the decision of the judges, who awarded the gold medal to Master Joseph Mallaney for the minims, with Master Herbert Tiffany second in merit. In the

seniors' contest Mr. John Brankin was awarded the gold medal and Mr. Joseph Legris came in a close second.

Next came the members of the class of oratorical composition, who engaged in contest for the oratory medal in the following order and with the following subjects:

Mr. J. Walsh	Garcia Moreno
Mr. E. Conway	Thomas More
Mr. C. Mahoney	Cardinal Richelieu

Their discussion of the merits of these three Catholic statesmen proved highly interesting. The finish of their style and the natural enthusiasm manifest in their delivery made the competitors almost equal in merit. To have engaged in such high spirited rivalry is in itself a very decided advantage for the candidates for oratorical honors. The decision of the judges, again rendered by Mr. Burns, awarded first honors to Mr. Emmett Conway, followed closely by Mr. Walsh. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause.

BASEBALL.

St. Viateur's, 6; Beloit, 10.

St. Viateur's suffered the second defeat of the season by the score of 10 to 6 when they crossed bats with the strong aggregation representing Beloit. While the score would indicate that Beloit was superior to St. Viateur's, it does not at all show the relative merits of the two teams. For the first five innings our men scored four times, while Beloit drew only a goose-egg. In the fifth Martin, our star first baseman, in crossing the initial sack after a hot drive to left field, sprained his ankle so severely that he had to be carried from the field. This seemed to take the heart out of our team and they played a listless game the rest of the way, allowing Beloit to score almost at will.

S. V. C.	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	1
Beloit	0	0	0	0	4	2	0	3	1

St. Viateur's, 6; Armour, 4.

We have always found the Armour game one of the hardest on our schedule, and our boys know when Armour comes down they are meeting not only thorough gentlemen, but a fine lot of ball players. This year they seemed stronger than ever, having shut out Northwestern University and defeated many of the strong teams around Chicago. Trinkhaus, their pitcher, had been pitching gilt-edged ball all season and was now rounding into his best form. Hickey was selected to serve up the slants for St. Viateur's, and

S. V. C.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	1—6
Armour	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	0—4

The young gentlemen from St. Ignatius journeyed down to try conclusions with our men on May 17. They had won eleven consecutive victories and no doubt expected that when the smoke of battle had cleared away the scalp of St. Viateur's would, like the rest, be dangling at their waist. They had driven many pitchers to the tall timbers, but for seven innings our Ben had not allowed them a hit. In the eighth they drew two singles off Shiel, and, aided by a couple of bad errors, they scored their lone tally. Chouinard for St. Ignatius pitched good ball, allowing only seven hits. However, he was poorly supported by his teammates, the boys from Chicago being credited with ten errors. St. Ignatius not only proved themselves a fine lot of fellows on the ball field, but after the game they journeyed out to St. Viateur's to view the ruins, and the faculty and students have naught but praise for the gentlemanly conduct of these young athletes. We hope to meet them again on Bourbonnais field.

[illegible]

On May 24 we witnessed the hardest fought game on Bourbonnais field. Knox was by far the best team we had met so far. Before the game it was quite apparent that they considered St. Viateur's easy picking, and nothing remained for them to do but back up the wagon and unload the cans. St. Viateur's appeared to them like the proverbial time-expired transfer on a picnic car or a selling plater in a Kentucky Sweepstakes, but after three innings it was apparent that our pitcher, Shiel, had their goat, and for six innings every man paddled the ozone and shied his castor to the cleaners to dream of singles and Texas-leaguers he didn't get. For nine innings neither side crossed the plate, but in the first half of the tenth Knox scored two runs on two hard drives and a bad fumble. But S. V. C. was not dismayed. In the last part of the tenth we gathered in a run and with two men on bases Legris, our stellar botanist in the center garden, drove out a hot triple and scored the winning run.

[illegible]

St. Viateur's, 12; Minnesota, 3.

The giants from the far northwest came down June 1st, and having defeated Notre Dame the day before were confident that St. Viateur's would travel the same road. But our boys put up their strongest front and Minnesota, like many other universities in the west, had to swallow the bitter pill of defeat. Every man on the team fell on the horse-hide, and in the fifth inning drove Volkstead to the bench. Brown replaced him, and while somewhat more effective yet could not hold our heavy sluggers. Up to the ninth inning Minnesota had scored only one run on a wild throw by McCarthy. Then Shiel tossed the ball and they scored two more runs. This was the worst defeat Minnesota received on its trip.

S. V. C.	1	3	0	2	0	3	2	0	1—12
Minnesota	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2—3

St. Viateur's, 1; Notre Dame, 2.

We closed one of the most successful schedules ever carried out at St. Viateur's by playing Notre Dame on June 4th. Notre Dame holds the championship of Indiana and has defeated most of the universities of the west, but they were forced to confess that St. Viateur's gave them the best game of the season. Shiel was somewhat off form or probably the laurels of victory would have rested on the standard of St. Viateur's. O'Gorman, their champion spit ball artist, was on the firing line for Notre Dame and pitched the best game of his career. He was forced to extend himself to the limit, and crawled out of many tight boxes only by the grand support of his teammates. Hickey did backstop duty for us, and besides playing an errorless game did not allow one pilfered sack. The whole team played championship ball and won numerous rounds of applause by pulling down long drives off the bats of Murray and Sheehan. Both sides scored in the first and nothing more was made until the tenth, when Notre Dame with a man on third worked a beautiful squeeze and St. Viateur's were defeated 2 to 1.

S. V. C.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Notre Dame	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Our Two Stars.

The close of the most successful season St. Viateur's has ever had, witnessed also the passing of Ben Shiel and John Hickey, two of the greatest athletes that have ever upheld the honors of the "Old Gold and Purple." As a college or university pitcher Shiel had no equal in the west. This year he has been pitted against some of the best university twirlers in the country and in not a single instance was he outdone. Those who have witnessed the no-hit

game he pitched against Illinois University, the one-hit game against Minnesota and the two-hit game against Knox will bear us out when we say Ben had no peer in the west. Captain Brooks of Illinois, the heaviest slugger they have had for years, and who had faced the wonderful speed marvel Sanger of Michigan, the crafty Pollard of Northwestern and the phenomenal Walker of Chicago, was loud in his praise of Shiel and told the boys many times, "You've the best pitcher I ever batted against."

Captain John Hickey, our great shortstop, has been a tower of strength to the Old Gold and Purple, and many times has his good old bat and quick eye brought us victory where defeat seemed imminent. Captain Jack was an all-around man, and when our twirlers were disabled or had pitched the day before Jack was always ready to do duty on the firing line, or when Catcher Weber was unable to fill his position Jack donned the mask and performed like a "vet." Visiting teams have found these two not only great athletes but thorough going gentlemen, and our team of next year will find it hard to replace Ben Shiel and John Hickey.

We feel that we cannot overlook the excellent work of our efficient manager, P. F. Brown, to whom much of the success of the past year can be attributed. Through his untiring efforts the name of St. Viator's has been linked with the great universities of the west in athletics. He has been an indefatigable and zealous worker in the cause of athletics, and we wish Manager Brown long years of success in his position.

Minims' Base Ball.

One of the departments in athletics that seems to get little or no notice, and yet is deserving of a great deal of our consideration, is our little Minims. These youngsters, the nucleus of our varsity, have throughout the year furnished us with many an interesting contest in base ball, and we cannot but admire the shrewdness with which they outwitted their opponents. Many times their rivals were twice their years, but these midgets at all times showed a knowledge of the finer points of the "hit and run" game that betokened careful training under a skilled master. Out of fifteen games played our little heroes lost only one, surely an enviable record of which few teams of their size can boast. The success of these little fellows is wholly the work of their popular prefect, Rev. Bro. St. Aubin, who with masterly skill directed their every action, joined in their childish sports, encouraged the timid to greater effort, checked the enthusiasm of the too ambitious and watched over his charges as only he knew how. We feel proud of our Minim team of '06, and we are sure you will hear of them in years to come on the varsity.

R., '09.

VIATORIANA.

Vacation.

Don't get soused.

Doing nothing is not what it is cracked up to be.

"Ease me up to another spread" says Fat.

It's true the switch is in.

Hand-car excursions every morning.

Trolley-party Fourth of July from Alumni Hall to Juniors' Alley.

Bourbonnais is booming, "Prohi" on Sundays.

Even the rabbits made tracks.

Alumni Hall promises to be "kinda dere."

"Shorty" returned to see his fellows begin to commence.

Why did they build the ocean so near the shore?

Can squabs be hatched in an incubator?

In the candy store: "Manager, please lend me \$10; I'm broke."

Manager—"Boy, if you look to me for \$10 you're not broke, you're cracked."

After the lawn fete: Bill—Did you notice Dinnie is not pitching in his old-time form today?

Ray—Yes. What's the matter?

Bill—His arm was "waisted" last night.

Mike, to Captain Chance—Do you want a good catcher for the summer?

Chance—Where did you get a "rep?"

Mike—Why, I was captain when the fifth team played Earl Park.

Dinnie to Delle—In what year were you born?

Delle—In the year 1866.

Dinnie—Before or after Christ?

Fat, approaching Happy, nursing his aching jaw—"Did you ever have a tooth pulled?"

Happy (encouragingly)—"Why, yes, hundreds of them."

Teacher—Say, P., you showed up rather poorly in last exam. What's the matter?

P.—You see it's this way. When I started for class I had all the goods in the wagon, but when I came to face the music I found the tail-board missing, some of the packages untied, and hence my failure to deliver the goods.

Thomas says—"Wedther America very much fine."

Rastus (on the switch)—Say, boss, I can't work wid dat man nohow. I can't get along wid dat Russian Jew."

Boss—"Why, Rastus, what's the matter?"

Rastus—"Well, if our Lord couldn't get along wid dem how you 'spect me?"

B. Caws, '09.