

CLASS 1907

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CLASS POEM.

OUR youth has flown away, and now we stand
At manhood's portal. As a vessel's prow
With Alma Mater's blessing on our brow
As yet untouched by bounding billows grand,
A moment pauses ere it spurn the land,
So shall we likewise such a pause demand
Ere we embark on life's tempestuous sea.
So that we may, with minds unhampered free,
Once more review the past; and hopeful, look
With eyes undaunted at the waiting years,
And that we may not in our journey brook
That black despair that leads to naught but tears.
We'll keep enshrined the motto that we took
As Seniors, as a guide in our careers.
"Per Aspera" spells out the adverse tide
That we have met, and are still doomed to meet.
Our College days, than which none are more sweet,
Yet with them was the gall of grief allied
Our Alma Mater's fell and with her died
That ease and comfort which her halls supplied.
Forth, homeless, were we cast on restless wave,
That surging onward naught but sorrow gave.
Nor was our life, than her's, from trials more free
For with our own, her sorrows did we bear.
Perhaps you'll view our troubles laughingly,
And call them childish, but for us to dare
To climb ambition's mount successfully,
Has wrung our hearts and filled our minds with care
"Ad Astra" of achievement marks the height.
It witness bears of hard fought battles won,
Of barriers surmounted, races run
To Victory, of dauntless zeals great might

In onward struggling to the beacon light—
Ambition's goal, each man's most noble right.
With Alma Mater is it closely bound
As upward, onward, mounts she round by round
Unfalt'ring, conquering time's cruel tide and fate,
She stands today, new modeled and adorned,
Encompassed by our hearts with love ornate,
Her face is toward the future and unmourned
She views the past, to her but as a gate—
Way to success, from countless troubles scorned.
The golden sheen of hope around her falls,
And lights her onward path to triumph's goal,
And then reflecting floods our very soul
With splendor, and uplifts the darkness pall
That oft o'ershadowed us within these walls.
The time for us has come to leave thy halls,
And like our Alma Mater, stand we now
Triumphant, Victory's garland on our brow.
To Graduate! The student's highest aim—
The realizing of an ideal sweet
And for us now, our mother doth proclaim
This title—Graduates. In it we greet
Our motto's topmost step in college fame,
And honor's surest mark the world to greet.
And soon, my friends, we'll part, perhaps, for e'er,
No longer will our ways run jointly on.
The old companionship will too be gone,
But not the friendships, for no matter where
We roam, our hearts shall with these fare
Your cares, our burdens, your success, our prayer.
With you in life, keep e'er our motto true,
And rosy will the future be you woo.
Expect not, though, to find your life a song,
But by your worth brush all your trials aside
As you have one. Our parting shall e'er long
Asunder drifts us, but oceans can divide
Our friendships not, too faithful they and strong.
And may they, like your ideals, be your guide.





§ P E A C E §

(Commencement Oration)



HAD I the magic skill of a great orator, I might conjure up before your admiring gaze a vision of the white clad Angel of Peace, descending from the calm blue heavens and in her entrancing loveliness resting her fairy feet upon our green and flower strewn earth and becoming the ruling spirit of humanity. Her peaceful reign causing men to forget their discords, dispelling the black cloud of war that hangs over the earth and inspiring in every heart a love for God and man.

Who among us does not look forward to the day when bloodshed and slaughter shall be done away with? When the war cry shall be no longer heard and when peace and concord shall have swept from the earth all that remains to remind men of the days of barbarism and strife? The very horrors of war make men sigh for peace. Through the smoke of battle we see rising a vision of white clad peace, who will lull to rest our perturbed spirits, who will heal our wounds and who will relieve us of all our miseries. Though the causes of discord may lie deep in the hearts of men, still will those who have a sublime confidence in the internal goodness of human nature and in the higher vocation of the race dream of Universal Peace. It may be merely a cherished illusion; a deceptive chimera, an unrealizable utopia, but this vision seems irrepressible, it haunts the camp of warriors and visits the studious vigils of philosophers. It is the ambition of many of the world's distinguished men and should the hundreds of peace societies attain their end, international peace will ere many cycles roll become a reality.

This enthusiasm which causes the world to long for peace has much to commend it. Peace has all the grace and power of a great ideal! In arts and sciences, in conduct as well, progress is due to ideals, in fact, no great forward movement is accomplished without the motive power of an ideal. "Peace on earth good will to men" is a rational ideal which if it cannot be fully realized can at least be approached.

Now in order to move forward one must in a way be discontented with his present conditions. Contentment with ill conditions means stagnancy and decay, hence we have heard the main spring of progress called a divine discontent. It is not idle to plead

for the lofty ideal of world peace here in America, for, as Secretary Root eloquently said some time ago, "Although we are a practical people there runs through the American nature a strain of idealism which saves our nation from the sordidness of gross materialism and makes it responsive to every appeal in behalf of liberty and righteousness, of peace with justice and of human brotherhood the world over."

The peace ideal should become the beacon light which is to guide nations in the paths of future progress, for the progress of a civilized country is measured not by numerous fortifications nor by vast armies or navies, but by those qualities which mark man's superiority over beast and makes him more beneficent and more God-like. But how are the virtues of kindness, gentleness and humanity to flourish in the midst of universal strife? Can kindness be practiced toward our enemy, when our one aim is to destroy him? No indeed! War tends to destroy all beneficence and to reduce man even below the level of the beast for the beast will not attack his kind. Arts and sciences, industry, the increase of wealth and well-being are all to be reckoned with in the progress of a nation, which in times of war are not only neglected but are open to attack. All this would be avoided by disarmament for it would bring about better understanding among people, as it would lessen the danger of war and would finally secure the reign of international peace.

But how are we to bring about this much desired peace? Will it come through mere argumentation, through subtle reasoning or through intellectual appreciation? It will not, nor will it be the direct result of the high minded deliberations of elite minds assembled in world congresses. It will not be produced by the diffusion of letters or sciences, nor by the iron links of great railways binding in close brotherhood the remotest ends of the earth. A wise statesman has declared that international peace would come through the development of a peace loving and peace making character among men and that this development though slow is steadily going on. Now it is likewise certain that in order to accelerate and to make secure this development of the peace loving character; in order to make men love justice and hate iniquity, in order to teach the nations the self-control, the sense of justice and fair judgment which men individually are bound to practice there is no mightier power than that of religion. Religion alone supplies adequate and compelling motives of righteousness to individuals as well as to nations. The gospel of peace is full of lessons of brotherly love, of forbearance, of a high sense of justice and of mercy as well. Religion teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and that the peace-makers shall be called the children of God.

Let governments then in view of securing universal peace give ear to the lessons of the true Peace-maker—let them, in as much as is consistent with their functions promote the diffusion of the purest Christian principles among all peoples and thus aid in kindling among men the spirit of meekness, of fraternity, and of justice which the Christian law stands for—when religion shall inspire the deliberations of parliaments and international congresses, when the voice of the great white Shepherd of Christendom shall be heard in peace conclaves, the cause of universal peace shall be more ably defended and we can begin to decry the white dawn of its new born day.

Greed, inordinate lust of gain, pride and ambition are among the native vices that cause dissension among individuals and wars among nations; these vices can be eradicated by religion and in their stead religion and religion alone can implant and foster and cause to bloom the virtues of justice, moderation and mutual esteem which are distinctly Christian virtues. The seed of peace must come from religion, it alone can prepare a radical solution of the problem of universal peace. The application of practical methods such as the limitation of armaments, the subjecting of as large a number as possible of international disputes to arbitration and the frequent meetings of peace congresses with a view to popularize peace and to impress upon every man the sense of his own responsibility for war—All these will readily become matters of course when religion will have taught universal humanity to be more human. And if you look history over you will not fail to notice that this change, this conversion from the profound egotism of Paganism and the fierce cruelty of barbarism to the divine altruism and charity of Christianity has never been effected by the apostles of learning, of human science, of commerce, never! But only and always through the sweet suasion of the humble missionary who brought the tidings of peace and brotherly love, the very quintessence of Christianity, among men.

Nor does it seem impossible thus to reform or rather to transform human nature. To the mere human eye, it would not seem possible to convert the Pagan philosopher to the child-like belief in the mysteries of Christian faith, or the Pagan libertine to the strict morality of the christian code. However religion has accomplished this for 2000 years and is working the same marvel this very day. Not only individuals but whole nations have been lifted up by this irresistible lever from the degradation of barbarism to the serene heights of Christian culture. It has been the work of ages—But only let religion ever move widely and loudly proclaim her

God given message and efficaciously induce men to the practice of the virtues that make for peace, then will peace fix her abode among men.

Is it not delightful to dream of the day when the white winged spirit of peace will reign over the nations linked in the embrace of love and of justice? When all the world like an immense family shall live in concord and harmony? When our formidable fleets shall be converted into argosies of commerce, manned not with the destructive weapons of the past, but carrying the olive branch of peace from sea to sea which will make them always and everywhere welcomed? When the soldier shall for the last time lay down his arms and engage in a more peaceful occupation? Who but a raving maniac would howl in the midst of this universal quiet "Prepare for war," when no one wants to fight, when there is no cause for strife?

If the vision is not immediately realizable, it is beautiful to behold, it is worthy of our admiration and should stir our enthusiasms.

Nothing should we have more at heart than that the 20th century should compass this great end. No ambition should we rather cherish than that of having lent our influence to hasten the day when peace will rule the earth and make it the vestibule of heaven. When a certain end is apprehended as supremely desirable, corresponding efforts are made to attain that end. The very fact that a vehement and an irrepressible desire for peace is taking possession of the nations is evidence that peace is at last being apprehended as the highest good of the nations.

The establishing of an international peace tribunal at LaHague and the recent unmistakable evidences of interest taken in the peace movement by the leading nations of the world argues well for the progress of a movement whose consummation, though slow to come, will prove the chief glory of the age in which it is accomplished.

ALBERT M. KELLY '07.



Is War an Evil in Itself?

MUCH as we may deny, in general, the utility of controversy, few will maintain that the kindly sentiments, the rose colored hopes, the sublime enthusiasm displayed in the congresses and conferences held in the interests of universal peace are shallow, inconsistent and hysterical. While men were speaking in these national gatherings, with the tongues of angels, and with seraphic fervor were declaring and resolving that peace must reign supreme, her white dove hovered over them like a blessed inspiration from on high, pleading with nations to forbear, rather than repay evil with blood.

Though there is no end of sentiment in favor of universal peace, we must not forget that there is no real progress towards it, and that the nations which control the world are as selfish and grasping as ever, looking upon disarmament projects with something like horror; and yet these same nations fully appreciate that no possible arithmetic of possible creation could convey any adequate idea of the infinite worth of one drop of blood. Men have not grown, nor are they likely soon to advance to such angelic estate, as would warrant the converting of our guns into ploughshares and our swords into pruning knives.

Prudence and a justifiable concern for national safety demand that we consider men not in a dreamy way as they might be, or even should be, but as they are, and are likely to be. What men are today it is not hard for us to ascertain. They are not very far different from the men of those centuries when God's judgments blighted the sinner. There was a murder just outside the gates of paradise. The first brother shed his brother's blood, and the hitherto unpolluted earth cried aloud to God for vengeance. In the ages of the patriarchs, blood was at once a pilgrim, a warrior, an explorer, a king, a conqueror. We see blood by the tents of Abraham on the Chaldean plains. Job sang of it wonderfully amid the ruddy cliffs of the stony Arabia, Moses shed it over the gravelly desert and round the haunted sanctuaries of Sinai, it was a voice of inspiration in the heart of David. Blood was behind the clouds of prophecy, making them glow with a crimson glory. The well-spring of this bloody stream was round the temple of Jerusalem.

But its tricklings flowed into the age of Pericles' of Augustus, of Louis XIV and of Washington. These were epochs in which true humanity reached the very summits of Jewish, Pagan and Christian culture and refinement, still history tells us they were fighting ages. No doubt there was a look of weariness about this long, this regal, this exploring and conquering procession of blood. Its crimson figure, as it slowly advanced through the ages, was often silent and was manifestly travel stained. When it approached, sighs took the place of sobs, and faces were made beautiful by the intensity of the heart's desire for peace and mercy. On many countenances there was an air of devout hope which mingled sadly with their wistfulness. Everywhere there was ambitious Alexanders, conquering Caesars, loved Napoleons, brave, noble and courageous Washingtons, but few foes without hate; few friends without treachery; few soldiers without cruelty; few nations without guile. Victory in our day has delighted itself in blood-letting. American and Spanish blood have been indistinguishably mixed on San Juan hill. English and Boer blood was drunk by the thirsty, parched earth at Practoria. Japanese and Russian blood flowed in warm streams at Mukden. Now friends, as history repeats itself, it is safe to conjecture that men will not be notably different in ages to come, and that as much as we may praise peace and desire that her kingdom come, still must we reckon upon war as one of the stern realities that seem destined to figure in the life of nations, since God first stationed His angel with fiery, unsheathed sword at the gate of Paradise.

As it is with the countries of the world so it is with the ages of the world. Each age has its own distinctive spirit. It has its own proper virtues, and its own proper vices. It has its own schemes, its own policies, its own developments. Each age thinks itself peculiar, which it is, and imagines it is better than other ages, which it is not. It is probably neither better nor worse. This is exactly our case. Let us see. Gregory VII as far back as 1085, wished to introduce more morality, more justice, more order and regularity into the world. On several occasions he acted as arbiter between nations. Yet, I dare to say there are few among our modern peace philanthropists who have not been led to believe that this greatest of pontiffs was an enemy to all improvement, opposed to intellectual development and to the progress of society. All think of him as a man whose desire was to keep the world stationary. Now let us see whether our utilitarian peace-makers are sincere, honest or just in their movement for the cessation of war. They disregard,

in their congresses looking toward the permanent establishment of peace, the greatest power for peace in the world; the Pope is the only international power; he is excluded. The representative of Christ is raised high above all national jealousies and conflicts, he has children to save from the horror of wars in every country; he has nothing to gain but always something to lose in any international dissension; he has a whole army of peacemakers in every land to help him in the task of preserving peace. I ask you, friends, could there be a stronger proof of the sincerity of any peace-movement than the exclusion of the spiritual ruler of three hundred millions of people. Disregarding the traditional usages of centuries these peace agitators are to reconstruct all things, and to recast the world by the magic of their wisdom and the power of their "fiat," and thus set social institutions afloat on the wild and tumultuous sea of speculation and experiment. Spurning what is aged they war against what is fixed. Incapable of taking comprehensive views, they seek to remedy war, by pronouncing as low, earthly, sensual, devilish, what once was regarded as noble, just, laudable. By blackening the fairest reputations, by calumniating our heroes and patriots and even by branding Washington, "the first in war, the first in peace, the first in the heart of every loyal countryman," an inhuman butcher. They tell us there was no true morality in the world before their modern conventions sprang from the womb of night. They require us to look to a few canting governors, a generous Carnegie, and a few mean, sordid, miserly merchants as the authoritative expounders of the natural and of the divine law. They take it for granted that war is wholly unnecessary, unjust, evil in itself, and therefore never lawful. This principle is false. War is sometimes necessary, consequently just. War is not an evil in itself, consequently it is sometimes lawful.

Moments make the hues in which years are colored. It is past midnight, all is hushed in the silent bed-chamber. The single lamp burns dimly, through the half closed curtains of the window the moon looks upon the couch, quiet and pure and holy, as if it were charged with blessings. You wake suddenly, you see a little distance from the bed a moving figure wrapped in a long dark cloak and masked, but eyes shine through the mask and glare full upon you. In his hand he clutches a dagger. He moves forward, the blade gleams on high directly over your heart. Friends, is there any one so foolish as to ask you at such a critical moment to wait and receive justice at the hands of the law rather than make use of the undeniable right of self-defense. No, violence must be

repelled by violence. This is the only way in which violence can be resisted and in certain cases safety is not consistent with aught else. Now friends, what is right and just and moral for individuals is such for the nation. Nations are perfectly constituted moral persons. They have a right to exist and to perfect themselves, and therefore have a right to the means whereby these cherished ends may be compassed. Hence they have, like individuals, the God given right of self defense.

Appeal to the sword is the providential means for a nation's self preservation. All stand in need of it. All find it just what they want. It is to all and each people the means which shall correct this particular insult, this thieving encroachment, this murderous attack. The Oriental and the Westerner must both come to its healing streams of blood in order to wash away all national injustice and wrong doing. War is not a thing to be sought for its own sake. Its necessity must always be lamented, as we must always lament that there are crimes and criminals to be punished. But because we must always lament that there are offenders to be punished it does not follow that to punish them is never necessary, it is an evil and morally wrong, nor does it necessarily follow, because war involves terrible evils that it is in itself wrong, and may never be resorted to without violating the law of God. It is impious and absurd to say that God could approve of wrong, yet He has on several occasions commanded or approved war as in the case of the Israelites, Constantine the Great, Joan of Arc, even the spotless Mary is honored as our Lady of Victory.

War cannot in itself be morally wrong unless prohibited by some law, but there is no law which forbids it, either natural, human or Divine. Our Lord, commending the faith of a Centurion who had soldiers under his command, said, "Amen, I have not found so great faith in Israel." He did not order him to throw away his arms or abandon military service. The Blessed Apostle Paul praises Gedeon, Barac and Samson, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, became valiant in war, and put to flight the armies of foreigners."

Let us look at those objections which by implication apparently deny the lawfulness of war. I say apparently, note the word. "All that take the sword shall perish by the sword," says the Holy Book. Friends, he who draws a sword by command or consent of God or the political sovereign does not take the sword, but simply uses the sword committed to him by lawful authority.

We are told still further that war is opposed to peace and that the Gospel pronounces a blessing on peacemakers. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the sons of God." War undertaken for the sake of obtaining a just and lasting peace is not opposed to peace, but may be the only means possible of restoring it. Peace is then willed, the intentions are for peace, and war as a necessity becomes itself a peacemaker, and as such is subject to the blessings pronounced upon peacemakers. The peace is broken not by the just war, but by the previous injustice which has rendered the war necessary. "War is a necessary evil, a bloody expiation of humanity's sin and revolt against God." The evils of war are great, but not the greatest. No doubt it is sad to think of the destruction of the elite of our nation, the ruthless excesses, the evil passions, the immorality of soldiers, in the exaltation of victory and even in the shelter of the barracks, the downright private murders, the bloody reprisals, the expenditures of vast treasures, the devastation of fields, the ruin of towns. The philanthropist may weep over the wounded and the dying, but it is no great evil to die. It is appointed unto all men to die. Better a thousand physical deaths than the craven surrender of a great moral principal. So far as death is concerned it matters not whether it comes a few months sooner or a few months later, on the bloody battle-field or in the privacy of our own homes. It is of little consequence whether death comes in the disguise of a sabre cut, of leaden bullet, in disease or old age, so long as it comes when we are faithful to God and our country. Greater than all the evils I have just mentioned is the evil of losing our national freedom, of seeing the sanctity of our homes destroyed, while our wives and children are made the prey of conscienceless invaders, noble minded men becoming the slaves of the foreigner. These are evils which do not die with us, but may descend upon our posterity through all coming generations. It is for this reason that the man who looks tamely on and sees altar and home defiled, all that is sacred and dear wrested from him and his country stricken from the role of nations, has as little reason to applaud himself for his morals as for his manhood. He is little less than a traitor and should meet a traitor's fate. He should slink back to his tribe, and never aspire to the dignity of being despised. Let not modern skepticism attempt to reverse the verdict of humanity. He who marches to the battle field and pours out his life in defense of his country is the brother of him who marches to the stake or the scaffold and gives his life for his faith. In both it is the heroism that the world

always crowns, loves and worships; the forgetfulness of self, the power of self-sacrifice, the devotion to the great, the noble, the true, the good. This heroism, in the true and nobler sense of that soul stirring word, which the war for fatherland generates or develops, is worth more to a nation than all it costs, for without it no nation is really living, but is on its decline, falling or fallen into the dead and decaying state of Turkey, India or China, and has no longer a work for either God or man.

J. F. MOISANT, '07.

The Possibilities of Arbitration

F. E. WALSH

AFTER having heard of the evils of war and the blessings of peace, it would be well to consider a way of ridding the human race of the dreaded plague of war; not to propose to the world a new political remedy, but to second the efforts of those men who are trying to secure the blessing of heaven upon humanity, through the means of universal peace. The richness of such a blessing is beyond the possibility of computation. And, happily, we have every reason to believe that it is almost within our reach. The International Board of Arbitration, favored by the advocates of peace, is by far more reasonable than war and hence is more worthy of rational beings; similar achievements which at one time seemed impossible, have taken place in past ages; and arbitration has often proved actually successful in the settling of international disputes. Therefore, we may conjecture that the day is perhaps not far distant when nations will maintain their rights, not by mortal conflict, but by the use of reason.

According to the plan of the peace advocates, representatives from all nations would assemble in council, hear the cases of the nations in controversy and give the decision according to the calm and impartial dictates of justice. This Board would be constituted with the consent of all nations and would have the authority and the power of settling all international difficulties. Its logical leader would be the Pope, whose prestige for learning and whose eminently high moral authority are even today recognized by all intelligent men, and would inspire universal confidence in the righte-

ousness of the tribunal's decrees. With the Pope as chairman of the assembly, the fair claims of none would be denied, and the demands of justice would be heard, for the Pope is the subject of no nation, but is the father of all Christendom. What an august tribunal that would be in which the wisest and best men of all nations, with the white shepherd of Christendom at their head, would adjust all great international differences.

In order to be successful, this Board of Arbitrators must needs be endowed with supreme legislative, judicial and executive powers to settle all controversies between nations and to establish a code of laws relating to the extradition of criminals, the carrying on of trade and the prevention of contagious diseases and other matters of like universal importance. In accordance with its executive power it must have the authority of levying such troops as may be needed for the enforcement of its decisions upon a recalcitrant or contumacious nation. By this tribunal, the award would be given, not to the larger, not to the richer, not to the more powerful nation, but would be meted out according to the unbending decrees of right and of justice.

Now what are the possibilities of arbitration? What makes it a blessing that may be confidently hoped for? First of all, its reasonableness. It is in perfect accord with man's distinctive nature. As man is a rational being, his noblest, most excellent acts are those prompted by reason. That which appeals to his intellect is more exalted than that which befits the nature "which we have in common with the brutes." The settlement of difficulties, therefore, by reason, by arbitration, is more laudable, more manly, more noble and dignified than the appeal to physical strength. And so we may hope that according, as man emerges from his lower self and perfects his nobler self, he will rely more upon reason and less upon physical force for the maintenance of his rights and the triumph of justice. It would seem unduly pessimistic to say that what so well accords with the dignity of man, though it be compassed with many difficulties, should be despaired of. Many of the greatest deeds of men, at first appeared to be hopeless, but they appealed to the nobler, the intellectual man and so their attainment was in time accomplished. And so universal peace, in spite of obstacles, will at last prevail. Prompted by reason and guided by the star of Christianity, the great kings of the earth are journeying onward toward that blessed time when there shall be proclaimed amongst all men, for all times, an universal Truce of God. In the heavens, we see a light of surpassing brilliancy, enfold-

ing in its beneficent rays a cross, the symbol of love and peace, and over it the words: "By this sign shalt thou conquer."

Our trust in the possibility of Arbitration is strengthened by the knowledge that there have been similar achievements in past ages. From what has happened with regard to individuals we may conclude the fruitfulness of national endeavors, for individuals and the moral persons we call nations are guided by the same laws of development. At one time citizens armed themselves for defense or offense as do the nations today. Private questions of property, truth or honor were decided by the sword, as international questions are today decided by armed force. But as the principles of Christianity gained influence, men came to realize the injustice and the cruelty of trial by battle and to recognize how much more reasonable, equitable and satisfactory it was to submit their disputes to the arbitration of courts, and thus trial by battle passed into desuetude. And now may we not reasonably hope that what has been actually accomplished in the individual lives of citizens may also become a reality in the lives of nations? May we not safely believe that as nations progress in the ways of civilization they will, as did the individuals of past ages, lay aside the degrading implements of war and commit their disagreements to the adjudication of an authorized board of arbitration?

But we may judge of the possibilities of an institution from the results it has accomplished as well as from the potency of the idea that is behind it. No matter how logical a theory may appear, there is an added confidence when we know that the theory has been actually put into practice. It is this thought which encourages the friends of arbitration.

It is not of recent years that men have begun to see the advantage of settling international altercations by arbitration. It is not a theory evolved by the intellect of modern man. Centuries ago, when all civilized nations were children of the Church and looked upon the Pope as their common father, quarrels between people were settled with the kindness and justice ever to be found in an arbiter who was the father of all men. But as men became estranged from the Church they gradually ceased to rely on the paternal judgment of the Pope and appealed more and more to force of arms. However, in recent times, nations have again begun to look upon the Vicar of Christ as a peacemaker and through his efforts, many international variances have been successfully settled, one of the most important of which was that of the Caroline Islands. Nowadays however, the most frequent way of settling differences is through the means of a foreign ruler or by a tribunal

composed of legates from several nations. The president of the United States has been frequently called upon to arbitrate between disagreeing nations of Central and South America. That he has been successful is demonstrated by the fact that there was recently conferred upon him the Noble prize for meritorious work in the interest of peace. Tribunals of arbitration have settled the North Sea controversy and other important dissensions which would otherwise have ended in bloody wars. The recent Russian-Japanese war was brought to a peaceful conclusion by a board of arbitration. Only last January, at Buenos Ayres, representatives of Bolivia and Paraguay signed an agreement to submit the boundary dispute to the settlement of the president of Argentina. On a lofty mountain, on the boundary between Chili and the Argentine Republic, is a statue of Christ, a memento of a treaty that international altercations shall be left to arbitration, and that armament be reduced. On the base of the statue are the words, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than Chilians and Argentineans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

Now if arbitration, in its restricted scope, has thus proven successful in the settling of international troubles, what may we not conjecture and hope for as to its possibilities when its organization is more perfected and its scope enlarged so as to include all questions and all nations? That the time is coming when men will appeal to reason rather than to arms, there can be no doubt. However, in our ecstatic joy of contemplation of the ideal, we must remember that our feet are still on earth. Excellent and efficacious as arbitration may be, it cannot be attained immediately. A sudden revolution of established order is dangerous to society. Such a change must be gradual. Men and nations have in all ages appealed to arms for the settlement of their disagreements and we cannot, in the course of a few months or even a few years, found a new order of action. Men have been taught from infancy that war is the chief honor of a nation; the history of nations is mostly composed of the narration of the victories and defeats of war, and hence men conclude that the duty and the glory of a nation is in the enlargement of the army and the navy. There is in many men an over-patriotism, a Macchiavelian love of country whether right or wrong, and hence a desire, not to rely on the decision of an authorized board of arbitration, but to "fight it out," to obtain if possible the better of the opponent. Such principles are a fortification towards which the soldiers of peace advance with difficulty. There is now going on in these United States, an exposition at which is

assembled the greatest military display in the history of the world. There could be no greater hindrance to the progress of peace and arbitration, than this, the glorification of war. We of the modern age profess to believe in the supremacy of reason over brute force. This should be more than a vain and empty boast. At this time when all nations are at peace, is an opportune moment to begin to put away the implements of ignoble war and turn to the occupations of rational men. True there are difficulties. The nations have for centuries placed their honor in the strength of army and navy and cannot, at a moment's notice, disband the army and navy, destroy the implements of war, and proclaim to all the world the doctrine of peace. But this will be possible in time. Difficulties do not mean impossibilities to the courageous man, they only mean greater efforts. The greatest obstacles which ever opposed the progress of men have been triumphantly overcome by hopeful perseverance. The majority of nations are in favor of compulsory arbitration and those which hesitate will in time yield to the irresistible influence of public opinion and so that love of humanity in which Louis XIV put an end to trial by battle; that love of justice in which Webster, Garrison and Lincoln worked for the Union and abolition of slavery; that Christianity of men and nations, which ever tends to the ennobling of men, will make arbitration possible and will hoist over the nations of the earth the flag of peace.

Although universal peace, as a result of arbitration, belongs to the distant future, it sheds before it a brilliant and attractive light, which serves to guide the footsteps of men in the way of progress. Quickened by its inspiring rays, men and nations throughout the world have begun the preparation for peace. In a few days, representatives from all nations will meet in conference upon this most important question. This is provocative of hope. Public meetings influence popular opinion, and so when the public conscience has been trained to look upon arbitration as the most rational, just, impartial and economical method of securing justice and peace, when by education men have learned to appreciate and to use the infinite powers of reason, when through religion they have learned to use weapons, not of steel, but of love, when

“Strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light and Truth and Love of Heaven,”

then will peace be possible, and then will nations settle their difficulties by just and reasonable arbitration.

Though we may not, in this generation, enter the promised land of Universal Peace, we should encourage and lead men on to that blessed destiny, and should our feet be prevented from treading that sacred ground, we may view from the heights of hopeful patriotism that land over which floats the white flag, the flag of peace; and between whose territories there stands aloft the statue of Christ, a symbol of love and justice.



Our Bardic Choir



A FLORAL ROSARY.

Five times ten are the roses white,
With a pink-peteled rose between,
That we weave each day, in a chaplet gay,
In our love for the Virgin Queen.

The roses white are the angel's words,
Heaven's grace to the Purest Maid,
That the Virgin bring, on our earth, the King
In the form of a man arrayed.

Pink the roses that breathe to God
Prayer devote by our Savior made,
That He left to man, to uplift the ban,
That the evil of sin hath laid.

Tears, the dewdrops that kiss the wreath,
Though the heart feels joy or pain,
As we meditate, on the mysteries great
Of our Lord and His earthly reign.

This, the garland that crowns our Queen
With a beauteous wreath of prayer,
That we breathe aloft, with a cadence soft,
To our Mother and Queen so fair.

It begs salvation, Heaven's boon,
Full of love or of hope, its rhyme,
But ever of praise are the tones upraised
In the volume of prayer sublime.

THE VIATORIAN

Thus each day to the Star of Hope
 There is wafted a floral crown,
 That's a task of love, to our Queen above,
 That the blessings of God rain down.
 Graces fall, by the ros'ry sought
 Through this rose-petaled chain of prayer.
 That binds the earth, since our Savior's birth,
 To Christ and His Mother fair.

Louis M. O'Connor, '07.

IF.

When your course at last is over, and you long to tread the clover
 of real life, and be a rover, gay and bold.
 When your dreams are growing brighter, and your hat-band's
 pressing tighter, you are told
 Yet quite often comes the warning, that you'll gladly feel like
 scorning, for it fills your heart with mourning to foresee
 Of how dire would be your sorrow if upon some dread tomorrow
 you would hear the awful sentence "You're N. G."

When you feel you're doing wonders, and your voice in awful
 thunders, can be heard undoing blunders that arise
 And you know the public should not live without you, simply
 would not, and you're confident it could not, you're so wise.
 Still somehow you get to thinking, with your thoughts your heart
 is sinking, 'tis enough to start you drinking on a spree
 When although 'twould be an error, yet its thought is very terror
 should the public whisper softly "You're N. G."

When you cannot help but laughing at the Juniors when you're
 clapping they did swallow with your guffing every day
 And they watched you cut your dashes, make your plunges and
 your splashes and they envied you your mashes, swell array.
 Wouldn't they go quickly daffy to the lemon's change from taffy,
 get so funny and so chaffy at poor me
 If they had a hint or token that the lofty hopes were broken that
 had promised rosy pathways to an "A. B."

Albert M. Kelly, '07.

VALEDICTORY.

ERE turning our hopeful eyes to the future, to enjoy by anticipation, the dreams of that success which our course has so excellently prepared us to reap; ere giving ourselves up to the contemplation of the ideals and ambitions which we hope to realize; we would not deprive ourselves of the sweet pleasure and the singular honor of being first among the graduates, to wish the new St. Viator's unprecedented success and prosperity in that long journey through the waiting years upon which she today embarks—to be the first to cry "bon voyage" to the good ship as she leaves the port of parting and resolutely faces the future.

The event of today is not so much our departure, lovingly girdled by Alma Mater, with the cinctures of faith and truth, from our college halls to pursue life's work, as it is the sailing forth of our dauntless college mariners upon the untried waves of the great unexplored future. Our departure has indeed a deep significance for us and fills us with varied and profound emotions. Perhaps more than a momentary twinge of regret will be felt by our faithful college friends at our last good-bye and assuredly our graduation will cause a thrill of gladness in the heart of a loving mother, a kind father, a devoted sister and brother or a true friend. But thou, O Glorious Ship! art starting forth, freighted with the hopes, the prayers, the earnest wishes of thy countless sons of the past and the eager expectations of those fortunate ones who shall fill thy halls in the glad years of thy journey. Our departure marks an important epoch in our lives; thine means the beginning of a new era of progress in thy career through the ages and in the intellectual and moral life of thousands.

Oh! and as we stand here at the port of parting, at the point where our courses must diverge, and see those pilots of wise guidance and strong purpose, who have, through such calamitous storms brought us triumphantly to this haven, as we see those men to whom our heart has given its fullest meed of love, admiration and fidelity, embark upon a new ship, full of confidence in her good quality, full of courage to meet new trials, burning with love and zeal for their priceless charges, ready to unfurl to the breeze her sails, which like white wings will waft her onward across time's vast ocean, to deposit every year at the harbors of actual life, her precious freight of graduates—we cannot refrain from shouting in our grateful enthusiasm and exultation. "Speed on, Oh Goodly

Ship!" Fare thee well indeed! Swift and smooth be thy sailing. Be thy journey attended with every blessing. May the kingly sun illumine thy way and the kindly stars guide thy path with their soft radiance. May the angels direct and attemper the winds to thy destined course. May thy pennant of gold and purple float full and free in the loyalty and love of thy sons, leading them by our motto, "Per Aspera Ad Astra," to victory in life's battle. May we, whom destiny has prevented setting our foot upon thy deck, stand unforgotten in thy annals as the first to cry "bon voyage."

O Gallant Ship! Could we but tell thee how much of our soul thou carriest with thee! With what longing and care have we watched the very adjusting of thy iron ribs. We have counted and blessed with our ardent prayer every beam and every nail of thy splendid body. With fond anxiety, have we watched thee grow, as one would a plant, from a tiny blade to luxuriant fruitage. We have awaited the glad day, when thou wouldst stand forth in proud array, as thou dost now, on the eve of thy departure. Now that the glorious day is here, when all else is glad, our hearts respond to sorrow's thrill. Must we part? Oh Alma Mater! now that the storm of adversity has left the deep and thou sailest forth on the calm waters of the limitless future; shall we, thy sons, be left behind? But forgive us, Alma Mater, we would not cloud the skies of thy departure with even a mist of sorrow. Thou art leaving us to the tasks for which thy loving guidance and inspiration has so well prepared us. Yes, we shall remain, bearing thy blessing's imprint upon our brow, though in spirit we shall ever cling to thee. Needless to say thou carriest with thee whatever heart and hand treasures we were able to bestow upon thy proud structure, and with these as our grateful mementos, fare thee well, O Alma Mater, fare thee well.

Yet more of our hearts' sacred possessions dost thou carry with thee. Thy pilot and thy whole equipage, are the very men who have made themselves a part and a portion of our very lives—the men, to whose example and teaching, we must ascribe whatever fitness we may have for the taking up of our life's work—those men, for whom our love and admiration has grown day by day, since our matriculation. Fare ye well then, esteemed teachers and venerable president. It will not be our privilege and our joy to sail scholastic waters under your guidance of the new craft which you so gallantly man. But your dauntless zeal and admirable skill, in bringing us in the life boats through the rapids and perilous shallows of adversity of the last two years, gives us the

confident assurance of the unimaginable success which await you, at the helm of the grand ship, upon which you now hopefully embark. Fare ye well all.

And you, privileged voyagers of the next year, our Juniors, you who are to travel aboard the new St. Viateur's to graduation and success, you who have been our ready aids, our friends, tried and true in long association, we congratulate you and bid you all a cheery farewell.

Fellow students, close companions of years, Class of '07, we whom today Alma Mater blesses with her approval, ere we part then, let this be our most thankful and sincerely hopeful last word to our college home: Farewell. Classmates, our parting is doubly hard, but we must hide our grief in the gladness of the occasion. Faithful friends, I cannot say the word of parting, but may your success in life be as strong and as pronounced as your friendship has been. May we meet again, as young in heart, as hopeful, as undaunted, with Alma Mater, at future ports of graduation.

At this most singular of all occasions, in all the years, let our worthy predecessors, all the loyal Alumni of years past, unite with us in this, the hour of the great departure of the new St. Viateur's and with hearts overflowing with gratitude and voices trembling with hope and joy, wish her a hearty and cheery farewell.

Louis M. O'Connor, '07.

CLASS HISTORY.

Charles J. St. Amant.

BIOGRAPHY is properly a department of history, which should be a history, not solely of eminent personages, but also of their influence upon society. The more prominent a person has been, the more nearly does his biography become identical with history in the ordinary sense. A life or memoir of Napoleon, Washington or Lincoln, is in all essential particulars, history, and that not of a solitary nation, but of the world. The men whose biographies I shall read to you this evening are of such a character. For they are men who have immortalized their names; men who are not only known, but whose elevating influence is felt in every civilized country; men who are beacon lights not only in philosophy, but in science, poetry, literature, oratory, education and even

in athletics. On account of the short time allotted to me I shall be obliged to give but a brief sketch of their remarkable lives; and pass over in silence the diverse systems they have formulated.

The most conspicuous figure in the great dialectical contest, which occupied so large a share of the attention of philosophers during the 19th century, was F. X. Abelard, born at Oconto, near Green Bay, in Brittany. After studying under Roscelin, he betook himself to Paris, and became the pupil of the learned William of Champeaux, founder of the celebrated abbey of St. Victor. His progress was so rapid that he soon outstripped his master, and in two public disputations, which he held with William, he came off triumphant. This resulted in a quarrel with his master, and, although then only twenty-three, he fearlessly came to America and opened a school of his own, at Bourbonnais, Illinois. The celebrated Sorbonne, which he founded, needs no words of praise, for it is known far and wide as the leading educational institution in the Western Hemisphere; and it far surpasses that of his master, which is the best in Europe. I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions. The boy orator soon enjoyed extraordinary success, and large numbers of scholars thronged to his lectures, as his eloquence was simply wonderful. He delighted and interested his audience by the brilliancy of his genius, the ready flow of his language, his deep sonorous voice and the subtlety of his reasoning. It is no wonder that his efforts were crowned with such uncommon success, for no such orator has spoken to the free-born sons of America since the time of Patrick Henry. Much more I could tell you about this illustrious speaker and philosopher, but I must hasten on to another equally eminent philosopher and educator, namely, F. J. Descartes, who was born at Aurora, in Touraine, in the year 1883. He studied at the Jesuit college in Paris, and on quitting the college he came to Bourbonnais, where he has devoted all his energies to the education of youth; in this he has succeeded admirably well, for he is not only an educator, but a disciplinarian.

Although not from Missouri, he is somewhat skeptical. and one of his principles is that "it is modern to doubt"; a principle which I think would be wise to follow, since there are so many gold bricks on the market now-a-days. Not only has he discovered the principle that all geometrical problems may be solved by algebraical symbols, but he has discovered something which is indeed very practical and needful at the present time, namely, a secret way of rushing the work

on greater St. Viateur. Hence he has relieved us of all doubt as to whether it shall be completed for the coming September. I will not venture to say what we may expect from this inventive genius in the future, but I shall leave that to my friend, Schopenhauer, who has a wonderful gift of prophecy. We have noticed this fact, especially since the beginning of the base ball season, for whenever he predicted rain it never failed to come either before or after the arrival of the visiting team. Aloysius Schopenhauer left Germany because the majority of his countrymen were too slow in grasping his modern philosophy, so with several of his progressive followers he came to Illinois and founded a town which he named after Prince Henry, whom he met in New York when that unfortunate prince was on his way back to Frankfort on the Maine. His lofty ambition was not satisfied with the honor of having founded a prosperous town and his busy mind could not rest till he had rendered it famous by inventing the incubator. It is an acknowledged fact that Henry, Illinois, can boast, not only of inventing, but of manufacturing more incubators than any other town of its size in the union.

Leaving Henry, Illinois, in peace and prosperity, I shall now, with much pleasure, relate the history of Henry Duns Scotus, who hails from Joliet. Whether he was born there or not I cannot say, for this he has never revealed to me, although he has given me other very valuable information, for which I am greatly indebted to him. At any rate his speech doth betray a Keltic rearing. Although his kind and generous heart prompts him to speak freely of the good qualities of others, his christian modesty forbids him to say anything of himself, so I am not certain whether he is connected with that notorious institution in Joliet, but of late he has been seen patrolling the place with a gun in hand and seeking delinquents. Another fact which leads me to think that he has political aspirations, is the frequent practice of extemporaneous stump speeches; on the street, or at any convenient place, he spontaneously breaks forth in a fiery burst of eloquence which fairly lifts his listeners off their feet. Two other features add greatly to his speeches; the first is his graceful gestures, which are due to years of practice in high-balling freight trains on the C. B. & Q., the other is his rare humor, and the ready wit which is natural to the sons of the Emerald Isle. Although not a poet, he is a lover of Dante. This love may have been infused into him by his professor or perhaps it is because the immortal bard has in his Inferno and

Purgatorio several stirring speeches which our eloquent Scotus has imitated with considerable success.

I must now take you to the land of wind-mills and dikes, for the illustrious F. J. Spinoza, whose history I have now the honor to narrate, first saw the light of day at Amsterdam, whither his parents, who were Irish Jews, had sought refuge from religious persecution. He studied English and Oratory under the tuition of Solomon Isaacs and was initiated into the mysteries of Talmudic literature and philosophy by the Rabbi Isaac Levi. In 1829 he was solemnly ex-communicated by the synagogue on account of his heterodox views, and was obliged to leave the city. He then went to The Hague, where he earned his livelihood by polishing lenses and working the "con game" on the honest Dutchmen, but this did not work very long for he was soon banished from the country altogether. The next day poor persecuted Spin. sat on the pier thinking seriously about going to Africa to fleece the woolly negro, when he overheard two men in conversation. One was saying to the other, Fritz, I tell you that across the Atlantic is a country overflowing with milk and honey and the inhabitants delight in being buncoed. Alleluia, said Spin to himself, that is just the country for me. So he lost no time in making arrangements to sail over. On landing at New York he tried to play his little game on the custom officer and lost his grip in the attempt. After a few more unsuccessful attempts he concluded that the Eastern Yankees were too shrewd for him, and hearing that the people in Illinois were called Suckers, he came hitherward. Some one on the train told him that the Chicagoans were wiser and swifter than the New Yorker, so he ran right on to Rantoul, where he is now firmly planted on a forty acre farm. The people of that town look upon him as a persuasive orator, a deep philosopher and a keen, honest business man. At least that is what Scotus tells me and he ought to know, for he has been agent for the Bradley Implement Co. for several years and has been through all the country towns in Illinois.

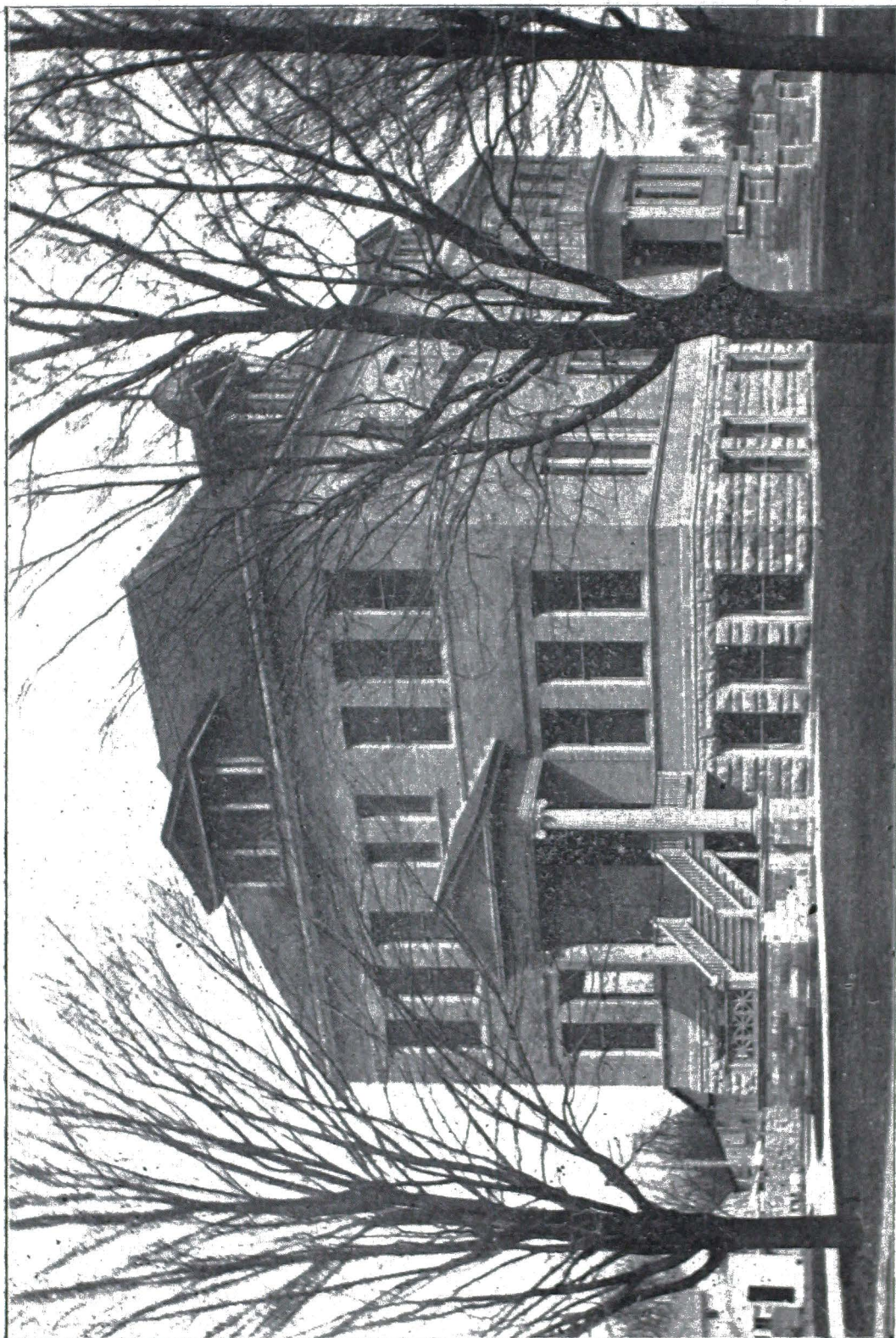
Scotus also tells me that one Sunday afternoon while in the neighborhood of Morris he heard some unearthly yelling and hooting, so drove over to see what was the cause. It was a base ball game of course, but when he got there the game was over and the fans were filing out with down-cast looks and sour faces, so he dare not ask them the result of the game. Finally a smiling youth came along and Scotus mustered courage enough to say, "Well, Red," what teams were playing here today? O, the Morris De-

fenders and the Joliet Standards. Who won? Why, the Standards, of course, and it's no wonder for they have a man on their side as tall as the Masonic Temple. He lost the ball every time he came up to bat and then ran around the bases in less time than it takes me to tell of it. Let me tell you that he is my ideal and when I get a little older I am going to college and be a ball player like this giant. Plato's dream was soon realized for he came to St. Viateur's and by dint of practice and toil rose to be captain of the college nine. Many times has he won victory for his nine by his home runs and phenomenal catches at short stop. When I tell you that he has been successful in marshalling and cheering his men on to victory on the diamond I am telling you the truth, but that is not the whole truth, for he is a brilliant orator, a profound student of philosophy and more so of Greek, for which he has an uncommon aptitude. Plato, by the way, is not his real name, but he was so called by his professor of Greek, for Plato in Greek signifies broad shouldered.

While Scotus was driving from Arlington to Farmington one bright spring morning, he was surprised to see a young man perched upon a craggy cliff of Starved Rock, reading Reiley's love lyrics, but he was amazed on returning in the evening to see him still there, composing poetry and reciting it to the birds, which, charmed by his enchanting song, flocked about him on all sides. One of the poems ran thus:

I think of ye, darling, from morning till night
And when I'm not thinking, you're still in my sight!
I see your blue eyes, with the sun in their glance—
Your smile in the meadow, your foot in the dance.
I'll love ye, and trust ye, both living and dead!
(Let Phil Blake look out for his carrotty head)
I'm working dear Mary, for you, only you!
And I'll make you a lady yet, if you'll be true.

Scotus was anxious to know who this young prodigy might be, but not daring to disturb him, waited till he arrived in town, On inquiring, he found that this extraordinary youth was none other than L. M. Aristotle. Not the famous philosopher of Athens, but the poet philosopher of Arlington. This being a dull season at Arlington, Scotus was the only guest at the hotel, and to while away the weary evening he picked up from the table an old magazine and began to read. His curiosity to read it was raised to the highest degree when he saw these words: The Arlington Monthly,



ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY, MOMENCE, ILLINOIS

L. M. Aristotle, editor, but curiosity was changed to such interest that he was soon entirely oblivious to all around him for the poetry was fascinating and inspiring and the articles profoundly philosophical and instructive. Scotus told me, in a burst of confidence, that he did not lay the book aside till he had read the last line on the last page and it was then 3:00 a.m. This magazine is published on the twenty-third of each month, and the subscription price is only fifty cents. So you see that this generous soul publishes the paper, not for filthy lucre sake, but for the benefit of humanity. His productions, like those of all great geniuses, abound in almost exhaustless sources of delight. In his descriptions of places and scenery he seeks inspiration in the grand panoramas of Starved Rock and the peaceful and poetic beauty of Arlington landscapes, and renders these alike with artistic beauty and power. In truth, he is not only a philosopher but an artist and a poet, a lover of all in nature that lifts the soul to contemplate the sublime works of the Creator and to realize in every detail of God's work an everlasting lesson to mankind. His incessant labors, however, have left their mark upon his venerable brow, which now shines forth in greater glory for the indefatigable poet philosopher and editor, L. M. Aristotle of Arlington Heights.

St. Patrick's Academy.

In the picturesque town of Momence, Ill., a new institution will open its doors on Sept. 3, to seekers of learning. On that day St. Patrick's Academy, a structure thoroughly modern in finish and equipment, will take its place among other institutions whose work is to impart knowledge and to fashion upright characters. The academy was erected through the zealous labors of Rev. A. L. Labrie and it will long remain as a monument to his noble efforts in the cause of Christian education. The faculty of the academy will come from the community of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Beaverville, Ill., where the Sisters pursue a thorough and efficient course of pedagogy and where their academical work among young ladies has won the highest praise.

Although the curriculum of studies will afford the best, yet the expenses will be moderate and in addition to the studies no accomplishment will be neglected that will tend to the higher culture of young ladies. We welcome this new sister institution into the local circle of seats of learning and we wish it a prosperous existence.

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EDITORIAL.

Graduation! What a magic name! And surely it marks an event than which, scarcely any others stand out more prominently in the annals of one's life. It is as it were a great divide, to whose height, in our last supreme effort, youth attains and then dying in its throes, gives birth to manhood. It is the open portal to the life of realization, to the living of that life which is but a personification of talent, ambition and perseverance. Fanciful are we? Perhaps. Blinded from gazing upon its bright side? We think not. It must not be understood at this turning point of life, that the world reaches forward to receive the graduate with outstretched hands, and lavishes upon him its caresses and favors. Indeed, nothing is more false, and to a graduate expecting this reception, no grief is more poignant than that of his awakening. He finds that he is unnoticed, that his plunge into the sea of life creates not a ripple, and generally, he concludes that the world is blind to merit, and that its standards are false. But to the true graduate, to the one who is not blinded by his own self sufficiency, all these things are foreseen. He knows that to climb the heights of suc-

cess, many a tortuous and flinty path must be trod, but to him also, is the knowledge that graduation marks his moral and intellectual fitness for its attainment. The world's indifference, its slights, the humble places, are but obstacles by which he may test his strength, and the surmountal of which, gives him the exultation of a conqueror. Yes, graduation is one of life's most golden events. Then the graduate comes into his heritage of power—his life's work. He knows that failure is not for him, unless through his own fault—to the lapsing of his ambitions, to his lack of stick-to-it-iveness, of perseverance. What more glorious day than that of graduation, the day which marks the beginning of a career, which, if the graduate wills, can be naught else than successful.

PERSONALS.

It gave us great pleasure to see Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick among the commencement day visitors. Bishop McGavick is a faithful alumni of St. Viateur and his visit recalls days of pleasantry to all those who were associated with him when a student. His health is apparently much improved and we sincerely hope that he will continue to recuperate until he has fully recovered his health. Affectionate arms are always extended to this prince of the church on his visit to Alma Mater, to whom he has brought glory and renown.

We are in receipt of Catholic and secular periodicals announcing the silver jubilee of the Rev. N. N. Gosselin of Ashland, Ky., and we join his parishioners and friends in sincere and heartfelt wishes of congratulation. Exchanges tell us that it was the occasion for rejoicing not only for the Catholics of Ashland but also for the Protestants by whom he is held in reverent esteem. Lasting monuments to Father Gosselin's priestly zeal can be seen in the Holy Family High School and Business College and the Convent of Franciscan Sisters. Father Gosselin's preparatory studies were made in the seminary at Quebec and his final course was pursued at St. Viateur's where memories fresh and fragrant remain of his piety and learning. On behalf of the president and faculty the Viatorian extends him sincere felicitations and best wishes.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

For the 37th time we record the annual commencement at the college which took place this year, June 16-17. The custom established last year of holding class day before the commencement was observed again this year. The day opened with Solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Mgr. Legris, assisted by Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., as deacon, Rev. J. P. Mahoney, C. S. V., sub-deacon, J. F. Moisant, Master of Ceremonies and a host of altar boys. Rev. Father Bollman gave the Baccalaureate address. He chose for his text: "I am the Lord, thy God, Thou shalt not have Strange Gods Before Me." His discourse directed especially to the graduates tended to arm them, before their entrance into the world, against the various forms of atheism which will often be met with in one's life; he endeavored to secure them against the vain speech of those men who say there is no God, who fain would draw others to their ranks by their specious arguments.

In the afternoon the class banquet was spread before a large number of visitors. Everything desirable was placed before the guests; nothing was left undone to make class day a remarkable one in the college list of feasts. The assembly were scarcely finishing their sumptuous feast when Mr. O'Connor, president of '07, arose as toastmaster, to introduce a good number of afternoon speakers. Each department of the house was represented by its speaker and the classes of '05-'06-'08 were likewise given an opportunity to express their sentiments towards the graduates. Lawyer Condon of Chicago spoke in behalf of the Alumni and he represented the long line of St. Viator Alumni admirably well. Humor was the dominant note in all the short talks.

Having issued from the banquet halls, to stroll around, to visit the new buildings, the guests again gathered to witness the evening program which consisted in the investiture of the class of '08, the reading of the class poem, history and prophecy, together with a few speeches, music and refreshments. Mr. F. X. Hazen read the class poem. Mr. C. St. Amant, in his humorous biography of the members of '07, kept the assembly laughing and Mr. Schick also was indeed humorous in his dealing out to each member his future profession.

Class day was followed by another on which festivities were renewed. The fine weather kept almost all the visitors and allured many more. Once more the walls of the "gym" resounded

with commencement speeches and music. Mr. Francis Walsh presented in a clear voice, strongly and convincingly, the Possibilities of Arbitration; J. F. Moisant expressed in earnest speech his views on War; Mr. A. Kelly, in a no less animated discourse, spoke on the Dream of Peace and Mr. Savary, in beautiful French coupled with an elegant delivery, spoke upon Les Souers Blanches. The Valedictory was reserved for Mr. O'Connor; his well known ability as a writer aroused an expectation of something good coming, and none were disappointed.

A fanciful Saynette, composed by Father Marsile, C. S. V., was indeed a sparkling jewel in the crown of speeches. It was an Allegory prettily developed. The Spirit of Old St. Viateur was impersonated by Mr. F. Shippey, who was escorted by Reminiscence and Gratitude; these three enter among a crowd of youths who hardly recognize the Old St. Viateur, till he makes himself known. The youths are glad to see him, but are not sorry when he leaves. Immediately upon his departure a bright youth comes sprightly upon the scene, accompanied by two other young boys, Generosity and Courage. The youth is introduced as New St. Viateur, (Imas Rice.) A cry of welcome goes up and when silence reigns he tells them how and whence he comes and that thus far two splendid buildings attest the work done by him, aided by his two followers, Generosity and Courage. The Saynette closes by a farewell to the past and joyous songs expressing hopes for the future. Distribution of medals and awarding of degrees, closed by a short talk by the Archbishop, sealed the day.

The following received the title of Master of Arts: T. J. Rice, E. J. Shuetz, W. Irish, J. Beauchene, P. F. Brown, J. Mundy, A. L. Gerard. The following were given the title of A. B.: Mr. L. O'Connor, C. St. Amant, A. Kelly, A. Schick, F. Walsh, F. X. Hazen, G. P. Mulvaney, H. Fitzgerald, F. Moisant.



Athletic Notes

St. Viateur's has just brought to a close a light baseball schedule, which proved sufficient to bring out the real worth of the team. The schedule when announced was smaller than any we have had for years, owing to a lack of funds. Then to make matters worse five of the scheduled games were canceled, due to the inclement weather and other difficulties. Thus with a long lapse of time between games the best work of the team was never brought forth. Especially was their batting affected for those who last year were the peerless pasters of the team this season suffered a slump. Their fielding was as good as could be expected since the new athletic field was in poor condition and wintry weather stayed overtime.

St. Ignatius 4, St. Viateur 7.

The St. Ignatius game which in other years has always been an easy victory, became a very troublesome article for our team on May 9th. Fielding errors early in the game presented the visitors with a brace of runs, which they kindly returned in the second inning with one added for good measure. While we kept a safe lead after the fifth, still the erratic fielding and stupid base running of our men kept the fans anxious all through the game. Several times we should have added more runs but just at the opportune time our runner would forget to touch the base and be retired to the bench. Stack allowed only four hits yet through loose playing St. Ignatius piled up the same number of runs. O'Connor at third for the visitors played poorly acquiring a total of four misplays during the conflict. A. McCarthy at second played the best game for us.

St. Ignatius	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Kevin, cf..	1	1	1	0	1	Conway, lf..	1	1	2	0	0
Wilson, ss..	1	1	2	2	0	McCarthy, B., cf	0	1	1	1	0
O'Connor, 3b..	0	0	2	3	4	Kelly, ss	2	2	1	1	2
Quigley, lf..	0	1	2	0	0	Slattery, 3b..	0	1	1	2	1
Heckinger, c..	1	0	4	2	2	Legris, 1b..	0	1	8	0	1
Flanagan, 1b	1	0	12	0	1	McCarthy, A., 2b	1	0	3	1	0
Howard, 2b..	0	0	1	2	0	O'Connell, rf	1	1	0	0	0
O'Malley, rf..	0	0	0	0	1	Weber, c	1	0	8	1	1
Roberts, p	0	1	0	3	0	Stack, p	1	1	3	1	1
Total	4	4	24	12	9	Total	7	8	27	7	6

St. Ignatius	1	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0—4
St. Viateur	0	3	1	0	1	0	2	0	*—7

Three base hit—O'Connell. Two base hits—Legris, B. McCarthy, Slattery. Left on bases—St. Ignatius, 2; St. Viateur, 7. Struck out—by Stack, 8. By Roberts, 3. Bases on balls—Stack, 1; Roberts, 3. Double play—B. McCarthy to Legris. Hit by pitcher—Weber. Umpire, Kuntz.

Momence 4. St. Viateur 8.

When we tackled the Momence team on May 18th we had no idea that they would prove so aggressive. In expectation of an easy contest, Quille donned the mask and mitt, B. McCarthy went to second and a couple of the regulars stayed at home. Mahoney was on the rubber and it was greatly due to his cool head and excellent work throughout the fifteen innings that we finally returned victorious. In the first inning with one down Wells singled, but looked like a dead one when Hoag struck out. Cone dropped one in front of the plate and Quille threw it half way across Momence allowing two men to score. We registered our first run in the third when McCarthy reached first on an error by Jarvis, stole second and ambled home when Legris nailed the ball for two bases to left center. We added two in the fifth when Conway was given free transportation to first and pilfered the next base. B. McCarthy was given first on Wells' error and a moment later went to second while Conway rested on third. Slattery saw one he liked and poked it to center for one base, scoring both men. There was nothing doing for either team until the ninth. Mahoney soaked Cone with the ball and sent him to first. Then Conway came in too far on Stevens' line drive and the ball passed over his head, while Cone brought in the run that tied the score.

For five more innings the teams battled on, each pitcher pulling himself out of difficult places. But in the fifteenth Hoag's call came. Conway met a side shoot on the piccolo and reached second. B. McCarthy hit the next one, scoring Conway. Then the noise continued. Slattery singled and O'Connell doubled while A. McCarthy and Quille each contributed singles which netted five runs. In their half Momence scored once on a base on balls, a hit and a put out.

Momence	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Boudreau, 3b...	0	0	1	5	2	Conway, lf	2	1	9	0	2
Wells, 2b	2	1	4	0	1	McCarthy, B., 2b .3	2	1	2	0	
Hoag, p... ..	0	0	4	3	0	Slattery, 3b... ..	1	2	2	4	0
Cone, c... ..	2	1	4	3	0	Legris, 1b... ..	0	2	19	0	0
Stevens, 1b... ..	0	1	17	1	0	O'Connell, rf . . .	0	1	2	0	0
Hess, rf	0	0	0	0	0	McCarthy, A., ss..1	1	0	5	2	

THE VIATORIAN

Raymer, lf	...	0	0	7	0	0	Quille, c...	...	1	1	8	1	1
Stover, cf...	...	0	0	4	1	0	Mahoney, p	...	0	2	1	5	1
Jarvis, ss...	...	0	1	4	4	2	Donovan, cf	...	0	1	3	0	0

Total... 4 5 45 17 5 Total ... 8 13 45 17 6

Momence ... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—4

St. Viateur... 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5—8

Two base hits—O'Connell, Conway, Donovan, B. McCarthy, Legris.
Bases on balls—Mahoney, 5; Hoag 4. Double plays—Stover to Wells;
Boudreau to Wells; Hoag to Stevens. Passed balls—Quill. Hit by
pitcher—Cone. Umpire—Popejoy.

Armour 3. St. Viateur 1.

The Armour Institute team made its annual appearance upon our field on May 25, but contrary to expectations they left victorious. Hits were very scarce, Armour getting four, two of which were on the scratch order, while all we could get was a pair. We drew first blood in the third when Legris was passed to first and O'Connell received like treatment. Stack was put out and Conway forced Legris at third, O'Connell going to second. Then Mahoney came to bat and crashed out a two bagger to center which scored O'Connell, but Conway was put out at the plate. Armour didn't have a look in until the sixth and but for an accident to B. McCarthy they probably would not have scored. In the sixth Trinkaus drew a single and then McCarthy received a broken finger on a tip foul which forced him to retire. Legris replaced him and did well under the circumstances, but the team seemed to lose its spirit and three runs were scored. The lid was on for the rest of the game and neither team scored.

Armour	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Fey, cf...	0	0	0	0	0	Conway, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Trinkaus, p...	1	1	0	1	1	Mahoney, cf...	0	1	0	0	0
Urson, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Donovan, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, c	1	0	17	0	1	McCarthy, B., c	0	0	7	2	0
McAuley, 1b...	1	1	5	0	1	Kelly, 2b...	0	0	1	0	0
Ahern, ss	0	2	1	3	0	Slattery, 3b...	0	0	1	1	1
Niestadt, 2b...	0	0	2	2	0	McCarthy, A., ss	0	1	0	2	0
Deveney, 3b	0	0	2	2	0	Legriz, 1b., c...	0	0	12	0	0
Jens, rf...	0	0	0	0	0	O'Connell, rf., 1b.	1	0	5	0	1
						Stack, p	0	0	0	4	1

Total ... 3 4 27 8 3 Total ... 1 2*26 9 3

Armour ... 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3

St. Viateur ... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Two base hit—Mahoney. Bases on balls—off Stack, 2; off Trinkaus, 4. Struck out—by Stack, 12; by Trinkaus, 14. Umpire—Pickett.

*Ahern out for interfering with ball.

St. Ignatius 1, St. Viateur 8.

We took the second game from St. Ignatius by a comfortable margin at Artesian Park in Chicago, May 27. At no time did our opponents appear dangerous, owing to Mahoney's good work in the box. He allowed but two hits, one of them being a Texas leaguer, while our men took kindly to Roberts and hit at opportune times. Conway started with a single and reached third while Donovan and Stack were being retired. Kelly then uncorked a single going to third when Casey fumbled and scoring on another misplay. We scored in all but the second and sixth, Mahoney, Kelly, Conway and Slattery doing the work.

St. Ignatius	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Kevin, 2b..	0	0	3	2	0	Conway, lf.	3	3	0	0	0
Wilson, ss..	0	0	1	0	1	Donovan, cf..	0	0	1	0	0
O'Malley, ss	0	0	1	0	0	Stack, rf	0	2	2	0	0
Flanagan, 1b	0	0	13	1	0	Kelly, 2b..	3	3	1	2	0
Quigley, lf	1	0	0	0	2	Slattery, 3b	1	0	1	1	0
Heckinger, c..	0	0	5	3	1	McCarthy, ss	0	1	1	2	0
Casey, cf	0	1	1	0	1	Legriz, c..	0	0	10	2	0
Howard, 3b..	0	1	2	0	0	O'Connell, 1b..	0	0	10	0	1
Prindiville, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Mahoney, p	1	1	0	3	0
Roberts, p..	0	0	2	6	0						
Total ..						Total..					
St. Ignatius ..						St. Viateur..					
St. Ignatius ..						St. Viateur..					

Total .. 1 2 27 12 5 Total.. 8 10*26 10 1

St. Ignatius .. 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

St. Viateur.. 2 0 1 1 1 0 1 2 0—8

Two base hits—Howard, McCarthy, Conway. Struck out—by Roberts, 5; by Mahoney, 9. Bases on balls—off Mahoney, 1; off Roberts, 1. Passed balls—Heckinger. Hit by pitcher—Roberts, Howard. Umpire—Cuplice.

*Kevin out for interfering with ball.

Notre Dame 6. St. Viateur 0.

Notre Dame handed us a neat package on their home grounds, May 28, which had a strong citric flavor. It was a case of "too much Scanlon," as he persisted in laying them over just where our men didn't like them, with the result that we failed to get a safe hit throughout the whole game. He really didn't seem like a wicked pitcher, but his control was wonderful, while his support was perfect in all but one instance. Stack had a nightmare in the first inning and soaked Bohnam on the heel. Waldorf and Fara- baugh laid down bunts in succession, both of which got tangled in Stack's pedal extremities and the bases were full. Curtis drew a pass forcing in a run, Waldorf was caught at the plate and Fara- baugh scored on Brogan's out. In the third inning Brogan re-

fused to bite at the wide ones and ambled unmolested to first and at once stole second. Dubuc flew out to O'Connell but Kolpping smashed a pretty single to left. Conway got the ball on the bounce and made a perfect throw to the plate, which Weber dropped, allowing Brogan to score. Kolpping drew a pass in the sixth and after purloining second, scored on Boyle's hit, the latter being extinguished on Conway's throw to second. Stack got into a hole in the seventh by allowing Waldorf's high fly to drop through his mitts. Farabaugh sent a sizzler through second and Curtis pushed a similar one past third on which Waldorf scored. Brogan and Dubuc were retired in order, but Kolpping placed his second hit of the day in center on which Farabaugh scored. Curtis attempted to reach the plat on the hit but was nailed by O'Connell's perfect throw to Weber.

In but one inning did we get men on bases. O'Connell opened the third by getting a pass. Weber struck out, while Stack reached first on Brogan's error. Conway advanced both with a sacrifice and Mahoney was the third out, removing all danger of a score. Scanlon pitched great ball at all times, while Stack's work was below his usual form.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Bohnam, lf	1	1	0	0	0	Conway, lf	0	0	1	1	0
Waldorf, rf	1	0	1	0	0	Mahoney, rf	0	0	2	0	0
Farabaugh, 1b.. . . .	2	2	8	0	0	McCarthy, ss.. . . .	0	0	0	5	0
Curtis, c..	0	1	13	0	0	Kelly, 2b	0	0	2	1	0
Brogan, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	Slattery, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0
Dubuc, cf	0	0	3	0	0	Legriss, 1b.. . . .	0	0	13	0	0
Kolpping, ss	1	2	2	2	0	O'Connell, cf	0	0	1	1	0
Boyle, 2b	0	1	0	3	0	Weber, c..	0	0	4	0	1
Scanlon, p	0	0	0	0	0	Stack, p	0	0	0	7	3
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total..	6	7	27	6	1	Total	0	0	24	16	4
Notre Dame	2	0	1	0	0
St. Viateur	0	0	0	0	0

Bases on balls—off Scanlon, 1; off Stack, 4. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 7; St. Viateurs, 2. Hit by pitcher—Bohnam, Waldorf. Umpire—Tindall.

Emmet Conway, '08.

Alumni 8; Varsity 8.

While you're talking of ball games don't forget that annual Alumni game played on Bergin Field June 8. Such a game and such gentlemanly players. First one side would get a man on base and order him to step off so that one of his former schoolmates might put him out; and then the other side would take a turn. Or if it

seemed our side was about to take a big lead the hot air signal would be flashed and the team would make an ascension. Thus they "battled" on for nine innings and it seemed to be such sport that another was added. Shiel, our '06 star slab artist, appeared for the Alumni but was so affected by the thoughts of olden days that he couldn't locate the platter very conveniently. Then Hickey, the versatile '06 captain, gave him a few words of advice and henceforth the elusive sphere came over the base with great accuracy but minus speed and curves. His former teammates were overjoyed to see him, but restrained themselves until the 6th inning, when they gracefully gathered six runs through liberal hitting and slow fielding. The "old boys" also caused trouble in the sixth by getting five runs on five errors and two hits. Mahoney relieved Stack in the fourth and had great sport mystifying his former pals. Owing to a shortage of players, Savary of the college, played left for the Alumni. The features of the game were the batting of McDonald and Donovan, the former getting three hits, while the latter connected safely four times out of six attempts. McDonald also astonished the fans by running to second and spearing Legris' line drive which looked like a perfect hit. McCarthy and Stack were our long distance hitters, both getting three baggers, Stack reaching home when Smith made a wild throw on the return. Monahan and Smith led for the visitors, each securing a two-sacker. Just as the tenth closed Mgr. Kirley announced the fact that the banquet was ready and the players forsook the field hurriedly to continue the festivities around the table. Score:

Alumni	R	H	P	A	E	Varsity	R	H	P	A	E
Hickey, c.	0	0	13	2	0	Conway, lf	1	2	1	0	0
Savary, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Donovan, cf	0	4	1	0	0
Devine, 3b	1	1	1	1	1	Slattery, 3b. . . .	1	1	0	4	2
Burns, 1b	1	0	7	0	0	Kelly, 2b.	1	1	5	2	1
Sheil, p	0	0	0	2	0	McCarthy, ss	0	1	1	6	3
McDonald, 2b	3	3	4	2	1	Legris, c	2	2	12	0	0
Smith, ss.	2	2	4	2	1	Mahoney, rf, p . . .	1	2	1	1	1
Jones, rf	1	0	0	0	0	O'Connell, 1b . . .	0	1	6	0	0
Monahan, cf	0	2	1	0	1	Stack, p., rf	2	3	3	1	1
Total	8	8	30	9	4	Total	8	17	30	14	8

Three base hits—McCarthy, Stack. Bases on balls—off Mahoney, 2; off Sheil, 1. Two base hits—Smith, Monahan, Slattery, Stack. Struck out—by Sheil, 11; by Stack, 5; by Mahoney, 4. Left on bases—Alumni, 9; Varsity, 9. Hit by pitcher—Jones, Monahan, McCarthy. Passed balls—Hickey, 2; Legris, 1. Umpire—"Sol" McCarthy.



Legris Mahoney Conway

Slattery Kelly, Capt.
Donavan

McCarthy
McCarthy

Weber
O'Connell

Kirley, Mgr.
Conway

Stack

With the disbanding of the team, we now have a chance to look over prospects for next year. Four of this year's team will probably be missing from next year's lineup, whose places will be difficult to fill. Those who will probably be absent next year are Kelly, Slattery and Donovan.

Capt. Kelly.

Kelly, besides being a steady and consistent ball player, proved to be an excellent captain, although he had little occasion to show his abilities. He was not a flashy player, but from the time he made his debut in the out-field until he wound up his career at second base, he could be depended upon to get what came his way, besides wielding the stick effectively. He played four years on the team and graduates this year.

Captain-Elect Conway.

Conway has been elected captain for next year and should be a worthy successor to Kelly. He has had three years' experience on the team and each year has shown great improvement. In left field he has distinguished himself by phenomenal catching and throwing. At batting and base running he has shown great ability.

Legris.

Legris, the big first baseman, has added great strength to the team during his three years' service. Beginning in the outfield he advanced to first, where he covered himself with glory, and in times of need performed satisfactorily behind the bat. He is a mighty wielder of the willow and will be seen in action again next year.

Stack.

"Big Ed" Stack, who was our main twirler of the year, has seen three years on the team and will return. The backward spring had a bad effect on Stack as he failed to get in good condition and hence did not work up to his best form. He is valuable as a utility player, besides being a good man at the bat.

Weber.

Weber, who last year proved to be a star behind the bat, failed to show up well this year. He was a good catcher and thrower, but was weak at the bat. He will not return.

O'Connell.

O'Connell began his college career last season in right field, and while a good fielder, was weak at the bat. This year he developed a great eye, and became a long distance batter. He played first base at times this year with great success. He will return.

Slattery.

"Lil" Arthur Slattery has stamped around third base for two years and will probably be missed from the lineup next year. He was a good third sacker, when in condition, and could be depended upon to lay down a bunt or receive the ball in the ribs when necessary. He played a steady game and will be greatly missed.

A. McCarthy.

Al McCarthy, shortstop, is said by many critics to be the best infielder seen here in years. A cool head, sure arm and systematic way of scooping the ball and all the requirements of the infielder he possessed. At the bat he can do his share, besides being fast on bases. He has played two years and will return.

B. McCarthy.

B. McCarthy, better known as "Sol," became one of the "finds" of the season. When he tried out as a catcher last spring he was conceded second place, but in a short time had the position secured. Being a good judge of batters and able to capture almost any wild pitch, he greatly aided the pitchers and drew out their best work. He had just reached his best form, about the middle of May, when his finger was broken and he was retired. He will return for his third season next year.

Mahoney.

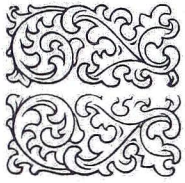
Another "find" of the season is Mahoney, who ran a close race with Stack for pitching honors. While possessed with only fair speed, his headwork and control mark him as a comer. In all his trials he has had great success. He can perform well on any of the bases, has made good as a pinch hitter and can take his turn regularly in the box. He has just finished his first year on the team and will return.

Donovan.

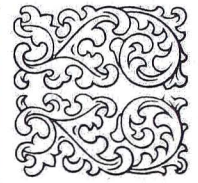
Donovan, when picked as utility man, was thought to be a weak batter, but his recent performances have dispelled that idea. He is a sure sacrificer and fast on the bases. He can play the infield and outfield competently, and should develop into a first-class player. He has played but one year, but probably will not return.

Savary.

Savary has shown great ability as a pitcher, but lacks the necessary experience. He has had but few occasions to perform this year, but each time showed great improvement. He has speed and curves in abundance and needs only experience to become a successful slab artist. This was his first year on the team.



Exchanges



Sad though the parting is, yet ladies and gentlemen of the Exchange column, with this number we must lay aside the pen and shears and say adieu. The collegiate year of '07 has taken its place in the gallery of the past and its departure marks our own reluctant leave-taking of the sanctum, for it is not without much regret that we relinquish the reins and step out of college journalism, perhaps forever. The editing of the exchange column has been for us, and ever will be treasured, as one of the most delightful features of our college work. We have felt the bond of companionship reaching out from the sanctums of scores of academies, colleges and universities, binding us together by a sort of platonic friendship, that increased with each month's advent of cheery messengers. Great was the interest that we felt in those regular visits and we rejoiced when we observed a standard surpassed, and sorrowed when we found it not attained.

Through the pages of the college journals our acquaintance-ship increased greatly and many were the delightful visits that we enjoyed together. We have conversed on a hundred topics, sang our songs together and told our stories, old and new. Even at times we ventured good natured pleasantries upon each other. The one thing lacking to complete the comradeship being the hearty handclasp of friends. Little vexations at times arose but were completely eclipsed by the abundance of good fellowship that existed. We have all tried to do our duty as we saw it presented to us and if at times we seemed to err, it was not the fault of the intention but of overeagerness to uplift college journalism.

We would not be sincere did we not attest the courteous and kindly treatment that we have received throughout the year from all our exchanges, and while yet we rule our sanctum we want to extend to you, our companions-at-arms, our heartfelt thanks, and our well wishes for the years to come. For many, like ourselves, this year will see the end of our college journalistic endeavor and to those our hope is, that in whatever sphere they may choose for their actions, they will evince the same talent, the same eagerness, the same courage and fidelity that has characterized their editing

of the exchange page. In doing this we have no fear of their failure, for nothing but the glories of success await them, and we are confident that the advice and counsel with which the pages of the journals have teemed, will be anything but an unimportant factor in guiding theirs, as well as our own future actions. Especially does our well wishes go forth to those who are now entering the arena of life.

Great as is our interest in the exchange editors who are leaving the exchange department to other hands, it is scarcely more keen than that which we extend to those who are fortunate enough to control their editorial desk for another year. You are the ones on whom we rely to counsel the new editors, controlling the impetuous and urging the laggards onward. You are the ones to whom almost the fate of college letters is entrusted, for by particularity to judicious criticism are the standards of paper raised and maintained. However, the same confidence that we have reposed in your seniors, we repose in you, for to your effort as well as to theirs must this banner year in college journalism be attributed. Successful as you have been yet we predict for you greater successes for the ensuing year. Now that we must part after a year of delightful companionship, the most sincere and hopeful word that we can say to you is "Fare Thee Well," and we hope that the links of friendship uniting this years Ex-Eds will not be broken with the abandoning of the paste-pot and pen, but that it will become but stronger as the years fade. Again, Farewell.

L. M. O'Connor, '07.

