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FAC ET SPERA.

ERIN'S TEARS.

**R**ADIANT Spring Sprite borne on wings of the balmy morn,  
Breathing the fragrance of hillside and dell,  
Why from thy eyes fall these heaven born showers anon?  
Ah! 'tis to wake to life woodland and fell.

Thou bringest me back to dear Irland across the sea,  
When in the days of her kings she grew strong;  
Joyous all hearts throbbed, her vales echoed melody;  
Thus did her Springtime awake to hope's song.

Ah! soon oppression's clouds rise over peaceful skies,  
Hushed are the glorious song-bursts of houe;  
Now tears of martyrdom fall from my Erin's eyes,  
Tears which caused true hearts, like blossoms, to ope'.

Ah! then, the hand of Apostleship plucks these flowers,  
Planting 'mid deserts and lands far away;  
Ah! how their fragrance of faith fills the lonely bowers,  
Waking new hope in the hearts gone astray.

Ah! thou hast nourished all earth with thy martyr's tears,  
Filling all lands with the blossoms of truth.  
Ah! when the bright sun of justice again appears,  
Then will thy glorious triumph shine forth.

W. C., '03.

## BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

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**I**N every department of life, history, letters and art, woman has exercised a strong influence; she has ever been a source of inspiration, of encouragement and of help to man. But, especially is this true of music. Music tends to refine, to polish and, it seems but natural that in woman music should find an ardent supporter. Of the large number of women who study the piano, comparatively few rise to any prominence, but the few who have gained any celebrity have shown such remarkable qualities, both intellectually and physically as pianists, that they fully compensate for the deficiency in number. What an intense interest did not the playing of Clara Schumann awaken in the musical world! Critics conceived such a high idea of her execution and interpretations that they ranked her among the renowned pianists of the world. Sophie Menter, Aus der Ole, Annette Essipoff and Theresa Carreno by no means occupy secondary places in the musical world. With pride can the fair sex point to these women as fit representatives of the divine art.

Not only America, but Europe, has witnessed the triumphs of one, who has shown such unmistakeable signs of the great pianist, on account of her interpretation, superior technique and sincerity, that at once she has taken a conspicuous place among her contemporaries—Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler. She has laid siege to the strongest art citadels of Europe, and though the resistance was great, she returned to her country victorious. Few great pianists have had to contend with more obstacles than Bloomfield-Zeisler. Ill-health seems to have been her constant companion; then, again, she lacked muscular strength; but she overcame sickness and, by the most arduous and persevering labor at the piano, she acquired such strength of fingers, wrists and arms that her vigor of execution became little short of marvelous. On the technical side of her art there lacks nothing; Zeisler is well supplied with all the means to render the most difficult masters.

I am sure that every one will agree with me, that musical expression is by far the most important quality of a musician. Not the most brilliant technique, which any pianist ever had, can satisfy the want of feeling. If a pianist possess not the interpretative pow-



er which belongs to the artist, he has no place in the concert world. Zeisler, above all things, plays with feeling; her technical ability has one end—to interpret. Perhaps the most striking quality of Bloomfield-Zeisler is her intensity. "She waxes and wanes in intensity." Her whole person is absorbed in her playing, hence her renditions are so gratifying. Every power of her soul, all the energies of her body are centered in her execution. Amy Fay is the authority for saying that, "as regards intensity, no other pianist is as worthy to succeed Liszt as Bloomfield-Zeisler." Her audience is forced to realize this; immediately by "creating a musical atmosphere," she never fails to exercise a magnetic influence on her hearers, which raises them towards the sublime heights which she herself has attained. We are forced to feel as she feels, think as she thinks. The interest of her hearers is never permitted to slacken. Bloomfield-Zeisler feels what she plays; she has grasped the meaning of the tragic and passionate emotions of the great masters as Beethoven and Brahms, and her listeners are stirred with the same feelings.

In her pedal work the pianist shows careful training, so conspicuous in the pupils of the great pedal master Leschetizky. Like her contemporary, Paderewski, Bloomfield-Zeisler knows what possibilities lie in the pedal. The exquisite taste shown in her tone-coloring, the many devices to produce a beautiful tone and the splendid shading of her scales, arpeggios and chords, can all be traced to the skillful use of the pedal. Perhaps nothing has been more abused than the pedal, still nothing is more important for a finished piano performance than a correct knowledge and use of this appendage. The pedal is to the pianist what the palette is to the painter, a fund of musical colors; and few pianists have understood this better than Bloomfield-Zeisler. How different, compositions we are accustomed to hear, sound, when rendered by Bloomfield-Zeisler! How much grander and broader becomes the conception of a piece! How transformed into warmer colors is the scene, through the artistic use she makes of this musical brush—the pedal. The entire composition becomes a thing of life, that breathes and speaks, that weeps and laughs.

Bloomfield-Zeisler adheres too much to a strict tempo. This, it seems to me, is an obstacle to free interpretation. Tempo rubato



is a peculiar playing which belongs to the highest form of piano-playing. It is not a license granted to the dilettanti to do away entirely with time or to play with a careless rush of expression; but it is a legitimate kind of playing by which the pianist gives vent to his own feelings. In rubato tempo there is a slight deviation of time, care must be taken that the rhythm be not destroyed; it lends to the composition a certain vagueness, weirdness, fascination and freshness, without which there lacks something in the rendition of the great tone poets. The very nature of a certain class of music, such as Chopin's, demands tempo rubato. Bloomfield-Zeisler does not indulge extravagantly in this form of playing; to a certain degree she seems to be hemmed in and handicapped by a too rigid tempo. I do not wish to imply that Bloomfield-Zeisler's only quality as a pianist is "keeping good time;" if this were true her career as a pianist would certainly be short-lived. But to me it has seemed the peculiar merit of this great pianist that she can play with so much expression, so much intensity, portray such magnificent tonal pictures, painted in such brilliant and tasty colors and still remain within the bounds of time.

Not only is the pianist an adept in the works of minor composers, but she is a master in compositions of the highest forms. Some critic has said "had Bloomfield-Zeisler the muscular strength of Paderewski she would even dispute his superiority." While she is not as poetical in her interpretations as the great Polish pianist, she is as virile; she always understands the inner meaning of the composition and powerfully reveals the masculine force, the stirring scenes, the dignified and strong harmonies of Beethoven. Bloomfield-Zeisler is a serious woman who has honestly devoted and sacrificed her whole life for the sake of her art, it is but natural that in Beethoven, who is the intellectual prince of musicians, she should find a subject that appeals to her own musical intelligence and draws forth her best efforts of interpretation. Chopin seems to be her favorite. Nor is this strange; there is always a melancholy vein permeating Chopin's music, which corresponds to the pianist's temperament. The sympathetic, dainty and delicate side of Chopin demands such an interpreter as Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Her playing is especially remarkable for its unusual clearness, repose and finish—the reward of years of toil. A clearer and more



rapid rendition of the C major etude of Chopin, and a more charming, fresher and more polished execution of the G flat waltz of the romantic composer can hardly be imagined.

There are critics who are inclined to underrate the Rhapsodies of Liszt—"they are only brilliant or sensational." This is an unjust estimate. The Rhapsodies are a collection of ballads, songs of war and of peace of the musical Hungarians and Gypsies. They are replete with striking and spirited melodies, massed into superb works of art by the famous Hungarian pianist. They at least demonstrate what a consummate master of technique Liszt was. The very nature of the Rhapsodies admit of an extreme "rubato playing." Paderewski, it seems to me, is unsurpassed in Liszt; he carries rubato further in Liszt than in any other composer; he plays the Rhapsodies almost like improvisations. Now, in her performance of Liszt, Bloomfield-Zeisler falls below the standard set up by Paderewski, while in America. She plays them with much clearness, dash and spirit, and in the midst of abundant scale and arpeggio ornaments, Bloomfield-Zeisler never loses sight of the melody, it always stands out prominent. However, I think the rendition of Liszt by Paderewski far more consistent with the nature of the music and the idea of Liszt. The dreamy and weird music of Liszt was never meant to be measured out, note for note, measure for measure, according to the metronome. Bloomfield-Zeisler plays with much ease and perfect mastery the most intricate passages of Liszt and Chopin. Still, there are moments in her playing which seem forced and labored; perhaps this may be due to the somewhat awkward position she takes at the piano. There is absent from her piano playing anything which savors of sensationalism; there is no ostentatious display of difficulties. Bloomfield-Zeisler stands for all that is intellectual, noble and beautiful in music. To her, technique means nothing but a means to present to her listeners the thoughts of the composers. The true artist never fails to re-echo in his own soul the emotions of the composer, and renders them so powerful and certain that his listeners are stirred with the same feelings. Bloomfield-Zeisler is a true artist, who never seeks, as some pretenders do, to dazzle the public by brilliancy of execution and astonishing rapidity to whom we could apply the advice of Shakespeare in Henry IV.:

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull (soothing) and favorable hand  
Will music whisper to my weary spirit."

L. J. G., '04.

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### A PURPOSE.

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**L**ET not your aim for riches be  
To feast and dwell 'midst luxury;  
For riches, like a twinkling ray,  
Have but a false and transient stay.

Toil not to reach fame's dizzy height;  
'Tis but a brief and certain flight  
To yawning chasms, gaping wide,  
That lie beneath on every side.

But strive with all your strength and will,  
And arm yourself with valor's skill,  
To conquer self while in this life,  
For this, alone, is worth the strife.

M. J. B., '04.

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### THE CONVERSION OF CAPTAIN MENARD.

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**W**HEN the government of France began to put the Association Law into effect, Captain Menard was transferred from the military barracks at Marseilles to the little village of Vourles. The institutions of religious communities were very numerous in this village, and the peasants were immovable in their fidelity and devotion to the Catholic faith. It was this that influenced the government to send the captain there to expel the religious orders. Captain Menard was a tall, muscular man, of a fine, soldierly physique, hardened by a life of military service. He had seen active service in several campaigns; and on one battlefield he was decorated for a wild and reckless dash that was mistaken for gallantry. Brought up in the military schools of France, he became indifferent to all religion, and in a short time his indifference grew to hatred. When the people of Vourles heard that he



would soon take up his quarters in their town, intending to close their schools, they were at first struck with a disheartening fear; but after being encouraged by a few daring leaders, they determined upon a bold resistance.

One Sunday morning, after early mass, the people were gathered in excited crowds at the entrance to the church, discussing the probable outcome of the new edict. The day was clear and showed the freshness of youth. The sun seemed to send his beams of warmth as if in benediction upon a quiet and peace-loving people. The discussion had been at the height of animation but a short time when Captain Menard and his troops were seen coming up the street at a full gallop, riding towards the end of Rue Ste. Blanche, where they were to be garrisoned. A few women, on seeing the rough appearance of the soldiers, uttered a loud cry and ran back into the church for protection. But the men quickly collected stones, clubs and other missiles that might serve for resistance and, gathering in the center of the street, they sought to prevent the passage of the troops. Enraged at this, the captain ordered a charge, but, just then, there appeared on the scene one whose voice was more powerful than the threats of the soldiery in quelling the outburst of the villagers. It was the gray-haired Pere and, as his voice rang out in commanding tones, the men fell back on either side of the road, allowing the troops to pass on to the end of the street. All day the people could be seen, here and there, in groups, earnestly devising means to protect the good religious. It was not until the clock in the belfry struck the hour of twelve that the excited crowd left the street for rest.

Two days passed without any serious disturbance; but on the third day, about eight o'clock in the morning, the captain sent a courier to the director of a school conducted by the clerics of St. Viateur, ordering him to close the school and leave its premises at once. Reaching the school house, the courier, in quick succession, gave the bell three violent pulls, that were characteristic of his boldness. Slowly the large oak doors swung on their hinges and there appeared a man small of stature, apparently in the eve of life, but strong and active. It was the good Brother Perron, who had spent twenty-five years in educating the children of Vourles.

"I want to see the director," boldly demanded the courier.

"I am he," calmly answered Brother Perron.

The courier handed the note to the brother, who read the order and said:

"Tell your captain that his order is an unjust one, and that I refuse to obey it."

Uttering an oath between his closed teeth, the courier mounted his charger and hastily returned to the barracks. Brother Perron, pensive and sorrowful, wended his way to the small chapel, where he prostrated himself in silent prayer. Leaving the chapel, he assembled all the brothers in the community room, where he acquainted them with the proceedings of the morning, producing, as a sad proof, the order of the captain. After a hasty consultation, it was decided to remove the little valuables they possessed to a neighbor's residence and await the results. Scarcely had they carried out their plans when the trotting of horses and the clanking of sabers was heard in the street below. Looking through the lattices that covered a small window in a remote corner of the building, Brother Perron saw a body of mounted troops enter the school yard. A rousing knock announced their arrival at the door and Brother Perron, nervous, but calm and determined, answered the summons, his white locks serving as a striking background for a countenance radiant with defiance.

"I demand a closure of this school," passionately thundered the captain.

"By whose authority?" calmly asked Brother Perron.

"By the authority of the state."

"Our work is a spiritual one, and the authority of the state does not extend over it."

"Without further delay I demand the closure of the school and a handing over of the keys."

"And you have my refusal for a reply."

At this the captain quickly drew his sword and dealt the brother a blow upon the cheek that left him unconscious on the doorsteps, while the blood oozed profusely from the ghastly wound. Seizing the keys that were attached to the cincture of the prostrate brother, Captain Menard and his cowardly minions rushed into the building, eagerly bent on plunder. Fortunately, everything of any value was removed to an adjoining house, where the brothers were



now in refuge. Several of the religious ran from the house when they saw their superior cowardly assaulted and carrying him back with them, they reverently placed him upon a couch, where a doctor dressed the wound.

For two weeks Brother Perron sat at the window in a large arm chair, slowly recovering from the effects of his wound. A sigh would frequently escape his lips as he saw the children scattered about the streets, with no place to go for instruction. Two months had scarcely passed before he was out again and his first thought was for his little ones. His days were now spent in visiting them at their homes, instructing and encouraging them. A deep scar on his cheek was a striking testimony of his fidelity to his duty. Whenever he met the village people he was treated with the greatest reverence.

One day, while he was visiting his flock, he saw at some distance down the street a rider, struggling to get control of his horse, that had become excited and unmanageable. The enraged animal, with head erect and distended nostrils, gave a leap into the air and dashed down the street with the swiftness of a meteor. Obstructed in its flight by a passing wagon, it suddenly halted and threw its rider against a massive oak, but a short distance from Brother Perron. There he lay, without the slightest sign of life, with the blood fast oozing from a gash in his head. Hurrying to his side Brother Perron bent over him and then started back with a cry of surprise. It was Captain Menard. A feeling of repulsion came over the brother, but, quickly subduing his feelings, he stooped and opened the coat of the injured soldier. Somewhat relieved by this, the captain drew a deep breath and his head fell into the brother's lap. After stanching the blood and bandaging the wound with a handkerchief, Brother Perron, assisted by a passer-by, removed the captain to the home of a friend. A doctor was quickly summoned, who found that, besides a fracture of the skull, the soldier was suffering from fatal internal injuries. When the doctor asked for an attendant to be continually with the injured man, Brother Perron readily offered his services, promising to be most faithful to his charge. For two days the captain lay in a state of delirium, caused by an unusually high fever. At last the fever disappeared and the stern, rough countenance of the soldier relaxed into a grateful and kind expres-

sion. One morning, while Brother Perron was holding the soldier's head in his arms, administering medicine, the captain spoke for the first time since his accident.

"When shall I be able to leave this bed?" he asked.

"I think you will not be here any longer than two days," replied the brother.

"Where am I going?"

"To another world."

"Am I about to die?"

"The doctor has no hopes of your recovery, and he said that death is only a matter of a short time."

"Then listen to me. About ten years ago I met a young girl, who was an orphan and homeless. I had just received a large sum of money from the government and in answer to her plea for help I gave her about five hundred francs. It was the only good act that I ever performed. She had nothing to give me in return, and all that she could say was that she would always pray for me. Last night I heard her voice again. I awoke with a start and saw you kneeling beside my bed and I said to myself, 'he, too, is praying for me.' Now, tell me what you asked for in your prayers."

"I asked that you might know the mercy of God and be reconciled with Him before leaving this world."

"Oh, no; not I! There is no mercy for me. You do not know the enormity of my sins and the cruelty that I have inflicted upon others, as well as yourself."

"The mercy of God is infinite, and He never refused forgiveness to a heart that was sincerely repentant."

"I might hope for mercy if I knew that you would forgive me for the cowardly assault that I made upon you."

"I forgive you with all my heart," answered Brother Perron, as the soldier's head dropped from his arm onto the pillow. A priest was called and he remained for an hour with the dying soldier. When Brother Perron entered the room again he could tell by the serene and placid features of the captain that peace, eternal peace, had come to his soul.

A few days after, the religious and faithful of Vourles assembled in their parish church to pray for the repose of the soul of Captain Menard. As his remains were borne from the church by



six of the religious, Brother Perron and the others present, joined in the funeral procession to the adjoining cemetery, where, as the priest uttered those inspiring words of hope, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He will raise me up, on the last day," all that was mortal of Captain Menard was laid to rest and await the glorious summons of resurrection. M. J. B., '04.

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### THE AIMLESS KNIGHT.

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**T**OMORROW shall find me in early quest  
Of the light which will guide my days;  
But now, at my ease, I shall dream and rest,  
For tomorrow brings fame and praise."

The morrow gave light to life's onward race;  
Opportunity's quest was won.  
The knight, at his ease, watched industry's chase:  
"Why not wait for tomorrow's sun?"

The morrow was dark and it brought remorse,  
In despair at life's end he tossed.  
His soul issued forth from the aimless corse  
And his quest of the truth was lost.

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### IMAGERY IN THE PURGATORIO.

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**T**HE productions of great geniuses abound in almost exhaustless sources of delight. They are, as it were, vast realms of inspiration wherein the masters wield a fairy wand to entrance the mind and transport it to the summits of contemplation, where it is free to revel in all that is ennobling and edifying, where it is given the choice of the rarest jewels of the intellect, of the treasures of mental pleasure and utility. Yet who has been borne to these regions of spiritual grandeur, who has journeyed amid these limitless abodes without wondering at the subtle power which guides the magic wand? Ah! it is a power as mysterious as it is wonderful, one of God's celestial creations, with which, in His Infinite goodness He has adorned the mind of man. It is the faculty

of imagination, that faculty which continually supplies new beauties, new grandeurs, yet is more strong as it is more exercised. It is that faculty which is to the artist a perpetual fountain of concepts and creations; it is the mighty agent for best expressing the productions of his mind and heart. His instruments would be but cold and irresponsible mechanisms were it not for the guiding inspirations of imagery, hence it is that mankind rightly judges the standard of a master in any of the arts by considering the measure of his power in the use of this faculty. This is the power which leads the masters to hold communion with nature and to reveal in varied ways the sublimity of her charms. Let us watch the artist at his work. We find him copying words and actions of men; but if he be a greater genius, he does more; he idealizes this magnificent life about him, places it in a higher order of perfection and attains a higher plane. Yet this is not all. He proceeds further and creates new scenes, new combinations of objects, characters and actions, and decks them in all the novelty which his power of imagery will lend. Yet it is only the gifted genius who is capable of realizing this threefold task in an eminent degree, hence it is that we acclaim Dante as an exceptional artist when we examine the marvelous picture world of the *Purgatorio*, a world so novel, so full of scenes and action that we can but marvel at the mind which wrought its conception.

In order to appreciate the measure of Dante's worth in the use of imagery from the standard already proposed, we shall first examine his precision in the faithful portrayal of nature. We find this exact photographing in many varied and charming passages, in the expression of human sentiments, in describing persons, actions and places. What an example of pity is set forth in Canto XIII, where he met with the shades of the envious, groping about with their eyelids sewn to exclude the precious consolation of sight.

"I do not think there walks on earth this day  
Man so remorseless, that he had not yearned  
With pity at the sight that next I saw.

. . . . . and as never beam  
Of noon day visiteth the eyeless man,  
E'en so was heaven a niggard unto these



Of his fair light ; for, through the orbs of all,  
A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,  
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.

He bestows upon these spirits, actions which are indeed the faithful copy of bodily movement :

“A spirit I noted, in whose look was marked  
Expectance. Ask ye how? The chin was raised  
As in one reft of sight.”

In this stroke of nature, the poet concisely and graphically describes the distinguishing feature of the blind. Again, it is certain that when sight is lost other senses, like hearing and touch, acquire great acuteness. It is, furthermore, true to nature that blind people, and especially women, are curious to know what is occurring around them. In this ledge of Purgatory, Dante had entered into conversation with a woman of Sienna. She was blind, of course, but had a very keen ear, for she heard even Dante's soft breathing, and that she lacked not curiosity is evidenced from the manner in which she addressed the poet :

“But who art thou that questionest of our state,  
Who goest, as I believe, with lids unclosed,  
And breathest in thy talk?”

In this, as in many other passages, it is evident that Dante keeps very close to nature. This faithful portrayal lends a human interest to the disembodied souls which we meet upon the terraces of Purgatory.

In his descriptions of places and scenery, he seeks inspiration in the grand panoramas of the Appennines and peaceful and poetic beauty of Italian landscapes, and renders these alike with great artistic beauty and power. Situating Purgatory on a mountain in mid ocean, he is afforded opportunities for painting every species of landscapes, and gives us here pictures abounding in freshness and grace, having withal a charm both rare and ingenious. In truth, Dante is both the artist and the poet, a lover of all in nature that

lifts the soul to contemplate the sublime works of the creator, and to realize in each detail of God's work, an everlasting lesson to mankind.

It is true that the poet has realized a high degree of perfection in drawing his images from the fountain of nature and clothing them in the vesture of realism and quasi life, yet like the superior genius he does more, he elevates these objects to the noble realm of spirits where he is given wider scope for a broad play of the imagination. He displays here a resourceful fund of ideas which seems unlimited, and places before us the full grandeur of ideal beauty by spiritualizing the physical properties of persons and things. We note that even Dante himself becomes lighter in body as he ascends in the stages of purification, gradually acquiring the power to gaze upon the dazzling brilliance of the angelic guards of Purgatory's terraces. The whole mountain, "which healeth him who climbs," trembles with joy when a soul has finished the pilgrimage, and the spirits exulting sing "Glory to God on high."

The material elements, water, air and wind, being subject to the control of angels, acquire therefrom a certain, spirituality. Thus the angel who carries the souls to Purgatory:

"Lo how all human means he sets at naught;  
So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
Except his wings, between such distant shores.  
Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them reared,  
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes."

Fire is, of course, the main means of purgation in these regions, yet the dews, the rivers, and even the very weeds of Purgatory are given spiritually cleansing powers:

"When we had come, where the tender dew  
Strove with the sun, and in a place where fresh  
The wind breathed o'er it, while it slowly dried;  
Both hands extended on the watery grass  
My master placed, in graceful act and kind,  
Whence I of his intent before apprized,  
Stretched out to him my cheeks suffused with tears,  
There to my visage he anew restored  
That hue which the dun shades of hell concealed."



Persons are spiritualized in a manner which gives a vivid impression of life beyond the grave: "Within the angel's small bark a hundred spirits and more there sat." Motion and action are idealized in the conversation of the spirits with the poet, in their songs and prayers, in fact in a hundred vivid and delightful manners. Yet it is only in the terrestrial paradise that ideal beauty is set forth in all the charm and originality of the master hand. It will be needless to quote the varied beauties which we meet in these spiritual panoramas. Here are mingled an array of masterly pictures which acquire new charm with each succeeding glance; here are met Beatrice, Mathilda and many other ideally perfect personages; here are beheld objects typical of most sacred things: the seven candles, representing the sacraments; the car of the church with its two wheels, the old and the new testaments; the griffon, God-man, and the vast pageant which passes before the eyes of the poet—the Church triumphant—a picture unsurpassed in all literature.

Thus has Dante copied nature and thus has he idealized it, yet he proceeds further and realizes the highest powers of the true artist by his delicate expression and clever delineation of new images and combinations of objects, actions and persons. In Canto II we are presented with a picture which is indeed an extraordinary description of God's power, majestically beautiful, and bearing the stroke of the immortal painter. It is a fine example of Dante's creative genius:

"When, lo! as near upon the hour of dawn,  
Though the thick vapors mars with fiery beam  
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor.  
So seemed, what once again I hope to view,  
A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,  
No winged course might equal its career."

Here we have spirit voices which chant their hymns of penitence and joy, of prayer and exultation, even more, the statuary itself seems speechful, so vividly is it carved.

"The angel . . . . . before us seemed,  
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,  
He looked no silent image. One had sworn  
He had said 'Hail.'"

"He whose ken nothing new surveys, produced  
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,  
The like not found on earth."

Even the floor was carved into instances of pride on which,  
"Dead the dead . . . the living seemed alive."

The poet resorts moreover to dreams and visions, a happy medium of expression. In a dream he is transported to Purgatory's gates by St. Lucy, and in visions he sees examples of patience and virtue which are productive of great lessons to the beholder. Even so do his nightmares awaken a sense of aversion and horror. Another novelty in spirit land is the shadow of Dante, at which he is indeed much affrighted until he recollects that he is yet flesh and blood. The spirits, however, are amazed in turn at this strange occurrence:

"My passing shadow made the umbered flame  
Burn ruddier, at which I marked  
That many a spirit marveled on his way."

In these few considerations we behold how the versatile mind of Dante has utilized the marvelous power of the imagination in a degree far superior to most literateurs. He has united in the magnificent texture of his poem the grandeurs of nature in the physical order; he has shown the same images spiritualized, and he has mingled both in many new and striking situations to form scenes of wondrous aspect, alike delightful and instructive. Apart from the other sources of pleasure which the Purgatorio contains, these are indeed very great and very healthful. The Creator has endowed man with imagination as the hand-maid of the intellectual faculties and given to it many mysterious and wonderful powers. What more delectable than the contemplation of the vast realms which it unfolds to the mind? What more entertaining than a pilgrimage through its enchanting world? In the Purgatorio we have that which unlocks the portals of its charming abodes, guides us into its favored retreats, and opens unto the mind beauties and grandeurs which no artist, howsoever gifted, can adequately portray.

WILLIAM CLEARY, '04.



## COLLEGE VERSE.

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### The Awakening of Hope.

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**T**HO' dark and dreary is the day,  
My life seems darker, drearier, still.  
Within my heart an aching void  
That naught on earth can ever fill.

I hie me to the woodland wild;  
I seek the river, lone and wide;  
I vainly strive to flee from care,  
That ever follows at my side.

In life there is no joy for me;  
No solace can my sorrow find;  
Naught do I see but dreary wastes,  
Nor hear but sighing of the wind.

I cast me down upon the bank,  
I lave my hot and aching brow;  
In agony I cry aloud:  
"O, Heavenly Father, befriend me now!"

When, lo! above my head I hear  
The blackbird trilling gleefully;  
He sings of Spring and Spring's sweet showers,  
And happy days that yet shall be;

When the drear waste, so desolate now,  
Shall waken at the voice of Spring,  
And every woodland glade and bower  
Shall with the notes of gladness ring.

The music of that glad refrain  
Dispels the clouds of dark despair;  
My aching heart is strong again,  
My mind is freed from boding care.

'Twould seem as tho' an angel spoke  
In heavenly accents pure and sweet,  
Bidding me hope—tho' life be hard—  
To rest at last at Jesus' feet;

Where pain and sorrow are unknown,  
Where every doubt dispelled shall be;  
Where joy, unclouded, reigns supreme,  
Through all Eternity.

J. B. DRENNAN, '05.

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#### ON ERIN'S FEAST DAY.

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**O** NWARD to mass the glad bells are pealing,  
Gathering the Shamrocks fresh-kissed with the dew.  
Glances of sunshine are bashfully stealing  
Over the face of the heaven's clear blue.

Up from its night lair the gay thrush is flying,  
Rending the air with it's soul-touching strain.  
Close to their soft couch the grass blades are lying,  
Turning to green every hillside and plain.

Greetings from fond hearts are cheerfully welling,  
Anxious to banish all sorrow away.  
One to the other of friendship is telling;  
Nothing but happiness reigns on this day.

M. J. B., '04.

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### EDITORIAL.

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In the treatment of his body, man should be guided by a high idea of its nobleness and dignity. Although material, the human body is elevated far above all other material things by reason of its intimate association with that which is spiritual — its association with an imperishable, an immortal soul. Fashioned by the divine mind and moulded by the divine hand, the body of man is unique amidst the works of creation. It is distinct from every other form of material existence. Erect it stands, nobleness is stamped upon its brow, grace is visible in every limb, and beauty, like the azure blue reflected in ocean's depths, is imbedded in every lineament. Such is the human body, the temple in which God has enshrined an immortal soul. Nature has done much to adorn this temple, but she demands of its inmate to help in the completion of her work. By our acts we can co-operate with nature in her work, or we can play the part of vandals, wantonly despoiling our bodies of all that would adorn them.

As rational beings we are bound to subordinate the body to the soul, the material to the spiritual, the physical to the intellectual. But this subordination by no means implies that we should neglect that which is secondary. Some men give themselves almost exclusively to the development of their intellectual faculties utterly neglecting their physical life. Health is sacrificed in their unreasonable haste to become wise, but long before they have reached their object they fall by the wayside, the victims of their own imprudence. Others entirely neglecting that which is noble and God-like within them, give their entire thought to the body and its pleasures. These devote all their time and efforts to the development of their



physical powers, making that which should be a means to live a moral and intellectual life the sole object of their desires. These two classes of men act unreasonably—the latter by making that which is only of secondary importance the primary object of their life, and the former by neglecting that which in itself is of subordinate importance, but which, by reason of its close connection with the nobler life of man, is very necessary. A wise man, therefore, will avoid these two extremes and treat his body with due care, attention and respect, in order that it may be at all times a fit abode for his immortal soul. Acting thus we will be better qualified to lead a nobler and more intellectual life and, consequently, better prepared to fulfill our mission in life.

---

The degree of importance attached at the present day to athletics as a factor in the development of the student, has given rise to much criticism—partly favorable and partly adverse. Despite all unfavorable comment athletics have come to stay. Our American universities and colleges are fully convinced of the fact that athletics, when properly controlled and directed, may be powerful factors in the improvement of the intellectual and moral faculties. In consequence, we find physical culture firmly established in nearly all our leading educational institutions. It is certainly the imperative duty of every institution whose aim is education, to aid in the development of the moral, intellectual and physical powers of its students. One which neglects any of these powers is not fulfilling its mission. The opinion formerly so prevalent—that a student should devote all his time while at college to his studies alone has happily long since been abandoned and, as a result, the schools of America today are supplying our country with young men far better able to wrestle with the stern realities of life; men far better prepared to use their knowledge to advantage than were their predecessors of old. Experience teaches us that the condition of the body has much to do with the activity of the mind. When the former is weak and sickly, the latter generally loses much of its force and energy and becomes stagnant and unprogressive. A little prudence, a little foresight, even should it occasion a diminution of speed, will advance a student much more than a blind dash, which may force him to stop for repairs. Many young men, who, on en-



tering college, are glowing with life and health, leave it after many years of hard study, broken down in health; in fact, physical wrecks, useless to themselves and a burden to others—principally because they have failed in their duty towards their bodies. They have neglected to take bodily exercise. Every student, therefore, should consider it one of his most important duties to take proper care of his body. In the development of his physical life he should be no less in earnest than in that of his intellectual life, always regulating himself by the motto, “mens sana in corpore sano,” but taking particular care never to attach greater importance to the “healthy body” than to the “sound mind.”

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## OPERETTA—ST. COLUMBKILLE.

To say that the production of Father Marsile's operetta, St. Columbkille, in Chicago, March 17, was a brilliant success, both artistically and financially, is to remain easily within the limits of sober truth. The large gathering of alumni and friends who filled Powers' theater to witness the play was both an inspiration to the players and an evidence of the fine appreciation with which Chicago greeted the artistic entertainment furnished by the students. The dramatic critic of the Chicago Herald in the issue of March 18, declared the operetta a "coherent and tuneful production, employing a large cast; its three acts had a good deal of dash and go in them, martial music, the strains accompanying deadly combat and then lighter and more sympathetic melodies." It was a common comment



Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.  
President of St. Viateur's College and author of operetta,  
"St. Columbkille."

Messrs. Feely and L'Ecuyer, and Masters Birren and Monahan, had to respond to a curtain call.

that the young amateurs were finely trained in acting, in singing and dancing, and that the costuming was both most appropriate and effective. Many of the scenic effects were of such peculiar grace, force and brilliancy as to make one fancy himself in beauteous dreamland. The well put and well spoken words of the text were frequently applauded, and many of the songs and dances were insistently recalled. The more pathetic and dramatic parts of the play moistened many eyes and evoked many an audible sigh. The impressively tragic music and acting of the killing scene in the first act were excellently rendered and made such an effective dramatic climax that the actors,







The awful solemnity of the scene in which Columbkille receives the tidings of his excommunication was almost oppressive. All applause subsided into a perfect hush, which was relieved only by the pious song of Columbkille's monks and school children, who prayed so lovingly for their father in his dire distress that heaven must hearken to their voices. In the next scene Columbkille accepted the mission of preaching the gospel to the Picts, saying: "For an Irishman nothing is grander than to be an apostle." King Diarmid was also applauded when he made the magnanimous sacrifice of his son, Baithan: "Go," said he, "with Columbkille. I had raised you for the throne and have taught you how to be a king of men; but go to the nobler conquest of souls!"

The coronation scene, in the third act, was a display of brilliant splendor. Aidan, in regal robes, soldiers and courtiers in gala apparel, graceful pages, troops of bright children, gaily dancing and singing to the tripping tune of festive music, the now venerable and saintly Columbkille in robes of glittering gold-cloth, crowning and blessing the king—this whole scene, bathed as it was in a flood of light, which brought out with vividness every tint and every fold of the many-colored costumes and every move of the hundred personages that filled the great hall, all resonant as it was now with merry song, now with the eloquent accents of the white-haired Columbkille, thanking God for what had been accomplished and invoking blessings upon the newly converted nation—all this, we fancied, offered a noble picture of one of the many triumphs of Christianity, the conversion of a people to the conquering faith of Christ.

The next scene, too, in which the king proposed to silence forever the bards and their harps, was excellently interpreted. The king was vehement and determined; the bards were indignant; the wise Columbkille, lover of national poetry and music, intervened, and, by his persuasive accents, won the cause of the bardic order. The crowning of the triumphant harp was enacted with such spirit and grace as could make one feel that this beautiful national instrument must surely now ever remain in the hands of Ireland's sons, to echo the glories and the woes of their country.

The audience, captivated from the beginning by the brilliancy of the scenes presented, soon grew deeply interested in the events which succeeded each other as the life of the saint gradually unfold-



ed itself before their eyes. At first they saw the yet quite human Columbkille, impulsive, but generous, struggling against the strong resentment of a still more impulsive and less generous king; they followed him through the exultation of a worldly success and through the severe trial that ripens him for an apostleship demanding the sacrifice of his beloved Ireland forever; finally, they saw him in his old age, transformed into a model of meekness and of kindly gentleness, and while bending beneath the weight of years, now crowned with a halo of more than earthly wisdom; they saw him, the saint, God's finished work among men, preaching, praying, gently comforting all, blessing all—and still fighting—but so gently and holily fighting for a goodly cause that all must applaud the beautiful triumph of the cause and the saintliness of the pleader.

Mr. Paul Wiltlach, an alumnus of the college, now literary advertiser of Mansfield, assisted at the play, and was delighted by the students' performance. Being himself the author of several plays now being produced, he admired the literary excellence of the text; he considered King Diarmid a finished actor and was quite taken with the singing and acting of Masters C. Ost and G. Easterbrook.

When the curtain went down upon the last scene, there were repeated calls for "Father Marsile!" The reverend librettist responded and, in a few well-chosen remarks, attributed the success of the operetta to the inspiration of the day and of Ireland, its poetry, its music, its scholars and its saints. Next he thanked the ladies who had lent the undertaking the power of their names, a power which proved so irresistible that it had brought this large and distinguished audience. He assured the alumni, "his dear boys," of the warm affection he ever retained for them, and, thanking all for their generous encouragement, he would not, as last year, say "au revoir," deeming he had sufficiently taxed the generosity of the people of Chicago, who are as open-handed and high-mined as their city is, in all ways, great.

The following is the programme:

#### Cast of Characters.

Columbkille . . . . .	D. A. Feely
Diarmid, King of Tara . . . . .	R. A. L'Ecuyer
Baithan, Diarmid's Son . . . . .	John Monahan
King O'Donnell . . . . .	T. A. Cosgrove
King of Connaught . . . . .	M. L. Casey

Aidan, King of Caledonia .....	J. P. Carey
Doran, {	Elmer Russell
Drosdan, { Aidan's Sons. ....	Frank Smith
Hector, {	Orion Ford
Finnian, Bishop .....	Michael Cotter
Brenden .....	Frank Byrne
Kiernan, Prince of Connaught .....	Albert Birren
Mochonna, Chief Bard .....	William Cleary
Fargall, {	William Moran
Innsfall, { Bards .....	Thomas Ward
Kenneth, {	William Maher
Kildare, { Monks....	Frank Rainey
Kevin .....	Richard Wuerst
Fernan .....	Ray Daley
Malruve .....	O. W. Ford
Kilda .....	A. Birren
Virtues.....	Francis Dougherty
	Charles Ost
	George Easterbrooks
Angel .....	A. Birren
Lords, Monks, Soldiers, Children.	

### Synopsis of Play.

Act I.—Columbkille condemned by King Diarmid to restore to Abbot Finnian the copy of the Psalter. King Diarmid kills Kieran, son of King of Connaught, who has fled to Columbkille for protection.

Act II.—Martial rejoicings of united forces of Kings of Connaught and O'Donnell, who have defeated King Diarmid. Columbkille receives sentence of excommunication for his participation in so much bloodshed. Announcement of his life work as the apostle of the Picts. His dignities are restored. He resolves to leave Ireland forever.

Act III.—After many years of apostolic labors among the Picts, Columbkille, with much solemnity, crowns their king, Aidan. He pleads for the maintenance of the bardic order. Apotheosis of the harp. Columbkille invokes blessings on Scotland and Ireland.



**PATRONESSES.**

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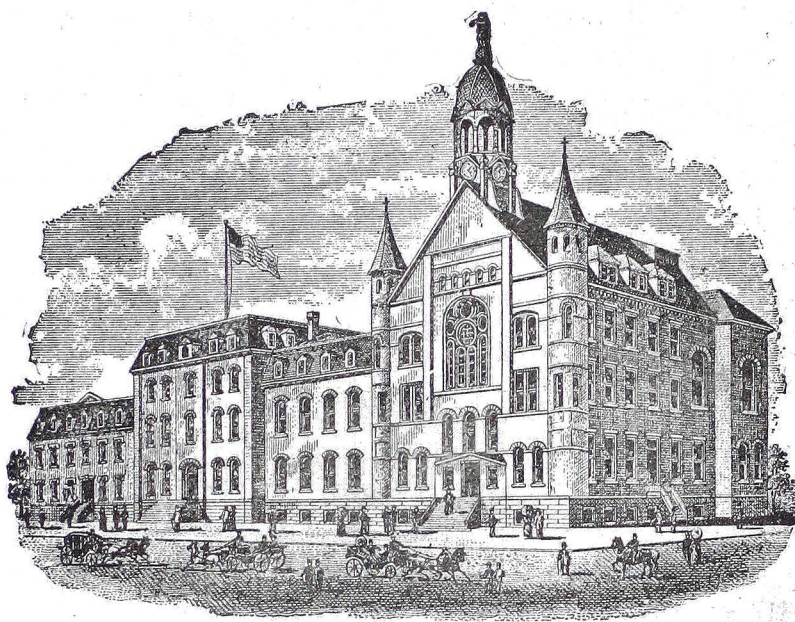
Mesdames—

Carter H. Harrison,  
 Dr. Anna Dwyer,  
 Napoleon Picard,  
 D. B. Scully,  
 L. J. Ollier,  
 Patrick J. Madden,  
 John Shea,  
 R. Christie,  
 John Fortune,  
 A. J. Moody,  
 H. J. Legris,  
 Edward Hines,  
 John McCarty,  
 M. B. Benner,  
 Charles Plomondon,  
 Mrs. J. G. Condon,  
 James Sackley,  
 John Kehoe,  
 John O'Connell,  
 S. MacCarthy,  
 W. P. Henneberry,  
 W. J. Moley,  
 Joseph Pomeroy,  
 E. Letourneau,  
 A. D. Plomondon,  
 Norberry,  
 Susan O'Connell,  
 M. J. Labonte,  
 J. E. Thorndyke,  
 R. J. Piper,  
 Henry V. O'Brien,  
 Edward M. Lahiff,  
 J. B. P. Boyle,  
 Dr. Whalen,  
 Katherine Hughes,  
 Catherine Page,  
 Richard Wolfe,  
 John Bannahan,  
 William Swain,

Joseph F. Kelley,  
 J. Amberg Ward,  
 P. Lichleiter,  
 J. A. Knisely,  
 Frank Devlin,  
 William Lorimer,  
 John McNichols,  
 John Gallery,  
 D. M. Goodwillie,  
 R. Walsh,  
 M. J. Corboy,  
 John McMahon,  
 Owen Fay,  
 Frank A. Moody,  
 Lawrence Reed,  
 John Dadie,  
 Theodore O'Connell,  
 Thomas Gallagher,  
 John P. McGrath,  
 James Cagney,  
 Chris Mamer,  
 J. G. Murphy,  
 C. Legris,  
 James Monaghan,  
 Harry Stubbs,  
 B. McDevitt,  
 F. E. Legris,  
 Edward Hudson,  
 Joseph Bidwell,  
 J. Barry,  
 T. P. Sullivan,  
 J. J. Dolan,  
 John Carden,  
 W. C. H. Keough,  
 H. J. Devine,  
 Theodore Price,  
 D. F. Burke,  
 Grant Paltee,  
 Lensky,

Dr. Walsh,  
Margaret G. Conley,  
T. J. Rice,  
J. B. Shiel,  
Charles Moody,  
Dennis Sattler,  
J. J. Morrison,  
N. S. Farrington.

Theresa Lutz,  
William Fortune,  
Thomas Barrett,  
J. Z. Bergeron, ,  
A. J. Graham,  
J. B. Murphy,  
E. J. Dwyer,



### THE OPERETTA, PRESENTED IN KANKAKEE AND AT THE COLLEGE.

The initial production of the operetta, "St. Columbkille," was given at the Arcade opera house, in Kankakee, on the evening of March 11th. This was followed by its presentation on the college stage, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 15th. On both occasions a select audience was present—that at the college being one of the largest that ever witnessed a play in the gymnasium hall. Although these renditions were but rehearsals preparatory to the presentation in Chicago, March 17th, yet the hearty reception of the new operetta by those who were prepared for something excellent by the operetta of last year, made those interested rest assured that a magnificent triumph awaited the author, the musical director and the principal actors, upon their appearance at Powers' theater, on



St. Patrick's Day. It is unnecessary to go into details here, as those who distinguished themselves in Kankakee or at the college, surpassed their past records in the production in Chicago, an account of which is given on another page. We append the list of Kankakee patronesses, whom we sincerely thank for their generous assistance. The patronesses were:

## Mesdames—

John Anderson,  
B. S. Clapp,  
E. Deslauries,  
William Fraser,  
A. L. Granger,  
Clarence Holt,  
L. P. Lecour,  
A. Letourneau,  
W. A. McGillis,  
D. H. Paddock,  
A. E. Rondy,  
J. B. Smith,  
Frank Turk,  
Lawrence Babst,  
Howard Corbus,  
James Dolan,  
H. Goussett,  
Frank Holmes,  
Thomas Kerr,  
C. Legris,  
Frank Lockwood,  
Walter McLaughlin,  
Clarence Patrick,  
Frank Savoie,  
O. B. Spencer,  
B. F. Uran,

W. C. Babst,  
H. L. Crawford,  
Charles Ehrich,  
Warren Hickox,  
Andrew Kerr,  
Anna LeCompte,  
Harvey Legris,  
Albert Lueth,  
Fred Martin,  
Joseph Peschel,  
Donald Sinclair,  
Joseph St. Louis,  
Walter Vanderwater,  
J. Archibald Brown,  
I. Creehan,  
P. H. Elcan,  
George Granger,  
W. W. Huckins,  
E. A. Lecour,  
F. E. Legris,  
John Lueth,  
I. E. Neff,  
Lyle Rankin,  
James Sinclair,  
H. L. Taylor,  
D. K. Walker.

## Misses—

Leah Brosseau,  
Mary Daly,  
Gertrude Nugent,  
Bertha Uran,  
Rose Cruise,  
Louise Lecour,  
Belle Swannell.

Rachel Cruise,  
Nellie Lavery,  
Nanette Rondy,  
Louise Breckenridge,  
Amelia Fortin,  
Dea Rankin,

## EXCHANGES.

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It is, indeed, a source of pleasure to see that a great number of our February and early March exchanges have ably eulogized in prose and verse those two great leaders and grand characters, each evidently providential, Leo XIII. and Washington. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontificate of the one and the birthday of the other, were certainly occasions full of inspiration.

---

The "Notre Dame Scholastic" continues to be one of the most instructive and entertaining of our exchanges. It is almost impossible to give a just appreciation of its many excellent features in the few lines at our disposal. Each week it spreads before its readers a pleasing variety of verse, fact and fiction, while its editorial column is commendable for appropriateness of subjects, vigor of thought and charming simplicity of style. The orations on "Hamilton" and "Washington" are praiseworthy for the convincing and interesting manner in which they are written; though, to our mind, they appear a little prosy. The former we consider a shade the better. The ode to "Leo XIII." is a fine piece of poetical composition, and is a real credit to the journal. Though quite lengthy, it is, nevertheless, well sustained and scholarly throughout. The absence of the exchange column is the only drawback of an otherwise model college journal, the "Scholastic."

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We have before us the February number of the "Georgetown College Journal," and at best we think the issue but a fair one, notwithstanding the spirit of patriotism pervading it. Although the ex-man of the "Georgetown" demands the equality of the essay and short story in college journalism, yet this journal makes the latter predominate in this number and, if we mistake not, has done likewise in former ones. The essay on "Washington's Visit to Georgetown College," is a composition which, for literary merit, both in thought and style, is far superior to any of the three "short stories" that follow. It is more timely, more instructive and just as pleasing and entertaining. Then come those delicious stories—three of them, "Captain Delaney," the "Astuteness of Aubrey" and the "Rosemont Mystery." The style of these stories is not bad,



but we are forced to admit that we did not derive any intellectual pleasure or moral benefit from them. We consider the first the best of a bad lot, the last a very ordinary attempt at spinning a yarn. As for the second, we do not wish to give our appreciation of it. The reason of this severe criticism is based on the fact that these stories neither produce any real intellectual pleasure nor impart any sound moral lesson.

We do not at all wish to include in one sweeping condemnation all short stories. Not at all; on the contrary, we think that a good short story, well written and calculated to instruct, or impart a moral, is a desirable factor of a college journal—something which adds variety and finish to it. But we are now speaking against the abuse of short stories. The ex-man of the "Georgetown Journal," in his plea for more of the short story, says that "in the vast majority of college journals, there is an absurdly undue amount of space allotted to the essay over the story." On this point we politely beg to differ from him. It is, I believe, presumed and generally admitted, that the college journal is, and ought to be, the intellectual exponent of the knowledge and work of the students, the common voice, so to speak, of the students, as such. If, then, the college journal is intended to encourage the students in their efforts and to display their work, it should not be a matter of surprise, much less of displeasure, to find in it those productions which represent the work of the students in history, in science, in music, in literature and even in philosophy. Since it cannot be claimed that any educational institution attaches more importance to fiction alone than to all other branches combined, we do not consider the majority of our exchanges unreasonable because they subordinate the short story to the essay.

The majority of college essays are objectionable to the ex-man of the "Georgetown College Journal" because of their nauseating dryness, commonplaces and platitudinousness. Well, as to their nauseousness, that depends more upon the mental habits of the reader than upon the composition itself. Pope, I believe, somewhere talks about "bad stomachs, which, nauseating all, nothing can digest." So, likewise, there are some minds which are incapable of assimilating anything that savors of intellectual food. You may talk about the "commonplaces" and "platitudinousness" of the college essay as much as you wish, but you will very often find that



the short story literally overflows with them. On the one hand we have read but very, very few college stories that were original in anything save the nonsense which they contained and the audacity of the writer who rashly rushed them into print; while, on the other, we certainly have perused essays which were at once convincing, logical and largely original.

The ex-man in question also says that the essay writers in college journals consider their productions as profoundly thoughtful and learned and, consequently, difficult to review. We may be prejudiced, or too optimistic, but we are inclined to think that, as a rule, the college essay-writer has not such an opinion of his work; but, on the contrary, regards it as the feeble effort of a beginner in the field of literature or science—as something weak and defective. But be this as it may, the essays of college journals certainly display a thousand times more learning and intellectual ability than those cheap “short stories” which are not bad enough to find a place in a Tip-Top Weekly, nor good enough to appear in a college journal. By the way, Georgetown Ex-man, it would not be beneath your magisterial dignity to advance a few reasons in support of your position with regard to the short story. You know, we are apt to deny the force of your bald assertions in its favor. Your pitifully feeble denunciation of the essay, **alone, will not** suffice to convince your readers.

Despite the fact that such a large part of its space is taken up with three such stories as those mentioned, the February number is not without its redeeming features. In its poems, as is usual with those that appear in the “Georgetown Journal,” there are lofty ideas, which are not less beautifully expressed than they are poetically conceived. Its editorials also are well written.

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One of the best balanced of our February exchanges is the “Laurel.” We have read with interest all its essays, and we consider “The Rising Tide of Crime” and “Territorial Improvement” the two best, both for strength and broadness of views, and forcible expression of thought. “Caritas” is a very thoughtful and well written poem. The exchange column is in exceedingly able hands.

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There is a poem in the February “College Index” entitled the



"Maiden's Song," which, in our opinion, deserves the first prize among the poems of our recent exchanges.

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"Realist or Idealist," in the Holy Cross Purple is far too large a subject for the amount of space which the writer had at his disposal. We think the writer would have succeeded better if he had taken up Dante's realism alone and shown its main features in one essay; and then had in another paper pointed out his idealism. We read with more satisfaction "The Moral Consequences of Agnosticism," and with interest "The Awakening of John Grey." We commend the Holy Cross Purple for complying with the general wish of its contemporaries in the matter of an exchange column.

W. J. MAHER, '04.

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#### THE REVIEW OF CATHOLIC PEDAGOGY.

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The exposition of shams, the denunciation of any attempts to further withdraw the management of public schools from the influence of the parent, the people or the school board; agitation in behalf of higher and more thorough education in letters, philosophy, science and art for Americans; insistence upon the necessity of the religious element in the education of the masses, the consequent incompleteness of the public school curriculum, such as it exists to-day; the discussion of the best methods for imparting knowledge; the able treatment of psychological subjects in their many-sided connection with the development of human knowledge; all these are among the *raisons d'etre* of Father Judge's ably-edited new magazine of psychology and pedagogy.

There are important educational problems asking for solution in France, England and Ireland, in Canada and in our own country. A magazine of this kind has at this hour a special providential mission to fulfill. It will speak learnedly, wisely, authoritatively of topics upon which all should be safely informed. It will help to create a healthier public opinion among the learned, and through these it must help to diffuse throughout the entire mass of the people more dispassionate views, broader ideas, truer convictions, better tendencies and nobler aspirations. We gladly welcome this

capable review and while heartily congratulating the scholarly editors upon the creditable work thus far accomplished, we wish them all the patronage, encouragement and success which their educational apostleship deserves. We regret to be obliged to remark, however, that such a tactless and uncalled for sneer at the so-called "little colleges" as occurs on page 281 of the March number of the Review is more apt to injure the dignity of the Review than to hurt the colleges.

The "Review of Catholic Pedagogy" is published at 637 S. Harding Ave., Chicago; the subscription price is \$2.50 a year.

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### PERSONALS.

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Most Rev. J. E. Quigley, D. D., archbishop of Chicago, will preside at the commencement exercise on June 18th.

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Rev. Father Joly, Manitoba, Canada, was the guest of the reverend president in the early part of the month.

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Rev. Father Beaudoin, C. S. V., is once more enjoying good health. He has just recovered from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

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Rev. J. H. Nawn, St. Mary's church, Chicago, preached on St. Patrick, at St. Mary's cathedral, Peoria, on March 17th. As this engagement prevented him from being present at the operetta in Chicago, Father Nawn availed himself of the opportunity of witnessing it at the college on March 15th.

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Rev. Father Whalen, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Ill., visited the college recently.

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Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., director of the Holy Name school, Chicago, delivered a lecture on "The Mission of St. Patrick," at the entertainment given, on March 17, by the parishioners of St. John's church, at Clinton, Ill.

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Rev. Brother Lenartz, C. S. V., is making his immediate prep-



aration for his ordination, which will take place in the early part of June.

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Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D., preached in St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., on Leo XIII., on the occasion of the Supreme Pontiff's jubilee.

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Rev. Fathers Barrodet and Fortier, of St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada, recently called on Rev. Father Marsile and other friends at St. Viateur's. These reverend fathers were lately engaged in mission work at Notre Dame church, Chicago, and St. Rose's church, Kankakee.

---

Rev. Brother Raymond, C. S. V., has been temporarily stationed at St. Viateur's Normal Institute, to take the place of Rev. Bro. Lenartz, who is preparing for ordination.

---

Rev. Bro. Beauchene, C. S. V., is assisting Rev. F. X. Chowinard, C. S. V., St. George, Ill., in the preparation of his first communion class.

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Rev. M. J. Dooling, Clinton, Ill., and Rev. J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill., were present at the operetta when presented on the college stage.

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Rev. J. Callahan, Butte, Montana, visited his friends at the college, the first part of the month.

---

Mr. J. Parker was shaking hands with his old acquaintances and friends at the college during the last week of March.

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At the ordinations which took place in Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, on March 27 and 28, three young men from St. Viateur's received orders: Rev. M. Cotter, deaconship, and Rev. E. Kowalewski and Rev. P. Pyterek, priesthood. Father Kowalewski celebrated his first mass at St. Joseph's Polish church and Father Pyterek, at St. Stanislaus' church, Chicago. We congratulate them upon their promotion and wish the young Levites success in the ministry.

Those who had the good fortune of being present at the operetta in Chicago, had the pleasure of meeting many of the alumni of St. Viateur's who turned out en masse to cheer the efforts of their brother collegians. The clergy of Chicago and vicinity and also the religious orders, both of men and women, were well represented at the operetta. We are sorry that our limited space will not allow a particular mention of the old students who were brought in touch with their former professors on St. Patrick's Day.

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### ATHLETICS.

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Now that spring has come, athletics at St. Viateur's have assumed a different aspect and are becoming livelier every day. Baseball, of course, is the sport of all absorbing interest at present and will continue to be such until the end of the scholastic year. The average college boy is naturally a baseball crank, and these days of early spring see him "warming up," or "getting in form," for the coming season. The questions on every tongue are, what kind of a ball team are we going to have to represent us on the diamond this year, who are going to be in it? Are the seniors going to have a league this year, as in former years? What outside teams is the big nine going to play? To all these we can reply most favorably.

The prospects for having a good college nine, a representative team that will see that the "old gold and purple" wave high in the breeze of victory, while not as brilliant as last season, are certainly bright. Although a few of last year's hitting and fielding stars are not with us for this season, still, several of the very best men of the 1902 team remain to form the nucleus of another first-class nine. We are indeed fortunate in having Captain Martin again to lead the fellows to victory from the pitcher's rubber. A mighty wielder of the stick, he has very few superiors among the college slab artists of the West. Each game he pitches his speed increases, his curves widen and his control becomes more perfect. Justly do the boys place great hopes in him for the coming season and we are sure they will not be disappointed. McDonald will be again the guardian of the second bag. We need not comment on his playing, for its excellence is known to all. Suffice it to say he has shown himself to be a finished infielder, a neat place hitter, a sure thrower and all around heady player.



The brilliant Sheil will make things lively once more at short. All are aware of the ability of this young man as a ball player. It would be no exaggeration to say that he fields a la Jimmy Collins and throws a la Lave Cross. Cool-headed and determined, he handles the stick well for the young player he is. With him to play the position, short is a sure thing.

Carey once more will occupy the center garden. A good fielder and fine thrower, he is probably the Keller of the team at the bat, and has a good head.

Besides these seasoned players, there is a lot of new material to rely on. Holland, Hickey, Burke and many others will be strong in the race for positions and any one of them has a splendid chance to make the team.

The regular league of the Senior A. A. has been formed and consists of six nines, of which Keefe, Sheil, Dailey, Burke, Holland and Kelly are the captains. It is to be hoped that the race for the pennant will be as interesting and enthusiastic as in former years.

The ability of Mr. Frank Holland as an athletic organizer and manager is well known by all the students from his relations with the indoor team. Mr. Holland is now contemplating the organization of a field and track team, in which we are confident he will be as successful as in his former undertakings in the athletic line. Anxiously do we await the realization of his commendable scheme.

We append the baseball schedule, which is as follows:

April 18—American Medical College at St. Viateur's.

April 25—Onarga Seminary, at Onarga.

May 2.—Lewis Institute, at St. Viateurs.

May 9.—Morgan Park, at St. Viateur's.

May 16.—North Division, at St. Viateur's.

May 30.—Armour Institute, at St. Viateur's.

June 6.—St. Vincent's College, in Chicago.

May 23rd and June 13th are open dates, which, when filled, will in all probability find the team away from home. M. J. W.

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### VIATORIANA.

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O, Mercy!  
Income tax.

The Orioles.

The Olympian games.

Where are you going, Easter?

Springtime is here again.

Young man, go West and make your fortune.

P.—This is no sophistry. It is a sample of my sound philosophy.

K.—Your philosophy certainly is all **sound**.

J. H. (deeply interested in reading the "Black Cat")—The profundity of this book exhausts the power of my judgment.

Alex.—Go on. You haven't enough judgment to give a mosquito a headache.

Wisdom.—This reminds me of the other side of the river.

Nonsense.—How long were you there?

Will.—Do you think his fame as a writer will endure?

Dick.—I am afraid not. Nobody ever asked him for the pen with which he wrote anything.

During a recent visit to the asylum, one of our bright students, comparing his time with that of the clock in the main corridor, said to his companion: "Wonder if that clock is right?" "No, you idiot," said a patient standing by, "it wouldn't be in here if it were."

Joe had the honor of registering at the auditorium while he was in Chicago. In remembrance of this glorious event he carries about in his vest pocket a dainty toothpick (about half the size of any ordinary one) which he intends to place on exhibition when he returns to Escanaba.

As a compensation for the time spent in reading the above prosaic jokes, we print the following poetic effusion, taken from the dainty little volume entitled "Gems of Poetic Thought," written during leisure moments by the poet laureate of the study hall, who may be found at his desk whenever he cannot be elsewhere:

### The Handsome Man.

His face was like the lily,

His heart was like the rose;

His eyes were like the heavens,

Where the sunlight always glows.



On Friday afternoon, March 13, the baseball season was formally begun at St. Viateur's College, when Manager P. J. K.'s crack Orioles crossed bats with the Escanabites, of Michigan. Owing to the extensive advertising that had been done, an immense crowd filled the grandstand and bleachers to view the game, and it was even found necessary to place the field itself at the disposal of the spectators, so huge was the throng. This greatly hindered the star outfielders from covering as much ground as usual, but they didn't complain, since they realized that they had to submit to the inevitable. With practically all the crowd within the inclosure, at 1:55 p. m. the Orioles jumped into the field through the west gate, with Manager K. and Captain Sullivan in the lead, and Tascott, the poodle mascot, between them. Cheer after cheer greeted his team, until, fearing lest the very beams of the stands should be rent asunder by such vociferous applause, Manager K. stepped forward, with hat in hand, and made a speech, thanking all for so rousing a reception and bidding them welcome to our grounds. The Orioles were shortly after followed by the victorious Wolverine aggregation, who entered by the east gate and were also received with cheers. Everything was now in readiness for the game; carriages, bicycles and automobiles were in safe keeping in the park, just behind the third base bleachers; the crowd had ceased pouring in; score cards, with the correct batting order of both teams, were in the hands of nearly all; the final "stretch" before the beginning of the game was taken; both teams were through practicing; the bell, announcing the beginning of the "big show," was sounded. The game had begun.

The Orioles were first to bat and were retired in one, two, three order; likewise the Escanabites in their half of the first. Neither side scored until the fifth, when Captain Sullivan stepped to the plate and laced a three-sacker far into the left garden. Mgr. K. followed with a "homer" over the back fence. Pete W. doubled to right, Jim D. bunted safely, Charles C. was given a pass to first. Three on bases. Willie C. is up. The second ball thrown he meets squarely and plunks it out to the club house for four bags. Spectators wild in their applause. Next three men up retired quickly. No scoring done after the fifth, in the last half of which the Wolverines succeeded in crossing plate twice. Score—Orioles, 6; Escanabites, 2.

S. S.



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