

ST. VIATEUR'S
COLLEGE JOURNAL

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 2.

ST. VIATEUR'S
COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE STUDENTS
BY

U. S. PUBLISHING & PRINTING CO.,
Suite 434 & 435 Manhattan Bldg.,
315 Dearborn St., - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

Edited by the Students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais
Grove, Ill.

Subscription price, - - - One Dollar per Year.
Payable in Advance,

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

“I would like to get a good education, but I hate to be shut up in a college,” some one says. Now the college is but a means to an education, to an *end*, a philosopher would say, and as He who wills an end also wills the means to that end, more philosophy, it is evident that the person above does not desire an education; if he did he would include the necessary appendages.

* * *

The development of the finer traits of man is a difficult work. Like the raising of delicate plants, it requires skill and experience. We may kill our choicest plant by *too much* care; neglect is still more fatal. So in drawing out and molding into form the character of youth, the greatest tact is necessary. Kind words must be the moisture and a loving heart the sunshine, with

which to effect the growth and perfection of the most precious of flowers—human character.

* * *

If one attempts to analyse the philosophical *Ego* he finds it a difficult task; but if he be given to observation he soon realizes the powerful demonstration given to what we might call the physical or practical *Ego*. The beginning is I—a very large capital I, too, and is followed up by a declaration of what the aforesaid *I* can, would, should, or might do. At this point your interest awakens. You watch the progress of the *I*, and as our language is a very copious one, *I*, fails not in what constitutes his stock in trade—words. By the time the first act of the drama, in which *I* is the star, troupe and orchestra combined, is over, you have heard him picture a person, before whom Julius Cæsar or Napoleon would grow pale and tremble, because the hero is a warrior from away up the stream.

Other instalments follow, till he becomes so convinced of his own bigness that he must needs show that bigness by grinding up and blowing to the winds of heaven all the great persons and things that ever existed; and so he doth. It's

a great day for him when he appears in his favorite role, and he feels it, too. He soon gets to that point where he finds that he is the center of a circle, which is called the world, and not long after he discovers that he is the ring around the same center.

He feels a little disappointed to think that all men have done is to win battles, make states, paint pictures, or write books. Of course *Ego* doesn't stoop down to things of that sort. He is to be the achiever of the unachieved, but delays operations till some final arrangements have been concluded. He can do his work; why, certainly, he could do it with one hand behind his back, and he is going to do it, too.

Now the above-mentioned *Ego* is not, of course, a person that is called Tom, Dick or Harry; moreover, he doesn't assume so horrid a shape, but he does occasionally allow his harsh voice to grate on a suffering public, by howling about things he can do and has done, when you know well that at present he is doing nothing, and seems to have a monopoly on the business.

It seems that some are content to manifest their *Ego* to the world by their tongue rather than by deeds, yet deeds are the only things that live.

Now while there are some that simply take your breath away by relating their wonderful capabilities, there are others who neither boast nor act. To feel that one is able to do something good or great, is the

first incentive to great deeds. Not to have even an aspiration, a desire at least, of doing something upon which to leave the impress of one's own individuality, is to acknowledge that one is perfectly destitute of talent or ambition, without which success is impossible. A lamentable state, indeed! To aspire to things beyond one's means or talents is rash, but to be everlastingly boasting of what one did or will do is disgusting, and is a fault that calls neither for pity nor assistance, unless, perhaps, the assistance of an overgrown boot.

Still, we all boast. It cannot be about great works, either, since all true greatness brings abundant praise; it must be, then, about very commonplace things that we toot our horns, things which, because done by the boaster, seem to be immense undertakings.

Oh, we are a queer crowd. "What fools these mortals be." We shall hardly ever appreciate the depth and truth of Puck's judgment.

SYNOPTICAL REVIEW OF PROPERTY.

SECOND ESSAY—HOW WE MAY POSSESS

In our first paper on the all-important subject above mentioned, we stated the reason why men may possess. In the present essay we propose to show the various ways in which man may acquire property and hold it as his own.

The first acquisition of property which belongs not to another re-

quires four conditions to make the occupation lawful, viz. a *free activity*, so that by a moral act a human right may arise with its moral effects; an *external activity*, or manifestation of the intention to take possession; the *intention of excluding others* sufficiently expressed; and *effective activity* which may determine well the thing possessed and distinguish it from others not occupied. In the external manifestation of the intention, the taking possession can be effected either really or figuratively, if clear signs be given; and any particular fact will constitute a sufficient title of right, if that right emanates from human personality; if that fact is of itself fit to put that right into action; if it is honest, and if by its nature capable of making the action manifest. The very foundation of the right of property is not something extrinsic to man, a civil law, or an agreement with other men, but it is really intrinsic in him and natural that he should provide for the necessities which are sure to meet him on his way towards his last essential end. Such is the right of personality. The Socialist of to-day declares that property is nothing but theft from the community, just the same as if private property did not exist anterior to the community. It is absurd to say that in the beginning all things were common as the positive collective property of a corporation; they were simply not property at all, or negative property, to be taken possession of by the first individual

who should come along and lay claim to them.

When a man desirous of acquiring property takes possession of certain lands or goods which before belonged to no one, fences, cultivates, enhances and makes them multiply in produce, certainly such an effective occupation is evidently fit to create for that man the right of possession and to manifest his actual intention of acquiring and retaining that right for himself; and the more so since no one receives injury therefrom. This is in fact fittingly putting the right of personality into action, and making the effective occupation manifest. Property abandoned, or goods lost without hope of finding the former owner, can be taken possession of in the same way.

Accession and *prescription* are sufficient titles for acquiring property. By the former is meant an addition to, or increase of, a corporeal substance by conjunction, growth, or labor, so that what becomes thus augmented may appear as one and the same. The owner of property increased in such a way has a right to the part or thing added, or the improvement, so long as that thing is not converted into a different species, as grapes made into wine. The gradual alluvial increase of earth on the shore or bank of a river by the action of waters becomes the property of him who owns the land upon which the deposits are made. The laborer has a right to the improvement effected

by his labor, nor is the land-owner justified in raising the rents of his tenants whenever the latter through their industry and toil reclaim and bring into an arable state lands which were barren, wild, and uncultivated. It is such a crying injustice put in practice by wholesale for years that is the cause of almost all of the agrarian trouble and crime of the nineteenth century. If the rents be increased, adequate compensation should be made for labor done.

Prescription is a right guaranteed by the sanction of civil law, when, during a sufficient length of time there is a continued possession in good faith, so that this may be considered equivalent to the rightful occupation of derelict goods or property. For instance, land settled upon and held in undisputed possession for a certain number of years, twenty or thirty, or thereabouts, becomes by prescription the rightful property of the occupier, and the government cannot interfere with it under ordinary circumstances. The term prescription has been also applied in a few countries to denote what is called *limitation*, or the lapse of time as barring actions upon contracts, at the expiration of which definite period obligations cease or titles are protected. Debt that has been due for a certain number of years—six years are generally sufficient for oral, twenty for written contracts, but the time varies in countries, and in America in states—without having the note re-

newed during all that time, becomes outlawed and forfeited to the creditor.

From the foregoing arises through the natural law the hereditary right of children to the paternal goods left intestate. It is, of course, evident that donation constitutes a sufficient title, but what we assert is that when the father of a family dies intestate all his effects and real estate go directly to the family, for he was the head thereof, both he and it forming in themselves a real society, and possessing their goods in common. It is granted by all that society cannot exist without a head, and when the one dies another is substituted in his place; but in the case of the family no one can succeed unless the children, when there are any. The members of the human family are not so much single individuals as single families, of which the fathers are the chiefs, providers and directors; and if when they die, some stranger were to be put in their place to the exclusion of the natural offspring, then no such thing as family would any more exist. Hence a widow cannot bring in as another a step-father over the children of her deceased intestate husband, and thereby deprive them of their father's property. She has no right to supplant them in such a way. If she wishes to contract a new alliance or to cease living with her children, the law allows her one-third of the property which was in common between herself and her late husband, and of

course she has a right to whatever paraphernalia belong to her. Besides, it is the bounden duty of parents to provide for the welfare of their children. "Parents ought to lay up for their children," says St. Paul (II Cor., xii, 14), so that they in whom their existence is to be continued may not be in want at their decease. Now, even if the parents die without making a last will and testament, they must be supposed as having wished in their last moments to bequeath their goods to their children, since it is their duty to provide for them. This is the common interpretation of all nations on the point, it is the only way in which the welfare of the family can be made real and stable, in fine, it is the only means to preserve peace and tranquility among men; for, otherwise such property belongs to no one, is liable to be seized by him who is the strongest, and hence ensue all kinds of fraud, plunder and violence.

The last will and testament is generally an act by which a possessor determines to whom, after his death, he wishes to transmit the possession of his goods, on what conditions and for what use. It has force not only by civil law, by the recognized custom of all nations, but especially by the natural law. It is acknowledged among all men and at all times not as a thing that happens by chance without a reasonable cause, not through any human compact, but on account of a natural inclination of man's conscience. It

is too universal to happen by chance, and no one asserts that if we have a true conviction that it is a law and necessity of nature for the preservation of order and peace. A man is at liberty to dispose of his goods even if he should make them over in trust before his death to others on some certain conditions and for a fixed time, especially when by these means, by these confidential *donations inter vivos*, a necessity for maintaining order and tranquility among men is satisfied, and his own personal safety secured. Such, of course, is a valid testament, and civil law cannot infringe upon it, nor upon wills in general; it may prescribe formalities so that the rights to be protected may be recognized, but that is all.

Contracts are real titles of rights and duties as well respecting the possession of material as all other goods. By the natural law it is unlawful to break a contract. A *promise* is a serious wish to accomplish something for another, expressed to, and accepted by him, at least tacitly. A *bargain* is a consent of two wills to the same object. A promise is not a bargain before it is accepted, nor is it a contract even after acceptance, for he who promises may consider himself bound not in justice but in good faith, while the promisee is not obliged at all. A *contract* means still more: it is a mutual promise or expression of an efficacious consent of confirming or accepting some right. Or, it is "a bargain pro-

ductive of an obligation of commutative justice in each of the contracting parties." In the natural right of property and of personal liberty is included the right of renouncing one's own goods in any honest way whatever, provided the right of another suffers no injury, and therefore in favor of some other determinate person and under determinate conditions. There is also the right of accepting goods thus relinquished, which renunciation and acceptance constitute a contract. In the right of personal liberty are no less contained other goods than property itself, and these man can use and dispose of in the same way, that is, by mutual consent in giving and accepting.

To make a contract valid there are required: (1) the *matter* or thing about which the contract is to be made, the *possibility*, as well physical as moral, and *honesty*; (2) *sufficient* knowledge of the contracting parties about the substance, nature, and principle motive of the contract; (3) *sufficient liberty*, without extorting consent, and with a free use of the matured faculties, there being no private moral inability to contract; (4) *mutual consent*. To dissolve a contract there is required *fitness of matter* so that it may be restored to its original state. For this is sufficient, either a change of matter, if the facts be impossible or dishonest, infidelity of one of the contracting parties who thus renounces his or her right; the mutual retraction of both; or the interven-

tion of supreme authority.

The many ways in which we may possess property have now been briefly enumerated and their reasons stated. These modes of possession are but the natural and rational sequence of the necessity of property as explained in our first paper.

—T. C.

PROF. DAVID SWING'S THANKSGIVING SPEECH.

The rhetorical professor said many fine and mighty sensible things in his last Sunday's discourse at Central Music Hall. These we admire. But when the professor, with common, American prejudice, makes *royalty* the synonym of *oppression* and *despotism* in interpreting Coleridge's verses on France, we say he is very unfair. No poetry in *royalty* in its true sense! This is absurd, surely. The regal splendour with which power has surrounded itself has been the source of inspiration of poets from time immemorial. Liberty—even American liberty—does not monopolize the sources of poetic inspiration.

Again the professor (of a sort of Paganized Christianity) says that religion of any sect, Calvinism, Mohomedanism, *Romanism!* is too narrow for the confines of the republic. The Catholic religion, which is called by the polite professor *Romanism*, is precisely that universal religion wanted for the broad outlines of a republic, the religion that appeals to all humanity, in every clime and of every color,

the religion that alone can consistently "bind the heart to what is best for man as a citizen of the world and a child of the skies."

—*E. L. R.*

OBITUARY.

The funeral of Rev. H. J. Rousseau, pastor of Menominee, Mich., took place in Maternity church, Wednesday the 25th. The military department met the funeral cortege at the entrance of the village and accompanied the remains of our deceased friend and benefactor to the church, where a very impressive service was sung by the college choir. The Rev. Father

Letellier, bosom friend of the deceased, sang the high mass, assisted by Rev. Father Menard and Rev. F. Chouinard, C. S. V. There were thirty clergymen present. After the ceremony the remains were interred in the Bourbonnais cemetery, near the central cross. Father Rousseau deserves to be piously remembered by the students, to whom he has always been friendly. The Rev. Father bequeathed his library of over 2,000 choice volumes and other valuables to the college. Let us be mindful of our departed benefactor, proving thereby that we know not only to receive, but also to receive gratefully.

Requiescat in pace.

CLASS POEM FOR '90-'91.

"TO KNOW IS TO LIVE."

I.

When He omniscient called from nothing man,
Two beaux-ideals, fair, their brows aglow
With radiant knowledge, this His noblest plan
Is most exalted, godlike, for they know.

II.

But o'er the masterpiece a slimy trail
Is drawn, alas! and gone the beauty rare,
That mind once brilliant, now corrupted, frail,
Must ply with toil to glean its scanty share.

III.

Yet, thus to labor that each day's decline
May find it nearer that primeval goal,
To dig down deep in learning's golden mine
Is task the highest, worthiest of the soul.

IV.

Let others seek for riches and broad lands,
 Ignoble lucre, pomp, and wordly show,
 Let others plod and plow with callous hands;
 They do exist, but live not, they don't know.

V.

The beasts that browse the herbage by the way
 Are things existing, happy they 're alive,
 But what is life within a mass of clay?
 'T is naught, unless the spirit godward strive.

VI.

Give me to roam through realms of pathless space,
 My mind transported from this earthly sphere,
 Give me the eagle's wings that I embrace
 All knowledge, truth, and words of wisdom hear.

VII.

Mine be to tread the paths where sage divine,
 Immortal Plato, risen far above,
 Mov'd 'midst the stars, and of them all did shine
 Like Vesper, then I know, I live, I love.

VIII.

What? love! aye, love the wise, the good, the true,
 Ideals high, and in that love I grow
 Upward to Heav'n, what's spiritual to woo,
 And coalesce with spirit, since I know.

IX.

This, this is life, but of th' immortal mind,
 That fills whole worlds and regions vast enchains,
 Action, perfection this of noblest kind,
 Which reached, alone makes living worth its pains.

X.

Mine be to scan the height where Milton bold
 Stood giant-like upon his lofty pile
 'T wixt earth and heav'n, and called forth worlds untold,
 And bade them rank before him in proud file.

XI.

Then feast, O mind, on all that's gorgeous, grand,
 Revel 'mid scenes of bliss and wild delight,
 My kingdom thou, my unencompass'd land,
 Peopled with million beings surpassing bright.

XII.

Away with nescience! I spurn the crowd
 That love but paltry things, and crawl below
 On matter base, they are not blest, though proud
 They are, and gone like foam of tidal flow.

XIII.

Rise, rise, my soul, ambition higher things,
 And less corporeal, so thou may live
 As pyramid, that bold defiance flings
 At Time, and win the best this life can give.

XIV.

Best, purest, highest, ask for nothing more,
 For thou art rich, indeed, since all is thine,
 Tho' naught of earth, 'tis Heav'n is thy great store,
 For thus to know is godlike, bliss divine.

—*F. Caraher.*

June 17th, 1891.

AN ECCENTRIC VIRTUOSO.

It was a blustering, rainy night, and I had stepped out of the driving storm into the doorway of a little shop. While shaking out the folds of my umbrella, I heard the door creak behind me and at the same time a hand pressed my arm. I turned and exchanged greetings with the queerest little old man, with red sparkling eyes and twitching fingers, who quite overcame me with his affability.

"A very bad night," said he, "a wretched night! Dear me, won't

you come in? We are both getting drenched," and before I had time to say a word he had pushed me in ahead of him and closed the door behind us.

"I knew it, indeed I did," said he, observing the look of surprise which overspread my face as I gazed about, and he seemed quite delighted to have been the cause of it. "Oh, I've a famous place. I'm the original collection fiend. It was I who first started the postage stamp craze and the coin mania, and I first collected autographs, old

spoons, heels, souvenirs, and cigarette pictures. But I long ago became weary of such trifles, and now have a collection altogether different from any that I have ever before been parent to."

With this he began to point out the numerous articles which were scattered about on counter, shelf, and pedestal. I do not remember a tenth.

Hanging near the door in wretched condition, as if it had been the victim of much abuse, was a map of Salt River. I examined it with much interest. I could distinguish little, except that it had its source in an uninviting pool marked Defeat, and flows through an arid plain called Oblivion. My guide informed me that the river, for the most part of its course, is rocky-bedded and broken by numerous falls.

"Here," said the collection fiend, "is the cow which kicked over the lamp which started the Chicago fire; and these few pieces of broken glass are what remains of the lamp itself." On the same platform were that bundle of surprises, the Dark Horse, the hen that lays the golden eggs, and the skin of the sea-serpent.

"There are Jerry Simpson's socks!" explained I, recognizing the historical hose.

"Exactly," said the Virtuoso, "and here is Grand-Pa's Hat. Rather mutilated condition, eh? Do you recognize Dan McGinty's Sunday suit? There it is; and underneath it are General Grant's

Highwater Pants."

"What interest attaches to this commonplace white apron and paper-bag cap?"

"That is the identical cap and apron worn by Ward McAllister in making his court calls on his excellency, the *chef* to her majesty."

Passing along, I saw in a glass case the deed for the Cape May Cottage, a box of Dudley's Blocks (of Five), the letter which Watterson wrote to Hill, several Mulligan letters, and the letter which never came. Near by were two ponderous volumes of names of reputed authors of Beautiful Snow.

Beneath another case, each article neatly labeled, were Tom Reed's Billion Dollar Gravel, Albert Edward's Baccarat Chips, and the Fiddle of Arkansaw Traveller fame.

"Behold," said my enthusiastic companion, extending a magnifying glass and a little silver locket, "the whiskers on the plea in hair on the tail of the child of the wife of the Wild Man of Borneo!"

When I had recovered from my astonishment he produced a vial of Rudini's Wrath and another of Jim Blaine's Laughing Gas—relics of the late unpleasantness.

I was thanking the Virtuoso for the amusement afforded me, when a blighted, forlorn-looking individual stole noiselessly in by the front door as if swept in by the wind. I intended to step aside, but to my surprise he passed right through me.

"Don't be alarmed," said my

friend assuringly, "he is only a harmless fellow who makes his home with me, familiarly known as the Ghost of John James Christopher Benjamin Bingo!"

—*Monsieur.*

EXCHANGES.

We congratulate our former classmates now at Notre Dame University upon their well-penned essays in the scholarly *Scholastic*. We recognize our tasty friend Hugh in his "Hamlet" and his review of "Education and the Higher Life;" also the slow but sure James Dohney in his remarks on Hamlet's madness. Other members of the criticism class express very intelligent opinions on Hamlet and also on the merits of the American poets, R. C. Gilder and Eleanor C. Donnelly.

* * *

The supernatural element in Shakespeare is being ably discussed in a series of articles in *Niagara Index*.

* * *

We fail to find anything of literary interest or merit in the *Recorder*. It consists almost exclusively of local matter.

* * *

For judicious variety and the uniform excellence of its articles, the October *Sentinel* fairly surpasses itself. Mr. Collins right eloquently pleads for a better direction of American talent. He bids us remember that the great republics of old began to decline only when her

best intellects had become corrupted by wealth and weakened by the sensual pleasures which wealth procures. Let Americans be less grabbing and more honest, more intellectual, more religious; then will our great republic be safe.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR OCTOBER.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

The gold medal for excellence was awarded to Mr. Gaston Rouleau.

The silver medal to Mr. D. Sullivan.

Distinguished: Messrs. T. Burns, M. Fortin, J. Lamarre, C. McCabe, J. Laplante, R. De Laplante, H. Ruel, J. Surprenant, T. Manly, J. McNulty, D. Walsh and D. Kurtz.

The Guilfoyle composition medal was equally deserved by Messrs. F. Burns and D. Walsh.

The Conway medal (for average above 95) was equally deserved by Mr. D. Sullivan, of the classical course, and Mr. J. Coady, of the commercial course.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

The gold medal for excellence was awarded to Mr. M. O'Connor.

The silver medal was awarded to Mr. J. Coady.

Distinguished: Messrs. H. Saindon, G. Connors, A. Lacharite, L. Cavanagh, W. Crimp, J. Campion, J. Gordon and G. Gareau.

The conduct and politeness medals were awarded to Mr. J. Lynch, of the senior department, and Master H. Ruel, of the junior department.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

The medal for excellence was awarded to Master J. Smith.

The medal for conduct was equally deserved by Masters A. Desjardins and Edgar Legris.

NORTH KANKAKEE.

Every one interested in the welfare of St. Viateur's will be delighted to learn of the new city now being built near our college. Kankakee proper, being two miles distant from us, has always been a little unhandy for the students going and coming from their homes, as also it is for the college authorities, whom necessity obliges to make daily trips to the city.

All these difficulties will be remedied when North Kankakee is in full and active operation, and the work now going on leads us to think that it will soon eclipse the present city by its manufacturing establishments and business facilities.

We are always prepared to cast a distrustful eye on the so-called booms, so common in the West. So often have men been deceived by these that the idea of a new city was at first looked upon with the usual distrust. However, the work that has been going on in North Kankakee for the past few months has been more than sufficient to dispel these doubts, and all those in a position to see the work that has been accomplished thus far are now enthusiastic.

North Kankakee is admirably

laid out. Broadway, the main business street, is one hundred feet wide, macadamized, and on it will be built the hotels, banks and business houses. Four factories are already going up and promise to have a pay-roll of from thirty to fifty thousand dollars per month. These factories comprise the Gibbs Chair Factory, Turk & Voss Furniture Factory, the Ideal Folding Bed Factory and the Chicago Parlor Frame Factory. Three more factories are now negotiating and it is expected that they will locate before next spring. The city is intersected by the Big Four, the Three I's and the Illinois Central, and will soon be connected with Kankakee and Bourbonnais by an electric street-car system. The Illinois Central has promised to build both passenger and freight depots. Complete systems of electric lights and water-works, and other improvements tending to make a complete city, will soon follow.

North Kankakee presents advantages not to be excelled by any city. Chicago rates are promised on all roads leading out of the city. The neighborhood abounds in excellent building stone, while brick and lumber can be had as cheap as elsewhere. But one of the chief inducements offered to settlers are the educational facilities. St. Viateur's College and Notre Dame Academy, which are but a ten-minutes' walk from North Kankakee, are well-established institutions whose reputation is such as to need no com-

ment. The citizens of North Kankakee may be sure that their children will have advantages in the educational line to be equalled in few places.

Great credit is due to Mr. J. H. Hardeback, the public-spirited gentleman who has charge of the enterprise, and who has taken great pains to provide that the project shall not descend to the level of an ordinary boom. The people of Kankakee and Bourbonnais have a great opportunity presented to them, and if they do not make the best of it theirs will be the chief loss. But if they do their duty and meet progress half way, it will be a matter of very short time until the three towns will be combined, making one of the greatest manufacturing cities in this part of the state, and a worthy satellite of our great Chicago.

THANKSGIVING.

The day was duly observed at the college. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., gave the sermon Wednesday evening. A solemn High Mass was chanted Thursday morning by Rev. T. P. Menard, of Lake Linden, Mich., assisted by Rev. F. M. Letellier, of Nadeau, Mich., and Mr. Giesler, of the college. The choir rendered Batman's Mass, Rev. G. M. Legris presiding at the organ. The "Quid Retribuam" of Lambillotte was sung at the offertory.

The traditional turkey, with sweetmeats innumerable, graced the festive board. The banquet

was a grand success. Many friends participated. The day, though rather a blustering one, was enjoyed by football and handball players. Others found more congenial amusement on the billiard tables, in the gymnasium or in the well-stocked reading-room.

An excellent program was rendered in the evening, which lack of space does not allow us to publish. From the enthusiasm with which everything was done it is clear that the students all realize the true meaning of the day. They have, by the fitting observance of this day, proved themselves thorough Americans.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

This beautiful musical festival has become an event in the college year. This year our musicians fairly surpassed themselves. The band, choir and orchestra deserve great credit for the excellent music with which they regaled us last Sunday. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Bourget, rendered very creditably Batmann's Mass. Rev. G. Legris sang the High Mass, assisted by Dr. Laberge and Mr. Lee as deacon and subdeacon respectively; Bro. McCormick was master of ceremonies. The chapel ceremonies were most impressive and edifying. Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., preached the sermon, in which he extolled the beautiful virtues of the patroness of sacred song. In the evening a very select program, a fete for artists, was rendered. It consisted of music

of a high order and of fine oratory. Great praise and thanks are due the Cecilians for the splendid entertainment they gave us. We hope to often hear these sister arts, music and eloquence, in such splendid accord as that in which they were blended for the celebration of St. Cecilia of '91.

The program was as follows :

PART I.

OVERTURE.....*Home Circle*

ORCHESTRA.

DUET (piano).....*Bouquet of Flowers*
M. O'CONNOR AND F. KURTZ.

SOLO (flute).....*Der Kleine Postillon*
MR. H. E. READ.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.....
PROF. E. W. GRIFFITH AND
MR. T. MCDEVITT.

DUET (vocal)*Les Rivaies*
REV. E. L. RIVARD AND
DR. A. MOREL.

ADDRESS.....MUSIC
MR. W. B. MCCARTHY.

PART II.

SELECTION.....*Gondolier*
ORCHESTRA.

RECITATION.....*The Bells*
PROF. E. W. GRIFFITH.

SOLO (violin).. *Fantaisie, Luciede Lam
mermoor*....PROF. E. MARTINEAU.

DELSARTE POSES.....
P. BISSONETTE AND W. B. MCCARTHY.

DUET (piano).....*La Chasse au Lion*
REV. A. DEFOY AND PROF. E. BOURGET.

LOCALS.

—196.

—B. B. B. B.

—How be-out it?

—Well, I'll tell you.

—Now, you re whestlin.

—He is up in the clock.

—You're a holy fright!

—Got any beans, brother?

—They got a new prefect at recess.

—The Assumption boys took a bath.

—'Tis said he is de bully of de seniors.

—Eugene says he is no longer "in the swim."

—Robbie says Alphonse is dirty ammunition.

—"It's a razor for your whiskers," says Dinny.

—St. Cecelia's Day celebration was a grand success and reflects great credit upon our musical students and their professors

—Just out! "Some things I have learned about three-handed reels," by W. R.

—These Sunday dinners at K. K. K. are fine, but they come high. Eh, Alphonse?

—Steps should be taken to organize a branch of the Farmers' Alliance.

—The quarter-master thinks the movement very complicated.

—The appearance of the study-hall has been much improved by the purchase of some beautiful palm-trees, and the eyes of the bachelors turn green with envy as they behold them.

—There is only one pretty thing about me, and that is my hair.

—A big dinner, at which a whole deer will be served to us, has been promised when the number of students will reach two hundred. Try and scheme for four more students, boys, so that we may enjoy the venison.

—Jacho still continues to grow, and the next thing in order will be the

extension of his headquarters in the sky-parlor.

—The rendition of "Samuel a posin" by the two bachelors was well received.

—The seniors having been defeated by the juniors in base-ball and football, wish to revenge themselves in a game of marbles. Make it croquet, boys, marbles is too violent a game for you.

—Boys, the locals that you handed in this month were too poor to publish. Try and use a little more ingenuity and we will gladly print them.

—So we are to have indoor base-ball. Don't let it drop, boys; it means lively sport for the winter.

—The Natural Philosophy and Chemistry classes are now under the direction of Dr. Morel, our college physician. The doctor has had much experience in teaching the sciences, and much may be expected from his pupils by next June.

—Our new journal has been the recipient of congratulations from our exchanges. We clip the following from the *Chicago Catholic Home*: "St. Viateur's monthly College JOURNAL for October in a new make-up is unusually attractive. The JOURNAL is a credit to the faculty and students of St. Viateur's, and it takes front rank with the other col-

lege journals in this country. It merits the patronage not only of the former pupils of St. Viateur's, but of all the friends of this progressive Catholic institution."

—Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

—Read the ads. and patronize the advertizers. We recommend them all.

—Oh, we can see better from the gallery, anyhow.

—I think Sweet William is up in the clock, also.

—The Juniors are making a subscription for a book of the *latest* songs, which they wish to present to the wild canaries of the Pickwick Club.

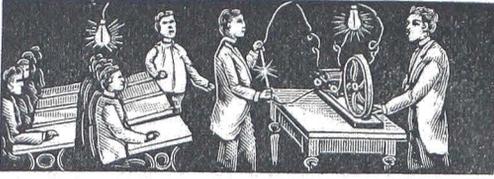
—It is only necessary to tip your cap, Mc., and besides, it is unsoldierly to let it fall down stairs.

—Since the cold weather has set in the gymnasium is in great demand. The "gym" is much improved since last year, and promises soon to be complete.

—Last Monday's sleigh-ride was the event of the season, but it seems as if the boys would like to subject the drivers to a court-martial.

—December 12th will be the sixteenth anniversary of the founding of St. Patrick's society, and the members are looking forward to that day with great eagerness. Hon. M. C. Quinn, of Peoria, will lecture upon the occasion.

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