

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

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CASTLES.

J. A. Williams, '10.

I built a castle in the air,
Most splendid to behold,
And dreamed I was a mighty king,
Possessed of heaps of gold.
All wealth, and joy, and peace were mine
All pleasures earth could spare,
But Oh! my castle tumbled down,
And left me in despair.

I built a castle in the sand,
And wrought it gracefully,
And thought that it would ever stand
A mark of industry.
I saw the silent tides roll in,
They rolled up high and fast,
My castle quaked upon the strand,
One moment, and it passed.

Oh, build not castles in the air,
Or castles in the sand,
But strive to build a manhood rare,
A work that e'er shall stand.
Build up your life a guide to men,
A beacon on life's sea,
And let your light shine far and wide
To lead men to their destiny.



JUNIUS



J. P. O'MAHONEY, '11



VERY country boasts of its heroes, who fought and died to save their native land. Their noble deeds are recorded in history. Their lives infuse into us a spirit of loyalty and urge us to follow in their footsteps should occasion demand it. But though we admire those noble heroes, at the same time, there are other heroes who demand just as important a place in history, and these are the literary men, who were fighting with the pen and who, perhaps, accomplished as much by its use as did the other class by the sword. The works of these literary men, no matter how long since they were written, are read and studied today just as much as when they were first published. Works that have withstood time and change are worthy of consideration.

Literature and history go hand in hand. The conditions of a country have an influence on the writers, and, we may rest assured, if we make a study of the literature of any country, that we will also learn something of the history of that particular country. We may not learn much concerning wars, battles, treaties, but, after all, to know these does not guarantee that one knows history. We will learn the mode of civilization and the manners, customs and character of the people. The greatest luminaries of English literature at the time of their writing were influenced by the social, religious and political tendencies of their country. These tendencies prompted many of them to give vent to their thoughts and as a result English literature was bequeathed a priceless heritage.

Of the many writers, who were influenced by such conditions there is no one who felt such influence more than Junius, and he in turn exerted an influence by his writings over the political events of his day such as no writer ever did. At the time of Junius' appearance the English nation was in a state of excitement. Many and perplexing questions tried and baffled the wisdom of well meaning statesmen. The eloquence of a well known

orator pleaded right and justice from the throne. But Junius resorted to the pen. All England stood aghast at his appearance. For the moment all political questions were forgotten, and only one question was asked—"Who is Junius?" No one answered except Junius and his answer was, "I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." This threw little light on his identity. Nor did this answer satisfy either the government or people for, from the gray walls of that mighty castle that adorns the Thames, "Search warrants" were issued for the "Culprit." A century and a quarter has passed since that time and the world has produced many investigators but none has settled the identity of Junius. And we, of a later generation, must credit these famous satirical letters to the pen name, which he used. Nor does it concern us whether they be signed Junius, Burke, or Sir Philip Francis in any case they have the same political and literary value. Junius had perpetually before his eyes the practical difficulties to be overcome in his day. He adapted himself, as few writers ever did, to the circumstances of time and place, to persons and to things. The halls of the great as well as the homes of the poor furnished him with data, and the inmates of these abodes awoke, not like the poet to find that they had become famous, but to find their private affairs "going the rounds of the press" were held before the close scrutiny of a reading public. The newspaper, too, in which Junius published these articles, was no sensational sheet, but the most popular newspaper of the day with all classes. A sufficient guarantee of this was the respectability and intellectual ability of the proprietor. Hence these articles had more weight than if they had appeared in a reckless journal. But though the identity of Junius is a "Great mystery" yet it is a greater mystery to know from what source he obtained this private information. Was he the great ocean into which flowed numerous underground streams or was he alone in his bold endeavor? Wherever or from whomsoever he obtained this information he had it and he was not satisfied with a few "Hints." He mastered his subject and hence his great success as writer. Intimacy with his subject is his distinctive trait, it permeates all his writings.

One would imagine that he knew each one intimately and personally. "Many people put on solemn airs to say little or nothing at all." Junius put on solemn airs but said much in as few words as possible. No idea is excluded that could promote his object. "The stroke is a single one, nothing more is needed

and it takes its full effect because there is nothing in the way to weaken the force of the blow."

There is no evidence of hasty composition in his work, neither did he write as the "humor took him" nor did he write for the mere pleasure of the work. He wrote in order that the secret cliques of his day should be exposed and thus that the "Ship of state" might sail on in tranquility. There are no unnecessary sentences found in his letters for each one strikes home in a certain spot or predetermined direction. Who can estimate the labor these productions cost him? Labor not altogether spent searching for ideas but rather in their arrangement. "His mind, in early youth had clearly been subjected to the severest logical training. Composition, with him, was the creation of a system of thought, in which everything is made subordinate to a just order and sequence of ideas. One thought grows out of another in regular succession."

His letter to the King may well be styled his most dignified. Junius was not unmindful of the dignity of such an exalted personage, consequently he checked his thoughts and did not give full reins to his feelings. But the genius, that he was, knew how to employ his extraordinary powers of composition to produce his desired impression. Watch the way he pursues to bring the events of the past more clearly before the King's mind. Observe the ingenious way he reminds him of his early reign, and of the loyalty of the English people toward him. Note his wonderful power of "Insinuating ideas" without giving them a direct expression. In this manner he dictates and points out to the King on what principles he should stand.

Who can fathom the sarcasm of Junius? The most biting, cutting mode of attack. "An excellent thing in the right place, and, just because it is excellent in the right place, detestable and harmful when, as is too often the case, it is introduced unadvisedly. It seeks in vain for direct speech at a level with its anger, takes refuge, in what is lower than silence, in indirect allusion." Such was the mode of attack by which Junius tortured his victims. But Junius apparently did not seek for direct speech to torment his victims. He used this mode of procedure to make them feel the stings of his assault more keenly. Nor did all his victims merit such an attack, it is said, that many were quite innocent of what he accused them. But what could they do? Was not their tormentor in an iron mask far removed from all harm? Yes, "He was wrapped like Aeneas in a cloud, at the court of

Dido." Well that he was, for who would suffer such base assaults without a fierce retort?

To command the attention of rulers and statesmen, the rich and the poor for a period extending over two years while these letters appeared in the "London Advertiser" was no mean achievement. To rank with the greatest writers of his day, was still a greater achievement. The imagery of Junius! All admire it but few can even imitate it. No one has excelled it. Still Junius did not resort to such powers just for mere adornment but rather to bring his object more clearly before his readers. He also uses the exact word in the right place, and very simple words too, he, unlike many writers of the present day, did not believe in using "big" words devoid of meaning. Junius showed his deep learning and neither are there any signs of mechanical labor in his writings. Literary critics have torn asunder his letters, they have weighed and studied each idea and all pronounce his works as faultless. The years have gone by rapidly, and time has created a wide gulf between the days that Junius wielded the pen and the present moment, yet never shall the gulf separate his name from English literature.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

Scharmél Iris.

The sky is like a nun in grey,
The silver moon is like a host,
The snow in herds
Of little birds,
Is like the raiment of a ghost.

They flutter on these restless birds,
So pale their wings against my hair,
The trees are white,
While in their flight
The little birds go everywhere.

The weary birds with breezes played,
Until the wizard sun of red
Shot arrows gold
Amid their fold,
Alas! the little birds are dead.

AFTER READING CHILDE HAROLD

The telling test of Byron's splendid ability in this work is, that he holds our close attention, awakens our keen interest and elicits our admiration without the aid of a plot or any artificial, fictitious or fanciful intrigue, such as he uses in *Manfred*, in *Marino Faliero* and *Don Juan* and in a large number of his metrical romances. Here there is no thread of complicated plan closely weaving canto with canto, there is not running from stanza to stanza the development of the same old threadbare love scheme which never fails to enlist the interest of young readers. There is absolutely nothing of the ordinary artifices which might lend unity to these four cantos—unless it be the ever present personality of Byron himself so perceptibly shadowed in that forlorn outcast, that friendless dog, that joyless wight that homeless and loveless Harold—the transparent hero of the pilgrimage.

Indeed there might have been only two cantos or there might have been six or eight, or a dozen. And I have no doubt that as Byron manages to keep us listening to the recital of his impressions of travel through Spain and through the Rhine country, through Greece and through Italy, he would have succeeded in obtaining an equally attentive hearing from a thousand enchanted listeners had he in as many other cantos desired to relate his impressions of the far East, the Holy Land, of the icy North where the befurred Russian dwells or of Germany, Ireland or distant America with its thousand wonders.

We would have been equally eager to hear how the sight of Washington's victorious battle fields would have fired the poets' soul to sing of Freedom's triumph in verse more grandly sonorous than that of any of Americans' native bards. We would have followed him with attentive ear to Niagara's thundering cataract to hear in what sublime accounts his lyre would render forth the solemn music of these awe inspiring waters and in what jingling tones he would traduce the laughter of the historic Minnehaha. What would he have said of our fertile Mississippi valley, of our measureless plains, of our majestically wild Rocky mountains? What would he have said in playful rhymes of our Fourth of July

orgies of noise and sky cleaving rockets. How would our national sports sound upon his so-called jarring harp? If we question self and would be honest in answering, is it not true that we would eagerly hang to his tuneful lips to catch his opinion of Americans. Not that we would believe him implicitly, but simply because of the pleasure it yields to see oneself on canvass or in marble or in poetic print. Though liberty is a hackneyed subject he would have lent her figure freshness and vigor in his characterization of such men as Washington and Lincoln. At last he would have met here a people who are not a race of slaves abjectly prone under the oppression of tyrants, but a kingly people erect and proud in the strength of conscious honesty and walking with giant strides in the conquest of the prizes of industry of invention and of education and building up greater civilization than has had the older world. And can we think our plutocrats would have escaped his poetic excoriation? Would he not have made a Rockefeller shrink from the public gaze if he had had the opportunity to pillory him in a stanza such as he accords to Voltaire or Gibbon?

But Byron has given us enough in his four cantos to enable us to form an opinion of his ability as a poet. If we make the foregoing conjectures it is only because of the ease and facility with which we saw him at work in these four chants. We judge it would have been easy for him to extend his lay and yet not weary his audience.

Casting a retrospect upon the whole narrative we may the better realize the claims of this piece of literature to a high rank among modern poetical productions. The nobler poetical images and the grander human sentiments will stand out more prominently against a back-ground of other scenes which though poetical also, yet grow dim in the superior brilliancy of those flash pictures which burn themselves ineffaceably upon memory and are held as personal treasures. And so too it is with sentiments and thoughts.

Against the dull background of gloominess and despondency, of despair and irreverence there flash emotions of such tender pathos, of such pure love, there shine thoughts so luminous and lofty, and indeed so charged with religious conviction that we are willing to forget Byron, the skeptic, the pagan, the fond lover of despair and the hater of universal humanity. We delight to recall the tearful adieu in which the poet's lyre throbs with the living sighs of his weeping little page and sorrowing yeoman. This is

fine pathos. We find him again striking a pathetic cord in his contemplation of the dying gladiator.

In spite of the fact that Byron is admittedly not a poet of the tender passions we cannot but gratefully and pleasurably remember the endearing accents in which he celebrates his love for his sister and for Ada the sole daughter of his house and heart and the lofty sentiments of friendship he inscribes to the memory of the soldier martyrs of Waterloo.

Then there is the sublime in this poem—in his description of the Alps and the night storm in the midst of these palaces of nature. There is the sublime in the terrific display of power in his address to the ocean, there is the sublime blended with the reverential in his description of St. Peter's. There is the sublime in this portrayal of the battle scene of Waterloo. These are some of the pictures whose outlines remain ineffaceably unprinted on memory's walls. We may forget other scenes but these will remain with us. We may not remember the long array of perfectly adjusted rhymes that jingle so tunefully through his long lay, but the impressive music of these solemn stanzas will resound in our ears and continue to recall the master scenes of the Pilgrimage of Harold. R.

INVITATION.

F. Cleary, '11.

Come drink of joy and gladness
 From the fountain of New Year
 Why speak of gloomy sadness,
 To a heart that knows but cheer?

Why drooping is thy visage
 Where youthful smiles once played?
 Why tear stained is thy image
 That naught but joy portrayed?

Disperse the demon sadness,
 Bring back the sunlight clear,
 Let flow in streams of gladness,
 Rejoice in the New Year.

FEAR, DESPAIR AND HOPE

J. F. ROCHE



HE passions of man are inexhaustible. They are like the dawn of morning bathed in rosy and tender hues, or shadowed by hazy mists of the coming storm; like the golden brightness of noonday rays or the awfulness of daring coruscations of livid lightning and terrific peals of thunder; like the deep shades of evening purple with the smiles of beauty or the elements receding into the calm dignity of peace. So too from the sweet blossom of exhilarant childhood, through the soothing freshness of youth, through ambitious and vigorous manhood, through the spiritual calm and classical repose of silvery age, the passions burst forth portraying innumerable emotions which are the expressions of all that is human whether good or evil. Our physical susceptibility to good is ever on the alert. Man is constantly striving to accomplish an end or object which will benefit his moral, physical and mental character. He works with an energetic spirit leaving nothing undone until he has reached the attainable object or the golden heights of his ambitious desires. The complication of passions in man's soul is wonderful. We find the evil intricately entangled with the good, the one ever endeavoring to master the other. Like the brilliancy and purity of the starry curtain of heaven glassing itself in every pool, so the good in man glows forth casting and reflecting on his neighbors a lasting spiritual influence which absolutely surpasses all that is evil. Yet the evil passions are so deeply rooted in the very crevices of human nature that were man deprived of supernatural grace he would be plunged into the depths of unfathomable woe and darkness—yes into the promiscuous charnel-house of crime, there to sink into a dishonorable grave and a hopeless hell. Oh! that terrible, that unfortunate, that seemingly inexhaustible legacy of Adam that holds such a sway over the soul of man, too often deadening all heavenly inspirations, too often defacing the man-image of God.

I speak of the extremity of good and evil, yet there remains the less effectual emotions and their countless impressions. But

I shall concern myself with three of the Irascible passions—Fear, Despair, and Hope.

Fear is a dejection of mind arising from a future evil apprehended as difficult to be resisted. It so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning that it brings on intense suffering. Frequently it is the result of laziness in shirking the great labor attached to avoiding evil. Occasionally it is the effect of profound admiration from the magnitude of the object, and more often it is the consequence of timidity, stupor, shame and agony. From the fact that one loves a certain object it follows that the privation of this good thing which he loves or desires, is an evil to him, and consequently he fears whatever can take away this desired object. Again, on account of the defect or lack of power he may not be able to repel the threatening and appalling evil which he sees will inevitable befall him and this inability engenders fear. Under fear we find the nervous system reaching an unnatural tension—sometimes accompanied by an uncontrollable strength, which frequently and suddenly changes into extraordinary weakness.

Picture the speechless faces of Mary Magdalen and the other Marys when they approached the tomb of Christ—the sepulchre open—the guards prostrate in terror—the angel of heaven with countenance of lightning, and clothed in snowy raiment. They stand riveted to the earth by untold fear, until the mighty voice of heaven's messenger rings out clearly and sweetly on the balmy oriental breezes; "Fear ye not, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified." Again, behold man in the agony of fear. See, his chattering teeth, the violent contraction of his eye-brows, his distorted forehead and mouth, his eyes rolling with great vehemence in unutterable torture, his voice paralyzed or emitting shrieks and groans and his whole body in an utter state of collapse. Can we fathom the dreadful depths of this unavoidable misery? No—unless perchance we ourselves have felt it.

Probably in no other art do we find the passions so artfully portrayed as in drama. They are the key notes to the masterpieces of all great dramatists. Little surprising then that the immortal Shakespeare has painted his world-famed characters in the most brilliant colors of passion-tones. Permit me to quote from Shakespeare's famous Richard III. Richard impregnated with an unholy ambition, waded through the blood of his relatives, friends and courtiers to satisfy the worldly cravings of his unnatural polluted heart. Richard feared no man. Nevertheless on the eve

of his downfall he is visited in a dream by the ghosts of his numerous victims who heap dreadful curses upon his deformed soul. Let us see the effect of his awakening.

"Have mercy Jesus! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by?
Richard loves Richard; That is I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes I am.
I am a villian; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well! Fool do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villian.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There's no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I
Myself, find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did swear
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight have struck more fear to the soul of Richard than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers armed in proof and led by the shallow Richmond. It is not yet near day—Come, go with me."

This fear has shattered Richard's physical nature to its very depths and only a wreck of the hitherto unconquerable king goes to meet his fate on the Bosworth field.

Despair is the extreme stage of fear. It is that passion which makes an object repugnant because unattainable. Dreading the consequences the soul becomes melancholy and refuses all human consolation. It sees nothing but unlimited agony—the hope of Heaven is cast aside—the Eternal torments of hell are not considered—its only desire is to cast off the burden of wretchedness by self-destruction and it is positively indifferent to the

daggers, the poison, the rope, the gun or any other foul means. What was it that led the traitor—Apostle Judas—to hang himself? The passion of despair. What was it that cursed the infamous Herod when he fell from the Purple Royalty of Judea, to peststricken poverty? The passion of despair. What hurled the inhuman Lady Macbeth into madness causing her to cry out in her delirium—"Out damned spot, out I say, Hell is murky. Here is the smell of blood still! all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." It was the passion of despair. Walk into the death chamber of a despairing drunkard—gaze upon his physical tortures. His body strapped on a rack of misery, his countenance contorted with unendurable agony. Harken to the most awful blasphemies, the groans, the piercing shrieks, and the murmurings from the depths of his sin laden heart. Can any scene be more pitiful, more heartrending than this? Ah, no. Only death can relieve such a sight.

Look upon yonder cliff verdant with the beauties of nature and echoing with melodious cadences of a thousand songsters. Not the faintest presentiment of evil is there. Look again—a human creature appears on the very brink of the terrible height—see the ashly and ghastly paleness chasing away the natural hues of either cheek and his countenance assuming an aspect of unutterable pain, agony and despair. One moment he hesitates—all nature seems stilled when suddenly it breaks by a loud passionate cry—the vent of long smothered despair, and the unfortunate leaps into the darkness of the abyss below. Such is the untimely and hopeless death of the despairing suicide.

In Shakespeare drama King John, despair is pictured in person of Lady Constance. This broken-hearted and sorrowing mother deprived of her only son by the cruelty of King John and refusing all consolation gives vent to her grief, a grief without hope. Poor unfortunate mother, behold the farce smile playing about her lips, not the Christian smile of hope, but the dark sneer of despair.

"No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death! O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench; sound rottenness;
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to posterity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones

And put my eye balls into thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And bus thee as thy wife. Misery's love.
O, come to me.

As despair plunges the soul into the darkness of eternal night so Hope the opposite of despair illuminates the soul with the brightness and happiness of some future attainable good. The object of hope is some good which although not attained and although arduous is nevertheless possible.

Any good therefore, can be the cause of hope which appeals to man as attainable or which makes him think that it is attainable. Whatever increases the power of man can be listed in the catalogue of hope. Here we may include such things as riches, fortitude and experience, because each of these from their very nature has a tendency to increase the power of man. Riches give him a sway over his fellow-men. Fortitude develops his strength of character, and experience invests him with the power of doing things easily. Again that also may be the cause of hope which instills into man's mind the conception that a thing is possible. Here we may include learning because it often brings home to a man that a thing is possible or attainable.

Hope gives birth to hymns of gladness and love; to unknown and beautiful aspirations, to golden dreams of futurity that are deeply buried in the virtuous heart of a fond mother, and entwine themselves about a loveable son. How she watches over the cradle of her babe, lulling him to sleep by the mellowness of her voice. He is her love, her joy and her hope. Babyhood buds into youth, youth blossoms hopefully into manhood freighted with the fragrantcy of nobleness and generosity; the youth's brave heart sacrificing the earthly pleasures to the sublime cultivation of virtue and wisdom; his very faults the exuberancy of a gentle and joyous nature. There is man whose military courage and irreproachable reputation stand unparalled in the pages of history, a man whose hatred of tyranny and love of liberty won for him the acknowledged admiration and gratitude of a mighty people. Was it a Peter the Great, a Frederick of Prussia, a Wellington or a Napoleon—No—greater than these, greater than any ancient or modern conqueror, shines with radi-

ancy the name of this man whose one ambition was the hope of a nation. I mean the father of our country, the glorious and immortal George Washington. In the darkest period of America's existence he was the hope of our nation.

But there yet remains a greater, nobler and more lasting hope than that of the heroes of nations. I refer to the sublime hope of Eternal Life, that hope that vibrates throughout the Christian world. It is to be found in the home of poverty, in the mansion of the rich, in countless lukewarm and saintly hearts and even in the dissipated bosom of the most hardened sinner. Was it not this Divine hope that animated the souls of the early Christian Martyrs. Ah, yes. Behold the gallant youth of the arena, rivet your eyes upon his heavenly inspired countenance, listen to the musical tones of his youthful voice as his prayers waft like incense to the celestial courts of Heaven. "Today, oh, yes—today, most blessed Lord is the appointed day of Thy coming, tarry not longer, enough has Thy power been shown in me to them that believe not in Thee, show now Thy mercy to me who in Thee believe and hope." For an instant, silence reigns, suddenly a noise like the roaring of a mighty avalanche sweeps the amphitheatre. It chills the hearts of the blood-thirsty populace but not a quiver is seen in the delicate frame of the boy—the king of the forest appears—He stops. He foams at the mouth, then with a deep snarling growl he springs and buries his ferocious fangs into the throat of the young martyr. His blood gushes forth! One more look of divine hope, one more heavenly smile and he closes his eyes in the slumber of martyrdom.

As the earth from the sun, so hope drinks eternal happiness from faith and charity which are the smiles upon the face of God.

Hope is touching, it is holy, it is the sign of the Cross, that "Rock of Ages" which has ever upheld and still enbalms, sanctifies and inspires humanity in the path of Christian duty.



.MY OLD FRIEND.

A few more days, old friend, and you and I shall part—for ever. Never again shall we experience those happy moments spent together. Yes, you have been a good, faithful—very faithful old friend. You have been my constant companion through the genial Spring, the scorching Summer, the leafy Autumn, and through the Winter which is also the Winter of your life. You are loath to leave me, but “Duty calls you and you must obey.” You are going to drop off into oblivion, and like many other faithful friends of your kind, take your rightful place in their midst. Well do I remember our first meeting! It was in the very early moments of 1909. The sun that evening had gone down behind the western hills giving way to the full moon which threw its silvery light on a city in northern ———.

We had seen each other before that evening but it was not until the sounds of many bells introduced us that we became inseparable friends. You were a friend that did not change with time. Never did you prove unfaithful either in vacation or hours of study. You always wore the same genial countenance whether I did or not. Your aim was directed to the future and I cannot forget the dark and gloomy days of late Winter and you—full of hope and cheer pointed at the days to come when the sun would no longer remain hidden beneath the clouds, but would light up the darkest corners with its rays. You did not point in vain. When our rivers and lakes were tinted with that dark gray gloomy shade, you, too, consoled me that soon they would take on a more inviting hue. And as the trees moaned, like some funeral dirge, you bid me hope for the days that nature would lend them her choicest garb and adorn them with her rarest hues.

Though you have always been my companion through “good and ill” yet there were certain days on which you were more welcome—days, that you too, pointed out in an unusual way. When baffled by the idioms of Plato,, or endeavoring to translate literally the works of Horace’s overwrought imagination, you were there adding a ray of cheer for did you not point to the morrow—a “conge day?” And as the last semester of the school year was drawing to a close then with what magic you ushered in Commencement day—the day of days! And when the new school year dawned you did not remain in the old class rooms that we frequented, but you took a “cross-country run” with me and left

the old classmates that we had known. And now old friend you, too, are going to leave me. Already I hear the bells of the dying year. Your mission is fulfilled, but:—

Memory, often, shall transport me across the lapse of time,
In large bold letters shall loom up before me, my "Calendar" of '09.
A. D. LIBITUM.

ILLUSION.

F. Gavin, '10.

In days of youth we often long,
For massive wealth and power.
Our minds are filled with false accounts
Of Fortune's liberal dower.

We see around us wealthy men,
With lives of ease and pleasure.
But could we pierce the inner man,
We scarce would want their treasure.

'Tis but the fancy of a child,
That paints wealth as true worth.
The hollow laugh of money-joys,
Bespeaks no genuine mirth.

When lives are filled with but the joys,
That wealth and rank may give.
Men in their glory quite forget,
The other life to live.



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EDITORIALS.

Comic artists have successfully thrived during the past year. They have placed on the market many comic productions. They have ridiculed members of almost every calling in life and the College student seems to have a special fascination for their brush. They have depicted him as idle, dissipated, indolent and reckless. They tried to illustrate him as one who pays more attention to his personal appearance; to the number of folds in his trousers to the shape and way in which he wears his College hat, than to his success in intellectual pursuits. To one, who is unacquainted with collegiate training, these posters convey an impression not in the least complimentary to the majority of College students. These posters should be taken for what they are worth, nothing more than the image of a figure existing nowhere save in the over-heated imagination of its author. That the indolent, the idle and the careless may be found whiling away his

**College
Posters.**

time within College precincts is a fact. But such students mark the exception, not the rule. The average student is a diligent laborer in the workshop of human effort, an earnest disciple of learning. The ideal that guides the conduct of the average student is the same today as when the educational institutions produced the master minds of church and state. It is not a question of censuring all posters but merely those exaggerated splashes of colored inks that misrepresent collegians and offend against refined taste or culture.

Much has been written on genius. It is a word very important of definition. But that genius does away with study, is certainly a mistake. An infinite capacity

Genius. for taking pains enters largely into genius. Genius comprises hard work, application to study, and perseverance which is the key of success.

The greatest men of genius the world has ever produced were tireless workers, men who worked while their companions were at play. And we wonder at their extraordinary productions. We stand in admiration at their marvelous feats. They are men whom we should imitate as well as admire. Every individual can accomplish much in his own way if he will but apply himself. No man will accomplish much who is contented with his work and sits down supinely in self admiration. It is the man who is ever striving to improve, that succeeds. This incessant plodding contains a spark of the divine fire called genius.

BISHOP O'GORMAN VISITS ST. VIATEUR'S.

Just recently St. Viateur's was honored with a visit from the Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The whole college was "en fete" for the occasion. The Bishop was welcomed by the Very Rev. President and Faculty and an informal reception was held in the parlors of Marsile Hall. Many clergymen from out of town assembled to welcome the distinguished guest. After the reception the party proceeded to the Auditorium where the whole student body awaited the

arrival of the noted churchman. His arrival was the signal of an outburst of applause. The full orchestra rendered many classical selections. The Minims or Columbian Guards did full justice to their excellent training for the occasion. His Lordship was particularly pleased with their drill and their other difficult manoeuvres.

Mr. M. Mugan on behalf of the student body read an address of welcome and appreciation to his Lordship.

At the invitation of Father O'Mahoney, Bishop O'Gorman addressed the faculty and students. Needless to say his words were listened to with rapt attention. His Lordship paid many compliments to the faculty of St. Viateur's, as well as to the institution itself. He reminded us that it was to members of St. Viateur's faculty he confided the charge of the new college—Columbus College, in his diocese. He exhorted the students to cultivate a love for the classics and remarked that college days were the days to prepare for the great life work of the future. His Lordship, though a man of civil and church affairs, has not forgotten the cravings of the college boy and brought his scholarly address to a close by asking the Very Rev. President to grant a "conge day" to the students to which Father O'Mahoney graciously acquiesced. His visit to St. Viateur's shall go down in the annals of the institution as one of its "red letter" days.

Bishop O'Gorman was favorably impressed with his visit to the "older brother" of Columbus College.

THESPIANS IN TOASTMASTER.

There is nothing more welcome to the college student during the long melancholy winter evenings than occasional musical entertainments for they truly rob this season of its wonted dreary monotony and help to make college life pass away more pleasantly. Bro. Sheridan and his trusty band of Thespians "sprung a surprise" on the college faculty and student body when he announced the production of the "Toastmaster." The play itself has earned a well deserved reputation, but the introduction of a band of graceful dancers, and several well chosen songs, both in chorus and solo was a real improvement on the original Toastmaster. It became in effect a sort of Operetta.

To say the play was well enacted would be putting a patent truth in a mild way; to say that it was a brilliant success would

be more like the reality. The "Toastmaster" is a comedy representative of the lighter side of American college life and is replete with incidents that appeal to the admirers of this department of collegiate work. The blending of the grave and gay, the studious and the extravagant, the dignified absent-minded professor with his silent partner the comely daughter and giddy little son "Buzzer" as well as the well tuned music of the orchestra and the splendid choir of singers and dancers, all held the audience spellbound during the entire three acts. Interest never flagged. Indeed the frequent appearance of the singers and dancers on the stage was a welcome feature and reminded one of the classic masterpieces of the ancient Greek chorus comedies. The different solos were very good, particularly those rendered by Mr. Harry Keeley, who surprised us by his mellow tenor voice.

Mr. J. Goff in the leading role divided the first laurels with J. Daley as professor Reed the absent-minded doctor. Mr. Goff showed himself a capable actor in his twofold role both as student and maid servant to Prof. Reed. Mr. Daley as Prof. Reed kept his audience with him all the time. His perfect and dignified movements in this rather difficult role were executed with the skill of a David Garrick. Frank Cleary, as "Towel Fairfax" sustained the high reputation he holds in the realms of comedy, his acting was graceful, and natural and James Fitzgerald, another luminary of the stage, won rounds of applause for his mathematical ability in handling J. Goff's difficult problems. Dick Berry as "Cynthia," looked and acted the part of the comely maiden with characteristic ability. Ralph Hefferman and Wm. Davenport again demonstrated their ability on the stage while R. Davenport as silent Mrs. Reed was superb. James Boyle as Buzzer was also very good and Mr. Kissane was inimitable in his role.

While we thus give our due praise to those who acted so well still we must not forget those who did not appear in the limelight and who contributed to the success of the comedy. To Bro. Sheridan then and those who assisted him in preparing the play we are greatly indebted and wish to thank them for affording us such pleasure as all derived from the Toastmaster. Following is the program of the play:

"The Toastmaster"

A Musical Comedy by Norman Lee Swartout. Music furnished by Witmark, Kremer, Thompson companies. Produced under personal supervision of F. A. Sheridan.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Bill Morgan, who loves and owes.....	J. J. Goff
Towel Fairfax, The Toastmaster.....	F. A. Cleary
Bob Kenmark, a friend of Bill's.....	J. M. Fitzgerald
Henry Reed, son of Prof. Reed's.....	R. J. Heffernan
Tom Ripley, a friend of Henry's.....	W. C. Davenport
George MacIntosh, who loves and hopes.....	J. B. Kissane
Prof. Reed, who has something to say.....	J. J. Daley
Mrs. Reed, who has nothing to say.....	R. Davenport
Cynthia, their daughter.....	R. G. Berry
Buzzer, their small son who has much to say.....	J. V. Boyle

CHORUS:

W. H. Clifford, F. A. Gavin, W. A. Salmon, L. A. Thaldorf, T. L. Warner, F. J. Maynihan, W. E. Lampman, W. V. Phelan.

SYNOPSIS.

Act 1. Room belonging to Morgan and Fairfax (evening).

Act 2. Library of Prof. Reed (the next morning).

Act 3. Room at the Lahr Hotel (the same evening).

Costumes by Swift and Reimers, Two Sixteen Court Street.

Song Hits of M. Witmark & Sons, 103 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois: "Good Night Dear," "Meet Me Where the Lanterns Glow," "Because You're You," "Sweet Girl of My Dreams," "I Used to Believe in Fairies," and "Don't Keep Me Waiting."

Song Hits of Victor Kremer Company, 158 Lake St., Chicago, Illinois: "Jungle Moon," and "I'm Going Home."



LAJOIE SOCIETY.

The members of Lajoie Society recently established by Rev. J. E. Belair, C. S. V., gave proof of their activity when on the 20th of December they presented in a very creditable manner three short comedies—"Consultation Gratuite," *Le Poete Sourd*, *Les Frayeurs de Cigruche*.

L. Baron and W. Roy deserve special mention for the manner in which they acquitted themselves in the first play.

Masters Girard Picard and Louis Rivard of the Minim department merited the applause of the audience in their little dialogue play.

The performers in the third comedy being mostly veterans on the stage, kept the audience spellbound throughout the play.

THE VIATORIAN

Two recitations "Larage" and "La Charite" were delivered by Jos. Lareau and L. Granger in a praiseworthy manner.

Dr. C. T. Morel entertained the audience between plays with songs dear to the French heart.

St. Viateur's orchestra under the direction of F. A. Sheridan C. S. V., furnished delightful music for the evening.

Much praise is due the Rev. Moderator J. E. Belair C. S. V., for the great success of the Society's initial appearance before the public.

PROGRAMME.

Consultation Giatuite.

Personages.

Daniel, medicin.....	W. Nourie
Jean Baptiste, seroctino.....	L. Baron
Michel, peie de Daniel.....	R. Roy

Le Poete Sourd.

Personages.

Dunanville, poete.....	Girard Picard
Fricotinard, bourgeois.....	Louis Rivard

Les Frayeurs de Cigruche.

Verlinsant.....	A. Savary
Adolphe filleul de Verlinsant.....	H. Darche
Leandre domestique.....	E. Souligny
Cigruche, paysan.....	R. Legris

Declamations.

L'oroge	Jos. Lareau
La Charite.....	L. Granger

 PERSONALS.

The Very Rev. President of Columbus College Chamberlain, South Dakota, W. J. Surprenant C. S. V., enjoyed a few pleasant days among his confreres at St. Viateur's. We were pleased to hear such glowing accounts of his flourishing young college in the West. He reports that the number of students is continually increasing. The heavy responsibility of guiding the new undertaking has not proved too laborious for the Rev. Father, and has left him as genial and happy as ever.

Rev. L. J. Goulette C. S. V., of St. Viateur's Church, Chicago, was a welcome visitor at the College a fortnight ago. He returned with V. Rev. W. Suprenant to Columbus College where he will assume duties as professor.

Another son of St. Viateur's has been elevated to the holy priesthood in the person of Rev. Daniel P. Drennan. Bishop Muldoon performed the ceremony at Rockford. Father Drennan made his collegiate course at St. Viateur's and received his A. B. with the class of '06. He was one of the founders of class organizations which has since taken a strong hold here. Father Clifford C. S. V. of St. Viateur's preached an eloquent sermon at the young levite's first Solemn High Mass at St. Mary's, Elgin, Ill., on Christmas morning. *Ad Ultra Annos.*

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., President attended the silver jubilee of his cousin Father O'Mahoney at Parnell, Iowa.

The following guests of St. Viateur's assisted and preached the Christmas sermons at the following places: Rev. J. V. Rheams C. S. V., at Henry, Ill.; Rev. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., at Manteno, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., at St. Ambrose's, Chicago; Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V., at Ludlow, Ill.; Rev. A. L. Girard C. S. V., at St. John Baptist's, Chicago; Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D., at Father Kramer's, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., at St. Rose's, Kankakee; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., at Kankakee.

Rev. T. Dugas C. S. V., has been named Dean of Kankakee county by Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley.

Rev. J. T. Bennett of St. Patrick's Kankakee, was a recent visitor.

We were pleased to welcome and entertain for a few days during the Christmas vacation the Very Rev. P. E. Brown C. S. V., President of Gibbon Hall, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Br. John Perdsock C. S. V., of Gibbon Hall, Kalamazoo, Mich., spent a few pleasant days at the institution recently.

Br. Michael C. S. C., of Notre Dame University was a guest of St. Viateur's during the Christmas vacation.

Bro. S. Boisvert C. S. V., after spending a few months at Columbus College, South Dakota, and St. Mary's Ill., passed the holidays at St. Viateur's. He left recently to resume work at St. Mary's, Ill.

Rev. Father Maynard a warm friend and generous benefactor

of this institution visited the college on his way to Chicago to consult his physician. The Rev. Father is in very poor health.

Rev. T. J. McDevitt and Rev. T. O'Brien of Chicago visited the institution lately.

Br. J. Carey C. S. V., has been transferred from St. Viateur's Normal Institute Chicago, to this institution.

Mr. Stephen A. Morgan ex-editor of the Viatorian and of athletic fame took leave of his legal studies for a few hours to visit old teachers and friends at St. Viateur's.



Such a bright array of Christmas exchanges! All done up with holly and wreaths of mistletoe beneath which we catch the gleam of beautiful gold lettering! Well done collegians you deserve the highest praise. Our wonders grow as we open the covers, for immediately the fragrance of Christmas poetry, stories, essays, bursts upon us and we became intoxicated with the strongly redolent yuletide odors. However, we managed to sober up enough to make a few remarks.

St. Joseph's Collegian contains some beautiful productions in metric form. In *Vigilia Nativitatis* is especially worthy of commendation. Tennyson's *Place in Literature* was read with genuine pleasure, the more so because we were permitted to compare the article with Tennyson the Lyrist, in the *Fordham Monthly*. It is a happy coincidence that these two productions should appear at almost the same time, and should bear such similarity of opinion on the part of the gifted writers. As the old saw has it *Great minds*, etc. The various departments of the *Collegian* give evidence of diligence. The editorials are up-to-date, alive and thoughtful.

We are in receipt this month for the first time of the **Xavier** and we welcome you to our sanction. The articles contained are all of high quality and fairly teem with the Christmas spirit.

The December issue of the "**Abby Student**" comes to us re-

plete with prose and poetry. The editorial column is well handled. We agree with you that Catholic newspapers have a limited circulation though Catholics subscribe to various secular and anti-Christian journals. To award the palm of victory to any particular essay is no easy task. However, the "Poetic Spirit of America" appeals to us very forcibly. The writer knows what he is talking about. Let us hope, too, that the day is not far distant when America shall have a national literature. The "Necessity of Federation of Catholic Societies" is well handled, while the poem "Out in the Dark Night" is, we think, worthy of special praise. The short story "John Farley's Promotion" is woven in a very ingenious way.

In scanning the pages of the "Young Eagle" for December we find that—well, not quite all of the students have become full fledged poets. A journal, that contains well written poems, deserves praise and hence the "Young Eagle" elicits our good wishes. The "Unrevised Class Papers" need no apology, we assure you, for their appearance in the Eagle even though they were submitted for class exercises and not intended for publication. It only shows careful preparation for class and evidently reflects credit on your gifted teachers. Your editorial column is well handled. "Do not be bashful," as we notice your exchange department is "one sided," and devoted to praising convent papers. Judging from your criticisms we have no doubt many other exchanges from "Colleges and University" would profit by a just criticism. All in all, the "Young Eagle" is a good representative of Saint Clara College.

The "Fleur De Lis" from St. Louis University for January contains a number of well written poems, good instructive essays and an abundant supply of carefully written short stories. The writer in the "Conquest of Cruelty" shows he is thoroughly acquainted with his classical authors. He has mastered his subject; and contrasts the conditions of the unhappy slaves in Ancient Rome with the conditions prevailing in the civilized world today. The "Seismograph" is both an instructive and interesting article, and, we dare say, not written by an amateur but by one who knows the minutest details of that instrument. Well may you feel proud of your "Oldest Alumnus." What college would not feel highly honored to claim such a sterling character as her son? The editorial deals with this festive season, and the few ideas on College spirit, taken from the speech of one of the Alumni, appeals not only to St. Louis University students but to students of every

college throughout the land. It scores selfishness, and as T. M. K. briefly puts it "We must all hang together" if we wish to accomplish anything.

Always neat and attractive in appearance, the December issue of *St. Mary's Sentinel* is no exception to its former standard. This issue is principally devoted to this great festival consequently it contains lively Christmas articles. The Christmas tale and Fireside tale are well written, while the poems on Christmas compares favorably with any we have read in the December exchanges. Looking over the editorials we find that Autumn and Christmas are some of the subjects treated as well as a good article on "Concentration." We agree with you that "We must learn to bend our energies to one point and go directly to that point, looking neither to the right nor to the left" yes and not looking backwards either. The writer in the "Necessity of Retaining Capital Punishment" brings forward some good points to prove his proposition. Keep up your motto.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

"The Education of the Will," recently done into fairly good English from the excellent French of Prof. Payot and published with a dash of simplified spelling, by Funk & Wagnalls, will prove of interest to Catholic students of philosophy because it contains in its theoretical part an able statement of the principles of determination which can be seen honestly presented and successfully combated in every manual of scholastic philosophy. The original work was early provocative of much argument and called forth able pages of refutation found in F. Maher's "Psychology," in Card. Mercier's "Psychologie," in F. Hickey's "Summula Philosophica, Vol. II." and lately in P. Gillet's "Education du Caractere." Prof. Payot attests that the Catholic church is an "incomparable mistress of character" and he laments the fact that instruction in character building is today so generally eliminated from public education. Consistently he should have pleaded for a return to the methods of the church in teaching self mastery. But he figures here as a faithful disciple of a much smaller master, the phenomenalist Ribot. Like all positivists Prof. Payot peremptorily demands the divorce of the sterile virgin metaphysics from psychology, as though the laws of being in general were useless in the investigation of specific beings. But more unfortunately still,

for one who writes "ex-professo" on the training of the will, he errs egregiously on moral liberty or the freedom of the will. The will according to Prof. Payot, is nothing but sensitive appetite refined and must certainly yield to and follow emotions and desires; it is not free; nor (by the force of his sensist system) can it be intellectually directed, since intellect as such does not exist, but is identified with and never rises commandingly above sensation. Hear him speak for himself: "Our intellectual powers," says, "are powers only in name. They are allowed a voice in consultation, but not in the deliberative body. We can only control human nature when we obey it. The only liberty there is for us lies in the bottom of determination." Then strangely enough, he proposes that the emotions and desires which necessarily determine the will be mediately directed and rightly guided by some noble idea which he admits is powerless to curb the emotional underworld.

It is as erroneous to think that the will is ever the sport of present attractions, temperament, inherited tendencies and always fatally yields to the most powerful motive, i. e. the highest pleasure, as to say that the will can by its own creative fiat and all unaided always act independently of the various aforesaid influences. Truth lies midway between these extremes. Prof. Payot is firmly intrenched in the first of these extremes. His book may appear convincing to the unsophisticated, but will not win the clinging assent of a well trained mind. If one could forget the jewel value of consistency he must needs find in the concluding chapters of advice much that is eminently sensible.

As the book was thought provoking across the water it may awaken our countrymen to a realization of the evils resulting from neglect of will training and set them upon a search for the best method of accomplishing this important work as it is done by the "mistress of character" Thus it will have builded better than it knew.

L. P. '10.

P. S. Is not translating "chartreux" by "Dominican Monks" a very amusing slip of the pen?—P.

Education of Will (Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y.) Price \$1.50.

Half a Chance, one of the late books by Frederick S. Isham, may advantageously be taken as a type of the modern, popular novel. And, like all such works, is manifestly written with the royalty to be obtained constantly in sight. Indeed, the books produced from the pens of our modern writers are nearly all more or less afflicted with that mundane purpose, and consequently

seem to be ill adapted to withstand the ravages of time. In this respect they are in the same category as the popular plays and songs which call forth from the various critics, lamentations and groans of depreciation. I do not mean to say, however, that such a publication as Mr. Isham's work, is to be depreciated. Far from it. There is much in it to be admired. The plot for instance is decidedly novel and unique and is treated and developed in a clear and clever manner which is worthy of imitation. Compared with any of the great works of England or American literature, however, it could hardly be called a masterpiece of fiction.

As a portrayal of the life led by society's "smart set," it is, as far as is discernible to the reader, a more or less true picture, and relates with sufficient vividness the various doings and means whereby that blase aggregation of humanity is enabled to relieve the monotony and ennui of every day existence. In the characters introduced by the author is evidence of a remarkably keen insight into the intricacies of human nature. And the naturalness and entire lack of artificiality in their actions and movements are merits which demonstrate the author to be a man who is thoroughly conversant with the ways of men of the world.

Taken on the whole, Mr. Isham's book may be said to be as good, readable and pleasant, as any of its class to be found on the shelves of modern book stores. The interest awakened in the beginning is kept alive increasingly to the end. The author very wisely steers clear of any religious discussion, thus leaving such questions to their proper places. The book is purely worldly in tone and leaves religion out entirely. It is a book which anyone, young or old, may read with pleasure obtaining thereby not a little instruction in the ways of the world and at the same time becoming conversant with good English and nicety of diction.

S. T. W.

(Half A Chance, by Frederic Isham, Boobs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Learning the Office. An introduction to the Roman Breviary. By John T. Hedwick S. J. Ratisbon, Rome, New York, Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1910. Pp. 93. Price \$0.35. On sale at the College.

This is exactly the sort of book that seminarians have been looking for, in their efforts to master the numberless difficulties that confront them when attempting to learn how to "say the office." As the title sufficiently indicates, the purpose of this little volume is to eliminate those apparent difficulties and lead the student by "a short cut" to the mastery of the Roman Breviary, so

that its daily recitation may be a work of pleasure and profit rather than an irksome task.

We take pleasure therefore in recommending this little book to those for whom it is intended, and we are sure that the Rev. Author's clear cut explanations will lessen to a considerable degree the worry of the "last year men" occasioned by many little details encountered in reciting the office for the first few months.

Wm. J. Clifford, C. S. V.

Life's Little Day. A book of seriousness from Catholic sources selected and arranged by D. J. Scannell O'Neil.

A bouquet of sweet scented flowers that exhale a fine literary and spiritual perfume, is the collection of choice quotations that D. J. Scannell O'Neill has enclosed within a dainty booklet called *Life's Little Day*. The compiler has been very successful in his attempt to gather notable sayings of devines and laics on the meaning and duties of life, and their reflections on time and death. An excellent pocket companion for every Catholic student.

Society of the Divine Word Techny, Ill.

C. M. W.

Paper cover 15 cents, Cloth Bound 25 cents.





Athletic Notes



No sooner had the football season closed at St. Viateur's when Captain Fitzgerald issued a call for candidates for the basketball team. A few of last year's winning team were on hand supplemented by some new candidates. Practice was in order for weeks before school closed and Captain Fitzgerald is fully confident that this year's basketball team will equal, if not surpass, that of last year. No pains has been spared to secure games with the leading basketball teams of Illinois and other states and already a carefully arranged schedule has been selected. All candidates are working splendidly in the hope of securing a coveted place in this, one of the strongest basketball teams in Illinois. The following have been in daily practice for some time: F. A. Cleary, R. Heffernan, D. Warner, Monahan, E. Quille, Bernard Coss, E. Cashin, E. Harvey, R. Warner, C. Boyle, L. Knoerzer, J. Kissane, E. Stack, C. Magee, J. O'Connor.

Juniors.

The members of last year's Junior basketball team have determined to uphold their invincible reputations and have again put on new armour. Skillful practice has been carried on daily. Captain Tiffany's fine work is an incentive to the members of his team for greater victory. One and all are determined to uphold for the basketball season, the high standard set by the Juniors of other years in the basketball world. The following are the candidates for the honors: J. Williams, Francis Murphy, Leo Doemling, Chas. Conklin, Albert Ladoux, Claude Wedge.

Minims.

The Minims are fully alive to the part which they are called upon to play in the realms of basketball. Coach McDonald is drilling his men and has left nothing undone to turn out a team which will compete favorably with teams of their class and preserve the high honors which the Minim teams of former years have bravely won. The following are in practice: W. Edgar, C. Campe, V. Quinlan, A. Landroche, J. Ingram, E. Fitzpatrick, O. Magruder, E. Pepin.

LOCALS.

-
- A Happy New Year "I'm sorry I couldn't say it sooner."
- As we go to press the iron is cold—Cooked? No Peary.
- In planning your New Year trips don't forget the Pole—N. B. No round trip tickets on sale.
- My home is in Bloomington, but I live in the city.—Willie.
- I slipped on my smelling salts—the impact was awful.
- I want my brother!
Wooden or woolen?—Ralph.
- The solution of the ice problem—Rollers.
- They received them with open mouths.—Brown.
- Are you ready for the oral exams?
No I have a sore throat—Speechless.
- Wanted—A desirable room-mate—Address R. 203.
- Escaped or stolen from R. 220. One Banjo tune.
- Oh fiddle!
- Harshly—Why didn't you come back AFTER Christmas?
Late One—That's what I went home for.
After the Exam.—My PASS was late in arriving.
- Candidates for the cross county path-finder's club, report to T. Harrison.
- I am now instructing a chorus of jubilee singers and will be pleased to hear from all aspirants to vocal honors.—J. Hunter.—
Is he?
- Were you sleigh riding or air drifting?
- This, for the weather—Hail! All hail!—make your bow to the New Year.
- My debut, where is it?
- Oh, my heart is broken!—Leo.
- We all arrive on time (?) Train time.
- The jam, if you please.
- Oh so foolish—My man what are you hunting for?
Kind one with gun—My health of course.

—Hush! your remarks are too cutting—Oh you icicle.

—My resolutions are going to be far-reaching, but will they last 'till the end?

—New Year resolutions,
Sometimes revolutions.
New Year evolutions
Not always solutions
Of the year.

—If the steamer's slow in tearing
And the airship's poor in sailing
If your auto needs repairing
Take the latest, monorailing,
And you're just the lad for 1910.

—Aren't you afraid somebody will steal your rug?
Oh no, I could catch him, for he surely wouldn't beat it.

—The M. D. is a wealthy chap
To every one 'tis known,
That every time he sets a break
He's adding bone to bone.

—The ragman too, a wise old lad
An artist of the bunk
Relieving people of their rags
He gathers up much junk.

