

**BON VOYAGE.**

So, friends, you must leave,  
Great deeds to achieve?  
God speed you; may fortune be kind.  
May you bring back rich stores  
From those historic shores,  
To the yearning hearts you've left behind.

What masters have trod  
On Rome's hallowed sod!  
With dowries untold she is blest.  
Then you'll reck not the hours,  
For unmeasured she showers  
All her bounties, time's priceless bequest.

Each eastward bound breeze  
Will bear o'er the seas  
A treasure of prayers to you, friends.  
While each star in the blue  
Will reflect back to you  
The good wishes some old confrere sends.

—W. C.

## THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

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Address Delivered by Mr. J. Munday, Commencement Day,  
June, 1905.

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If we ask you today to listen to a discussion of the merits and demerits of the Catholic press, it is because we have thought this a subject in which you would be easily interested. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the power of the press. Its influence is so mighty that he who could control the press would rule the world. The press is one of the strongest social forces for good or for evil. There is an apostleship of the pen as well as the tongue. And the ubiquitous presence and permanent power of the written word to rouse or depress, to elevate or to degrade, is infinitely more far reaching than is the short lived sound of the spoken word. Moreover the press has become one of the indispensable necessities of modern life. It is to our minds what the table is to our bodies. But as we carefully establish boards of health to safeguard us from adulterated foods, are we to be less solicitous for our mental well-being than we are for our physical health? For us Catholics our mental and moral board of health is the Church, in whose wise discrimination and honest guidance we have implicit confidence.

No constitution insures us any more sacred right than the right to intellectual and moral life and to the means of preserving, nourishing and perfecting this nobler life. For the individual as well as for the nation there is nothing more precious and more vital than religious conviction and religious practice. In a nation such as this Christian believers would be indeed blameworthy if they did not avail themselves of the many opportunities offered to live the life of their faith. Among the most powerful agencies for quickening religious faith are the pulpit and the press. And is it not the honest wish of every high-minded citizen in this great country that these potent levers be freely used for the moral uplifting and the spiritual advancement of the entire people? What we concede as a means of religious life for others we unhesitatingly claim for ourselves. Why, indeed, should the press, which is one of God's greatest gifts to the modern age, be neglected by the very ones who can make the best use of its splendid possibilities? Must the friends of truth and righteousness ever remain less wise in their generation than are the champions of intellectual and moral license? What a rich harvest in the field of religious endeavor would be prepared by an awakening of interest in the spiritual fecundation of the press! As regards the Catholic press in particular—in spite of



its acknowledged shortcomings—we confess to optimism. And the reason why we are disposed to view it thus encouragingly will be apparent when we have defined what it is and have pointed out its qualities and shown its work.

What is the Catholic press? With the exception of a few daily papers of limited circulation in foreign tongues, there are in our country, at least so far, only weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies that speak in the English language and with a Catholic tone. By the Catholic tone of these ephemeral and monthly publications I mean their distinctly religious style in handling the topics of the day, a style which differentiates these journals both from secular and from non-Catholic papers and magazines. Often our Catholic papers are the recognized official organs of a diocese or of a province, or of some great school, or again they are the enterprise of private individuals. But whatever the measure of their ecclesiastical recognition or sanction, they all in such measure speak as Catholics should speak, and as Catholics alone can speak. Through their spiritually vibrant pages one can feel the pulse-beats of the great heart of Christendom diffusing far and wide the saving messages of the Master and seeking "to restore all things in Christ." That great desideratum, a good English Catholic American daily paper, still awaits the generous enterprise of Catholic capital and the organization of Catholic talent. But such as it is the Catholic press is not an unknown quantity. We see it frequently quoted in the current secular literature of the day, either for commendation or for censure; this alone is one of the many proofs that it is making itself heard and that there is no mistake about its identity. And when we have succeeded in placing before our mental eye this particular press in a category clearly distinct from others, both in its nature and aims, we shall not be slow to recognize the unmistakable qualities which recommend it to our attention and patronage. Living at a time when the morally foul and defiling has the brazen effrontery to parade itself in yellow print, is it not a relief to find a press which deserves the rare distinction of being clean, of being above vulgar sensationalism, a press that is singularly free from every suggestion of moral turpitude and sordiness? Such is one of the characteristic features of the Catholic press. Moreover, it is timely in its treatment of topics of actual interest. Its editorials and leading articles, permeated with the sound sense of justice to all, partake of the staunch spirit of the American and have a direct appeal to the Catholic. In order that a paper be up to the times is it solely necessary that it have a colored supplement or that it be a combination of flashy pictorial display and a plethora of ad-



vertisements, with a modicum of useful information sandwiched in between? If so, few if any of our Catholic periodicals can claim the questionable merit of being up to date. But if to be timely means to be alert and helpful in the treatment of the vexing problems of the hour, then unquestionably must the credit of timeliness be accorded to our Catholic papers and magazines. Who speaks more seasonably than do our Catholic editors upon socialism, the rights and duties of labor and of organized capital and the expediency of compulsory arbitration? Who pleads more eloquently than they for the larger and more Christian education of the children of this country? Who is more eager for the improvement of the condition of the toiling masses? Who denounces more vehemently the evils of divorce, and of individual and race suicide? Who is more ready to applaud the triumph of American ideals? Who is more keen in biblical study and more practical and active in the furtherance of private and public beneficence? Upon these, as well as scores of other topics of actual interest, the Catholic press discourses with wide awake spirit and in the most profitable and timely fashion. Whoever, therefore, reads Catholic papers cannot be otherwise than well and safely informed on all the important questions of the hour.

Again, if we take a general view of the entire field of Catholic ephemeral literature, we cannot but observe the great variety of periodicals published to suit the tastes and needs of the many. Every subject of human interest, from the highest philosophic speculation to the fashions of the day, becomes the chosen specialty of some department of the Catholic press. And hence it is that our weeklies and monthlies have their own distinctive readers, some appealing to children, others speaking to adults, some being distinctly devotional, others family magazines, some literary, others ecclesiastical, while not a few excel the popular periodicals of the day in pleasing variety, spice, brilliancy and attractiveness. In literary style our well-edited weeklies, such as the New York Freeman's Journal, the Western Watchman, the New World, the Pilot, and the Philadelphia Standard and Times, are not one whit inferior to the best secular journals of the same class. Nor are our best magazines inferior to the secular magazines of the day in the matter of literary merit. For it is a widely-acknowledged fact that our ably-edited Catholic newspapers and magazines have on their staff and among their contributors men and women of exceptional literary ability, men of great culture and of vast experience, who deal with Catholic questions and leading public events



in a masterly manner that elicits the approval of the most fastidious critics.

Let us now see what is the primary function of the Catholic press? It is not to publish sensational reports of facts that have not happened, but to give a true and helpful appreciation of facts that do happen. Its primal function is to bring to bear upon the actualities of life the grand guiding principle of the Christian religion. It is to educate men, to teach, to enlighten, to guide them and help them obtain a firm grasp of those fundamental truths that are applicable to all the questions that project themselves to the fore and which must be rightly and quickly solved. The weekly paper deals with the questions of actual moment as they come up day by day and week by week. The monthlies in a more reflective mood discuss the topics of deeper and more permanent interest, and treat these from a more elevated point of view. Thus the Catholic press, in showing us the actual application of right principles of Catholic thought to the vexing problems of our times, performs a distinctly educative function. And while it does this chiefly in its editorial department, it finds a way in its more exclusively literary departments to help us delightfully to beguile the hours away with its healthy fiction and its occasional poems.

But besides the office of proclaiming the truth in as fair and strong accents as it can command, the press we speak of has also the important duty of standing forth as the defender of truth. Without any desire to belittle the merits of the daily press as a news gatherer and a general informer we must take a firm stand against some of its departments. Did you not remark, for instance, that "The Battle Ground of Modern Thought" and "Editorials for the Laity" in our large Sunday papers are often written by and bear the earmarks of atheists, spiritists, infidels, so-called higher critics, theosophists and other frousies? Is it not so that every economic heresy, every educational fad, every philosophic vagary and every religious novelty has a newspaper or magazine as its official organ? We are living in the very midst of these daily, weekly and monthly eruptions of the press, and if we are not scorched by the burning cinders and hot lava poured forth, can we wholly avoid breathing the sulphurous fumes with which the intellectual air is charged? In view of the conditions that actually prevail, our own self-preservation and well-being dictate that we provide effective antidotes against the poison which we more or less unconsciously and inevitably absorb. The counter poison is to be found in the Catholic press. We must fight the foes of religion with their own weapons. We must use the press against



those who abuse it. In view of the demands of the hour the Catholic periodical press has an important apologetic function to perform in safeguarding Christian truth from the onslaughts of cultured paganism, of disguised pantheism and black naturalism. These are all vital issues. Every wrong philosophic, religious or ethical principle that finds its way into and lodges firmly in the mind touches for harm the intellectual and moral life of the individual, as well as of the nation. How can this subtle evil be averted but by heeding the words of the masculine thinkers and courageous writers, who dare stand for truth even though the shining hosts of error are magnificently arrayed against them! The actual warfare which the apparently weak and poorly supported Catholic press wages against the splendidly armed giant of error is only the story of David and Goliath repeated. Those only who ill know and who consequently misjudge the Catholic press will say that it is incapable to cope with its mighty adversary. Those who have had the advantage of reading, among other Catholic weeklies, the New York Freeman's Journal have listened to Father Lambert's merciless excoriation of socialism, they have heard him clearly exposing the illogical position and eloquently denouncing the dangerous tendencies of Christian Science and the hollow pretensions of those philosophico religious fads called New Thought and Theosophy. Nor is this journal the only one that ably engages in the battle for true thought against so-called modern thought and "New Thought." All our editors know full well that no thought it worth anything save "true" thought.

And not only does the Catholic press render enlightening service in teaching us how to think rightly, but likewise it is ever wisely advising us how to act rightly. Well has the Catholic weekly been called by Leo XIII. a missionary. It insists upon right moral practices, and unhesitatingly condemns whatever is debasing. In no uncertain tone it warns the Catholic public against the dangers of the low dive, the dancing hall, the gambling den, the saloon, the immoral theatre, rioting and all dishonesty. It wages merciless crusades against greed, speculation, venality, political corruption, divorce, race suicide and other monstrous evils that eat into the very vitals of private and public morality. Furthermore, the Catholic press is an effective champion of our distinctive rights as Catholic citizens of this great republic. This brave, vigilant, fearless and ever alert guardian of our interests pleads with irresistible logic for a just and proportionate representation of Catholic citizenship in positions of public trust, and its appeals are not made in vain. To its persistent aggressiveness is due the defeat of legislation



which would impose further unjust burdens upon Catholic taxpayers, and the repression of measures that would rob Catholic, Indian and Philippine students of every opportunity to preserve their faith.

And notwithstanding its valuable and well-meant service to every best cause, the Catholic press is often treated with indifference and even antagonism by those who ought to be its staunchest supporters and co-laborers. It is to be hoped that with the talent, the industry and the intelligent efforts that are being made at present to improve and strengthen the efficiency of the Catholic press, its enemies will be reconciled and its friends multiplied. Not long ago the official organ of the primatial see of America published the following pertinent advice: "If the zealous members of the Church's laity, if the clear-sighted men of the clergy would prepare the way in their own day and time for the safeguarding and advancement of the interests of religion and morality in the future, they must do so by present advocacy of the claims of the Catholic press to the support of the Catholic public."

It is not by staying aloof or by fleeing from the scene of present action that we can hope for the glory of victory. It is by heeding the call of our captains, the bishops of every diocese, whose commands are trumpeted through the press, that we can feel assured of the triumph of the Catholic cause, a triumph which means the triumph of intelligence, the triumph of moral excellence, the triumph of the higher life, a life of grander personal achievement, of more disinterested patriotism and noblest national striving.

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### THE MORALITY OF COLLEGE SPORTS.

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Contributed by Mr. John Flanagan, '05.

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Every man who is conscious of his dignity as one of God's reasoning creatures finds himself while in the performance of his actions endeavoring to answer satisfactorily this self-put question: "Is this thing good or bad?" He discovers that this private and personal inquisition is a natural consequence of his rationality; he learns that on its successful issue depends his own future welfare, his lasting influence in society, and he knows that sometime in a higher tribunal—in a court from which there is no appeal—those same acts whose goodness or evil he is now trying to pass upon will again be tried. It is because of this heritage of lawful curiosity in relation to our own acts that we are daily confronted by the eternal "cui bono?" There is no time when the question is not



present, nor is there any act so slight that it does not provoke the necessity of an answer. It is not only in the big things of life, the matters of life and death, wealth and poverty, that call forth this interrogation, but the problem of good or evil, right or wrong, has so thoroughly permeated the whole social body that it has become as persistent, if not indeed as formidable, as Banquo's ghost. It is when reference is had to the minor affairs that I find an opportunity of applying the question of the good or evil of acts to my subject this evening. While the subject is neither new nor strange, yet it is for the reason that different ages of the world have looked upon the prevailing sports and pastimes and called them good without stint or reservation, that I venture now to draw your attention to the morality of sports.

We have need here in the beginning to work with an eye upon the past. Viewed historically, the question of sports presents a very considerable evolution. It is not recorded that the first family on earth engaged in games of any kind, but it is safe to say that the world was yet young when sports were born. The young Israelites on the desert must have engaged in feats of agility and dexterity, and Jacob has come down to us famed as a wrestler. But perhaps it is to the Greeks that sports owe their origin in the sense in which they best appeal to us—namely, in that of science. Greek discus throwers, Greek runners, in short the Greek athlete, has his perpetuation not more in his country's marble than in her history. On a par almost with the poet or the orator was the muscular Helene, and the ruins of gymnasia and training schools are today mingling their dust with that of the sport of the Lupercal, so we know that Roman sports began before Rome itself. By referring to the historical aspect of sports I am not doing you the injustice of insinuating that you do not know the history of sports, for it is, as it were, a corollary of racial development and national policy. But the points that I would endeavor to call to your attention—the facts which appear between the lines of history are these—the value of sports as a reflection of national characteristic, the use of sports by those in high places to mould those same characteristics, and, finally, the reactionary effect of sports upon the morals of the people, or briefly, the morality of sports.

For purpose of dispatch let us make use of one eminent example, Rome. Primarily the games of boys and men, engaged in for diversion, became assimilated by what then existed under the name religion. The Roman youth, out of the wantonness of his overflowing animal spirit, worshipped the god Pan by games. The



historian of Roman games holds a mirror before the nation's changing moods, and we see Rome from a different angle, but it is Rome just the same. Then men arose in power who would that the people call them gods and increase their prerogatives. There was lying by a handy instrument whereon to play a tune, and to the fiddling of these early Neroes the populace danced. This instrument was the people's love for their sports. Those early emperors catered to this love, gave spectacle upon spectacle, furnished one sensation after another, until at length these shows that were once sufficient to win the homage of the rabble clogged the appetite, and a young giant Roman, cruelty by name, asserted her birthright of barbarity and cried out that it was all too tame. The demand for greater sensation and more intense excitement was acceded to and the scrolls that tell the story of what took place between that time and the crucifixion of the Just Man on Calvary have upon them the vile smell of an ocean of wasted blood. That which had been an instrument had become the performer, and in the moulding of the characteristics of depraved taste and a lust for blood, the sports were master. Sport, the only sport that Rome then knew, had been the pedagogue to the native barbarity, and the gentle Roman maiden, when she had tired of stabbing servants with her bodkin, might be entertained, thrilled—at a small price per thrill—by attending the games and sitting with down-turned thumbs. But the picture were not complete without a daub from some modern nation. Spain's bull fights are the remnants of a condition of rapacity, regardless of whether the blot is imputable to Spaniards without any distinction or not. The story of bull and bear fighting, bull dog fights and bare knuckle prize fighting attest a past of which England cannot well be proud. Still the story stands, and in the sunlight of humane manners it casts a dark shadow that is only the morality which such conditions predicate. Unfortunately some elements remain, and our consolation is that the universal demand for the gentleness of manners cannot be long gainsaid. But does not the former presence of excessive brutality in some quarters and its subsequent entire or partial disappearance bear testimony to the relation between the sports of a people and their morality. Morality is a norm, a standard which finds its authority for taking the measure of actions in right reason. Right reason is the scale, and the untutored morality of a few centuries, nay, even a few decades back, when weighed in the balance is found wanting. Sports belong to the category of human actions, and it is because people in their serious pursuits and people in their pastimes do not change or take on an entirely new individuality that sports have a morality.



They do not have a morality simply because morality is inseparable from human actions; but the morality exhibited by a people in its sports is an infallible index to that people in all its phases. We ourselves must own to having exhibited the hidden Tartar in our sports. Fortunately we are emerging from the shame of some of our sporting history, but we have an acknowledgement to make in that regard also. We boast that our prize fights are humane and scientific. That they are the latter we are glad to admit, but regarding the former we must be honest enough, perhaps I had better say bold enough, to say, that until prize fights are confined entirely to newspaper columns instead of partially, as at present, we cannot honestly call them humane.

Lest we deceive ourselves that we have progressed more rapidly than other nations in eliminating the elements of cruelty from sports, let us remember that when our national sports had their beginning morality had more of a hold upon humanity than it did when Rome howled and inverted its thumbs. The day is coming—and it is with an eye to the onward march of the army of morality that we say it—when not only the defeated “scrapper,” but his successful opponent, will be a “has-been,” and only the true athlete, who sees in athleticism a means and not an end, will remain, and he will wear thickly padded gloves. The highest compliment ever paid or possible to be paid to sports is their adoption by institutions of learning. Educators are wise in their generation, and in sports they perceive not only the indeterminate morality that belongs to any and all human actions, but more than that, they recognize in them the possibility of engendering and promoting right morality. Their reasons for this attitude are manifold and valid. There is an old dictum of “*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*,” and beyond that is that fact that a healthy youth, when he is neither at his books, at play, or asleep, will be at something—well, something that will do him no good at any rate. College athletics are here to stay, and it is a pretty general rule that at colleges where athletics are not allowed to stay, the students will not stay. In this same connection, we American students may boast, and may be justified in so boasting, that our own country is the ideal home of athletics, as it is of almost every other good thing. Whatever may be said of other countries as to priority, of the United States it may be said that she offers more genuine encouragement and more unrestricted opportunities to the athlete than any other country under the sun. Remember, I speak of the college athlete, who makes sport a means to his total development, and not of the athlete who does not allow his studies to interfere with his education. Certainly there are



some objections to wholesale and ill-guided athleticism, and these objections are well grounded, but in every case—I do not except the much-mooted question of brutality in foot ball—the objections have their grounds not in the sport itself, but in some extrinsic cause. Not one of the sports countenanced by institutions of learning in this country today is intrinsically bad. Not one is the cause of an evil, it only may be the occasion; not one detriment arises from the proper use, but only from abuse; not one of all but in its principles and proper employment is “in conformity with right reason.”

We have passed lightly over the reasons wherefore college sports are admissible as being conducive to great benefits to the mind and body of the students. These reasons alone would furnish material for a lengthy treatment. We cannot in so brief a space dwell at length upon the various sports; even to name them were a task of no mean proportion. Their various and multiple development is well attested by even the fact that to the lay mind a Spalding catalogue is a series of complexities. We can at best but touch upon the most prominent, select from these the most popular or the best and discuss briefly its merits. Unquestionably the most prominent are foot ball and base ball, and of these two we feel justified in naming base ball as the better, first, last and all the time. Permit me a word, however, anent foot ball. As I have said, there is nothing intrinsically bad about this game, but its nature is such that it admits of many abuses, and has therefore occasioned much discussion. This appeals to me as the true aspect of the case. Foot ball restricted to the large schools where facilities are ample for properly learning the game, being well trained and coached for it, where teams are evenly matched, officials square, the proper idea of the ends for which the game was introduced maintained, gate receipts and betting not made features, professionalism debarred, salaries of coaches limited, and irregularities severely dealt with, foot ball is all right. But it is all right under such circumstances, why? Because it is in conformity with right reason, and therefore moral. Reputable men have condemned it, believing it to be demoralizing and degenerative. But they based their judgment upon observation made where the morality of the sport had received a bad strain. It is charged that it is too barbarous in its demands upon the system of the players in regard to endurance. In this regard I am reminded of the remark made by a man who is in charge of an establishment where the men employed are encouraged to engage in athletic sports—but not to the extent of incapacitating them to attend to business. This gentleman was asked if his com-



pany allowed its employes to play foot ball. "No, indeed," was the response. "Foot ball players can only attend to foot ball; they cannot work at anything else during the season." "But," continued the questioner, "don't you believe in foot ball?" "No, sir," was the rejoinder, "I do not." "Yes, I understand, but I mean foot ball in moderation," persisted the other. "Can you shoot a gun in moderation?" Certainly one cannot shoot a gun in moderation, and the gentleman referred to was comparing one thing as viewed in its true nature with another thing viewed in its perverted state, just as things stand in a comparison of shooting a gun and foot ball. It simply brings us back to the old spot—only men especially coached and trained can play foot ball as it should be played and restricted to its proper element and properly environed; there foot ball conforms to right reason and can be considered as strictly moral.

But we must hasten to consider briefly the greatest and best of all sports. If I were to make a college to college canvass, a shop to shop canvass, an office to office canvass; if I were to ask each individual sound-limbed American man or boy what in his opinion is the greatest of all games, what answer do you suppose I would receive? If I would ask you to wait until I could go into the city or even through the college building to make such a canvass what would you say? Having sat patiently for too long a time already on those hard chairs, you would be unwilling to wait so long. In your anxiety to be released you would tell me "Go ahead, play ball." And right in these two words you would express the best of our athletic history as a nation; you would show how great a hold that game has upon us by the use of its first expression, which has embodied itself as one of the most expressive idioms of our language. "Play ball" is the watchword of American pluck, skill and clean sportsmanship. Its influence extends from the primer class to the bachelor's gown, from the shop to the presidential mansion, from the campus to the rostrum, and if Wellington could rightly say "Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England," the historians of American industry, aggressive morality and business efficiency may truly say that American greatness, which is the greatness of every day life, that wears like iron and does its daily part in the world's great work, received one of its greatest aids on the American base ball diamond. From the ranks of boys, whose hours of recreation have been spent with bat, ball and glove, are daily being recruited strong, active men, alert and direct in their deeds and clean in their morals, who stand for Americanism and all that the word means. The good that there is in base ball is well evidenced by the fact that it has weathered not a few tempestuous seasons and



outlives the abuses that once threatened to bring it into disrepute. Take any of our sports today, for an example, and you will quickly see that there is none whose spectators are so rarely drawn into the vice of gambling, nor whose exponents are so little given to dissipation. Those things are not of base ball, and good base ball cannot be had if they attach themselves to it. But the people of this country will have good base ball, and if base ball in order to be good must be clean, the people, as we see on all hands, are not only willing, but indeed demand, that gambling, dissipation and their like submit to the pruning knife of morality. If I were to confine my remarks to professional base ball alone I could point out to you an organization which in the perfection of its management and legislation and the amount of capital invested is second to but few of the industrial interests of the country. Yes, base ball is a success, and what must be at the bottom of every true success? Morality. I do not mean that baseball is missionary in character; it furnishes no texts for sermons, but its morality is of another stripe; it is one of those exercises among men which as someone has well said, "has a direct tendency to draw the bonds of society closer together by friendly intercourse, which substitutes the feats of men for the freaks of the fops, hardihood for effeminacy, dexterity for luxurious indolence, and which is free from taint of cruelty, oppression and selfishness." In so far as it is so, it fulfills the same duty in the eyes of the reader of history as the sports of the Romans and other ancient peoples do, for if the tendencies which I have quoted for you be not typically American and indicative of at least one very important phase of our national life, then we are but ill informed as to the meaning of Americanism. It is little better than idle for me to take up your time in this way, since every American who has the use of his faculties can grow eloquent at a moment's notice on the subject of base ball. It is said that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. While I have infinite respect for that wise saw, I am sufficiently well convinced of the good that is in base ball to say that although there are comparatively young men about us who stood by its cradle; not you, nor I, nor those of many generations to come, will live to walk behind its hearse.

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The athlete's fine form displayed itself at full length and breadth upon the searing grass of the gridiron, and it was feared his intracranial machinery had been severely jolted. Instead, however, of the much-dreaded concussion of the brain, the doctor declared the trouble merely of an external nature. The patient's nose guard wasn't on straght.



## EXCHANGES.

The S. V. C. Index (Commencement Number) contains a valuable discussion of "Socialism." The division of the subject into three articles forms a pleasant feature of the work. In each of the articles the style is clear and the arguments adduced are forceful and conclusive. "Washington Irving," an essay, sketches briefly the life and writings of that author—too briefly, we think, for the wide scope offered by such a subject. Its merit consists in the simplicity of style.

St. Mary's Sentinel. "A Reflection" and "The Wyoming Massacre," in verse, are fairly well written; variety of expression in "The Wyoming Massacre," being the most striking and interesting characteristic. That "Defeat is not Dishonor" is well proven, in the article of that title. It is, beyond doubt, the best contribution we are offered. A lively freshness marks the style throughout and parts are in some manner eloquent. "Robert Southey" contains the necessary material for a good essay, but the connection is loose and grace of diction is wanting. "Tacordaire" is an essay showing a knowledge of the many facts connected with the orator's life. From the point of execution, however, it is dull. "Joan of Arc," an essay, is, to say the least, disappointing.

"The Bee" for June and July is a work of art. The articles are of distinctive literary merit. In "Ethics of National Wealth," and "Beginnings of Christianity" we find a brilliancy of style and acquaintance with the philosophy of history, which make the July number intensely interesting. "Marcus Tullius Cicero," an essay, in June number, is well handled. "Shakespeare," an essay, is characterized by nervousness of style.

The Young Eagle, for August, is mostly of local interest. "Dante," a poem, however, is one of those successful literary attempts which awaken interest wherever students of the illustrious Florentine are to be found. "Fifty Golden Years of Priesthood and one phase of it" is the work of a skillful pen. J. R.

We feel repaid in reading any and all contributions to the July "P. C. B." The orations are good. The plea for "The Ancient Classics in the College Course" perhaps deserves special mention owing to the importance of the subject.

After perusing the August "Abbey Student," we gladly accord it its usual welcome. All its departments are well edited and balanced. Poetry and fiction have received a proportionate share of attention. Of the contributions of the latter nature "Ten O'clock"



deserves preference. The orations "Nicholas First of Russia" and "American Catholic Confederation" are both carefully composed.

The "Commencement" number of the Fordham Monthly presents a decidedly superior appearance to the majority of our recent exchanges. The orations it contains are forcible and eloquent pleas for high mindedness and strong, manly character. Several choice productions of verse add to its general excellence. However, "Thyesta's Conversion," a story concerned with the conversion of a Greek slave in the course of gladiatorial combat in the Roman arena, falls somewhat below the usual standard of work appearing in this journal, both in point of originality and execution. E. J. S.

### PRIESTS OF HOLY CROSS.

By Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. . . .

This interesting sketch of the origin and present activities of the Fathers of the Holy Cross from the elegant pen of Father Cavanaugh will remain an important document in the annals of education and of missionary work. The author is in full sympathy with his subject and speaks with the fervid tone of an eye witness. There is much to edify and encourage in the recital of early trials and difficulties successfully overcome. The book is sure to win to the valiant ranks of this great teaching and missionary community many a worthy young man who feels called to do the deeds of God in the religious ministry.

### A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS.

Notre Dame, Ind.

Almost simultaneously with Father Cavanaugh's work on "The Priests of Holy Cross" comes "A Story of Fifty Years." These twin volumes seem born of one idea: to write the acts of apostolic pioneers in the fields of religious education and show forth the richness of the harvest which now whitens on the holy ground they sprinkled with their tears. "A Story of Fifty Years" is the historic record of the achievements of the Sisters of Holy Cross since their first arrival in America some fifty years ago. Besides its historical value this book has distinct literary merit. The writer, a gifted nun of Holy Cross, displays admirably delicacy in the treatment of such difficult subjects as for instance Relations with France, and also evinces edifying piety and reverence in her appreciation of



persons. The pretty volume contains many excellent views of St. Mary's Academy, at Notre Dame, which in itself is a monument attesting the splendid results achieved by the progressive Sisters of Holy Cross.

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### ALUMNI MEET WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25.

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St. Viateur's day, Oct. 21, falls on Saturday this year, and as Saturday is a rather inconvenient day for many of the alumni to absent themselves from home, our Rev. President has decided to postpone the solemn celebration of our patronal feast to the following Wednesday, which will be Oct. 25. On that day a pontifical mass will be celebrated at 9 a. m. by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D. An appropriate sermon will be given by one of the alumni. There will be drills and field games for the entertainment of guests. Dinner will be served at 12 m. After dinner there will be a regular business meeting of the alumni association. At 2 p. m. a dramatic entertainment will be given. Father Marsile hopes to have ready for presentation one of his original dramatic compositions, "The Sons of Clodomir. As St. Viateur's day's celebration is one of the two great college feasts which the alumni agreed at their last meeting to make a rallying date, it is expected that there will be a large attendance of old students on the coming 25th of October.

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We have often heard of juniors and Minims running away, but who ever thought tsat an ordinary pie, with sweet, innocent face, could be guilty of such surreptitious business? This pie, as others of its species, was known to have much drawing power, but it was not supposed to have any legs or wings. Did this particular piece of supposedly inert pastry begin to realize a la Lamarck that it was actually in a very unsafe place in dining room No. 2, where it had been temporarily deposited? Did it then, in due process of Lamarckian evolution, evolve a desire for other whereabouts and for transportation facilities? Did it in consequence grow unto itself centipedal members and hike away? This is a not unlikely conjecture, offering an explanation of the recent mysterious disappearance of a nicely browned pie.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Hell of Dante, canto third.

Mr. J. Flanagan, our envoy to Rome, will send the Viatorian an occasional "travelogue." Bryan and Curtis and a few others had better bestir themselves if they would continue holding the public ear.



# THE VIATORIAN.


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## EDITORIAL.

As the competitive orations and commencement day speeches were crowded out of our mid-summer number, which was largely taken up with the interesting account of the Jubilee doings, it is our intention to publish these addresses in this year's issues of the Viatorian. The present staff feels grateful for these valuable contributions, and is confident that they will be appreciated by the student world, as well as by the outsiders.

The growing proportions of this institution, together with its increasing popularity, are of a nature to make us realize the seriousness of the duty which devolves upon us of trying to edit a paper that will reflect the manifold activities of a large educational center. We shall count upon the valuable assistance of our fellow students in the various departments.

While the Viatorian deeply regrets the absence of Mr. John Flanagan, which is a distinct loss to its pages, yet most sincerely does it congratulate its former exchange editor upon the good fortune which takes him to Rome to finish his studies. That he was chosen from out of many by His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago to be given the precious advantages of a course in ecclesiastical studies in Rome, the fountainhead of sacred lore, and afterwards the opportunity of a course in English literature at Oxford, is both complimentary to Mr. Flanagan, a princely recognition of his promiscuous talent, and also an honor to this college. We wish him health and every success. These pages shall ever be open to welcome his interesting correspondence.



### ATHLETICS, YES.

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Because an institution favors only sane athletics, condemns the commercialism that taints athletics in big colleges and in small ones, or labels professionalism in college athletics as degeneracy, is no reason why that institution should be dubbed "belated," "behind the age," or "unprogressive." Retrogression, after all, is the only wise step when there is danger ahead. If to progress means to forget the chief aims and purposes of college life, and to make an end out of what it but a very secondary means, let us rather stand stock still. So long as athletic sports are used as mental tonics they are not only excusable but commendable. If sports are good developers of that physical soundness in which dwells a sound mind, then evidently sports should be indulged in by every student in a moderate degree, and not only by a few and in excessive measure.

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The following interesting item about St. Viateur's college was published in a recent issue of the Chicago Daily Chronicle:

This famous school, located at Kankakee, Ill., commends itself to residents of northern Illinois by its nearness to Chicago. The attractive site near the banks of the Kankakee river and the proverbial healthfulness are other features that render it particularly desirable as a place of study for the young. Besides these natural advantages a fully equipped gymnasium, perhaps the most elaborate of its kind in the state of Illinois; the spacious campus, ever alive with favorite American college sports, and the regular military drills under masters of the art insure the physical development of the students along lines of strength and grace. This institution offers excellent opportunities to young men who desire to prepare themselves for professional study or for business. Especially strong are the courses in English and in the sciences. Students are taken through theoretical and practical work in English literature and are trained in the art of literary criticism. Several times a year a Shakespearean drama is enacted on the college stage, and regularly have the college Thespians, as well as the Columbian guards or Minim swordsmen, treated Chicago audiences to fine dramatic and military exhibitions, considered in many respects worthy of professionals. Rev. M. Marsile, C. S. V., enjoys today the rare distinction of having rounded his twenty-fifth year as president of St. Viateur's college, which he has brought to the front rank among the colleges of the Mississippi valley. A man of scholarly attainments, of broad views, who lives in the present and the future



rather than in the past, he is excellently qualified to govern his large faculty and the youth who are being instructed under his charge. Most of the teachers are university graduates and not a few have followed special courses abroad. Scores of eminent lawmen today represent St. Viateur's in the liberal professions and in the commercial world. These loyal alumni it was who a few weeks ago presented President Marsile a purse of \$25,000, upon the occasion of his presidential jubilee, for the erection of a new building.

The Chicago Chronicle states in its recent accounts of athletic doing that our Knights of the Gridiron made the Northwestern University team quite nervous in the first half of that Evanston game. However, in the end we allowed them to get even with us for that grand exordium they furnished us the occasion to make on the base ball diamond in the spring, when we piled up nine tallies to their one.

If you want to study the higher things, says the "Economic," look at the price of meat and bread, etc. The stars are pretty stationary.

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#### REV. DR. J. E. LABERGE RECALLED.

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In the early days of July Rev. Dr. J. E. Laberge received an order from Most Rev. Archbishop Bergin, summoning him to Quebec to be put in charge of a large and important religious institution, the "Asile du Bon Pasteur," in the city of Quebec. Dr. Laberge is more than excellently qualified for the direction, as chaplain, of the spiritual interests of this great religious work, and we are sure that all those who are connected with that institution consider themselves fortunate in having secured such a capable and efficient chaplain. While we congratulate the nuns of the Good Shepherd upon their good fortune, the result, no doubt, of their prayers, we cannot but lament our own great and unexpected loss in the departure of our beloved and eloquent professor. For well nigh eighteen years Dr. Laberge has taught in both the philosophy and divinity departments of St. Viateur's, and contributed very largely in making for this institution the enviable reputation it enjoys as a school of philosophy and theology. Not the least of his credits is the fact that he has taught so well as to fit his own pupils not only to discharge the important duty of "teaching the nations," but even of teaching those who are to be teachers. Rev. M. Bergin, C. S. V., who succeeds Rev. Dr. Laberge in the chair of dogmatic theology, was one of the eager and most successful pupils of the learned Doctor a few years ago, and it is safe to predict that



Father Bergin will follow close upon the footsteps of his own distinguished professor. The chaplaincy of Notre Dame Academy also became vacant upon Dr. Laberge's leaving, and has been assigned to our active and capable vice president, the Rev. Father Ryan, C. S. V. The regrets of the many friends whom the kind and engaging ways of the Rev. Doctor had won him in Burbonnais and Kankakee have followed him to his distant abode in his own dear Quebec. We sincerely thank him for his many and valued services and we heartily wish him length of days and full success in his priestly labors.

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### OBITUARY.

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In the prime of youth and health and but a few weeks after receiving his diploma, our genial friend, George Stoeffler, of Joliet, Ill., died after a very brief illness, in California. He had the consolation of receiving the last sacrament before expiring. We pray for the repose of his soul, and offer our condolence to his sorrowing mother.

Another sad death is chronicled in the loss of Mrs. Quille, the mother of Rev. C. J. Quille, an alumnus, and A. G. Quille, an actual student. Her life was truly well spent, and the religious family she has left attests that her reward shall be great. We extend our sympathy to our beloved fellow student and alumnus.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moody offer their sincere sympathy upon the loss of their child son, George, whose fair young soul, recently bathed in baptismal grace, has winged its flight on high among its kindred spirits surrounding the great white throne.

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Rev. J. E. Lynch, C. S. V., has been appointed assistant pastor of St. Viateur's parish, Chicago, replacing Rev. M. Lennartz, C. S. V., who has been assigned to the college.

Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., will spend the coming year in Chicago, where he will take lessons in violin under Prof. Martel, of the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., returned August 30th from a trip to Europe. Father O'Mahoney visited his old home in Ireland and places of interest in England and Paris.



**RT. REV. MGR. G. M. LEGRIS, D. D., ON SICK LEAVE.**

Scarcely had those ever bright and interesting classes of moral theology been opened when, to the surprise and deep regret of all, the news was announced that our Rt. Rev. professor was suffering from an attack of appendicitis. Without delay a very successful operation was performed upon the Monsignor by Dr. Murphy at the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Sept. 16. If the kind heavens hear our prayers our beloved prelate and professor will not be long detained from among us. While the healing processes are going on speedily and happily, it will in all likelihood be necessary for the Monsignor to take a few months of rest. Meanwhile our scholarly prefect of studies, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., has in spite of his many other occupations taken charge of the class of moral theology.

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**PERSONAL.**

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., and Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., will attend conferences held in Urbana, Ill., about the middle of October on the occasion of the installation of President James, of Illinois University.

Mr. T. Cosgrove, who spent a few days here with his friends, returns to Notre Dame, where he will enter senior year in law course.

Mr. Willie Keefe, who these many years has shed the sunshine of his genial presence on campus and in classroom, departs this month to Rome with his classmate, Mr. J. Flanagan, where both will continue their studies in view of the sacred ministry. They will reside at the American college.

Mr. Joseph Lonergan, after finishing his course of philosophy at Rochester Seminary, N. Y., last June, was adopted by Archbishop Christie, and has gone to Montreal, where he will prosecute his theological studies.

Messrs. P. Dufault and Eugene Caron will finish their course in theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, this year.

Mr. N. Lamarre, we hear, commences his theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, this year.

Mr. J. Finnegan and son, Louis, called at college early in September and had a pleasant visit with the Mitchell boys, from Le-mont.

Rev. M. A. Dooling, of Clinton, Ill., spent a day with his friends at the college. He has arranged to have Rev. Father Mar-



sile with him for the ceremony of confirmation, which took place October 1.

Rev. Father Feeley, of Excelsior Springs, Mo., spent a few days with his professors and former classmates at the college a few weeks ago. In the chapel we heard Father Feeley in those sweet familiar strains of sacred song that ever lend religious worship such peculiar charm.

Rev. Francis Byrne is making a very successful debut as assistant pastor in St. Mary's church, Joliet, Ill.

Rev. P. Griffin was soon after his ordination appointed to the curacy of Freeport, Ill., where he found a warm welcome at the hands of both pastor and people.

Rev. J. McMullen was until recently acting pastor at Pekin, Ill., in the absence of Rev. Father Sullivan, who was traveling in Europe.

Master Raphael Thiers writes that he is off to the far west to spend a year ranching in Idaho. The Viatorian hopes to be favored with interesting accounts we know this literary boy can write of his experiences in those distant and wild regions.

On the 3rd of September Rev. J. G. Libert saw the completion of a work which had engaged his attention these many years, in the dedication of his beautiful new church at Canton, Ill. Rt. Rev. Bishop P. J. O'Reilly, of Peoria, blessed the sacred edifice, and Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris celebrated pontifical high mass, at which very excellent music was rendered by the regular church choir. Rev. Francis O'Reilly, of Peoria, preached a very appropriate sermon. In the afternoon the Rt. Rev. Bishop administered confirmation to a large class, and in the evening the congregation was entertained with a sacred concert and a lecture by Rev. F. Brennan, of Quincy, Ill.

Rev. J. Callahan, of Butte, Mont., was recently in Rome, where he met V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V. The Rev. travelers have now arrived home.

A large concourse of priests assembled at DeKalb, Ill., on Sept. 19 to greet His Grace Archbishop Quigley and the popular pastor of St. Mary's church on the occasion of the confirmation ceremony. All congratulated Father Solon upon his beautiful church and new parochial residence and his large and well-instructed confirmation class.

Mr. Joseph Finnegan has accepted a position as mailing clerk at Marshall Fields.' Leonard is employed at Mandel Brothers.' Louis has a good position with Siegel-Cooper.

Father Marsile is having an English translation made of his



fine metrical drama, "Les Fils de Clodomir," which he intends to present on St. Viateur's day.

Rev. A. L. Girard, C. S. V., replaces Dr. C. T. Morel as professor of Science. Dr. Morel has held the chair of Science for many years and has won the respect and admiration of all who were fortunate enough to be his pupils. He will retain his position as house physician. Brother Girard has just completed his course in science under Rev. Fr. Morin, C. S. V., M. S., at Joliette College, Canada and received his degree last June. He took a post-graduate course under Professor Moulton at Chicago University this summer and is well prepared for the work before him. Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V., has been appointed Prefect of Discipline to succeed Father Bergin and will be assisted by Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., and Rev. J. Corbett, C. S. V., in the Seniors; Rev. E. J. Solon, C. S. V., and Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., the Juniors, and Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., and Rev. W. J. Remillard, C. S. V., in Minims.

Rev. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., has succeeded Father Bergin as manager of athletics and is taking a great interest in his work.

James G. Condon and Thomas J. Condon desire to announce the information of a co-partnership for the general practice of the law, with offices at Suite 512, Ashland Block, northeast corner Randolph and Clark streets. Telephone 2902 Central.

Mr. Milton Babin paid a pleasant visit to his old college home Sept. 19 and was delighted with the splendid improvement made since his day, especially in the chapel and in the gymnasium. Mr. Babin is in the employ of the American Express Co., Chicago, where he fills a lucrative position.

Mr. Joseph Cannon has returned to college after an absence of three years and has entered the Theological department.

Joseph Flageolle is preparing himself for a course in medicine at Sioux City, Iowa.

Cornelius Shiel is attending school at Valparaiso with aspirations toward the legal world.

Our old friend, Charley Carney, of Paducah, has distinguished himself as a soloist with a popular opera company this summer. Charley was quite a singer here, but distinguished himself more as manager of the famous "Orioles."

Clifford and Charles Elfelt have entered St. Edward's Hall, Notre Dame.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., D. D., presided at a meeting of the Catholic authors held in Chicago Sept. 21st. The purpose of the meeting was to form an organization of the Catholic writers in



northern Illinois, and a move in that direction will be made early in October.

Mr. J. Francis Parker, who was a student here some three years ago and was since with the Jesuit Fathers at St. Steven's Mission, Wyoming, was ordained in Spokane last June and is now pastor of Douglas City, Alaska, from which distant point he writes, sending his subscription for this year's Viatorian. We wish Father Parker every success in his far away field of priestly labor.

Mr. Treadway Carleton, of baritone fame, is now successfully engaged in the stationery business at First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Rev. J. O'Callahan made a brief stay in Chicago Sept. 26 on his way from Europe to Montana. His many friends, and among them Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., our genial treasurer, were delighted to see the Rev. Father so much improved after his European vacation.

Mr. Harvey Legris will occupy the handsome new residence directly in front of the college early in October.

Mr. Joseph Kelley, of Walsh, Boyle Co., tendered many specially valuable services on the occasion of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris' transfer to the Mercy Hospital in early September. For these and his many other delicate attentions we feel grateful to Mr. Kelley.

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### ATHLETIC NOTES.

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The football outlook is brighter this fall than it has been for many seasons; all of last year's team have returned, while three old recruits, together with several promising new candidates, have joined the squad. The greatest aid to the team is the return of Full Back Dyer, who received flattering offers to fill a vacancy in Director Huff's back field at Illinois. Cannon, the fast end for the '02 and '03 teams, has resumed studies and will play right half back, while Smith, the star of last year's team, should do excellent work at left half. McDonald, who was out of the game last year, will try for a position on the line, and he, together with Mullaney and Moran, are the candidates for guards, while Capt. Kelly and O'Connor and Carrol offer excellent material for tackles. Hickey, the fleet half back of last year, has been assigned to left end, while Flaherty, the crack full back for the "Scrubs," will tend to the right end of the line. Stack, who did meritorious work at center last fall, has again cinched that position, and Maguy, Hull, Stahle and Shiel



offer good material for quarter, with the odds in favor of the latter.

The new athletic manager, P. F. Brown, has arranged an excellent schedule, and the foot ball enthusiasts may well expect to witness several hard fought contests on the local gridiron this season. Among the most important games are: Northwestern University at Evanston, Momence, Morgan Park Academy, American Medics, West Division High and North Division High on Bourbonnais Field, Armour Institute in Chicago and Lake Forest University at Lake Forest. The hardest game of the season will undoubtedly be that with Northwestern, Sept. 30th, and the boys are determined to hold the varsity to a low score and if possible make a touchdown.

W. M.

### LOCALS.

Well, how do you like the place—think you will stay?

The new athletic manager promises to do things up Brown.

Tell me not in mournful numbers

College life is but a dream,

For all is not as catalogued,

And things are not quite as they seem.

The new Prefect of Discipline might be heard humming, "I've got my eye on you."

The minims boast a Londonese.

Wonder what impressions the ancient Romans will make on Sis?

What will Kelly say?

The Prefect of Studies has returned with a broader smile and a little more of the "brogue that won't come off."

Alas! poor Ceruti scooted, but his ghost still haunts the corridors.

And we, too, can boast of a hero from Hedgwich, but "Dutch" is only a smoker.

Duvey is back. Poor Daniel well knew that he alone could whitewash the gridiron and climb the dizzy heights of the gym for highballs.

On account of the competition between managers, the new boys may have their measures taken for twenty-five cents.

Alas, what will poor Keefe do in Rome without a Petrus, and a Madame La Fleur?

Have you been caught in the orchard yet?

Ah, friend, art thou feeling blue, and canst thou feel in thy heart a faint desire to look once more upon the faces of loved



ones near by your side! Ah, I know many sacrifices must be made during our sojourn here below, but you are now making this great sacrifice that you may be fitted for the great battle of life, wherein——. Ah, forget it; if you are lonesome go home and tie up with your mudder's apron string wid your kid brudder.

Are you "broke" yet?

The minims' sword squad promises to eclipse everything in the military line again this year. Some thirty young swordsmen are in line for admission into this crack company, which generally consists of twenty-two members. We hope to see the young soldiers keep up their brilliant record. Their instructor, Brother St. Aubin, has in store a number of new movements which promise to astonish onlookers.

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# THE VIATORIAN.

VOL. XXIII No. 2.

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FAC ET SPERA.

## CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

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There is an infinitely larger world than the visible and really beautiful world in which we live and move and have our physical being, and this other and better and yet fairer world is the great world of books. It is the proper home of genius. It is the sacred realm where dwell the human creators of ideal beauty, the inspired sons of the muses, who in their poetic strains have poured into the ears of mankind songs so celestially sweet and grand as to seem echoes of the music of the spheres. Side by side with these tuneful sons of the lyre in the world of books are those still more powerful artists who have played upon the grandest of human instruments, eloquence. And again are there found in this distinguished company of profound thinkers, the masters of those who know, the great sages whose passing has blessed our world and left it a better and a wiser world. Do we desire then to be cheered, to be amused, to be delightfully recreated and uplifted? We must harken then to those magicians of the pen, to the poets, as now they wind around the weary and care-tossed heart of humanity the spell of their sweet lullabys in the spirited recital of heroic deeds, or awake and arouse our mortality to aspirations of immortality. Or would we yet hear crashing amid the black storm of national commotion the thunderbursts of the sublimest eloquence, we must evoke from the spirit-world of books the great orators whose master tones were like so many commands given the nations to advance on the march of civilization. Or are we eager for admission among the intellectual elite whose privilege it was anon to listen to the wisdom-freighted words of the world's great master-teachers? Would we, too, look upon the mysterious beauty of profound natural truth? Then must we ascend those Alpine heights where serenely glistens the crystal castle of reason, in whose magnificent galleries are tapestried the thoughts of the wisest philosophers. And thus it is we must resort to books for that entertainment which alone is worthy of our noble nature and for that enlightenment which every eager mind ever craved. Be it history or romance we delight in, be it science or poetry, be it philosophy or eloquence, it is ever to the great emporium of the book world, to the library, we must resort in order



to obtain the satisfaction of our esthetic, our intellectual and moral cravings.

Literature in its various departments may be considered as an index of the evolution of the human mind, its various epochs are, as it were, the mile-stones that mark the gradual advance of mankind on the highway of civilization. And in this exertion of artistic human activity there is plainly visible the evidence of providential purpose. Here, too, as in the more circumscribed world of things that appear, are we led from the natural to the supernatural, from the finite to the infinite. The ancient classics, with their wealth and finish of literary artistry, with their eloquent discourses upon the charm of natural virtues, upon the spirit world and the deity, and man's affinity therewith—all these dignified teachings of Plato, of Homer, of Cicero and Virgil may indeed justly be styled the human preface of the Gospel. Hence has this literature ever been cherished by saints and scholars and Christian literary artists as one of God's own signs.

Literature as the artistic expression of man's thoughts, emotions and aspirations became distinctly Christian when its inspiration became Christian—when with a divinely lent power of soaring it pierced the visible sky and penetrated beyond, thus actually elevating man from the natural to the supernatural. It became vibrant with tones that sound the calls of heaven when Christian poets and orators and philosophers began to repeat in their own inspired way the ineffable messages of the Sermon on the Mount, the supremely significant lessons of Calvary, Thabor and Sinai. Catholic literature, as every other Christian art, as architecture, as sculpture, painting and music, has remained true to its great name and its sublime function. But when we speak of Catholic literature we are not to be understood as speaking merely of the literature of Catholic theology or of Catholic historical persons, the literature of divines, catechists or schoolmen.

Let us accept Newman's clear definition of the extent and nature of Catholic literature, as being "literary art which includes all subjects of literature whatever, treated as a Catholic would treat them and as he only can treat them." Nor need we confine ourselves in the discussion of this subject within the narrow limits of any one living language. It requires no effort to admit that English classical literature is largely non-Catholic. However, in recent years a distinctively Catholic English literature has been developed and we can now boast of a wealth of books that will compare favorably with the modern productions of non-Catholic authors.

But things of the mind, unlike material things, easily become



common property. The literary treasures of one people soon become world possessions. Now in every tongue and in every department of letters, in the drama, in poetry, in fiction, in history, in eloquence, in philosophy, Catholic writers have everywhere and always been as active as their Catholic brethren have everywhere been eminent in the fine arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and music, which they have all endowed with the most finished masterpieces. Indeed we may in the eloquent presence of European civilization proclaim without any fear of contradiction that the Catholic faith has been the inspiration of the most perfect and enduring works in all the fine and liberal arts. Is there in the whole world of modern Christian art a single great canvass, any imperishable mosaic, any grand cathedral which has not felt the creative touch of a Catholic artist? And will that race of genius have neglected the splendid resources of literature as a vehicle of world-moving ideas? By no means. Soon did they discover that poetry is the most exquisite expression of thoughts and emotions, and artfully did they make it the instrument upon which they sang of the uplifting faith that was in them. As modern nations which stand in despair and mute wonder in presence of the inimitable cathedrals and paintings of Catholic ages, copy their outlines and seek to reproduce what they cannot surpass, so too have they mutually sought to enrich their own literature with translations of Catholic literary classics of other times and other nations. Thus it is that we can hear in the virile accents of our own mother-tongue how the tuneful sons of Italy, France and Spain have sung the glories of their faith, of their country and of their civilization.

What a depth of feeling, what loftiness of thought, what actuality of interest, what superhuman power, what heaven-born harmony and soul-stirring music is breathed in the rhythmic lines of the great masters of Catholic verse, Dante, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Racine and Lamartine! Only a little less than these angels of the lyre have been our own native English classical poets, Chaucer, Pope, Dryden, Shakespeare, when they have allowed their known Catholicity to direct their strains. Then indeed do they become the inspired songsters of the beauty and grandeur of Catholic ideals of human life.

Nor have they been alone to feel the inspiration of Catholic truth, for even the most noted of our non-Catholic poets have reaped their most enduring success in the poetic treatment of Catholic themes. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" is inspired by the beauty and chivalry of Catholic knighthood. Longfellow's "Evangeline" is the sweet song of a Catholic maiden's faith and



devotion. Lowell's "Sir Launfal," Wordsworth's "Hymn to the Virgin," Byron's "Ave Maria," are so many tributes paid to the winsome beauty of Catholic teaching and Catholic life. When we consider what has been achieved by our own and by others who have felt the divine aflatus of religion we are as much pained as we are astonished to discover the conspiracy of silence which has surrounded and completely shadowed the names and works of such worthy Catholic poets as Coventry Patmore and Aubrey de Vere. While the world at large pays homage to such inferior poets as Kipling, why do we allow such universal neglect to greet our well-deserving brethren? Has the Catholic sense of the spiritually beautiful become so enfeebled in us that we are no longer able to appreciate the works of those who have sung so sweetly for our delight and elevation? Have we then, too, fallen asleep, rocked by the seductive accents of that worldly siren, the muse of mere nature worship? Have we so far forgotten our noble Catholic ancestry and grand family traditions? Has the public press in its ubiquitous propagandism of unbelief and work-a-day commercialism so succeeded in vitiating our tastes that we, like the rest, are satisfied with the colorless literature which it seeks to propagate? What an apostasy of taste is this. But let us rouse ourselves! Let us rally around our own literary altars and firesides; let us vigorously protest against every outrage flung in the face of the divinest of human arts and demand that poetry again bear the sacred sign of Christian baptism and that it be nourished with the spiritual elements which have proved the inspiration of its highest flights!

Another charming department of letters is fiction, and in this field also we note the abundant fruit of Catholic labor. But fiction has been and is now an open field which the enemies of artistic as well as moral soundness have so oversown with tares and weeds that the really substantial herbs and sweetly odorous flowers find scarce a chance to push their way into the life-giving sunlight. Men, and especially women, will always take delight in reading fiction. The romantic and extraordinary exert a singular fascination over the human mind. Since the desire for fictitious works is a natural one and it is not desirable to modify nature, it would seem the part of wisdom not so much to repress as to direct this human fondness for the wonderland of fiction. What novels then are we to read? According to the estimate of one who stands high among the arbiters of taste at present, nine-tenths of the modern novels poured forth from the press are written by half-educated and unoccupied men and women and are devoured by the gullible public, which is made to believe by critics that this literary pabulum is manna fallen



from heaven. Most of these novels, continues this outspoken censor, open forth an imaginary world in which the sins of sense are unvisited with any penalty and are consequently morally deadly in their effects; they tickle our prejudices, lull our judgment, coddle our sensibilities or pamper our gross appetite for the marvelous, and thus clog the unfed soul with unwholesome vapors of all kinds. Not five per cent of these novels will be remembered after their first noisy moment of public acclaim. Why then seek such cheap and dangerous mental recreation when we have Ben Hur, Quo Vadis, Collista, Dion and the Sibylls, Fabiola and the long list of those delightful stories so artistically told by Maurice Francis Egan, Father Finn, Eliza Allen Starr, Mrs. Dorsey, Mrs. Sadlier, Francis M. Crawford and Father Sheehan? These at least are healthfully recreating. They will not secretly slay while pretending to amuse the reader. One goes from such reading delighted, refreshed and toned for the real duties of life.

In the name of all truth, in the name of outraged morals, as well as in the name of profaned art, must we rise and protest against those literary malefactors who have compelled the novel to teach falsehood, to disfigure the fair face of virtue and make her a mockery; and likewise must we decry the infamous vandalism of those literary hacks who are lowering the art of fiction to the rank of mere literary buffoonery. In view of this we should teach ourselves to cherish all the more that perfect literary workmanship of the great English classical novels which the highly-colored and highly-spiced love story of the day is threatening fast to supplant.

If the human mind delights in the portrayal of fictitious events, it seems even yet more eager for a recital of the real facts that have transpired during the life of individuals and nations. History, whose faithful pencil chronicles the great movements of the human race and which analyzes the secret springs of human actions and assigns the causes and effects of human events, forms a very valuable species of literature. Can we suppose for a moment that an institution which has been called "the pillar and ground of truth" could be indifferent to the development of that branch of literature so intimately wedded to the truth that it loses its very name when it wanders away from truth? Did we not hear the great Leo XIII. say that "what God allows to happen man has a right to know?" Did he not throw open the archives of the Vatican to all the diligent searchers after the facts of the world's history? What timely service Catholic historians have tendered the cause of truth can be appreciated only when we realize that there was a time when history was rightly styled a conspiracy against truth. Such men as



Lingard, Rhoerbacher, Darras, Jansen, Parsons, Murray and Shea have done valiant service in the cause of historic truth, and their works cannot be too highly commended.

We would be carried too far afield if we were to pass in review the other and still more important departments of literature, such as philosophy and eloquence. The mere mention of the word philosophy conjures up before our mind's eye the colossal works of an Augustine and an Aquinas, of Scotus and Descartes. Nor can the thinkers of our own day be accused of mental inertia and timidity. The recent publication of the comprehensive Stonyhurst series of Catholic philosophy is one of the many proofs that our thinkers are neither idle nor afraid, and the popular ovation accorded these valuable works is a proof of the interest taken by our people in matters philosophical. In every special branch of this universal science some of our writers have gained eminence. Who has not admired the depth of philosophic thought and moral purpose as well as the finish of literary form found in such thoughtful essayists as Pascal, Cortes, Newman, Brownson and our own American Newman and Catholic Emerson, the scholarly Bishop Spalding? These men have made us love the truth with a new ardor.

And likewise our orators, enamored of the beauty of truth and wholly bent upon the triumph of every noble cause, have borrowed their persuasive accents from the great master-orator of all time, the Word Incarnate, and have thrilled the souls of men with a sacred enthusiasm for justice and led them on to the sublimest moral conquests. There have never been in the whole world such splendid triumphs of human eloquence as those achieved by the Apostles and there is not in the annals of oratorical art anything more elevating and stirring in tone, more conquering in power, more irresistible in magnetic flow of thought and captivating in style than are the orations of the early fathers, of a Peter the Hermit, of a Bernard, of a Bossuet or a Lacordaire, of Father Mathew and Father Burke, of O'Connell, a Montalembert, of Cardinal Newman and Father Faber, or America's own Bossuet, Archbishop Ryan.

But why tarry still further to unfold the glories of Catholic literature? We must rest satisfied with having thus lightly touched the surface of this most fruitful subject. Yet, perhaps we have said enough to awaken in you a new interest in a more thorough exploitation of that literary mint, Catholic literature. Would we in the midst of the exhalations of the irreligious press remain stout in faith, in high moral purpose, true in our estimate of the beautiful, and brave and undaunted in striving for spiritual goods infinitely more valuable than golden fleece? Then must we



nourish our souls upon the vivifying viands supplied us by the Catholic books.

The past is past, and well have our predecessors wrought. We of today are the builders of the future. By intelligent co-operation with men of high gifts, with writers of talent; by our well directed and generous encouragement of Catholic authors and our loyal support of our literary leaders we shall be contributing what we owe to the worthiest cause; we shall be ushering in the glad dawn of a healthier era of intellectual and moral life around us and opening the morning gates of a new day whose noontide will yet witness those triumphs of christian genius when it will be stimulated to its highest efforts by inspiration from on high and by applause on earth from men of good taste.

T. J. Rice, '05.

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### SARDOU'S DANTE.

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In the usual importation of English plays during the past year, there was one much talked of production that failed to reach us. Our theatrical managers have inflicted upon us every other species of dramatic inanity labeled "London," but Sardou's Dante has, as yet, failed to materialize in the western hemisphere. They seem to think it too much for even our "provincialism" to force this pathetic London failure upon us. Let it be called a pathetic failure, because the brief career of Sardou's Dante is most pathetic. Every circumstance united to place it topmost in public expectation. The industrious press agent surpassed himself in advertising it; it was to be written by him who, the press agent calmly informed us, was the greatest living dramatist; it was written on a magnificent theme; it was a theme before which any other dramatist beside the incomparable Sardou would have faltered, but Sardou's genius is of that daring kind that does not hesitate before anything human or divine. He undertook the work and by means of the interview he spread the glad tidings through the world that he would create a Dante. He said that his Dante "is not the historical Dante, it is the moral Dante—I have taken him not in a spirit to belittle him, but in the full magnificence of the ideal of liberty." This sounds like a circus ad, and if we examine the article advertised and compare it with the ad we find it beats the loud circus poster in its own field in more ways than one. The play consists of a prologue and four acts. In the prologue Dante makes the acquaintance of a certain Pia, a married woman and seduces her, she becoming the mother of a daughter—Gemma. Here he also appears as the opponent of Archbishop Ruggieri, who excommunicates him. In the first act Dante



returns to Florence in disguise. The Paolo and Francisca episode next takes place and the act climaxes in the discovery that Dante is parent to Gemma. In the second act Pia dies in the prison in which her husband, Nello, has confined her after learning of her affair with Dante. This gentleman, who now appears as the villain in the drama, has also locked up Dante's child, Gemma, in a cloister, from which she is released by her lover, Malatesta, and Dante. Eventually both Gemma and her lover fall into the hands of Nello. In the first scene of the third act Dante learns of the death of Beatrice in a dream. The scene is reproduced from Rossetti's picture, "Dante's Dream;" Beatrice holds Dante's hand is kissed by the angel of death. In the second scene Dante is wandering in San Miniato cemetery brooding over his sorrows. He weeps on the tomb of Beatrice and thinks of dying, when Beatrice appears to him and consoles him, telling him that Virgil is to lead him through another world. The fourth act is a succession of tableaux representing Dante in hell. The gate of hell, the crossing of Lethe, the smoking pits, a rain of fire and blood, the demons and the damned are all reproduced on the stage. In the last act Dante is at Avignon trying to secure pardon from the Pope for Gemma and Malatesta, who have been excommunicated through the machinations of Nello. He learns of the struggles of Philip the fair and resolves to devote himself to protecting the persecuted. After this climax there is introduced still another incident in which Dante reproaches a cardinal for his cruelty.

It is difficult to ascertain to what class this play belongs, because of the variety of incidents which it contains. It starts out with intrigue and love like the usual French farce, the villain and his villainies seem to change the play into a cheap melodrama, then the troubles and sorrows and Dante's soliloquies divert it into tragedy, and after this the stage carpenter and a busy crew of scene shifters put in their arduous efforts and the play resembles those panoramic spectacles which gather in the dollars of the World's Fair visitor. Immediately before the curtain drops for the last time a *finis* is displayed that is neither a fitting climax nor in any manner suited to the matter which precedes it, but stands forth tame after the prodigious effects which it follows. The whole play is constructed of unskillfully joined episodes and a succession of anti-climaxes and climaxes misplaced. The only part of the play which in any manner evinces a plot is the Pia, Dante and Gemma affair, and that is broken off and forgotten before the play is half finished. This dramatist whom certain critics praise for his art



shows very little artistic taste or judgment in the construction of this play. The manner in which he mixes sublimity and vulgarity is insufferable. Witness the sin, the earthliness of the first part, and the visions of the supernatural which immediately follow it. But more of this anon, for we have been considering merely the mechanical part of the play, and its mechanism is its best part.

Let us consider this play more substantially. We would presume, in the first place, that a drama of Dante would be a historical play. A life which was so full of dramatic incidents, of romance as was the life of Dante should furnish the best of material for the playwright and there should be no excuse for invention. But there is a sad lack of history in Sardou's Dante. Indeed Sardou himself confesses precisely this in the words which we have already quoted. He distorts facts when he uses them, which is very seldom, and does not hesitate to introduce fiction when his meagre knowledge of the subject fails him. He boldly transports the castle of Gualandi from the city of Pisa to the banks of the Arno. He has Dante returning to Florence after his exile, while history says that his proud nature never learned the art of returning to Florence and that he remained away even unto death. These are minor mistakes that a Shakespeare might make, but Shakespeare never debases a noble character; he may make a character different in all but name from the original person whom he depicts, but when that person was a hero in life Shakespeare exalts him and makes him more heroic, more noble. Shakespeare never took a name that tradition and the love of men proclaimed great and noble and sullied that name. The love of not only Italy but the whole world has placed Dante upon a lofty pedestal in the temple of fame, but the vandal Sardou stilted on his own audacity, reaches up to that pedestal and with his sullied hands attempts to pluck down that hero and roll him in his own natural element of muck. He dares to dress Dante in the garb of a modern Parisian roué. He makes Dante, married and with three children, intrigue with another married woman and makes him father to a daughter by this other woman. There is absolutely nothing in whatever history bequeaths to us of Dante's life that warrants in the least this culumny; there is nothing in Dante's works that can intimate it. But Sardou, to give what he conceives as "human interest" to the play, imagines the case and tries to foist it upon us as though it were historical. This is his "moral Dante," and we agree with him that it is not the "historical Dante." In the entire Divine comedy there is no word concerning any Pia, except in Canto V of the purgatorio, where Dante meets her in that part of purgatory where those who died a violent death are waiting.



There is not a word spoken here concerning conjugal infidelity. Pia but imposes the prayers of the passing Dante and in no manner hints of any previous relations with him. By what subtle meaning Sardou inferred that she had guilty relations with Dante has been hidden heretofore from the most learned Dante commentators and biographers. And it would be ludicrous, were it not for the sacredness of the theme, to consider the situation in which Dante and Pia are placed. Pia, and the illegitimate daughter, Gemma, are made the heroines of the drama, together with Beatrice, who is in heaven, and the greatest intimacy is made to exist between them. It is positively revolting when it places the saintly Beatrice in the company of the vile offspring of his own imagination.

Sardou makes his Dante an enemy to the church, whereas there never was a more zealous defender of Catholicity and of Catholic teaching than was Dante. The whole poem of the Divine Comedy is impregnated with Catholic philosophy and Catholic theology; it shows Dante as champion not only of Catholic teaching, but of the Papacy and the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

This miserable travesty on the dramatic art is from the pen of Sardou, who has been represented as the greatest living dramatist. There are but poor hopes for the dramatic art in our day if Sardou happens to be its greatest living exponent. But let it be hoped that this idea was but a delusion on the part of those who impressed it so strongly upon us; let it also be hoped and let it be suspicioned that this delusion was nothing other than the pretentious utterances of some persons trying to play the owl, and let us likewise congratulate ourselves that Messrs. Klaw-Erlanger & Co. did not see fit to bring "Dante" across the sea. But the danger is now passed and today Sardou's Dante is buried deep in oblivion where it will offend public nostrils no longer. It seems shameful to exhume it, but the playwright, the producer and the world at large may learn a lesson that is both interesting and instructive from its post mortem. The lesson is that in the first place Sardou forfeits any claim to precedence on the list of living dramatists, and secondly, the world is not such a bad world as pessimists affirm, because, for instance, it refused the morsel which Sardou cooked for it. Let the playwright attend—that the profanation of a noble theme will not be tolerated by the public, and let the producer learn that superb scenic effects will not rescue the play which is destined to fall from its own internal troubles, and finally, let the American producer discover the fact that he does not need to leave American shores to find a dramatist of the first quality, because there are dramatists here who can write a play that teaches a moral lesson and who do not need to sugar-coat that same lesson with immorality. F. Miller, '06.



### A BIT OF SCENERY.

Some streams can boast of their canyons, others may pride themselves on their sunlit peaks that glass their snowy heads in the placid wave below; but nature, though lavish to these in her distribution of scenery, did not fail to adorn in much beauty such humble streams as our own Kankakee.

Let me take you for a moment to a nearby ravine, a frequent resort of the students of St. Viateur's.

Here, like the fabled garden of Fairyland, with its golden stairs, a natural terrace of green inclines greets us as we approach the little gateway leading from the dusty lane to the welcome shade of the beautiful woods. All nature is bathed in a brilliant shower of golden sunlight. The green velvet carpet interwoven with daisies soothes the eye. The melodious echoes from the ancient forest, harmonizing with strains of woodland songsters, appeal sweetly to the musical ear.

Thrilled with feelings of happiness, we pass these scenes of beauty and soon reach the entrance of a rocky gorge, which for years has been the doorway traversed by hundreds of little and big Viatorians. Climbing over the rocks to a good point of observation, we contemplate this gorgeous scene so artistically carved by nature.

In the distance a bubbling brook works its way through a rocky bed, murmuring and dashing its refreshing sprays to the thirsty weeping willows. Here and there it disappears in some mysterious cavern, only to leap again into the open to be furtively kissed by the peeping rays of mellow sunshine. On it dashes below, bubbling in its careless glee as it runs into the silent river, and thence to the mysterious deep.

Majestically stand the perpendicular walls of stone, so gorgeously tapestried by nature. Here the myrtle, with its little snow-buds of exquisite delicacy, grows in profusion, proud of its wealth and beauty, and disdainful of its envious neighbors. Golden vines, intertwining among graceful ferns, droop to drink of the invigorating sprays. Dark green ivies, tinged with silver, cling in sympathetic embrace to the friendly rocks and then disappear in the matted thickness of the wild grape. Even the gentle violet, wandering from the confines of cultivation, smiles with coy reserve from some recess in these flower strewn walls.

"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,

Would that the little flowers were born to live,  
Conscious of half the pleasure they give."

Playfully the gentle breezes dance amidst these flowery beds;



now lovingly caressing a coterie of gypsy poppies, now kissing the little bleeding-heart and marigold, and then sportively sailing away, freighted with an exuberance of stolen perfumes.

Many a daring youth has climbed high up the walls to some picturesque grotto, there to register his name, as a proof of his daring and a challenge to his less spirited companions.

To the rightside entrance of the ravine is seen high projecting rocky eaves, overhung by shrubbery and forming a piazza. This is the portico to a spacious cave, claimed to have been the dwelling of one saintly hermit who lived and died in these enchanted regions.

The authentic historians of this legendary belief are unknown. Suffice it to say the tradition is being religiously handed down from generation to generation of ravine tourists. Today it is the home of the skimming and twittering swallows and martins; the playhouse of the artful red squirrel and his cousin, chip-monk, and the rendezvous of many of God's creatures that listen to the monotonous strains of katydid, the doleful lamentations of the owl, and the sweet and melancholy chirps of the cricket. Wondrously soothing is this ravine as a retreat for the pleasure-seeker and student. Here, in the welcome coolness he rests from his ramblings through the silent woodlands. Here, book in hand perchance, he sits on a rocky shelf and reads how poets have painted nature and he meditates on the beauty of God's creation.

The gathering dusk of evening ends our happy rambles. We return to the hills. Yonder the red flush of the setting sun blushes in the calm waters of the dear old Kankakee; encircling shadows hover over valley and hill; little flowers, gently undulating, seem as being lulled to sleep to the lullaby of the evening breeze; songsters have ceased their carols. All nature sleeps. With becoming quiet, lest we awaken the flowers and the birds, we steal away, thoughtful, yet refreshed; and as we silently wend our way homeward our vesper prayer is one of thanks to the Provident God who clothes the lillies of the fields and feeds the birds of the air, and here so bounteously spreads the beauties of His creation for the delight of the children of men.

J. F. R., Prep. Course.

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A front row frequenter called John  
Gives us this sample of some of his cohn:  
I must take a comb  
When I'm leaving for Romb,  
For I may grow some hair while I'm gohn.



## A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

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On Viator's Day, 1905.

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(Rev. Dr. T. Gaffney's Sermon.)

May it please My Lord, the Very Reverend Rector, the Reverend Clergy, my dear Professors, my friends of the laity.

My dear little fellow-students of St. Viateur's:

You follow the priest at the mass, don't you? Of course you do; some of you aspire to become priests. And has it ever occurred to you that it is a strange thing to see a man bend down and kiss a piece of cold stone that we call an altar? It is strange, but it is sweet to kiss the altar. For the priest that kiss soothes many an ache, and repays many a trial. It softens and opens the heart to the word of God which he is about to read; and the act is well called the Introit.

And today the words of the Introit are very pretty: "*Os iusti meditabitur sapientiam, et lingua eius loquetur iudicium; lex Dei eius in corde, et non supplantabuntur gressus eius.*"

When told by our father, Fr. Marsile, that I had to come and say a few words to you on St. Viateur's Day, I made no sore mouths about it; I received my command as every boy of his does. I do not say ought to, but does; and this very distinction will be the subject of my talk with you. Does, and not ought, is the ensign of the Viatorian. We live in an age in which our ears are dinned with "Don'ts" and our minds stocked with "Oughts," while the heart is left void of deeds. We are taught good by negatives and theoretical precepts; there is plenty of theory, but no action; plenty of law, but no sheriff.

We feast today a saint of whom we know little but the name, but we do know that that name he got from his character: Viator, the sheriff. So well did he do his work that his work became identified with him, and gave him his name. Viator was the executive of the holy bishop Justus. He was his mouthpiece unto wisdom, his tongue unto judgment, the nerve of his rule. And truly we apply to him the words of the Introit: "The mouth of the righteous uttereth wisdom, and his tongue speaketh judgment; the manner of his God is in his heart, and not a step of his shall totter"

From these words I would draw the lesson of the day—the lesson taught you by Viator, the lesson taught you by the Viatorians, the lesson of Bourbonnais (Burbuna, the ground of success)—the lesson of character.

Character is a modern term of infinite import; but philosophic



looseness is a thumbmark of our age. In our modern universities and colleges we are no longer told to be "virtuous." That good old term seems to have fallen into disrepute with our "up-to-date thinkers." It would seem to remind us only of something that used to be good for women such as Shakespeare describes his Mrs. Ford, "that virtuous creature that hath the jealous fool to husband." Nowadays we are told to be men of character. And I don't dislike the term; it is an expressive expression; but it needs the good old formula to define it.

The man of character at his highest is the Christian Saint, or the Jewish just. The righteous man, the man of strength, is the ideal character of the Old Testament. To be right, and not wrong, in thought, in word and in deed, is what Israel called righteousness; the Roman, justice. Right thought is wisdom, right words is judgment, right deeds is holiness; and the man stamped with right thought, right word and right deed was a *tsadiq*, a man of character. "Justice," says Cicero, "is the stamp of all good men." At its highest we call it sanctity; it is nothing more than the individual will working energetically under the influence of religion, morality and reason.

I. The first element of character is right thought: "The mouth of the righteous uttereth wisdom." Have you ever walked down those beautiful roads outside the village—I did often when I was here—and seen a man trudging on alone, scratching his head now and then, and audibly talking to himself? He was doing what the ancients called "meditating" and what the Scripture calls "meditating with his mouth." His thought is so intent upon his subject that the sense of expression instinctively anticipates consciousness. He is thinking in the way the Writ wants us all to think upon matters of vital importance—intently and intensely. The man is not a genius—few geniuses talk to themselves, thought costs them little. But he is a simple man absorbed in practical pursuits.

And so the *tsadiq*, the stamped man of the Scriptures, is not represented to us as a genius, or a rare talent, but as a "muttering plodder," racking his brains on the things that stare him in the face. Not genius, nor talent, but good sense, is the basis of character; that good sense which is inspired by goodness and drilled by experience. All we need is the will to reflect on the realities that surround us. A wish to penetrate the whys and the wherefores of life; a desire to see the naked truth is the corner stone of wisdom. When we have stocked our minds with a knowledge of realities, we are said to know truth or truths; but when we apply these



truths as motives of action, we form principles, or as Paul puts it in his letter to the Ephesians, we form "the spirit of our mind, the holiness of truth."

Principles it is that make us upright, righteous; and the learning of these principles we call wisdom. Principles are the live wires of our lives, and wisdom the electric fluid. Without principles our efforts are only rubber wires—non-conductors; and they must fail to electrify either ourselves or our surroundings. Without principles a man is like a ship without rudder or compass, driven hither and thither by 'every wind of doctrine;' he is a state without laws, a city without government, a head without brains; he is what the poet describes a "*monstrum horrendum cui lumen ademptum*."

But the knowledge of the things that are about us is not sufficient for a perfect building of principles. A just estimate of one's self is an essential factor. Self-knowledge makes a man straight; it gives him self-confidence, as Writ says, "it lifts up his horn." Self-knowledge inspires strength and sustenance and it affords a mainspring of strenuousness. "Wisdom," says the writer of *Hokmah*, "hath led the righteous through straight paths; she hath shown him the kingdom of God and given him a knowledge of hallowed things; she hath quickened his endeavors and filled full his labors. Amid the trickstery of those who sought advantage she stood by him and made him honorable; she foreguarded him from his enemies and saved him from those who lay in ambush; she umpired his strong fight that he might know that piety is superior to all."

II. Principles, indeed, form the inner fortress of character; but its outer shape is the manifestation of conviction: "His tongue speaketh judgment." The two roots used in this verse are closely applied; they form a parallelism in poetry. The one is to set upright intrinsically or absolutely, the other is to set upright relatively or extrinsically. The one is the thought of wisdom, the other is its word. The one is the essence, the other is the act. In fact, the essential act of wisdom is a judgment. Wisdom makes an estimate of things. It sets duty above reputation; it puts the approval of conscience above the praise of the world; riches it "sets at naught in comparison with itself." Ever having due regard for the personality of others, the wise man keeps aloft his own individuality and independence. He has the courage to be honest, though he should be unpopular; he trusts to time and experience for recognition; he seeks no patron but worth; he spurns the slimy lurkings of crookedness.

A famous Roman lawyer, on his way to the city, once stopped



to call on Epictetus. He had heard much of the Stoic wizard, and he wanted to see him. He was coldly received by him. "You don't want to learn principles," said Epictetus, "you come to criticize me and my ways." "Oh, well, but," said the orator, "were I to attend to such sort of thing I would be a pauper, like you, without plate, or equipage, or lands." "I don't want such things," vehemently retorted the philosopher; "after all I am no poorer than you. Patron or no patron, what care I? I am richer than you. I don't care what Caesar thinks; I flatter no one. This is my possession instead of your plate. You have silver plate and earthen reasons, you have golden vessels and sodden principles, you have landed possessions and fleshen appetites. To me my mind is a realm in which I am ever happy; you are never satisfied." Thus far a pagan. And when we Christians shall have realized the first judgment of wisdom, when we shall have accepted the first pronouncement of incarnate wisdom: "Blessed are the poor, blessed are the pure, blessed are the kindly, blessed are those who thirst for righteousness," then shall we be of the "sealed ones of the tribes," we shall be stamped, characterized, with the seal of Christ.

The courage to speak the truth as we know it, without palliation or reserve—to manifest our convictions without harshness and without weakness, is a Christlike trait. "In Christ," says Paul, "there was not yes and no, but only yes." "Let your language," says the Master, "be yes, yes, no, no"—no backsliding negative, but positive truthfulness. Truthfulness is at the basis of all personal excellence; it is rectitude; it is truth in action. It means reliability and it convinces men that it can be trusted. And, my dear fellow students, a man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be relied upon—that when he says that he knows a thing, he does know it—that when he says that he will do a thing, he can and will do. Such a man is a reliable man; such a man is a man among men, and commands their respect.

III. And now I must pass on rapidly to the third view of righteousness. "The manner of his God is in his heart." "Yes, about a man of character there is something Godlike. Like God, he acts without medium, through his very presence; his look paralyzes physical strength; from his countenance there flows a torrent of command on those who behold him; the light of his thought gives color and hue to their vision of truth; his word energizes or benumbs at will their faculties. He is such a man as Napoleon describes: "Organise a la victoire"—victory-organized.

"Oh, Iole," said the nymph, "how knewst thou that Hercules was a god?" "Because," said Iole, "the moment I saw him I was satis-



fied. When I saw Theseus I wanted to see him give battle or, at least, guide his horses in the chariot race; but when I beheld Hercules I asked no such test—he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever else he did.”

It is because of this controlling power of character some individuals exercise in the world an amount of influence apparently out of proportion to their social and mental endowments. The secret of it all is in their latent principles and their patent sincerity. Men feel that they are pure and noble, and their example constrains—as the poet says, “it drags” men along.

And, dear little friends, don’t overlook the last words of our text, “Not a step of his shall totter.” Character is often of a slow reputation; it grows like the century plant, and blooms only after a long wait. Character is often misrepresented by the underminer; it is often misunderstood by those inflated by position; it is often the butt of maligning envy; it is often onset by the workers of crookedness. But, “*Noli aemulari in malignantibus, neque zelaveris facientes iniquitatem.*” Though misfortune and adversity may overtake the man of character, “not a step of his shall totter.” “He is the tree planted by the running stream, and he shall bring forth fruit in his season. And his leaf shall not fall off; and whatsoever he shall have done, shall return to him.” “*Iustus ut palma florebit; sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur; plantatus in domo Domini, in atriis domus Dei nostri.*” “The righteous shall send forth his shoots as the palm tree; as the great tree of the White Mountain he shall spread, because planted in the house of his Lord, in the vestibule of the tent of his God.”

And now, fellow Viatorians, let me tell you briefly by way of exhortation, how a righteous character is formed. It is formed by a variety of minute circumstances—by the commonplace acts of each day. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow. Every action, every thought, every feeling contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, the understanding, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life.

The mechanical law that action and reaction are equal holds also in morals. Good deeds act and react on the doers of them; and in like manner do evil deeds act and react on the perpetrators of them. We are the makers of our own character, each one by his own doings, and that in the little things of life. Some one has said beautifully—who was it?



"We are builders, and each one  
Must cut and carve as best he can;  
Every life is but a stone,  
Every one shall hew his own:  
Make or mar must every man."

No, we are not the creatures, but the creators of circumstances. By wisdom we can direct our acts so that they may be productive of good, not evil. By the due exercise of free will, we can become righteous; with God's grace we can become just. "Nothing," says St. Bernard, "can work me damage but myself; the harm I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

With the examples of the saints—those glorious men of character—to guide us, we are not only justified, but bound in duty, to aim at reaching the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in world possessions, but in true honor; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful, but the most truthful—righteous, honest, saints, Viators.

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### NONSENSE RHYMES.

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When you go to Momence  
Look out for a fence  
That skirts the outside of the town.  
Behind a big log  
Is hiding a dog;  
He'll get you where you never frown.  
There was a poor gent  
Who had but a cent.  
When thus badly bent  
One day off he went  
To see an old grocer called Pease.  
He there bought some cheese  
That would make a rat sneeze  
And got many scents for his cent.

---

Quite a foolish young man is our Willie,  
But there's hope for him though he be sillie—  
For although he write rhymes  
He is rational at thymes,  
So he may yet get sense, but now Will-ie?



## ST. VIATEUR'S DAY CELEBRATION. The Mass and Drill.

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The glorious festival of our patron saint this year came on Saturday, but the observance of the occasion was postponed until Wednesday, Oct. 25th, a more convenient day and, as kind Providence granted, an ideal one. St. Viateur's day has always been looked forward to by the students as one of the greatest days of the year, for it brings sweet reunion with parents and friends and festivities which help to make college life more cheerful. This year a new item of pleasure was added when the alumni decided to make the day the occasion of their semi-annual meeting. In consequence, a large number of old students, many of them now distinguished personages, came from far and near to do honor to St. Viateur, to grasp the hands of comrades of years past and to offer words of encouragement to the toiling students of today. Visitors and friends of the institution came from Chicago and elsewhere, and foremost among the guests was the distinguished and much beloved Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., of Chicago. The exercises of the day began with Solemn Pontifical High Mass, at which Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon officiated, assisted by Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, C. S. V., as High Priest, Rev. P. Conway, of Chicago, as Deacon, Rev. J. J. Shannon, of Peoria, as Subdeacon, and Rev. Fr. Durkin, of Rantoul, and Rev. Fr. Quinn, of Chicago, as Masters of Ceremonies. The sacred music for the mass was grand, and the choir of seventy voices, under the direction of Rev. L. G. Goulette, C. S. V., rendered in a very creditable manner the following program:

Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei from Bartholomew's Messe Solemnelle in E flat; Benedictus, Papin; Veni Creator, La Hache; Offertory, Ave Maria, Millard. Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., rendered the Veni Creator in an excellent manner, and Master Marvin De Sousa, the wonderful boy soprano, sang Millard's Ave Maria in a way that was soul-inspiring. During the mass an eloquent sermon was preached by the well known alumnus, Rev. Dr. Gaffney, of Holy Angels, Chicago. Dr. Gaffney chose for his text the Introit of the mass, "The mouth of the just man uttereth wisdom—and in his steps he shall not totter." The subject of the sermon was "Character," for the speaker said a man of character was nothing less than the Christian saint and the Jewish just man. Right thought, right word and right deed are the elements of character, and these were the three points discussed by the able orator.

He said in part: "Right thought is characteristic of the simple.



man, who is the just man of scripture. Not talent, but good sense, makes the wise man. The desire to see the naked truth is the cornerstone of wisdom. The application of these truths is firm principles, the spirit of the mind, the holiness of truth. Without principles a man is like a ship without a rudder, a state without laws, a blind monster. Self-knowledge gives self-confidence.

"Right word is the judgment of wisdom. We learn to speak the truth from Christ, who tells us to say 'Yes, yes' and 'No, no.' In Christian men there is no shirking negative, but all positive truth. The men of consequence in this world are those who can be relied upon. Reliability is the passport to success and to the confidence of men. Right deed is the manner of God as existing in the heart. By acting according to the way of God men of the world exercise untold influence; it is the secret of their worth, and their example draws men along. The reputation of a man of character is of slow growth; he is misunderstood and misrepresented. You will ask me how to form character. It is only a commonplace thing, formed by the actions of every day; every act has its train of consequences, every thought and feeling contributes to educate the temper, the habit and the understanding and brings with it a train of consequences of after life. By prudence and wisdom we should direct our actions; by an act of the will we can become righteous, and by God's grace we can become just. We are bound to become not the richest in means, but the richest in spirit; not the most powerful, but the most truthful; we are bound to become men of character."

After mass the visitors were favored with an exhibition drill, given by the popular Minims' squad. This year the little fellows have practically an entirely new company, and the manner in which these miniature soldiers executed difficult movements after only a few weeks of practice reflects great credit on their painstaking instructor, Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V. This was one of the most pleasing numbers of the day's program, and that it was highly appreciated was evident from the applause the little fellows received.

### The Banquet.

At noon the members of the alumni and the faculty repaired to the dining hall, where a delightful banquet was served. The guests of honor were Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., Very Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., and the venerable Father Beaudoin, C. S. V. After all had partaken of the banquet, Rev. P. Conway, the well known after dinner speaker, arose, and as proof of his popularity was greeted with a storm of applause. Father Conway said he simply wished to propose the health of the distinguished ecclesias-



tical personage who favored the alumni with his presence. He paid an eloquent tribute to the Bishop, who, although not an alumnus of St. Viateur's College, was a better friend than many who claimed this institution as their alma mater. He often graced these halls with his presence and added dignity to many occasions like that of today. Father Conway said he knew the Bishop well as a neighbor and regarded him as the strongest, most loyal and grandest of men.

Bishop Muldoon arose amid a great applause and said in part: "It is true I have been a friend of this institution, and I wish to remain in close touch with St. Viateur's. History tells us of the foundation of this college forty years ago, and that at that time the class rooms, kitchen, parlor and all were contained where the refectory is today. The progress of this college institution has been marvelous, for today we have these many imposing structures. Truly I can say this is destined to be one of the greatest institutions of this country. There are many greater ones at present, but not one has the same opportunities for advancement. Near the richest, liveliest and most progressive city in the world, the college has advanced and grown with the great city of Chicago, and will continue to grow with it. All it needs is help, financial help, to continue the great work it is doing. I am not yet an old man, and I know, if God grants me the ordinary life, I shall see this place receiving large endowments from generous friends. Some of the alumni will become millionaires, and when they depart from this life they will bequeath \$500,000 or more to their college home. I hope this time will not be far distant and that the venerable old man who has given life to this place and watched its progress, although he says 'O, Lord, yet two more years,' will see this happy day. Yes, I hope Father Beaudoin will be thus blessed. Moreover, I hope that the Very Vev. Provincial Father Fournier, who has labored so much here and in Chicago for the cause of education and our Holy Church,, although his hair is fast turning white, either from the care of governing this community or directing its finances, will also live to see this day. I trust that the alumni will be loyal, one and all and will help to make this institution progress."

After the banquet a meeting of the alumni was held in the study hall. Plans were discussed to devise means of raising the subscription further and collecting the amounts promised. Moreover, the alumni decided to hold hereafter an annual banquet in Chicago in order to keep up a friendly union among the old students. The following committee was appointed to arrange the time and place



of the banquet: Rev. P. Conway, Rev. Fr. Quinn, Rev. J. Shannon, Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., and Mr. Frank Moody.

### The Play.

The most pleasing part of the day's program was the drama given in the auditorium at 2:30 p. m. by the Thespians. "The Sons of Clodomir" is an original production of Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and it is befitting that we say a word of its merits. Its purpose is to show the chastisement that overtakes those who disobey the command of Holy Church and follow their own dictates. Clodomir, in spite of the appeals and prophecies of Bishop Avitus, wreaks vengeance on King Sigismund. Clodomir is afterward vanquished in war and his head is borne at the end of a pike. His three sons whom he has confided to his mother, St. Clothilda, are seized by the uncles, Childebert and Clothair, who, desirous to extend their own realms, propose to send them back to their grandmother shorn of their regal locks or dead. Only long-haired kings ruled then. Clothilda replies that she would rather see the children dead than thus basely despoiled of their hair and their right to rule. Two of the children are slain; the third escapes, and for the sake of peace enters a monastery and becomes St. Clodoade, the founder of the great monastery of St. Cloud. During the play the glories of the conversion of Clovis are recalled, when France was born to Christianity. This drama, which abounds in tragic scenes, illustrates that fierce cruelty and inhuman barbarity religion had to tame through her lessons of mildness and forgiveness in order to civilize the ancestors of the most cultured people in Europe. Many of the scenes in which the fair young princes appear are as tenderly pathetic as the hot iron scene of Hubert and Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's King John.

Perhaps we cannot give the young actors a better deserved compliment than by saying that they clearly interpreted the strong drama and added another triumph to Father Marsile's many successes.

Mr. Cornelius Mahoney was the proper choice for the part of the determined Clodomir, and we regretted to see him removed from the scene so early. His deep resonant voice and dignified movements make him a promising actor, and we hope to see him often.

Mr. J. B. Shiel has often graced the college stage, and added another laurel to his successes in the part of Childebert.

Mr. John Hickey was well fitted to show us the villainous Clothaire, who took delight in the sufferings of others.

Mr. James Mullaney acted well the part of the tender hearted



Aredius, and Mr. William Joyce was truly fitted for the character of Avitus, the venerable bishop. Mr. Fred Shippy, in the difficult role of Clothilda, was a success, and he deserves great credit for the manner in which he showed the emotions of the afflicted queen.

In fact, the cast was a strong one, but the palm must go to the little princes, Masters Fred Anderson, Marvin De Sousa and Louis Canty, who captured the audience. The scene in which the three princes are condemned to die and beg God to spare them was most pathetic. As the little fellows knelt in prayer Master Fred Anderson and Marvin De Sousa sang, "O save us, Lord; we are too young to die," arranged from Puccini, and they were obliged to repeat amid great applause.

Father Marsile deserves great credit, both for the composition of so beautiful a drama and for the manner in which his pupils rendered it after only a few weeks of preparation.

The cast was:

Clodomir .....	C. Mahoney
Childebert .....	J. B. Shiel
Clothaire .....	J. Hickey
Clodoade .....	F. Anderson
Gunthaire .....	M. De Sousa
Theodobald .....	L. Canty
Avitus .....	W. Joyce
Aredius .....	J. Mullaney
Arcadius .....	J. Brady
Gontran .....	A. Savary
Lothaire .....	J. Legris
Clothilda .....	F. Shippy
Brunheld .....	I. Rice

#### Soldiers, Children, Monks.

The audience was favored between the acts with solos by Rev. Fr. Nawn, who was repeatedly recalled. The orchestra rendered excellent music for the occasion and elicited warm applause.

To complete the eventful day, the students desired to show more of their skill as entertainers, and treated the visitors to an exhibition foot ball match. The regular team defeated the Kankakee High school by a score of 23 to 0, and sent the alumni home happy, rejoicing that the old gold and purple still waves in triumph as of old.

G. P. Mulvaney, '06.



# THE VIATORIAN.


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## EDITORIAL.

Our delegates to the convention held in Urbana on the occasion of the installation of President James returned with interesting accounts of the doings of the week there. The ovation with which the new president of Illinois University was greeted was worthy of a prince of the educational realm, and its recipient is not unworthy of it. He appears to understand perfectly what the work of the university should be, and there is reason to believe that a man of his energy and fine spirit will prove a distinct acquisition for the State University. The three conferences on religious education in state universities attracted the particular attention of our delegates, who, together with Father Cassilly, S. J., of Chicago; the Rev. Dean Duffy, of Danville; Father Jacobs, of Champaign, were the guests of Rev. J. Cannon, of Urbana.

Among the 300 delegates who assisted at the conference were representatives of the various educational and religious institutions of the United States. Notwithstanding the divergence of religious views or convictions represented in such a body of men and women, the delegates were unanimous in the opinion that the religious education of the university students should not be neglected. The two most noteworthy addresses were those of Father Cassilly on "Morals in Education," and of President Henry King, of Oberlin college, on "The Obligations of the Church to Its Adherents in State Universities." The president of Oberlin evidenced a clear grasp of principles, and while it would not do to accept unqualifiedly



every principle he laid down, still there was much in his paper that can be acted upon with safety and advantage.

Father Cassilly, in a paper, which it is hoped may soon be given publicity, urged the necessity of religion in education, on the ground that religion alone could afford young or old efficacious motives for right conduct. He pointed out the fact that the increase of crime in our country is traceable to the absence of religious training in our schools, quoting very eminent authority to sustain his contention. He reviewed various plans for the introduction of religious teaching in state schools and universities, commending the one in operation elsewhere according to which the state pays for public schools and for the secular teaching done in private schools under state supervision, the teachers in these private schools imparting religious teaching to those in attendance. Public state schools and universities as at present constituted could not become religious, since there is no state religion.

Very Rev. Dean Duffy, of Danville, struck a humorous vein and was frequently interrupted by applause. He declared that our church wanted no state aid for the propagation of its doctrines, observing that if the church fair failed there was still the life insurance business. The impregnation of education with the vital religious principle must be the voluntary and gratuitous work of the church.

In discussing the subject before the conference, Father W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., expressed the opinion that we had not progressed far enough to make the question a university one. Before it becomes possible to give the subject proper solution in the university, it must be solved in the primary schools and colleges.

"As it would be a mistake," said he, "for a university to discuss what it might do with children or youths who lack primary intellectual training, so, too, it would be an error for it to consider what it would do for young people who came to it unprepared for moral training.

"We should build from the bottom up—not begin at the roof. Solve the question first in the primary and secondary school and then in the university."

Father E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., said that the appeal of the university to the church for aid in the work of education was a significant and hopeful sign of the times, and that we were evidently gravitating toward a solution of a question of vital moment. The American mind, he was confident, would find a solution for this as it has for other problems. He felt that he could say that any step making for the safe preservation and the strengthening of the re-



ligious faith of Catholic students of the university would be applauded by their parents, and that parents of students of other persuasion would be equally applausive. The local church has a very special opportunity to labor among those whom the university itself is not competent to instruct in religion.

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### EXCHANGES.

Because it happened to be on top of the pile, the **Dial** is honored by our first consideration. The issue before us contains a considerable amount of poetry, and we award the palm to the "Prayer Before the Battle." It is a translation from the German and bears marks of careful workmanship. The original rhyme and metre seem to be preserved (nowadays the translator very seldom wastes any effort in preserving original versification). Concerning fidelity to the original in sense, we cannot in this instance bear testimony, but if there is variance from the original, we would be inclined to think that the thought and expression in the translation is the more excellent. The oration, "Childe's Knight," is worthy of its theme—religious education in the state schools. Its arguments are well constructed, are proposed eloquently and with vigor.

We are pleased to welcome a newcomer in our mail. St. Francis College, in its **Solonian**, gives convincing evidence of its ability to fill a paper with good reading matter. The August number is of the regulation mid-summer fiction style and contains plenty of readable stories. The September number shows the new born journal placed solidly on its feet and struggling manfully with momentous questions in the domain of history, ethics and literature. The three essays, "Literature of the Restoration," "Times of the Restoration," and "Eloquence—Can it be Acquired," would by their titles threaten to be somewhat dry, but this impression is put to flight when the reader dips into them and is held by the styles, which make all three highly interesting. The paper has but one defect—there is no exchange department.

The **Niagara Index** has long been one of our "reliables," but it recently entered the sanctum in a somewhat emaciated condition, its entire contents being composed of one essay and one poem, while the remainder of the issue was devoted solely to local items which didn't interest ye editor in the least. Still, the essay mentioned is of such quality that it makes up for deficiency in quantity. It does justice to its subject—Cardinal Newman—in a free and easy style.

Since the above was penned we have received another copy of



the **Index** (it is issued twice a month), and this second copy is more nearly of standard size. The oration, "Aim of College Education," is its feature.

We are too bashful or too sincere to address mere compliments to the fair sex, so we are strictly in earnest when we say that none of the publications lying on our desk have given us greater pleasure than the last number of the **Loretto Magazine**. The article on "Kentucky Novels and Novelists" held our attention by the lucid and graceful expression of the writer, who appears to have read much and to have read it well. The exchange editor also acquits herself gracefully, gently dismissing those who were so unfortunate as to miss a reviewing with "faithful friends and ever welcome are," etc., which statement we also on account of a lack of space are obliged to repeat, including, however, the unfortunate ones under the etc.

F. M., '06.

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### SHAKESPEARE'S ART.

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Through the walls of this institution, devoted greatly to the muse of Dante, there has lately been smuggled a book which at its outset breathes defiance. In its first words it boldly says, "Dante, led by the courteous shade of Mantua through the nine circles of the nether regions, never saw more wonders than does the student's mind, guided by the gentle Shakespeare through the innumerable circles of human nature." After deploring this seeming preference for Shakespeare over Dante, we want to say that **Shakespeare's Art**, by Jas. H. Cotter, is a charming little volume, not only in its material make-up, which with its neat binding, good printing and artistic photo-graveures makes it most pleasing to the eye, but still more in its contents, which will be a treat to every lover of the "Bard of Stratford." The author is evidently in vibrant sympathy with his subject and gives in succession enthusiastic studies of the characters and motives of Shakespeare's heroes. There is evidence throughout the volume, in every part of it, that the author has studied Shakespeare thoroughly, and both understands and loves him. Besides this, the author is a Catholic, and does not hesitate to find Catholic moral teachings in the writings of him who in a time of persecution seems of all his Protestant contemporaries to have understood Catholicity and its teachings the best. It is for this reason that we recommend the book—and we feel assured that it will be a worthy addition to any Shakespearean library, whether it be that of the confirmed Shakespearean bibliophile or of the aspiring one who would essay to interpret Shakespeare on the stage.



Shakespeare's Art, by Jas. H. Cotter. Rob't Clark Co., Cincinnati.

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PERSONAL.

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Rev. J. H. Nawn, of Corpus Christi church, Chicago, is to give his splendid lecture on Shakespeare in Kankakee in the near future. The lecture, we understand, is to be given under the auspices of the St. Viateur's Council of the Knights of Columbus. Knowing as we do Father Nawn's exceptional gift of declamation and his intimate acquaintance with the great dramatist, we are sure that his lecture will be thoroughly appreciated by all those who will have the privilege of hearing him.

Our two pilgrims to Rome's sacred shrines of learning have arrived safely in the eternal city, after a pleasant journey o'er the bounding main. Messrs. John Flanagan and William Keep are now both students at the American College, Rome.

Rev. E. Bourget, who had been appointed temporary pastor of Sacred Heart church, Aurora after the retirement of Rev. J. Lepage, was recently transferred to the pastorate of St. James, Irwin. Father Bourget was upon his leave taking given every mark of enthusiastic esteem by the members of the Aurora congregation to whom he had endeared himself, and he found a warm welcome awaiting him in Irwin. Father Simard, who these many years had labored patiently and well in St. James, was appointed permanent pastor of the Sacred Heart, Aurora. A very handsome new parochial residence is in course of erection at Irwin under the supervision of the new pastor. Meanwhile he has established his quarters in the vestry of the church.

Rev. J. Bennett, late of St. Jarlath's church, Chicago, succeeds to the charge of St. Patrick's, Kankakee, left vacant by the untimely death of the lamented Father Aylward. Father Bennett is an alumnus of St. Viateur's, and his appointment to a Kankakee parish is acclaimed here with great pleasure. We wish Father Bennett every success in the beautiful congregation of St. Patrick's, and hope to see him often with us.

Mr. Fred Sloan, of Peoria, who was until recently a student here, paid us a pleasant visit on his way to Notre Dame, where he is taking up a preparatory course in medicine.

Rev. Francis Curron, ordained last June from Cincinnati, is appointed assistant in Springfield, Ill.

Rev. J. McMullen left Pekin, Ill., after the return of Father Sullivan from Europe, and is now in charge of the Pesotum mission.



Rev. C. Quille has been recently placed in charge of the boys' and girls' state reform schools at St. Charles and Geneva, Ill.

Rev. P. Griffin, of Freeport, was lately the recipient of a richly begemmed gold chalice, the gift of the Knights of Father Matthew of Annunciation church, Chicago. The presentation of their testimonial of esteem was the occasion of most appropriate addresses on the part of the Knights and of Rev. Father Griffin, who has long been identified with the temperance cause which the Knights of Father Matthew represent.

Mr. Thomas Allen Garrity and wife, nee Miss Amelia Austin, are "at home" for their friends at 1245 Winona avenue, Chicago, since Oct. 15, which marked their return from their honeymoon. Our cordial felicitations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Garrity.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gaffney, recently returned from Rome, is assistant pastor at Holy Angels' church, Chicago, and is a member of the faculty of the new preparatory seminary opened near the Holy Name Cathedral September last.

Brother Simeon Boisvert, C. S. V., is accompanying his cousin, Brother Alexander Boisvert, C. S. V., of Joliette College, Canada, on a business trip through the west. As the new building is still in its infancy we look for the speedy return of our capable architect.

Rev. C. P. Foster, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Joliet, has been appointed to the charge of the new parish of Manhattan, Ill., formerly a mission attended from Sacred Heart church, Joliet.

Rev. Francis Caraher, assistant in St. Brendan's, this city has been appointed pastor of the recently created parish of Reddick and Essex, missions formerly attended from Braidwood.

Rev. H. M. Shea, assistant at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, has been transferred to the Church of St. Thomas to assist Rev. J. J. Carroll.

Very Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., visited St. Viateur's Normal Institute Saturday, Oct. 21, where he celebrated mass on the feast day of St. Viateur.

A third meeting of the Catholic writers of the archdiocese of Chicago was held in Kimball Hall, Chicago, Oct. 20. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen writers were in attendance, verse and prose writers, authors of books, journalists and critics. A constitution was adopted which states that the object of the new organization, known as "The Catholic Writers' Guild," is the diffusion of Catholic ideas through the medium of the press and the larger propagation of Catholic literature. It will therefore be one of the aims of the Guild to awaken a livelier interest in the production and in the



spread of Catholic publications, which are artistic expressions of thought by Catholics. A movement of this kind will be able to accomplish much good if it is able to perpetuate itself beyond its enthusiastic beginnings. The New World in a recent issue announces that the following officers were elected, Oct. 20: Rev. Dr. Rivard, C. S. V., Ph. D., president; Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, 1st vice-president; Professor A. J. Hogan, 2d vice president; Miss Mary J. Lupton, 1352 North Halsted street, secretary, and Rev. George J. Blatter, treasurer. An executive committee, consisting of Rev. A. Maginnis, Mrs. Rose L. Colby and Mr. D. P. Cahill, was appointed. The next meeting will be held at the same place, Friday evening, November 3.

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### THREE ARCHBISHOPS VISIT ST. VIATEUR'S.

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Among the events of uncommon interest in the last fortnight was the visit of three distinguished prelates. Upon the occasion of the funeral of the lamented Father Aylward in Kankakee, Oct. 12, His Grace Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, D. D., of Chicago, came to spend the afternoon in company with his brother prelate, the Most Rev. Peter Bourgade, D. D., the venerable archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico. A reception, consisting of several musical numbers and an address of welcome was tendered our distinguished guests. In his reply, His Grace of Chicago said he always felt at home at St. Viateur's, which grows daily more and more in his appreciation. He was happy to see flourishing in his archdiocese an institution which is doing such excellent work, and whose power for good he wishes to see increase. He felicitated the students upon their splendid opportunities and urged them to profit by the time now at hand to lay strong and deep the solid foundation of the edifice of their lives.

His Grace of Santa Fe, in a brief response, expressed his pleasure at visiting Bourbonnais and St. Viateur's, where the grandchildren of France have retained the sweet accents of the mother country. He spoke of his vast but poor diocese as an inviting field for the apostolic efforts of generous youths, and thanked the students for the cordial welcome accorded him. After granting each a half holiday, the two archbishops imparted their blessing to the students and faculty.

October 19 we were honored with a visit from the Most Rev. Alexander Christie, D. D., archbishop of Portland, Oregon. His Grace is in quest of religious, whom he intended to place in charge of an industrial school in the vicinity of Portland, and con-



ferred on the matter with the V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., and other members of the community. In his address to the students after the community mass, the archbishop said the church needed learned as well as virtuous priests and laymen. He urged upon all the necessity of serious study and of good habits. His Grace is on his way to Rome with Rev. J. Soumis, of Stillwater, Minn., who accompanies him.

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### FOOT BALL.

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#### St. Viateur's, 23; Kankakee High School, 0.

The foot ball season opened Sept. 20th in a practice game with Kankakee High School. Neither team was in working condition, while the varsity had but half of its regulars on the field. But ten minute halves were played, and the game was featureless, though it showed to advantage several good ground gainers among the new candidates. The summary: Touchdowns—Hickey, Smith, Dyer 2. Goals from touchdowns—McDonald 3. Referee—McKenna. Linesman—Conway. Time of halves—10 minutes.

#### Northwestern, 41; St. Viateur's, 0.

The varsity journeyed to Evanston Sept. 30th and were there sorely battered and out-played by the Northwestern aggregation. While Northwestern out-weighed and clearly out-played our men, the score would undoubtedly have been much lower had our boys kept their heads and relied more on their interference and end runs than their futile attempts to shatter the purple line.

During the first eight minutes of play our men held the home team for downs and made repeated and decisive gains, advancing the ball to Northwestern's thirty-five yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Then our team fell to pieces, and the supporters of the purple began their march towards our goal. The first touchdown was made in two plays; Van Ryper went around the right end for thirty yards, and on the next pass Rueber went through tackle, covering the remainder of the distance for a touchdown. From then on to the end of the half Northwestern easily scored two more touchdowns, and time was called for the first half with the ball in Northwestern's possession on our five yard line.

Our men started off with a dash in the second half, Dyer receiving the kick-off, advanced it fifteen yards, our backs hammered the purple line for eight yards more, but there, as in the first half, we fell to pieces. Failing to make our yards in the next three downs, McDonald fell back for a punt, but the opposing line broke



through, blocked the play and began a series of line plunges that netted them four more touchdowns before the end of the game.

For the little training our men had, and considering the great odds against which they were pitted, it must, in justice to them, be said they played good ball and put up a game that showed anything but yellowness. With poor interference and little practice in end runs, they resorted to the only other alternative, line plunges, which could have but little effect against their heavier and better conditioned opponents. For us Dyer, Stack and Moran played the best game. Called on repeatedly to carry the ball, Dyer always made decisive though short gains, while Stack, at center, outplayed his 230-pound opponent in every department of the game. Moran, at left guard, always held his man, and frequently broke through the purple line. For Northwestern Capt. Rueber, Turner and Johnson showed the best form, especially Rueber, whom our lighter men found it almost impossible to bring to earth, he sometimes making five to ten yards after being tackled. The line-up:

St. Viateur's (o).		Northwestern (41).
Hickey, Quille	l. e.	Shanver, McPherrin
Kelly, Smith, Carrol	l. t.	Gilbreth
Moran	l. g.	Schoch, Scott
Stack	c.	Davis, Carlson
Mallaney	r. g.	Carlson, Jenkins
McDonald	r. t.	Hamilton, Barlow
Flagherty	r. e.	Turner
Shiel	q. b.	Johnson
Smith, Kelly, Capt.	I. h. b.	Van Ryper, Granberg
Cannon	r. h. b.	Rueber, Capt.
Dyer	f. b.	Barry

Touchdowns—Rueber 3, Van Ryper, Jenkins 2, Granberg. Goals from touchdowns—Rueber 6. Referee—McKenna. Umpire—Daly. Linesmen—McEvoy and Fleager. Times of halves—15 minutes.

#### St. Viateur's, 69; American Medics, o.

Perhaps the most decisive and unexpected victory ever won by any team on Bourbonnais field was that scored by the varsity Oct. 14th against the American College of Medicine and Surgery of Chicago. For the past two years the doctors have taken us into camp, and with a team that out-weighed the varsity to a man were confident of taking our measure this year. That they were woefully disappointed the score clearly shows, for at no time during the game were the Chicago men within striking distance of our goal.



and only three times during the entire game did they gain their yards.

The team work of our men was the fastest and best ever witnessed on the local gridiron, and too much credit cannot be given Coach Dyer for the admirable shape in which he had put the men since the Northwestern game. The line charged systematically and together, carrying everything before them, while the backs ploughed through for long and frequent gains. But it was especially at end runs that the varsity showed excellent form, their interference being fast and unbrakeable.

The Medics were clearly out-played in every department of the game, and could offer but little resistance to St. Viateur's terrible onslaught, but notwithstanding this the visitors showed gameness and gave the varsity chances to make some spectacular plays, which made the game very interesting from the spectator's standpoint.

The Chicago men won the toss and McDonald kicked off to Sparr, who was downed on his twenty yard line, where the varsity held them for downs. Our boys, obtaining the ball, sent Hickey around the end for fifteen yards, Capt. Kelly immediately going around the other end for a touchdown. From then until the end of the game the varsity seemingly scored at will, making gains ranging from five to twenty yards at a pass.

Dyer, at full back, played a great game for us, his terrific line bucking being a feature of the game. Capt. Kelly and Quarter Back Shiel played like veterans, frequently making telling gains and offering wonderful interference. Shiel showed good head work in the management of the team and the direction of the plays. But Hickey was undoubtedly the star of the game, his spectacular end runs and terrible line plunges surpassing anything ever witnessed on the college campus. Four touchdowns are accredited to him, two from thirty-five yard runs, one from a fifty yard run and the other from a fifteen yard tackle plunge. O'Connor did surprising work at left end; his eighty-five yard run for a touchdown being a record breaker. Flagherty, the other end, gave elegant interference and showed great head work in recovering the ball from fumbles.

The whole line did great work, Stack, McDonald, Carrol and Mallaney charging as one man, always holding the opposing line and frequently breaking through and downing the man with the ball, behind the line of scrimmage.

For the Medics, Erwin at left half was the only man that showed any foot ball experience. Though comparatively light, he



was very fast and would be a very dangerous man were he to get past the line of scrimmage. The line-up:

St. Viateur's (69).

Flagherty	l. e.	Medics (o).
Carrol	l. t.	Newman
Moran	l. g.	Johnson
Stack	c.	Jones
Mallaney	r. g.	Eide
McDonald	r. t.	Beherndt
O'Connor	r. e.	Rolly
Shiel	q. b.	Erbe
Kelly, Capt.	l. h. b.	Wittenberg
Hickey	r. h. b.	Erwin
Dyer	f. b.	Dean, Capt.
		Sparr

Touchdowns—Hickey 4, Dyer 2, O'Connor, Flagherty, Kelly 2, Shiel. Referee—McKenna. Umpire—Purdy. Time keepers—Kelly and Sheets. Head linesman—Conway. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Though disappointed by three different teams cancelling their games for Saturday, Oct. 28th, and the fourth, the Waukegan Athletics, who had agreed to come Oct. 29th, failing, without reasons, to make their appearance, Manager Brown holds written contracts for four good games during the month of November. Following is the schedule:

Nov. 3rd, Pontiac Indians, at College.  
 Nov. 11th, Armour Institute, at Chicago.  
 Nov. 18th, Chicago Veterinary College, at College.  
 Nov. 25th, Lake Forest University, at Lake Forest.

W. M.

### VIATORIANA.

The new Toboggan! There'll be a hot time. Many thanks to the organizers.

The shadow rushers.

Electric service at the candy store.

Waiters wanted for the training table.

And the grandest passage was the going out.

New student wanting to take music and desiring to appear learned before the prefect of studies—"How do you like Wagner's music?" Prefect—"Why, I'd rather listen to one of Mozart's pauses than to all the music Wagner ever wrote." (With apologies to Adam's grandfather.)



Since Callaghan joined the literary criticism class he has developed into quite a poet. Recently, when called for his selection, he arose, cleared his bronchial tubes, threw on a few tremolo, flute, vox harmonica and other stops, and commenced:

“Down in the kitchen a maiden fair  
Out of the hash was picking a hair,  
While thinking of Mike, who was oft beside her,  
She turned around and stepped in the spider.”

Alas, poor Cal! I knew him well.

Eddie Stack's inventive and ever restless mind is again displaying itself. A few days ago Eddie decided that shadow rushing had grown stale, and consequently the boys needed some new form of amusement. Accordingly he procured a post, a long plank and a bolt and erected a flying Dutchman. Now on Conge days you can see the Irish, French and Spanish fly.

Somebody crack a joke.

Recently an Englishman, desiring to surprise Pat, said very confidentially, “The Pope is dead.” “Whist,” said Pat, “keep it quiet or Roosevelt will appoint a Protestant.”

The following is a passage from our “poet's” lecture to his pupils: “Next to the man with a boil on his elbow, a good, well constructed, able-bodied poet is about as sensitive an animal as inhales atmosphere. I do not mean an alleged poet—an imitative wholesale manufacturer of creaking rhymes, which are so club-footed that they have to hobble around on crutches, but a genuine, big-souled poet, with the divine afflatus oozing out of him at every pore and enough wild frenzy in his rolling eye to sour a pan of dough or peel the paper off the wall.” Spontaneous combustion destroyed the remainder of the lecture, so we cannot print it.

Wanted—A local joker for the Viatorian. Advice can be obtained from the ex-humorist, both in bulk and in cans, suited for every age, sex, condition, season and climate, and is warranted not to rip, ravel, tear or bag at the knees.

If there is anything better in this wide world than being a humorist, it is—not being a humorist. With practice and a facetious turn of mind any one can be a humorist. Some men are born humorists and some become humorists and some seventy-four million American citizens have humorists thrust upon them so that they have to turn to the comic supplements for relief. I hope this won't discourage you. To be a humorist, then, first write some such conundrums as “Did you ever hear a bed tick?” “Why does the horse fly?” “How did the corn stalk?” Try these on the village postmaster, and if he does not knock you down with a can-



celling stamp or throw a dead letter at you, send them to the Kan-kakee papers. If the editor accepts and publishes your contribution you may go on in your mad career, throw away your grammar and take a half-nelson on the German and Negro dialects regardless of your impending doom or Marquis of Queensbury rules. If you have been quoted by the Fowler Howler or the Oconto Bladder, that is the "sine quinine" of your success, and after a few cross-road contemporaries copy a few of your paragraphs your doom will be sealed. You will then be manufacturing jokes about the old maid's age, the lonely oyster in the church fair stew, mother-in-law or some such that come over to England with the Conqueror. If you don't succeed in this you might get a job blowing cold air out of the pipes before the steam comes up. After two years' practice you will get a permanent position on the "Editor's Staff." F. U. N. '06.

Wingo!

Birdseed!

Togo or not Togo?

Mathias or Theobald?

Sweeney! Whee!

Not even a leaf stirred.

Cal will be a great help to his mother when he gets his growth.

I think I'm "kinda there."

Con is there when it comes to collecting the "rollin rocks" for any new enterprise. He's a dodo-bird.

Have you seen the original skull of Abraham Lincoln when a boy?

Those rude boys in third corridor insist upon flirting with Madame La Fluer.

A cheap drunk—take a few glasses of cherry pepsin and a ride on the go-devil.

Philosophy is merely a trial; don't let it interfere with your education.

Is your mother older than you are?

"We all have our peculiarities. Now, Fritz, he likes his pipe; Jim, he likes his segar, but me, I likes my five cents worth of candy."

Why is Sam so sensitive about something he hasn't got?

On with your jokes, boys. Why this staleness in the yard?

Toboggan. Whiz! Walk a mile.

Cal says they should have a pole stretcher for the slide. We think Bro. Brown should have a pie stretcher in the store.

In astronomy the scenes become so realistic that the students, imagining they see the stars, fall asleep.

Fr. M.—Will you deliver the sermon next Sunday, Fr. L.?



Fr. L.—I fear I am not strong enough.

Fr. R.—At least let us have the pleasure of anticipation—for a long time.

Prof. Knocker.—Now, Willie, the worms injure the crops; the sparrows eat the worms, but they in turn damage the crops. Which is worse sparrows or worms?

Wm. B. Wise.—I don't know. I never had sparrows.

Bro. Q.—“Cal,” what is an anecdote?

Cal.—A nanny-goat is an energetic animal, with two horns and a great deal of push behind.

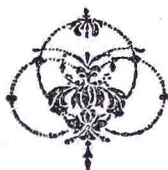
Heard in candy store: “In God we trust, all others pay cash. Here you are, sir. I thank you, and you'll thank me.” SCIVOO

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#### RT. REV. MONSIGNOR G. M. LEGRIS, D. D., RETURNS.

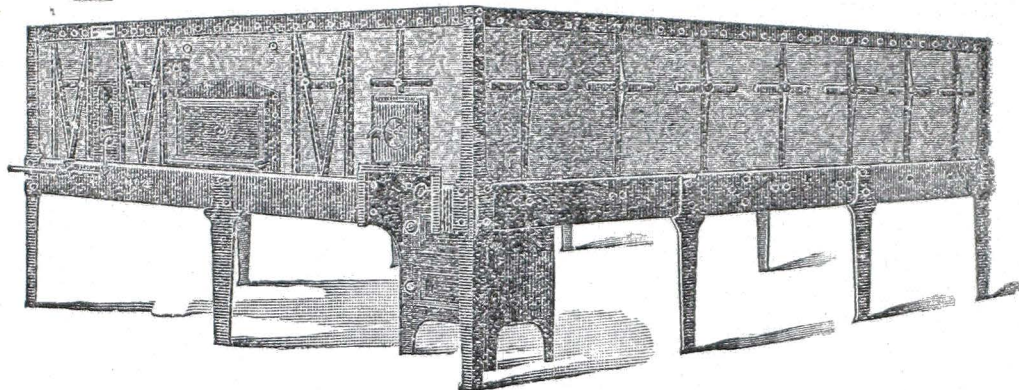
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Oct. 26 marked the longed for reappearance of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris among us. Our prayers have been heard and his recovery has been speedy and complete. He looks and feels a new man. So confident is he of his new gained strength that he is seriously thinking of resuming his course of moral theology in a few weeks.





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