



RIGHT REV. P. J. MULDOON,
First Bishop of Rockford.

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THE CHURCH THE SOLVER OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

James A. Williams, '10.



OF ALL the evil forces that threaten Christianity, modernism, atheism, anarchy, and socialism are perhaps the most menacing. It is not my intention to discuss these weighty subjects, but simply to enumerate a few means by which the church can assist in defeating a deadly antagonist, which is slowly but surely gnawing at the vitals of society and undermining the bulwarks of civilization, an antagonist born of unnatural minds, which has for its motto "Equality and Fraternity," but which in the cold reality of things is destructive to human society, ignores the true relation between capital and labor, is the death-knell of liberty, is a menace to woman, is a blight to youth and a venomous foe to all who profess belief in God—the rampant evil socialism.

To banish this evil the Church can do much. She has oft times renewed the face of the earth disfigured by the desecrating hand of man, she has solved and rectified a multitude of problems that have tormented individuals, races and nations and we may rightly say that she holds the golden key to the solution of this vexing problem of our age. But how will she do this work? By inculcating the principles of justice and charity, and teaching to all peoples, of every race and color, and of every nation and clime, the true brotherhood of men in the fatherhood of God; through the saving truths of the Redemption of Christ; by teaching moderation in the pursuit of material goods; by expounding to the poor the lessons of fortitude and resignation; to the avaricious and the wealthy, the lessons of charity and temperance; by solacing them with her motherly counsels, by encouraging them in organizing guilds, unions and like protective associations. She can stay with complete refutation the false theories of social mis-

leaders, by means of tongue and pen, and assist the indigent by her all abounding charity and lastly but by no means the least by her work in the class room.

By her divine teaching in the class room the Church will inculcate the principles of justice into the units of which her metropolitan whole is composed. She will break down the rugged barrier that separates the employer from the employed. These teachings will smother the monstrous idea that the wage earner is a slave and the employer a cruel task master. They will eventually and necessarily produce conditions such that the employer and the laborer will become brothers, who will view each other in the light of generous benefactors and be harmonious compliments one to the other inasmuch as they will be dependent each upon each; who will live with the same end in view, and surely we can then say that the conditions cannot fail to become better for in harmonious union and in just co-operation there is blessed strength. Her divine teachings will wipe away from our country's fair escutcheon the stigmas which are ever painful to fair Columbia—the race problem, the color question, petty feuds arising from a variance of the mother tongue and dogged sectionalism.

In teaching moderation in the pursuit of material goods the church stands forth as the guardian of truth. Alas, mortals are too likely in their maddening chase after perishable goods of earth, first to neglect and then utterly to disregard their duties toward their Creator holding at naught the sacred admonition—"Seek ye first the Kingdom and His justice and all other things shall be added unto you,"—for not all the gold of earth avails if the soul is lost. The Church will instruct men in the virtue of industry and teach them the full nobility of labor. Here lies one great impediment to progress the thought that labor is degrading, that labor is debasing, and that it is dishonest. The Catholic teaching is that labor is the most noble of avocations; that it is far from being debasing and that it is most pleasing in the sight of God, for to labor is to pray. Christ ennobled labor since He also toiled and labored and hence we can say that labor is not only noble but also dignifying.

Another means through which the Church can very efficaciously use her influence to battle socialism is associations which define the limits of power of the employer and mark the privileges of the laborer in their relations to the capitalists. If we refer to the

pages of history we find many instances in which the church has sanctioned various organizations to work in harmony and conjunction with her for social, political and industrial progress. In the Middle Ages we note the formation of guilds not only for the protection of the helpless and the indigent, as the Knights Hospitallers, or for religious purposes as the Crusaders for the recovery of the Holy Land, but also guilds of labor such as the original Free Masons, hired in the construction of the magnificent cathedrals of Europe. A very notable example of today, which we cite is the Centre party (founded by Prince Lowenstein now a Dominican Friar) in the executive body of the German Legislature and which has for its object, that justice be given to all Catholics throughout the German Empire. Societies and organizations for protection and relief are many besides the countless number of religious congregations whose members devote their lives and personal attainments to the greater glory of God and the cause of suffering humanity. The Church can still encourage Catholics to organize guilds and form unions for mutual protection and assistance.

Perhaps it will be objected that these organizations are practically of no necessity, since, today there exists a union for every craft and occupation on this continent. The good and beneficence of a society or organization are measured by its effects. What have been the results of these unions? In the majority of cases instead of bettering the conditions between capital and labor they have had almost the opposite effect that of bitterest antagonism between the laborer and employer, which has in many cases such as strikes, led to the destruction of enormous amounts of property. To remedy this the Church should have a voice in the unions so that nothing rash or unjust be decreed by them and also that prudence mark their deliberations.

Perhaps the most powerful means which the Catholic Church affords are those of tongue and pen. Here particularly we see exemplified the maxim that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Too much cannot be said in favor of spreading good wholesome literature among the masses and especially that which deals directly with the relations of the church and state and incidentally with the needs of the church as well. Catholic journalism is rapidly becoming an important and potent factor in the newspaper world. Through its refutation of falsehood it will keep the Catholic world informed on political, social and domestic events.

Catholic authorship should be encouraged. Men who are talented should be afforded every encouragement and support, for there is great need for the Catholic novelist, poet, dramatist, and essayist. One, the most noted perhaps, who took this means and accomplished much to oppose the assaults of socialism was the late Pope Leo XIII, that profound social philosopher who gave to the world his masterly encyclical on the "Conditions of Labor." It may be interesting to note that this discourse upon the social evil of the day is not only considered a masterpiece of social and economic philosophy but that it is being studied with the utmost care and attention by students of sociology, the world over, irrespective of religious opinions. With such men the church is able to meet the false theories of the sowers of falsehood, and to correct the errors of social misleaders.

Furthermore her bishops go into the mines and upon the docks and into the factories to settle great disputes that arise between men and their masters. through them the voice of justice is heard and order is re-established. Examples of this may be seen in several cases of American bishops, where order has been had from chaos and storm has been turned into peace. Some years ago the venerable prelate of Peoria, Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spaulding, appointed on the board of Arbitration by President Roosevelt, went into the midst of the striking coal miners of Pennsylvania and by his just and forcible arguments prevented what might have been a most disastrous strike. Another instance is that of our own beloved Archbishop James Edward Quigley, who while Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., went upon the docks and wharves of that large city and influenced the dock hands and laborers to submit to their employers, thus saving the city from an immense loss of commerce.

Surer than any of these schemes by means of which the church will solve the social evil is her most heroic contribution to the solution, in her work in the class room. The future of that nation is insured whose school system is one of ideal manhood, one which ever teaches the equality of man, the true relation of man to his fellow men, and his position in reference to God; one that gives the child a moral as well as a secular education. That nation is doomed, whose educational institutions fall short of the high ideals of Christian education, whose systems are erroneous and whose aims are indifferentism.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
And as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

We may rightly declare that there is not a more effective antidote to socialism than religious training; for the church out of the mysterious depths of her inexhaustible vitality and generosity, finds means to educate the rising generations in accordance with the principles of Christian morality and consequently in doing this is preparing an army of champions of the real rights of the laborers; an army of deadly foes to all atheistic and revolutionary theorists such as the leaders of socialism. Thus we see that the church can accomplish much in the suppression of the modern socialistic evil. It is her just right, her heavenly prerogative, ever to do and to act for the good of mankind. She is the guardian of truth, the protection of the weak, the balm of the oppressed, the aid of the suffering and the mirror of Justice.

ABUSES IN THE EXTENSIVE USE OF MACHINERY.

M. Mugan, '10.



THE Twentieth century will be recorded in the annals of time as the age of brilliant commercial achievement. Never before during periods of industrial activity has the world beheld the contest for trade supremacy so marked and eager as at the present day. We see this spirit of active competition dominating every line of effort and urging on individuals to great commercial successes. This tidal wave of industrialism is noticeable also in the new social problems that confront the nation. It is this mastering passion to excel in every field of endeavor that has aroused such keen rivalry in the markets of trade, that has forced into being the giant corporations which fill the country, that has turned the hand of genius toward the perfection of machines of commerce which fill every workshop and factory turning out the finished article of exchange faster, cleaner, and more perfect, than by the hands of man. The United States with her marvelous natural resources, coupled with the ingenuity and progressiveness of her people has attained the greatest advancement in this productive age, rivalling today in

traffic and production the much-vaunted prowess of the English people. What then, in reviewing these facts, may we ascribe as the true and peculiar cause of American distinction?

The important part played by machinery in manufacture in the United States is clear and evident. No one can doubt that the power behind the scene, in American industrial life, is machinery; that the true secret of America's success lies in her people's quickness to grasp the superiority of its usefulness over the older and much slower methods still in vogue in the factories of Europe. United with enormous sums of wealth the increased facilities offered by artificial contrivances for better work has more than any other cause contributed to the nation's commercial prestige. We see the perfection of mechanical skill manifest in every department of American industry; in the stupendous engines and blasts that operate the great steel mills and lift the ruddy glow of prosperity against the midnight sky, in the textile works and factories that loom up along our railroads and fill great districts of the cities; not a shop nor factory but has been aided in its output by the influx of modern machinery. Nor does the genius of mechanical art stop at the factory and the mill. The giant locomotives that move with meteor-like swiftness over the pathways of steel, bearing the out-put of the factory and the mill to the seashore, there to be shipped to other quarters of the globe; the gigantic steel-clad vessels that furrow the waters of our inland seas conveying the iron ore of the Northern States to the mills of other states to be converted into commodities of commerce; the automobiles that grace our highways and have supplanted the wagon in transporting goods about the city streets are all examples that tell more than words what the genius for machinery has accomplished in putting the industrial progress of the United States.

It is a time-honored maxim that all great good is shadowed by some evil, some menace against its effectiveness. And while we glory in the progress and rejoice in the achievements of American enterprise, it would be salutary at times to stop the great wheel of industry in its onward course and lend a heeding ear to the cries of anguish and suffering which arise over the land from the workmen and other victims of the encroachment of machinery in modern industry. These fatalities occur in railroad wrecks, they result from mine explosions, from workmen becoming entangled in the machinery of the large factories or burned to death

in the accidents that are of frequent occurrence in the great steel and iron mills. Such accidents, instead of decreasing in number as greater skill is acquired in the handling of manufacturing devices, are daily becoming more numerous and as they result in great loss of life are justly considered the greatest evil marking the reign of mechanical power in producing wealth. While mere accident cannot be avoided and although a natural risk often attends those who labor about machinery of every kind yet numerous fatalities are daily taking place of which sheer negligence is the author and it is toward checking the occurrence of such accidents that the state must direct its efforts.

What nation or people aiming at commercial distinction may hope to prosper and flourish and expand in this great art of peace by riding to success over the lives of its workingmen? Individuals who are the direct or remote cause of accidents resulting in the loss of human life should be considered as the basest of criminals by the government. Engineers and other mechanics entrusted with the discharge of important duties in factories and mills, and who by carelessness in the performance of their allotted duty place in jeopardy the lives of those about them should come in for their share of merited condemnation in the warfare for humanity in modern industry. Corrupt state officials whose duty it is to carry on the inspection of our great mines and the engines of our railroads and place the ban of state disapproval on all harmful machinery should themselves be made to stand the scathing eye of public inspection. When accidents are found to result from the corruptness or negligence of these men they should be dealt with as the most culpable criminals that harass the well-being of the State and should be vigorously punished. Unless the State secures, inasmuch as it lies in her power, the lives of workmen and of the citizens who travel on the railroads, she is not fulfilling her mission as guardian of public welfare and happiness. Only when industry has been tempered to a more sane basis of action can it hope to thrive and prosper. The American capitalist must cease to regard the individual as a figure-head ready to be sacrificed as a victim on the altar of personal advancement.

But while we censure the state and the corporation and the corrupt or negligent official for thus placing in jeopardy the lives of citizens we must bear in mind that many positions, filled by the laboring class, are posts of natural danger and the risk of destruction to life and limb to which these men are exposed can in

no wise be remedied by state action. Such, for instance, are the positions of the engineers and firemen on trains, the crews of vessels, the workers in mines and those who toil about the great steel and iron mills and run constant danger of being burnt alive in the boiling caldrons of iron and steel about which they toil. These men are in a certain sense the great martyrs of peace and deserve public commendation for the good they perform in furthering national prosperity. Let the state as the guardian of the workingmen see that the position of these men be made as free from danger as possible. Let public officials be appointed who with strict regard for the faithful performance of their duty examine well the stupendous engines of our railroads, the great mechanism that runs our mills, the cleanness and ventilation of our factories, and the safety of our mines. These state inspectors should be chosen with great discrimination, with care and watchfulness, that there be selected men of trust and integrity and high moral character. Not more than a month ago the world was shocked by the appalling news of the explosion at Mariana, in the heart of the Pennsylvania coal fields, an explosion in which was wrecked one of the newest and best equipped mines in the world. The mine was declared to be fitted with the best safety devices known to man, and experts in Europe and America had pronounced it a model of safety. A government inspector had just come forth out of its entrance and pronounced it safe, yet a few moments after, a catastrophe took place which completely wrecked the mine and entombed hundreds of workmen toiling down in its depths. The thought that came to me when reading of this unfortunate and terrible accident was of the fearful responsibility which these men carry who are employed in the duty of inspecting mines and factories. Had this particular inspector performed his duty while in the mine, or did he leave it with uncertainty as to its condition and abandon the hundreds of workmen to a probable death? And I hold that this duty incumbent upon the state of employing capable honest men to inspect our mines, mills and engines is one of the most serious obligations resting on the state in these days of machinery.

In past years the state has risen to meet the exigencies of modern conditions and extended a protecting hand over the lives and well-being of the working class. With ever-increasing zeal has the state by the enactment of laws sought to redress existing evils and to alleviate suffering among labor. The recent bill

which demands the inspection of the packing houses was passed with a view of rendering as clean as possible these former pest houses of disease. The eight-hour law on railroads, which makes it a punishable crime for the road officials to compel its engineers and firemen to labor more than eight consecutive hours thereby adding alike to the welfare of the employe and the safety of the traveling public, the inspectors delegated to examine into the soundness of the machinery in the great steel mills and manufactories are all salutary fruits of sane government action. But in the proper enforcement of these laws the state and city officials have shown a lax and indifferent spirit. It is not enough that laws be enacted, they must be enforced and their violation punished.

The need in administrative circles is bold fearless officials who will conscientiously strive to eradicate existing evils and be not under the influence of corporation leaders and corrupt politicians. Too often men are appointed to carry on the inspection of the mills and mines who through lack of experience are incapable of performing this work or allow themselves to be bought by the unscrupulous owners of private industries. As a result such owners of private industries operate their concerns practically immune from official interference and in most cases do not attend to the remodeling of their machinery or the sanitary condition of their workshops. They allow machinery to be operated in the factories which is fit for no other purpose than to grace the scrap pile; the shops are kept in an unclean condition and wear upon the health of the laborer, while wornout boilers continue to be overtaxed until the inevitable explosion happens which costs the lives, perhaps, of hundreds of workmen. Out on the railroads engines are allowed to commence a run with some part of their mechanism out of order, and then comes the accident with its accompanying horrors. Mine owners able to bribe these men sent out by the government or through the ignorance of the inspectors themselves permit their mines to be worked with poor air shafts and antiquated machinery. How necessary then should the state deem this duty of carefully inspecting the operating conditions of the great American industries and with what care should these men be chosen who shall execute this important task.

Perhaps we best express the attitude of the government in this regard when we say it lacks a certain depth of earnestness, so essential to all successful reform. There is too much surface

talk and not enough of real action. It is true that laws have been enacted in the past and a general appearance of interest in the proper protection of American workmen has been manifested by those who sway the policies of the state. The friends of laborers in congress and in the state assemblies point with satisfaction and ambitious self-pride to the laws they have been instrumental in passing and which are conducive to better protection for labor. But this apparent zeal in the interests of the working class is, in most cases, only skin deep, it is the idle gossip of the political venders who are ruling American politics. Those who suffer most from these accidents, the laborer and the traveling public, have received their fill of these empty boasts of casuistic statesmen. What is demanded is more action and less talk.

There are enough laws on the statute books of the state today to remedy every existing evil, if executed with half the force and energy wasted by these men in impressing upon labor their own zeal for their welfare. Such questions as these, some may argue, are not of national importance, but history teaches us that internal questions involving the happiness of the people are the deadliest obstacles that obstruct the path of a nation's progress to wealth and power. We are loyal, however, and we feel that the nation will eventually solve these problems and we contemplate with comfort the salutary influences of these solutions toward promoting individual, social and national happiness.



Rockford's First Bishop

T. O'BRIEN



THE year 1908 has passed into history as a memorable one in the annals of the Catholic Church. The great influence of the church in America and her rapid development have been strikingly brought before the public by the splendid celebrations of the centennials of the archdioceses of New York, Philadelphia and Boston. The Eucharistic Congress in London directed the attention of all nations to the noted revival of the old faith planted in England by St. Augustine fifteen centuries ago, while the first Catholic missionary congress held in Chicago under the auspices of the Catholic Extension Society promises to be more far-reaching in its effects than any other event in the history of the church in late years. The growth of Catholicity in the United States has been very great during the last quarter of a century, especially in the great middle west. The archdiocese of Chicago has increased so rapidly as to necessitate a division in it by the creation of a new suffragan see at Rockford, which see was created by Pope Pius X a few months ago. In accordance with the prescribed canonical laws for the appointment of a bishop for the newly-created see, the names of three of the leading ecclesiastics in the archdiocese were sent to Rome, with the name of Bishop Muldoon as first choice by the priests of the Chicago archdiocese. A short time after the names were received at Rome the wishes of the priests of Chicago were realized when Archbishop Quigley received a cablegram announcing the appointment of Rt. Rev. Peter James Muldoon, D. D., as first bishop of Rockford. "The news of Bishop Muldoon's elevation," says the Daily News, "caused a stir in church circles throughout the United States and hundreds of messages by telephone and telegraph poured in on the dignitary congratulating him upon the new honor."

California, the land of the orange and the vine, with its "golden gate," has the honor of being the birth place of Bishop Muldoon, for here in Columbia county he was born on the 10th of

October, 1863. Education, at this period of California's development, was somewhat scant and it was no small privilege to find a school convenient to the home. Hence we find the future bishop at an early age pursuing his studies at the schools of Stockton, where his young mind received those early impressions so beneficial in his after life as priest and bishop. At the early age of fourteen he finished his primary education and was sent to continue his studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's College of the Resurrectionist fathers at Kentucky. The good educational and religious training at St. Mary's was readily perceived by the young student and the good fathers in charge of the college soon recognized in him those sterling qualities so necessary for one aspiring to the priesthood and afforded him all the opportunities requisite for a sound classical education, opportunities which he utilized to the very best advantage. Having finished a brilliant classical course he went to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where he studied philosophy and theology under the ablest men in the United States and was ordained priest in 1886, at the age of twenty-three, at the Cathedral in Brooklyn by Bishop Loughlin. St. Pius' Church, Chicago, was assigned as the first place to begin his sacerdotal work, where he knew but one priest and one family in the entire archdiocese. Soon, however, the abilities of the young priest were recognized by Archbishop Feehan who made him his chancellor and secretary in 1888. With marked administrative ability he fulfilled the onerous duties imposed upon him till 1895, when he was appointed pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Church, one of the largest in the city. The growth of the archdiocese and the advanced age of Archbishop Feehan already made an auxiliary bishop necessary, and in 1901 Father Muldoon was made auxiliary bishop of Chicago. A short time after his appointment the entire responsibilities of the administration of the archdiocese fell to his lot, owing to the lamented death of Archbishop Feehan. The successful work of the young bishop during the interim between the death of Archbishop Feehan and the installation of Archbishop Quigley won for him the esteem of the new prelate who made him his vicar general.

Bishop Muldoon has been heart and soul in all the great works for the betterment of the church and humanity in the archdiocese and won special distinction as a promoter of the educational exhibit in the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

In the sad catastrophe at the Iroquois theater, where so many lives were lost a few years ago, Bishop Muldoon was at hand administering the last rites to the dying and consoling the afflicted parents and relatives of the unhappy victims. He has always been a strong foe of intemperance and has been instrumental in introducing the Knights of Father Matthew and a total abstinence union into Chicago. He has also taken a keen interest in the work of the St. Vincent de Paul society, the Knights of Columbus, and the Catholic Order of Foresters. But at St. Charles' Borromeo parish his life-work was centered. Here he has erected one of the finest and best equipped schools in the city. The academy and high school for girls and the parochial school over which he has had a personal supervision, are recognized in Catholic educational circles as models. St. Charles Church has recently undergone a complete renovation; a beautiful gothic window, a tower and two splendid expensive altars have been added making it one of the finest churches in the city. But ere the final touches were given to this beautiful church, and when the bishop could feast his eyes on his life-work, he was called to labor in another sphere by the announcement of his elevation to the newly-created see at Rockford. The news of his elevation was hailed with an enthusiasm such as never before was heard of in the United States. As a mark of the sincerity of his enthusiasm a number of farewell receptions were given in his honor. The numerous Catholic societies in Chicago vied with one another in paying farewell tributes to their bishop. The convents, colleges and academies were all anxious to do him honor, who has always proven a friend to such institutions in times of trial and a willing helper in advancing the cause of Catholic education. But the climax was reached when the citizens of many different denominations in Chicago met and decided on a farewell reception and demonstration in honor of the new bishop, who was about to leave them. This reception took place at the Auditorium theater on the eve of his departure for Rockford, where addresses were delivered and a purse of over \$37,000 presented to the guest of honor. The assembly numbered six thousand persons, whose hearts were filled with a mixture of joy and sorrow, joy at the bishop's elevation but sadness at the thought of losing so worthy a citizen who had labored so many years among them, binding to him with the ties of deepest friendship thousands of Chicagoans. Indeed no Chicagoan ever received such a farewell demonstration as that

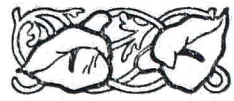
accorded him who twenty-three years ago entered the city knowing but one priest and one family in the entire archdiocese. Archbishop Quigley paid a very glowing tribute to Bishop Muldoon as a priest, as his vicar general, and most intimate associate in the administration of the archdiocese.

On the day following the farewell demonstration Bishop Muldoon left Chicago for his new see at Rockford, accompanied by two hundred priests and a thousand citizens of Chicago. Before leaving his rectory at St. Charles' Church the bishop was surrounded by the little children of his schools who wanted to be the last to bid him good-bye. This they did in song as his carriage rolled away to the station. Of his entrance into Rockford a correspondent to one of the daily papers writes: "Swept on a tide of tears and laughter, of joy and sorrow, of music and oratory, of songs of good-fellowship and hymns of praise, of affectionate familiar meetings and partings, of stately religious ceremonial, welcomed by the prayers and cheers of thousands, the Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, until today of Chicago, became, 'by the grace of God and the act of Pope Pius X,' first Roman Catholic bishop of Rockford."

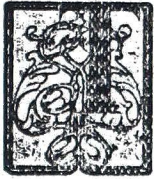
The new diocese of Rockford is one of which any bishop may well feel proud, with a people who have always been loyal to their priests and bishop and most generous in supporting the church, the schools, and the charitable institutions in the diocese. There are seventy-five churches in the new diocese, twenty-five splendid day schools and one boarding school, with an enrollment in the schools of four thousand pupils whose intellectual and religious training are carefully attended to by one hundred and twenty sisters. There are also six hospitals and an orphanage in the diocese. Rockford, the city of the episcopal see, is in the center of a rich agricultural region and is easily reached by railroad from all parts. It has a population of almost 50,000 and is one of the greatest manufacturing centers in northern Illinois, with a progressive and industrious people. That the new diocese, under the able leadership of Bishop Muldoon, will flourish we feel certain. That it will receive his whole-hearted zeal and devotion we are assured from the sentiments expressed by him on the day of his installation. With such a splendid future the diocese of Rockford should increase till it ranks among the foremost dioceses in the state and second only to that of the archdiocese of Chicago.



IK MARVEL



F. A. SHERIDAN



HAT the ranks of our country's grand old men are gradually being broken and their number lessened was again brought home to us, at the sad intelligence of the death of Donald Grant Mitchell. To many perhaps this obituary notice bore no interest; but to those who have been so fortunate as to have become acquainted with Mr. Mitchell, either personally or through his writings, it was the cause of deep and sincere sorrow.

Mr. Donald Mitchell, commonly known in the literary world as 'Ik Marvel', was born April 12, 1822, in Norwich, Conn. His early education was begun in Dr. John Hall's school at Ellington, Conn., and finished in Yale. Influenced both by ill-health and personal tastes to seek out-door atmosphere, he settled down on a little farm on the outskirts of New Haven. Here he spent many happy days, recovering lost health and enjoying himself in his cherished agricultural pursuits until the longing to visit the historical spots of Europe overcame him. He made three trips to foreign lands. His third and last voyage was the most remarkable; for he departed from his native land as a United States consul to Venice and a—bridegroom. After a brief stay in Venice he returned to America and settled in the little village of Edgewood, where he spent the remaining years of his life in retirement and peace. It was while in Edgewood that he became known to the world as an author of great merits. Not that many books bear his name, for but two slender volumes have been given to the reading world by Ik Marvel; and these, though so little known and read today, have in years past made their author famous. "The Reveries of a Bachelor," his first gift to the public, was soon followed by "Dream Life."

Both books are equal in merits and resemble each other closely. For simplicity of style, expressions of tender sentiment, purity of diction and veins of fond reminiscences, these books perhaps have never been surpassed. Gifted with a ready command of the English language, with the sympathetic soul of a Long-

fellow, with the critical eye of a Dickens for characters, Ik Marvel was indeed a well-equipped man to write for seekers of the true and the beautiful. True, we hear little or nothing of his works today; in fact, it is difficult to find many persons who have even read them; but this is a mark of no discredit to their author but a confession of shame for the reading public of today. Times have changed since the publishing of "Dream Life," or rather I should say that the tastes of the present generation have been vitiated. Books today must have the 'up-to-date style' and be snappy, otherwise they are deadwood, to be relegated to the consuming fire of unpopularity. Ik Marvel wrote for a people who could really appreciate true beauty, enjoy good literature and harbor pure thoughts. As a writer of the Tribune forcibly said of Marvel: "His was the day when men were not afraid of 'fine writing,' when the opera was an event for lovers of music and not a fashionable function, when the public was not deterred from reading a good book because it was a trifle long—a public which did not turn from a poem because it had something in it besides sensuous rhyme and which would have preferred Fanny Eissler to Maud Allen and Jenny Lind to the 'broilers' of the modern stage."

True, Mr. Mitchell is not the only author who has suffered from this lack of due appreciation. Dickens, Scott and a host of others are likewise set aside and replaced by authors of less worthy books; but he is one of our own and patriotism should extend to authors as well as to soldiers. With regard to moral principles, many men are much like unto petted youths; who when afflicted with sickness must be beguiled by capsules and sugar-coated pills into taking proper remedies. So it is with many of us, for such a thing as a sermon or a treatise on spirituality seems intrinsically repugnant and if cured at all of our moral depravities, the remedies administered must be both pleasant and palatable. "Dream Life," if read attentively, is like a pleasant potion that will certainly purge from us the evil tendencies of our poor frail nature, and will hold up to our view bright images of true manliness and charity, qualities that make their possessor both love and beloved. Never was title more apt than "Dream Life" and seldom has title been more happy. It is apt in that it gives the reader a perfect anticipation of what he is to find in the book. Our whole life is made up of dreams. Some are but idle fancies, some are youth's ambitions, while others are but

the sweet memories of the past. But of whatever kind they be, they are real, inasmuch as they are ever with us. There is no such thing as blank in the world of thought. Our fancies, our dreams, our reveries, influence and direct our feelings and emotions, and these make us what we are.

“We are such stuff, as dreams are made of;
and our little life is rounded with a sleep”.

To depict the thoughts of a mind and the sentiments of a heart in the four seasons of life has been the task of the author of “Dream Life.” “I would fain catch up here and there the shreds of feeling which the brambles and roughnesses of the world have left tangling to my heart, and weave them out into those soft and perfect tissues which—if the world had been only a little less rough—might now perhaps enclose my heart altogether.” How well the author has succeeded in his purpose can be learned by reading but one page of his book. It will surprise, nay even shock us, to see in cold print, the secret musings, the joys and sorrows which we thought only our hearts contained. It will surprise us to see that other hearts have been made sad and sorrowful by the same griefs that heaven has sent us; but yet, it should not, for

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

We are one in nature though different in personalities. Our griefs, disappointed hopes and hidden joys seem to us as things too personal and sacred to be divulged to the vulgar gaze of the multitude, and hence their portrayal may be a jolt upon our sensitive feelings. And yet are they not true? Why then try to cover them under that cloak we call ‘propriety’. If there is any one then that would desire to again enjoy his childish fancies, to dream again the dreams of manhood and to weep over shipwrecked hopes, let him spend but an hour in quiet conversation with Ik Marvel and his heart will be satiated with all that it holds most dear. And because Ik Marvel knew the human heart, knew how to picture its secret yearnings, his books have been in constant demand by those who delight in the good and true. They should be in every household, for their influence is elevating and God knows that our moral standards are but too often lowered by the use of baneful literature. Both young and

old will find in them a store house of thoughts both elevating and enjoyable. Suppose by reading them we should be depressed in spirits and be momentarily made sad; no one is more like his fellow creatures, more holy—and spiritually elevated than when in such a condition of mind. The word pictures, quaint humor and bits of sarcasm found in Ik Marvel's books cannot fail to amuse and please even the most cynical. Mr. Mitchell's claims to our gratitude are strong, and now that he has departed from us we should reward his labors by duly appreciating the good he has done for humanity and to induce others to give him a place on their library shelves.

The College Forum

The Magi.

Following closely upon the feast of Christmas comes a festival set apart by the church to perpetuate a significant and remarkable event—the feast of the Epiphany. This feast has been celebrated in the church for years and has always been observed with love and devotion. The word Epiphany means the manifestation or appearing of our Lord to the wise men. The historical details may be found in the gospel for this day's mass. What lessons may be learned from this narrative, lessons of love, lessons of humanity, lessons of faith. The Magi never doubting, never hesitating, never asking the why or the wherefore, were content to follow over desert and mountain with patience and confidence, the bright star of hope. No difficulty, no obstacle could cause them to lose faith. Even when the star disappeared they did not give up hope. They did not separate and declare that they had been laboring under an illusion. They pushed on more determined than ever and on asking where it was that the Messiah was to be born and hearing that Bethlehem was to be the chosen spot, they immediately set out with all haste, never stopping till they reached the little city. When they had left Jerusalem, says St. Mathew, "the star went before them, until it came

and stood over where the Child was, and seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Judge then their surprise to see the star standing over a common stable and when entering to find our Lord laying in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes. We too are like the Magi. We have like them been in darkness, but the grace of God has raised us up to see the brilliant star of Faith shining through the rifts in the dark clouds of despair, beckoning and imploring us to come out into the full sunlight of His mercy and goodness. Oft times we may lose sight of the star and be blinded by the temptations and allurements of the world's passing vanities but it is only a trial God is giving us to test us and see if we are worthy of His love, and finally, the temptation conquered and thrown aside, we are at once made stronger, and if we look again we may always see the star reappear, brighter and clearer, shedding its soft beams upon us like a shower of diamonds, and continually leading us upward nearer to the goodness and sanctity of the everlasting Presence.

S. T. Wedge, '11.



The Juggler of Touraine.

This is the title of a recent poem by Edwin Markham. It is one of those choice literary pieces that one likes to read more than once. It gives the reader a double treat. While we are watching the graphic pictures of the merry making populace or the fantastic capers of the juggler we are carried along on the melodies of an exquisite versification. The poem is Catholic in theme and treatment and it shows that in Catholic legends there are many themes if some artist would weave them into verse. There is a spirit of devotion breathing through its lines and mind lingers in comforting reflection upon the truth of its last couplet—

"And whatsoever is done from the heart to Him
Is done from the height of a Seraphim." —B.



The Stepmother.

Was there ever a stepmother who received a kind word, a pleasant smile, a cheerful good-morning or an Xmas present from her stepchildren? Did a child of her husband ever go wrong and she was not blamed for it? Was there ever any praise coming her way if her stepson or stepdaughter succeeded in

life? Suppose Joseph played hookey from school and visited his married sister's home, was not the stepmother censured after the same angel-faced Joseph had told all of the family troubles? What would the average widower's home be without a second better half? I'll wager it would be similar to the district school when the master has stepped out for a minute. Instead of the appetizing home-made bread like mother used to make, you will find crusts of baker's bread in the pantry and bread-box. Picture to yourself the average home where the stepmother reigns. Scene Sunday morning; time eight a. m. "Dad" has just emerged from his morning bath, to sit down to a warm breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee with real cream, home-made bread, cheese and his favorite cigar, while his morning paper is brought maternally to his side. The poor stepmother has only been up since five thirty a. m. The angel faces of the departed mamma are awakened and told to hurry up for church. With much reluctance they disentangle themselves from the feathers and make a "bee-line" for the kitchen stove. There are two buttons missing from Willie's waist. Joe has broken his suspenders; Clara cannot find her comb or hair ribbons. Who is to blame for all this? Why how foolish to ask. The stepmother of course. Who else? After much fussing and wrangling the children are finally started towards the church. Then the stepmother after putting the roast into the oven starts to dress for church. Her servant and maid are her own brawny arms. She cannot possibly persuade Dad into going to hear the new preacher, because he has not finished his paper and he must rest up for the Cub-New York game in the afternoon. About eleven o'clock Joe comes home with two black eyes. To be sure, it was an accident pure and simple. He ran into a post. But the post proved to be the right fist of a little German boy whom Joe had called a wooden shoed Dutchman. Of course nothing could be found to allay the sufferings of the boy. Oh! the carelessness of the stepmother in going out and leaving all the responsibilities of the house upon father. Joseph is finally pacified by a quarter of a dollar and the promise of a trip to White City. When the stepmother returns home she finds the gas range cold, the gas has been turned off. By whom? Nobody knows or cares only that dinner will be delayed for an hour. Finally about one thirty dinner is announced. Just as everybody is seated the door bell rings. Uncle John and Aunt Kate have come to spend the day and have brought their three

children. The young ones are told to go out and play until their parents have finished eating. Afterwards the table is set in the kitchen for the six children who devour everything in sight. The stepmother sees the fine chance lost that she had of saving something for her better half's lunch for the next few days, so she breaks and beats up half a dozen eggs, makes a batter for a cake, leaves it in the pantry with the intention of baking it before supper. But the children make away with it before three o'clock. About ten minutes after two the men folks make tracks for the ball park, while the stepmother has to stay home. Promptly at three fifteen, Winnie's beau calls with a two pound box of Allegretti's chocolates. The stepmother has the pleasure of sweeping up the tin-foil and tissue paper which has been strewn upon the floor. That is her share. Supper is ready at five thirty, but has to be delayed on account of the non appearance of the men folks. After supper a trip to White City is suggested and approved by all. As the utensils and dishes have to be washed and put away and the house guarded the stepmother of course has to do the heroic act. That is what she is paid for anyhow. White City is reached safely. The Bumps are the first thing that attract attention. Then the Chutes, the Flying Dutchman, the Miniature-railroad and lastly a visit to the tin-type gallery is made by all. Then the procession wends its weary way homeward, arriving there about eleven twenty p. m., tired, dusty, hungry and sleepy. The children have to be tucked in bed. Then the weary stepmother retires about eleven forty-five to dream sweet dreams of a country where stepmothers will be honored, respected and loved by all and incidentally relieved of the burdens of the household.

Jim.

❖

COUPLETS.

F. Cleary, '11.

What bites the most of all that stings
Is sometimes that with fairest wings;
And honeyed words soon melt and part
From what seemed truth and friendship's heart.
The fairest flower is that with thorns.
The clearest eye is one that mourns.
The surest love—just hold your own.
The wisest dove ne'er strays from home.



Our Bardic Choir



MY FRIEND.

An angel of God's own moulding
Whom none but God could design.
And would that but some of his goodness
Were lent to this poor soul of mine.

As pure as the modest flower
That the sweetest zephyrs tend;
A gem of priceless value
Is the one I call my friend.

When the pathway of life seemed darkest
When earth and sky seemed to meet
He was the guardian angel
That guided my faltering feet.

The world and all of its pleasures
The tempter had brought to my mind,
He had pictured it gay and bewitching,
Not cold but tender and kind.

But a gentle youth came to me
A youth so pure and so mild;
And the shades of the tempter receded
And I saw but the face of this child.

For this youth I would sacrifice power
Wealth and pleasure with all that they lend
For this tender child of Eden
Has been my saving friend.

—L. P.

A DREAM THOUGHT.

In the mystical silence of twilight,
The dear sweetest hour of the day,
When darkness is mantling the sunlight
Then a calm on my spirit doth lay.

In this mystical silence of twilight,
A vision comes often to me;
A face well known in the sunlight,
Yet strange in the twilight to see.

In the brightness and glamour of sunlight
Those eyes are radiant with mirth;
In the mystical brown of the twilight
In their depth seem all sorrows of earth.

In the wondrous silence of twilight
As I gaze on the vision's sweet eyes,
I ask if my words in the sunlight
Would cause such sorrows arise.

Ah, no! for in dimness or daylight
Ever dear will that face be to me,
E'er the same in sunlight or twilight
The vision—the face—it is thee. —G. M.

THE HERO.

J. Cosgrove, '12.

There are men who win distinction,
In the different walks of life,
In the thoroughfares of bustle,
On the plains of martial strife.

Yet the greatest of all heroes
Who has neither lance nor shield
Is the gentle, loving hero
Of the home, and not the field.

He who speaks in words of kindness
Gives a soul a fond embrace,
Often heals a heart that's bleeding,
With the balm of heaven's grace.

On his brow we place the laurels,
In his hand the sign of power,
For he proves himself a hero
Every day and every hour.

THE VIATORIAN

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Personals—I. RICE, '11.

Societies—F. WELCH, '10.

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EDITORIALS.

The late Calabrian earthquake, occurring at the close of a dying year, naturally brings to our minds the futile efforts of man.

Italy Mourning.

Many have been the proud boasts, hurled at the Almighty by the Atheists, which were daily heard. We listened to their many rash statements and were gravely informed that man had conquered nature and was now as never before a "Monarch of all he surveyed." But suddenly, like a flash from a clear sky the awful disaster arose before the eyes of the world and, now separated as we are from the unfortunate places, scenes honored by the genius of Homer and Virgil, we cannot but realize how rash are the many remarks made by various creatures. To realize to the fullest the awful extent of the seismic tremors is beyond the power of mortal ken. A few years ago our own land was visited by an earthquake and the 'Pride of the Golden West' lay smouldering in its ruins. When we consider the truth that the Sicilian disaster is at least three hundred times more terrible in the matter of lives lost, we in a manner, form some idea of the

awfulness of the disaster. That one hundred and fifty thousand lives should be snuffed out in so short a time, a few weeks ago would seem an incredible statement. Yet it has occurred and we must lower our heads to the inevitable. We grieve for the unfortunate inhabitants of those historic spots, considering that they are fellow creatures, bound to us by the golden chains of intellectual, social and moral interest. While these links have been burst asunder by the terrific forces of nature, we can yet show that their memory is sweet, and this we are trying to do. The various funds being gathered afford an opportunity for displaying this remembrance and the results which are daily being increased demonstrate that humanity is again rising to the ethereal heights of spiritual greatness and glory, overthrowing the demon of selfishness, enthroning in its stead the spirit of love and service.



The true value of being consistent is something which should be realized by each and every person who lays any claim whatsoever to the honorable title of a student. Sent here and to other places, as all students are, by parents

Consistency. who are making every sacrifice to advance us on the rungs of the ladder of life, this trait should be one of the marked characteristics which denote us.

At all times and in all places we should act uniformly. Consistency in everything should be our watchword. In the lecture halls, on the campus, and in our private abodes of study this motto should ever be before us pointing out the rugged paths leading to the starry heights. All our efforts, if we are to make anything of ourselves, should be invigorated with this quality, which cannot do anything else than form an honest character. With it directing us now, and in the years which yet have to be reeled off by the cycle of Time, we will realize to the fullest all that it has done for us, and in the end, when our lives will have been history, we will be able to say with the immortal Shakespeare: "Consistency thou art a jewel!"

THE VIATORIAN

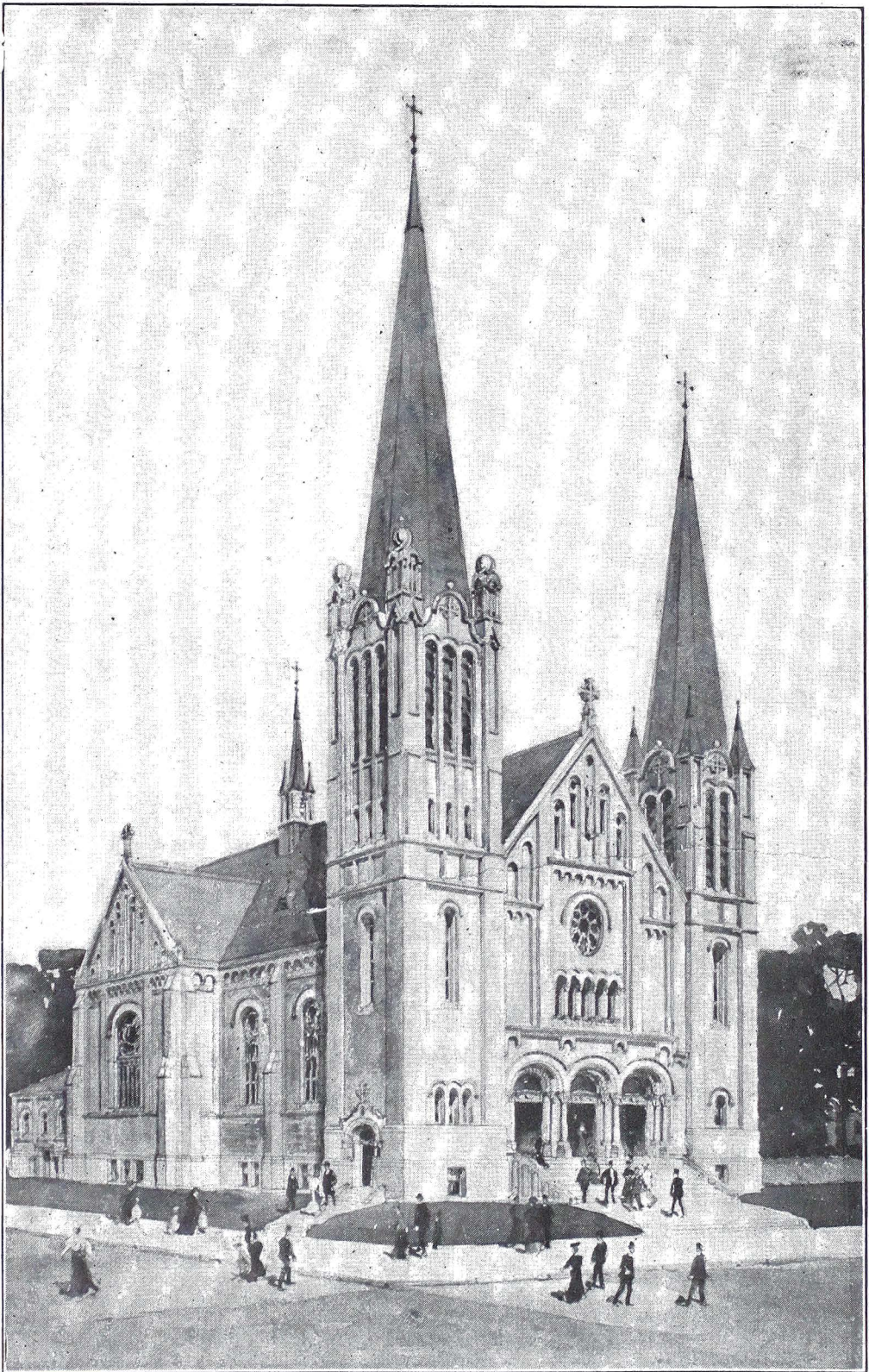
PERSONS AND PLACES.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage was celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mallaney at their home in Woodland Park December 20. Besides the relatives and friends attending the celebration there were many of the local clergy present. Addresses of congratulation and felicitation were numerous both by the lay and clerical visitors. The Viatorian extends best wishes for many more years of conjugal peace and happiness.

Paul Wilstach has published through Charles Scribner's Sons a biography of Richard Mansfield the late actor. If any one wishes to know Mansfield not as an audience knew him but as an intimate associate knew him in his struggles, in his violent spirit, in his moments of sadness, in his hours of sorrow, in his power, in his ambition and in his ascent to fame and success, he would do well to read the work of Mr. Wilstach. Mr. Wilstach, who with a brother is a graduate of St. Viator's comes from a literary family. He is the son of J. A. Wilstach the translator of Virgil and Dante.

Dedication of St. Leo's Church.

In the presence of a large concourse of Catholics and non-Catholics who came to witness the impressive ceremonies, the Rt. Rev. John Farley dedicated the new St. Leo Church at Minot, N. D., on November 26th. That the town of Minot has such an imposing edifice as St. Leo's is due to the work of the Rev. J. J. Raith, its pastor. It has long been his ambition to see the faithful of his parish with an inspiring place of worship and his untiring labors materialized his hopes. At the dedicatory services, besides Bishop Farley of Fargo, and Bishop Lenihan of Great Falls, there were many clergymen and laymen of note from near and distant points. Bishop Shanley spoke at the morning and evening services and in his addresses to the people he spoke encouragingly of the good work done by Father Raith since his appointment to Minot. The new church erected by Father Raith is an imposing structure. It is 127 feet long and 52 feet wide. The main tower is 129 feet high, while the lower tower is 108 feet. The building covers 8000 square feet of ground. It is



ST. LEO'S CHURCH, MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA.



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built of solid brick with Bedford stone trimmings, faced with high grade Wilton pressed brick, lined on inside with Chasker hollow brick. It has hard wall finish, plastic ornamentation, and solid oak interior finish. It has a full sized basement.

Obituary.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix: 21.

Rev. Peter Chatain, C. S. V., Ooullin, France.

Rev. John Trajit, C. S. V., Ooullin, France.

Rev. J. A. Jalbert, C. S. V., Montreal, Canada.

Rev. J. A. Jolbert, C. S. V., Montreal, Canada.

Mother Agnes, St. Catherine Academy, Springfield, Ky.

Sister M. Boniface Blatter, Leavenworth, Kan.

Requiescant in Pace.

SOCIETIES.

Drama and Farce a Success.

To say that the Drama By The Light of The Camp Fire and the farce My Turn Next were successes is expressing unvarnished truth. Frank Welch as Mr. Pemberton, the bank president, played his part with staid dignity while E. Munson, the hero, moved the audience several times by the pathetic rendition of his role. The audience often found themselves turning from the dastardly deeds of Curtis Dunbar impersonated by W. Carroll to Elliott Brayton, the dude, played by F. Ryan who immediately sent them into roars of laughter. The difficult role of Old Obadiah Siggins was played exceptionally well by F. Cleary while his son, Young Obadiah played by J. Williams, did justice to his part. J. Fitzgerald as Raggles was the roving good natured tramp to perfection. Ralph Heffernan as Jack Ashton and J. Schaefer as Dick Percival gave an excellent impersonation of their parts. W. Sammon as Toots the negro cook, and R. O'Laughlin as Dennis Clancy kept the audience laughing and applauding. Toots always managed to say the wrong thing in the wrong place.

My Turn Next, a farce was well staged. The leading role, Taraxicum Twitters was well played by Jos. Legris who showed throughout the horrors of a suspicious husband. Lydia Twit-

ters, wife of Taraxicum was exceptionally interesting. The part was taken by I. Rice. A. Savary played Betsy with all the naturalness of a household maid. The minor roles were well taken care of. Both the drama and the farce were under the able direction of F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., to whose untiring efforts much of the success is due. Between the curtain falls the college orchestra gave several selections from leading operas.

The programs:

BY THE LIGHT OF THE CAMP FIRE.

Cast of Characters.

Mr. Pemberton, president of Empire bank.....	F. Welch
Herbert Wells, alias Jim Parr, a guide.....	E. Munson
Curtis Dunbar, a "truly good" young man.....	W. Carroll
Elliott Brayton, a sweet member of society.....	F. Ryan
Old Obadiah Siggins, a farmer.....	F. Cleary
Young Obadiah, his son.....	J. Williams
Jack Ashton of the New York Daily Cyclone.....	R. Heffernan
Raggles, a tramp.....	J. Fitzgerald
Dick Percival, a leading actor.....	J. Schafer
Dennis Clancy, an all-around man.....	R. O'Laughlin
Toots, a negro cook.....	W. Sammon

"MY TURN NEXT."

Farce in One Act.

Taraxicum Twitters, a village apothecary.....	J. Legris
Tim Bolus, his professional assistant.....	R. Delihant
Tom Trap, a traveling man.....	T. Kotzenberg
Farmer Wheatwear.....	G. Hollenbeck
Lydia, Twitter's wife.....	I. Rice
Cicely, her niece.....	L. Knoerzer
Betsy, Twitter's maid-servant.....	A. Savary

Plays Staged and Presented Under Direction of F. A. Sheridan.





REV. JOSEPH RAITH,
Pastor of St. Leo's Church, Minot, North Dakota.

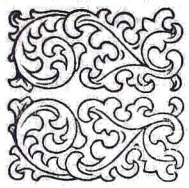


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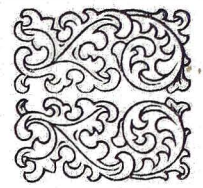
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Exchanges



The notable feature of the January exchanges is their tardy arrival at the sanctum. This is due no doubt to the reaction of the rush and activity made for the Christmas number. All seem to have tried, with no little degree of success, to make the holiday issue of the college paper the best possible. And why not? Christmas is the best time of the whole year and the most important feast on the calendar, hence we should honor it with the best we have. The December exchanges taken as a whole fully reached this high ideal and the praise of the Christ child was sung in excellent poetry and told in prose.

The **Nazareth Chimes**, in our opinion, is one of the best exchanges on our table. Not only in the way of looks and general appearance but for good order and better reading matter it is difficult to surpass. The opening poem gives us a taste of the good things that follow and displays to good advantage the beautiful thoughts contained therein. The appreciation of Tennyson's Holy Grail, is well ordered and expressed in choice language and the style fully in harmony with the subject. We have been wondering and puzzling our brains trying to think why the name of the author should have been withheld from so excellent an article as the poem of Farewell. Don't be bashful, girls, for honor should be given where honor is due.

The **Georgetown College Journal** contains a scholarly and precise account of the appearance of the star to the Magi. The author delves deep into the why and wherefore and the causes natural and supernatural, in an interesting and masterful style. The article displays not only lucid historical knowledge but shows a logical and reasoning mind. The short story A Christmas Dinner contains an interesting and altogether novel plot. The attention is held to the end.

In the **University of Ottawa Review** we have been reading with pleasure the continued article on The Civilization of the 13th

Century. It is just such an essay that would do some of our dissenting brethren good to read. The Dark Ages, so called by bigoted and prejudiced historians, have been maligned and misrepresented long enough. And it is high time for the erroneous opinion of ignorant unbelievers to be refuted. This is done by one of the University's alumni in an effective and conclusive manner, and will do much to lift the dark clouds of misinformation and historical error. In our opinion the article entitled A Horse Cured of "Sleeping Sickness," would look well in a veterinary journal. It has a certain amount of didactic merit but still it looks out of place in a well edited college paper.

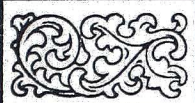
The ex man of the **St. Ignatius Collegian** is again bewailing the scarcity of short stories in college magazines. As he expresses it, his harp is tuned only to one note and he is continually harping on that one note. Keep at it ex man and your sounds may wake the dead.

We can fully sympathize with St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont., in its disastrous calamity. We too have felt the searing visit of the fire demon and know what a terrible thing it is to stand by and see our Alma Mater consumed by devouring flames. But we hope that you like us, may rise from the ashes of the glories of the past stronger and better after the refining fire and shine with greater luster, aiming higher and achieving greater deeds than ever before.

Minim.

O happy Minim who can be
In happiness compared to thee;
Fed with candy all the time
From early morn until bed-time.
Seniors hang around thee still
And on thy bulging pockets fill;
Thou dost laugh and play and sing,
Surely you are the whole thing.

R. Legris.



Athletic Notes



Truly these melancholy days are fraught with an over abundance of athletic inactivity; indeed were it not for the untiring efforts of "Pop" Kelly on the bowling alleys, and the generosity of various owners of roller skates, the gym radiators would prove so irresistible that some of us would even refuse to walk to meals, but cheer up, there are better times coming.

Basketball.

Owing to the fact that our athletic director was torn away from his duties by illness, the basketball five was placed in an uncertain predicament, through a late arrangement of the schedule. Contenting themselves in the interim with interclass games, the tossers of the inflated sphere are now coming to the scratch and are making belated efforts to fit themselves for the coming season. The schedule is not yet ready for publication, but from rumors going the rounds of the campus, it is said that if the squad can sufficiently prepare itself for them, a fine parcel of games will be arranged for the local card.

Baseball.

Although indoor sports are occupying the rostrum, the baseball stars are strenuously preparing themselves in order to combat the various aspirants to their Western title. Capt. Stack has issued his request for names and it is probable that when the cage occupies its old position, after the semester examinations, a large bunch of old and new material will be trying to avoid the blasting results of the first cut. Manager Kelly is preparing the hardest and best schedule ever offered to local followers, and all expect that it will enable him to live up to the reputation achieved last spring, when he was acknowledged as the "King of all managers."

Track.

William Boetins Reilly, the old time star of the cinder path, has a marathon squad out daily and is expecting to develop a few runners who will out Dorando Pietri.

Bowling.

The interclass bowling teams are working hard in the preliminaries, and high scores are daily occurrences. 1909 are now at

the top of the bunch, yet a large score by '10, '11, or '12 might work disastrously for them, so close are the teams bunched. The system in use this year is total pins.

Junior's Basketball League.

Great interest is being taken in the Junior's Basketball league which was started last December. It is composed of six teams, picked by the boys who were victorious in the captains voting contest. January 12, the day play was resumed in the league, found all the players back except Marcotte who was the captain of a team, the captaincy was then given to F. Murphy, with the consent of all the players on the team. O'Brien who is now leading the league has had good luck with his players, none of them being unable to play. He is now two games in the lead and at present his team is working like a machine. His team is the only one that has succeeded in beating Tynan this season, and he has turned the trick twice. Tynan who is in second place is striving hard to regain first honors which he lost on December 14 when he was first defeated by O'Brien. Cunningham one of the stars of the first team is a great help to Tynan. McGowan and Martin are Tynan's guards and are about the best in the league. Smith is showing up better than anyone expected him to do after his bad start. In the first game his team made a very poor showing and everyone expected him to be beaten easily but he has improved his team wonderfully by the addition of Scott. His team now is a likely candidate for first honors and he is working hard to reach the top. Murphy is now heading the second division and it is thought that before long he will be seen among the leaders. When Marcotte was managing the team they did not resort to team work, but Murphy will not stand for that kind of playing, and as a consequence defeated Smith on the 14th in a well played contest by the score of 18-13. Boyle's team has had more hard luck than all the others put together. nevertheless he has willingly consented to try his luck. He not only has good material but with a little practice he will be at the uppermost rung of the ladder. Williams and Legris show very good as forwards while the guards show remarkably well for their first year at the game. Harvey who is in last place has a fairly good team, but they don't seem to play together, and consequently do not win many games. Bauers is a very good player and is about the best guard in the

league. Harvey's team however is improving of late. The winning team will receive five pennants, one for each player.

Standing to date:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
O'Brien.....	7	1	.875
Tynan.....	4	2	.667
Smith.....	4	3	.571
Murphy..	3	5	.375
Boyle.....	2	5	.286
Harvey..	1	5	.167

On January 7th the Juniors first team opened up their regular schedule, defeating the Y. M. C. A. Juniors by a score of 23 to 16. The "Y" men were very snappy in throwing baskets but the superior team work of our boys was used in playing their opponents off their feet. Leonard and Tynan were the stars for the College five, while Namm played a good game for the Y. Score:

Juniors, 23.

Y. M. C. A., 16.

Smith, Tynan

L. F.

Srope

Boyle (Capt)

R. F.

Rictor

Marcotte, Knoezer

Center

Hasker, Umbach

Leonard, O'Brien

L. G.

Namm

Harvey, R. G. Free throws, O'Brien. Baskets, Tynan, 3; Boyle, 2; Leonard, 4; Marcotte, 2. Hasker, Namm, 1. Umpire, E. Corcoran. Referee, Wunderlich.

The Minims.

The Minims are not letting valuable time slip by but have organized a speedy little team. December 10 was the date of their first game and as usual ended in a victory, the score being 22 and 10. They played the same team on January 14. Although their opponents played a hard game the score ended with the Minims in the lead 19-25. The team is composed of C. Parker, R. Ralston, L. Jacobie, H. Tiffony, J. Boyle, A. Gunderlach, C. MaGee and A. Decker, 5 of which are old stars.

As we go to press the Minims arrive from Hamilton Park where they were defeated by a score of 44 to 12, but on January 25 they will try to give the Hamilton boys a warm welcome.

LOCALS.

—A Happy New Year!

—Have you resolved?

If so, buy an alarm clock.

—Leap year being over the old timers who are left, must put off their giddiness until another four years is up.

—“Eckie” the old kiddo has gone South for spring training.

—Dick: What makes me so hungry while skating?

Pick: Why the rolls I suppose.

—Not all men are rational beings if marks prove it—Bill.

—Taylor—Gee, my stomach has pained me since I swallowed that piece of gold tooth.

Dudley—Yes it must be pretty rich eating for the stomach to stand.

—Something new—Pickles after every meal in the Gym.

—When the harvest days are over,

And the rubes begin to come,

The bunkers then seem busy

Keeping new ones on the run.

From morn 'till night they're laughing

At the rustic, on his tear,

'Till his rural days are over,

Then in conning does he share.

—Is that salubrious feeling still with you? If not, try a dose of “intermittent alarms.”

—The earth goes round so we are told

But the statement isn't square

At least, if it really does go round

Some other chap copped my share.

—First Student—They tell me that they have a new dishwasher for the kitchen, this help must be awfully expensive.

Wise One—Not expensive at all, the dishwasher don't draw a salary.

—Teacher—Why is it that they pack sawdust around ice in storage?

Johnnie—To keep it warm, I guess.

—News Item—The Junior Roller party attracted many a fleet-ing heart to shine once more.

SNEEZING.

When seated one day at the table
I was tired and hard to please;
And Simon our kind old waiter
Said the best thing to do was to sneeze.

I do not know what had happened
For I sneezed and sneezed again;
And at last I let one sneezer
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It started the K. M's, and wakened
The cook from out of his sleep
It resounded through the rafters
And shook the foundations deep.

It tumbled all the cockroaches
From their place on the kitchen wall
It thundered throughout the corridors
Of Roy Memorial Hall.

And sneeze as I will I cannot
Sneeze that great sneeze again
The sneeze that startled the K. M's.
Like the sound of a great Amen.
J. Williams.

—There was a young fellow named Steven
Whose features were very uneven
The nose of his face
Was way out of place
And his eyes they were very deceivin'.

New Years' Resolutions.

Resolved that the gym will be swept—Leo (on rollers).

Resolved that I'll smoke the best that the treasury can buy—
F. W. '10.

Resolved that I'll smile e'en though it kill me—Little Willie.

Resolved that I'll be always on the job—Pickles.

Resolved that I'll stick to my brother—John.

Resolved that the world loves a lover—Steve.



The following items of news are from The Junior Bark, a semi-weekly edited by J. Williams, J. Curan, P. Curley and E. O'Brien:

Notice—Hereafter I am not responsible for debts contracted by my affinity—P. J. Curley.

J. Harmon is again troubled with cigaretitus.

Oppie has an awful sore throat. Maybe he smoked a damp cigarette.

Evangeline Come back! I cannot live without you.—W. Tynan.

Bartleman had the pleasure of visiting the prefect in his room.

L. Scott has apprehended ten chickens to date.



"Want Ads and Miscellaneous."

Wanted—A few good pinsetters. Apply to E. McKiernan.

Wanted—A durable house for the Palatine races. Address C. Dean.

Wanted—A good place for the Juniors to smoke—J. Warren.

Wanted—A healer for a black eye.—H. Tolbert.

Lost—A package of Bull Durham. Very liberal reward. Address, S. Smith.

Found—Five Juniors bumming class. Address, Prefect.

Notice—Hand your offerings for the survivors of the earthquake in Italy to J. T. Curran.