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COLLEGE JOURNAL

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ST. VIATEUR'S
COLLEGE JOURNAL

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DONATIONS TO THE MIVART
SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION LI-
BRARY AND MUSEUM.

Rev. F. N. Chouinard, C. S. V.,
presented to the Association's Orni-
thological Department a beautifully
mounted Pelican.

The Mimims are taking an inter-
est in the Museum. Recently, during
an excursion to the woods, along
the Kankakee River, they col-
lected many birds' eggs, some curi-
ous and rare.

Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., donated
several specimens of gold, silver
and copper ore, also sea shells.

Mr. F. J. Barry donated several
scientific works to the library.

A friend donated two volumes,
(1650 and 1735).

THE TIME TO READ.

To a student, vacation should not
be a time wholly devoted to
those amusements which neither
adorn the mind nor leave upon it
any healthful impression. No, for
our minds are much like the flowers,
which, receiving no moisture, soon
become withered in the summer
heats.

If for ten long months we have
been absorbed in the deepest studies,
we should not think that a relaxa-
tion from these very same consists
in putting aside everything in the
shape of a book. This is rather a
time during which we should invite
the princes of the intellectual world
to our leisurely hammocks, not now
as our rulers with their rods, but as
the pleasant companions of our idle
hours. In our class rooms we have
been made acquainted with them as
masters; but we may, perhaps, on
account of our many tasks have
been unable to come into that more
intimate communion with them,
which would make us fast friends.
Why not then be willing to devote
some time to the perusal of those
authors that will satiate our intel-

lectual hunger, that will afford quiet and rest to our ears after they have perhaps been wearied by much idle gossip, and will refresh our minds after the noise and distracting scenes of our daily walks?

A student who has good sound judgment and common sense knows what books he is to read. He knows, or at least it is his duty to know, that he should read only those authors that will tend to elevate his mind, assist him in cultivating a style, and at the same time instill in him an appreciation for all that is beautiful.

Now, then, that vacation is at hand, with its many suggestions as to how we should enjoy ourselves, why not spend some of those leisure moments in that occupation which will have the most beneficial results, bearing in mind that such an occupation is suited to every time, place and age—reading—the food of youth, the delight of old age, an ornament in prosperity, the delightful companion of our travel, and our rural retreats. To have acquired a taste for good literature is half an education.

NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made to publish two numbers of the COLLEGE JOURNAL during vacation. These issues will be especially interesting and attractive. They will contain, besides prize essays, the roll of honor for scholastic year '91-'92, and also groups of graduating class, baseball club, staff of

military officers, etc. Those desiring extra numbers of these issues should leave their names at Treasurer's office.

—Editors.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

JUNE 21, 1892.

The Twenty-fourth annual commencement will take place in College hall at 2 P. M. Thursday, June 21, and will be presided over by His Grace Most Rev. P. J. Feehan, D. D. Friends and parents are cordially invited to assist. The programme will be as follows :

- 1.—OvertureZampa College Orchestra.
- 2.—Young America... { B. Elwes
W. Lennon
T. Moross
C. Francis
R. De La Plante
- 3.—Columbus & America { P. Bissonnette
H. Dunbaugh
- 4.—Song of Triumph.....Verdi's Attila College Choir.
- 5.—DiscourseIsabella M. F. Moody.
- 6.—Discourse..... De Maisonneuve J. B. Surprenant.
- 6.—Valedictory.....B. O'Connor
- 8.—Awarding of Medals and Conferring of Degrees SelectionTancredi Orchestra.
- Closing Address..... Most Rev. P. J. Feehan, D. D.

ADVANTAGES OF A CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Summer schools are decidedly *à la mode*. We hear of summer courses of ethical culture, summer schools of art, of oratory, etc. Now, these have not only the merit of being

fashionable, but also of being highly beneficial. Chatauqua, which has, since its recent beginning, been a flourishing institution, amply satisfies its frequenters, and even the indifferent, as to the many advantages derived from its courses. To assist at lectures on art, history, literature and philosophy, given by connoisseurs, will be a pleasing, highly intellectual and profitable pastime. Though it may be claimed, with some show of reason, that for practical knowledge, we are not in need of any such methods as Chatauqua or University Extension, yet relatively to art and science and literature, we are in need of a more general proclamation of the claims that these fine arts have on all minds which aspire to true culture. Would not the standard of American refinement be raised if the taste for what is beautiful and elevating were more common? The summer school would do much to foster a relish for the true and beautiful. The Catholic summer school has this beautiful mission before it. It, moreover, recommends itself to students, professors and people of leisure by offering an opportunity of spending usefully and agreeably a part of the holidays. No student could seek a better summer resort than New London, Conn., the place selected, as we understand, for the Catholic summer school. That resort should become the *rendezvous* of many of our bright young people, who would draw from contact with the specialists whom they will meet

there, a deeper and keener appreciation of the many subjects which they will hear so ably discussed. They will themselves return thence like other Moses, from the summits of inspiration, all aglow with a healthy enthusiasm which, apostle-like, they will enkindle upon their path among their own. Thus the knowledge and relish for the arts will be widely diffused and more of ours will have become better because completer men. More will then rather seek amusement in literature, in music, etc., than look for diversion of a coarse kind and in questionable places.

We are heartily in favor of the budding Catholic summer school, and cannot too strongly urge students to follow its courses. It would be a sad evidence of lack of public spirit among us if such a project as that were to result in a failure.

—D. Sullivan.

HORACE.

Horace was born in the year 65 before Christ. His father was a freedman holding the office of tax collector and had received his manumission a short time before the birth of his son. Horace was born in the town of Venosia in the Apennine Mountains. It was in this place that the mountain, stream and forest impressed him so much; he became so imbued with the beauty and grandeur of those scenes of nature that he constantly referred to them in after years as having formed his character and taste.

Like the Greeks, whose school-houses, says Bishop Spalding, were the groves, mountain-sides and river-banks, young Horace learned his first lesson from nature. And, as many of America's most noted statesmen, who according to James Lane Allen in the late *Century*, drew from association with their native fields and rugged mountains that wide comprehension and depth of vision which characterized them in after life, so Horace acquired from the constant contemplation of the ever-varying panorama of nature that observing eye and correct judgment of men and things which give his words, although merely poetical productions, a high historical and philosophical value.

Horace received the first rudiments of book-learning from a provincial school-master. But his father seeing that his son possessed more than ordinary talent, took him to Rome at the age of twelve. There he began to learn grammar, the Latin authors and Homer. His father, who was a man of good sense, took a personal interest in his studies by attending all classes. Horace had for his instructor, Pupillus, so widely known for his knowledge, but too fond of the rod. Horace was the ideal student. His father taught him how foolish it was to follow the dissipated crowd of students that was then in Rome.

Although Horace was waited on by numerous slaves, and had all the money that was necessary for him, yet he ever remained the same gen-

tle and pleasing youth, and always observed the wise precepts which his father taught him.

About the age of nineteen, he went to Albany to study the Greek masters. There he found many of the Roman youths pursuing the same course as he. He readily perceived the uselessness of trying to emulate the Greek authors. For a few years he devoted his time in transcribing the beautiful Greek songs into his own language. After the death of Cæsar, filled with the same enthusiasm as the young noblemen of Rome, he enrolled himself under the standard of Brutus. He obtained the office of tribune, and his brother officers were very jealous, as they thought that persons of noble blood only should occupy such high positions. After Brutus was defeated, he returned to Italy only to find his farm confiscated. He secured an office from the government which helped him a great deal.

It was about this time that he made the acquaintance of Virgil and Varius. They then introduced him to Maecenas. A mutual friendship with Maecenas was the result of this introduction:

*"Maecenas, atavis edite regibus,
O et praesidium et dulce decus meum."*

Through the generosity of Maecenas, Horace received as a gift the Sabine farm. This placed him beyond the need of writing for a living. Besides the great natural beauty that this home possessed, it had another advantage for Horace,

that of being near Rome. Here he could entertain a stray friend from the city and occasionally his patron Maecenas. It was in this humble retreat that he could welcome his guests with wine, which he loved very much, though it was the *vile sabinum*. Notwithstanding that Horace often met with the highest society of Rome, as Varius, Octavius and hundreds of others, still he remained the pleasant, unassuming and modest son of the Apulian freedman. This company did not make him vain, on the contrary he was always considerate for those inferior to him. It is said that the poet never had a strong health; he was very temperate and frugal, though he was not indifferent to a joyous company warmed by the effects of good old wine.

Horace was very sensitive to others' misfortunes. The caprices of Fortune and the havoc of Death impressed him very forcibly:

"Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.

Regnumque turres."

He was always anxious about Maecenas' health, and often said that if death struck his generous patron before him, he would not long endure alone the bitterness of life. Horace's words became almost prophetic and were soon fulfilled. He was stricken with a sickness so short and quick that he did not have time to make his will in writing. However, he made it verbally before witnesses, bequeathing his little possession to Augustus. He

was buried on the Esquiline Hill near his companion and benefactor, Maecenas. Horace died at about fifty-seven years of age. We have no authentic pictures of Horace, but he is said to have had beautiful hair and black eyes. In those eyes beamed the bright intelligence and genius of the poet. In the last years of his life, he grew corpulent, and being unable to endure the severe winters of northern Italy, he spent most of his time at Beiae and Tibur. To live wisely with the world, to outrage none of the laws of nature, not to be too ambitious or avaricious, to take life easy and not care what to-morrow may bring, these are the principal points of Horace's philosophy:

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et

Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro

Appone."

All of Horace's works are not only most beautiful and correct, but also bear the stamp of genius; his Odes and Art of Poetry convey the impress of Greek refinement and delicacy. His Odes he valued the most as he spent many years in writing and correcting them. But his Satires and Epistles are more valuable than the Odes, as they display the customs and general state of society at that time. No other writer has given us such a faithful picture of Rome in that grand epoch of Augustus.

If any one wishes to become a good writer, let him study carefully

the Art of Poetry, which is full of truths and sound sense. Here he will learn all the rules necessary to obtain a correct and pleasing style. Although the Art of Poetry and Satires have charmed me, the Odes have pleased me still more. It is in these harmonious verses that a student may spend his leisure hours with profit. So well are the ideas expressed and so beautiful is the diction that they have never been surpassed in any other language or in any other age. They please both young and old. But it is the mature mind alone, full of experience and wisdom, which can thoroughly appreciate the beauties that are exposed in these lines.

While they always please, they are sure to refine the taste of the young reader. If they do not always instruct, they always amuse, and they will surely always find admirers among young and old so long as the relish for polite literature remains among men.

--M. Fortin.

GREED.

The stingy and avaricious have ever been the objects of the world's derision and positive contempt. Their vice has been the inspiration of the satirist's pungent pen. Old Horace long ago showed the ridiculousness of their practice, in his characteristic way:

*Quid juvat immensum te agenti
pondus et auri*

*Furtim defoss timidum deponere
terra?* Sat I., Lib I.

Is that same man sick, continues the poet, he has no one who cares for him and watches over his helplessness. All rather seem anxious he should go soon so as to divide the spoils. Moliere made *L'Avare* the laughing stock of the world. In christian ethics the miser is made an object of pity, and is charitably warned by being told: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul?"

We Americans were accused by the humorist Dickens of being worshipers of the almighty dollar. Moralists and political economists agree in telling us that the desire of gain is the besetting sin of the age. The moralist traces the evil to self-love, which excludes all consideration for others, a wandering away from the christian precept which commands that we should love others as ourselves, feed the hungry and clothe the poor. The political economist, less deep, says the evil is due to industrial systems.

The root of the disease is certainly first in human nature, and the disease itself cannot be cured unless a return is made to sound social and economical principles. The remedial influence of religion and just legislation must be brought to bear upon the evil of monopoly, which is a dangerous form of avarice protected by law. The acquirement of vast wealth, especially by unfair means, renders the heart of the possessor collous to all the prayers of the poor and suffering. It kills

those virtues, sympathy, kindness, charity, which make men God-like. On the other hand it creates feelings of hatred in the less fortunate classes, whose sentiments traduce themselves under more or less violent forms of socialism.

Then it appears that greed is not merely a thing to joke about, but an evil that claims the attention of the thoughtful and good. Satirists have not laughed it away. Religion and law are the only powers adequate to deal with this enemy, both of God and man.

—*Louis Philip Arthur.*

POUR RIRE.

Rev. G. Legris was presented the following literary curiosity while visiting the lepers of Molakai. The piece wears decidedly American coloring, and will no doubt confound those who have unwarrantedly asserted that there is no distinctively American Poets:

“WHAT I WISH ON MY TOMB
STONE.”

COMPOSED BY CLAYTON L. STRAWN.

Sacred to the Memory of Clayton L.
Strawn.

He was not so broad as he was long,
Here in his grave, he can be found,
The Leprosy put him under ground.
They buried him, without sheet or
blanket,
And if the devil don't get him, God be
thanked.
And he who would this stone displace
Must meet old Club-foot face to face.
A Leper, an outcast, deserted by
relations,

Whilst they live in luxury, and have
plenty to spare,
Not a penny or letter would they send
poor Clayton.
If old Club-foot should get them, I'm
sure I don't care,
I hope I may be able hereafter to see
them.
Whilst I, with my Creator, am sharing
His love,
May I eat the peanuts of glory, and
throw the shells at them,
Whilst they are below me and I am
above.

CHARACTER OF JAQUES.

“As You Like It” is, of all Shakespear's plays, the most poetic, romantic and disjointed. The *plot* is conspicuously wanting; but plots within plots are ever developing, never to attain fulfilment. The characters, however, so charming, so real, so ideal, make up for the absence of formalities. The high spirited, dashing Rosalind, assuming, as she does, so many phases of character, all of which seem to fit her so admirably, charms us by her wayward, romantic notions, though she always maintains her claims to true womanhood.

The noble Orlando, too, whom we follow with so much interest; and whose devotion to his friend Adam, his love for Rosalind, his forgiving nature that allows him to pardon his once unnatural brother—all these features of the man make up the sum of the attractions that draw us most closely to Orlando. Then the faithful Adam gives us so many examples of that rarest and most charming of virtues—gratitude. Truly every character

deserves his share of praise, but for a particular one have we reserved our observations.

Jaques is the most unique of all the persons introduced. He is a poet by nature, and we easily agree that he possesses most of the poet's faults. The poet, of all others, is a man the most susceptible of human passion. When beauty or goodness is the theme, all is sunshine, and the warm, mellow rays of his impressions go straight to the soul of everyone with whom he converses.

Jaques feels everything and feels it strongly—at one time the sight of blood, though it be but that of a deer, touches his soul, and he fills the air with lamentations for the innocent brutes that must pay the penalty of man's hardness of heart. In these fits of melancholy Jaques loves retirement. He even loves his melancholy:

"I do love it more than laughing."

Everything mirrored in his soul partakes of the sadness therein. Whatever of sorrow and suffering he sees is sure to stir up a soul full of intense feeling and responsiveness; yet it does not create a real sympathy. Sympathy is of a calmer nature; it is excited and hastens to help a suffering one, putting away moralizing till danger is over. Such as Jaques are overcome by their feelings and in time of trial are useless to their fellowmen.

Orlando suddenly appears and relate the sufferings of himself and Adam. Both are desperate from

hunger. The exiled Duke comments on the sad plight of these two wretches; he sees how much better off he is than they; he says as much:

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than
the scene

Wherein we play in."

Like a flash all the woes and trials—the lights and shades of life appear before the mind of Jaques and he pictures them in the *Seven Ages*: "All the world's a stage," etc., so truly and vividly, that literature does not furnish us such a picture of life; so brief, so complete withal, as is given in these few lines which only a genius could compress into so limited a space.

Jaques lays claim to a peculiar sadness:

"It is a melancholy of my own,
Composed of many simples."

Even his travels and experience could not remove it. He presents a life, from contact with which we could not find pleasure, but whose reflections, if they do not always instruct, never fail to please. He is an open book, whoso will, may read therefrom and read truly the the impressions of his passionate soul.

The sparkling wit of Touchstone, of all things, wearies Jaques most. To see anyone light and gay in the world of suffering, is too much for Jaques. Someone has said: "that life is a comedy to the man who thinks and a tragedy to the one

who feels." Jaques was preeminently a man of feeling. Everything touched a very sensitive strain, and his were always tragic surroundings.

We meet many in every day life who are living realities of Shakespeare's ideal—Jaques. To these life presents the same painful picture that it did to him. Silence and retreat furnish them their only pleasure, and it is what they think and do in retirement that has anything to charm their fellowmen.

What a world Shakespeare has created—what a pleasure to live mid its boundaries in the company of men to be found nowhere else!

—X.

WATER—ITS USES.

In looking around for a subject, none suggests itself more naturally than *water*. The abundance of it with which we are now being regaled must make the prohibitionist's heart leap for joy; and this is surely not one of the meanest uses of water.

Although wine gladdens the heart of man, yet it is artificial and far from within the reach of all; whereas water is the natural and universal means providentially provided for quenching our thirst. What is more pleasing, and for that matter more healthy, on a sultry day, than a draught of pure, crystal-like water from a sparkling spring in a cool, shady spot? Then to follow that tiny silver thread on its serpentine journey through pebbles and grass

and reeds till, as a brook, it reaches some rustic garden or meadow to which it lends beauty and freshness!

This small stream becomes a river which prospers commerce. Its banks are bordered with cities and towns having good harbors, which are great market places for the whole adjoining territory. What would Egypt be without the Nile, Germany without the Rhine, the United States without the Mississippi, Canada without the St. Lawrence and Brazil without the Amazon?

Again the lakes, those great water-basins formed from rivers and springs! How useful they are for the many needs of human life. We do not need mere sustenance; we must have pleasure, variety. The lakes yield fish, and carry gay excursions of tired workers to pleasure haunts upon their woody shores. What miserable prisoners Chicagoans would be without lake Michigan.

And the immense ocean in which God glasses his own immensity; how terrible in its anger! Besides serving the purposes of discoverers and poets, it is a great highway of commerce between all the countries of the world. Sea water is bitter, and instead of quenching, creates thirst. Voyagers have often suffered the very torture of Tantalus while upon the ocean. The ocean supplies vapors that form into clouds, which in turn fall in form of rain, sprinkling the fields, and after sinking in the earth comes

forth in the shape of springs and wells.

Lamartine has written a beautiful piece entitled "The Lake."

The Poet Shelly was very happily inspired by a passing cloud while he was on board a ship. But by far the most noble piece written upon water is Byron's grand aspostrophe to the ocean, occurring in the last canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with thy shore; upon thy watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;

When for a moment like a drop of rain,
He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd
and unknown.

—M. O. R.

2nd Grammar.

VIATORIANA.

—Robbery.

—Cheaters.

—The colors did it.

—You're talking for your job.

—You'll find it on page 172.

—"Can't you see the head of a chicken?"

—Even the sun came out to see those KKK games.

—The news of Blaine's resignation was too much for the Shamrocks.

—Say! what happened that ball after the first KKK game?

—Politician: "The man that talks too much." What a lot of politicians one meets!

—Some are born great, some acquire greatness, and some scratch their names on the desks.

—Consolation for the fellows locked in the Dormitory: "I'll go down and eat with ye fellas."

—Joe is studying Latin in order to get a position on the police force. Won't he be odd among his pals?

—Table etiquette: "Throw down the bread this way." This has the *imprimatur* of the four hundred.

—G. and R. have the bear dance down fine: "Now turn to de right—come, kiss your brother," ta ra ra.

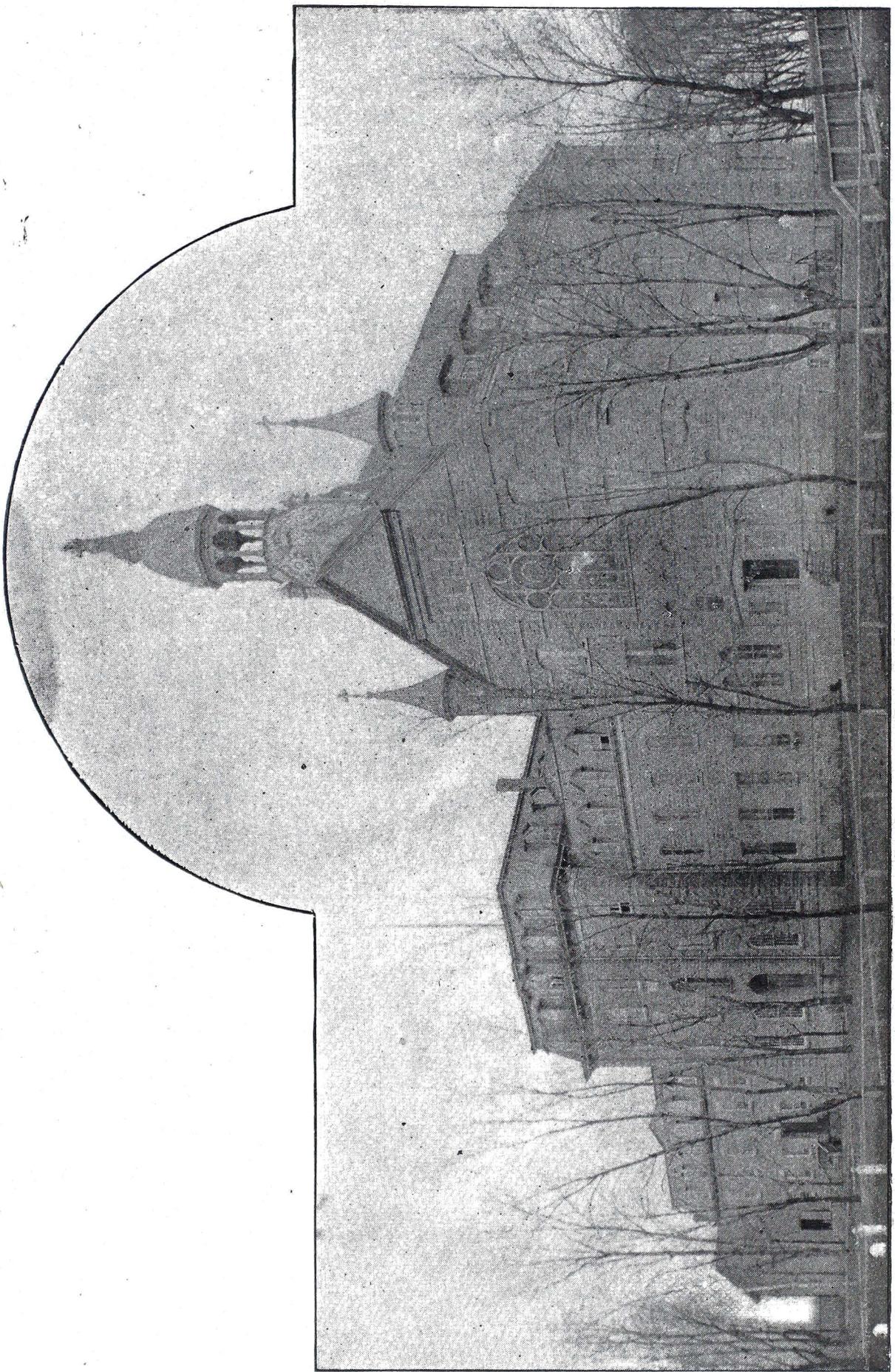
—Mahogany Jack to Burt: "Come on, Ham, let's do him up." Jack did not sit down very easy for a few days.

—A box is a good place in which to chew gum, but it ought to be in the cellar and have a close-fitting cover.

—The cow bell and tinhorn were no small part of the hospital nine, but they didn't get there.

—A beer sign doesn't always mean what it says; like other specimens of literature, it may be read between the lines.

—"Which nine gets the banquet, Sully?" "The nine that does the most kicking." The contest has been given to the jury, and the





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chances are they will be out all summer.

—Compare full. “Why, when a thing is full, it can't be any fuller.” “Well, as you talk like a man that knows, we'll drop the matter.

—It was a smooth, slippery day. The Juniors went to the woods, and got near the water. The prefect had hied himself to yonder mountain, behind the stone crusher. The water sped onward, and the J's longed to plunge into the bosom of its wetness—and they plunged—when lo, and behold, cometh yonder the prefect, and the truants come forth with much blankness, and the prefect said 1,000 lines—and what the prefect says goes. *The end.*

—The season of Sunday excursions between Chicago and Kankakee opened up the beginning of June, and many of the old students take advantage of the opportunity offered to visit their old friends at college. Sunday, June 4, brought many from Chicago and Kankakee. From the former place we saw: Messrs. Sexton, Duddleston, Reich, F. L. and B. Rosseau, Knisely, Castro, Chism, Varnell, Hill and Bald; from Kankakee: Messrs. Flavin, Boylan, Cleary, Doyle, and others whom we do not recall.

—There had been weather all day. Toward evening the sun covered his big face with red ink and was gone from our gaze. The fountain played on regardless of expense, and the turtles—our own imported turtles, were heard in the land. The

rooster on the steeple made several quick changes, and all was still, save when a stray boy scratched a parlor match on the walls of a very useful, though not by no means poetic building, and prepared to light the butt of his last cigar. Here is a start for a good novel. With the addition of a plot, a few good characters and some blood, much could be done by the right party. Boys from the stock yards, take notice.

—The annual picnic is set for June 18th. It will take place, as usual, on the banks of the beautiful Kankakee. There is no spot in a day's travel more suitable for the occasion, and the novelty of a day in the woods, swimming, and, above all, the fact that but a very few hours remain, will all tend to make a pleasant day and leave memories that shall be still more delightful in future years.

—The exercises commemorative of the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, take place every evening in the College Chapel. The first Friday was observed with special pomp. The Chapel being under the patronage of the Sacred Heart, it is most fitting that this beautiful month, appointed for that special purpose, be celebrated with more than usual *eclat*. Such is the wish of the director, and his purposes have been admirably well executed.

—June 7th was the day set apart for picture-taking, and everyone had his physiognomy struck off.

The Battalion led off, followed by Picked Squad, then came individual companies, last, but not least, the invincible Shamrocks. Some of the classes were also photographed, and they will lend their reflections to grace the educational exhibit at the World's Fair. It is no smart thing to say that the success of the fair is now assured.

—The elocution contest came off June 8th. Quite a large number competed, and the efforts in no way fell short of those made in former years. Heretofore the classes have been managed by several professors, consequently the honors for good work were divided. This year all the glory goes to one—that one, Prof. C. E. W. Griffith. The professor has had many chances to reap praises from the work of his class, and the final contest brought no disappointment to any one unless, indeed, to the poor victim, who was sure he would get the medal, and will not. So farewell, Spartacus, till the cool September days.

SPORTIVE.

The Shamrocks are in the field with as strong a nine as ever, feeling fully determined to hold the championship.

Dan McCarthy, better known as "Big Dan," holds down first for the Shamrocks in good style. He is a good batter, and one of the best all-around players in the team.

The League is doing some fine work. The Invincibles lead, with

the Cherokees second, and the Elites third. The latter club was weakened by the absence of Moody, and lost a game on that account; but the deficiency has been supplied by the acquisition of W. B. McCarthy.

The indoor baseball has long since found its way to the closet, there to be locked up for a whole season. The big bats, including Sullivan's favorite, the mask, the chest protector and the gloves, which have lain in their usual places during the incessant rains, have again come into use.

The Shamrocks received a challenge from the Hospital team of Kankakee to play a game on the latter's grounds. The boys readily accepted. The game was fixed for the 24th of May. There was an immense crowd of spectators. About one hundred and fifty college students, who arrived rather early, occupied the front seats of the grand stand, many of whom armed themselves with tin horns. Promptly at two thirty, amid the blowing of the horns and the cheers of the crowd, the Shamrocks took the field and the game commenced. The Hospital team went to bat and at the end of the first inning piled up four runs, while the Shamrocks in their half failed to make a tally. This big lead necessitated great work on the part of the boys. After the first inning they played a steady game, gradually creeping up, and at the end of the ninth inning the score

was tied. It took an extra inning to ascertain the winners, the Hospital failing to score in the next, while the Shamrocks had no trouble in securing a run. McCann pitched a magnificent game as also did Calkins. Score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10.
Hospital.	.4	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	1—9
Shamr'ks.	0	2	1	0	3	0	1	0	2	1—10

Batteries—Brown and Calkins, Sullivan and McCann. Umpires—Kunz and Riley.

Saturday, June 4.—The Hospital team, not satisfied with their defeat sent another challenge for Saturday. The boys again donned their uniforms and retired to the field. The result was an easy victory for the Shamrocks. The home team were unable to hit McCann and proved easy victims. Calkins was pounded unmercifully. Barring the errors of the eighth inning the game was a good one. Score:

Innings—	1	2	3	3	5	6	7	8	9.	
Hospital.	0	0	1	3	1	0	0	3	1—9
Shamrocks.	3	3	0	0	1	0	0	2	1—10

Batteries—Brown and Calkins, Sullivan and McCann. Umpires—J. Kunz and W. B. McCarthy.

Sunday, June 5.—The Maroons, the representatives of Kankakee, visited the College grounds the 5th inst. The College boys, worn out by the fatigue of the previous day's game, lacked the proper energy, and consequently failed to hit the ball. In the second inning McCann became weak, and W. B. McCarthy was sent in the box. The crowd

greeted the old pitcher with enthusiastic applause. The score then stood four to one in favor of the visitors. With such a lead and against a strong club, it was impossible for the boys to catch up. They fought desperately, but it was of no avail. The day was warm and the right kind for an exciting game. The excursion train from Chicago brought many visitors; also the city of Kankakee furnished a large number.

The features of the game were the playing of White of the Maroons and the work of both pitchers.

We have no desire to depreciate the merits of McCann as a pitcher, as the gentleman has demonstrated his ability on many occasions, but no amateur pitcher can throw two successive games with equal effect. We confidently believe that if McCarthy entered the box at the beginning of the game the Shamrocks would have scored a victory, but as it was, he could only confine himself to hold down the score, which he did nobly.

LaSage of the Maroons, who in former days played with the Shamrocks, did excellent work for the Maroons. Score:

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.	
Maroons.	2	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—6
Shamrocks.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Batteries—Kunz and LaSage, Sullivan, McCann and McCarthy. Umpires—Riley and Calkins.

Lawn tennis is now in rage and we have many skilled players.

The hand ball alleys are at the mercy of the June sun. Only a few "cranks" and Junior Pickwicks may be seen prowling about "ibi." We hope to hear from Wilmington soon, and a good game is expected. If they come in time we may be able to give a return game.

MILITARY NOTES.

Who will take the medals?

The theoretical examination in tactics took place on the 10th inst.

The cadets will soon have a two months' furlough, which they surely deserve.

The new guns for Company F. of the Illinois arrived last month and are "shiners."

The Armory is looking in splendid condition. Many thanks to Quartermaster Paquet and his able assistant.

The old members of the Battalion were glad to see among their welcome visitors, Col. Jas. J. Sexton and Ex-Lieut. Paul Wilstach.

The military band under the direction of Bandmaster Lesage have made great improvements during the past year, and on Decoration Day acquitted themselves splendidly.

The exhibition drill by the Picked Squad in honor of Archbishop Fabre was excellent, some decidedly new, novel and unique movements being made, while the silent drill was the best we have ever seen.

The inspections prove a decided success. The neat appearance of the whole Battalion at the last one shows that the boys are on the lookout to be well "shined" for those occasions. The fine weather of the last week allowed the Battalion to use the campus once more. The company movements were executed in good style, but the general marching was not as good as usual. The loss of out-door practice showed greatly.

On Decoration Day evening the Picked Squad, under command of Col. McCann, furnished a number at the entertainment given by the English Speaking Catholics of Kankakee in the Arcade opera house, for the benefit of the new church. The boys were very cordially welcomed by the committee, and during the entertainment occupied two of the boxes. In regard to their own work, the boys did excellently. Their movements were executed to perfection. The "*Manual Without Command*" and the "*hip*" drew forth loud applause. All the movements were performed with the greatest exactness and uniformity. The last movement executed before making their exit was the "*Queen Salute*" which put the last jewel on their crown of success. After the entertainment they were escorted to Caterer Ersinger's, where a dainty feast was served them. Ample justice having been done to the feast, all embarked for the college.

The members of the Squad wish

to return their sincere thanks to the managers of the entertainment, who left nothing undone to make the trip the most enjoyable ever taken by the boys.

HEADQUARTERS S. V. C.,
BATTALION, 6-2-'92.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 1039.

Sergt. Felix Provost of Co. E., is hereby promoted to the rank of 2nd Lieut. of said Company, vice Lieut. Blade, resigned.

GEO. L. MCCANN,
Col. Com'd.

W. B. MCCARTHY,
Adjutant.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

HEADQUARTERS OF S. V. C. BATTALION.

MAY 26, 1892.

WHEREAS, the members of the Battalion have learned with sorrow of the death of Mrs. A. Moody, the mother of our Major, Mr. Francis Moody, and

WHEREAS, our sorrow is more keen because the family have lost a kind and loving mother, and

WHEREAS, it being the will of the Almighty who governs the vicissitudes of life, be it therefore

Resolved, that we tender our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family, trusting that God will bestow upon them the grace necessary to bear the affliction in a Christian manner.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and be printed in the COLLEGE JOURNAL.

COL. GEORGE C. MCCANN,
ADJ. W. B. MCCARTHY.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Battle of the Books:—What strongly marks this enjoyable play for girls is the religious motive inspiring its composition, of which every page gives evidence.

* * *

Psychology:—The third edition of this work gives evidence of a newly awakened interest in this branch of philosophy. The work shows great care in its arrangement, having very many bibliographical references. Although we do not accept all the learned author's results, for it is evident that Dr. Dewey is a disciple of Kunt and Hegel, and looks at his subject from their standpoint, nevertheless we rejoice at the psychological progress it marks (Harper & Bro., Franklyn Square, N. Y.)

* * *

Introduction to Rhetoric; Oratorical Composition, 2 vol. — These two text books bear on their face the impress of what they really are, the outgrowth of a long experience in training pupils in the orator's art. They are peculiarly adapted for American pupils, stress being laid on American as contrasted with English and French ideals. The method of both works is very simple and comprehensive, while at the same time very attractive. It requires very little examination to perceive that they are perhaps the most practicable text-books on Rhetoric yet offered to the schools, and hence the Rev. F. Rivard, prefect of study, has decided to introduce them here.

The Beautiful Tree of Life.—In this exquisite volume of 560 pages, we cannot sufficiently admire the illustrations appearing throughout the reading matter, which consist of short extracts taken principally from the writings of H. W. Beecher, D. L. Moody, and other protestant divines. These selections are well chosen, and cover an exceedingly wide range of moral subjects, so that whenever the book is opened, some thought worthy of attention is sure to be seen. The book is presented as a premium by Mr. P. Wilschach, late professor at Seton Hall College.

* * *

Hegel's Logic.—Hegelianism is perhaps the most different of all modern philosophies, and few works have been more variously interpreted. The present volume, although claiming to be the true critical exposition of Hegel, differs considerably from the commonly received version, especially as regards the absolute *ego*. This work, in common with all others of the Hegelian school, makes progress instead of religion the medium to God, and in spite of the author's assertion, it tries to lure us as did the serpent in the garden of Paradise, with the saying "*et eritis sicut dii*." These are the chief objections to the book. However, whether one agrees with the author or not, it is impossible not to recognize the earnest spirit and evident desire to present Hegel as he under-

stands him. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

Catholic Philosophy, political economy:—Crowning the Stonyhurst series comes a thorough and practical course in political economy. The author was peculiarly well fitted for the work he undertook as his special occupation, for many years has been the study of economic science. The volume is divided into four books: Production and Consumption; Exchange; Distribution; Supplementary treating of Government finances, together with a chapter on the scope of economics. It is well written and the attractiveness of the style will go far to make the study of this science popular among students. The fact that it bears the revision of a Jesuit Father guarantees the thoroughness of the work. It would exceed the space at our disposal to discuss the subject fully. For further information upon its salient features, the reader is referred to Mr. Deva's book, which we heartily recommend to our Catholic colleges. (Benziger Bros.)

PERSONALS.

McAndrews--Joseph McAndrews, of '88, is now employed with his father in the wholesale metal business at Chicago.

Matthews—Joseph Matthews, of the graduating class of '91, is an assistant book-keeper in the wholesale grocery of Verton Bros, at Red Jacket, Mich.

Baker—The famous Shamrock catcher of '88 is studying chemistry at the Chicago College of Pharmacy. He will graduate this year and succeed his father in business.

Concannon—Mr. Concannon has also donned the Cassock at St. Mary's. We have every reason to believe the gentlemen will reap brilliant honors in the theological arena.

Sanford—George Sanford, the son of Col. Sanford, is engaged in a prosperous business at Chicago. While Father Rivard was visiting Father Perry of the cathedral, he had the pleasure of a long talk with him.

Durkin—Our friend Mr. Durkin pursues his course of studies at St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati. His departure from St. Viateur's, deprived us of a good local editor. Mr. Durkin was also the Shamrock umpire, and in said position always gave satisfaction. We wish him every success in his new field.

Wilstach—We had the pleasure of seeing the genial face of Paul, Decoration Day. Since his previous visit Mr. Wilstach has been keeping himself quite busy. He has written a little book containing fifty games of the great craze—"Solitaire." The little treatise has an extensive circulation. Those who understand the same can readily judge of its merits. Paul is also manager of a fine mandoline club, whose reputation is already estab-

lished. He is still located at La Fayette, Ind.

Bennett—The friends of Mr. E. L. Bennett will be happy to learn that Edward is proprietor of a large hardware store in East Portland, Oregon. We clip the following from his letter to Father Marsile. Speaking of East Portland, he says: "This is a beautiful city with a population of about eighty thousand. Father and John have a hardware store in Portland, and I have one of my own in East Portland. I had a partner but bought him out a month ago, and am doing nicely." The JOURNAL wishes him success.

Condon—James Condon, our ex-colonel, is studying law at the Westlyan University, Bloomington, Ills. Mr. Condon is the military instructor of the same institution. We also learn that Jim has lost none of his "oratorical" abilities, as was shown in an entertainment given by the Spalding Club, of which he is a distinguished member. The *Sunday Bulletin* of Bloomington says: "Mr. James Condon made an ideal Caleb Hanson and his depiction of the cold, calculating and the unconscionable schemer was perfect. His voice and elocutionary powers were a surprise, and he certainly made a clever hit."

Hagan—Rev. J. M. Hagan, generous donor of the fine elocution medal bearing his name, is to be congratulated for the splendid church he has just erected at La Grange. We were pleased to see the

following in Sunday's *Inter Ocean* of the 5th inst:

St. Xavier's Church at La Grange will be dedicated by Archbishop Feehan with imposing ceremonies this morning at 10:30 o'clock. A special train for the Archbishop, the priests, and the societies which will take part in the ceremonies will leave the Union depot, Canal and Adams streets, at 9:15 o'clock, stopping at Sixteenth street and Blue Island avenue. On reaching La Grange a procession will be formed and the societies will march to the church, corner Spring and Ogden avenues. High mass will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock by the Rev. J. M. Carten, pastor of Nativity Church, this city. La Hache's mass, "Pro Pace," will be given by a choir of thirty select voices, assisted

by the orchestra. The choir will be under the direction of Mrs. Fannie Corcoran, and will contain some the finest musical talent in the Northwest. The sermon will be preached by Dr. Daniel Burke, of New York. Dr. Burke, although a young priest, has already acquired a National reputation as a pulpit speaker. In New York he is considered the rising orator of the Catholic Church. This will be his first visit and sermon in the West. After mass an excellent dinner will be served to the visitors by the ladies of the parish in the basement of the church. Father Hagan is to be complimented upon the completion of his new church, which is considered one of the prettiest sanctuaries in the State. The train will return to the city at 3:30 o'clock.

