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FAC ET SPERA.

MARY IMMACULATE.

In the midst of Juda's plains
Grew a lily free from stains.
Zephyrs mild about it waved,
Heaven's dews its petals laved.

Round about it sunbeams played,
Here a home the perfumes made;
And the fragrance from it fell
Far and wide o'er vale and dell.

As it grew its gentle form,
Stood untouched by rain or storm;
And its calix was so fair,
God's own spirit tarried there.

M. J. B.

THE INDOLENT STUDENT.

[The editors of *The Viatorian* are sincerely grateful to Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., Professor of Philosophy of History, for the opportunity he has afforded them of publishing his masterly address, delivered in September last, upon a subject which is of far more than passing or local interest.]

Nothing in this world which has worth can be attained without effort, and the more excellent the thing is we seek, the greater will be the necessity for earnest and persevering labor.

What toil is required before men can get possession of the treasures hidden in the bowels of the earth! They must bury themselves in gloomy caverns, shut out from the light of day and the sweet breath of heaven.

Now, you also as students, are in search of treasures—the shining gold of knowledge, the brilliant gems of wisdom and therefore you must prepare your soul for labor. The beauty, the dignity, and the worth of knowledge should be sufficient to fire the soul of man with an eager longing for its possession and to steel him with an unyielding determination to seek it with ardor—for in the words of Holy Scriptures: “Wisdom is better than strength and I have prepared her before kingdoms and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison with her. Neither did I compare her to precious stones, for all gold in comparison with wisdom is as a little sand and silver shall be counted as clay. I loved her above health and beauty and I chose to have wisdom instead of light, for her light cannot be put out, for she is the breath of the power of God and a pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty.”

What then shall we say of him who despises wisdom? Who makes no effort to acquire knowledge? Who prefers a stupid, listless indolence to a manly invigorating mental exercise? Who suffers that divine gift—intelligence—to stagnate in the deadly calm of inaction? Who permits that mind which might have become a sanctuary where truth would dwell as a divinity to become a den of darkness where ignorance finds a suitable abode, and yet is this not a faithful description of the indolent, lazy student? And must we not say of him all that is implied in this heavy accusation? I believe when the matter is weighed carefully and seriously, you

must come to the conclusion that the student who wastes his time; who suffers his magnificent opportunities to pass unutilized; who chooses ignorance when he might have wisdom; who might have intellectual light and chooses, I do not say darkness, but intellectual blindness, you must come to the conclusion, I say, he merits that censure and contempt which must ever pursue the ignoble. Let me draw you his portrait in its true colors. He is a compound of folly, of hypocrisy, of dishonesty, of selfishness, and is utterly devoid of any high principles of honor. Do you think this is the language of exaggeration? That I have purposely overdrawn the picture for the sake of effect? Let us prove it then, word by word, and syllable by syllable. I said in the first place the indolent, lazy student is foolish and to prove that I have only to examine what is meant by a foolish man. As wisdom consists in appreciating things at their just value, so folly, which is the negation of wisdom, consists in placing a wrong estimate on things; in holding what is of little worth in high esteem and in esteeming what is precious as a trifle. Thus, for example, we consider the Indians foolish because they exchanged valuable furs, rich tracts of land, rare stones and precious metals for a worthless string of glass beads. They had not a right appreciation of things. Now apply this to the indolent student. If wisdom be the priceless treasure which Holy Scriptures says it is; if it is better than kingdoms and thrones, better than gold and silver and precious stones, better than strength and beauty; if it be a breath of the power of God and a pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty; if the noblest men, the greatest minds, the most exalted souls, this world has ever produced, thought it not so much to spend a whole life in pursuit of knowledge; must we not conclude that a student is guilty of the grossest folly who will not make the slightest effort to acquire what is the ornament of life, the jewel of the soul, the nutriment of the mind! Folly then is one note of his character.

We said, in the second place, that the indolent student is guilty of hypocrisy. This is a serious accusation, because, although there may be greater vices than hypocrisy, yet there are none which are so universally despised; and I am sure there is not one of you who would not feel the hot blood of indignation mounting to his cheek

if he were called by that name. Now, I say the indolent, lazy student is a hypocrite and if you belong to that class you cannot escape the conclusion. A hypocrite is one who strives to pass for what he is not; who pretends to have certain qualities which he does not possess. Thus we call him a hypocrite who palms himself off as a man of religion and purity, as a man of virtue and sanctity, as a man imbued with the spirit of God when in reality he is a scoundrel as devoid of religion virtue and sanctity as he is of manhood. He professes to be what he is not, he assumes a character which does not belong to him. Now I call the indolent student a hypocrite because this definition applies to him perfectly. His very name condemns him. A student is devoted exclusively or at least chiefly, to the pursuit of knowledge; one who applies his mind intently to the subject on which he is engaged for the purpose of understanding and of mastering it; one who is striving to store his mind with wisdom; one who is occupied especially with the mind and the things of the mind. It requires no lengthy demonstration to convince even the most superficial observer that there are hundreds of young men attending institutions of learning who do not satisfy these conditions or even seriously attempt to satisfy them. How comes it we can find young men who are crude, unenlightened, ignorant, mentally stunted, after they have spent five, ten or more years at various centers of learning? Ah! You know the answer. They have been leading inconsistent, false, deceitful and aimless lives. They have sown the worthless seeds of idleness and they must reap the blasted mildewed harvest of ignorance and mental deformity. And yet during all these years they have been numbered amongst the student class. If anyone should ask them what they are doing they would answer they are students at such a college, at such a university. Now if this be not hypocrisy, if this be not palming oneself off for what he is not, I know not by what name to call it.

Once more we scrutinize the character of the indolent, lazy, idle student, with the powerful lens of right judgment, and another foul blot discloses itself. He is branded also with the stain of dishonesty. He is certainly dishonest who appropriates the property of another contrary to the will of the owner, or who applies that prop-

erty to an end not intended by the owner. But is not this precisely what the indolent student is doing with the money of his parents? Is it not the intention of parents that the money they expend for this young man's education should bring some return? Certainly it is and it would be unreasonable to suppose that they are willing to expend this money which, in many cases they can ill afford, without receiving some equivalent. Since, therefore, the idle student applies this money to his own use, contrary to the will of his parents, does he not deserve to be called dishonest? Neither does it avail to say that in this case the parents are willing, because they are not willing except on condition they get that for which they make the expenditure. They are certainly not willing to give their money for nothing. But in the present case they get absolutely nothing. In fact, indirectly they are positively injured, because habits of indolence are contracted and this is permanently injurious to the young man himself, and, therefore, indirectly to them. This is certainly expending their money contrary to the will of parents, which constitutes real theft.

It must ever come to this, for man is a compound being at once a spirit and a brute. He has aspirations as lofty as heaven and instincts low and base as hell. These two elements of his nature are ever in conflict and it is only by consistent persevering efforts that the higher can be made to predominate over the lower. It is the great aim of education to make the spirit triumph over the brute, the mind over the flesh. The student who is not alive and active, who makes no effort in this direction, will inevitably succumb to the instincts of his lower nature. This is why Holy Scriptures tells us that "Idleness is the mother of all vices." Can you wonder then if the indolent student is all that I have said of him and more?

But the picture is not yet complete. Other dark shades must still be added before the character of the idle student appears in its true colors. He is not only foolish; he is not only a deceiver; he is not only dishonest. He is also guilty of selfishness and ingratitude. What would you think of a son who should suffer an aged father and mother to endure the pangs of hunger and cold when he could, by a slight exertion procure them ease and plenty and happiness? Who is unmoved by the tears of a mother or the grief of a father?

Would you not say he is a monster of selfishness and ingratitude? And yet all this and more is true of the lazy, indolent student. There is nothing in life which gives parents so much joy and satisfaction as the advancement and perfection of their children. For this they are willing to make every sacrifice; for this they labor; for this they live; for this, if need be, they are willing to die. Every student knows this; he knows that by application and industry he can give his parents this supreme happiness of life. But the idle student prefers his own shameful ease; he will not sacrifice what he conceives to be his comfort, idleness; he will not undergo the pains and toils of labor even though he thereby wounds the heart of a mother or grieves the soul of a father. Oh! must he not say when he looks into the wrinkled face of a mother and the careworn brow of a father, the countenance of these dear ones has not been furrowed so much by the ravage of time as by my selfishness and ingratitude! If he is not willing to make a sacrifice for those who are nearest and dearest to him, and to whom he owes all that he is and has, can we believe there is anyone on earth for whom he would inconvenience himself? This is surely supreme selfishness and ingratitude. It is weighing self in one balance and all the world besides in the other, and tipping the scales in favor of self. Greater selfishness than this can scarcely be imagined. There is no exaggeration in this. Would to God it were merely the product of an overwrought imagination! I am not yet an old man, but already I have heard the bitter complaints of disappointment, of sorrow and anguish springing from the overcharged hearts of fathers and mothers, and if I should consult the experience of him whose hair has grown gray in the work of education as the head of this institution, what harrowing tales of withered hopes, blighted ambitions and cruel ingratitude have been poured into his ears during this long course of years! But why labor at such length to prove that the indolent student is guilty of selfishness and ingratitude. It is a patent fact which most of you will recognize at once.

There remains now the last element which goes to make up the character of the indolent student. He is utterly devoid of any high principles of honor. This, my dear friends, needs no separate proof. It is merely the necessary and inevitable conclusion which

forces itself upon us from the previous considerations. Surely that young man who is guilty of the grossest folly knowingly and deliberately; who is false to his own best interests; to the high hopes of parents; who is deceitful and dishonest; who is guilty of base selfishness and ingratitude, must be wanting in every sense of honor. How can that generous sentiment take root in a character overrun by the destructive vices we have been considering? His heart is a land where the bright sun of honor, of devotion, of sacrifice, never shines.

There were two other considerations I had intended to develop for you but I have already detained you long enough. I will merely mention them and leave them to your own reflection. The first is the hopeless condition of the ignorant and the vain regrets and life-long remorse of him who has thoughtlessly squandered his opportunities. The second is the consideration of what you stand for. You know there are two systems of education before the world today. The first ignores God; ignores the moral law; ignores the manifold relations of man with his maker and applies itself exclusively to the physical sciences. The other, whilst not neglecting natural science, believes that God and his attributes, the moral law and its obligations, the relation of man to his maker, are of far higher consequence. Now, you as students of a Catholic institution represent the latter system and you must contribute your share to prove that these great moral truths have power to unfold a high and noble type of manhood.

You are now beginning a new scholastic year. The future is before you. The immense possibilities which this year contains you can never know unless you apply yourself seriously and earnestly to the work you have in hand. The whole purpose of your existence may be summed up in a single word: to grow, to unfold all the talent powers of your being, physical, intellectual and moral. Will you be faithful to this obligation? Will you realize the high and noble destiny in store for you?

CHILDE HAROLD.

SECOND CANTO.

It is the world's way of doing things to take men as they come. On Monday, my neighbor Jones, growls out his "good-morning" and I vote him crusty, surly, mayhap. But on Tuesday, he greets me pleasantly and I say "Ah, well, Jones is not half bad." As a matter of fact, Jones may not be undesirable as an acquaintance on any day, but am I unjust to vote him surly on a day on which he really is surly? Certainly not. I have a right to my opinion of Jones—the opinion to be formed, logically, of course, from the aspect which Jones presents. It is neither of faith or of morals that my neighbor is so affable as a neighbor should be, and we must admit that much about us that is not nailed down by the hammer of doctrine is often subject matter for a Chapter of Variations. Now here is an analogy in the world of letters. Who, in reading, that is not gifted with the faculty of immediately resolving whatever he reads into its ultimate elements and then forming his true and unalterable judgment, is immune from mutations of opinion? Not every one, surely, and while we speak of it let us observe that there are graver faults than susceptibility to a modification of views.

These remarks are not quite inane, we trust, inasmuch as they are prefixed to serve as a rebuttal in case of a charge of inconsistency. To say at one time that Byron is this or that and at another time that he displays perchance an opposite virtue or vice is to imply not a fluctuating standard of judgment, but more often it is to signify simply that different passages have been utilized for the purpose of abstracting an opinion. In a given passage Byron may appear to be "this" or "that" as aforesaid, but that does not mean that he is always and in all places "this" or "that." He had a way of writing out his heart—of transferring to paper whatever was uppermost, little troubling himself with the prescriptions of ethics and the conventional. He was capricious at times and could change his mental attitude as rapidly and with as much facility as he could weave a rhyme. That one article, then, calls Byron by a more or less euphonious name, that a second does not precisely concur or that a

third is at variance with its predecessors, is not to be attributed to malicious inconsistency, nor yet to bias, because it is taking Byron in the world's way—as he comes. In whatever light he may exhibit himself now and again, be it remembered that he is not unalloyed, not wholly good or irredeemably bad, but filled to repletion with much that is positively good and, be it spoken indulgently, much also that is negatively evil.

Always in reading Byron, we feel ourselves in proximity with an imperious, uncompromising nature. He manages, as a rule, to give us to understand that if things cannot be Lord Gordon's way and the right way simultaneously, they will be *secundum Gordon* first and right afterwards. "Blue eyed maid of heaven" (Minerva) he sings in the second Canto of the Pilgrimage as he approaches the Acropolis, "who didst never yet one mortal song inspire." Is not such a salutation arbitrary in view of the fact that without fear of admitting damaging testimony we may ask the following questions, to-wit: has wisdom never "one mortal song inspired?" Whence then came David's psalms? What could have been the inspiration of Milton? What of him, Dante, who gave Mediaeval Scholasticism a musical setting? Venus may spur the Pegasus of Byron but the Parnassus of greater geniuses is held in the sway of Wisdom. There is an abandon, a partiality for the "glittering generalities" in the English bard that may account for his apparent willfulness. And after all we can rely on Byron for one thing, he is always pretty sure to change. So if we find fault with him in one particular we know that by a little patient waiting we will later find him redeeming himself to an extent. His are the creations of a perennially changing mood, nor does he brook correction. He seems to dismiss the plausible objection of the stickler with the "friend, you're troublesome" of Bulwer or with Shylock seems to say: "It is my humor." A quibble is an abomination but could there be anything in that word mortal? Byron is capable of giving us to understand that only the immortals were the recipients of the Minervean *af-flatus*, but does he?

There is one phase of this poet that we were unjust to fail in noting as we pass and it is his wholesome reverence for whatever the centuries have hallowed. Those rapacious Scotch and English

None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
 This is to be alone; this, this, is solitude!"

Certainly he is not pleasant company at such a time. Then since the perusal of *Childe Harold* is as near to travelling as most of us will ever be, we can, with justice, protest against having this excursion marred.

An apostrophe to Greece in the 74th stanza sounds the dominant note of this second canto. In it the bard bewails the inglorious servitude of the Greeks, "from birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned." Knowing the part that Byron was to take later in the affairs of this unhappy country, it is interesting to observe his early impressions of it.

To attempt to paraphrase the canto and comment "*carptim*," which is really necessary in order to realize the plenitude of its deserts, would, as Sallust has it, "lead us too far from the purpose." One might make a more or less readable comment on every verse. But by way of adverting to the most salient features, which is really the purpose, let us note here the added necessity of taking Byron as he comes. *Bellona* is queen when he speaks of that elder Greece, but in another canto we shall see that military glory is but a name for the fatuity of the self-deceived.

Yes it is Mars that he glorifies—more's the pity—and we strain our ears for another sound that we had hoped to hear. But in vain—here in the orient cradle of that great study there is uttered no word that spells philosophy. As Byron failed to poetically appreciate and celebrate the great merits of Catholic Spain so does he fail to do justice to the inspiring greatness of philosophic Greece. He ignored the inspiration of Spain's Cathedrals—poems in stone—of her great religious painters, Velasquez and Murillo, of her great Catholic rulers, Ferdinand and Isabella, who put an end to Moslem domination in Spain and forever made Europe safe from the "unspeakable" crescent. He ignores the poetry of the appealing poverty of Columbus and the generosity of Isabella, the joint agencies by which a world was found. He ignores the poetic

the description of the sea voyage in this canto. Whoever observes this passage well, must perforce conclude that this description can only be surpassed by the view itself, and then it is doubtful if the principle of poetic abstraction is sufficiently strong in the ordinary traveller (be he traveller in fancy or in reality) to allow him to forego the careful reading of this voyage without great loss. I say "poetic abstraction" only to give a name to that faculty by which Byron looks deep into scenes of beauty and gives to the airy, elusive, yet constitutive essence of that beauty a "local habitation and a name." Where else with so delightful a facility has a writer presented to our contemplation such a wealth of poetic elements as does this man? "Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand" and "willing seas" with "billows melancholy flow," are carrying us away. We survey "the steepy shore," "dark Suli's rocks" "the screen of hills" "stern" and "tufted," mountains rising in "lofty ranks," "hanging rocks," the "lowering coast," "bleak Pindus inland peak," "foaming falls," "volumed cataract," and "nature's volcanic amphitheatre." "Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow," in our ears is the "distant torrents rushing sound," we are fanned by "winds of gentlest wing," wafted along by the "keel-compelling gale," or driven to shelter by the "tempest's short lived shock."

But there is a death's head at our feast. The dictum of Horace is being obeyed and Harold—unchanged—"servetur ad imum" still feeding upon the "husks of retrospection" throws the gloom of a morbid satiety over a picturesque and animated scene. He sits apart—the songs and dances of the sailors, the gayety of all about, seem lost on him. A glum guide surely, is this Knight. He seems isolated—or as Eugene Field, worthy scribe, once said concerning his impressions of London—he is alone in this "teeming, desert place." Can we disguise our aversion to a travelling companion whom we know to be moralizing inwardly thus:

" But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!

IS SOCIALISM INCURABLE?

It is not wrong to say that socialism is one of the forms of organized social discontent. What are socialists dissatisfied with in the actual conditions which they desire to change? They are mightily displeased with the extravagant expense of government and the universal corruption of politics. They rail against the legalized injustice of trusts whose power for evil goes on increasing with their greed. Honest industrial competition has become impossible. Fraud in business and graft in politics have made the present economic and political organization of society a stench in the nostrils of socialists. Their protest against present ills cannot be said to be groundless, altho their method of remedying these ills is as impracticable as it is dangerous. If we would avoid the worse evils of a socialistic state, if we would not in our own day see the growing power of socialism lay its hand upon the throat of bloated capital and throttle it, and in orgies of blood mow down the worthy with the unworthy politicians who occupy the public fields; if we would not witness this hecatomb which socialism is preparing its sacrificial knife to offer for the appeasement of its angry gods, it is high time that we heed the voice of prudent counsel sounded oft and sounding anon from the top of the Vatican hill. This voice, speaking in full accord with our own better instincts and convictions, bids us make organized efforts of honesty, of justice, of fairness, of mutual esteem, and of down-right Christian love to wipe out from our political and industrial lives the just causes of socialistic discontent. Thus socialism will die a natural death and a great catastrophe will be averted. Politics must be purified; public men must be more public spirited, more disinterested, more incorruptible, and entirely devoted to that public good which they so humbly beg votes to serve. Political office must cease to be a graft-mint, a deception of honest constituencies, a lie and a fraud. Both voter and candidate must practice honesty in voting and in getting votes. If the electors demand incorruptibility in public servants they must themselves resist every tempting offer of money for their votes. To offer a man money or even cigars or whisky for his vote is to tell

him that he is venal; and to tell a man that he is for sale is no compliment, but a direct insult to his sense of honor and to his intelligence. It is an appeal to his implied ignorance and to his lower appetite. Buying or selling votes is as unmanly as it is unpatriotic. There is hardly a worse form of petty tyranny than that practiced by our political bosses of compelling factory hands to vote the ticket dictated to them or lose their job.

And as for industry, it must be more humane. Capitalists must begin to realize that a workman has a most wonderfully wrought mechanism of nerves that make him sensitive to all sorts of healthy and pleasurable as well as deadly and most painful impressions in the work shop; that he has feelings and that he is quite unlike the unfeeling steel instruments he uses to coin wealth for his employer and forge coffers to store it safely in. They must learn that a workman is a human person who has rights as well as duties, who has aspirations as well as present occupations. The practical appreciation of these and other like principles on the part of capitalists would tend to ameliorate the condition of laborers. It would, for instance, make the places in which they labor, the mines and the shops, more safe and healthy. This coming closer together of the employer and the employed would allow the employer to take cognizance of the living conditions of the laboring class and would dispose him so to share his profits with the laborers that the latter would both take a livelier interest in his work and would be enabled to live more happily and contentedly. Thus a cause of social discontent would disappear. But the trusts? It is very true that if the trusts, instead of submitting to legislation and being ruled by common justice, continue to debauch legislatures, things will not improve very fast. If powerful railroad combinations, for instance, continue to make the powers that be wink at the homicidal way in which they operate their roads, is it any wonder that the indignant victims of such criminal cupidity should for greater protection and safety suggest state ownership of such utilities; and that if public authority is powerless to curb these rapacious organizations, if the state is not able or willing to take hold of these utilities, then let society assert its rights and destroy the monsters, the trusts and the state, and build a new order, the socialistic state? Trusts are not the people, and they have no business to make the law. If the peo-

ple cannot make the law that will rule all, then American democracy has failed and we must look for something else, and socialists are ready with an article that will fill the bill.

But the laborers also must know that, altho industry cannot thrive without their strong arms and their skill, yet that industry would languish if capital remained dormant and if the directive genius of the capitalist did not employ itself in planning, organizing, and conducting those great industrial plants in which thousands of arms find welcome employment. Labor must cease to underrate the service of capital to the cause of labor. The tyranny of labor can drive capital out of business, but *cui bono*? If the unreasonable, extravagant and exorbitant demands of labor continue there must come a moment which will record the bankruptcy of capital with the consequent army of unemployed. Tramping is poor occupation. There is hardly a class of people more exposed to the oily manipulation of the first *chevalier d'industrie*, or walking delegate, than is the laboring class. Laborers must be on their guard and not be easily made to believe in fancied wrongs, nor easily induced into lawless methods of righting real wrongs, or into ineffectual agitation for leveling residual inequalities which must continue to exist so long as men have not attained omniscience and a plentitude of mutual charity. Therefore what? This preachment tells the laborer what he must avoid, what he should not do, what he should not think or desire. What positive line of conduct is the laborer to follow in order not to cause an upheaval of the social cosmos? Supposing he began by realizing that, even tho he belong to a powerful union, he is nevertheless dependent upon his employer and upon many conditions over which neither his employer, nor himself, nor his union has any control, he would have grasped one of the most fundamental principles that ought to guide him. While he is advised to organize in order to protect his rights, he must do honest work for fair pay. He must cultivate habits of industry and regularity and be entirely reliable. He must live within his income of wages; the average American laborer has yet to learn that there is such a virtue as economy. Without insisting unreasonably upon this disagreeable suggestion of economy, one may take the liberty to say that if laborers lived more economically, that is, if they ate and drank and dressed and amused themselves, not in the expensive

fashion of their masters, but as becomes people of their station and means, we should hear less of starvation wages and of the oft recurring necessity of strikes to "hold up" employers and compel them to disgorge larger pay and to shorten the hours of labor. The hard labor of the laborer does not entitle him to sympathy for his improvidence. Again, from the fact that the use of good liquors is expensive and that the use of bad ones is unhealthy and that the abuse of either disqualifies any workman from meddling with the complicated and dangerous machinery of our varied industries, it is quite evident that the workingman must be a man of temperate and sober habits. As for the rest, the slights, the disappointments, the heart-aches, the unrealized aspirations of the laborer, let him apply to his sorry soul the sweet balm of religion which will wonderfully assist him in bearing ills that must be endured because they cannot be entirely suppressed from human life; this may be the prettiest bunch of common-places or of platitudes you have read in many a day. You have heard them so often that it makes you tired to be obliged to look at them in print. But let us not discuss this as it might bring us face to face with the embarrassing necessity of pleading for the genuine worth of the ten commandments and it might likewise tax our invention to find excuses for the fascinating newness of the principles of socialism which, in fact, are as old as the history of human thought and error. We must not tire of repeating the truth at least as often as error is uttered; we must not quail before the mightiest wrong nor lack boldness to say what is the right. Socialism in its general aim is an attempt to right wrongs. It would have discontent disappear from among men and to this end are its theories directed.

Socialism is undertaking a large contract. Can it suppress the causes of discontent? Can it produce among men and in men those virtues without which the evils which socialists complain of will continue to thrive? If it cannot first transform the individual units of society, does it hope by a mere re-organization of these same sinfully inclined creatures to bring about and to stably maintain that ideal condition dreamt of in the socialistic mind? The historic failures of socialism in these directions altogether discredit its **claims.**

Who then can suppress the causes of the social discontent of which socialism is an expression? If socialism is but a dangerous narcotic that would make society for a brief moment unaware of its disease without curing it in its cause, then the actually constructive forces of the social organism must be equal to the task of freeing it from the noxious germs that impede its growth and perfection. It is thus in other living organisms. Society must exist, it is willed by God. Those who form society, those who direct it and who rule over it, have it in their power to root out the evils which afflict the social body. Better education will produce better citizenship; more religion will produce better citizenship and wiser statesmanship; wiser statesmanship will produce juster laws and a juster administration of these laws. Political corruption will hide its head in shame. The state as it is now organized here, and the church with its magnificent opportunities to teach all men are the constructive forces which can impart to the social organism that strength which will enable it to eject the poisons which, like other organisms, it absorbs. Let Americans become better taught, let them become more religious, let them, as citizens, exercise intelligently their sovereign rights at the ballot box, entrusting the mighty concerns of the nation only to men of ripe wisdom and of unquestionable integrity and the ills which socialism would heal with an opiate will heal themselves.

J. P.

A PAUPER'S EPITAPH.

Beneath this rough and rugged stone
A pauper lies, to fame unknown,
He sought no gifts; none could bestow,
He friendless lived, yet had no foe.

H. DARCHE,
Second Rhetoric.

BISHOP SPALDING'S INTRODUCTION TO DR. RIVARD'S "VIEWS OF DANTE."

At length the literary contingent of our student body, represented by the Dante class, is to come into a realization of its cherished wishes and a few weeks hence will witness the bodying forth, between covers, of "Views of Dante," the work of one whom the foremost critics of the land join in hailing as the premier exponent of things Dantean—our own Dr. Rivard. There is a class of men in whom simple modesty is so strongly rooted that to expatiate at length upon their merits is to offend against what they, in their sincere humility, feel to be a proper conception of values. Such a man is he whom the students of literature and philosophy at St. Viateur's are justly proud to call their professor. It is in view then of what we know to be Dr. Rivard's feelings in the matter that we refrain from further personal mention of him. But we can safely leave it to the judgment of the literati of America to decide whether the beautiful, inspiring introduction which the scholarly Bishop of Peoria has written to "Views of Dante," be not the most worthy recommendation, the most valued recognition and the sincerest compliment that is ever liable to warm the heart and make straight the way of any writer in his arduous journey into the favor of the serious-minded.

It is Spaldingesque to do things well—to give to each task the heart's blood of every minute during which the task is doing. Were it not so we could say that the Introduction is written in the bishop's best vein. As it stands, he has given us of himself—just as he is—and that generously. No intellectual height is an effort to him and the plumb of his keen insight makes all depths searchable. With a feeling of kinship as teacher, moralist and poet, Bishop Spalding brings to bear upon the subject of Dante all that long familiarity and fellowship of greatness with its prototype can engender, and the twenty pages in which he prefaces Dr. Rivard's book, add, if possible, to the lustre of his name as one who has gazed long and ardently into the magic prism wherein the white light of true greatness is dissolved into its constitutive elements.

Quoting from Tommasseo, he writes, "To read Dante is a duty, to re-read him a need, to understand him a pledge and principle of greatness." How thoroughly Bishop Spalding has discharged his duty, how surely he has supplied the need and how strikingly he has realized the pledge and exemplified the principle are nowhere more evident than in the development of the germane idea of the introduction, namely, the cultural function of poetry and in the application of the development to the Florentine.

So thoroughly characteristic of the learned writer is the whole treatment and so freighted with great tidings is each word that quotation of one portion seems to be done at the expense of another. However, we venture to reproduce a few striking lines relative to poetry and its bearing upon education. "The educational value of poetry is the highest, greater than that of history or science or than any other knowledge which deals with mere facts and theories. The poet's inspiration is the result of the thrill with which the vision of truth's splendor causes his whole being to vibrate in unison with worlds which are all alive with God's presence and glory." Again "To have a genuine admiration and love for a poet is to possess the secret of intellectual and moral culture; and since the imparting of this secret is a chief part of the teacher's business, his success can be but partial if he failed to bring his pupils into vital, growing contact with one or more of the creative minds that have married their thoughts to perfect words."

His estimate of Dante as the ideal educator is irreducible in so short a space and to praise it is to paint the lily. It must be read, lived with, imbibed. It would be strange indeed, should a serious reader, to whom Dante is not well known, read the up-lifting thoughts of the Bishop without catching the suggestion that would some day tend to make of him a student of the greatest poet of all times. Nothing short of the greatest enthusiasm and unalterable conviction can account for the suggestiveness of this great critic's words, as he sounds the praises of him, compared to whom, "Shakespeare is a barbarian." "Shakespeare a barbarian!" says some one as he elevates his brows. There is abundant and well tried reason for the apparent boldness of this comparison which reading the introduction will prove. Incoercible by convention and precedent, Bishop Spalding thinks well enough of the circumstances and occa-

sion of his words to be firm, even as conviction and faultless judgment warrant.

The worth of a great poet is best judged by the results of his influence upon those who have lived in his world and quaffed near the fountain head. What Dante has been to Dr. Rivard and Bishop Spalding he can be to each true student in whatsoever degree the student's caliber will permit. Indeed, it is the avowed intention of the book and the implied aim of the introduction, to convey to the aspiring youths of the land how nearly the epitome of all that is highest and best the great voice of the Middle Ages can be to them. Surely the course adopted by these two reverend gentlemen is that which the wisest pedagogic principles would suggest, for "we must learn to love him (Dante) before we can know him." Dr. Rivard and Bishop Spalding in "Views of Dante" are filling the high mission of helping us to love and know Dante. We who aspire to be students, owe them a debt of gratitude for that we appreciate the absolute need of a great moral guide and yet are all too timorous in striking out to make selection. "His symbolic beasts, and others not less dreadful to those who would live in the things of the mind, forbid ascent up the sacred mountain, unless some spirit or living man place himself at our side and lead us on." We are fortunate in the possession of these two living men of the highest order of spirit.

J. FLANAGAN—'06.

ALUMNI OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE MEET.

Will Celebrate President's Silver Jubilee And Erect New Building.

An enthusiastic meeting of alumni of St. Viateur's College was held in Bourbonnais Nov. 16, for the two-fold purpose of making definite arrangements for the celebration of Father Marsile's Silver Jubilee as president of the college and to raise a fund for the erection of a new building. After the elegant banquet provided by the generous vice president, Rev. Father Ryan, C. S. V., toasts were answered by V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and V. Rev. P. Beau-

don, C. S. V. As a long business session was in waiting all other speeches were reserved for that meeting, which immediately took place in the large study hall. Rev. A. L. Bergeron presided as chairman. Rev. P. C. Conway, in his usual happy vein, clearly proposed the purpose of the meeting. After a lively and thoroughly interesting discussion of the questions proposed it was agreed that all the alumni and friends of St. Viateur's college be convened here in May 1905, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Father Marsile's presidency by laying the corner-stone of the new building demanded by the growth which the institution has taken under his able administration.

Father Marsile succeeded to the presidency of the college upon the retirement of the devoted first president, Rev. Father Roy, C. S. V., whose death occurred in 1880, a few months after his departure from Kankakee to Joliette, Canada. In 1900 the silver jubilee of Father Marsile's priesthood was celebrated in the midst of the largest re-union of former college students and distinguished guests ever witnessed at the college and the feast was the occasion of that whole-souled enthusiasim and of that cheerful generosity which poured into his hands a gift that enabled him to build a splendid gymnasium. In spite of Father Marsile's objections to be feasted again, it was unanimously decreed that he must submit. A date in May, 1905, will therefore be fixed for the "grand conge," notice of which will be sent to all in good time by the committee on arrangements. It is the intention of the organizers to make this gathering the largest, most brilliant and most successful yet held in the halls of the institution and to consign the memory of the event to the safe keeping of imperishable stone.

The meeting next addressed itself to the business of raising a building fund. It was announced that if the alumni raised fifteen thousand dollars Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris and his brothers would add ten thousand to it. Needless to say that this generous offer was received with warm applause. Report was made that in the last few months during which old students have been approached for subscriptions by officers of the alumni committee, over ten thousand dollars are already subscribed. Nearly the half of this amount was collected in cash from the members in attendance at the meeting of Nov. 16. There is no doubt whatever entertained as to the

prompt remittance of the balance subscribed by those who were unavoidably absent from the meeting. A permanent committee of the alumni was appointed for the purpose of making known to all the old students and all the friends of St. Viateur's college the project of erecting a new building and of directing all efforts to a successful issue. The officers of this committee are: Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Pres; Rev. P. C. Conway, first vice president; Mr. Frank Moody, second vice pres; Rev. J. Cannon, secretary; Mr. Fred Legris, treasurer.

Several local committees were also appointed for the purpose of personally interviewing and interesting comrades and friends in the worthy objects the organization has in view. The list of these for Chicago, Rev. J. Nawn, Mr. F. Moody, Rev. J. Gavick, Rev. T. Quinn, Rev. P. Conway. For Peoria, Rev. J. Cannon, Rev. J. Kelley, Rev. J. Shannon, Rev. Francis O'Reilly. For Kankakee, and vicinity, lawyer A. L. Granger and Mr. Fred Legris.

These local committees will also organize concerts, lectures and social parties for the purpose of swelling the building fund. They will also work towards the obtaining of endowments or scholarships for the education of poor students.

As evidence that St. Viateur's college has need of large dimensions it was stated before the meeting that owing to the lack of accommodation, especially as regards private rooms, several students of higher courses could not be admitted last year and this year. There are at present in daily attendance, 240 students, and the number could easily be increased and perhaps doubled, did the buildings allow. The building which it is proposed to erect will cost in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. A large amount of the stone which will enter in its construction has already been quarried from out of the bed of the Kankakee river and is awaiting the hands of the masons.

The ones who think our jokes are poor,
Would straightway change their views,
Could they compare the jokes we print
To those that we refuse.

—Ex.

“ DOT TOG.”

Dot tog, he vas dot kint off tog,
Vot cotch dot ret so schly.
Und skveeze him mit his lettlet teet
Und den dot ret vos die.

Dot tog, he vos onquisitive,
Vere efer he vos go,
Shust like von voomon all der time.
Some dings he vonts to know.

Von day town by der market stants
Vere fish und clams dey sell,
Dot toggie poke his nose aboud,
To find oud vot he schmell.

Dot lobster he vos toog a schnooze,
Mit von eye open vide,
Und ven dot toggie come along,
Dot lopster he vos spide—

Dot tog, he schmell him mit his nose,
Und scratch him mit his paws,
Und push dot lopster all apout,
Und vonder vot he vas.

Schust den dot lopster, he voke up,
Und crawl schust like von schnale,
Und made vide open of his paws,
Und grap dot toggies tale,

Den as kvick as nefer vas,
A cry vent to der scky.
Shust like dem svollows ven dey sing
Dot tog tid homeward fly.

Shust like von tunderbolt he vent,
 Der site vos awful grandt.
 Und efery street vere dot tog turend,
 Town vent dot apple-stant,

The children cry and vooomen's screem.
 Und men fall on der grount.
 But dot bolicemuns mit his glub,
 Vos noveres to pe fount.

But pretty soon dot race vos ent.
 Dot tog vos lost his tale.
 Dot lopster I vos toog him home,
 And cook him in mine pale.

Der moral vos I tolt you 'boud,
 Pefore vos never known,
 Nefer dry to find oud too much tings,
 Vot vasn't off your own.

W. H. ANDRUS.

AN ESCAPADE.

Three chicks were cooked by Sanesac
 For Dillon, Johnny and Ed. Stack,
 They sat to feast, they talked and sung
 But had to leave; the bell had rung.
 The chicks they hid with bolted door,
 Until their studies were all o'er.
 When Stack returned he looked bereft,
 No sign of chicks could he see left.
 He hurried out to tell his bunch
 That some rude villain stole their lunch.
 "I think," he said, "it's Tommy Burns,
 The taste of chick he never spurns."
 I would not think it Bert or Red,
 Their lights are out and they're in bed."
 They held a counsel short and low

Then started out to hunt St. Joe.
 They made their way in number four
 Found naked wings and necks galore.
 To hide their shame they thought it best
 To let the thing pass as a jest.
 But our reporter thought it worse
 If such fine things were not in verse.
 And though the theme was not sublime
 It lent itself at least to rhyme.

E. KELLEY.

In other words the alumni of St. Viateur's mean to celebrate in May next, the 25th anniversary of Fr. Marsile's presidency and to present him a new building as a jubilee gift. This is certainly large, but not larger than the Rev. President, nor larger than the generous loyalty of the sons of St. Viateur's.

Who complains of the vigilance practiced by educators over their charges and dubs this surveillance "spying" and the prefects "spies?" Ever the wrong-doers. The well conducted boy or youth will say: "I can stand the gaze of my superiors, for I do and mean to do nothing dishonorable."

Father Marsile.

And don't forget that none is to be debarred from the privilege of contributing his share, great or small, toward the erection of the Jubilee annex.



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EDITORIAL.

A Christmas thought, a real Christmas thought? Well is it not for us primarily a thought of peace? the wish for a truce to all wranglings, quarrels, strifes and wars? To us on earth who are of good will the Christmas angels sing—peace. The sweet message of their glad anthem is for peace, and first that inward peace, peace with self, that serenity, that tranquility, which results from reason's well asserted supremacy over the rebellious appetites: a truce to self torture. Oh the blessing of that inward calm! The angels' song bids us hearken to our own better guide, reason, to be reasonable, to avoid extremes in our desires and in our strivings. The one whose soul is wedded to peace, becomes a blessed peacemaker unto others and has within him the habit which qualifies him to welcome in the world the Prince of Peace. To be safely at peace with self implies to be at peace with God, and this is why this angelic wish is so precious. When this sort of heaven confirmed peace reigns in the individual it easily establishes its blessed abode in those moral persons which we call domestic and civil society, the home and the state. The home and school that bask in the quiet sunlight of God's peace produce citizens who will make the life of the nation one perennial song of joy and contentment.

THE ALUMNI REUNION.

For the benefit of those who are not reached by Chicago newspapers, we gladly reproduce from the New World, of that city, the account it published of the meeting held here in November. The Viatorian will follow with interest the developments of the movement which has been started with such characteristic enthusiasm, and which promises to end in a glorious success. Needless to say that we who are now enjoying the precious fruits of Fr. Marsile's ripened experience, are eager to applaud the loyalty of our seniors towards one whose presence here gives forth the constant glow of Christly light and love.

THE MARIAN JUBILEE.

With all the faithful of the large world without we too availed ourselves of the exceptional opportunities of grace offered by our pious Holy Father on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. There is a beautiful tradition here which every year bids us prepare with especial care for the celebration of the 8th of December. This preparation has generally consisted of nine days of special prayer and of short exhortations upon purity. This pious custom was observed with still greater care and with most gratifying and edifying success this year. The feast itself which was the most brilliant religious event witnessed in our chapel these many years was crowned with the triumphal procession in honor of Mary Immaculate terminating in the presentation to her of a votive souvenir banner, expressive of the inward vows and pledges of her devoted servants, the students and faculty of St. Viator's college. May the perfume of this sweet religious festival linger ever in our souls.

EXCHANGES.

Very much that is of local interest, very little that attracts the outsider, and mechanical excellence serve to characterize the College Index for October. "Inspirations and its Sources" is just a trifle vague and not remarkable for order. Those sudden inspirations are sometimes fatally unreliable. Write again under the head "Hard Work," and you'll probably help some one. "Three Loves" is a pretty rhythmic bit of poetry and carries a good sentiment. The November number is a great improvement insofar as it contains "Verestchagin—A Pleader for Peace" a short sketch commendable for its graphic style.

Behold, our millinery dangleth in mid-air and we salute thee, Retina, "facile princeps" of all high school papers, with 68 1-2 per cent of college papers backed off the boards or at least sparring for wind. Externally your "pulchritude gives us a pectoral glow" and between the covers there is tone and variety both in matter and illustration. "Miles Guilford, Traitor," is an ironical little yarn, well told, and "'Tis an Ill Wind'" tells a tale of "experientia docet" on someone—the printer's devil, maybe. Certainly the writer, being only in high school—ah, but then we can never tell. The versification of "To Lord Byron" is commendable and the sentiment is pat.

In deciding to issue a bi-monthly instead of a monthly on account of lack of time among the students for attention to the journalistic work the St. Joseph's Collegian is making a wise move and one that some other papers might copy to advantage. It is not a question of "how much" or "how often" but "how well," Collegian, and it's good to find people with sense enough to acknowledge their limitations, be they limitations of an extrinsic or intrinsic nature. Your latest number, however, is superior in many respects to some "persistent" monthlies.

One essay at least, in each issue, would not militate against the Decaturian's right to be called an exceptionally well-gotten up school paper. "Echoes of the Campus" is cleverly handled.

It has come at last. We had hoped—good easy gallant that we are—that such an event as this be long deferred, if indeed it needs must come—but to no purpose, for here in almost the first blush of our new found function must we put on the gloves (not boxing) and proffer a few pink suggestions to Miss Criterion. “The Development of the Character of Silas Marner” is—well—to make it easy—let us say inadequate. It has the merit of telling the story of Marner simply and briefly but it is lacking utterly in critical appreciation, except in one instance, and exception must be taken in that same instance, too. You say “Silas Marner, the most artistic of George Eliot’s novels.” Are you not taking something for granted? “Art,” said someone, “is the sum of rules for doing work well.” The best obtainable example of a writer’s literary craftsmanship would be that writer’s most artistic effort would it not? In conception and execution *Romola* is vastly superior to *Marner* and the same may be said of *Mill on the Floss*—not to mention *Daniel Deronda*, as to the absolute artistic eminence of which so reliable a critic as Prof. Welsh, of Ohio University has committed himself unreservedly. There are many other superlatives that you might apply to *Marner*, but not “most artistic.” A very good critic (his name is Sheehan and he lives across the pond) says that Eliot is dangerous to the youthful; so be careful. The “Reward of Patience” is quite inexcusable as a story. Like that painting in Kipling “there’s no reason why it should be done at all.” “The Awakening,” although the shortest is by far the best thing in the number; but we suspect one of the faculty.

We can have no quarrel with the Egyptian its modest admission that last year’s paper maintained “a high standard of excellence” and that this year’s will soar still higher, but the ex-man does his work indifferently.

“The Origin of Language” is written about in recent numbers both of the *Bee* and the *Niagara Index*, with the honors vastly in favor of the former’s article, which is longer and endeavors in a way to support a definite theory. The *Index* article, while altogether too brief and non-committal, leaves the impression that it made its

first appearance in the pages of Welsh's Rhetoric. Nor has it (been) changed greatly since that first appearance.

Although the ex-man of Queen's University Journal evinces a disinclination to exercise his prerogative of commenting on the work of his brethern, he displays admirable taste in his selection of reprint.

To be occasionally epigrammatic is distinctive, Laurel, but to be biliously epigrammatic is laughable. This is more by way of warning you against one of your tendencies, however, than in a spirit of adverse criticism.

So much of the World's Fair number of the Fleur de Lis is patently the work of members of the faculty that it does not fall within the province of exchange work, as such, to presume to say more than that the idea of the memorial volume is ingenious. Two stories written by students, however, may be adverted to. They are "A Romance of the Fair" and "In the Streets of Seville," and both have the queer combination of melodrama, lingering spells and eloquent outbursts of asterisks that generally marks the stories of musicians and musically accompanied love stories.

There are things more worthy of note in the Young Eagle than the weird and wonderful efforts that are made towards distorting the good old fashioned "front" names that some trusting parents have bestowed on their daughters so we'll pass that by and briefly felicitate the writers of "Angels in Milan" and "Moonshine," the former made noteworthy by some taking imagery and the latter well conceived and prettily turned.

It is because misery loves company, Optimist, that we smile at your typographical errors. Of course we also smile in the neighborly, "won't-come-off" way when you come over the fence for a visit. Judging from your progress and thereby forecasting your prospects there should be something in a name.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Wm. Maher, '04, our whilome efficient exchange editor, may now be seen poring over Blackstone's tomes in suite 1331 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

Rev. Denis E. Walsh, the popular pastor of Carthage, Ill., recently paid the college a very pleasant visit and was especially delighted with the chapel and the new gymnasium. Besides Carthage, Father Walsh attends four missions, one of which is at a distance of over thirty miles. The young pastor enjoys the driving and is entirely devoted to his scattered flock.

Rev. M. A. Dooling is rejoicing over the completion of his beautiful new St. John's church at Clinton, Ill., which was dedicated Nov. 13. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., blessed the new edifice and preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, D. D., sang solemn pontifical mass and in the evening after vesper service, delivered a highly appreciated sermon on external worship. A numerous clergy assisted at the ceremonies. The church, which has a seating capacity of 500, was crowded at both functions. Five of our well trained musicians lent their art on the occasion. St. John's, of Clinton, is one of the gems of central Illinois, and Father Dooling is to be congratulated upon his artistic and financial success.

Mr. Robert O'Connell recently visited his brother, Albert, at the college. Robert intends resuming his course of Civil Engineering at Notre Dame very soon.

Rev. Joseph Ambauen was recently appointed secretary to Rt. Rev. J. Trobez, D. D., at St. Cloud, Minn. Father Joseph spent a few days here in November, visiting his brother, Francis, who has lately resumed his philosophical studies.

INDOOR BASE BALL NOTES.

Nov. 12th., Company L. 4; St. Viateur's, 6.

The first game of the Kankakee Indoor baseball league was played in the college gymnasium, Sunday, Nov. 12th., between the college and Company L. The college taking its first scalp, defeating

the soldiers, 6 to 4. The veteran, Burns, was in the box for the visitors, and for a time his shoots were a puzzle. But his failure in locating the plate and the timely bunching of hits by the college resulted in Co. L. losing the game. Stack, a new member of the team, dished up the slants for the 'varsity. He kept the hits scattered, gave no passes and was steady at critical times. He was backed up with good support by the team, the new players showing up well. The features of the game were the batting of Shiels and Burns, the playing of Kelly at short, and a fast double by Conway.

Nov. 19, 20th Century, 15; St. Viateur's College 9.

On Sunday, Nov. 19th, the College team crossed bats with the 20th Century and received their first drubbing. The game was slow and uninteresting and characterized by much loose playing on the part of the college. Playing their usual game they would have easily defeated the 20th Century nine; as it was they presented them with the game, 15 to 9. Kuntz and Stack were the opposing twirlers. Both were quite effective, yet Stack with decent support would have won his game. Up to the ninth inning it was anyone's game. Then a medley of errors, joined with a couple of hits, allowed five 20th Century men to tap the plate, clinching the game. For the college, Monahan, Kelly and Maguy played good ball, while Kuntz and Richards excelled for the 20th Century.

Nov. 27th, Foley-Williams, 12; St. Viateur's College, 20.

The Foley-William indoor ball team met the home team in the college gymnasium Sunday, Nov. 27, and was the softest snap yet encountered. The college toyed with them all through the game, Winning 20 to 12. The features of the game were the heavy hitting of the college team and the pitching of Keefe. Battery, Keefe and Shiel for the college; Hardbeck and Cotton for Foley-Williams.

Nov. 30th, Schaefer Piano Co., 20; St. Viateur's College, 14.

The fastest and most exciting game of the season thus far was that between the Schaefer Piano Co., and the College, at the Armory, Kankakee, Nov. 30th. From the start it was a slugging match, the college getting 13 hits to Schaefer's 12, but the several

costly errors on first gave the piano makers too much of a lead to be overcome and lost the game for the College by 20 to 14. There were many brilliant plays on both sides, the fielders kicking off drives from the walls that looked to be sure hits. Kelly and Maguy at short played star ball. Keefe and Hayden made some difficult catches in the field and Shiel caught a steady game. Battery, Stack and Shiel, for the College; Kreuger and Seaberg for the Shaefer Piano Co.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR NOVEMBER, '04.

The Conway medal for a note between 96 and 100 was equally deserved by Adhemar Savary, Joseph Melloy and James Dougherty. Drawn by James Dougherty.

The classical excellence medal for a note of 95 was equally deserved by Rowan Deianey, Raphael Thiers and Anatole Drolette. Drawn by Anatole Drolette.

The first classical medal for a note between 93 and 95 was equally deserved by Louis O'Connor, Alexander McCarthy and Joseph Buzick. Drawn by Joseph Buzick.

The second classical medal for a note between 90 and 93 was equally deserved by Daniel Boyle, John Brady, John Culleton, Frank Connors, Emmett Conway, Albert Kelly, Charles Kotzenberg, Joseph Kreutzer, Ferdinand Marcoux, Stephen Morgan, Aloysius O'Neil, Charles Pinard, Imas Rice, Albert Slattery, Emile Senecal and Frank Walsh. Drawn by Albert Slattery.

The Guilfoyle English composition medal for a note of 95 and above was won by William Reynolds.

The Commercial Excellence medal was won by Albert Demers.

The First Commercial medal for a note between 93 and 95 was equally deserved by Earl Harney, Albert Klucker, Arthur Lowenthal, and Wm. Reynolds. Drawn by William Reynolds.

The conduct medal for a note of 95 and above was equally deserved by the following: J. Brady, J. Buzick, W. Carrol, F. Connor, C. Conway, J. Corkery, R. Cunnigham, A. Dandurand, J. Driscoll, A. Drolette, M. Dwane, R. Delaney, J. Flageole, J. Goff, F. Gordon,

M. Hayes, J. Heffernan, A. Kelly, E. Kelly, J. Kreutzer, J. Legris, A. Legris, J. Melloy, F. Marcoux, A. Marcotte, J. Mullaney, A. McCarthy, A. Nemanich, W. Nourie, L. O'Connor, B. O'Connell, A. O'Neil, A. Quille, I. Rice, Z. Richard, A. Savary, E. Senecal, W. Short, A. Ternell, L. Tully, F. Walsh, F. Anderson, F. Callaghan, C. Daly, R. Dillion, A. Demers, M. Lamarche, C. Elfelt, E. Harvey, T. Hart, A. Lowenthal, D. McCaughey, E. O'Brien, A. Peppin, W. Reynolds, P. Reidy, A. Rivard, J. Ccanlan, T. St. Jacques, J. Sweet, C. Shiels, and H. Valerga, J. Brennan, E. Breecher, G. Berry, T. Connors. Drawn in senior department by E. Senecal. Drawn in junior department by F. Anderson.

ROLL OF HONOR IN MINIM DEPARTMENT.

The first excellence medal was won by F. Westerfield.

The second excellence medal was equally deserved by E. McElmeel, and J. McDevitt. Drawn by E. McElmeel.

The deportment medal was equally deserved by A. Bergeron, I. Fernekes, A. Gunderlach, T. Harrison, J. Lynch, E. McElmeel, E. Souligne and F. Westerfield. Drawn by J. Lynch.

VIATORIANA.

Home.

Christmas.

Ear-laps.

Edmund is back.

Did you say turkey?

The cat came back.

The student from Ostrichville.

Just for old times' sake.

I've waited for cranberry pie.

Shorty has a new pink shirt.

He wears a light coat and a red neck tie.

Dick says, down where the cotton blossoms grow.

New Student—Will that roll be long. Waiter—No sir; it will be round in a minute.

George—What is the greatest neglected vegetable in the world? Fred M—A policeman's beat.

You are not the only pebble for there is a Little Rock in Arkansas.

While Shorty was doing some shopping in Kankakee a few days ago, he met a one-legged man selling lead pencils. He asked the man how business was. He said he couldn't kick.

Richard C—My brother is in Chicago now.

James L—Do you mean the Doctor. Yes.

How is he getting along? Richard C—Same as usual. He's taking life easy.

A man that never did a day's work in his life wants a position as night watchman.

Fame and fortune await the man who will invent an alarm clock that will not only wake us up but make us feel like getting up.

Joe—Do you think it is a bad omen when there are thirteen at the table?

Chas—Yes, if there's only victuals enough for twelve.

Nonsense, says Ed. Stack, how could a ghost get into a locked room?

John M—Why, with a skeleton key, of course.

The Orioles are scheduled to play basket ball at Paducah, on New Year's eve. Open your mouths and pocket books and come out to the game.

New Student—Are there any objects of interest in Kankakee?

Junior—Well, there's a savings bank in the town.

Hello! came an excited voice over the wire. "Give me the College foot ball grounds. I want to find out about the line-up."

Well, you can't do it! replied the telephone operator, sharply. The line's down.

Willie, asked the teacher of the new minim, do you know your alphabet? Yes sir, answered Willie.

Well, then, continued the teacher, what letter comes after A? All the rest of them, was the reply.

A new club house for the Orioles.

Shorty—Can you tell me why tramps are always tired?

Ralph—No sir, I cannot. Why are they always tired?

Shorty—Because the comic papers overwork them.

Rudolph says, it's one of these breakfast food snows.

Bert—Why do you call snoring music?

Jim H—Isn't it sheet music arranged for the bugle?

What do you expect for Christmas?

The choir, Thespian club and various musical organizations were treated to a bountiful spread on St. Cecelia's Day. The Very Reverend President took occasion to thank the many artists present upon their successful efforts in adding to College life the beauties of those arts of which St. Cecelia is the noble patroness, and also to congratulate the students for their progress in these difficult accomplishments.

On the evening of Nov. 17th, at the Arcade opera house, the Oratory Classes had the pleasure of hearing Father Vaughan lecture on the "Power of Love." The theme was strikingly developed which added to the eloquence and dramatic force of the speaker, and formed a combination of exceptional excellence. Only those who have had the opportunity to hear Father Vaughan can have an adequate idea of his rare charm of eloquence.

Many of the students took advantage of the Thanksgiving recess to partake of the traditional turkey at home. Those who reside in the more distant parts of the country regaled themselves by making merry with their college Fathers, brothers and friends in the enjoyments of games and other pastimes.

NECROLOGY.

Rev. Frederick Lauriault, who had been in delicate health almost since the time of his ordination, succumbed to his last illness Nov. 11, in Rock Island, where he had been assisting Rev. Father Lockney. Father Lauriault was a model student and a pious young priest—such were the edifying traits upon which Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris dwelt in his address at the funeral. V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., sang the solemn requiem over the remains the day of the interment, Nov. 20. R. I. P.

PERSONALS.

Mr. William Mohr, who finished commercial course in 1889 has prospered in business in Chicago and St. Louis, where during the late fair he was engaged in the hardware line at the Simmons & Co., Annex, N. E. Cor. Broadway and Washington avenue.

Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., has been appointed pastor of St. Viator's church, Chicago, with Rev. M. Lemartz, C. S. V., as assistant.

Mr. Eugene Caron, theological student in the Grand Seminary, of Montreal, will receive minor orders Dec. 17.

Mr. Charles Kearney, of Paducah, Ky., who assisted at the recent Alumni meeting held here is now employed as book-keeper in the freight office of the I. C. at Paducah.

Mr. George Lavary, formerly of Kankakee, now holds the position of ticket agent at the Central office in Decatur, Ill.

Mr. T. Cosgrove, of '04, is studying law at Notre Dame, Ind., where he was elected president of his class.

Mr. Harvey Legris, recently bought from the college board of trustees the property fronting the college and upon which stood the Sanasac home. The old dwelling which served as the novice house previous to the erection of St. Viator's Normal Institute in Chicago, has been demolished and there is now rising in its place a mansion which will be a real ornament to the village.

ORDAINED.

Rev. J. M. Vien, C. S. V., our painstaking professor of French, was advanced to major orders during the week ending Dec. 3, on which day he received the priesthood. Father Vien selected the feast of the Immaculate Conception for the celebration of his first mass, which he sang in our chapel with the beautiful ceremonial of that great day. Rev. M. J. Marsile preached on the occasion. The sermon and the music were both very beautiful. Father Vien's father, who came from distant Quebec to see his son ordained, had the happiness of assisting at his first mass. We rejoice in Father Vien's happiness and we tender him our sincere congratulations.