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LEGEND.

J. Williams, '10.

A violet grew in quiet nook,
Beside a gayly rippling brook,
And mirrored there angelic face
From off her mossy resting place.

The brook in bubbling gladness went,
To reach the sea its one intent,
And gently nursed the little flower,
That dwelt alone in scented bower.

The violet spoke to gentle brook,
Which flowed beside her quiet nook,
And said to him "Why dost thou quiver
In haste to greet the flowing river?"

The brook replied in sweetest voice,
"Not of my own deliberate choice
I flow to meet the crystal sea,
The will of God commandeth me.

For Him are all my laughing pranks,
As I rush 'mid my flowery banks,
To cheer the earth with song and smile,
As I glide by each wooded isle."

The violet answered softly then,
"I also teach a task to men,
God's tenderness and love I show,
To creatures living here below.

I too am here by Creator's choice,
The violet said in trembling voice,
To offer up my perfume rare,
To scent with cheer the balmy air.

My color too of purple shade,
Was in commemoration made,
Of purple cloak, that Jesus wore
When Jews in mockery did adore

And spat upon His Sacred Face,
In Pilate's crowded courtyard place
My face was once of purest white,
Until that sad disgraceful night.

Since then it is of deepest blue,
Blending into purple hue,
For sorrow of that desecration
For which I live in reparation."

The brook then said "His will be done,"
And on his pebbly course did run,
The violet bent her little head
And lo! the floweret was dead.

TRUE LOVE.

Child of a brighter day,
When smiling faces sought thee,
And sweetest love-words brought thee
Far from sad tears away,
Now cast in sorrows' throes,
Loved friends thy bitter foes,
Learn hence to seek that Love
Pure, limpid, from above
Lasting, true, aye, unalloyed,
By no selfish motives cloyed,
    True in adversity,
    And in prosperity.
Seek now His fond embrace,
Let none His love replace. J. H. '11.

VALE IN DOMINO

MR. CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

CATHOLIC letters, and the Catholic press especially, sustain a distinctly heavy loss in the death of the poet-editor Charles J. O'Malley. As a man of letters his acquaintance covered in its wide range the various departments of the literatures of several languages. He had a highly cultured taste and no mean executive ability. While duly appreciative of the productions of talent not Catholic he was especially sympathetic to the efforts of the aspiring members of the Catholic household. It was the Catholic family interest which led him to take the initiative in the founding of choral and literary societies in which the musical and literary talents of young Catholics could be developed under religious inspiration and guidance. In a number of ways he sought to awaken the interest of the Catholic public in the productions of Catholic writers and artists. If our people are not finally roused from out of their torpor by the vigorous shouts that have thundered in their ears it must be that they are hopelessly hypnotized by the secularism of the age. For over a score of years Mr. O'Malley occupied the editoral chair of Catholic newspapers in different parts of the country. He was a trained and successful editor. In the New World he gave his readers the results of a well weathered newspaper man, an experienced leader of thought, an expert commentator upon live questions.

It is certain that he had many admirers, and it is no doubt true that there were some people who did not like him. Laying aside personal likes and dislikes who could help simply enjoying the delightful versatility of his pen, which alike could gracefully trip in lyric numbers or tread gravely in the thoughtful editorial. Much of his prose was poetic. And moreover wit was not lacking; his celtic vein furnished a grain of attic salt for nearly every paragraph he wrote. Serious, he was not morose. He loved the truth so that it was a joy for him to nail a lie; in fact it was at those times, when his celtic fighting spirits were aroused, that he

could be gay and smile while he slew. His particularly able handling of the Ferrer fabrication will remain famous in the annals of Catholic journalism. It is doubtful if Father Lambert or MacMaster could have exposed and exploded that fallacy more neatly. The Catholic laymen who read Mr. O'Malley's papers had in him a safe guide in following whom they walked not in darkness, for Mr. O'Malley loved light and was a believer in, and a builder of brighter dawns. Every member of the vast congregation which this hard working editor addressed every week in different sections of the country was enabled to form a correct estimate of Catholic affairs, movements and activities and to correct false impressions gathered from the secular journals.

Publishing volumes of verse, especially of Catholic verse, is a luxury which only moneyed people can indulge in. Because of this simple fact the world is not now and unfortunately may never be able to know to what extent Mr. O'Malley courted the muses and what a favorite he was on the heights of Parnassus. It is known that Mr. O'Malley held in his cedar box until his death a large collection of very beautiful fugitive poems which had already appeared and had been particularly well received by connoisseurs and reproduced by admiring fellow-editors throughout English newspaperdom. It would make a pretty holiday book, he knew, a dainty booklet which would be a companion volume to his own first book of "Lyrics" and would deserve to rank beside the "Passion Flowers" or the "Maria Corolla" of Father Hill, and Bishop Spalding's "God and the Soul." He knew also the profuse praise which had been lavished upon his first book published years ago when even the iconoclastic Mr. W. H. Thorne put a mute upon his strident pen and went out of his way several times to pay tribute to the poetic genius of O'Malley. But he knew too that praise, though well meant and well deserved, pays not the printer's bills nor the baker's either; and he knew that the loud trumpetings of the praise of poetry had not awakened any live interest among our somnolent people. Poetry is popularly interesting today when sung by a phonograph. So, not being a millionaire, he prudently withheld from publishing his second volume of poetry. Perhaps better days are ahead for Catholic letters and in that new dawn an eager search may be instituted for the lost chords of Mr. O'Malley's lyre.

We deeply regret that his cheery voice is silenced and shall

miss his weekly visits to our firesides. We extend our sympathy to his bereaved family and hope that he has only exchanged his terrestrial lyre for a celestial harp.

A Grateful Reader.

DEAD ROBIN.

What heartless wretch has stopped thy song,
Dear herald of sweet spring,
Most welcomed of the feathered throng,
The first for us to sing?

T'were better that, in southern land
Thy song should always be,
Than that one thoughtless northern hand
Should e're bring harm to thee.

The blood stain on thy velvet breast
Blends true with nature's hue,
But gore besprent, thy downy crest,
Tells where the death-stone flew.

Thy anxious mate in his new nest
Is calling loud and long,
Plaintive notes pour from thy breast,
Instead of mirthful song.

So too some heart may ache with grief,
May send forth ceaseless prayer,
For some fair soul, whose life too brief,
Shared all its joy and care.

J. S., '10.

CALDERON'S PURGATORY

J. P. O'MAHONEY, '11

IN passing a criticism upon Calderon's drama, "St. Patrick's Purgatory," it is preferable to dispense with the more exacting and important rules of criticism and to select a number of sparkling quotations or striking passages and note their merits. The reader of this drama finds himself in a miniature world where men of high rank are found, from Egerins the pagan King of Ireland to his lowly slave—Patrick. Characters are met with, possessing passions and traits of the darkest hue, marred by vulgarity, steeped in every form of conceivable vice. However, there are characters around which the sweetness of virtue clings like the perfume of the rose. Mortals surrounded by the glittering rays of innocence and purity, endowed with the noblest conceptions of a poet, shedding lustre on faith and country as may be seen in the actions and life of Patrick.

Calderon gives a clear and definite idea of the peculiar traits of each character of the drama. Patrick's speeches always present him as a man of true humility and obedience, breathing the odor of sanctity, decked with the priceless garland of modesty, desirous that no earthly crown should reward his labors, eager that his words should take deep root in the hearts of his hearers. This is evident from his exclamation "I, the lowest of the low come to serve and so I implore that you command me as such" and again "God makes use of weakest instruments to enhance his majesty the more." But what a contrast does the King's offer? it is that of a man puffed with pride, hate, ambition, selfishness and injustice. We have a sample in his words "Pity I have not for what it is I never knew." In the conversion of Luis we behold a man who has nobly surrendered vice, its votaries and its practices to seraphic virtues in the refulgent brightness of which the blemishes disappear as his prayer "Save me heaven" clearly testifies. In the prayer of Polonia as she calls upon the God of Patrick for help we listen to the yearnings of a soul who desires to know the

true God, and her confidence in Patrick is so unlimited that she invokes the God he worships.

Historical references abound in the drama as for instance Polonia refers to the roaring billows as a "Babel of wild waves." True and beautiful in its outlines, sketched with the greatest care in its infinitesmal details is the picture the author paints in one of his passages when he says "The light of the Christian faith of Christ's true religion granted in the sacred rite of Baptism is a mark indelibly stamped on the soul, and the sacrament first granted by the Church" and again "Who art thou that of dust and ashes formed?" This saying is of more than ordinary significance, it is laden with the wisdom of ages, preached by the brightest intellects, came from the mouth of Christ himself and finds a responsive hearer in the poet of modern fiction.

Many theological references are found in the drama. "Theology, that sacred science gives the answer where the soul of him who happily dies in grace is purged from sinful stains for into heaven none can pass till sins are cancelled."

Calderon's idea of angels is grand and true; he represents them as pure spirits bringing messages of hope and love and ever striving to rescue man from temptations and dangers that beset him until the "fatal line of darkness" crosses his path and then they shall accompany his soul to its Creator.

The idea of the joy that is heralded throughout the realms of Paradise at the moment of man's sincere repentance is sublimity itself coming as it does not only from the Spanish dramatist but from the Evangelist. In dwelling upon the sufferings in Purgatory, bodies instead of spirits are mentioned but this phraseology is necessary in order to convey at least a faint idea of the immaterial pain therein suffered.

The imagination and fancy of the author paint the scenes in hell and purgatory similar to those on earth for we read of rivers, lakes, streams, banks, houses, mountains, meadows, bridges, trees and flowers but these scenes differ inasmuch as they are scenes of fire. Marvelous figures of imagery abound in the drama; in reference to the setting sun, he says "The sun amidst the west waves yonder, sinking, dips his golden curls to refresh his glowing forehead." There is scarcely a more precious sentiment in the diamond fields of Calderon's poetry than that of his knowledge of the immortality of the soul "Being loosened from the body and having given the human portion to nature, the spirit flies to the higher

sphere where its labors find their centre" and "The soul never sleeps." The quotation "Solitude reveals and reached what diviner wisdom teaches" is finely wrought and strikingly true.

In the murmuring stillness of the cloister at the gate of the purgatory, in the palace of King Egerins, amidst the raging of the elements, in the fight with the tumultuous waves as Patrick and Luis endeavor to reach land, a spirit of prayer encircles the noblest characters, proud desires are cast aside and God is acknowledged as "Christ is living, Christ is Master, Christ is God, the One True God."

The genius of the author has retained the superstition and the once pagan tradition of Ireland under the heading of poetry as may be observed

"Fickleness the moon implanted in my nature
Subtle Hermes wit and genius ill employed,
Wanton Venus gave me passions
And stern Mars a cruel mind,
The Sun gave to me an easy temper
Jupiter presumptuous pride."

The true God was unknown in Ireland in those dark days and hence this picture is one of the dark shadows of the drama. However, the author reflects the light of faith upon this scene and instantly the darkest corners are lit up with its rays. The power, the ease, the grace of flight, the solemn tone pervading the entire drama render it really majestic and sublime. The language, admirably suited to such an awe inspiring theme, is jeweled with many brilliant passages whose gleam and glint relieve the more sombre parts of the drama.

HAVE COURAGE!

No burden's too great to be carried,
No grief is too deep to be borne,
No pain's too intense to be suffered,
No man but can bear bitter scorn.
For Christ on his journey to Calvary
Hath echoed not pain's plaintive lay.
But suffered and died for us, lessening
The troubles and cares on our way.

J. C. J.

LYNETTE AND ENID

T. S. WEDGE, '11

TO THE student of Tennyson's Idyls of the King, nothing is more patent or palpable than the contrasts and comparisons afforded by the characters portrayed. The reason for these contrasts is, when one examines the question carefully, plainly evident. Nothing is so conducive to the better delineation of an object than that given by contrast. This fact applies just as well to literature as to the other fine arts. The master of the canvas in attempting to make his figures stand out in lifelike clearness, does so by drawing sharp distinction between light and shade; the musician seeking to give expression to the exquisite harmonies emanating from his sensitive soul accomplishes his purpose by quickening and diminishing the tempo, increasing and again decreasing the volume and quality of tone and by this contrast draws forth and expresses the delicate shadings of tonal color with which the musical picture is painted. This fact was well recognized by Tennyson and no better example of it can be found in his works than that given in Lynette and Enid.

The former by reason of her disposition and temperament may be taken as an archetype of that unenviable class of women who on account of their sharp and ready tongue, earn for themselves the undesirable reputation of a scold. Washington Irving in describing the wife of Rip Van Winkle, remarks most truly that, "a woman's tongue is the only weapon which grows sharper with constant use." Perhaps Mr. Irving spoke from experience. It is at least certain that he endowed the spouse of the legendary sleeper with a nature which spoke for itself. The immotral Shakespeare likewise was well acquainted with this quality in certain of the weaker sex as is shown in the Taming of the Shrew, to the heroine of which the character of Lynette is closely analogous. Tennyson describes her thus:

> A damsel of high lineage and a brow,
> May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,

Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose,
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

In these lines the poet has admirably effected a combination of the psychological traits of character and their external signs or characteristics. He speaks, for instance of her hawk-eyes. Now the bird referred to, possesses, with the exception perhaps of the eagle, the most clear and penetrating vision of all the rest of the feathered kingdom and its sharp eyes strike terror into the hearts of its victims. In all orders of animals those with the bright flashing eyes are the most to be feared, while those possessing eyes in which gentleness, tenderness, and soft fawning are displayed, nearly always have a nature which is made up of kindness, love and devotion. For example we often speak of persons having dispositions as gentle as doves, or as being loving and faithful in their dog-like devotion.

"And lightly was her slender nose tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." This is almost an infallible sign of a shrewish or irascible temper. It indicates self-consciousness of station, pride of high position in society, and an inclination to selfishness which can not brook the possibility of humiliation.

The poet embodies all these traits in Lynette for the purpose of giving his readers a concrete example of the class which he wishes to portray. Her character is brought out and developed in all its repulsive meanness and despicableness until we receive the impression that he meant we should, and turn to Enid with the pleasure and satisfaction which was not experienced in the reading of Lynette.

In Enid we find a nature as diametrically opposed to Lynette as the north pole is to the south. Whatever of womanly modesty and grace was lacking in the former, is fully supplied in the latter. It is like flying from a tempest at sea to the balmy warmness of quiet dells and the liquid clearness of cloudless skies. Virtuous, innocent, humble and good, we first discover Enid serving Geraint in the dismantled castle of Ynial. With Geraint it was a case of love at first sight which was reciprocated, for he remarks to himself, "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me." She is described by the poet as "a blossom vermeil white that lightly breaks a faded flower sheath," and again "as the white and glittering star of morn ports from a bank of snow, and by and by slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose." He is the very essence of maidenly modesty and goodness and almost worships the

ground upon which her lord walks even though he is suspicious of her purity and is seemingly displeased with her. Through all the temptations which constantly surround her, she remains firm and immovable, and sacrifices all on the altar of undying love and devotion. The type of woman of which she is the ideal is nowadays decidedly scarce, and when one is met, she deserves all the gallantry and respect which was Enid's from Geraint. "A good woman," someone has said, "can do more to mould the character of men and influence them to do right, than a whole army of their brethren, and a bad woman can work more mischief than Satan himself."

These two classes are found in the Idyls, and the lesson for us lies in clinging to the good and the shunning the bad. This the poet would impress upon our minds by contrasting the one with the other and demonstrating thereby the intrinsic good to be gained by loving the virtuous and despising the wicked.

SPRINGTIME.

F. Cleary, '11.

Now the green hues tint the meadow,
And from earth bursts loveliest spring,
Tender flowers leap forth from shadow
And sweet scented perfume bring.
All the earth is steeped in gladness,
What a joy it doth compel
To see drooping trees lose sadness,
While their buds new beauties tell.
Every bower soon bears fragrance,
Every path with flowers is strewn,
The green woods give back the cadence
From the wild birds' mellow tune.
There's a charm that comes with Springtime,
There's new strength to toil again,
For our hearts are warmed with gladness,
And we rise as new born men.

NEWSPAPERS

L. J. POMMIER, '10

HOW many people, sitting in the ease of a large armchair complacently smoking a fragrant cigar and enjoying the contents of the daily paper ever stop to reflect on the importance, the influence, the "make up" and origin of the sheet they are perusing? The daily paper has become so common that we never marvel at it, and we hardly realize what discomfort its removal would cost us. It must not be imagined that before the advent of the newspaper the common people were altogether ignorant of current news. The Romans had their "Acta Diurna" and "Actus Senatus" which reported the translations of the senate, contained lists of births, marriages and deaths; these manuscripts were exposed to the public.

This most probably was the only mode of circulating political and military events up to the invention of the press. It is known that towards the end of the fifteenth century, "small news-sheets, in form of letters were printed in Germany and Italy. A custom prevailed at that epoch, of communicating military news to the people during times of war, by means of written sheets, which were posted in public squares, or read to large assemblies, who paid for this privilege a coin called "gazzetta"—a name which by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself in Italy and France and finally passed over to England. About this time arose what we now call advertisements. This scheme was suggested by the father of the celebrated Montaigne. At that time advertisements were posters which merely made known the wants of one another, and were called "affiches" because they were fixed up as placards.

Later on in the 17th century, when the art of printing became more universal, newspapers first appeared in Great Britain, France and the United States. Spain's and Russia's newspapers, in which latter Peter the Great took an active part date from the beginning of the 18th century. "The authenticated history of

newspapers begins in Germany. The earliest periodical collection of the "news of the day," as distinguished from the isolated news-pamphlets is the weekly publication started by Egenolph Emmel in 1615. Six years later appeared in London Nathaniel Butler's paper, under the title of "The Weekly News." These enterprises were those of stationers, who according to their trade had their news-sheets hawked about the streets by itinerant "mercuries"—a name later on applied to many notable newspapers. But the Gazette de France in 1631, had a very different origin, and different aims. It was a scheme of Renaudot, a born publicist, whose paper "appeared under the patronage of Richelieu, in the shape and with the limitations which it pleased the chief statesman of the day to mark out for it." The history of the great role newspapers had in the shaping of public opinion, begins with Swift, Defoe and Bolingbroke "in such great newspapers as The Review, The Examiner and the Craftsman through whose columns was waged the keen political strife of the years 1704-40." It was a Frenchman who at this time wrote: "Suffer yourself to be blamed, imprisoned and condemned; suffer yourself even to be hanged; but publish your opinions. It is not a right; it is a duty." But it was in England that this pithy saying was enacted, while in France the chief writers tried by every sort of subterfuges to escape the charge of avowed authorship.

When the Mercure de France appeared it exerted itself upon topics of literature rather than upon politics. And well might it do that since it numbered among its authors writers, that have left an enduring mark of genius upon Franch literature. True political journalism dates only from the Revolution. France's term of high ideals in journalism was followed "by a much longer term of trantic license and of literary infamy. German journalism if it never soared so high never sank so low as that of France." "Journalism in Germany has made steady advances onward; and in one grand feature—that of far-gathered information from foreign countries, not merely of incidents, but of the growth of opinion and the state of social life."

The Gazette of St. Petersburg—the father of Russian newspapers—that dates from 1702, and is a state organ, coincides with America's first successful newspaper—the Boston Gazette, which was edited by James Franklin, elder brother of the famous Benjamin Franklin. Of all countries the United States stands foremost

in its number of newspapers and in the circulation of them. "The great distances in the United States, the excellent and cheap telegraphic service, and the facilities afforded by the Associated Press combine to promote the growth of journalism." But of all countries, the most productive and flourishing periodical literature and journalism, in proportion to its population is Switzerland.

The development of the modern newspaper, which is such a powerful organ in the change of opinions and state affairs, is due to a concentration of causes that may well be termed marvelous. The important wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; the revolutionary spirit of the age; and the enormous progress in the natural sciences, which gave to the world the railroads, steamships and the telegraphs, perfected the crude state of journalism of the seventeenth century and gave it as great an influence over nations as Cicero had over Romans and Demosthenes the Grecians. "A machine that from a web of paper 16 to 20 miles long can in one hour print, fold, cut and deliver one million to one million and a half perfected broadsheets, is after all not as great a marvel as is the organizing skill which centralizes in a Chicago office telegraphic communications from every important city in Europe, Asia and Australia; and which then (whilst re-transmitting thither the news of Chicago) distributes those communications—directly or indirectly—to thousands of recipients simultaneously, by day and by night, throughout all America." And if it were not for the extraordinary mental endowments, conjoined with high culture and with great "staying power" in the editorial offices, all these marvels of ingenuity—which now combine to shape public sentiment on great political and social measures, and to guide it,—"would be nothing better than a vast mechanism for making money out of man's natural aptitude to spend his time either in telling or in hearing some new thing."

The newspaper as we now possess it, with its editorial departments is the most powerful political machine at man's disposal. It may become the most valiant defender of truth and virtue; or the villainous spreader of falsehood and vice. The importance of journalism in this country is titanic. It exercises the most extensive and "most telling" influence for good or evil, truth and falsehood, sound or corrupt morality. "Give me the making of a nation's 'papers,' and I care not who makes its laws."

A STUDY IN TASSO

As an Epic poem in point of technique, style, order, loftiness of theme and proper handling thereof, little can be said in adverse criticism of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Although it is easy to allow that Tasso be held inferior to both Homer and Virgil still he may be justly compared to them in fertility of invention and incident, and approaches them in the drawing out of characters. Like Homer and Virgil his descriptions are rich and varied. Perhaps the most pronounced fault in the work regards one of the Episodes. They must be naturally introduced, have sufficient connection with the poem and not be mere appendages.

The Episode of Olinda and Sophronia violates these rules for it is brought into the poem too soon, it appears too detached and misleads the reader into thinking that it will be of some consequence whereas it comes to a close and is spoken of no more. If the adventure of Tancred with Clorinda be regarded as an episode it is faulty. An episode must vary the character of the narrative, but duel, bloodshed and death do not vary the theme for they are frequent throughout the epic. On the contrary the adventures of Herminia among the shepherds is a happy and pleasing Episode, and takes us away from war and its horrors. Upon closer study many other imperfections might be found, nor could we expect otherwise, for even the good Homer sometimes nods, but his accuser immediately pardons him, and says, that in a long work, such as an epic poem, it is easily pardonable if sleep should overtake one.

Wiffen's translation of the Jerusalem Delivered is very commendable. He entered upon the work with love and enthusiasm and consequently we have some of his spirit in the work and not a stiff or cold translation. He has adopted the Spenserian stanza most suitable indeed to long poems. Byrn's Childe, Harold, Thomson's Castle of Indolence and the Fairie Queene are written in this stanza.

A thought occurs, would the translation lose much if it were done in blank verse? Rhyme in the first place is certainly not

essential to poetry, it is a trick, a device to catch and please the ear. Still it is recognized as a beauty and lends a charm, a grace to the poem and where rhyme is absent other qualities must step in to take its place. Provided there be profound feelings, exquisite beauty of thought and expression, rhyme may be laid aside. Blank verse is very appropriate in serious and long poems written in a calm dignified meter such as the heroic is, and since Jerusalem Delivered belongs to this class it would be at no disadvantage in blank verse. Milton's Paradise Lost, Carey's Translation of Dante, Tennyson's Idylls and Thalaba by Southey, read eminently well in blank verse and all sustain great poetic worth.

Would the Epic lose or gain were it written in prose? From a point of general interest the narrative would surely not lose were it written prose. Its readers too, would be multiplied simply because comparatively few have a taste, not to say a faculty for reading poetry. For the reading of a story in poetry requires more attention, and study. Constant inversions, contractions, anomalous spellings, obsolete and archaic terms would soon discourage the common run of readers. What of the figurative language and symbolism of poetry? Hence it seems that Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered might become in prose more popular among the less cultured, who doubts that Lambs Tales enjoy a wider circulation than the Tragedies of Shakespeare?

From a literary view point the poem would certainly lose were it written in prose. Although it may be urged that a piece of prose may be in some sense poetry, still it would be unsafe to say that an entire prose story could be called poetry. Prose narrative is held down to certain laws. Poetic narration has its set of laws but it is allowed more room for literary treatment, for imagination, fancy, and embellishment. Grander and more sublime truths or concepls are more at home in poetry than in prose. Many passages in Jerusalem Delivered if rendered in prose would lose much grace, would become flat and commonplace. Poetry can say common things in an uncommon way. Poetry and poetical language only, are capable of expressing those things that "the imagination bodies forth, the forms of things unknown, the poets pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing, a local habitation of a name."

Consequently if the entire story of Tasso be put into prose, many beautiful images, finely turned sentences, graceful diction

would be sacrificed. It would not be the varied, rich, inspiring and lofty piece of literature as it now stands perfect from the master's hand. It would not be Tassos's Jerusalem Delivered, but a feeble imitation. H. P.

A SON OF ROMERO

Written by J. F. ROCHE, C. S. V.

Lovers of the dramatic art were agreeably surprised on St. Patrick's day by the masterly enactment of an original production given in the College Theatre under the able direction of J. F. Roche, C. S. V. The operetta is origianl from the pen of Brother Roche. He is to be congratulated for the great success he has achieved in this his first attempt along dramatic lines.

The lesson of the play is, that an offended God leaves not unpunished those who persecute the annointed of the Lord; it shows likewise the faithful perseverance of a young religious to his sacred calling, even in the midst of bitter persecution.

The plot is laid in sunny Italy in the Roman province of Campania, which is governed by the proud and Catholic hating Count Pacius Romero, who has ever looked upon the works of God with scorn; he detests religion. His wife having died some years before, was a staunch member of Christ's church and her dying request was that her children be reared in the faith that saves. The father at that solemn moment promises to fulfill her request, but fails to do so. Paul Claudius, his oldest son, the apple of his eye, from earliest childhood showed a strong religious inclination, remembering his mother's last plea, and urged by the assistance of an old former friend, Petro Catulus, he secretly learns the truths of the religion of his mother, and then seeks to fly the temptation of his father's court. In this he is strongly opposed, as his father determines him to marry the young, beautiful, cultured, but coquettish, Countess Marian, "the proudest woman of all Rome." She loves Paul with an intense affection and since childhood has endeavored to win his heart. Paul ignores her. He accomplishes his plan to fly his father's palace

and enters the Dominican monastery and is known as Brother Ambrose.

The first act consequently is laid in the monastery garden. We hear the monks at prayer and chanting psalms. We behold the monks at recreation which is enlivened by the singing of beautiful anthems. While resting in this monastary garden after a pleasant drive through the country with the Countess and Francis, Count Romero accidentally discovers his son Paul, (Bro. Ambrose) (now absent from the Villa of Romero for three years). The sight of his son garbed in the robes of religion arouses the count to an insane rage and were it not for the interference of the countess and Francis, Paul, would have been murdered. A touching scene follows when all having left the stage, Paul in sobs and tears begs of his irate father to allow him to remain in religion.

The second act brings us in the beautiful castle at Villa Romero. Brother Ambrose has been abducted and finds himself once more under his father's roof as a captive. Songs of joy, dancing, greetings, all from former playmates, fail to beget in Paul to desire for wordly life, his thoughts ever revert to that cloister. His ardent lover, the Countess Marian, is introduced to his company and here Paul undergoes his severest test. With all the feeling, pleading and argumentation, she is capable of, she begs of Paul, requite her love. He stands unmoved, and she in desperation, levels a revolver at his head, but his calmness quite disarms her. Melba, a little sister of Paul, steals on the scene unnoticed, and with childish curiosity, picks up the revolver and accidentally wounds the countess unto death. She dies in Paul's arms. Melba sinks into a paroxysm which superinduces a serious illness. Paul, by his silence takes the blame of the murder, for the sake of Melba, for he thought that his little sister intentionally killed Lady Marian.

The third act contains the trial a week later. Paul is condemned for murder, at this critical moment Melba rushes in and tells all, how she killed the countess accidentally. Paul breaks his long silence. His father, mid songs of joy by the monks, allows him to return in peace to St. Dominic's monastery.

The title role was enacted by W. Lampmann, who interpreted his difficult part as Bro. Ambrose, with great skill and ability. Posessing a rich and beautiful voice, he executed the beauti-

ful compositions "Farewell," "Home," "Thy Will be Done" and "Leave Me," in an exquisite manner.

James Fitzgerald covered himself with glory in his characterization of Count Romero, and did full justice to the reputation he has achieved in dramatics.

J. G. Goff, as the Countess Marian, executed much natural ease and grace in this rather difficult role. He filled his lines with realistic emotion and passion.

Francis Cleary, threw himself unreservedly into his role, and splendidly filled the office of mediator between an irate father and a determined son.

Father Vincent, dignified and sedate, was well depicted by James Daly. He comported himself with all the gravity found in a religious superior.

E. Kelly, as judge, looked the part to a reality, Charles McGee, as prosecuting attorney, marshalled his arguments for conviction with force and energy, while A. Savary defended his client with the eloquence of a Webster.

Louis Swain, as little Melba, presented a beautiful impersonation. He is to be congratulated upon his masterful rendition of piano solos for which his part called.

An old favorite cannot be passed without laudable mention. Marvin de Sousa, who sang beautifully and equalled his old time successes.

The seriousness of the play was relieved by E. Corcoran in the part of the original old farmer, Petro Catulus.

J. Leinan, as the half-witted Fulvio, furnished many a good laugh.

Harry Keeley was at his best in the opening solo, "Could you but Taste Our Happiness."

J. B. Kissane and Marvin de Sousa sang well in two duets, "Welcome to the Countess," and "Meadows of Green."

The choruses deserved high praise for their admirable work. The dancers were most graceful and lent much to the beauty of the second act.

The music was furnished by the College Orchestra under the leadership of F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V.

THE PROGRAM

Cast of Characters

Count Pacius Romero, an atheist and Governor of Campania,

....J. M. FitzGerald

Francis Romero, his son .....F. A. Cleary
Melba Romero, his daughter .....L. A. Swain
Brother Ambrose of Dominicans, formerly Paul Claudius Pomero, son of Count .....W. J. Lampmann
Countess Marian, heiress and former sweetheart of Jaul, ...J. G. Goff.
Father Vincent, Prior of the monastery .....J. A. Daly
Father Bernard, Assistant Prior .....L. P. Knoerzer
Bro. Stephen, Pastor of Monastery .....J. B. Kissane
Petro Catulus, a farmer and friend of Bro. Ambrose, ...E. A. Corcoran
Fulvio, servant of Romero .....E. P. Leinan
Judge of Court .....E. P. Kelly
Attorney of defence .....J. A. Savary
Marshall .....G. P. Bergan
Foreman of Jury .....J. J. Farrell

Act 1. St. Dominic's Monastery five miles from Rome. Garden interior of Monastery.

Act II. One week later. Parlor scene in Palace of Count Romero.

Act III. One week later. Trial scene.

Chorus—J. B. Kissane, W. J. Clifford, M. DeSousa, F. A. Gavin, F. P. Moynihan, F. A. Tholdorf, H. A. Darche, H. P. Keeley, J. A. Daly, L. P. Knoerzer, D. M. Kinnalley, A. Ledoux, H. Tiffany, C. Conklin.

Lady guests—R. G. Berry, P. J. Holt.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Librarian, in behalf of the College, wishes to extend his sincerest thanks to Rev. T. M. Kelly and Rev. W. J. Clifford for recent gifts. The former for the presentation of books to the historical library and the latter for his gift to the library of fiction.

NOTICE.

Old students or friends having Vol. III, 1885, Vol. VII 1889, Vol. VIII 1890, of the Viatorian or single copies of these dates would confer a great favor upon the Librarian if they would send these back numbers to him.

THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—M. MUGAN, '10.

Exchanges—T. WEDGE, '11 | Alumni—E. J. QUILLE, '11.
Athletics—D. BOYLE, '10. | Locals—F. CLEARY, '11.
Personals—W. SAMMON, '12. | Societies—W. NOURIE, '10.

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EDITORIALS.

The End Crowns the Work.

As students, it is well that we note, just now that, the closing of the present school term, is fast approaching. We are entering now upon the last lap of a year's journey and the question arising foremost in our mind is: have we employed our time rightly, and to the best advantage? In most cases, it is very probable, that the answer will be yes. If so, then, let us continue the good work so diligently started. Even though thorns and thistles, failure and disappointment have lurked in our pathway we have reached thus far safely. Take care, then lest we falter, and be lost. This time of the year is especially dangerous, for hidden under the mantle of rejuvenated nature, lies the cunning demon of indolence and slothfulness. Remember the old Latin adage: "Finis coronat opus" and we will not fail in the work so well begun. Our youthful hearts throb with the pulsating beat for the future and we can hardly restrain ourselves, until the end. We must not forget, however, that the end is as important as the beginning; and though we may be at the close of a school year, this close may also mark the starting of a successful or unsuc-

cessful worldly career. We are only in the trial heat of life's great race. A good finish may mean the laurel of a glorious race, to be held in our future lifetime. Push on, therefore, or we may be down-trodden in the onward rush of persevering schoolmates. Let the work so well commenced be the first setting of priceless gems that shall glitter in the final adornment of the golden crown of a successful ending.

Drawing out Process.

One of the most beautiful traits in the character of Charles J. O'Malley, late editor of the New World, was the generous encouragement and assistance he always accorded to young talent. There are many writers today earning big pay for literary work on secular magazines, who were drawn out and developed by the lamented poet-editor. This trait showed the teacher's instinct in Mr. O'Malley. This drawing out process is distinctive of the teacher and may be looked for in its perfection only where there is keen insight united to large encouragement, judicious praise, and patience. A kind word, an approving remark will do wonders with budding talent. The late Father Vaughan of Shakesperean fame, likewise was possessed of this drawing out power to an eminent degree. He discovered and developed talents for the fine arts and the professions in youths who otherwise might have remained waifs and street Arabs for the rest of their lives. And, doubtless there are hundreds of brilliant talents in every field of activity, talents that else might have been closed up within the sealed tombs of ignorance had not some piercing eye detected them, and some generous soul nurtured them, placing them in congenial circumstances where they grew into vigor and strength.

What a debt of gratitude such fortunate youths owe to their real benefactors! But do we not remain well within the circle of truth in the statement that, only too often, the debt of gratitude remains unpaid, that in the heyday of success the ancient benefactor is forgotten?

OBITUARY.

The faculty and students of our college were grieved at the announcement of the death of Mrs. Eliza-

beth McClure, mother of Bro. Sheridan, who died at her home 123 State St., West Lafayette, Ind., on March 15. The sympathy of the entire community, students and factulty, bleed forth in soulful sympathy with him at her sudden and untimely death. May her soul rest in peace.

The faculty and students extend their sincere sympathy to Mr. Francis A. Gavin of the Seminary department in the loss of his beloved father Mr. T. Gavin.

Rev. J. Kangley, '01 has the prayerful sympathy of St. Viateur's in the death of his mother.

Our sympathy goes out to Percy McFaul of the Senior department, and his family in their grief over the death of their loving father.

Requiescant in Pace.

PERSONALS.

The following members of the faculty assisted at the Easter services and preached at various churches: Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney at St. Leo's Church, Chicago; Rev. W. J. Bergin at St. Ambrose's Church, Chicago; Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D., at Manteno, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Clifford at Canton, Ill.; Rev. P. E. Brown at Rantoul, Ill.; Rev. J. V. Rheams at St. Edward's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. D. La Plante, St. Rose's Church, Kankakee; Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Patrick's, Kankakee; Rev. A. L. Girard, St. John Baptist's Church, Chicago; Rev. J. D. Kirley, Oelwein, Iowa.

Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, '90, business manager of the "Philadelphia Press" delivered an able address entitled "Comparative Newspaper Advertising" before the cultured members of the "Poor Richard Club" of that city. Mr. O'Donnell is a man who is well known in the advertising world and great weight attaches to his opinion on the subject of advertisements. The club had Mr. O'Donnell's address printed in pamphlet forrm and distributed.

The many friends and old classmates of James Donahoe, '85, will be pleased to learn that he is on the Democratic ticket as Alderman for the 34th ward, Chicago. The office could not be filled by a more worthy candidate.

It was a pleasant surprise to receive a visit from Gerald Barry, '92. Gerald has been successfully practicing law for these many years at the American Trust Building, Chicago.

Martin M. Hayden, '05 who is completing his theological studies at the American College, Rome, will be ordained in a few weeks.

Rev. J. Armstrong, '02 of Farmer City, Ill., will leave in a few weeks for an extended tour of Europe and Holy Land. Bon Voyage.

President Taft has appointed the Rev. E. A. Broadman of Pana, Ill., to a chaplaincy in the navy. Father Broadman is worthy of this high honor.

The visiting clergy during the past month were Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., St. Mary's, Ill.; Rev. Father Gabriels, Colfax, Ill.; Rev. Father Keirns, Budd, Ill.; Rev. P. J. Dufault, Chicago; Rev. J. Lamarre, Chicago; Rev. Z. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. W. Cleary, Rock Island, Ill.; Rev. Father Labrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. J. T. Bennett, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. W. Granger; Rev. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. T. T. Kelly, Chicago.

SOCIETY NOTES.

(From the Kankakee Republican.)

On Thursday evening Father Girard was tendered a reception by the members of the newly organized scientific society of St. Viateur's college. The affair was a most important one and was graced by the presence of many noted churchmen whose presence was a sufficient guarantee of the esteem and respect in which Father Girard is held, not only within the pale of St. Viateur's but far beyond its precincts. Of the invited guests who attended were the Right Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D.; Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D.; Rev. W. J. Bergin, A. M.; Rev. W. J. Clifford, A. M.; Rev. J. V. Rheams, A. M.; Rev. J. F. Moisant, A. M.; J. R. Plante, A. B.

The evening was most enjoyably spent and the program, though lengthy, was nevertheless carried out with the greatest care. There were many musical numbers and several brief speeches. At intervals papers on scientific subjects were read by Br. Rinella and Messrs. G. Bergan, E. Roche and E. Harvey.

Father Girard, the guest of honor, was the recipient of many compliments, while Rev. J. F. Moisant, the originator of the new society, was the object of much congratulation in conceiving such a laudable idea as that of the new society. It is owing to his indefatigable efforts that the Girard Scientific society is today on a

firm footing and destined to accomplish great things in the field of science. It is but natural that the name of Father Girard should be the unanimous choice of the founders as the title of this society. His untiring laobrs for the advancement of science along Catholic lines have placed him high in the scientific world and though his work is principally confined to the science halls of St. Viateur's, yet his name is identified with almost every movement that tends to promote the study of science. No greater proof is needed than that a new scientific society should spring into being bearing his name and piloted by two learned scientists, the Rev. J. F. Moisant and Rev. J. F. Rheams.

The principal object of the society is to promote the study of science along Catholic lines; to defend the Catholic church against the attacks of false scientists who hold that the church is the enemy of science; to make clear the attitude of the church toward science and demonstrate that nothing in physical science can really contradict scripture. The society is prepared to meet any objections that may be brought forward concerning the attitude of the church toward science. These objections, whether in the columns of the newspapers or otherwise, are to be met and refuted. Thus it has undertaken to accomplish a great work and is destined, in all probability to be a beacon light for "wandering scientists."

Rev. J. F. Moisant is the active censor of this society, assisted by the Rev. J. V. Rheams. Father Rheams is also president of the board of directors composed of E. P. Kelly, '10, M. Mugan '10, J. P. O'Mahoney '11, G. Bergan '12. The officers of the society are E. Liebach, president; Brother Rinella, C. S. V., vice-president; Brother Koelzer, C. S. V., secretary; E. Roche, assistant secretary; A. Ledoux, treasurer; J. Daly, librarian; B. Coss and F. A. Gavin, curators. There are several standing committees and two regular correspondents in connection with the society.

On March 7th the Theologians and Philosophers united in celebrating the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, by appropriate speeches and an interesting discussion on the mystery of the Real Presence delivered in Latin. J. Lowney, '11 gave a masterful

speech on the intimate friendship between St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas. A. J. Dumont '10 entertained the audience with a eulogy on the life of St. Thomas. F. E. Munsch introduced the debate on the Real Presence. F. Marcenek in a well rendered paper admirably sustained his Thesis. The following gentlemen, J. B. Shiels S. E. McMahon, F. X. Hazen and J. A. Schenke presented objections which were respectively refuted by Mr. F. Marcenek.

The class of '10 sent the following resolutions of condolence to Mr. F. Gavin, '10:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His everlasting reward the father of our esteemed classman, Mr. F. Gavin,

Be it resolved that we the members of the class of 1910, extend our sincere sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

Be it resolved also that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of the family and be published in "The New World" and in "The Viatorian." Committee.

EDWARD P. KELLEY,
W. J. STEPHENSON,
L. J. M. POMMIER.

St. Patrick's literary and debating society had an interesting session on March 12th which consisted of a mock trial. The lawyers for the defense were John Dougherty and Harold Tolbert while those for prosecution were Lucius Wall and Eugene Corcoran. After a warmly fought battle the jury returned a verdict in favor of the defense. The other numbers of the program were recitations by W. Roy and J. Moriarity.

At their last meeting the following programme was rendered: Recitation by J. Canavan and papers were read by Lucius Wall, W. Roy and H. Tolbert. The last part of the meeting was doubly interesting on account of the debate, Resolved That Women Should Work Outside of Necessity. The affirmative was upheld by C. Langan and B. O'Leary. The negative by E. Lawler and F. Schmass. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

March 19, 1910.

At a special meeting of the officers of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the sad and untimely death of his mother,

our beloved moderator, Bro. Sheridan, has lost a kind and loving mother, and one, whose place none can fill; be it resolved, that we as members of this society share fully in his sorrow; and further, be it resolved that these resolutions be printed in The Viatorian, and that a copy of them be sent to the members of his sorrow-stricken family, as an expression of our sincere sympathy.

Signed:

H. TOLBERT,
E. CORCORAN,
L. KNOERZER,

Exchanges

The return of the warm, balmy air of spring brought in its wake a wealth of exchanges from both old and new acquaintances Indeed there are so many of them this month that we hardly know where to begin, and as we meditate upon the pile of college literature awaiting perusal, tapping our teeth with the frayed end of the editorial pencil the idea that the college world has not been idle in spite of the lassitude induced by spring fever, is presented more forcibly.

The College Spokesman is, as usual, arrayed in neat and attractive garb. And presents an appearance of solidity and virility which is compatible with the high reputation of St. Joseph's College. The variety of the subjects treated as well as the able exposition can elicit nothing but congratulations and well wishes from contemporaries in the field of college journalism.

The Young Eagle also, clad in a brand new Easter bonnet, is worthy of commendation for the manner in which she gives voice to the spirit of the season in verse that reflects credit on the composers. "Long Ago" is a pleasant conceit well executed in very correct and charming English.

Astronomers tell us of distant stars whose light has not yet reached us, but the **Pacific Star** is the latest to shine in the literrary firmament. May its brightness never grow dim.

Judging from its bulk one would imagine **The Laurel** to be a quarterly still it is a monthly caller, with quality in no way inferior to quantity.

There's snap and push in the editors of the S. V. C. Student. The articles in March are deserving of much praise. "The Law of Literary Epochs" is well done.

"Great minds run, etc." "George Eliot" in the **Assumption College Review** attracted our attention since the same subject was treated in the Viatorian of March. The article in the Review shows a careful reading of Eliot with considerable critical ability.

"A Letter" and "Answer" in the **Georgetown College Journal** doubtless could be duplicated in many college papers. Alumni, having left college seem to forget the difficulties involved in college journalism.

Superior quality and finer finish are ever expected in Quarterlies. Both are always found in such exchanges as the **St. Ignatius Collegian, The Nazareth Chimes, The Labarum.**

The Solanian for March contains a happy blend of prose and poetry. "A Lesson from March" is written with some spirit and draws a worthy "lesson." The second editorial is able.

The Collegian of Oakland, California is an ideal college paper. Energy, talent and industry are easily discernible in every article.

"James Ryder Randall" in **The Mountaineer** strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts of readers in these parts since they have just suffered the loss of Charles J. O'Malley who likewise belonged to a band of singers from the South. Mr. O'Malley often wrote beautifully and feelingly of James Ryder Randall. We hope the late poet-editor will receive his due meed of appreciation at the hands of lovers of true poetry and literary excellence.

A group of well written short articles constitutes the literary department of **The Nazarine** for March. They merit special praise because most of them are written by pupils in lower grades.

BOOK NOTES.

Stories of Heroism by William H. Mace.

We have before us a new arrival in the shape of "Stories of Heroism" by William H. Mace, published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, New York and London. The volume although hardly suitable for a text book, because the events are not treated in the order of time, suits the purpose of an auxiliary text book very well. The text is very interesting throughout, dealing mostly with biographical sketches of the famous men both foreign and native, who have been the builders of American History. The work is profusely illustrated. On the margin of each page opposite the paragraphs is a synoptical index of the matter contained therein and at the end of each chapter is a synopsis of the leading facts mentioned, a list of questions dealing with the matter in hand to assist the student and also a list of collateral readings. As a whole the work is commendable throughout and is to be especially recommended to the teacher of primary history classes, as a valuable reference book, and as a treasure house of much historical knowledge which is not found in other texts of the like nature.

J. A. Williams, '10.

The Century Spelling Book by Aswell, Cook and Gibbreath is a commendable work for teachers in all grades below High School. The words are carefully selected with a view to practical usage in every day life. Rand, McNally & Co., Chcago.

S. J.

Athletic Notes

The baseball team of this year promises to be as strong an aggregation of record-smashing ball tossers as ever represented St. Viateur. With most of last year's hard working stars back in the harness and a number of decidedly promising recruits to be picked from, the team of this year is in every way equal and probably even better than that of last year. Lefty Coss returns with prospects of even a better showing than last season, and is in excellent form, and prepared to twirl the globule in the most approved manner. Walter Nourie of last year's team appears as a candidate for the receiving position with the DePaul recruits, Scanlon, as an opponent. Both men are excellent catchers and good batsmen and show to decided advantage while receiving Coss. No fear need be entertained regarding the initial sack, for that position is filled (to overflowing) by the old reliable, hard-hitting Big Bert O'Connell who is playing in midseason form and handles the hickory, as always, with such force and dexterity as to call for new covers on many of the pellets.

The keystone position, again in the hands of Capt. "Bo" Berry, presents a formidable aspect to everything in the way of grounders, liners or base-stealers. With Capt. Berry on the job again we can look for some tall clouting. Red Colbert has risen from the ranks and now appears as a regular at shortstop where he puts up a sterling article of ball playing and never refuses to meet the ball squarely with the club when chance offers. On third we have a tower of strength in the person of Ben Shiel who has entered into this season's practice with a vigor that promises much for the infield strength. Ben's batting eye is still in its usual working order so nothing more need be said on that score. Altogether the infield is all that could be desired and the battery, Coss and Nourie, with O'Connell to do some of the tossing, looks to be as strong as any one could wish.

The outfield is a very doubtful quantity at present. In left-field Shorty Conway is pulling them down as usual and his fielding is a thing to wonder at. At the bat he is as clever as ever and steals the bases, as formerly, without a hitch. The other gardens, right and center, are untenanted as yet, but it is not for lack of

fielders. Lynch, Mortel, Morris, Magee, Quille, Moynihan and Warner entertain ambitions toward filling these places and as the honors are about even, it is doubtful who will be picked.

From the present outlook, this season's squad seems to have all the "class" necessary for a winning combination and judging from before season practice and last year's records, will be the hardest hitting team that ever represented St. Viateur. Up to date the following schedule has been prepard by Manager Kelly:

April 21—St. Ignatius at Kankakee.
April 27—Arkansas U. at Kankakee.
April 29—Albion at Kankakee.
May 2—DePaul U. at Kankakee.
May 7—Knox at Kankakee.
May 14—Culver at Culver.
May 12—Lawrence at Kankakee.
May 16—Notre Dame at Kankakee.
May 21—Armour Inst. at Kankakee.
May 30—DePaul at Chicago.
May 31—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.
June 1—Albion College at Albion.
June 2—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.
June 6—Butler College at Kankakee.
June 9—DePaul U. at Kankakee.

The Juniors.

The Juniors are practicing hard for the coming season under the able management of Coach Shiels. Good material is in abundance. Nevertheless the picking of the team is quite a conundrum on account of the ability of the different candidates. However the infield is almost settled for, with Sullivan or Callahan catching, Whysocke and Brazeau pitching, Keliher or Ledoaux on first, Tiffany second, Doemling third, and Richards short, the Juniors will have one of the fastest infields ever seen on their diamond. The fight for the outfield positions promises to be a hot one for all the players are batting and fielding splendidly. The positions however will probably be filled by three of the following: Hayes, Boyle, Mers, Fahey, Kenneally, Gearon, McGee, Betts, Wedge and Murphy. The race for mascot is exciting but Zorrilla looms up a point ahead of "Red" Dougtherty who is a close second.

"Jai."

The Minims.

There is as much rivalry for positions on the representative Minim team as there is for a birth with the 'Varsity. The candi dates are dogged in their determination to secure a place and hence it is a matter of difficulty to select the nine best. It is easy to pick two nines which when pitted against each other play a close and exciting game. As a starter the Minims will open up a series of games with the village school after which they will play schedule games with teams from surrounding schools and Chicago. The following at present are trying hard to make a favorable impression on Coach McDonald: A. Dandurand, O. Magruder, W. Sanesac, J. Nash, E. Curley, M. O'Connor, J. Ingram, E. Fitzpatrick, E. Pepin, W. Joyce, W. Quinlin, T. Forgie, G. Edgar, C. O'Neil.

LOCALS.

—Locals, the first of April, don't get fooled on the date.

—Hello! Hello! Is that you? This is me.

—Say! can't you kape it quiet?

—Oh Red! Let's get out of here.

—How is you Bobby?—Aw—shut up you old fool.

—Forty nickels for car fare—Sounds like a nickelodium.

—Next to your mother who do you——? "Sh! Sh! put on the soft, soft, pedal don't talk so loud."

—The 'Varsity quartette—All the latest and popular song hits of the day.

—And so they continue—(those dormitory rumors.)

—The warm weather seems to have increased the desire for study—(Nature Study.)

—Kelly weather is predominating, a very good omen for the future.

—Speaking of the hits and strikeouts, warm weather brings them both. In many cases the latter take preference (to the woods.)

—(March) marched along very nicely—Shining all the way.

—Out door astronomy seems to be very popular these days (studying the stars)—Oh you baseball!

—The warm weather has also rejuvenated the thirst-quenching lemon club—all new members must squeeze in.

—Moxie for mine—What's your's?

—And now Halley's comet is coming with a tale, they say, fifteen million miles long—(I wonder how long it will take to tell the story?)

—Local option, from all appearances, seems to have taken preference with the climate of the past month (Rather dry.)

—The New One—What are they going to do on the diamond?

Wise John—Why, don't you see, they're rail-roading it to make it faster.

—"The Annual Mystery of the pillaging of the sacks" has been solved successfully by the unearthing of first, second and third base by Pinkerton Lev. the sturdy ploughman from the second corridor. (He must have carried a tuning fork to get the bases.)

—Teacher—Why does man err?
Wise Student—Because he cannot live without (h)er.

—Tom—You say he's lost his mind?
Bill—No, just baseball mad.

—Such is baseball fandom and we're all in that raving lunatic class.

—Teacher—What is arbor day, my boy?
Elmer—The time for planting grapes, I suppose.

—In baseball language—(It seems as though we've abandoned fast company very early this year)—(A March Easter you know.)

—Have you met him? He starts with John and ends with a smack (Kiss—ane.)

—"Say no more about it."

—John—Why is it, you can never stop talking?
Bob—Because you're always trying to wind me up.

—"I'm beginning to feel a little better."

—The Murphy button for alarm clocks has been supplanted by another original invention, namely: (The Donohue windup.)

—Ping pong in the extreme is the new name for tennis.

—And so it is court life will soon be in much favor—Oh, you racket!

—Lest we forget—"There seems to be something else besides smoke issuing from our elongated boiler-piece."

—Something doing you know when you have the right kind of a Stack on the firing line.

—The southern skies have been hazy all spring it seems (Full of smoke you know.)

—"That pepper" so essentiol to good seasoning has been very cleverly interspersed with baseball reasoning.

—"As for salt"—there seems to be a good many that have taken to their medicine kindly.

—Old time form still stays with him (Perhaps Alma Mater dust from the traveling bag.)

—"The true harp that never fails to tune."

—And still he continues to serve them in true "chef" fashion, any and all styles.

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