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GERALD GRIFFIN.

By Stephen E. McMahon.



IN THE age of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wodsworth, and Byron; Scott, Lytton, Thackeray, and Dickens, we find English literature basking in the sunny smiles of an unprecedented splendor. We observe the masters of thought and fancy producing novel after novel and poem following poem in an attempt to satisfy the insatiable cravings and avidious voracity of an insistent reading-public. Under the glorious canopy which spreads its protecting mantle over the luminous minds of these Titans of thought and fancy, we meet a host of lesser lights, sharing the eclat and fame of the masters. Some of these less brilliant or less favored caterers to a book-loving people were, however, men of real merit whose productions would have insured them a more lasting fame but that they were overshadowed by the transcendental genius and stupendous minds of their great compeers. Their works are worthy of a respectable place in the history of English literature and entitle the authors to a niche in the literary hall of fame.

Among the literary colossi of the early part of the 19th century is a certain school of Irish writers who surely deserve a better fate in the relm of letters than seems to have been accorded them. They were men of exceptional ability and of lofty genius, falling short only of the great masters of their day. Ireland has reason to be proud of them for their writings have an intensely Irish ring, a deep and unwavering patriotism, and they set forth Irish life and manners so admirably and with such truth as to refute the false calumnies and caricatures of things Irish which disgrace literature. They have carved for themselves a tablet peculiarly their own.

As literature is a manifestation of the genius and intelligence of a people, a characterization of the intellectual power and beauty of her leading teachers and entertainers, we may not expect to find a race without a literature. But as various races differ, ever so slightly, so also do their literatures, and the greater the difference of disposition and of circumstances and events which constitute nationality and national history, the greater will be the divergence between their thought expressions. This is especially true of the distinguishing marks between what we may call the distinctly English and distinctly Irish literature; for the temperamental contrast between the two peoples is remarkable, the slow phlegmatic Englishman and the quick impulsive inhabitant of Erin; moreover the conditions and environments of these peoples also differ vastly. A striking feature of Irish writing is humor, and there is scarcely an Irish writer that does not possess this peculiar gift.

As literature is impressed not only with national or racial characteristics, which give to it a mark of separation from the thought output of other nations, likewise does every epoch of time affix its seal indelibly upon the productions of the period. It marks it so plainly and effectually that every one who runs may read. This is clearly discernible in the writings of the Irish school of the early part of the last century. Griffin, Carleton, Banim, Lover and Lever write in the peculiar strain of their time; and the poetry of Davis, McCarthy, De Vere, Ferguson and Mangan breathe no less the time spirit. Although this grouping is partly arbitrary and due to their contemporaneous existence rather than to any remarkably close similarity of their work, yet there is a certain resemblance, without destroying the individuating and original character of their productions.

Some of these men have been neglected, their works allowed to fall into desuetude, and even their names are lapsing into oblivion. Swinburne, the famous English poet and critic, remarks with a truth full of pregnant meaning that "the difference between Michael Angelo and Goya, Tintoretto and Gustave Dore does not quite efface the right of the minor artists to existence and remembrance." His words are equally applicable to literary artists who, shall we say, had the misfortune of being contemporaries of some of the greatest minds that have illuminated and cast their effulgent glamor over the literary panorama. Their works attest their worth, and it were a pity that in the glory of the sun, the beauty of the moon be unseen.

However, it is not with the writers of the Irish school of this epoch that I am to concern myself, but with one of their number who, if not the greatest of the group, certainly deserves no mean place among them; for both as a novelist and as a poet Gerald Griffin gave evidence in his short and brilliant, though not always pleasant life, of talents of very high order.

He was born of a family of good position in Limerick in 1803, and obtained his early education in his native county. He studied under a tutor for a few years; but in his eleventh year entered a school conducted by a Mr. O'Brien, who is said to have been a man of considerable literary ability and taste. Here Gerald acquired some proficiency in the classics of ancient Rome and Greece. He did not long enjoy these advantages; for in a short time he was called home to Fairy Lawn and placed under a village schoolmaster whose seminary in later years he immortalized in "The Rivals." This school did not afford the boy much opportunity to slake that unquenchable thirst which was already consuming him for higher and more extensive learning. Happily his mother was a woman of refinement and of wide reading and it was her pleasure to guide his youthful mind in the pursuit of knowledge, and, as he was an assiduous reader, under the judicious and affectionate hand of his parent he acquired quite a large acquaintance with books. She was not only a cultured woman, but a deeply religious one, and to her careful training of the child may be ascribed that nobility of character and veneration of things sacred which distinguished the short cycle of his earthly course. Those pearly truths of priceless worth which dropped from her lips penetrated like flint-tipped arrows the mind of the young boy, there to find a lasting resting-place in the inmost chamber of his soul, never to depart but like guardian angels to watch over his spiritual being in all the vicissitudes of fortune which he experienced during his stay in London.

His father having suffered reverses of fortunes, emigrated with his family to America in 1820, Gerald, however, remaining in Ireland under the care of an elder brother, a member of the medical profession, with a younger brother and two sisters. It was the intention of his family that he should follow in the footsteps of his brother and become a physician, but his strong love of literature induced him to abandon his medical studies and apply himself to literary pursuits. For a time he contributed occasionally to the Limerick journals and even edited a paper known as *The Advertiser*. Whilst engaged in this work he was preparing his

first tragedy and before his eighteenth year had completed Aguire, a tragedy based on a Spanish story. The play was of such exquisite beauty and promised so much for the future of the author, then a mere boy, that he prevailed on his brother to allow him to go to London and try to have it produced at one of the theatres there. So in 1823, before he had attained his twentieth year, Gerald Griffin departed for the English capital as he himself says "with a few pounds in one pocket and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one would set him up before the other was exhausted."

His career in London is the oft-repeated tale—the buoyant spirits and sanguine hope of a young man, determined to make conquest of the world, blasted and wrecked by the coldness of that world, the hard unceasing toil of unrequited labor, the falsity of hollow friends and the emptiness of ill-uttered flattery, penury, sickness, physical and mental torment, despair. Greater minds have known this, geniuses whose works have earned them undying fame,—some after long years of suffering when the palm of victory had lost much of its lustre and brilliance and when sick at heart, the laurels had lost a great deal of their power to cheer their drooping spirits; some only when the cold hand of death had closed their eyes forever, shutting out the scenes of their hardships, when that eternal sleep had settled over them from which they were powerless to awake and receive a belated adulation. Francis Thomson, whose own existence was embittered by the harrowing consequences of poverty, says of some of the colossal minds of this remarkable era of classic English: "Keats half-chewed in the jaws of London and spit dying on to Italy; DeQuincy who, if he escaped, escaped rent and maimed from those cruel jaws, Coleridge whom they dully mumbled for the major portion of his life." Griffin suffered the same harsh vicissitudes of fortune, and in his miserable garret-home eked out the merest existence by translating and revising the works of others. Some articles sent to magazines of the day were readily inserted, but received poor financial recompense when the editors saw the half-starved, shabby originator. He was imposed upon and cheated who, in after years, the same editors vied with one another in honoring and whose productions they eagerly sought at large figures. In such circumstances, then, did this gifted and gentle writer pass his first few years in the metropolis of the world, almost given to despair, "cowering in the darkened chamber of his being, tapestried with mouldering hopes and hearkening to the

winds that swept across the illimitable wastes of death." So proud was this lofty spirit, encased in a body worn and spent in the hard struggle for life, yet eagerly hungering for the appreciation his genius deserved that he rejected with scorn and ill-concealed anger the assistance proffered by his compatriot, Banim whose generous soul was touched and pained at the sufferings of his young friend. At length Gerald discovered an editor who would pay a reasonable sum for his work. This editor perceiving the ability of Griffin sought him out, although the timid writer tried to remain unknown, and offered to pay him well for contributions to one of the leading journals of Europe. The tide now began to turn, and prosperity took the place of adversity. With the abatement of ill-fortune, cheered and re-invigorated Griffin applied himself to the composition of a series of tales which he published under the title of "Hollandtide," the issuance of which established his position in "the trade." Shortly afterwards he returned to his native land, there to continue the triumph he was achieving. His star was in the ascendant, the magic wand of success beckoned him on. His next work, "The Tales of Munster Festivals" was eagerly snatched up. In 1829, "The Collegians" made its appearance, a novel of the very highest order, which Daniel O'Connell cherished as the most precious work of its kind. This book established Griffin's claim to literary distinction, and at the early age of twenty-six we see him taking his place as one of the first novelists of the day. Had he stopped with "The Collegians," his reputation in literary circles would have been much higher, for the productions subsequent to it were of an order inferior to this great work.

The reception accorded "The Collegians" induced Griffin to enter the field of historic romance, and in 1832, after much labor and preparation he brought forth "The Invasion," although of no mean merit, as a reviewer of his time said, "to the shame of Ireland, it fell still-born from the press!" This work, dealing with an unsuccessful descent upon the coast of West Munster by the Danes under a chief named Gurmund, is his only attempt in historical novel writing. It pictures Ireland's social condition at the time of Charlemagne. Elim, the hero, is one of the most beautiful characters to be found in Griffin's works. Shortly before the appearance of "The Invasion," he had issued a second volume of "Tales of Munster Festivals." But "The Collegians" was the culminating point of his literary career, and after its publication, his writing began to deteriorate. "The

Rivals," "Tracy's Ambition," "The Duke of Monmouth," "Tales of a Jury-Room," are some of his later works. An early play "Gisippus," which he had endeavored in vain to have produced was staged after his death and received with unstinted pleasure and applause. A contemporary critic pronounced it one of the very finest specimens of the drama of the period. "The Collegians" was dramatized and staged after his death under the name of "Colleen Bawn," meeting with great success. He is the author also of some magnificent poetry, mostly in short poems and ballads interspersed to a great extent throughout his prose compositions.

Gerald Griffin was not only a man of splendid literary attainments, but also of a profoundly religious nature. The lessons inculcated by his mother and practised with assiduity in his youth were not forgotten and caused his riper and mature manhood to blossom with additional luster. His early struggles had no doubt a great deal to do with the trend of the last years of his life when his yearning for literary prestige had been realized; when his youthful ambition had been satiated and he had drunk his fill from the chalice of honors which the world bestows on her favorite, he conceived a disgust for its emptiness. He was not satisfied; his nature craved a deeper, a fuller complement. "He had stood in the scepter's shade of power," and had felt its thrill, only to grow sick at heart. At this moment of his life, he turned his mind to the religion which he had practised with such devotion and had cherished with all the veneration and feeling of his nature. It now became the pivot of his being and around it revolved the thoughts of mature life.

In a letter to his father in 1833, in which he exposes his intention of entering the priesthood he says: "Nor can I suppose it necessary to enter into any full explanation of all that has passed in my mind on the subject in order to save myself from any imputations of rashness for giving up the affairs of time and embracing those of eternity. To compare the two for an instant is enough. To say that Gerald, the novel writer, is, by the grace of God really satisfied to lay aside forever all hopes of that fame, for which he was once sacrificing health, repose and pleasure, and to offer himself as a laborer in the vineyard of Jesus Christ; that literary reputation has become a worthless trifle to one to whom it once was all—and that he feels a happiness in giving all to God—is such a merciful favor that all the fame and riches in the world dwindle into nothing at the

thought of it. But this is talking of myself and my own happiness alone. I am not to forget that there were other duties connected with my hopes in literature, which cannot be equally answered in this new vocation. It is true, my dear father, scarcely any circumstance connected with my success in those pursuits could have given me greater satisfaction than the reflection that I was at the same time an instrument in the hands of God, for adding anything to the temporal happiness of even a few; but generally speaking, I fear that the world is at the bottom of too great precaution on this point. If I serve God well, have I not His own promise that He will not forsake my friends or me." Let it not be thought that this was a sudden resolution. It was the result of calm deliberation and arrived at after many misgivings. From a letter to his old friend, John Banim, it seems that he had been assailed by wandering doubts on religion, which, however, at no time begot positive unbelief. His deep convictions of the truths of his faith and profoundly religious nature overcame these momentary apprehensions, and perhaps intensified that desire for religious life which predominated his closing years. A strong nature arises from difficulties doubly strengthened, brushing aside in its re-animated vigor all obstacles and spurning, as mean and ignoble, all suspicion. His wavering faith may have impelled him irresistibly on to that final haven of heavenly safety, the house of the Christian Brothers, where he attained peace—that repose of soul and body—to which no merely earthly pleasure is comparable.

Writing from his new home, he says: "Those miserable years I spent in London! Whatever it may prove for the next world, it has been to me, through God's infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor, poor and sluggish and dastardly, as my own efforts have been to correspond with His high graces, would I exchange the peace of heart they have procured me for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this brief play which they call life; let people twist and turn their brains about on which side they will, and as long as they will, there is, after all, nothing absolutely worth thinking upon but saving their souls." Gerald Griffin had become a Christian Brother, Brother Joseph! He had fulfilled the vocation given him from on high when, on that October day of 1838, the feast of St. Teresa, he received the religious habits of the followers of St. John Baptist de la Salle.

It seems that whilst preparing to enter Maynooth to pursue

his studies for the priesthood a change had come over him and determined him to abandon the idea of becoming a priest. It may have been that he recoiled from assuming its awful responsibilities. The pleasure he took in instructing poor children for a few years prior to his entrance into the Christian Brothers also may have contributed in no small degree to an alteration of his plans. But here he was at peace, a joy the world could not give! The thoughts never more troubled him which had assailed him during his experience in London that he "might possibly be misspending his time. Brother Joseph did not long enjoy that peace and atmosphere of holy joy for which he had relinquished the world with all its honors and pleasures. In 1840, the soul of this gifted and noble man departed the scenes of his triumphs and privations before he had attained his thirty-seventh year, in the very noon-day of life. Existence here below is but a dream of a moment; the overhanging shadow of a fleeting cloud which vanishes after its short course is run and is swallowed up in the illimitable folds of eternity.

Short as was the span of life allotted to him the beauty of his character and singularly chequered life, lend increased interest to his work. I would that space permitted me to give excerpts from some of the more striking passages in his novels and notice at some length the poetry, which is exquisite in its simplicity and charm. But I shall have to content myself with a running comment on some of his productions, trusting that it may lead to the reading of the works themselves by some at least of those who may chance to glance over this article.

Griffin is marked throughout by a naturalness and simplicity which enhances the interest evoked by thrilling events which he records. Nor are his works pure phantasms of the imagination, but some are founded on actual occurrences, especially his greatest novel "The Collegians." There is a vitality and power to this book which pure fancy cannot give, and there is a complete mastery of the various shades of character, of the intensity of human passion which implies the working of an artist, and a knowledge of his countrymen and their conditions so thorough as to display a keenness of observation and an accurate assimilation of facts. The aptitude of selecting characters and events, when a novel is based on reality, is by no means an easy task, and it is this power of discrimination and of perceiving "the fitness of things," which entitles the author to a position of eminence.

Originality is a striking feature of all of Griffin's productions, an

individuating impress which enables one to discern his work from that of others. Nationality is another characteristic of his writings which strikes the reader. He represents conditions in Ireland and of Irishmen as they were in his time and of the periods of which he writes in his own peculiar strain with such a vividness, with such accuracy and finesse that we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that none but an Irishman, one acquainted with all the intricacies and depths of the Irish character and an intense love of his country and his countrymen, could have done it so admirably. Strangers may write of a country or its people, but there is something in their work, however well done, which mark them as of another land. This intense Irishness, if I may use the word, is a salient point in the writings of the Irish school with which I have grouped Griffin, but none displayed it

The power of suggestion, of not drawing out at too extended length descriptions of persons and events, but leaving much to the inference of the reader from the development of the story, is very marked in Griffin. But there is nothing unsaid or undone which should be said or done for the harmony and understanding of the works; for his plots are consistent and characters life-like. His characters are representatives of a class rather than individuals. We recognize the type and search not for the individual. Notice in "The Collegians" the lovely, delicate and gentle Eily O'Connor. Who will say that she is not typical of many we meet? Who will say that Kyrle Daly, generous and amiable, prudent and affectionate, does not symbolize a class of like beings? Hardress Cregan, the spoiled pet of a doting mother, self-indulgent, yet generous, pleasure-seeking and lacking self-control, which ultimately leads him to provoke the commission by his servant of a crime, most revolting and diabolical, the murder of the one who placed her simple trust and confidence in him. Who will say that he is not true to life and that his kind is not often met? There is Tracy in "Tracy's Ambition," a man pursuing the even tenor of a peaceful life, beloved by his associates and tenants. But the demon of ambition is stirred in his breast and makes a different being of him. In his difficulties he is willing at length to sacrifice the happiness of his daughter to repair his broken fortunes. Yet this man is not bad; he is weak. There is much of "the milk of human kindness" left in him, but to secure his own ends, he tries to deceive himself into a belief that he is acting for the best. Do we not find many men like him?

The dramatic power evinced by Griffin is remarkable and in

some passages of his works it is unsurpassed by any in the language, or at least by very few. I might instance this by referring to the scenes at Mrs. Daly's wake, at the discovery of Eily's body at the hunt, at the ball before Cregan's arrest, all from "The Collegians;" the meeting of Riordan and Lacy in the storm after the former's return, and the scene in the court-room upon Tobin's appearance, both from "The Rivals;" the scene at Shanahan's house when the body of Phaudrig is carried in, from "Tracy's Ambition." These few instances will suffice to show the dramatic ability which Gerald Griffin possessed.

I have alluded to his excellence in depicting human passions and his great ability in analyzing character. It seems to be the gift of every novelist to draw more or less successfully the gentler passions, but the dark and gloomy passions are reserved for the masterful hand of an artist. The picture of the dark, brooding Morty Shanahan, his hatred of Dalton and thirst for revenge; also the keen remorse and sorrow of Dalton, from "Tracy's Ambition;" the remorse of Hardress Cregan in "The Collegians," and of Lacy in "The Rivals" may be cited as striking examples of Griffin's skill. The tragic enters largely into his novels. The manner in which he treats the dark deeds he records and the horror they inspire, as the murder of young Dalton by Shanahan, serve well to inculcate the great moral lessons he wishes to impart. He accomplishes the same purpose in his pictures of remorse, so terrible and heart-rending that the condition of those so affected is sufficient to deter one from placing the cause to warrant such a terrible state.

It is hardly necessary to say that his descriptive powers are of high order and that when he essays description, his facility is so felicitous as to render the places and persons noted interesting and the reading pleasant. It is almost equally unnecessary to speak of the rich silvery gems of humor, sparkling and scintillating like the stars in the firmament of more serious discourse. Every Irish writer of his school possesses these gifts—of humor and apt description.

A word in regard to his poetry may not be amiss. Most of it is scattered through his prose works in the form of songs, ballads, odes or sonnets. He also composed a few poems of a religious nature. It goes without saying that these pieces lose much of their beauty when separated from the setting which the genius of their composer had made for them. Anne Chute's song for example,

is a bewitchingly lovely ballad when considered in its setting in "The Collegians" but suffers much by excision from it.

Tenderness and sweet concord characterize Griffin's poetry. Golden sprays of thought and tracings of feeling render charming its easy and natural flow. It is marked quite often by a strain of melancholy. Charles Gavan Duffy in his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" says: "Some of Griffin's simple ballads are gushes of feeling that smite the heart like the cry of a woman. Such is his 'Gille Machree,' a strain of the noblest sentiment in the simplest language, and is as essentially Irish as the distinctive names or features of our race."

Some of his longer attempts in verse are not so strong as the short ones, and seem weak in comparison. "Matt Hyland" exhibits many splendid specimens of poetic beauty, but the charm that would have attached to this composition had it been confined to a natural length is lost through the uncalled for extension without sufficient incident to retain the attention. The "Fate of Kathleen" is not up to his standard, the historical part being lamentably out of keeping with the opening, which has been compared to the most beautiful passages in Byron's "Childe Harold."

I will conclude my comments on the merits of Griffin's works by a selection from "Tracy's Ambition" sung by Henry Dalton, a specimen of his poetic composition:

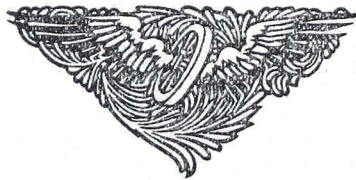
"A voice, like the sound heard in deep solitude,
Like the song of the night bird alone in the wood;
A melody, struck by the finger of art
From the small strings that tremble 'round nature's heart.
Ah, hear not that voice! for though softly it breathe,
Its tones 'round the trusting heart cunningly wreath,
When chained through its pulses and bound for a spoil,
It may throb at the cheat, but must pine in the toil."

In conclusion let me say of Gerald Griffin that his career was short but noble, and his singularly beautiful character stands out the more in all its magnificence when we realize that this young man gave up the plaudits and honors of a world anxious to bedeck him with the garlands of victory and the tokens of its passing appreciation to become a Christian Brother, to lead the strict and humble life, a religious. Surely he chose the better part; he cast off time to take on eternity. Could anything better be said of a man than these words by a leading review a few years after his death: "It is delightful to turn from the world of letters—hollow,

selfish and corrupt as it too commonly is—to contemplate one who, though in, was not of it; and who though drawn for a space into its giddy whirl, exposed, too, by youth and poverty and friendlessness and every form of temptation, to its most corrupting influences, came forth at least without carrying away a single stain upon his pure soul.”

It seems as though in reward for this fidelity in the midst of most pernicious influences God gave him an insight into the future, for in the following prophetic stanzas, brought to light after his death, he alluded to his death ere the noon of his day:

“In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die ere the noon of my day,
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, suddenly away.
That e’en in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;—
That e’en when mine honors were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over, and scatter their bloom.”



Character Study of Fabiola

S. T. WEDGE, '11



IN ALL books of romance or fiction, that is to say, novels, the characters introduced should typify some particular class of individuals. These characters must be true to life and must be consistent in presenting to the reader all the characteristics, good and bad, that help to constitute or form the intricacies of that problematic and fickle something which we call human nature. The author must be gifted not only with a remarkably keen insight into the actions of humanity, but also with the faculty for making the persons he has created, act in a perfectly natural and human manner. The fame of Shakespeare rests on these abilities and without them no one may hope for success in this particular class of literature for they form the foundation and corner stone of the whole structure of fiction.

Let us look, then, and see if Cardinal Wiesman has followed out this fundamental law in his interesting as well as instructive novel called "Fabiola." We will take for instance the heroine of the story, the Lady Fabiola, to find out the things most indicative of her character and disposition as related to us by the gifted cardinal.

Fabiola is a perfect representation of the wealthy partician lady then to be found in Ancient Rome. Refined, elegant and cultured, she quite naturally directed her attention to all that was beautiful and costly, and surrounded herself with all the most exquisite and priceless treasures of art and furniture that could be procured in all parts of the civilized world. Her aesthetic faculty instinctively craved for the artistic in everything and she allowed nothing to stand between her and the attainment of an object on which she had once set her fancy.

She was a thorough pagan, or rather, one might say, she was of no religion at all. She outwardly followed the worship of the gods and other heathen rites, but in her heart she despised them with their accompanying superstitions and mockeries. Fabiola was too highly educated in the philosophies of the East, to give any credence to the vague and uncertain formalities of the imperial religion of Rome and consequently she relapsed into that

carefree state of one who believes nothing concerning the supernatural, nor feels herself bound in duty by any laws other than those of the community or country in which she lives. Of Christianity she knew and cared little or nothing, except that it was a sect of low, vulgar people who worshiped the devil and ate children. This seems to have been the general conception regarding the Christians at the time in which Fabiola lived and it is only natural to assume that she was, to a certain degree, imbued with the false notions then obtaining in Rome.

She seems to have been possessed of a great love for poetry and reading; for we often meet her, in the course of the story, examining some new classic of Virgil or Petrarch or studying some new system and theory of philosophy. Fabiola was, in fact, entirely taken up with the affairs of the world and as a consequence, was somewhat selfish and egotistic. Her manner was decidedly frigid, and she was to a certain extent possessed of that spirit of hypocrisy which seems to have prevailed among the ancient pagans. She was unquestionably a proud and haughty woman and was likewise vain and covetous of flattery. She rewarded her slaves and attendants in proportion to the compliments she received at their hands, but still, with all her faults, she retained a pagan sense of justice. This is shown by her action after she stabbed her slave Syra. Undoubtedly she was for the moment ashamed of herself for she gave Syra a valuable emerald ring in compensation, in order to quiet her conscience, and at the same time was visibly embarrassed when she discovered her cousin Agnes in the doorway watching the whole scene.

While enumerating Fabiola's faults and shortcomings, we must not lose sight of her virtues. There are good traits in everyone and these should not be overlooked in pointing out the bad ones nor should the latter be held up to typify the character of the individual under discussion. Hence let us examine the other side of Fabiola's character.

In the first place, we are somewhat surprised at finding her morals so pure and good. And we wonder how she, in the midst of so much vice and wickedness, managed to pass through it all unscathed. The only answer to this question, and I think the one that best suits it, is that Fabiola was endowed with a remarkably strong power of will, and she scorned as vulgar and low, the passions of the flesh. Then too, she is fair-minded and just, as is best demonstrated at the banquet scene in her conversation with Fulvius regarding the conduct of the Christians. She praises

Sebastian's noble sentiment when he answers the inquisitive Fulvius and unknowingly extricates him from what might have been a serious and compromising difficulty.

After this scene, we see something in the character of Fabiola which we would never expect to find there. One could scarcely believe that Fabiola, the cold, proud, disdainful Fabiola, would surrender to the influences of love. But here we see the first symptoms of this "disease" when she returns to her apartments and is left alone. Now as a rule, when persons are alone and left to themselves, they betray their true characters and "sail under their own colors" for a time. Thus it is with Fabiola. And no better opportunity for a study of her could be obtained than the one here presented. When she entered the room she tried to peruse a book which before this she had been reading with pleasure, but now she found no enjoyment whatever in it. Probably it was one of the popular novels of the day, but whatever it was, it did not satisfy that restless longing which seemed to have taken possession of her and finally she threw it from her and dropped into a spell of profound thought. Fabiola was evidently thinking of Sebastian. And she fell to comparing him with Fulvius. The former was a Roman soldier of manly and dignified bearing. Full of noble and high ideals, he had nothing but contempt and scorn for such a fawning parasite of society as Fulvius and showed himself to be above such low, debasing tricks as those employed by the latter to obtain his own ends.

All this and much more was revolving in the mind of Fabiola as she sat contemplating the events of the evening and she was fully competent to judge for herself the worth and value of each man. She admired in Sebastian what a woman admires most in any man; strength of character and force of intellect, and she saw at a glance the marked difference between the two men. Fabiola was no doubt very much sought for by the leading gentleman of the times. For a woman of her accomplishments could not fail to attract numerous admirers from the best circles of Roman society, but to all their suits for her hand she turned a deaf ear and took no pleasure in listening to their idle talk. What was there then about this quiet, stalwart, centurion that so attracted her attention which soon ripened into love? I think the answer lies in these words in which she expresses the thoughts uppermost in her mind. She says in part: "Oh, if he only felt towards me as others pretend to do." Then she relapses into a fit of melancholy which she is unable to shake off. The keynote of Sebas-

tian's character is expressed in one word, "Sincerity." This is why Fabiola loved him and this is why she was led to give voice to the words quoted above.

After this, our heroine is dropped from the story for some time and when we next meet her, it is in a place most becoming to and entirely in keeping with her nature. It is in the garden of her country villa. Surrounded by all the beauties of nature she is found occupied in that task in which she seemed to take the most delight, that of reading. Fabiola, being a deep thinker and a profound scholar, we must not be surprised to see her diving into the deep waters of a new system of philosophy. These people of the world were so bored with everything, their own existence included, that something new always came as a relief to the "ennui" from which they constantly suffered. Consequently then, Fabiola as a scholar must have hailed with delight that system which the faithful Syra tried to explain. This was the doctrine of Christianity; and in this passage of the Cardinal's, the thought is beautifully expressed and the reasoning clearly and simply drawn out and is in harmony with the quiet and peaceful subject. Fabiola does not yield to this new doctrine without a struggle and it would be folly to suppose that she should. At first she knows not what to think. All her former ideals are shattered, her beliefs are shaken, and it is only after a prolonged battle of minds and Christian deeds, and finally through the martyrdom of her cousin, St. Agnes, that the deeply rooted prejudices of years are conquered and overcome. Fabiola was as one groping in the dark with no glimmer of light to lead her into safety and no voice of encouragement to cheer her. In fact she was, as most converts are, afraid to come out into the brightness of the faith. Not that she did not possess the courage and necessary strength of purpose to turn, but merely because she still entertained doubts which must be cleared before such a step could be taken. A fierce battle was raging in her mind. She did not want to turn, yet her intellect recognized the truth of the new dogmas, for she remarked, "Yet it seems so true." She could not escape that fact and it followed her for many days and she knew no peace until she promised Agnes to become a Christian.

The conversion of Fabiola is inspiring and her conduct at the martyrdom of St. Agnes could come only from a noble and generous nature. The manner in which she received instruction for baptism as well as her preparations for that solemn rite, were most edifying and we cannot doubt that Fabiola was entirely changed

after this prominent period of her life. Indeed, the Fabiola in the beginning of the story is an altogether different person than the Fabiola at the close. The contrast is extremely vivid. The proud, disdainful nature of old is transformed by the alchemic influences of Catholicity into a humble, ardent follower of Christ; and the indifferentism and fatality of pagan philosophy is superseded by the pure, the peaceful, the glorious gospel of our Blessed Lord. Surely Cardinal Wiseman could not have taken a more splendid or more perfect theme for exposition than that developed in Fabiola.



THE DISCOVERY



J. A. LOWNEY, '11



URING the reign of the Emperor Domitian the second general persecution against the Christians broke forth in the greatest fury. Domitian thought that the glory of his reign should be written with the blood of Christians. He used all means and exerted every energy in every direction to bring those foolish Christians, as he was wont to style them, to their proper desserts if they obstinately refused to offer sacrifice to the gods. Satan certainly found in him a good advocate of his diabolical principles and seemed to have such hold on his mind that what was the most depraved and basest of vices, were to him, the sublimest and highest virtues. His natural suspicions gave him the greatest trouble in life, and made him one of the most wretched of men. To this we attribute an ever recurring fear of any one in the great body of the senate believing in the absurd practice of christianity. If there should be one found, he was sure to suffer the cruelest punishment, for the one who did not hesitate to put his relations to death, would undoubtedly subject such a one to horrible sufferings. But having no solid foundation to support such suspicions, these illusions were often dispelled when he brought in review the character and actions of each one in particular.

Out of this grand assembly, two especially, were admired for their discreet disposition and fidelity. It was because of these traits that Domitian was wont to confide to these two the secrets and best trusts of the state. In his estimation, Proculus was a serviceable Roman and worthy to occupy the distinguished position of Prefect of the city. In the past he gave abundant satisfaction in the different employments allotted him, and deserved, according to Pagan appreciation, to be raised to the above named office. But different indeed, did he appear before the eyes of Christians, a scoundrel of the blackest die, an apostate, and what is worse, a persecutor of the Mother Church who had cradled and nourished him when young. Yes, he once was a Christian, but having associated and moved with high Pagan society, he soon saw that their easy and false principles were less severe than the truthful laws of Christianity. He was now busy making preparations to execute to the very extreme whatever measure the edict decreed.

The other admired personage was Maurus, who enjoyed the privilege of being called the "Emperor's adviser." At court he was styled the man of inexplicable character, for there seemed to be some motor or secret power which moved and placed him in such a light as to demand respect and confidence. No wonder indeed, did he appear such, for from that very countenance beamed forth the rays of the Christian soul, that very head glowed with the fire of true love, that very mind dwelt in the purest and sublimest truths of the one Eternal God. Truly, he was admired for his kind disposition and fidelity, for they were founded on the strong foundation of love and truth. Up to the present he had served the Emperor without injury to his religion. But seeing the dark clouds of persecution rising in the horizon, he feared whether he would be able to continue his services any longer. Already the Edict was promulgated. It would be but a few days before the persecutor would take the field against the Christians and cause considerable effusion of blood. Nevertheless, he was willing to undergo the greatest torments rather than offend his mother, the Church. Maurus knew that Proculus was an apostate, but the latter knew nothing of the former's religion.

The home of Maurus stood in the southern part of Rome. It was an old mansion very plain without, neat and Christian-like within. Very few knew that such a house belonged to Maurus, and fewer still knew who were its inmates. The house had been turned over by Maurus to works of charity, especially

to that work which is characteristic of a hospital. Here his daughter and twenty-nine other women gave up their lives to this work of charity. It was Maurus' delight to visit this place and teach these noble women the many Christian virtues of which he was an exemplar. He truly was their consoler in sorrow, the bright sun that dispelled the dark clouds of pain.

Having finished his work unusually early one afternoon he decided to pay a visit to this southern mansion of charity as he was wont to think of it. The purpose of his visit was to break the news concerning the passing of the edict. Many thoughts entered his mind as to what way these servants of God would receive it, but he was inwardly consoled that whatever happened, they would remain fervent and constant to the end. Ushered into the hallway, whom did he see standing at the other end but his daughter. The moment she recognized the features she came toward her father, clasped his hand and kissed it. He soon perceived that something went wrong for the color of the face and the drooping head gave evidence of some internal trouble. "What is the trouble?" he asked.

"It is all over now," she said, her voice failing her, "the Prefect Proculus was here this morning, saw all, and surely is going to punish all. I am not fearful of torture, but oh—we will have to discontinue this most sweet work of Christ."

"What," said the father with amazement, "has this scoundrel discovered this to be a Christian abode? Who led him hither?"

"Dear father," the daughter replied, "I know not who showed him here, but somehow he learned that Regius, his sick friend, was treated here. The portress received him and ushered him into the room where his friend lay."

"Well," responded her father, "how did you know he was the Prefect of the city?"

"Why, he told Emiliania so when she opened the door for him. And she told me to take care because there was a distinguished Pagan in that sick room."

"Well, proceed with the tale," joined her father in an impatient tone.

"Yes," replied the daughter, "the most interesting part is yet to come. Well, to continue, some few minutes after our visitor arrived, I went into the room in order to return the dishes to the kitchen, whence I carried him his morning meal. But oh! when I reached over to gather them up, that crucifix, which before now seemed so hidden and fastened within the folds of my waist,

that crucifix which was given me at my confirmation and the one which you told me to wear always in commemoration of that glorious event, dropped upon the floor."

"And what then?" said the father in deep amazement and wonder.

"As soon as it dropped," continued the daughter, "the keen eyes of the Prefect were soon rivited upon the object. As soon as I picked it up, he demanded that I show it to him. By the tinge of color which now appeared in his face and by the glare in his eyes; I suspected that something had drawn back the dark curtains surrounding his mind and that he now saw the true meaning of the object before him. He put my precious object in his pocket and told me to proceed with my work. When I arrived at the kitchen, I related all to the community, and they were thrown into such consternation as you now see them."

"Indeed," broke out the father, "If you are able to continue your work tomorrow or the day after, you have much to rejoice in."

"Yes," responded the child, now weeping tenderly, "no doubt we shall all have the pleasure to see Christ within that time. And besides, father, the Prefect knows the name of each one here, for one day last May I sewed the crucifix in a case, for it was getting old and quite disfigured, and in that case I inserted the names of the community on a sheet of parchment, so as to have them close to my heart."

"This is all very strange, but as things have taken such a course, so let them continue."

By this time the little community had gathered around him for the purpose of hearing the strange news he brought about the passing of the edict and were assured that in a few days, there would be a great effusion of blood. Since such a discovery was made he admonished them that perhaps today or tomorrow, the Prefect would have them all put in prison, consequently making them the first concourse of victims of the coming persecution. Upon leaving he heard from the lips of each one words of fidelity, to remain constant to the end. He promised them a visit next morning and casting a look of wonderment at all he perceived, he took his leave and departed just as the sun was sinking to rest.

As he approached the palace steps, he met Proculus coming down, greatly elated at what he discovered.

"I have found," he broke out "a nest of those foolish Christ-

ians today. They live in an old mansion down there in the southern part of the city. I am going to have them all put in prison tomorrow afternoon and put to death Friday for their abominable practices."

"Well," responded Maurus, in somewhat of an undertone, "What proof have you that they are Christians?"

"Why! Wouldn't this superstitious object convince you that they are Christians? Of course you know nothing of their superstitions. But besides this, see this roll of names which I found with it and at the end see 'Servants in Christ.' Christ, you know, is their superstitious God, a very funny one indeed, who does not save his worshipers from death."

"Perhaps," broke in Maurus, "He permits them so suffer in order that they may prove their devotion to Him. You know Jupiter and Juno are very well pleased when men prove their faithfulness by sufferings."

"Yes, but our gods really exist; theirs exists only in theory. It is only their obstinate will and demented minds that makes them act thus."

"Well, if your mind is to see things in this manner no one can change it, and if you are satisfied with your day's work I am dissatisfied with mine. Many cares and hardships have burdened my mind and I have need of rest."

"Since such is your state," replied Proculus, permit me to wish you most joyous dreams and may the breeze of morning bring refreshment to your brow."

Maurus was glad indeed to get away from this apostate so easily. If he had pushed the conversation farther, Proculus might have made another great discovery. He went to rest early and was somewhat envious concerning the crowns his Servants in Christ would soon wear. He too, desired to suffer death with them, but the Deacon of his province admonished him to work in this, his disguise until God called him to His own. It was necessary that he should be spared, for, having such a high office, he could serve as a very useful instrument in the hands of the Christians to ascertain various results.

When the morning meal arrived, all sat down to partake of the sumptuous banquet set before them. Maurus ate but little and feigning sickness, begged leave of Domitian and retired to the couch in the principal room of the palace. The subject largely dwelt on was concerning the persecution and all had been invited very earnestly to witness the executions to be held tomorrow in

the Amphitheatre. Proculus was supped again and again for his enterprising deed and lauded as a defender of the divinity of the Emperors. Having eaten their full, all now proceeded to the principal room where they found Maurus stretched full length on the couch. Domitian tapped him on the shoulders and wakened him from a deep meditation, but from what Domitian would call a sleep. Maurus pleaded inability to perform the day's work so Domitian granted him leave of absence and told him to take a long walk which would put vim and vigor in his whole being. Maurus yielded to this, his plan proved successful and now he would be able to pay his visit without causing much suspicion.

He hurried to his mansion, for there were but a few remaining hours before the whole house would be confiscated and its inmates put in prison. When he arrived at the door he knocked with that old familiar knock and soon Emiliana was there to open and greet him in her usual kind way. She led him to their community room where all were excited and discussing what would become of the sick when they were taken away. Maurus assured them that the Prefect would attend to that. He also told them that before night they were to be enclosed within prison walls and on the next day suffer the most cruel torments before the rude and barbarous multitude. At the utterance of these words they all broke out in a canticle of joy and praise that God had so ordained that they should wear the crown of martyrdom for all eternity. Maurus joined with them and after it was over, spoke to his children these solemn and pathetic words, "Dear beloved ones, since God in His infinite mercy and goodness has prepared for you such glorious crowns in heaven, be not fearful of the threats of men, but going forth, meet death joyfully. And when upon the battlefield of your glory, do not forget in your saintly prayers this your humble servant and the servant of God. You particularly, Lucia, my noble daughter, pray for your then lonesome father and ask of God grace for him that he may do God's divine will all days of his life." After this short address he helped them to make the necessary preparations for the evacuation which would take place in the middle of the afternoon. He again admonished them to remain faithful to the end and being sincerely convinced of their fidelity, he drove away all fears. One shade of sorrow covered his mind because he did not possess this glorious opportunity of showing his constancy and fidelity to God. He expressed this desire to his happy daughter Lucia and she consoled him that God was too merciful

to forget him. After an exchange of good wishes and many blessings, Maurus with drooped head passed, for the last time from that house of the sweetest charity.

Some hours after his departure, Proculus with a band of soldiers marched up in front of the Christian hospital and called a halt. With a few of the guards he opened the door and reading the names of all the nurses, he commanded them to come out. In a few minutes thirty of Rome's fairest ladies were standing on the hospital porch, waiting to receive the orders of the Prefect to be taken to prison. Meanwhile, Proculus commanded a certain set of the soldiers to bear the sick away and turn the palace into a government arsenal. He now turned to the principal objects of his desire and ordered them all to be put under a jail warden's care. In a few minutes this latter had his charge placed in the public wagon and hauled off to one of the darkest dungeons of Rome. He had to do this for it was the Prefect's orders, but if he had the whole doing of it himself, he would let his captives free, for he himself, belonged to the same religion. He told this to Lucia when they arrived at the prison and told her he could have, if they desired, the Blessed Sacrament brought by a priest of the province the next morning. They all responded that they did not only desire this, but that they had prayed earnestly for it. Although the prison was dark and dismal, their hearts were filled with an overflowing of Divine Light. They spent the night in hymns of praise and thanksgiving and prepared to receive for the last time on earth, their Heavenly spouse. At early dawn the longed for and welcomed priest was admitted, accompanied by the jail warden. A few preparatory words of consolation dropped from the mouth of the priest and afterwards the Lord of Eternal Light was received by them in one of the darkest caverns of the Eternal City.

A few hours afterwards another event took place, one very different and dissimilar in purpose and effects to those of the forenoon. Proculus, accompanied with many other judicial dignitaries, was ushered into the dungeons in a solemn and haughty manner. The purpose of the visit was to dissuade these women from their foolish act. Having advanced all sorts of arguments and promised several engagements, they were defeated and left, deeply angered at their futile attempt. Proculus in the name of all the gods of Rome, threatened them with the severest chastisements, but they in and by the name of their Eternal God, accepted all that human hand could attempt.

The sun had now fairly risen above the horizon, the sky gave evidence of an exceptionally fine November day, the feathered songsters chanted sweet carols and the Roman populace were surging in great numbers to the amphitheatre. The wild animals howled and whined in their cages for want of food. Now and then the cheers of this vast multitude could be heard many blocks away and from this, one could judge that a gladiator had gained or was on the verge of drawing a victory. As these contests were drawing to a close, the eyes of this vast multitude was turned toward the southern gate, through which the Christians were led to death. But lo! What is that noise coming from the east? It sounds like the noise of many easterners singing their various martial songs. But no, it is the Emperor, escorted by a large retinue of slaves and chimers, singing heathen hymns to appease their gods for injuries given them by the Christians because they refuse to offer incense.

After Domitian was seated on his throne in the amphitheatre, the long line of senators made their appearance. One alone was missing from those conscript fathers, and one very well known to us. It was Maurus. The cause of his absence was that he obtained from Domitian the permission to lead the Christians to their fate. This was an employment coveted by many of the officials, because the populace recognized such a one, after the judge, as a "just appeaser" of the gods since there rested on him the duty of seeing that these "foolish idolators" suffered very justly for the injuries offered. But this was not Maurus' purpose when he asked to perform this office, though it appeared so to Domitian when he granted it. No, Maurus desired it, because he wanted to stand by his little community to the very end; he wanted to admonish and advise them if it became necessary. Some minutes after Domitian had taken his seat, surrounded by the senatorial throng, sweet flowing music rose in the south and swept in upon this great concourse, soothing and charming its hearts as a vesper zephyr soothes and cools the feverish brow. The sweet tune captivated their hearts and restored nearly absolute silence. But when the great southern gate swung open on its heavy, bronze hinges, and when thirty beautiful young ladies, clad in white, stepped in upon the battle field of glory, this peaceful sea of humanity soon broke forth into a seething, hissing storm of derision. Soon after this torrent of blasphemy and ridicule had subsided, it again rose in praise and exultation before Maurus the great, "Appeaser of the gods." Instead of feeling any sentiment of elation of their

vain praise, his soul sank in dejection because he thought himself a hypocrite appearing before men as the great "appeaser" whereas, he was truly the great "displeaser of the Pagan gods." Meanwhile, many were the words of advice, courage and prayer interchanged among this blissful group. Maurus discharged his duty faithfully, Christianly and manly; he was very confident that all would be crowned with glory for their constancy and faithfulness.

The time had now arrived for the principle executions, so the ranks of the little community were soon thinned by the savage punishment dealt out to each one in her turn. There now remained Emiliana, the portress, and Lucia, the daughter of Maurus. These two were anxious for the end, for they saw in spirit the rest of their glorious band waving in their hands, the palms of triumph and wearing on their brows crowns of glory. Truly did they yearn for the moment when they were to be set free from this prison of misery and be transported to those realms of bliss. Emiliana's turn had come, for Maurus motioned for her to step forward to the spot where the Emperor desired her to stand. In a few minutes a lion sprang upon the tender victim, and soon she too, had joined her beloved companions in glory. All eyes were now centered on the graceful, but unknown daughter of Maurus. Her beautiful face now beamed forth in the glory which awaited her, her long golden curls fell loosely, but gracefully, some resting upon her delicate shoulders; in a word, her whole person seemed to win the multitude over to her. They hoped that the sufferings of her companions would weaken her in the resolution, but to their amazement, she had grown stronger therein. Maurus accompanied her to the spot where he led the others and in order that his daughter might show her constancy to the multitude, broke forth in these words: "Would you most beautiful one, offer insense to the gods?" The multitude expected the answer in the affirmative, but to their amazement, her clear, attractive and melodious voice was heard, from end to end in that vast amphitheatre, to utter these sublime words of prayer, "My God, I thank thee from the inmost recesses of my heart for the grace which you are about to bestow on me. May I use it to please Thee and none other. One favor I ask of Thee, O Heavenly Father, is that you be merciful to my Christian father who stands by my side in this precious hour of glory. May he fulfill your divine will in all that concerns him and may the effulgence of thy glory halo his brow."

These words touched the father's heart and he now felt bub-

bling up in his soul new motions of grace he had never felt before. The glittering crown of martyrdom seemed to be coming down from heaven to settle on his head. Yes, this scene was too pathetic for so tender a heart, too solemn for so noble a man.

He cried out, "My daughter, my glorious daughter, may your glory be my happiness, may your martyrdom be my strength," so saying, he embraced her.

At this moment an infuriated tiger was set loose and came prancing across the arena. He saw these two living beings, but paid more attention to the bones of the holy ladies who had met their doom. Domitian, too saw the state of danger to which Maurus was exposed and he cried out to Proculus, "Proculus! In and save my Maurus!" This command had to be repeated a second time before Proculus fully awoke to the dangerous task put upon him. He reached over to take a javelin, to serve rather as a means of protection to himself than to Domitian's trusted friend. In a few minutes Proculus had succeeded in gaining the gate which led from the imperial balcony to the arena. Meanwhile, the tiger was very much taken up in devouring the strewn bones of the martyrs and Domitian, as well as the whole concourse, hoped that such an excellent man as Maurus would never consent to acknowledge this superstitious practice of the Christians. Although he showed such inclinations that way just a few minutes before Domitian thought that the glory of the state had more attraction for him than the folly of the Christians, yet this occasion aroused his curiosity to an intense degree.

Proculus had now advanced a few hundred feet toward Maurus, when to his amazement he saw two more angered tigers let loose for the first seemed to be satisfied with the food of the strewn bones. Proculus broke forth in these forcible words: "O Maurus, in the name of the Imperial Divinity, fly the dangerous situation into which you are thrown." But when Maurus saw these two tigers approaching, he flew to the assistance of his daughter, who was too tender, he thought, to be made the food of these two animals. The strong and sinewy father grabbed his daughter in his arms and stood there in defiance against these vicious brutes. When Domitian saw the climax to which things had arisen he broke forth in these accents of terror, "Proculus, advance and save my Maurus, if you do not wish to lose your head!" These words terrorized Proculus and drove from his heart a great deal of fear. He walked cautiously toward the center of the arena, the place where our two Christians were so encom-

passed with danger. When within a few yards of the couple, the older and larger tiger sprang at the bosom of the father upon which rested the head of his daughter. The blow was fatal for the teeth of that animal had sunken in the throat of the fair one. Her soul had departed in a happy flight to the realms of bliss above. The father tried to drive away the tiger, which now had fairly succeeded in tearing the corpse of the daughter from his arms. But in doing this he excited the anger of the younger tiger and he in his excitement sprang at the throat of Maurus and knocked him to the ground. In the scuffle between man and beast, Maurus was heard to say, "I am happy that I die a Christian." The multitude hissed to Proculus to drive off the beast with a blow of his javelin. The Prefect raised the weapon and dashed it through the skull of the tiger and through the throat of the man whom he was supposed to save. At this moment the third tiger had been excited by the cries and hisses of the concourse. Just as Proculus had hurled the javelin this infuriated beast came up from behind and sprang at the throat of the Prefect. In a moment all was over. Three had been killed by the tigers, two were blessed with the crown of constancy and martyrdom, the other, the apostate fell a victim to the same beast which a few minutes before was eating the bones of those fair women whom he ordered to death.

CONSOLATION.

J. Cosgrove, '12.

Few pause to consider the changes
That long weary years might have wrought;
How the years passing by might have ruined us,
But instead many blessings have brought.

When the clouds passing o'er seemed the darkest
When the storms overswept all the sea
When the hours of your life seemed the saddest,
There was One who still watched over thee.

In this valley of trial and of sorrow,
In this world of affliction and grief,
There is One who will always console you
If in trouble you ask for relief.



Our Bardic Choir



A. M. D. G.

An awe struck hush o'er the earth is spread
And the twilight murmurs die,
While the starry bands of the night queen tread
Their limitless realms on high;
And the silent ear of my dream heart hears
Floating down to the dewy sod,
The echoing song of the silver spheres
"To the greater glory of God."

Oh bend thou low unto nature's scorn,
Self worshipping heart of mine!
Oh veil thy forehead, thou ingrate, born
To lead in the hymn divine!
Ay, bend thou low to the ruthless stroke
Of nature's—Nemesis—rod.
Thou wert, mute, when the glorious pean woke
"To the greater glory of God."

Forgive and this wayward heart of mine then teach
O nature's carolling throng!
And bid its lowlier echoes reach
The tones of your lofty song.
With the lark's notes ringing in the skies
And the bee's song on the sod,
Oh let its carol harmonious rise
"To the greater glory of God."

With the sunlight radiance let it shine,
With the moonbeam brightness glow;
Be its glory won from the source divine,
And mirrored on earth below.
When night shall wave o'er day beams fair
Her drear and darkening rod,
Be still the gleam of its starlight there;
"To the greater glory of God."

And when the unending day shall fling
Its light o'er the crystal sea,
And the aisles of the endless ages ring
With the song of the countless free;
O'er the broad expanse of the kingdom fair,
By the pure and the ransomed trod,
Its voice in the echoing strain shall share
"To the greater glory of God."

G. M.

THOUGHTS.

J. A. Williams, '10.

When the summer day is dying
And the sun fades o'er the lea,
Then my heart is ever turning
To my home beyond the sea.

Then my mind will often ponder
On my joyous boyhood days;
And my spirit sadly muses
On the setting sun's bright rays.

When the winter sun is setting
And the day prepares to die;
Then my thoughts are ever turning
To my home beyond the sky.

And my mind is fixed on Heaven
On the pleasures of the blest;
And my spirit longs to linger
In the sacred realms of rest.

SPRING REVERIES.

The clear sweet notes of the woodland choirs
Which float on the springtime air,
Suggest some thoughts of holy souls
Chanting their matin prayer.

THE VIATORIAN

The bubbling brook as it rushes on
 Seeking the ocean's crest;
 Recalls those streams of joy and love
 Which gushed from the youthful breast.

The gentle rain that softly falls
 Upon the peeping flower,
 Recalls those tears of childish years,
 Which flowed in trouble's hour.

W. J. S.

 ◆
 EASTER LILIES.

The Easter bells were ringing
 So soft and sweet and low;
 And the blithesome bird's sweet carols
 Seemed with joy to overflow.

And as I saw the lily clusters
 With cups of fairy gold,
 They recalled a childhood legend
 That our nuns at school had told.

They said when Christ to Calvary
 His saddened steps had bent,
 The crimson blood drops from his brow
 Were on his clothes besprent.

And then they trickled downward
 Upon the hallowed ground,
 And in the Savior's footprints
 A vase celestial found.

And then on Easter morning,
 Like gem for kingly crown,
 Stood a beautiful Easter lily
 Where each crimson drop fell down.

V. C.



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EDITORIALS.

A common sight in nearly every hamlet, village and town, is the nickelodeon, dispensing its share of impossible scenes and throbbing with the impulse of its supply of canned drama. With their tuneful dazzle and the lure of the wonderful scenes and thrilling stories displayed within, they cause the small coins fairly to leap into the cashier's office. Whatever the consensus of opinion is on this form of amusement it is well known that thousands of people are acquiring their philosophy and romance, if not their religion, from the cheap playhouses. Filled with interest to those entangled in its web, the nickelodeon, like the spider, is holding its patrons in a position that may be dangerous, for wherever interest is had, there begins effective education, good or bad. Consider the mental suggestion offered by the nickel shows. Consider the power for good or bad that they emit. It must then be self evident that there should be public censorship exercised in order that this power may be raised or curbed. If the censorship is given, then we need not worry, the nickelodeon may then run out its films and torture the placid evening air with any amount of phonographic harmony or discord.

An important feature of all contests, a feature which cannot be disregarded without sufficient and good reasons, is that of the gate receipts. While the ultimate end of any sport is, and should be healthful amusement, gate receipts necessarily demand some attention for it is an obvious fact that a sport cannot be continually indulged in without prospects of some reward.

Gate Receipts.

Not only in athletics is the "wherewith" needed. The same demand is found in nearly every branch of human activity. All of us are now engaged in a more or less serious preparation for the battle of the after years, a battle in which there is something of the survival of the fittest. It behooves us, therefore, to prepare ourselves painstakingly and with confidence, so that when the supreme moment is at hand, the moment when education and culture will dominate, we will be on hand to demand our earned rewards. The greater our efforts now, the greater will be the receipts then.

PERSONS AND PLACES.

Ordination.

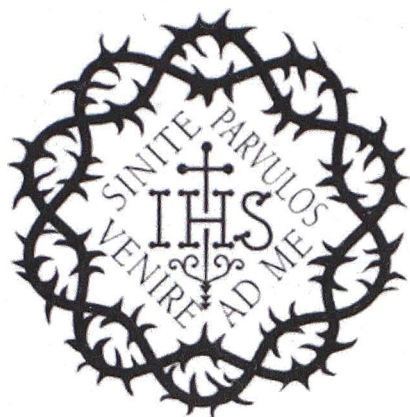
As each succeeding year rolls around St. Viateur's swells the ranks of that band of heroes—the priests of God. She loves to give her sons to so noble a cause and when these sons have left her fostering hand in tender infancy, have received her every attention in mature manhood she feels certain that they will do God's holy work manfully and the deeds of the son will but mirror the greatness of the mother.

James Hayden and Edmund Burke, who were elevated to the priesthood on March 27, are two such sons and St. Viateur's is proud of her children. Both these young men came to their Alma Mater when mere boys. They have grown up together and year after year without interruption have sat side by side in the classroom, sources of mutual edification, and examples to each other of diligence and industry. They formed a college friendship which reminds one of the close bond of friendship that existed between Basil and Gregory when making their course at Athens. And as it was said of them that they knew no other way but that leading to the church or lecture room, we feel we are not saying too much when we say the same of Father Burke and Father Hayden.

Father Hayden sang his first mass at the church of his bap-



WILLIAM J. MAHER, A. B. '04, A. M. '06.



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tism in Wilmington. Father John Hayden was deacon and Father Pilon of the seminary department acted as sub-deacon. Father O'Mahoney, president of St. Viateur's, preached an eloquent and forceful sermon on the priesthood. A number of students from the college assisted at Father Hayden's first mass to attest their esteem for their fellow collegian.

Father Burke celebrated his first mass at the church of the Annunciation, Chicago, Ill. Rev. J. L. Kelley served as deacon and Rev. M. J. Breen C.S.V. was sub-deacon. An eloquent sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Jas. Fogarty of Fall River, Mass.

College students also as a mark of appreciation for their college companion attended Father Burke's first mass.

After a short rest of a few days both priests paid a visit to the college where they were received with demonstrations of joy and gladness. Both tarried awhile at Alma Mater as if loath to depart from the scenes of their studies.

Father Hayden has been permanently placed at St. Charles, Chicago, while Father Burke is stationed temporarily at the Annunciation.

We wish these young Levites every success and good fortune in the paths they have chosen, and we hope also to welcome them as visitors from time to time to talk over happy times gone by.

The departure of M. H. Bassett to another field, inflicts a severe loss upon the journalism of Illinois. For several years Mr. Bassett filled the capacities of manager and editor of the Kankakee Republican and during that time the Republican became a powerful factor for good in Kankakee and adjoining territories. Mr. Bassett never lost sight of the dignity of the press and its mission among the people. When a good cause needed assistance, Mr. Bassett was among the first to aid it and he put all the forces at his command to advance it. As an editorial writer his style was that of the philosopher and literateur. To every problem, whether social or political, that met the people's interest, he gave a keen analysis, exposing the causes, tendencies and results. There was a peculiar crispness about his lines that made whatever he wrote readable to the man of business as well as to the man of books. We regret to see him leave, but our loss is another's gain.

At an anniversary celebration of the Knights of Columbus held recently in Chicago, William J. Maher, '04, was chosen as the

representative speaker for the De La Salle council. The Columbian characterizes his discourse on patriotism as brilliant and eloquent and devotes fully three columns to passages from his speech. He is now a member of the law firm of Burton, Kannalley & Maher.

Two prominent speakers at the Jefferson dinner, given by the Iroquois club in Chicago, were James G. Condon and Prof Starr. Both made appeals for the return of Democracy to the teachings of Jefferson. Mr. Condon spoke on the libel suit brought by Mr. Roosevelt against certain editors. He denounced the effort to have the editors tried in Washington, recalling the resolutions introduced into the continental congress by Jefferson to the effect that no citizen should be taken to England for trial where sentiment might be against the defendant. He said the principle is the same today.

Early in March ground was broken for the new Notre Dame academy at Bourbonnais, Ill. The academy will be modern in every detail. It will be a four story structure built of brick, with stone trimmings, at a cost of \$85,000. The Sisters expect to have it ready for occupancy next September.

Charles T. Knisley of the firm of Knisley Bros., roofers, is making an extensive tour of Europe. We wish our old student "bon voyage."

Recent donations to the library are a thirty-two volume set of science books from Rev. J. G. Liebert, Canton, Ill., five volume set of French classics from Miss M. Beaudoin, Bourbonnais, several volumes of fiction from Mrs. F. Mang, Kankakee, Ill.; Rollins History and several volumes of Brounson's works from Miss Margaret Myers, Chicago, Ill.

The old boys will be pleased to hear that Thomas Carson was recently elected Grand Knight of the Decatur council at Decatur, Ill. The Viatorian extends congratulations.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

March the 17th has always been a red letter day in our college calendar and the students each year do their utmost to send this day down to history marked with their special endeavors in



THOMAS CARSON,
Grand Knight, Decatur Council, Knights of Columbus.



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the line of entertainment and song. The day passed this year with much credit, due alike to zealous instructors and willing students.

The day was opened with the celebration of Solemn Pontifical High Mass, sung by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris; Rev. W. J. Clifford, C.S.V., acted as deacon, Rev. Jas. Hayden, sub-deacon, Bro. Moisant, master of ceremonies. The sanctuary was filled with white robed acolytes. Bro. Roche had trained his choir of voices for the occasion and they rendered Gounod's Kyrie, La Hache's Credo, Gounod's Sanctus and Agnes Dei in faultless style.

On any of these occasions of special remembrance the faculty have sought to procure one of the old students to deliver the sermon. This year their selection fell upon Rev. W. J. Cleary of Rock Island, Ill., who recently was ordained from St. Viateur's. His discourse was a eulogy on the Irish race. He showed how in spite of persecution the Irish advanced materially, as well as intellectually and that in the midst of their progress the fire of faith glowed strong within them. He mentioned in particular the great achievements of the Irish race in the field of oratory. His manner of delivery was most pleasing and he held the attention of the boys in an especial manner, for he frequently addressed himself directly to them.

After dinner the guests became anxious for it was rumored that the Columbian Guards made up from the Minim department were to give an exhibition drill. By this time the Minim squad had gained more than local fame, consequently expectation was at its highest and judging from the rounds of applause that came from the spectators it is safe to say that the drilling of the squad met the expectations of all and even soared above the expectations of many. The quickness, the dispatch, the grace with which these youngsters executed their difficult and intricate movements held the onlookers in amazement.

It is customary on this festive day to entertain the guests also by a play given by the thespians. This year the Senior class took up the task of presenting a play, and in a very creditable manner, played Shaun Aroon. Lack of space prevents us from enlarging on the splendid work accomplished by the class on this day.

Following is the cast of characters:

Shaun Aroon, a roving fellow with a light purse and a lighter heart.....	E. Stack, '09
Lord Fermoy (disguised as Bad Andy) a good-hearted landlord.....	A. E. O'Connell, '09

Fergus Riordan, Fermoy's rascally agent.....	F. W. Shippy, '09
Dan O'Grady, a sturdy old farmer.....	J. W. Maguire, '09
Tom O'Grady his son.....	P. Berry, '12
Old Hennings, a money lender.....	W. Carroll, '09
Nipper, a detective.....	F. W. Cleary, '11
Patrick, a servant.....	Dan Boyle, '10
Mrs. O'Grady, Dan's wife.....	H. A. Darche, '09
Molly, his daughter.....	I. Rice, '12
Maggie, a maid servant.....	R. Shannon, '10

We cannot close this account of the day without mentioning the splendid work of the band. A few months ago there was no such a thing as a band at St. Viateur's. Indeed, there lay in a heap in the music room a dozen or more old, twisted and verdigrised instruments, the only remains of a band that existed some eight years ago. By dint of hard work, real personal effort, with the co-operation of a few, Bro. Sheridan by giving plays and entertainments gathered enough money to have all these old instruments put in first-class condition. His real work was to commence here, where he was to compel music from these newly burnished horns. None of the old talent was left and besides all are not over anxious to play in the band and you can't get members for the mere asking. Nothing daunted, Bro. Sheridan found willing men, and though for the first few weeks the sounds that escaped through the music room window were harsh and discordant, still by patient practice and infinite pains, he changed this crudeness into a high degree of harmony. At each appearance the improvement of the band is perceived. Now every Saturday night the students listen to a band concert while before the time hung heavy on their hands. Now, too, the college team is urged on to victory by the serenading of the band, and at the change of innings the grandstand instead of looking in blank stare out into the fields, or observing the flights of wild geese, sits and listens to a splendid rendition of all the late songs.

OBITUARY.

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

John Kinsella, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph Lawlor, Manhattan, Ill.

Jacob Marx, Chicago, Ill.

Mary A. McShane, Chicago, Ill.

Gertrude Kowalewski, Chicago, Ill.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call to himself the fathers of our esteemed classmates Cyrillius Marx and Edward Lawlor, be it Resolved, That we, the members of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society extend our heartfelt sympathy both to our classmates and their bereaved families.

Be it further Resolved, That a copy be sent to their families and another published in the Viatorian.

St. Patrick's Society of St. Viator's College.

President, D. Lonergan.

Vice-President, H. Tolbert.

Secretary, L. P. Knoerzer.

Sergeant at Arms, L. Wall.

Librarian, J. Meany.

Moderator, F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V.

SOCIETIES.

The classes now constituting St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society give evidence of interesting and instructive sessions to be held in the society hall. The officers of the society are Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., Moderator; D. Lonergan, President; H. Tolbert, Vice-President; L. P. Knoerzer, Secretary; L. Wall, Sergeant at Arms; J. Meany, Librarian.



It has not been our policy to be busy about the imperfections of other college journals, but rather to note the good in them and help a little in the way of encouragement. However, when we see a college paper containing such glaring passages of ignorance as were to be found in the **Hedding Graphic** for March in the article under the title "Customs in Mexico," we cannot but wonder at the gross ignorance of some people. The **Hedding Graphic** has always been considered in our sanctum as a literary joke and its

value so much below par that we wondered why Uncle Sam did not make smaller stamps with which such trash might be carried through the mails. It was, however, looked upon as being quite harmless, hence, its monthly visits—for it is as punctual in reappearance as a patent medicine circular—were but coldly received and it has been relegated to the waste basket without even being opened. But last month for some reason or other it was opened by mistake and was under perusal just long enough for it to display the prejudice and bigotry to be found in the columns of the above named essay (pardon us for calling it an essay), but we can find no term to suit the wretchedness of the thing. Anyone who in this enlightened age of science and learning has the brass to make such bold-faced lying, assertions as Mr. Luther Sawyer made in the **Hedding Graphic**, is either deplorably ignorant or venomously bigoted. For instance; he says that “the religious customs (of Mexico) were most crude and barbarous because of the **restricted** state in which Catholicity has kept the country ever since planted there by the Spaniards. On St. Judas’ day they burn images of Judas, etc.” Now in the light of reason and intelligence where did you get such ideas? You must be gifted with a stupendous amount of imagination and bigotry to utter such an assertion as that. For your proof you profess to have seen these things with your own eyes and to have lived among the people. That is nothing else than an assertion and your veracity is not worth much. Give us facts. Produce facts of the Catholic church keeping any one or anything except evil in a “restricted state” in any age. When and where was a day set apart “by the priests” for “St. Judas?” The name itself excludes the possibility of saint. The saints were men and women who led holy lives and were canonized by the church as the friends of God. How then could an unrepentant archtraitor like Judas who betrayed his own Lord and Master, the son of God, be imagined by any manner of means to be enjoying the bliss and felicitations of the holy saints of God? There is, however, a saint whose martyrdom the church celebrates in the course of the Christian year. That is St. Jude. Not Judas, but Jude. Hence it would be called St. Jude’s day and not “St Judas’” day. You had better wear spectacles Mr. Luther Sawyer. When one’s eyes play such tricks as that, they need attending to at once. And as your ears probably misinformed you concerning your alleged priest collecting money from the statue of a saint, you had better see an ear specialist. Your throat seems to be all right for you “swallow” all the trash you get. You



M. H. BASSETT

*Who Recently Disposed of His Interest in the Kankakee Daily
Republican and is Now Located at Tulsa, Oklahoma,
Where He Will Establish a New Daily Paper.*



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say that the object of the priests is to obtain all the money they can from their poor parishioners. If the people are poor, how can the priests obtain money from them? No one can give what he has not. And then, too, how is it that the people will remain Catholics when they are priest-ridden and when money is being extorted from them? They have free wills, no one compels them to be Catholics; why don't they break away? It is because the priests do no such thing. They **don't** squeeze money from them. They **don't** suppress them. If the Catholic-church tried any such tactics as you allege in your scurrilous article, her two hundred and twenty million followers would leave her at once. And when you say that her priests are grasping and avaricious, you not only give utterance to rank bigotry and a vile canard, but you **insult** and dishonor the thousands of holy men of clean Christian lives who constitute her clergy. When the people drop on their knees, when the priest is passing on visits to the sick it is to adore God himself whom the priest carries in the sacrament of the Eucharist. The church doors are left open that the faithful may enter at any time of the day to adore their God and pour forth their souls in prayer. And when men pass the church and raise their hats they don't tip them to the place where the priest lives, but to our Blessed Lord dwelling in the Tabernacle of the altar. Men have grown gray refuting these calumnies against the Catholic church and have spent their lives explaining her true doctrine of love and charity. Wise men listen and are made happy by her teachings. Fools scoff and listen not to her words of wisdom and truth, but go their way, pleased with the vaporings of their own deluded brains and turning their backs on salvation and goodness, go down into destruction with the laugh of the idiot.





Athletic Notes



"April showers bring May flowers." This is a saying which is common to all, but our budding youngsters would rather have the showers wait until after June 19 or thereabouts, as there is very little chance to play ball, and watch the flowers grow, but anyhow, I think we "hung one" on the rainy April days and got in quite a bit of pre-season practice between raris, as the team sure showed "class" in the opener.

The team for the year as picked by the coach is as follows: In the catching department "Lou" Bachant will wield the big mit in the same grand style of the previous years. On the mound we will have Captain Ed. Stack, the old standby, who has twirled many a brilliant game for the varsity. Ben Shiel will serve the benders as in former years, and watch his smoke. "Lefty" Coss, the youngster who opened the season in such grand style, will also work in turn. O'Connell, the star first sacker of '07-'08, will again take charge of the initial sack. At second, "Boa" Berry will take care of the hot ones, and is bound to shine. At third base, Nourie, the former Roy Hall third sacker will be seen. McCarthy, last year's third sacker will be shifted to short, where he shows the same speed and class. In the outfields, Conway, the fleet footed, will take charge of the left garden. In center, "Pat" Legris will appear again. In right, the three pitchers will alternate. The utility work will be taken charge of by Colbert a regular "Isabel" although "Red" is not as old.

The schedule is as follows:

- April 17—Armour Institute at Bergin Field.
- April 18, 19, 20, 21—Bradley Trolley League at Bergin Field.
- April 22—Lake Forest at Lake Forest.
- April 23—Armour Institute at Chicago.
- April 24—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.
- April 29—Beloit at Bergin Field.
- May 8—DePaul University at Bergin Field.
- May 10—Bradley "Poly" at Peoria.
- May 11—Illinois "Wesleyan" at Bloomington, Ill.
- May 13—St. Ignatius at Bergin Field.
- May 15—DePaul at Chicago.
- May 18—Rose "Poly" at Bergin Field.

- May 22—Michigan "Aggies" at Bergin Field.
- May 24—Bradley "Poly" at Bergin Field.
- May 25—Lake Forest at Bergin Field.
- May 27—Illinois "Wesleyan" at Bergin Field.
- May 30—Commodore Barry K. of C. at Bergin Field.
- May 31—Spalding Institute at Bergin Field.
- June 2—Marquette at Bergin Field.
- June 5—Culver at Culver.
- June 9—Marquette at Milwaukee.
- June 10—Michigan "Aggies" at Lansing.
- June 11—Detroit College at Detroit.
- June 14—Annual Alumni game at Bergin Field.

St. Viateur 4; Armour 1.

Station number one passed and we are on the road to another championship. In accordance with past custom in the opening game, St. Viateur's doughty bunch of pellet tossers started their season with a win, incidentally relegating Armour "Tech" to the onion patch. The score was 4 to 1. We might add, "enough said," but the feat was accomplished by a new luminary in the local galaxy of twirling stars, Coss showing himself to be a reliable understudy to "Big Ed." and Ben Shiel with whose renown the western college world has more than once been made acquainted. Three hits was the total of Armour's endeavor and as a result they were never in the hunt. Their succession of goose-eggs should have been continued, but luck was with them, and a shutout was narrowly averted. The game was on, when Coss started his left arm in motion. In the first inning three members of some wind mill aggregation were sent to the bench on ten pitched balls. The good work was continued in the second, all near hits being quickly grabbed by the stone-wall infield. We started our heavy artillery here, but O'Connell was left at third. In the third Armour's story was repeated with slight variations. With one down in this inning, Conway started the cogs running, and the old machine was found to be in perfect order. A slashing single over second starting the fun. Second was accomplished by a neat ladrone stunt. McCarthy drove one at Ahren, who bobbled, Conway going home and McCarthy landing at first. O'Connell ended with a long drive to right, but Jens was there when the ball descended. The next three innings were jejune for Armour. In the latter section of the sixth Berry poled a single to left, going to third when Nourie hit to Taylor, a bobble resulted and both

were safe. Bachant smote the ball to right, Jens muffing and discrediting himself with a two base error, both Berry and Nourie scoring. A base on balls and two hits scored Armour's only tally, Conway stopping the runners on a long running catch. In the seventh the last score was made when McCarthy singled to right and stole second. Berry sent him clattering home on a pretty double to left. Armour ended in a blaze of glory, retiring our last three batters on strikes. The work of the entire local team deserves mention, but particular stunts were the hits of Legris and Berry and the brilliant fielding of Berry and Conway. The work of the battery deserves especial comment, as does the fielding of Ahren, Armour's classy short fielder. The score:

Armour (1)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	St. Viateur	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ahern, s.s.....	3	0	0	3	1	1	Conway, l.f.....	5	1	1	6	0	0
Smith, Capt. c.....	4	0	0	9	1	0	Stack, Capt. r.f.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Daly, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	McCarthy, s.s.....	4	1	1	0	1	0
McAuley, 1b.....	4	0	1	6	0	0	O'Connell, 1b.....	4	0	1	4	0	1
DeSilva, l.f.....	3	1	1	1	0	1	Berry, 2b.....	4	0	2	2	1	0
Neistadt, 2b.....	4	0	0	2	0	0	Nourie, 3b.....	1	1	0	0	0	0
Jens, r.f.....	4	0	1	3	0	1	Legriz, c.f.....	2	0	1	2	0	0
Dreffein, 3.b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	Bachant, c.....	4	0	0	9	0	0
Taylor, p.....	3	0	0	0	2	1	Coss, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
							Shiel, c.f.....	2	1	0	1	0	0
							Colbert, s.s.....	0	0	0	0	0	1
Total	31	1	3	24	5	6	Total	34	4	6	27	3	2

Armour

H—0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1
 R—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—I
 H—0 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 *
 R—0 0 1 0 0 2 1 0 *—4

St. Viateur

Two base hits—Legriz, Berry. Struck out—by Coss, 8; by Taylor, 8. Bases on balls—off Coss, 3; off Taylor 3. Stolen bases—Ahern, Conway, Stack, McCarthy (2), O'Connell, Nourie. Sacrifice hits—Legriz. Time of game 2:00 hours. Umpire, Mr. Myers, Chicago. Date, April 17, 1909.

As we are in press the varsity is battling on foreign grounds. Lake Forest U., Armour "Tech." and Notre Dame being met on successive dates. The next home game is on April 29, when Beloit battles. We wish the squad "good luck on its journey."

The Roy Hallers under the able direction of the coach are gradually rounding into form. It is evident that the "Hall Room" boys will have as speedy and heady a bunch as last year. Games are being arranged by the manager with Union Hill, Ca-

bery, Chatsworth, Dwight, Sheldon, Danforth, Loda, Momence, Clifton,, Manteno and other surrounding towns.

Manager Cosgrove has issued a call for his Butterflies to report, so they will be able to open up the season about June 1.

The Orioles were organized on April 18, and are being coached by Manager Wall. "Mike" Butts' team, a team composed of "Semi Pros" who are barred from the varsity, seems to have taken a brace and are now playing gilt edge ball. To date they have won one and lost eighteen, but one consolation is that most all games were won by one or (more) points.

The Rooters' association met on April 5, and elected F. Shippy cheer leader and we are sure that "Unser Fritz" will try and give a good account of his stewardship. His 18th nickname is "Creator."

MINIMS.

The midgets opened up their season by defeating the Central school of Kankakee by the score of 8 to 1, and showed their old time class, speed and head work. The team this year is comprised of catcher, J. Boyle; pitchers, Ralston, Otrowski; first base, Kahiler; second base, Tiffany; short stop, Lynch; third base St. Pierre; left field, Jacobi; right field Ralston, Ortowski; center field, Magee, Hamil.



LOCALS.

—Tin can.

—Oh you kid!

—Pike the new Easter bonnet.

—Bo.—Did you vote?

—Dick.—No I smoked.

—No, Pop didn't get elected.

—Steve.—What's your hurry?

Hopeful.—Why, can't you see I'm running for office?

Wedge.—Any chance of a berth with the team?

Mgr.—No; we don't carry sleepers.

—Billy (in store).—Do you keep licorice?

Candyman.—With or without?—Ca-chew!

—Now which shall it be, baseball or Kirley days?

Voice from the future.—Kelly weather.

—Steve.—I'm so tired of living.

Fred.—How's that?

Steve.—Why you know, alone.

—Don't be frightened, that carload of slippery elm is only for Eddie's spitter.

—Roomer.—Doctor, I have an awful fever.

Dr.—Yes, spring fever.

—Hot Dog.—'Gwan it's red hots.

—The paths of glory lead but to the study hall—In other words keep off the grass.

—The latest.—“When we were boys, or how to play chess.”

Edited by Fred S. ———.

—Whether we aim high or low our shot will have an effect somewhere.

—If life is all we live for

And earth our only hope;

Then surely we're taking poison

And need an antidote.

- At the concert—
 Willie.—Can you dance?
 John.—No, but I can accompany.
 —Your choice.—Red band or brass band.
 —On with the dance, the music is fine.

❖

Our Stars.

He slams the ball to all sides
 He clouts the best that's flung;
 He gives the fielders free rides
 And then just answers, stung!

Sometimes he plays quite cunning
 And bats the ball to kill,
 So tries his style of bunting
 And does it with great skill.

He saves the team its victory
 And thus with modest grace
 Gives Alma Mater history
 And wins the hero's place.



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