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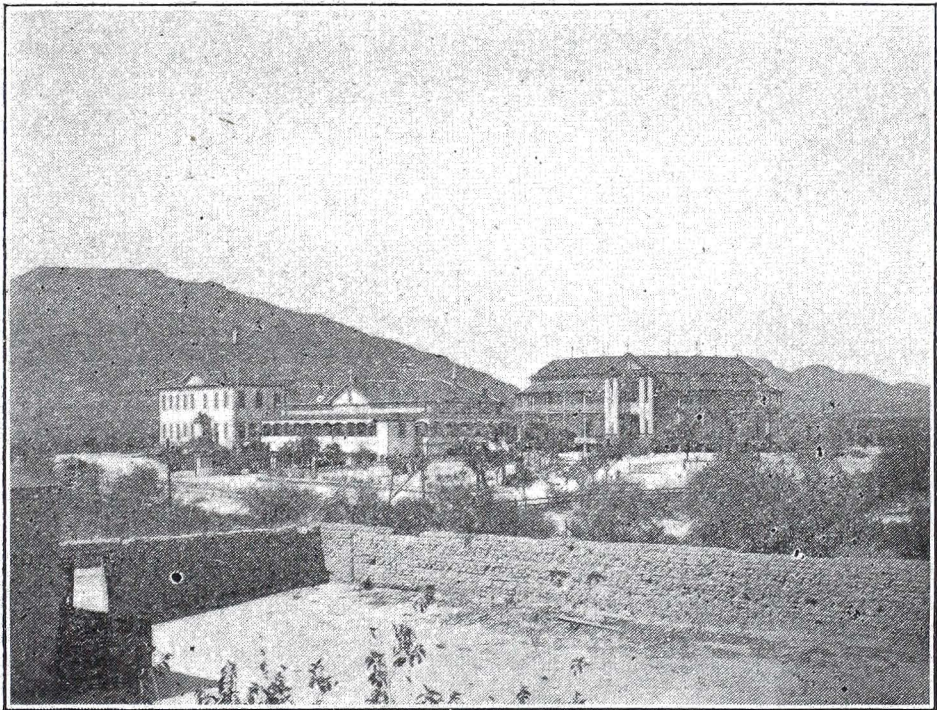
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A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

G. P. Mulvaney, '07.

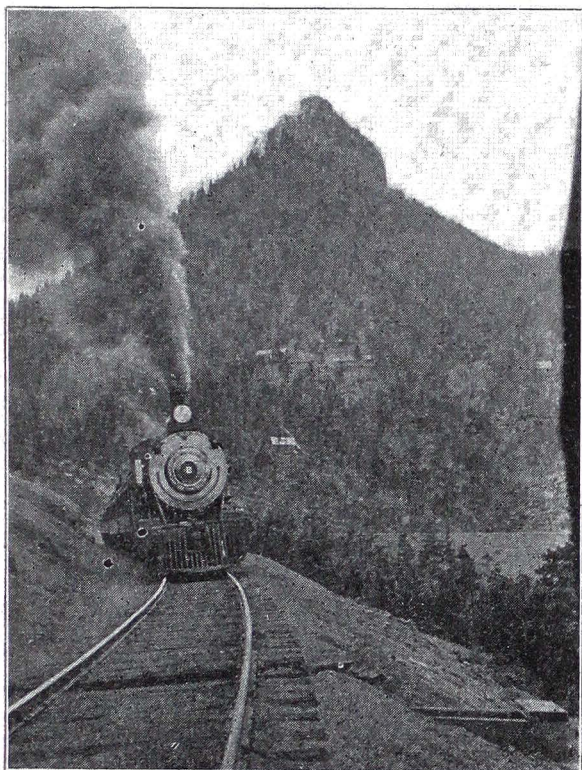
Progress in its westward march drives before it every relic of the past. The last quarter century has been one of great advancement and has marked the passing of the wild west. What was once the land of adventure, frontier life and wild escapade,



ST. MARY'S SANATORIUM

is fast becoming superior in culture and commercial activity. The great American desert, once barren and desolate, the stamping ground of the savage, and over which the white man feared to pass, has been transformed into farms and cities and the red man would never recognize his former possession. Who has heard of Tuscon without associating with its name weird tales of Apache

and Papago massacres or stories of heartless cow-boys and the unfortunate tenderfoot. Times have changed, the Apache is now far distant, the Papago, mildest of his kind, now lives in peace on the outskirts of the city, and the few cow-boys who remain are young easterners fresh from school or harmless Mexicans. Tuscon has

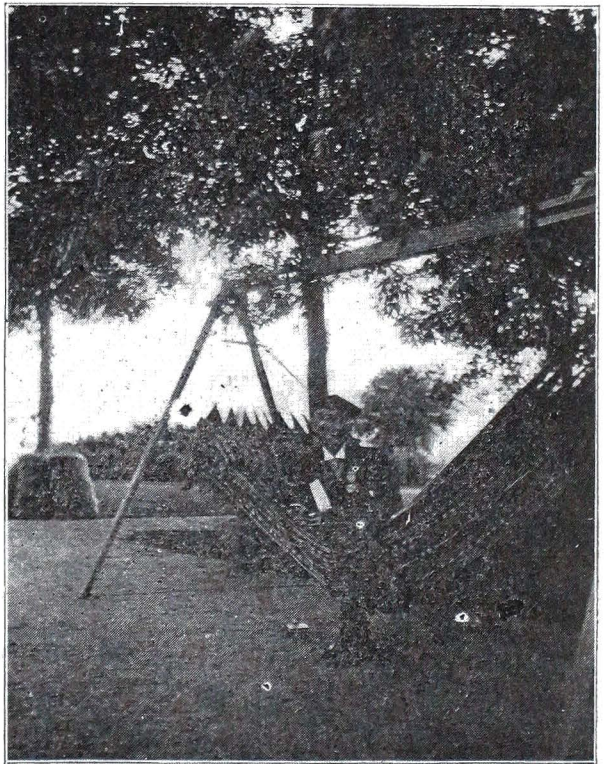


NEARING ST. MARY'S

passed from an Indian village to a thriving city, the metropolis of Arizona, with over fifteen thousand inhabitants and this all in a few years. Why this great advance? It is all because of the natural advantages of Tuscon, because of the wealth of the mines of this section, but principally on account of its beautiful climate. Could you spend a winter in Tuscon you would not wonder at its prosperity. (Tuscon is a winter resort; of its intense summer heat I will not speak. Suffice to say, that had Dante visited the city in July or August he would have given it place as one of the circles of his Inferno.) Surrounded on all sides by mountains, Tuscon with its

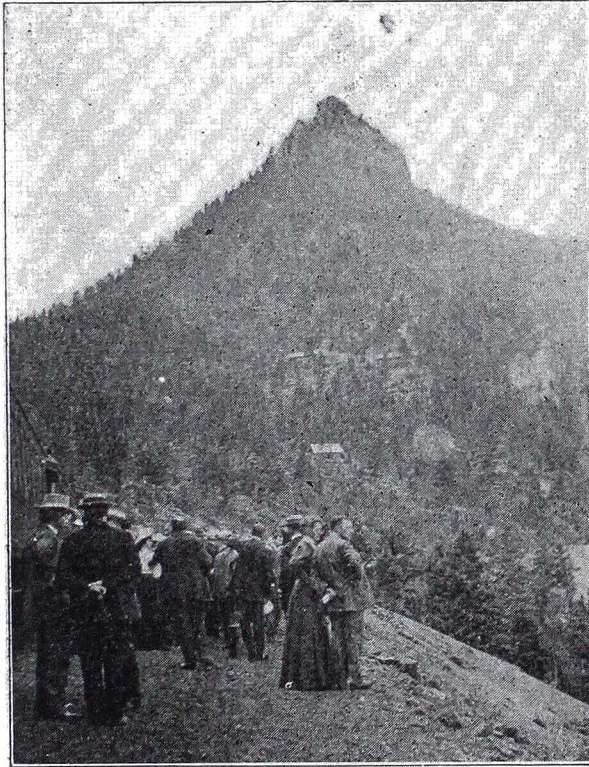
dry air, moderate altitude, and glorious sunshine, is a home for those who flee from the cold winters of the east, and the "Refugium infirmorum" of the country. Thousands come every winter to breathe the pure, dry air and find new life and vigor under the warm sun. Tuscon is a natural sanatorium for the afflicted with throat and lung trouble and many are the cures effected in this climate. It is claimed that the natives never die but dry up from old age and finally are blown away. True it is, however, that those who come prolong their lives. It is wonderful to note the effect of the climate on the invalids who come here daily, for it gives them a new life and courage. Tuscon is well equipped with hotels to care for the annual visitors and the resident section is growing every day. For those in ill health, a comfortable home is provided by the Sisters of St. Joseph, at St. Mary's Hospital and Sanatorium, two miles from the city. The Sisters of St. Joseph came to Tuscon in 1870 when the old Pueblo was but a trading post and they had to undergo

many hardships in those early days. The story of their journey from St. Louis by rail to California and overland to Tuscon, across the wild desert, over trails haunted by savages, through the camps of rough prospectors, and their arrival in Tuscon with military escort, is written by one of their number and reads like the most fascinating tale of frontier life. The few Americans here received the Sisters with great joy and prepared a home for them in what is now the San Augustine hotel, but in those days was the cathedral and school. Soon after, the Sisters founded St. Mary's Hospital, two miles from the city, in a beautiful location at the foot of the mountains. The first building was a low stone structure which is now the county hospital, but the growth of Tuscon demanded a larger institution and the coming of the Southern Pacific made necessary the Railroad Department. In 1893 a large stone building was erected for the convent and chapel, and finally, in 1900, was completed the beautiful modern Sanatorium. An operating room has been added to the Hospital, which is as well equipped as any in the west and is modern in every respect. The Sanatorium, because of the novel style of its architecture, is better fitted for the purpose for which it was erected than most institutions of its kind in the country. It is a perfect rotunda of two stories with an inside court into which every room opens, thus making each an outside room, and best adapted to receive fresh air. Spacious verandas have been erected all around the building on the inside and outside so that the patients may enjoy the glorious sunshine. No expense has been spared; the building is equipped with steam heat and electric lights and every modern convenience. The rooms are all well furnished, but what strikes one above all is the cleanliness of the place. The greatest care is taken to preserve cleanliness and avoid infection of any nature. After the departure of a patient, before the room is assigned to another, it and all its contents are carefully



A CONVALESCENT

cleaned and disinfected. On the main floor is a spacious entrance and a large drawing-room, elegant and attractive, while on the second floor is a large library provided with plenty of reading matter. The piazzas are supplied with a large number of easy chairs and cushions and it can readily be seen that the intention has been to produce a cheerful and home-like effect and not the gloomy impression of a hospital. The Hospital and Sanatorium are attended by the best physicians and surgeons in Tuscon, who rank with the foremost in the west. There is no house physician, but each patient is allowed to choose his own medical adviser. There is no general rule for treatment but each patient is advised, treated and cared for according to the special indications and individual exigencies



VISITORS

which his case presents. In all the departments there are accommodations for a hundred patients.

Life at the Sanatorium is like that of a large family and this is not such a gloomy place as most people imagine. The patients as a rule, are very congenial, while the Sisters and nurses are not too busy to enjoy a little amusement. Our mode of life is not, strictly speaking, strenuous, for we are people of leisure. When not otherwise occupied we congregate to decide the great questions of moment or direct the affairs of state and nation. We have among us people from every state and clime, with different views, some pessimistic and

others who look at the bright side of everything and seem not to have a care on earth. Quite frequently someone plays a prank on his neighbor and everyone enjoys the situation but the victim. Occasionally too, we are on exhibition for curious sight-seers. Altogether it is not such a monotonous life and we forget that we are invalids.

It would not be well to close without a word of gratitude to the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Laboring from early morn to late at night, without earthly compensation and often without appreciation

and gratitude on the part of the patient, these holy women are always at their post. When one of their charges is very ill, after a hard day's work and worry, you will find them at the bedside, comforting and consoling him in his last hours. With never a murmur and with always a smile and a word of cheer they go about encouraging the invalids. Angels of charity, they are truly worthy of their calling, and we should be heartless if we were not grateful to them and appreciative for all they do for us. God bless them and reward them for their good, holy lives of sacrifice. You who read these lines, if you love a mild winter and a beautiful sunshine, come to Tuscon—if you be an invalid—come to St. Mary's.

SOCIALISM.

Delivered Before the Rivard Oratorical Society by
Louis M. O'Connor, '07.

Above the horizon of the civilized world has arisen a dark, menacing cloud, slowly pushing forward its cumulous folds, toward the zenith, ever and anon torn violently asunder by the jagged lightnings, which leap from pinnacle to pinnacle as if fleeing the wrath of the storm god, whose low mutterings rise from behind the destructive barrier and increase in vengeance with each successive flash. This approaching storm is the spirit of socialism which has risen to such power that no longer is it looked upon by earnest men as the vaporings of diseased minds, but as a direful something to instill fear in the breasts of nations. Anarchy, like the lightning's sudden and vengeful attack, is its necessary offspring, to be closely followed by the thunders of social revolution. From a state of tolerable endurance, nations have been forced to cast about for means to suppress this social evil, or at least of minimizing its effects. Yet have not their efforts almost entirely been in vain, serving only, by placing Socialism in the role of an oppressed liberty movement, to gain to its ranks ever an increasing number of votaries?

You will say that I allow myself to be carried away by a fancied evil; that I am extravagant in my statements; that I exaggerate; that in my ambition to speak forcibly, I clothe myself in a false enthusiasm and give rein to a wild imagination; but I answer that the fault is on the other side. You regard this movement as you would an infant, and designate both as harmless. Toward it you are apathetic, because you do not sufficiently understand its doctrines, its tendencies, or its growth. Therefore, I ask of you tonight, to

give me your unprejudiced attention for a brief quarter of an hour, that I may attempt, in my own small way, to give you a brief exposition of Socialism, to show you its tendencies, and to propose you a remedy to check the spread of this contagious disease.

Communism, the genus from which Socialism springs, is an economic doctrine, which advocates the abolition of all private property, and the introduction of a community of goods, at least so far as capital is concerned. Of the many branches of communism, but two have survived and are active at the present day, Anarchy and Socialism. The first, while supposedly opposed to the second, is however, its child, and differs from the parent only in this, that it is more radical and violent. However, we shall not speak of it, but of Socialism, which is an economic system, by which is transformed all capital, or means of production, into the common property of the people, the produce to be administered, and the proceeds to be distributed by the state. It is not, as generally believed, a transient doctrine, artificially produced by skilled agitators and unprincipled demagogues, but is a permanent phenomenon that is found in every industrial nation, springing from and nourished by the soil of the present social conditions.

Wherever there is industry, we are confronted by two classes, bitterly opposed to each other and of entirely different natures—one, the capitalists, wealthy, arrogant, few; the other—the laborers, subservient, discontented, and many. To this latter class belongs that immense, wandering, homeless population of our cities, styled by the socialists, the prolateriat, who have been, by mechanical devices, lowered from the dignity of independent tradesmen to the level of common factory laborers. United with this state of labor, the increase of drunkenness, of immorality, the disruption of family life, the domineering exclusiveness of the wealthy, their sensuality, their grossness and materialism; all these have engendered into the laboring classes that smouldering discontent, which, fanned to a flame by conscienceless agitators and labor leaders, has burst forth in the blaze of social democracy, which, using as its slogan the magic word "liberty," a word as fair in promise, but often dead sea ashes in attainment, now actually aims to sunder society, to deprive men of that reward which is their due from special skill and knowledge, to subvert the end of existence, and finally to destroy all authority, whether by God or man. These are not idle statements, or the fanatical ravings of one seeking to play upon the fancies of his audience, and by blatant oratory conceal the weakness of his assertions, but they are facts, whose truth I shall prove, but not until we shall consider briefly, the gigantic strides which Socialism has made in the entire province of the industrial world.

While communism and Socialism are essentially the growth of modern times, yet communistic doctrines have been partially taught long before the star of Bethlehem cast its regenerating rays far and wide upon the souls of men, and illumined them with the celestial effulgence of a God made man. Yet these systems, burdened by their own inconsistencies, tottered and fell, one by one, to be buried in forgetfulness. A little more than a century ago, or during the terror and destruction of the French Revolution, modern Socialism, under the influence of increasing industrial activity, and the demoralization of society, began an active career, and during the last decade, after many modifications, its followers have multiplied to an alarming extent. To prove this, I need but cite two instances, Germany, the hotbed and paradise of socialists, and our own fair land of freedom, where already the Stars and Stripes of liberty are forced to feel the degrading influence of socialistic tendencies.

The socialistic party in Germany has increased in the last ten years by over 2,000,000 votes and today it polls one-third of the entire vote cast in the German empire, and is a compelling factor in the Reichstag. In our land, with an organized party that contests, not only in every election, but which, at times, places its representatives within the halls of congress, with almost a hundred periodicals and newspapers, and with over a third of a million followers; it ceases to be an idle dream but has become a stern reality, which must be met and remedied, lest like a cancerous growth, from a small beginning it should eat its way into the vitals of the nation. Many other phases could I cite, illustrating the rapid growth of this insidious social disease, but I dare say they would not add one iota to the convincing proof of these facts and would only serve to draw us aside from a study of the disruptive tendencies, inherent in Socialism.

That social reform along reasonable lines is needed, no one doubts. But social reform is not the aim of the socialists. To them, nothing less than the total subversion of all existing social conditions and the reconstruction of society on an entirely new basis, is desired. But that this is impractical and attended with disaster, is only too evident upon a consideration of their dogmas. "Transform," they tell us, "all private capitalistic property, in the means of production, into common property." But to what does this lead? It leads to the total destruction of existing society and the abolishing of class and class supremacy. But is it practical to please the scientist, the literateur, the man of knowledge, on the same plane as the street sweeper? Is it practical to deprive the man who by honest thrift, industry and perseverance has acquired wealth

and position, of this reward of his labors, and relegate him to the level of his factory hands? Not that the factory laborer is a whit less honorable or less worthy of respect, but to him is not due the same consideration. Is it practical in the social scale to have high character, integrity and morality merely balance with the degenerate, the unprincipled and the unambitious? Men are what they make themselves, and if they rise above the valley of mediocrity they have the right to rest upon the hills of supremacy.

The foundation upon which society necessarily rests is the family, and marriage is the root of the family, but Socialism, by its tenets of equality, weakens the marriage tie and causes it but to depend upon the amorous inclination or a passing whim. By giving to women and children an important part in production, socially organized, they are removed from their domestic functions, and home becomes merely nominal. The indissolubility of marriage is laughed to scorn by socialist leaders and "free love,"—that doctrine of immorality—is enthroned instead. From parents are wrested the education of children, undermining the deepest foundations of the family, for the life long union of man and wife are necessary for the suitable education of the child. Instead of the family being the principle vivifying the state, the state, in this perverted order, is the vivifying principle of the family. What must be the condition of society, thus perverted and disorganized; an uncontrolled mass of individuals, led by caprice and guided by sense? With the sacred institutions of family and home wrecked, with its foundation undermined, society, in its newly organized state, can hope for nothing except degradation and debasement.

Nor can it be said that Socialism holds forth any advantages to the individual, for it tacitly presupposes that society has the unlimited right of disposal over each individual, or practically owns him. This loss of liberty—one of man's most coveted possessions—is surely anything but an advancement toward his culture and betterment. Those men, who today writhe under the forceful grasp of their employers, who are restless under the influence of authority, how, I ask, how would they brook the loss of their liberty in every sphere of their action? And will there ever be any reward to them, for particular skill or knowledge in any field of endeavor? Not the least. With their so called equal rights, there are also their equal duties, "without distinction of sex or pedigree." With equal duties to all, those who are more learned or skilled in a special branch of labor would be restrained from devoting their time to it, or, if they should, they would win fame or financial success, which is repugnant to socialists who harp on "equal rights among men." With

the weak and stupid upon the same plane as the strong and intelligent, what incentive is there to the individual to exercise his talents? Labor can not be applied as the standard of distribution, for who would be competent to fairly determine the skill or intensity of application of each individual, or what would become of the weak, the infirm, the decrepit and the orphan? From these considerations, Socialism cannot be considered in any other light than as impractical, inconsistent and detrimental to the individual.

That Socialism, by its teachings, subverts the end of existence, and would destroy all authority, whether of God or man, is plainly evident. With the pagan idea which does not tolerate any personal rights as against those of the state, it virtually denies to man the right to serve his God, as the end of his being, and with a view purely materialistic, the industrial life, or pursuit of earthly goods, is made the supreme end of all man's labors, of all his thoughts, and of all his desires. That which is in reality of least importance in human activity, and consequently to society at large, is made the criterion of all endeavor. From the task of production no one is able to withdraw and necessarily there is no room for the priesthood, consecrated to divine ministry, no room for the religious, engrossed in the service of God; no place for the student, artist or scientist, who devote themselves to study, art or science, for its own sake. What a wretched, uncultured, mercenary existence for a being created to serve, love and obey his God; to be no better than that of the beasts who live merely for the satisfying of present appetites. A life without God, without religion, without ideals; a life with no restraint or guide upon man's capricious nature, for socialistic thought on this subject may be summed up in Bebel's cry before the German Reichstag, "We are opposed to all authority, to that of heaven as well as those of earth, with which you confront us."

If these words, so in conformity with the anarchistic motto, "Ni Dien, Ni Maitre," are to be taken literally, can we imagine a world wide community carrying on exchange and production, in fact, a world's operations, ungoverned and undirected? Perhaps Bebel did not mean so much, but he did mean to cut off all divine authority, for Socialism, as could be cited in a thousand instances, is openly hostile to religion and necessarily to authority. Full well we know what the casting off of God's authority will mean. Show me the nation or community which abjures its God, and I will show you the embodiment of all that is debased, degraded and beastly, all lack of order, all that is disruptive and chaotic.

It is a fact most evident to all, who have given any consideration to socialists and their ways, that they are recruited almost entirely

from the laboring and the least cultured classes, and this, to my mind, seems to be the keynote directing us toward its remedy and check. To attempt to suppress Socialism by forceful means must ever prove wholly unsuccessful, for under oppression, they will pose in the guise of martyrs of liberty, and enlarge their ranks from the unenlightened. But let the leaders in social and civil life become familiar with socialistic thought. Let them become acquainted with the scientific basis upon which the socialists rest and form clear opinions concerning this movement. But above all begin the education of the lower classes. Make them view socialism from the practical rather than from the theoretical standpoint. Point out to them in clear, logical proofs, its inconsistencies, its impracticability, its noxious tendencies, and the results that flow therefrom. Place before their eyes its airy castles of false promises, and its degrading influence and blighting effect upon the individual, the family, the nation, and upon Christianity. Imbue the minds of the common people with these truths and Socialism, like the leaves of the forest, smitten by the first chill breath of approaching winter, will wither and die, under the enlightening influence of reason.

What is to be our position toward this Utopian reorganization of society—Utopian only in its impossibility—toward this movement which is no longer an idle dream, a fanatical outbreak but a cool, calculating movement, rapidly gaining the strength and material for a social upheaval? Is apathy to be our watchword and indifference our leader, in this contest of intelligence and reason against that force which recognizes no law but might, and no god but matter? Passiveness, toward right or wrong, is degradation and cowardice, and we who boast of our twentieth century culture and intellectual advancement, who rejoice under a just and free government, and exist within the embrace of Christianity, shall not forsake the standard of reason, and right, but shall flaunt it in the face of the would be destroyers of our social system. Never shall we, by passiveness, accede to that system which reduces man to a machine-like-unit; which destroys the home, the nation, Christianity, and the ideals which they inspire. To us, girded with intelligence and armed with reason, belongs the struggle to overcome this social and religious evil, by exposing the true character and deadly influence of its poisonous doctrines. In doing this, we can be confidently assured, that as long as reason and intelligence flash their god-like rays upon the mind, Socialism, with its inconsistencies, and its impracticability, can never hope to be an important factor in the world's industrial or social progress.

The JESUITS AS CIVILIZERS

JAS. L. DOUGHERTY, 08

Ever since the dawn of Christianity, civilization has advanced with rapid strides, but in a special manner has its pace been quickened by the various religious orders which have been born within the fold of Christ's church since its institution. We see them appear in every epoch of the church history; "Their memorials and monuments," says Balme, "are found every moment under our feet; they are preserved in the regions of Asia, in the sands of Africa, in the cities and solitudes of America." Among the myriad religious communities, that have taken the field, to fight in defense of Christianity, and in behalf of civilization, there is none, perhaps, that has met with such a determined and general opposition, or been the object of such keen animosity, as the society of Jesus.

From the first movement of its existence, when the several members of the new society met in the little underground chapel of Montmartre, until the present day, when its numerous missionaries are working in every country, it has had arrayed against it nearly every force of the protestant world. Numberless protestant writers have wielded their pens for no other purpose than the destruction of this society; eminent statesmen have employed against it all the fire and power of eloquence; and kings, by their imperial authority, have published edicts, suppressing the Jesuits as destroyers of civilization. Surely an institution that attracts so much attention, and is opposed by the keenest weapons of its adversaries, must be a most powerful organization, and it must exercise an almost universal influence.

It shall be my purpose to show that the power and world-wide influence of the Jesuits was not used for the destruction of civilization, but, on the contrary, for its advancement, and the uplifting of morality. At the first moment of its existence, the society of Jesus found European civilization tottering from the many shocks it had received during the Crusades, but it hesitated not; even in its infancy, it stretched forth its helping hand and lifted the civilization of Europe to a higher plane than it had ever reached before. This society did not, like many others, perish after a few years of labor; it has withstood the attacks of its numerous enemies, has been many times wounded, but never killed, "has been doomed to death, though fated not to die."

Upon this society too much praise cannot be bestowed. Surely

an institution which has carried the beneficent light of Christianity to every land which the foot of man has trod; which has enriched every science, every department of literature, every theme which occupies the human mind, by its brilliant writings, must have exercised an influence upon the development of civilization, as powerful as it is salutary. The mere statements of these points is enough to place the Jesuits in the first rank as promoters of civilization; but by giving them a brief consideration, we will but place in a clearer light the merits of this society.

Is there a single country that has not felt the beneficial influence of Jesuit missionaries? No, we see them toiling for God, and in behalf of civilization in far off Japan; in the islands of the Indies, amidst the burning deserts of Africa, among the treacherous savages of America. These American savages were tamed and even converted to Christianity, but it was at the price of the heart blood of many a Jesuit. They toiled on in the tropical heat of the south, and amid the snows of the north, they braved danger, hardship, and even death, in the cause of their Master. What heart is there that does not thrill at the history of a Breboeuf, a Jogues, or a Marquette? But the Jesuits were not only the pioneers of the Cross, and of religion, but of discovery and exploration, of colonization and civilization. They were the first to sail over our greatest rivers and lakes, as well as the first to traverse our magnificent woodlands. Says one historian, "Not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way." I speak of America first because it is with this country that we are most intimately connected; but the Jesuits were equally zealous in the conversion and civilization of other nations.

Who, like a St. Francis Xavier, has gone among so many and such degraded nations, knowing neither their names, their language, nor their customs. We see him on the burning shore of Goa, on the depraved island of Moro; within the walls of heathen China; everywhere working so zealously for the uplifting of the human race, that he has merited the following tribute, from the pen of Sir James Stephens: "From the days of St. Paul to our own," says this writer, "the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and assassination, and pursued his mission of love with ever increasing ardor amidst the wildest war of the contending elements."

On the very day of the nativity of this society, it seemed to foresee that the spirit of the coming age was essentially one of scientific and literary progress; and from the time of their institu-

tion the Jesuits took the lead in all the sciences. In every country they established schools and colleges, in which were formed the world's best citizens. They made great progress in mathematics, astronomy, and in all the natural sciences. The kings of the various countries established in their courts learned societies for the cultivation of the arts, and the promotion of learning—in these the Jesuits figured in the first rank. But their teaching was not all done orally, they wrote many supereminent treatises on every branch of science, thereby instructing those who were not within reach of their schools.

Besides these productions, which are so valuable to science, the pens of the Jesuits have added many a jewel to our literature, and also to the literature of other countries. They have produced the greatest works on the bible, and immortal works of controversy come from their hands; their discourses on philosophical topics are among the best of every language, and their theological treatises are worthy of unlimited praise.

However, they did not confine themselves entirely to didactic writings; many a classic novel, wholesome to the mind and invigorating to the morals, has flowed from the pen of a Jesuit.

Civilization is still advancing, and as ever, we behold the Jesuits in the lead. While others are disputing and hesitating, the Jesuits push onward, and upon the conquered ramparts of barbarianism, they plant the banner of true Christian civilization. Speaking of the civilization of Europe, Balmes says: "The errors, the eternal disputes, the multitude of the new opinions, even the progress of the sciences, by exciting men's minds, give a fatal inconstancy to the human intellect—an impetuous whirlwind, agitating and stirring up all things, carries them away. The order of the Jesuits appears in the midst of this whirlwind, but it partakes neither of its inconstancy nor of its variability; it pursues its career without losing itself; and while only irregularity and vacillation are seen among its adversaries, it advances with a sure step, tending towards its object like a planet which performs its orbit according to fixed laws."

The Jesuit missionaries still tread the soil of every country; they are penetrating the darkest thickets of central Africa; and the morals and manners of China and Japan are receiving new impulses from them. In education they are still the leaders, and their colleges are considered by all the greatest centers of learning. Nor have their fertile pens ceased to move in behalf of science and learning. We can look into no library without being confronted with the name of many a Jesuit writer.

Many and keen have been the arrows aimed at this society in an endeavor to injure it, but from every onslaught of the enemy it

has escaped unhurt, and it always will escape unharmed, because while its adversaries are divided, even against themselves, the society of Jesus marches onward triumphantly in its course of peace and progress, like the mass of a powerful army; and judging its future by what its past has been, we may say with certainty that only when this world falls back into the nothingness whence it came, will its glorious work in behalf of God and civilization cease.

THE SPANISH NATIONAL SPORT.

Delivered Before the Rivard Oratorical Society
by Clarence Conway, '08.

Among the early uncivilized nations, physical strength and prowess of arm were distinguished accomplishments. The strong man was looked upon as a superior being and hence we find invested with the regal power those men who had performed the greatest feats of strength and had been most successful in their almost continual warfare. Among the Spartans, physical endurance was early instilled into the minds and bodies of the youth and was carried to such an extent that if a boy showed indication of a feeble constitution, he was unfit for the duties of a Spartan life, and was put to death.

The Athenians and Romans, while they did not resort to such extreme measures, nevertheless, showed very ardent admiration for brawn and muscle, for we find in their mythology, names of men who were deified on account of their strength.

As the nations advanced in civilization, the high honor accorded to athletes was considerably lessened. It did not die out altogether, nor could it, without the nature of man undergoing a radical change. For there is in man an inherent love of the beautiful, and certainly strength is beautiful, even as we see it in wild beasts. How much more so is it in man, where we see it combined with intelligence, and where we may note the wonderful results accomplished by it.

But at this time the standard of materiality has been lowered and that of intellectuality has been raised. But even as the ancients had carried their admiration for muscle to one extreme, so at a latter day, in their endeavors to correct this error, they fell into another. While physical culture was not condemned in so many words, it was virtually abandoned on account of the inventions of so many labor saving devices that it was cultivated only in so far as it was absolutely necessary for the earning of livelihood.

But to an unbiased, fair-minded man or woman of the twentieth century, both these courses seem to be partly erroneous and partly in the right.

The people of the past half century, after carefully studying this question, have reached a happy medium and have given to the world their verdict in the words, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

The result of the application of this motto is manifest in the countless living testimonials of this country, and its beneficence was understood by President Roosevelt, as is clearly shown by his answer to the inquiry whether or not his son, Teddy, Jr., would be allowed to play football. He replied, "I would not own him if he didn't."

There seems to be no need of stirring appeals to the youth of our country to induce them to enter the lists, but we might in common courtesy give at least a cursory glance at the sports of other countries.

Let us then consider, with true American fairness, the much discussed national Spanish sport, which, in my estimation, has been much maligned.

One of the best ways of treating a distant subject is by comparison with something with which all are familiar. But in order to compare the Spanish sport to our own games, it is advisable that we discuss the former and understand it just as it is really presented. The game is divided into what we might call six innings, and each inning into three acts.

There are two principal classes of performers, viz., the matadors and picadors, besides a large number of attendants. Each set of performers has a certain duty in every inning.

The matadors are the first to enter the arena. Clad in dazzling colored garments and carrying the red cloak with which to enrage the bull, they present a very animated and pleasing picture as they carefully examine every inch of the ground, lest something unseen might cause a fatal step.

One unacquainted with the game might think that the animal was to be overcome by the combined brute force of the men engaged in the encounter, but this is an erroneous view, for there is probably no other national game in which less physical strength is required. The quick, elastic step, the supple muscles seen rippling underneath the tight-fitting uniform, and the flashing, alert eye, denote the perfectly trained matador, and none know better than he, that should he make a false step, it would be his last, for the infuriated animal is upon him the next moment.

The matadors having enraged the bull by flaunting the red

scarf before him, are joined by the picadors. They do not leave the arena, however, but remain in the background on the alert, ever ready to distract the attention of the brute from the active performers should he press them too closely. The picadors, in clothes equally as resplendent as the matadors, present a more chivalrous appearance, being mounted on richly caparisoned steeds. And in this act occurs that which is most repulsive to the eyes of the foreigners. For although the steeds, covered with rich decorations, make a beautiful appearance and seem to be highly spirited chargers, yet a glance under their covering generally reveals an old broken down horse which has outlived its period of usefulness and is doomed to be sacrificed on the arena for the amusement of the populace. And when the angry bull charges upon it, if the flaming cloaks of the matadors fail to change his course, the poor horse is helpless before the merciless horns and often as many as a dozen horses are killed or disabled in this manner during one exhibition.

But now suddenly the immense arena rings with thunderous shouts of applause. Who is it that is thus greeted as he enters like a conqueror? This is no other than the superb matador, a personage whose popularity would make many an actor turn green with envy. All eyes are riveted upon him; the assistants who do the heavy work being scarcely recognized.

The matador then proceeds to the killing act, but not before he has received the consent and needle like sword from the most illustrious personage among the spectators, who, at the royal game in Madrid, is none other than the king of Spain or his representative.

The signal having been given, the hero steps lightly toward the bull, which now stands at bay, bristling like a porcupine, with darts and streamers, and at the proper moment, plunges his sword into the thick neck, just where it joins the spine, so that naught but the hilt is visible. The stricken animal sways from side to side, struggling with death but all in vain. He falls on his knees, the blood gushes from eyes, ears and nostrils, and with a last desperate effort to rise, he falls heavily on the sand. The spectators applaud madly, throwing flowers and praises to the matador, who smiles and bows his thanks; a gayly decorated cart bears swiftly away the bleeding carcass; one of the six innings is over, and now the play commences once more. But this game does not consist merely of the merciless slaughter of dumb animals.

It is true that when a bull enters the arena he is doomed to die, and it is also possible that he will claim the lives of his opponents, but that is part of the game and its danger is one of the

reasons for its popularity. It is not as in most other games, man against man, where each one knows his opponent is not seeking to kill or injure him, although such games are still played, but it is a rational against an irrational animal whose first instinct is self-preservation. Suppose a man were placed in the position of this wild animal, would he not fight to the last for his life, even against great odds? But, you may say, man is an intelligent being and knows various methods of counteracting the greater strength of the brute. This is exactly the case in the encounter between the man and the bull; it is skill pitted against strength, and only one man, the matador, carries a weapon of sufficient metal to wound fatally.

The attendants are armed with darts that do not seriously injure the animal, but serves only to enrage him, and the lives of these light limbed performers depend almost solely upon their agility. The picadors are handicapped still more, for they must protect the horse as well as themselves, and should the horse be struck, he may find himself in a very dangerous position.

All things considered, this game requires skill and daring which is probably unequaled in any other game; and I do not doubt, that any of us given the choice between participating in a bull fight or football game, we would choose the latter, even if we were only as well acquainted with football as with bull-fighting.

As in many other sports the reason of its popularity is the danger. We do not like to admit that we like to see a human being in danger, but it is nevertheless true that we do. We generally say we admire the skill required to avert the danger, but take away the latter and there is no call for the former.

As our friend Balmes tells us, "there is in the human heart a taste for risks and dangers; in order to make an adventure interesting, it is necessary that the hero be encompassed with great and multiplied perils, and however unpleasant may be the avowal, our hearts, while they feel the tenderest compassion for the unfortunate, seem to require the contemplation of scenes of a more violent and exciting character."

It is on account of this inherent love of danger in the heart of man, that the church opposes bull fights, and while she does not condemn the sport entirely, she forbids the clergy to sanction it by their presence. For she realizes that to encourage this sport would be to nurture the desire and love of danger and blood curdling amusements which might cause a relapse to the customs of ancient Rome, when thousands of human beings were sacrificed for the amusement of the populace.

But, while the Spanish sport is undoubtedly one of the most brutal games of today, it is by no means the most fatal, for in proportion to the frequency of bull fights in Spain, the number of fatalities is insignificant, and there is still less proportion when compared with some of the sports of other countries. The practice of dueling has become so common in Germany, and at the same time so popular, that each scar adds to a man's honor, and it may easily be ranked as one of the country's pastimes.

In France this custom is almost as general as in Germany, nor is a serious offense a necessary requisite. But in my estimation, we need not leave our own country to find a game equally as brutal and degrading as the Spanish sport. I refer to pugilism. For there is scarcely a day passes without its record being stained with the blood of a modern gladiator, whose deeds but remind us how closely we resemble those savages who once roamed over this country and who were exterminated on account of their fiendishness, which could not be subdued in any other way.

While death is not the desired end in pugilism, it often really occurs.

The object of a pugilist is fame and money, probably money and incidentally fame would be more truthful.

To be a money winner in this line, he must give and take punishment that would make an ancient gladiator faint. He is pummelled until he is but a mass of bleeding flesh and in turn he hands his opponent the same medicine.

But this disgusting element is not the only objection to the game. That there is a degenerating atmosphere surrounding the ring is shown by the lives of its followers, and it has been said that the present retired champion is the only pugilist of note who escaped from the ring's contaminating influence with a bank account. Football and automobiling are also often the objects of the reformers tirade, but we may at least say for them that although the number of lives sacrificed to these sports is too large, yet there is not found in them such revolting scenes as in the sports previously mentioned. Still at best the number of fatalities in the cause of athletics is great and as long as it continues it will be an object of much discussion.

A comparison between bull fighting and the other sports I have mentioned would probably result in honors being evenly divided. For while the former is more repulsive than most of the other games, it has not proved so fatal.

How then can we with consistency censure the practice of bull fighting and applaud those which suffer by comparison. We might

do well to remember the old adage about "people who live in glass houses—"

But, while we may not throw stones so long as we dwell within the brittle domicile, we may change our residence for one of more substantial material, and then we may indulge in throwing with an accuracy and force proportionate to the durability of our own habitat.

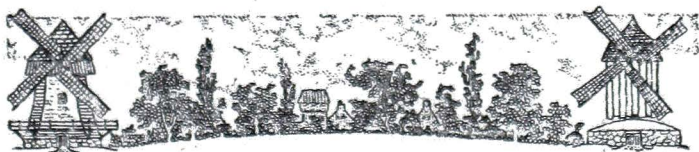
However, we have enough manslaughtering sports now and we do not want the additional one of bull fighting. At the best, it is a barbarous custom and to those whose hearts delight in such sights, it can not but nurture the desire for vengeance.

"For some slight cause of wrath,
Whence life's warm stream must flow."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Bourbonnais! loveliest village of the plain,
Where fun and folly queered the rooming game
Where smiling gobblers early visits paid
And parting later, lingering, they delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of oversleep and ease,
Seats of my youth where any pie would please;
How often have I loitered 'round unseen
Avowing class like life was but a dream!
How often have I praised some yelling babe,
Pretending I knew not the old surveyed!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The postal cards—the rarely set alarm,
The cuspidor, the never ending pill,
The decent church to which we went at will.
These were the charms sweet village, but "nuff said,"
These were thy charms, but all these charms have fled.

G. K.





Our Bardic Choir



SUPPLICATION.

J. M. Kangley.

At Thy altar humbly bending,
All my faults I now deplore;
On Thy mercy now depending,
Grant me grace to sin no more.

Mighty Father! in Thy goodness,
Guide my steps upon life's way;
Through this vale of pain and darkness,
Give me strength to walk, I pray.

When life's days begin to darken,
Shades of death around me fall;
To my cry, oh, Jesus hearken!
Hear! oh, hear! my dying call.

To Thy spotless bosom clasp me,
Grant my soul for evermore;
With the angel choirs around Thee,
In Thy presence Thee adore.

"ABIDE IN ME."

J. M. Kangley.

I plucked a humble violet,
It grew in shady nook,
Where pretty waving ferns beset,
The laughing, rippling brook.

I gave it tender care,
Admired its beauty fair,
But lo! it died.

I caught a wild bird in his bower,
 Flitting about so free,
 His songs were like a golden shower,
 Of sweetest melody.

He sang so clear and long
 I loved his every song
 But lo! he died.

Deprived of natural life, they died,
 Likewise shall die man's soul,
 If void of grace, with sinful pride,
 Makes earthly things its goal.

All things shall pass away
 As night doth follow day,
 "Abide in Me."

A PLEA FOR FATHER.

Emmett Conway, '08.

'Tis an oft' recurring story
 'Mong the courtiers of the muse,
 To discourse upon the virtues,
 Which a mother can diffuse.
 This I do not mean to censure—
 'Tis an art without a flaw—
 But I'd like to pin the ribbon,
 On the man whom we call "Pa."

When to mother we pay homage
 We say "Dear Mamma" and bow,
 But to him, alas, we whisper,
 "Father, dear, come with me now."
 Thus at least we read in novels,
 But we doubt its justice when
 In our college room we scribble,
 "Dear old pater—broke—send ten!"

Though his mind be filled with troubles,
 Which the world of commerce gives,
 Yet behind the hardened features,
 A supreme affection lives.
 Thus while all the world is talking,
 Of the great maternal love,
 Doubt it not but gently question,
 "What is home without the 'Guv?' "

FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE.

Emmett Conway, '08.

The vans at dawn are harnessed for the fray,
 The streets are filled with trunks and new-born strife.
 The students soon from town will move away—
 Back to the gym—once more the simple life.

The driver speaks and down the waiting line
 Of laden wagons goes the cheerless news,
 To march, and thus with eyes that pine,
 They gaze once more and bid their last adieus.

Why speak we of the day that brought such tears?
 And pierced the hearts of many like a knife?
 Perhaps, like "Sis," they'll say in after years:
 "Alas! those days! the happiest of my life!"

No more their yells will echo loud and clear,
 On moonlight nights and in the early dawn,
 Their joyous songs and sounds of mirth and cheer
 Have, like the autumn, from the village gone.

And yet outside the gym, a few survive
 To write about the things that might have been,
 Perhaps you know them—the "Poetic Five,"
 Who dwell beneath the roof of "Dew-Drop-Inn."

Within the walls of this majestic home,
 With winding stairs and newly painted halls,
 The long-haired poets solitary roam
 And stand alert to wait the muses' call.

The strings which bind the pranks of youthful days,
Are held in check by one who kept third corridor,
He too lives there and should this meet your gaze,
Thank him, he is chief editor.

And oft throughout the day a face is pressed
Against the pane—and quickly drawn away,
Read on, my friend, if you would know the rest,
Those eyes are turned toward famous N. D. A.

Thus through the length of cold and wintry days,
That bring on "semi-ans" and endless toil,
The young and old upon their books will gaze,
And full of hope, consume the midnight oil.

LOURDES.

J. A. Pilon.

When Moses struck the rock whence water streamed,
To lave the hand receding, wavering rod
Vouchsafed a priceless boon. When at thy nod
Thro' crevices of stone there danced and gleamed
A fabled fount, where veterans scarred and seamed,
Renew their youth, whereto the pilgrims plod,
In gay procession, chanting hymns to God;
Here love made real what erst was wildly dreamed.
And here as from thy virtues' boundless store
The healing waters, Mary, constant flow;
And far surpassing legendary lore
The marvels oft recorded. Those that go,
Tho' unbelieving, unbelieve no more,
While faithful faith confirm and certain know.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

Comment on the lectures already given under the auspices of the '07 class is unnecessary. The satisfaction which every one seems to experience at these evenings of instruction is a note of genuine approbation, but be it said, to the credit and glory of the '07 class, that they have established a precedent which we hope will be annually continued.

To relieve the winter months of their indoor dreariness is a problem that has taxed the ingenuity and efforts of those concerned with the welfare of the students. Do what we will, old winter is dreary, even at his best. We cannot keep him out of doors; his chilling spirit and sombre shadow will find entrance somewhere. Could his pace be quickened, his countenance retouched, or his garb respun, we might find some pleasure in his company. Amusements of various species have tried to rejuvenate him and they have partially succeeded, but the senior class of philosophers have given him a charm which will make him no longer an unwelcome visitor. The schedule reveals a galaxy of speakers upon whom we can look with admiration, and to whom we will listen with profound interest.

SOCIETIES.

Acolythical.

Sunday the monthly meeting of the Acolythical society was held. During the course of the meeting it afforded, through the president, Mr. A. G. Quille, no little pleasure to welcome into their ranks as honorary members: Rev. M. J. Breen, L. A. Goulette, W. J. Clifford, W. B. Surprenant. Although Brother Clifford, speaking for his confreres, expressed it as his opinion that they were highly honored to be allowed to join this little society, still the members think that the honor is all their own.

After a few remarks by the president, touching upon the neatness which should be shown by those assisting at the altar; the punctuality and willingness that should be exhibited by members to serve at all times, the meeting adjourned to the spread kindly prepared by the Reverend Director Bro. Moisant.

Brother Moisant extends an invitation to a few of the older boys to join.

Juniors.

On January 28th at 8 p. m., Mr. E. Conway, president of the junior class, called the first regular meeting this year of the '08 class, and the roll call showed a full attendance. After many minor points of business were disposed of, the president appointed a committee of three, composed of Messrs. J. J. Corbet, C. Conway and C. Mahoney, to select a suitable pin for the class emblem.

Much credit is due to the Juniors for assisting the Seniors in their good works.

Seniors.

The Senior class have held three meetings since their return, and have found time between classes and meetings to enjoy some of our scanty winter sports, such as sleighing, skating, tobogganing and a few stag parties.

On February 21st they will hold an open meeting and smoker, this date being the first anniversary of the burning of old St. Viateur's.

The philosophers have relieved the monotony of the wintry days by the lectures given under their auspices by well known orators, as Lawyer Granger of Kankakee, and Rev. Father Sammons of Peoria.

Mr. Granger selected a subject at once timely and of unusual interest, "France Today." The speaker, by way of introduction, took his audience over the past of France, its religious and political

history, in which he showed himself well read. He showed, too, that many of the greatest men of France were fervent Catholics, were ever staunch promoters of the faith. In conclusion, Mr. Granger paid a beautiful tribute to His Holiness, Pius, X.

On January 23rd, Father Sammon's subject was "The Power of Purpose." Father Sammons brought all of his oratorical eloquence into play, by drawing many vivid incidents from life with which he comes in contact daily. The result of Father Sammons' efforts can be seen at any time in our study halls.

Father Sammons and Mr. Granger, you are ever welcome to our dear old halls of S. V. C., and the class of '07 wish to extend through the Viatorian, their hearty thanks.

Among the future speakers whom the Seniors have procured are: Father C. Quille and Father Conway, both of Chicago, and Father Roach.

The first meeting of the new year was held on January 18 by the Rivard Oratorical society at which L. Libert spoke on Dante's "Beatrice;" L. M. O'Connor on "Socialism," and J. V. Walsh on "Amended Spelling."

At the second meeting the speakers and subjects were: C. Conway, "The Spanish National Sport," J. Dougherty, "Love," and F. Hazen, "Philosophy."

CANTO XXIII.

(Rejected from the original manuscript of a great poem.)

O ye, whom struggle in material conflict
 For this world's goods, hath not left wanting
 In all that's noble in our human nature,
 Pity my sad fate. For never, in all
 The tales of chivalry and love of man
 For gentle woman, hath there been such a tumble
 As I have taken.

It happened that the father,
 Of her than whom there's none more beautiful
 On this terrestrial sphere, Folco Portinari,
 A fruit stand kept, around the corner, where,
 By selling to the unsophisticated vulgus,
 Vegetables far past maturity, he had grown
 Immensely rich, and much did revel
 In his shekels.

I, a writer of bum poetry, scarce able
To make a decent living, did much desire
To take in holy wedlock the gentle paw
Of the fair Beatrice.

Old Folco an auto owned, of latest model
With which in off hours, he, his time devoted.
One Saturday in early winter, there was a struggle
For the championship in that most harmless game,
Unjustly labeled brutal, in which for pleasure's sake
Men tear each other's eyes out.

Whilst strolling toward my favorite corner,
I heard a noise unearthly and looking around me,
Transfigured in a cloud of dust, my noble Beatrice I beheld
Beside her portly father in the auto. Thru' natural modesty
I crawled into a barrel, where, not being seen
I might take in the view, with heart's delight.
Imagine my chagrin, however, when, with an awful lurch,
The horrid, snorting monster came to a stop
Directly fronting me.

Old Portinari, being stoutly built,
From the heels upwards, like a Mullingar,
Unable was, to get beneath the seat
Of all the trouble. He called me forth to lessen
The warmness of the proposition. This was the downfall
Of all my empyrean idols, for from early youth
I lived by dreaming and nothing knew
About the Marsh gas series.
I pleaded ignorance and begged for mercy.

Then anger got the mastery;
His features flushing up, there thundered forth
That awful word, (s—oo,) which shame forbids to mention,
Now noble friends, shed tears with me,
And extra large ones, for you have heard
The reason of my peaked face.
And take a man's advice, with large experience laden,
Don't be a garret poet.

Translated by Guido della mella Fonto.

PERSONALS AND INCIDENTS.

It is not often the residents of Kankakee have an opportunity to witness so impressive a ceremony as occurred in St. Patrick's church on Sunday, January 20. For months the pastor, Rev. J. F. Bennett, labored with indefatigable zeal to secure a fitting bell for the stately tower above the church and through the generosity of many friends he was able to see his hopes realized. Filled with a love for the inspiring rituals of the church, he intended to let his



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

parishioners witness the grandeur attached to an instructive ceremony before the bell swung from the steeple tower. Rt. Rev. J. M. G. Legris of the college faculty was chosen as celebrant with the Rev. Pastor, Rev. Father Kowalewski, Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., assisting.

A novel feature of the occasion was the singing of a dedicatory anthem by priests, choir and congregation in unison.

Solemn vespers were chanted by the clergy and college quartet. After the consecration the Rt. Rev. Prelate spoke to the congregation on the significance of the ceremony, showing the deep religious symbolism that lies in such services of the church. Before leaving the sacred edifice each of the sponsors rang the bell. Rev. L. Goulette, C. S. V., with Rev. J. F. Roch, C. S. V., as assistant, acted as director of music for the occasion.

On the Sunday following the ceremonies in Kankakee another of note and interest occurred in Bradley, Ill., where St. Joseph's church was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon. The organization of the parish and the speedy erection of a handsome edifice combining school, church and rectory are due to the untiring efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Milot. Pontifical mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, with Rev. P. F. Gelino as deacon and Rev. A. D. Granger as subdeacon.

The Rev. P. C. Conway delivered the dedicatory sermon at the morning services.

The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane has a practical way of turning events to the spiritual profits of his flock. While wishing his parishioners the greetings of the holiday season he presented each family with a copy of the "Faith of Our Fathers." There is evinced in this novel plan not only paternal affection for the members of his flock, but a genuine up-to-date zeal. The good done by a spread of such reading cannot be estimated. Place such works into the hands of many Catholics and they will soon be in the hands of many not of our belief.

The northwest is a fertile field for a young priest. During a recent visit Rev. Eugene Caron, pastor of Bruce, Minn, told us of the need of ministers of the true religion in that part of the country.

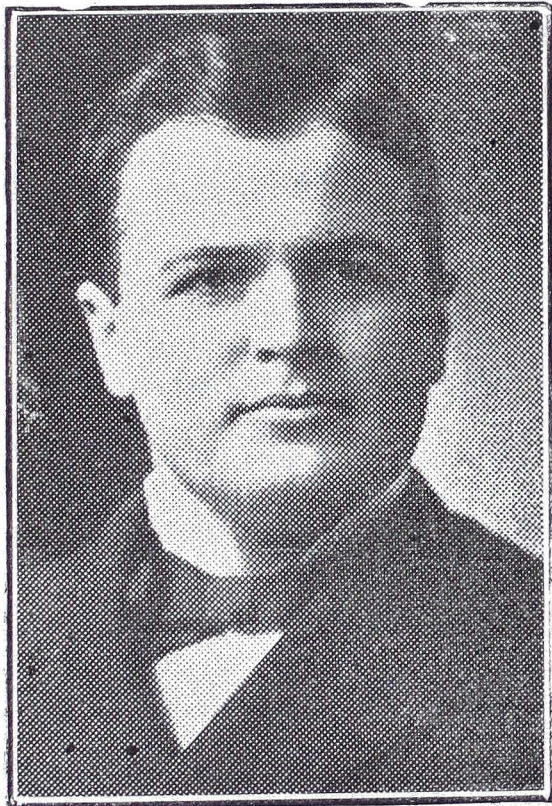
We learn from Rev. E. Barnes that the Peoria Cathedral has suffered a great loss in the removal of Father Kelly to Clinton, but we feel confident that his absence is ably filled by Father Barnes.

Our congratulations and best wishes follow Rev. John Armstrong in his promotion to the pastorate of Farmer City. It is needless to say that the Farmer City parishioners have a priest to

whom life is a trifle when a soul's salvation is in jeopardy. The annals of the Bloomington pest-house record unfading proofs of his fidelity.

There is a pleasantry about the visits of Mr. Joseph Kelly that makes him anxiously longed for. His profession has given him the choicest of drummers' yarns and we are sure of much merriment and entertainment when he is among us.

Fire cannot restrain the zealous and persevering efforts of Rev. J. G. Libert. Although his church and parsonage were destroyed but two years ago, he has erected an imposing edifice for worship, in a central part of Canton, Ill.



Mr. A. L. Granger, one of the most prominent and ablest lawyers of Kankakee, was the second orator in the series of lectures given by the '07 class. Mr. Granger delivered a masterly address on the French Question, giving a clear, logical and keen analysis of the situation and its causes. A recent visit to Paris has given Mr. Granger valuable statistics and many incidents have fallen within his personal observation, which gave a strong note of individuality and interest to his address. His theme was a timely one and the exposition such that it gave the students instructive information on a vital topic.

One of the first condolers of Rev. E. Bourget for the loss of his home was Rev. J. C. Fortin, who hurried to meet him at the college, where Father Bourget came after his return from Canada.

Mrs. J. Brehany is already known to the readers of these columns and especially to the students and faculty whom she entertained while on a recent visit, with a variety of vocal selections.

Since then she has had a severe attack of illness from which we are glad to see she has fully recovered. While at the hospital she relieved the monotonous hours of the patients by entertaining them with her charming singing.

The members of the seminary department went over old scenes and times recently with Rev. P. M. Griffin of Freeport, Ill. Father Griffin spoke highly of the good work done by his pastor and the nuns in keeping Catholic education at a high standard in Freeport.

Mr. Frank Holland, manager of the Mildred Holland Opera company, reports great success with his company. While the company was playing at Lafayette Frank came to spend a few hours with his old comrades at the college.

"The Power of Purpose" was the theme chosen for discussion by the Rev. M. P. Sammon, the third orator of the lecture series, and we may safely say that there was no one who heard the discourse and did not feel animated with more noble impulses after it. Besides possessing a clever development the orator was fired from beginning to end with the earnestness of the speaker, which, as Bulwer Lytton remarks, is the secret of eloquence.

Although pressed with business pursuits in Mattoon, Ill., Mr. George Lambert finds an occasional hour for a visit with the college boys. We are interested in his welfare and wish him continued success in his undertakings.

The Rev. P. C. Conway, president of St. Viateur's Alumni association, delivered a scholarly address to the parishioners of Bradley on the occasion of the dedication of their church, Jan. 27. It was a discourse which was well calculated to instruct the minds of Protestants, of whom there was a large number present, on the marks of the true church. After the ceremonies Father Conway called on the college faculty and his nephews, Clarence and Emmett.

We are grateful for the call of Rev. A. T. R. Munro of Minocqua, Wis., who paid us his first visit a few weeks ago. Although his stay was brief, it was pleasant, and we hope to see him with us soon again.

It is with heartfelt sincerity that we join other college journals in congratulating Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey and the University

of Notre Dame upon the honor recently conferred by our Holy Father on Father Morrissey. It is an honor fittingly awarded and meritoriously deserved. As an educator Father Morrissey stands in the foremost ranks, and he has done much to bring the great Catholic University of Notre Dame to its present eminence and prestige.

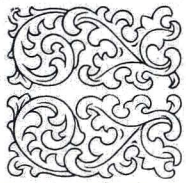
Heartily do we sympathize with Rev. E. J. Bourget, pastor of Irwin, Ill. While on a brief visit to his parents in Canada a fire destroyed his rectory, a dwelling recently erected at a cost of \$7,000. With the residence all the household effects were destroyed, including a costly piano. When all hope was lost of rescuing the parsonage the citizens, both Catholics and Protestants, turned their efforts to the church, which they saved.

Chester Wood is now connected with his father's firm. He has issued proposals for the equipment of the new college, with all modern appurtenances for escape and protection in time of fire.

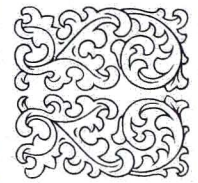
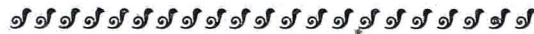
OBITUARY.

The Rev. Ambrose Goulet died recently at the Cottage hospital, Santa Barbara, California, at the age of 86. Father Goulet was a graduate of Harvard University, a graduated physician of Paris, and for twenty-seven years he practiced medicine in Boston and Chicago, after which he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Foley in 1877. The Viatorian extends its condolences to the bereaved relatives of the deceased priest.





Exchanges



One by one have the posts of '07's course been passed, and now running strongly and well bunched, the field in the Grand College Journalistic Handicap has entered upon the last quarter. Now is the time when endurance must assert itself if a place is to be kept and won. There is no room for the partially trained runner whose spurt at the start was but a flash in the pan, and those who have been strong until now must show greater strength; where they were brave, they must be braver; where they have improved, there has been but opened a greater field. We can say, and it gives us pleasure, that an advance has been made by nearly all our exchanges, but even so, that should be anything but an incentive to recline upon the laurels won; it should be a goad to greater endeavor. With such a foundation, the year '06-'07 should be a banner one in college letters. And it's up to you, sister and brother editors, whether it shall be or not. Let not the excitement and pleasure of anticipating the glorious possibilities of '07's commencement obstruct your work or dull your zealous pride in your paper's welfare; but with a continuation of your past efforts, the future can be naught but bright and successful.

Of the many book criticisms of the month, none, to our mind, are equal to the really interesting and clever "Criticism of Scott's Talisman," in the current number of "The Mountaineer." It is not a superficial expose of a book that merely portrays the outline of the plot and passes the characters by with only naming them, as of those who "also ran." Nor does it on the other hand, take up a literature and from its appreciation there, produce an amplification that is calculated to startle one with every quality except originality; but the author, with a clear and full portrayal of the plot, enters into a delineation of its characters, bold, but withal so true that one who has read the literary gem of Scott will exclaim: "That is what I had thought but could not express." The attempt to analyze different characters and their individual traits, although briefly, yet has been successfully accomplished in this criticism and is pleasingly accentuated by grace of language. The essay on "Benjamin Franklin," and the story, "Monsieur Sonte" are depressing, especially the story, which is weak, and its attempts

at the tragic rather attains the opposite. Perhaps many will sympathize with the author of "The Winter Girl," and heave a dismal sigh, and with the fall of a brace of teardrops over some past failure, murmur, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." We wish to congratulate the ex-man on one of the best edited ex-columns that has come to our notice; fearless, original, spicy, honest and sincere—features that could be copied with great advantage by many.

While the drama and dramatic art is the recipient of much comment, yet that the subject has been exhausted is far from the truth, as is evident from reading "Dramatic Poetry," in the Fordham Monthly. With a philosophic mind the author shows, that in the drama, the distinctive feature of every art is found, and that dramatic poetry partakes of the epic, the lyric and the action depending upon a struggle of the human will. The development of the drama, as well as its essential qualities, are discussed at length and in a very pleasing style. Well ordered and proportioned, logical and interesting, it is an article that appeals to us as exceptionally good among the different exchanges. "Christmas and Bethlehem" is really an artistic pen-picture of our Lord's birth-place and a description of the ceremonies of Yuletide at so hallowed a spot, simply and prettily told, it almost makes us feel that we have made the pilgrimage. We wonder, if wonder is permitted to us, if the writer of "Master and Ship" ever read Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus." We do not mean to insinuate anything, but we just wonder. "Carol" is a pretty little poem with an abundance of Xmas sentiment in it.

In picking up The Alpha Pi Mu one of the first things to engage our attention was the "Studies in the Imagination Bodied Forth," in which Morning is presented as pictured by the painter's brush, or formed by the sculptor's chisel. and Night, as seen within the realms of literature. The conceptions and quotations are gracefully interwoven and the article should be useful to one cultivating "The Lost Art," by giving the peripatetic much food for reflection, as one strides or trips over the dew bedimmed heather to greet the glowing morn, or wander beneath the twilight's misty haze. We used to think, in our vanity, before we read "The Lost Art," that we had some claim to greatness in our continual poring over our use-begrimed volumes, never allowing ourselves the pleasure of such a gentle exercise as "The Lost Art," but now that the peripatetic exercise is hailed as a mark of greatness we feel that we must sink back into the gloom of oblivion. We found "According

To Her Light" to be an interesting tale, original and above the average.

To our table has come the first number of The American Esperanto Journal, fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm over Esperanto—the universal language. Its purpose, the necessity of having a national journal—and its history are briefly put forth. It is a neat and well edited paper, half in English and half in Esperanto, and unmistakably shows the advance and wonderful progress Esperanto is making and the number of followers it has gained. While we have given scarcely any attention to a close study of this universal language, yet its practicability seems to be vouched for.

From far away Switzerland has come to us an addition to our ex-table, garbed in the red, white and blue of freedom, and bearing the name, Columbia. Truly we were astonished to see a journal issued from the University of Friborg, in such a dress and under such a title, but it was with pride, joy, fraternity and patriotism that our heart thrilled as we discovered it to be the production of the American students at the university. That is the spirit of loyalty and patriotism that has ever, by its protecting arm, guarded the flag from any taint. That is the spirit that assures us, that no matter where our countrymen may roam, yet never do they fail in their words and deeds to take an advantage of an occasion or opportunity to enhance the glory of their native land, and prove to her their fealty. Nor is the initial issue of the Columbia remarkable only for the loyalty of its origin, but for its well edited columns, its gracefully written and interesting history of its beginning in "Our Story Runneth Thus," and for the harmonious and excellent poem, "Light of Light." With much pleasure shall we await your next visit from across the Atlantic, and we feel confident that under such a brave beginning the future can be naught but the personification of success.

In a tasty, newly designed cover the "Echoes" has a very attractive appearance. Nor is its beauty alone upon the cover, for with critical appreciations of "Dante's Gloomy Forest Dell," of various divisions of "Dreizenlinden," of "The Merchant of Venice," and "Athalie;" not to forget the charming anthem of S. A. A., and the sweetness of "Ave Immaculata." Of the criticisms of the literary masterpieces above mentioned, all are interesting and talented productions but the appreciation of "The Merchant of Venice," departing more from a narration and explanation of the scenes, enters into a delineation of the leading characters in a manner not only excellent, but judicious. Indeed these several articles or character pictures are clear cut and pithy, and faithfully drawn.

Divorce, that insidious disease, that is warping and undermining society, is ably treated in the late number of *The Manhattan Quarterly* in an article entitled, "Divorce, a Menace to the Family, to the State and to Religion." The disruption and degradation of the family, the demoralization of the children as caused by divorce, are consequences logically and concisely drawn; but powerfully and convincingly are fact after fact, statistics and quotations, arrayed against divorce as a danger and evil that threatens the life of the state, and as an open enemy of religion, assails it at every turn, even though it be the direct offspring of Protestantism. Strong in argumentation and philosophic in style, it is a powerful arraignment of the divorce evil. "The Peacemaker" is an article that one would find pleasurable for a few recreative moments, to be easily forgotten immediately. While not entrancing, it is somewhat interesting and new. "How Shall We Develop Character?" could be well hearkened to by all college youth, both in style and soundness of doctrine. However, we do not agree with the author of "Socialism in the United States," in his statement that the name—Socialism—is "regarded as an epithet of contempt" in the United States, and that here it has never attained any popularity. If he will open his eyes he will see the leading men of the country making pleas to arouse the people against its danger. Nor is it done through contempt, but through fear. Can we call it unpopular, with an organized party, polling over one-third of a million votes, with a hundred or more periodicals and newspapers, and especially, when we consider that this growth has been almost entirely confined to the last decade? No. We think our friend, with a little observation, will discover that Socialism in this republic is anything but a childish dream. May we ask you, *Manhattan Quarterly*, why could you not come monthly? Your many friends, we are confident, would rejoice, and also, why not fill your columns with more actual student productions, rather than from the pens of professors, alumni, etc., as your first twenty-five pages testify?

"The School Echoes," is replete with an abundance of matter upon St. Dominic and many other Dominican saints, as well as sketches of the origin of the Dominican order, and different phases of its development. It is refreshing at times to pick up such a paper and find the world almost totally excluded from its columns, and after so many other exchanges, it is as restful as that quiet which steals over the soul at our entrance into a chapel at evening's dusk. It is in, but not of, the college world, and is in a class distinct from the rest. Carefully edited and handsomely illustrated, it is ever gladly received and perused.



Athletic Notes



BASKET-BALL.

The basket-ball season is moving along at a merry clip, determined to have its share of the student patronage before the season of the great national game sets in. From all indications it still has a few weeks of vigorous existence before it is laid away with the chess table and the checker board. The Varsity five, besides having regular weekly games with Kankakee teams, has two games scheduled with the St. Cyril team of Chicago. The first game is to be played in our gymnasium in the near future; the second will take place in Chicago. Great interest is being manifested in these games, as St. Cyril has a team which has met and conquered the leading teams of Chicago.

Y. M. C. A., 14; St. Viateur's, 12.—It was a great surprise to the students when on the eve of January 16, the Y. M. C. A. team of Kankakee met and defeated our representative team. Not that we consider our team invincible—far from it—this is only our second season at basket-ball—but because we cannot remember even by a stretch of our memory, the time when Kankakee athletes succeeded in beating our men in any branch of athletics. It was a great contest and reads thusly: Through the wonderful accuracy of Deselm, playing forward for Kankakee, our opponents succeeded in keeping the lead. It seemed very easy for him to stand in the middle of the field, smile calmly, ward off his opponents and shoot the spheroid into the inviting basket. Five times during the game he startled the spectators by scoring from a most difficult angle. By hard work, careful playing and excellent team work between Donovan and Slattery, we secured twelve points, but every time we scored, Deselm would put his team in the lead by a remarkable performance. Kelly, at center, out played his man, while Rainey and Conway, as guards, played well throughout the game.

Y. M. C. A.

Nutt	Right Forward
Deselm	Left Forward
Senesac, Gleason	Center
Healy	Right Guard
Worth	Left Guard

ST. VIATEUR.

Slattery
Donovan
Kelly
Conway
Rainey

Baskets from the field—Slattery, (3), Deselm, (5), Donovan, (3), Gleason, Worth.

Time of halves, fifteen minutes.

The Juniors have played two interesting games with the Y. M. C. A. Intermediates, winning one and losing the other. The first game resulted in a victory for our Juniors by the score, 14 to 10. The Intermediates won the second game, 19 to 12. The Juniors' line-up contains the following promising young players: Forwards, Gagnon and Rice; center, Burke; guards, Dwane and Maher.

The Minims showed their appreciation of their new suits by winning three out of a series of four games from the Y. M. C. A. Juniors. These youthful players show an extensive knowledge of the game and consist of the following "future greats:" Forwards, McKendry and O'Brien; guards, C. Boyle, Tiffany, J. Boyle, Williams; center, Leduc.

BASEBALL.

The ground floor of the new "gym" presents a scene of great activity these days. The batting cage has been erected and the slumbering enthusiasm of the fan is being daily aroused by the welcome sound of the big stick as it stings the marble. The days of activity are now upon us and will continue until outdoor practice is possible, when the regular line-up will be announced. A large number of players, some from the ranks of last year's second team, others of unknown quantity, answered the first call for candidates, and are sending spasms of joy through the coach by knocking the covers off the ball as fast as it is repaired.

For the present we must be content to deal in dope, but nevertheless we have good foundations upon which to rest our hopes for the present. Out of last year's successful squad we have an even nine men, all of whom will secure regular positions, unless some "phenom" should appear on the scene. Such a number of picked men in line at the start of the season is a piece of good fortune which a college seldom experiences. With this bunch of athletes at our command, St. Viateur's should be even more successful than last year, in impressing upon the "Big Nine" the fact that St. Viateur's is a worthy opponent. For the present, most of the time will be devoted to the batting cage, where young pitchers will be tried out and young batters developed. In our next issue we will have more substantial matter to dish up to our readers.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

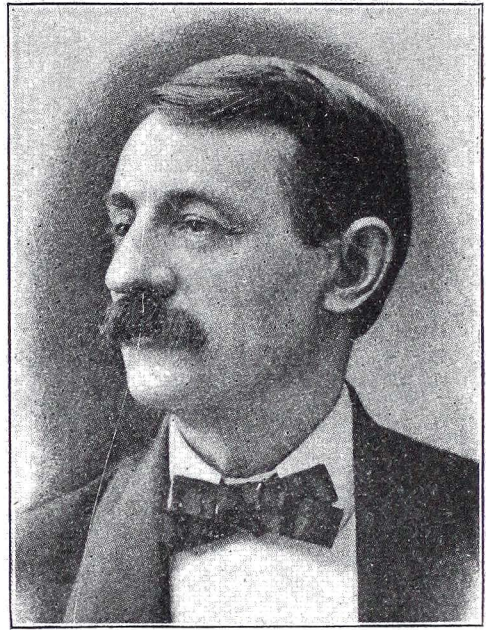
An event which promises to be of great interest has been arranged for Feb. 24th. It will be a billiard tournament in our gymnasium hall between the two wonders of the age, Sutton and Schaefer.

fer. Through the kindness of these two gentlemen, both of whom have sons in the preparatory department, the match has been made; the proceeds to go to the building fund of the college.

Mr. Sutton, who now is the undisputed champion at 18-1 and 18-2 balk line, has been challenged by Mr. Schaeffer for the 18-1 title, to be settled in March. Hence, the match here will be 18-2



GEORGE SUTTON



JACOB SCHAEFFER

balk line. Sutton is noted for his cool, consistent, playing, and at cornering the ivories and nursing them is considered the best in the country.

Mr. Schaeffer, commonly known as the "Wizard," holds his spectators spellbound by his rapid, accurate shots at long distance. He has held both titles at different stages during the last few years, winning great praise by his open playing.

While there will be no title at stake in the game, it will not be without its interest. The principal game of the evening will be for 300 points at 18-2. The second contest will be of 20 points duration at three-cushion shots, which will be followed by fancy shots by both players. The Brunswick- Balke Collender Co. has kindly consented to set up a championship table in our hall, around which elevated seats will be erected.

LOCALS.

Hah!

Cranberries.

More cranberries.

Snickle- breeches.

Who's your valentine?

Turkey isn't a gobbler, so what is he?

What's the difference between a White City sight-seer and a hunter?

One chutes the chutes and the other shoots shot.

Student—"The boys call me names."

Teacher—"What do they call you?"

Student—"Zero."

Teacher—"That's nothing."

I don't know much about Maud S,
But when it comes to old Dan T.,
I'd say he holds the record,
And his time? Oh!—Twenty-three.

He who courts the sloppy muse
To write out college dope,
Is ever subject to abuse,
And dubbed a bore and mope.
He don't pose as a humorist,
He knows he is a bloke
But his task would be more easy
If you'd only crack a joke.

A rolling stone flocks together.

Don't count your bridges before they're hatched.

Oh, you think so, do you?

Just for him, him, Jim.

You thought I could not hear because I had my glasses off.

"Turkey" would have made a nice "gobbler."

What do they charge for a poet's license?

Teacher—"Did you look over your lesson before class?"

Eddy—"No, I overlooked it."

Latin teacher—"I'll give you one chance to learn your Jones."

Gus, (from Chy.)—"I give up—it takes more dan one Chance to learn Jones—I seen the series."

Gerry—"Did you hear that lecture on 'Purpose?'"

Jerry—"Of course, did you think I went by accident?"

Prima Doughnut.

While skating on rollers—Ed Stack

A banana peel spied in his track,

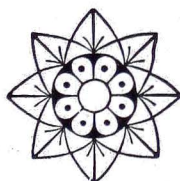
Like a war horse he reeled

But the naughty peel peeled

All the cuticle off Eddy's back.

Landlady at 8 p. m.—"Are the boys all in?"

E. C.—"I'm all in."



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