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"COME TO ME."

Francis Cleary, '11.

Come rest where dwell my charms,
Neath shadowed chapel wall.
Seek refuge here from harm,
Cries He, Who seeks us all.

He cries that we may hear him,
And answer his love call,
He beckons lest we falter,
Perhaps, in sin to fall.

His voice is soft as music,
His strains our soul enthrall,
His charms like dewey freshness,
Cover heart, and soul and all.

He dwells alone in silence,
Through years and years that pass,
And conquers men by mildness,
No tribute, but love he asks.

LINCOLN, THE IDEAL CITIZEN

W. J. STEPHENSON '10



IN THE great struggle of humanity towards the attainment of some noble end, there come moments when the most generout hearts and most intrepid souls keenly feel the need of encouragement and incentive so as to continue their struggle and to vanquish difficulties which appear insuperable. No man whose life and deeds have contributed to the uplifting of humanity ever lived without experiencing all the anguish and sorrow that the spirit of man can feel. Nay more, the loftier the ideal is, the more noble must be the soul; and the nobler the soul, the more sensitive to sorrow. Hence it is that in perusing the pages of history we find that it is the noblest souls who have felt most keenly all the pains and troubles that the meanness of human nature could devise against them. They endured the sharp tongues of base calumny and malevolent aspersion. They experienced the awful results of jealousy, of malice and of spite. Yet notwithstanding all this they continued on towards the achievement of their purposed end.

Down in this valley of mingled grief and joy as they continued their strivings, there came to them voices from the distant past, bidding them look aloft and see that on the mountain heights of human endeavor, were the brave men who dared, who did, who suffered and who died, in order that humanity might be uplifted. Those same voices are calling today and will ever call as long as there is a man able to read their lives, and be susceptible of their noble example. In the brief but brilliant history of our own beloved nation the deeds of her heroes are such as to arouse and preserve the most exalted ideals and the purest ambitions in all future generations.

Ever since the patriot's sword flashed on the hills of Concord and drove tyranny back beyond the sea American valor has stood and ever will stand out as the exemplar of all true patriots. Though the deeds of her soldier heroes and her great presidents reflect her glory in brilliant rays, yet the lives of her civic guardians shed undying lustre on freedom's cause. Of these there is

one who, because of his generous heart and equally honest and fearless spirit stands forth forever as the exemplar of sturdy American manhood. He it was who in the nation's most crucial hour felt all her sorrows within his breast. He it was that in her darkest days preserved her rays of hope. He it was whom freedom chose as the noblest champion to defend her cause. And if there is any one man to whom our gratitude is due, for the blessings of our glorious Republic that man is Abraham Lincoln.

Behold him in those awful hours when the heart of the Union was rent asunder. See him patiently bear the scoffs, the sneers, the ridicule, and contempt that malice and jealousy hurled against him. Look at him as with unflinching courage, he ignores the pacific, but compromising plans of his weak advisers. To him the preservation of the Union was dearer than all else, and his concept of truth and justice foretold the survival of that cause for which he stood. In the impressive presence of this colossal figure of political honesty I would say to all grafters: "You who crave petty honors and vain applause at the expense of honesty and truth; you whom by your enslavement to personal ambition, make public office subservient to private ends; you whose blatant mouthings disturb the quiet of civic peace, behold blushing, if still you can blush, behold in the life of the martyred Lincoln the eloquent opposite of your ignoble lives! Had he been the truckling politician that bends to classes, and is ruled by bosses; had he been more solicitous for selfish aims, than for the common weal; had he not listened to the guiding voice of an enlightened conscience, disgrace would have shrouded his memory and the woeful voices of a dismembered nation would forever curse his dishonored name."

And today there is a most urgent need for citizens who are emulous of our martyred President, men who like him are willing to sacrifice all, even life itself, rather than prove false to the interests of the nation. Notwithstanding that we boast of national progress and feel quite secure against the attacks of a foreign foe, still it is an undeniable fact that there are enemies within the nation, whose pernicious influence is more detrimental to national power than the invasion of foreign armies. Cicero, when denouncing the treachery of the Roman conspirator, lamented the fact that the day had passed when wicked citizens were regarded as being more execrable than the deadliest foe; and, it is much to be feared that we also have become too indifferent to the destructive influence of political corruption. From the earth

riven shores of the West to the Pilgrims shrine in the East, a political miasma has so befouled our land that today there is hardly one legislative body, whether national, state or municipal, whose records are not defiled with the evidence of political corruption.

Was it that such conditions should prevail that Lincoln invoked Divine Power for the preservation of the Union? Did he ever believe that the day would come when the word politician would be synonymous with all that is traitorous and unprincipled? No my friends his great soul, vibrant with faith in God and love for man, believed that when those crucial hours had passed in which he witnessed the agony of the nation, love and loyalty to God and Country would be our watchword forever more. Come, you who are pledged by your sacred oath and honor to protect and promote the best interests of civic society, come and see if your conduct in public life will bear comparison with the life of Lincoln. If not, reform and become like this peerless model.

But it is not only the purity of his public life, nor his executive ability as a nation's chief that I find worthy of admiration and imitation. Another point that I wish to emphasize is the fact that Abraham Lincoln stands pre-eminently the most potent example of the wonderful possibilities that are afforded every youth, whose inestimable privilege it is to breathe the air of freedom beneath the Stars and Stripes. You who may be disposed to complain of having been born in adverse conditions and poor circumstances, reflect and see, in the candle light of the rail-splitter's log cabin, if your conditions or circumstances are more disadvantageous than were those of Lincoln. You may be poor, so was Lincoln. You may not have the opportunity of getting an education by attending school, or of acquiring culture by mingling with polite society. Lincoln most keenly felt the need of those advantages, and yet by sheer courage, honesty of purpose and integrity of character, he raised himself from poverty and obscurity to the sublimest heights of American manhood.

To every young man with pure thoughts and high ideals, no matter how poor or how desolate may be his surroundings, the life of Lincoln must be a source of inspiration. And it is especially to those who are contending with adversities that such an example brings courage and hope in the great struggle towards the attainment of some exalted purpose. If you are imbued with noble aspirations and commendable ambitions be not disheartened at the occasional adversities and momentary impediments which

confront you in your struggle towards success. Remember that adversity is the test of character, that it is the process of refinement by which the pure gold of life is separated from all that is worthless and gross.

And lastly remember that there is no position, office or honor worthy of attainment if its possession calls for the forfeiture of right principle or the disregarding of personal integrity. This is the lesson that the Life of Lincoln teaches us and may be epitomized in the words of Shakespeare:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

THE VISION OF AENEAS.

Virgil, Book II.

The sad visage of Hector before me appeared
Bedewed was his face, thick matted his beard.
How changed was his form from the Hector of yore
When behind the cruel chariot he weltered in gore.

"O light of our country I burst out in joy
What delays have detained you, O hope of fair Troy?
From what shores do you come, by what fates are you led
And why has all joy from your countenance fled?"

From the depths of his heart there ascended a sigh,
"Flee away from this city, for its ruin is nigh,
Flee over the ocean for by destiny hurled
You shall found a great nation that shall rule the whole world."
Leo. Tholdorf, '13.

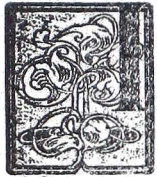




CHANTICLEER



S. TAYLOR WEDGE, '11



IN THE production of Chanticleer, Rostand has departed still farther from the beaten and accustomed path of stage craft than he had already done in *Cyrano* and *l'Aiglon*. His digression from the accepted order of things is, in this case, delightfully original and particularly opportune, because it comes at a time when the stage has apparently lost sight of its higher educational mission and abounds in those light and fanciful creations now paraded before the public as dramas.

Rostand is more than completing the work of Sardou in his reconstruction of dramatic art. He has seized the dramatic flame from the faltering hands of Hugo and Sardou and has already borne it farther into the hidden recesses and unexplored veins of the mine of drama, and has brought into the lime light more sparkling gems than had his both famous and infamous predecessors.

In regard to the literary technique displayed by Rostand, he is in no way inferior to Sardou. Indeed, he has even been compared, by those who know, to such Elizabethan dramatists as Massinger, Webster, and Ford. In splendor of diction, eloquence of feeling, and impassioned lyric song, he has no parallel. At times he often fails to keep a tight rein on the bit and bridle of his dramatic self-restraint. In the quality of his thought, the loftiness of his sentiments and the ideals which he holds aloft for imitation, he is as immeasurably above Sardou as the sun above the earth.

These characteristics and more too, are embodied in Chanticleer which is already declared his masterpiece. It is quite impossible to obtain more than a brief synopsis of this superb exhibition of dramatic skill, as the rehearsals and the libretto have been shrouded from the public eye until the evening of the initial performance, which until recently all Paris awaited with impatience because it promised to be the most notable dramatic event of the year; and the world outside is standing on tiptoe of expecta-

tion to know the verdict of dramatic connoisseurs. The most celebrated actors and actresses have deemed themselves fortunate in being permitted the opportunity to take part, and have absorbed their lines with the keenest pleasure.

Chanticleer is the crowning effort of seven years of labor and numerous rewritings, and unlike many hurriedly written and short-lived dramas which sink into merited oblivion after a brief season, this play has thought-contents of artistic finish which insure it a permanent place in the interest of mankind. The plot is laid among the feathered denizens of the barnyard and the forest. Each fowl is impersonated and is supposed to represent some virtue or vice. In this respect Chanticleer resembles very closely the old time Moralities, but brings home its lesson with all the stage effects and good acting which were not known in the olden time.

As an example of the magnificent and solemn, yet exquisite, harmony of the lines, here is a fragment of "Chanticleer's" ode to the rising sun: "Hail thou, Force and Vigor! Hail thou, Immensity! Thou tearest from heaven the obscuring webs where hang the moon and the thousand stars. And when thou appearest on the horizon, Sun, Venus must fade under thy golden Orient!"

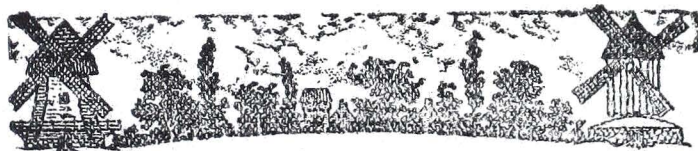
Thus magnificently does the Cock salute the rise of "The blest sun of gold that gives us life." The whole plot revolves around the curious conviction of all the winged family that the sun rises because the Cock crows. When in winter the Cock crows late, the sun rises late, and the reverse in summer,—a sophistic belief, if you will, an unconscious acceptance of the fallacy "post hoc ergo propter hoc," yet, in the barn-yard, a popular, settled and effective conviction.

The night birds hate the light because it compels them to suspend their predatory operations and to seek safety in shadowy backgrounds. Hence they conspire against the Cock who makes the sun rise. In their revolutionary councils they proclaim the praises of the night when bones crack and when the owl exultingly break an egg "drinks the future of a race." They shout "Long live the night, when we fly on padded wings and the partridge hears not Death come in our mute flight! Long live the Great Night whose stars are her sole fault when necks crack beneath our retractile claws! In the dramatic picturing of this reign of terror Rostand reaches clear heights of sublimity.

Tenderness is woven into the love of the Cock and the Hen

Pheasant, whose course does not run smooth, but is disturbed by the insolence and perfidy of the Game Cock. This unsavory personage is removed from the scene when the Cock kills him in a duel. The Cock though firmly set upon maintaining the realm of light and harmony in the world is disgusted with the mean jealousy and hatred which his sovereignty arouses. In his dejection he is comforted by the Hen Pheasant who, assuring him that love still remains in the world, sets him to sleep with his head under his wing. He awakes, surprised to see the sun already high up in the heavens, unbidden by his crowing. Through this revelation which love was instrumental in bringing about, he becomes painfully conscious of the truth that the sun does not rise at his command as he had believed. The denouement brings out that the hens and other birds, take no cognizance of the mishap and continue in their allegiance to Chanticleer, who continues to crow before sunrise, though he now feels the littleness of his role in the morning phenomenon.

Rostand is said to present an allegory of humanity in this play. He has essayed an infinitely more difficult task in this drama than in any of his precious ones and, so far as can be said at this date, he has succeeded. Some may think that the use of all this elaborate machinery of allegory is as puerile as the fables of Lafontaine and is rather a sign of dramatic degeneracy. Others will more rightly think that the allegory is a very apt way of teaching profound truths and that the execution of an allegory on the scale of Chanticleer is a token of the most robust and supple talent.

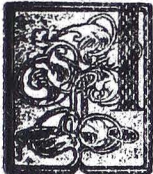




FREE MASONRY



F. A. GAVIN, '10



IN TREATING of secret societies and the attitude the Church assumes toward them it will be convenient to consider wherein their chief evils lie and some motives that justify the Church in condemning such societies. This is a subject that has been discussed by many non-Catholics, and even many ill-instructed Catholics call into question the right of the Church to condemn any fraternal societies and to forbid her members to join them. Those outside the Church censure her stand as an arbitrary assumption of power and as an evidence of tyranny over her subjects. For they say that they find nothing but good in these societies which are formed for fraternal advantages, to instill principle of uprightness and to promote honesty and good will among their fellow men. Why then they maintain should the Church presume to condemn them as something evil? The well instructed Catholic however submits his judgment to the decision of the Church knowing that she must be right in what she decrees. That the Church acts wisely and with solicitous care for the safeguarding of the Faith and morals of her children, we shall prove by exposing some of the teachings and tenets of one such organization, which has been called the chief and parent and which is connected in a way with all other secret societies,—Freemasonry.

While we will admit that there are many good and upright men belonging to this and other like societies, who may have the welfare of their fellowmen really at heart and who practice many of the Christian virtues yet we attack the society as a body, and as a social factor and we condemn it as a traducer of the faith and morals of its misguided members.

The influence of Freemasonry in our country in shaping American ideas, and moulding American life must certainly be conceded as exercising a powerful sway on the minds of its adherents. Its principles are scattered broadcast by our daily press, its labors for humanity are the constant theme of tongue and pen, while its members are to a great number, our lawgivers, our

judges, and even the Presidents of our republic openly join its ranks. The educators of our youth in school and university are to a surprising number its members, and they encourage among their pupils societies which ape its secrecy and methods, and prepare the young to become its zealous partisans in after life. And more surprising yet is the great number of Protestant ministers and bishops who are its advocates, and not only do we frequently see the corner stones of our public buildings but even those of Protestant churches laid by high officers of the lodges and consecrated according to mystic rites of Masonry.

What then must be the character of such an organization as attracts so magnetically a vast number of lay and professional members, and draws into its fold so many of our most illustrious citizens? We find it professes to be a purely benevolent association admitting all religious into its membership with a spirit of universal tolerance, and teaching brotherly love and universal benevolence. But under this cloak of harmless liberality and feigned charity we shall see another and a truer aspect of its mission.

Much has been said and written about the origin of Freemasonry. Some trace its beginning back to the time of Solomon. No doubt there were societies in those days having their secrets but on the best authority of the Masons themselves we find that no organized body teaching the speculative or philosophic Masonry as that of today, existed prior to the year 1717. Previous to that date these societies, or guilds, as they were called, were composed of men who worked in stone who divided their membership into Apprentice, Freemason, and Master Mason, a division much like that of our labor unions that distinguish between the apprentice, journeymen and Master in their membership. And in order to recognize those fit and competent to work as skilled masons, they had signs and passwords whereby the Master Mason in charge of any great work, could distinguish the Freemason from the Apprentice. But Masonry as it exists today is an entirely different thing and dates as was said from the year 1717 when four or five men met at the Apple Tree Tavern near London and formed the present constitution of the Masonic body.

There are others who attempt to connect the history of Masonry with that of the Knights Templars who were formed in France in 1118 during the Crusaders, and were a military religious body founded to free the holy places in Palestine from the presence of the Turks. Their history, as all know, was unfortunate

and on account of many abuses which later crept into the order, were suppressed in 1312. But we have the testimony of Bishop Perry of Iowa, a 32nd degree Mason, who says in regard to the Knights Templars. "To establish the historic connection between medieval and modern templarism, it becomes requisite to bridge over a period of 400 years. The tracing of the traditional existence of the old Knights Templars during this 400 years is historically impossible. Absolutely no evidence exists of its being in any sense a direct continuance of the medieval order. Therefore any claims of the Masonic order to a former connection in any way, to the Catholic Church are absolutely groundless."

And now let us take up and study the true claims of modern Masonry and learn why the Church condemns this and kindred societies. To the uninitiated and even those of its members in the lower degrees, to whom the deeper mysteries of scientific and philosophic research have not as yet been revealed, the Masonic lodge appears merely as a fraternal society, a social organization, to promote good fellowship and dispense cheer and charity at its banquets and beneficiary bureaus, and to aid its brethren in distress. But Freemasonry in its own declaration is more than this, its principles are prompted by a higher series of doctrine. The great cry throughout the Masonic world is for light, their lodges are now schools and their labor is study and scientific research; the types and symbols, the myths and allegories of the institution are now investigated in reference to their ultimate meaning, and they attempt to trace their history to antiquity. They classify their various degrees under three heads: the Mathematic, those engaged in the study of the exact sciences; the Theoretic, on the knowledge of God and the future state of man, and lastly to those in the highest degrees whose intellects are deemed capable of grasping it, is communicated the full fruition of the Pythagorean philosophy. Thus we can see that from an outward appearance of being merely a fraternal and benevolent society, Freemasonry in its truest sense is a science, a philosophy, a system of morality,—a religion.

And to what sort of religion does this so-called fraternal society pretend, which admits the Jew, Mahometan, Buddhist and Christian into its fold? It claims that it can import its light to men of every creed and transform all creeds into its own, for Masonry contains the truths of all religions from the beginning of the world down through the Christian era. It weaves into this religious fabric the Sun Worship of the Hindoo and Syrian, the

Fire worship of the Chaldean, the Pantheism of Pagan Greece and Rome and the Kabbalism of the Hebrew. What an elaborate scheme to ensnare the unwary of all creed! But this is the sophistry subtle and insidious which permeates the whole Masonic system and which has deceived so many well meaning minds.

How then can the Masons reconcile the Jupiter and Venue of Rome, the Zeus of Greece, the Totem of the Alaskan and the Buddha of the Hindoo, the Jehovah of the Kabbalish with the God of the Jews and Christ the only begotten son of the Father? They tell us that all that is required is a belief in some diety or other and the wonderful illumination of Masonry will reveal to us the true nature and essence of God. To their light he is styled the Grand Architect of the Universe, and to carry out their mathematical idea of a deity, the letter "G" with a compass and a square is adopted as their lodge symbol. And what does ths "G" stand for we may ask? According to their own explanation in the Masonic Ritualist, it stands for, Geometry, under the heading, "The Moral Advantages of Geometry" with the remarkable assertion that Geometry, the first and noblest science is the basis on which the superstructure of Masonry is erected. But we say that we consider Theology, the science of God and of divine things, the noblest of sciences. But the Mason in viewing the order, beauty, and wisdom of God in the Universe, glorifies Geometry as the science by which the Grand Architect designed, calculated, and determined this work of creation. God, to the Mason is the great Geometrician who used the crude instruments of compass and square to work out, measure, and proportion with mathematical exactness the makeup of the universe. And in this they consider God as the mighty Builder of this terrestrial globe, and all the countless worlds that surround it, he is the chief workman, under whom we are all workmen and hence our labor is worship. In this doctrine we may conceive God merely as the Master Builder, the superintendent of the work and we are builders with Him. Masons with Him, through Him, and directed by Him. We are fellow workers with Him not his creatures, the work of His hand. The relation between Creator and creature is therefore broken, shattered. God is the mighty builder the soul of the universe and according to their Pythagorean philosophy we are emanations of Him. God and nature are one.

Is this then the system they would offer us as a substitute for Christianity! No wonder then that against such a defacement of religious and moral truths the church warns her children and

punishes them if they embrace such a cult. No one realizes more keenly than the Catholic priest why it is so difficult to reclaim a Catholic who has been a Freemason the difficulty is not a moral one only but an intellectual one as well. To embrace Freemasonry is not merely a disobedience to the Church, and a neglect of Her Sacraments, it is complete and formal apostasy from the Faith.

To show that actual violence is resorted to when a member is unfaithful to Masonry, we will prove by a case which occurred in this country, not many years ago, when a Mason named William Morgan after announcing his intention of exposing its secrets was kidnaped by fellow Masons and led from New York to the borders of Canada near Niagara Falls, and there barbarously murdered and his body thrown in the chasm. This was a case that attracted the attention of the whole country and the place is marked where he was murdered.

If the true aim of Masonry be a zeal for a more cultured refinement, a love for the poor, and a betterment of the condition of the masses, why this secrecy? Why bind its members by oath, never to reveal its acts or teachings? It is a fact too, as one of their own authorities assert, that in the lower degrees, the truth is not made known but rather hidden, and not until they have entered the 32nd degree, are the true teachings of Masonry laid bare to the Mason. Thus they practise deception upon their own members.

Is it any wonder then, that the Catholic Church, the guardian of truth, should declare eternal war on Freemasonry as a traducer of Christian souls, and should warn her children against this insidious enemy? Far from its first inception each succeeding Pope has issued bulls condemning Freemasonry as the scourge of humanity, seeking the common ruin of religion and human society.





AN OLD FALLACY



S. McMahon



THE Psychology of Inspiration by Prof. Geo. L. Raymond of George Washington University is a work recently issued by Funk & Wagnalls Co. Dr. Raymond evidently enjoys some reputation as an art critic, and it is a pity that he should mar that reputation by the publication which adds nothing to the literature of biblical exegesis; which in fact has a tendency, although perhaps unperceived by the Professor, to belittle and ridicule the Holy Scriptures.

The title of the book would not indicate its contents; for the name in itself is a misnomer; it means nothing. Psychology is the science of the mind. Now it is evident that inspiration can have no psychology. Nor is it so much the author's intention to speak of the mental influences which actuated the inspired writers in the composition of the sacred books as an attempt to unravel the workings of the human mind in its study of Holy Writ. The treatment of the topics discussed throughout the work is as far-fetched as the name.

The work is replete with error from the standpoint of Christianity as a supernaturally revealed religion. Dr. Raymond denies the Christian conception of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, etc., does not seem to understand the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; defends the right of private judgment of Scripture, assails ecclesiastical authority; in fact, demolishes everything in the Christian religion but his own view of biblical interpretation, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, destroys that, when he refutes pragmatism.

The Professor teaches nothing more nor less than natural religion. He speaks of what is peculiar to Christianity and yet ignores the cornerstone of Christianity as a system of revealed religion, the divinity of Jesus Christ. In rejecting the divinity of Christ, and asserting His birth in the ordinary way, he reduces Christianity to a mere system of philosophy; for the name Christianity as a religious system implies a belief in Christ's divinity, not in the humanitarian sense that all men are or become divine,

which is nonsense, but that He possesses all the attributes of true divinity. It would have been better if he had confined himself to natural religion; for then his work would have shown less inconsistency.

Dr. Raymond insists upon what he calls the theory of suggestion, which seems to mean that one should take out of Scripture that meaning which the text appears to convey to his mind. The sacred writings are not to be received in their literal signification, but suggestively; for at the very least they are often apparently contradictory and inaccurate. Revelation in passing through the sacred writers suffers from their finite capacity, their limited intelligence. This is a rather peculiar position for one to take who assumes that the Bible is the word of God. Dr. Raymond assures us that God only intends the general truths, not the specific details, because these depend on the finite intelligence of the men through whom God committed His law to man. Hence I suppose he means that it is impossible for God to impart Revelation exactly as He intends it to be understood.

Now if we are not to take the Scriptures in their integrity, but only as containing general truths, then God has caused much of the Bible to be written for no purpose and in vain, which is absurd on its face. If we are bound to believe in the Gospel at all, we are bound to believe all that it teaches. We are not free to accept this and reject that; to believe that Christ came to show us the way to eternal life when He declares this, and reject His claim to divinity when He asserts it emphatically and in unequivocal language. Christ commissioned the apostles to preach the Gospel, not a part of it, "but all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

A few quotations from Dr. Brownson's article "The Episcopal Observer vs. The Church" (Vol. V of Works, pages 403 and 399) will, I think, state the question and answers it:

"The whole controversy between Catholics and Protestants turns on the questions here involved. Catholics say that the Almighty has made us a revelation and commanded us to believe it, without doubting its integrity and genuine sense, as the condition *sine qua non* of salvation. Protestants also say God has made us a revelation, and commanded us to believe it without doubting, as the condition *sine qua non* of salvation, but, virtually, if not expressly, that He does not command us to believe it in its integrity and genuine sense, but only so much of it as commends itself to our own minds and hearts, and in the sense in which it pleases us

to understand it. They are obliged to say this, or acknowledge the authority of the Catholic Church and condemn themselves as not having the faith without which they cannot be saved."

"But if we do not take the exact mind of the Spirit, we must take the inexact mind of the Spirit. The inexact mind,, so far forth as inexact, is not the mind of the Spirit at all,—is not the word of God—is not truth, but falsehood, and therefore of the devil, who is a liar from the beginning and the father of liars. The inexact mind of the Spirit is the impure or corrupt word of God, the word of God and the words of the devil combined. If it be derogatory to the character of God and injurious to the interests of religion to insist on the necessity to salvation of faith in the pure word of God, it must be honorable to the character of God and advantageous to th interests of religion to contend that belief of the impure word of God, the corrupt word, the word of God combined with the words of the devil, is sufficient as the condition of being saved! A very comforting doctrine to all class of errorists; for they all hold the truth, or some portion of truth, but mixed with error, that is, in an inexact, a false or corrupt sense."

I will notice two other doctrines advocated in this work, which are, of course, nothing other than corollaries of his theory of suggestion, or in ordinary language, his theory of private interpretation of Scripture. These are his views on dogma and the duties of the Church or churches, which, in final analysis, are really one doctrine.

He assails dogma and urges liberal Christianity. He would have the churches reduce their creeds to the very primary notions of natural theology, God's existence, etc. The Church should not formulate dogma about the nature of the Trinity, of Christ, etc., for to be sure, says the Professor, our Lord did not formulate dogmas, and moreover if we must have dogmas, many will be unable to subscribe to the creeds formulated. I wonder if the Professor ever realized that he is himself quite an adept at dogmatizing.

To quote his own words: "When the Christ told men they were sons of God they became these by believing in Him and His words, and voluntarily yielding their wills to Him; but at the same time he merely suggested a conception which they were left free to carry out in their own ways. He did not for either individuals or communities dictate actions or formulate creeds."

Has language any meaning for men of Dr. Raymond's stamp? It seems that they are never satisfied with the plain and unequivocal

cal terms of a proposition; they must needs twist and turn them around until they deprive the statement of all sense. Now, Christ in the most direct terms possible outlines a course of conduct and belief for men and does not leave it to their choice as the Professor would have us believe. A profound biblical student, such as he, could not possibly overlook these two passages in which Christ commissions His apostles: "Going into the whole world, preach the gospel to every creature; he who believes and is baptized not shall be condemned."—Mark XVI-15. "Going therefore teach ye all nations * * * * Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."—Matthew XXVIII-19 and 20. This is a rather strange way of suggesting doctrine to men. If language has any meaning, it is clear that Christ did formulate a creed; that He did command some things to be believed; that He did prescribe some lines of conduct. Furthermore He does not say that He will be with the hearers, but with the teachers, and that not only for some time but for all time, which could only mean their legitimate successors. He did not grant the privilege of interpretation to the multitude, but imposed upon it the duty of hearing and of obeying.

If we are to take the Gospel as our rule of life, we must know what the Gospel is, and who so well qualified to expound a system as its founder, or, in the case of a divine Founder, the one or ones with whom that Founder promises to be until the consummation of the world. False interpretation is no interpretation at all any more than falsehood is knowledge. It is error and error is the want or lack of truth. The only true sense of Scripture is the meaning God intends to convey. When one puts a meaning on words different from that of the speaker, they are no longer the speaker's words but those of the hearer, and the sense is his, not that of the speaker.

I said that Dr. Raymond favors what he calls liberal Christianity, Christianity that is informed by charity, i. e. his notion of charity. The Church does wrong in cutting off from her communion those who do not assent to her creed. She should reduce it to such a namby-pamby thing that all could agree to it. In other words, the Professor desires chaos in unity. He would have men in the same church, some of whom admit the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist and others who declare it to be blasphemous and superstitious; some who say that Christ is God and others who declare that He was but man; some who say that baptism

blots out the stain of original sin and others who scoff at it or consider it an idle ceremony. It is really too bad that the Church does not adopt the Professor's anarchistic whims and convert itself into a laughing-stock for all sensible men.

I have wasted altogether too much space on this book, much more than its few merits deserve. But before I take leave of "The Psychology of Inspiration," I wish to commend its one good feature. That is his exposition and refutation of pragmatism. The Professor displays its absurdity quite well. It is to be regretted that he did not advert to the fact that his book is practically a work of pragmatism in religious interpretation, and possibly he would not have written it.

STEPHEN E. McMAHON.

ANSWERED.

I go o'er the landscape of Illinois,
At close of an autumn day,
In spirit I wandered again a boy,
To a land that is far away.

I saw once more the bright green hills,
Where lambkins skip and play,
I heard at eve the shepherd's trills,
And the wild wolf's distant bay.

I viewed the rugged mountain path,
Where once I loved to roam,
The torrent plunging in its wrath,
And the eagles lofty home.

While wrapped in shadows of the night,
A voice I seem to hear,
Surprised, amazed I stand in fright
As it grows both loud and clear.

Is it the beauties of that far famed land
Which you would fain behold;
Or hidden wealth in mountains grand,
Or precious stones and gold?

Or is it the chase of the silvry fox,
The great elk and the deer?
Or the ibex that feed on the highest rocks,
And drink of the brooklet clear?

The stars had faded one by one
When I designed to make reply,
The first bright rays of morning sun
Had crimsoned the eastern sky.

'Tis not for the beauteous landscape there,
Nor the treasures those mountains hold,
Nor to chase the wild beast to his lair,
That I sought that land of gold.

In gratitude to a prelate true,
Who guided my steps aright,
Is why my restless spirit flew
To those distant hills that night.

M.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—M. MUGAN, '10.

Exchanges—T. WEDGE, '11

Alumni—E. J. QUILLE, '11.

Athletics—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—F. CLEARY, '11.

Personals—W. SAMMON, '12.

Societies—W. NOURIE, '10.

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EDITORIALS.

It is interesting to note the ascendancy which modern fiction has attained over the minds and hearts of the reading public.

When in former years the novels written for a day constituted reading matter for only a small number, they now have gained complete mastery over the literary fancies of a vast majority of book lovers. A glance at the shelves in the book stores

will suffice to prove this assertion for strung out in bold relief are the recent productions of fiction, neat and attractively bound volumes dealing mainly with the social questions of modern life and the intricate problems of finance. In the rush for this class of literature true masterpieces are overlooked and the lightly conceived and sometimes badly executed efforts of rising authors become known as the best sellers while the time honored volumes of Thackery, Dickens and Walter Scott repose on the rear shelf unmolested and forgotten.

This desire to swell the profits and heighten the fame of impromptu writers by procuring every new issue from their prolific pens, has invaded also the student world. It would have been better and more advantageous to all students had this popular wave stopped short of college precincts. For the best that can be urged in favor of the modern novel is that it pleases and fascinates the mind without conveying useful instruction or arousing the least spark of healthy intellectual vigor. Since then the time during which the student may devote himself to fiction reading is brief at the most why not employ it in reading the masters instead of stirring the mind to fever pitch by perusing the light flimsy literature in popular vogue?

The recent far fetched exhibition of student antics perpetrated by upper classmen dragged into prominence once more the unsightly figure of hazing. Wise legislation on the part of college authorities has dealt a telling blow to such brainless and idiotic "forms of amusement" as hazing. No right minded person will admit that this form of amusement affords any pleasure whatsoever. It surely does not foster college spirit. It is resorted to in the heat of excitement and not guided by reason it violates law and order. While it is the cause of many expulsions it, also, brings at times much discomfort to those who are its victims. No good can accrue from such low forms of sport. The punishment meted out to the offending individuals ought to be a preventative of like offenses in future.



OBITUARY.

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

In the death of the Rev. E. M. Griffin which occurred January 14th, St. Viateur's College loses one of her most loyal sons and St. Dominic's Church Chicago a faithful pastor. His death which was unexpected came as a shock not only to his parishioners but to a host of admirers and well wishers of the good priest. A sufficient proof of this was the number of brother priests who attended at the last solemn rites of the deceased and also the immense concourse of people who wended their way to pay their last tribute to their zealous pastor and faithful friend. Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley celebrated the solemn requiem high mass and there were about 150 priests in the sanctuary.

Father Griffin was born in Co. Donegal, Ireland and made his classical studies in that country. His philosophical and theological course he pursued within the halls of St. Viateur's. He acted in the capacity of professor here from September 1879 to June 1882 and taught the graduating classes in Latin and Greek. In July 1882 he was elevated to the priesthood. Elgin was the field of his first priestly labor. Later he was sent to Belvidere, St. Elizabeth's and St. Gabriel's and served for seventeen years assistant at Annunciation Church. Archbishop Quigley in June, 1904 selected him to establish a new parish. The zealous priest took up his work with a ready will and in less than two years St. Dominic's Church and rectory was completed. Providence did not allow him to carry out the many plans he had drawn up for the improvement of his Church. His name shall always be of cherished memory at St. Viateur's.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Marvin DeSousa of the Senior department, who is torn by sorrow over the sudden and untimely death of his mother which occurred on January 31.

Requiescant in Pace.

PERSONAL.

In the recent promotions made in the Peoria diocese St. Viateur's has been honored in two of her loyal sons. Very Rev. Jas. J. Shannon, '81 has been created Vicar General, and Rev. F. J. O'Reilly has been chosen diocesan consultor. The Viatorian extends congratulations.

Paul Wilstach, '89 has achieved great success with his book, *Life of Richard Mansfield*. The book is enjoying a wide and ever increasing circulation. It has the record of being the best selling biography on the market.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris D. D., and Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., attended the funeral of the late Rev. Fr. Hodnett at Chicago.

Rev. Fr. Mulvaney C. S. V., owing to ill health has departed for the South in search of a more congenial climate.

Bro. C. Marino C. S. V., has been appointed Professor of Mathematics at Columbus College, Chamberlain, South Dakota.

The visiting clergy during the month were: Rev. P. C. Conway, Chicago; Rev. J. H. Cannon, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill.; Rev. Father Isidore, C. S. P., Rev. Z. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. A. L. LaBrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. E. J. Schuetz, Streator, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Meyer, Goodrich, Ill.; Rev. J. LaMarre, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Xavier, St. Cyril's College, Chicago, Ill.

THE RETREAT.

Immediately after the semi-annual examinations the entire student body entered a three days retreat conducted by Rev. Father Isidore, C. P. The missionary brought home to the students in a forcible manner many of the sublime truths of their religion, and strongly inculcated a love of virtue and a hatred of vice. The retreat which commenced on Wednesday evening was closed on the following Sunday morning by High Mass, a sermon on Perseverance, and the Papal Blessing.

CONVENT BAZAAR.

The success of the bazaar held in benefit of the New Notre Dame convent stands unparalleled in the history of the convent. The liberality of honors, the kind co-operation of friends, the generosity of patrons and the favorable weather all conspired to realize the most sanguine expectations of the sisters. Meanwhile the new convent is fast nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in the near future. A splendid town to grace fifty years of noble work in Catholic education.

SOCIETIES.

The spirit of class organization has once more asserted itself in the reorganization of the different classes. The Senior class for the coming year is officered as follows:

President—M. J. Mugan.

Vice-President—A. G. Quille.

Secretary—D. J. Boyle, Jr.

Treasurer—J. A. Williams.

On Tuesday, Jan. 18 the Seniors entertained the underclassmen in a reception and smoker which proved a splendid spirit pervading the meeting spoke eloquently for the Senior class. The evening was pleasantly interspersed with appropriate speeches, recitations, vocal and musical selections.

Class of 1911.

Closely following in the footsteps of the '10 class, the Juniors have taken up the year's work with a determination that spells success and like Hailey's comet they are beginning to show themselves in the firmament of class organization. The following officers grace its rostrum:

President—F. A. Cleary.

Vice-President—S. T. Wedge.

Secretary—E. J. Quille.

Treasurer—J. M. Fitzgerald.

Class of 1912.

The interest and energy manifested by the Sophomores bids fair to repeat their excellent record of last year if not to surpass it.

President—G. E. Bergan.

Vice-President—J. J. Farrell.

Secretary—J. M. Lareau.

Treasurer—W. F. Sammon.

Class of 1913.

Again the Freshies are trying to make themselves heard above the din of class organization and although their voices are yet weak they are succeeding fairly well in their attempt.

President—T. G. Harrison.

Vice-President—L. P. Baron.

Secretary—H. K. Karpen.

Treasurer—H. W. Keeley.

Lajoie Society.

On January 24 the Lajoie society tendered a reception in honor of the Very Rev. J. Charlebois C. S. V. Provincial of the

Clerics of St. Viateur. A short program was rendered after which the Rev. Father in a short but forcible address urged the members to maintain the enthusiasm and spirit which it has continually shown since its organization.

The trio of playlets which the Lajoie society enacted at the College Theatre were repeated with great success at St. Joseph's Seminary, Kankakee, Ill., and at Beaverville, Ill.

Card of Thanks.

The Librarian wishes to thank the Rev. P. H. Durkin of Rantoul, Ill., for the valuable collection of books which he has recently donated to the college.

NOTICE.

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



The exchanges for January were very slow in arriving at our sanctum. At the present moment few have yet arrived. Now, we see no reason for this. We are willing to pardon our brother "Eds." for a little delay during the Christmas and New Year's season but since every school and college have resumed studies weeks ago surely the pleasures of home and friends have not completely severed their literary talent. We are yet waiting for several January exchanges and hope our expectations will not be shattered.

The January number of *St. Mary's Messenger* is brimming over with short stories, poems and a few essays. A fitting tribute is paid to R. W. Gilder and Father Tabb, two poets. The writer compares their lives and work. "Fulton and Clermont" is a good article. The stories are well written but why not give us some more essays? The poems are well chosen. The editorial and exchange department are well handled.

We are always pleased to welcome "**St. John's University Record.**" The January issue is fairly crammed with essays and if one should find these "too heavy" we would suggest to turn over a leaf or two and read the "pleasantries" and all the "blues" will instantly disappear. The article "Is Vivisection Justifiable"? is treated at length and in a creditable manner. The writer consulted many authors dealing with his subject and consequently brings forward strong arguments in support of his proposition. Hildebrand is an interesting article. It would be well if our exchanges would contain essays similar to this. We are all more or less familiar with men of the 19th and 20th century but the beacon lights of past ages should be brought to the surface. Essays of this stamp require careful historical research which benefits the writer and a host of readers. The short stories, poems are in keeping with the general tone of the journal. Where is your exchange department?

In our last issue we welcomed the "**Xavier**" to our sanctum. The January number has an appreciative article on Father Tabb considered as a poet. The writer quotes a few gems of the great poet's mind and offers his own comments in regard to them. Ferrer's trial and execution have been thrashed out long ago, yet some new light is thrown on his life in a lengthy article entitled the "Justice of the Ferrer Trial." The Life Ambition of Jimmy Slick is pretty "slick". Christmas in Italy is a very interesting article. The writer brings his readers to Rome and we become so interested that we imagine ourselves listening to the little preachers in the Church of Ara Coeli. Your poetry is of a high order.

It is certainly a high honor for any college to entertain Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, but to welcome and entertain him as an alumnus and former president is the privilege of St. Bonaventure's College. Hence we are not surprised to find the "**Laurel**" devoting many pages to his visit. Still the January issue contains a carefully written article on John Keats. The poetry this month surpasses any we have read in the January exchanges. Your editorial column is a strong element of your paper.

We cannot let this opportunity go by without offering a word of congratulation to the editors of the **Collegian** of Oakland, Cal. As we watch the daily arrival of exchanges to our sanctum and note the monthly improvements made in their literary make-up we cannot but express our admiration for the **Collegian**. The

January issue is beautifully illustrated which adds another hue to its already brilliant pages. We read with pleasure the "Tourist Photographer in Japan." It is a graphical sketch and the illustrations give it a finished touch. The poetry is certainly much in evidence. The muses must have selected sunny climes for their headquarters. "The Undertakers Purse" by a stripling Junior is characteristic of his race—the Juniors. The editorials are timely. The other essays are well selected and impart much information.

The Notre Dame Scholastic is one of our regular visitors. It contains lively articles and poems peculiar to the 'Varsity. In a recent number we noticed a good editorial on "Student Activities" and agree with the writer in his views. In the same issue a few essays, worthy of note are found. The fable of the good boy has a moral, but the moral as taken from the "Ladder of St. Augustine" you forgot to enclose in brackets.

BOOK REVIEW.

Cash Intrigue, by G. R. Chester.

Verisimilitude, in this literary extravaganza, is infinitesimal. Even in a "fantastic melodrama" such as Mr. Chester characterizes his own book, a modicum of likelihood should be retained. Again there are crudities in the book; among others there is an abundance of undigested materials, more matter than art in the handling of the same. A fault which French critics find common among American fictional dramatic writers. Problems of government, problems of frenzied finance, problems of socialistic evolution are ponderous themes, and would seem to require a more nervous pen than that of the ordinary writer of crisp short stories. Unartistically the author lets slip several opportunities of presenting really blood-curdling scenes and unseasonably closets the readers within the walls of a boudoir where they are compelled to hear the ill-suggestive overtures of a love-mad leopardess, Lillian Breed, a personage whose absence would improve the book both from the esthetic and the ethical standpoint. However, like many viands which would not satisfy the exactions of the pure-food law, this recent morsel of literary pabulum is put up in an attractive can; clear print, good paper, tasteful binding and illustrations, all for \$1.50. Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis. E. KELLEY, '10.



Athletic Notes



St. Viateur's 37, De Paul 20.

In the initial basketball game of the season, which, was played on our floor, the clever De Paul five met defeat at the hands of our boys. The first half, which was played under Intercollegiate rules was marked by much rough playing on both sides and ended with the score in our favor. Under the A. A. U. rules which were used in the second half, our boys showed to much greater advantage, and the fast work of Warner and Moynihan in conjunction with Captain Fitzgerald, soon placed the game out of the visitor's reach.

The remarkable basket throwing and field work of Fitzgerald marked the game throughout and the team work of Stack and Bachant in taking the ball up the floor was exceptionally brilliant. The visitors played a snappy game, but were unable to break up the team work between our fast forwards and center who handled the ball cleverly and threw baskets with unerring skill.

De Pauls (20)

Barry
Ward
Lane
Leffert
Kolb

Right forward
Left forward
Center
Right guard
Left guard

St. Viateur's (37)

Warner
Moynihan
(Capt.) Fitzgerald
Stack
Bachant

Field goals—Fitzgerald (13), Warner (3), Moynihan, Stack, Lane (4), Barry, Ward (4), Kolb, Bachant. Umpire—Shiel. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

Lewis Institute 22, St. Viateur's 18.

Neither the untiring perseverance of Captain Fitzgerald nor the resolute efforts of the guards could prevent the hard-working and speedy Lewis five from carrying off the victory, in the second game of the season. Cheered by their victory over De Paul, our boys entered the contest with a vim and vigor which forced Lewis to the limit to hold their own. The Fitzgerald-Warner-Moynihan combination worked at its best and was ably assisted by Stack and Bachant, who played their men well and foiled many attempted baskets. At no point of the contest was either team certain of victory and the game ended with the score two points

in the visitor's favor. Speed was the predominant factor throughout and each team put up a splendid exhibition of basketball. Lineup:

St. Viateur's 18.

Lewis Institute 22.

| | | |
|-------------------|---------------|---------|
| Warner | Right forward | Pardee |
| Moynihan | Left forward | Wathier |
| Fitzgerald, Capt. | Center | Dempsey |
| Stack | Right guard | McKee |
| Bachant | Left guard | Bartin |

Baskets—Pardee 7, Waither 2, McKee, Fitzgerald 5, Warner 3. Free throws—Pardee 2, Moynihan 2. Referee—Shiel. Umpire—Wheeler.

St. Viateur's 47, Morgan Park 23.

The Morgan Park team went down in defeat before the local five in a rather loosely contested game on the college floor. The visitors seemed to be lost on our floor and were never dangerous from start to finish. Fitzgerald threw most of our baskets and played a remarkable game at center. Moynihan at forward threw several spectacular baskets and with Warner, worked the ball around the floor with amazing speed. "Dud" was very accurate on short throws and never failed to be in the right spot when the ball was thrown down the field. The visitors made several ineffectual attempts to rally in the second half but their good work was frustrated by our guards who guarded their men well and worked together nicely. Throughout the game there was nothing particularly spectacular and it was the poorest game of the season so far. Lineup:

St. Viateur's 47.

Morgan Park 23.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------|------------|
| Moynihan | R. F. | Reynolds |
| Warner, Magee | L. F. | Stephenson |
| Fitzgerald, Capt. | C. | Pape |
| Bachant | R. G. | Radford |
| Stack, Kissane | L. G. | W. Marr |

Baskets—Fitzgerald 9, Moynihan 6, Warner 6, Bachant, Pape 5, Reynolds 3, Redfield 3. Free throws—Fitzgerald 2, Magee, Radfield. Referee—Shiel. Umpire—Kenfield.

Wheaton 23, St. Viateur's 19.

Owing to the fact that Fitzgerald was absent and Warner injured, our team was not able to put up as strong a contest as

usual when the Wheaton five appeared for battle. Nevertheless they played the game for all that was in them and fought gamely to the finish. The first half was played with remarkable spirit by both sides and neither seemed to have the advantage when the whistle was blown. The second half was rather close at the start but the visitors finally gained the advantage by their accurate throwing of baskets and their splendid team work.

Moynihan and Bachant worked well for our boys and managed to get away with several snappy plays that made the visitors open their eyes. Warner, owing to his injured knee was unable to work very fast but put up a game exhibition. Stack and Cleary worked well on the defensive and helped materially by their long and accurate throws. The visitors played a remarkable game and deserved the victory which was well earned. Lineup:

St. Viateur's 19.

Wheaton 23.

| | | |
|------------------------|-------|----------|
| Warner | R. F. | Fischer |
| Moynihan | L. F. | Smith |
| Stack, Cleary | C. | Alden |
| Cleary, Stack, Kissane | R. G. | Snyder |
| Bachant | L. G. | McKenzie |

Baskets—Moynihan 2, Bachant 2, Stack 2, Cleary, Fischer 4, Smith 4, Alden, McKenzie. Free throws—Moynihan 3, Warner 2, Fischer 3. Referee—Shiel. Umpire—Smith.

Juniors.

On January 15 the Juniors had the opportunity of showing their true worth when they met the crack Y. M. C. A. Intermediates of Kankakee. From start to finish, the Junior's speed and tricky team work kept the opponents baffled and on the defensive. The final score, 37 to 5, reveals the Junior's overwhelming victory. Many interesting and well-fought games have been played between the first and second Junior teams. Although the former issue victorious still the margin is sometimes very narrow.

The third Junior quintet met their Waterloo at the hands of the fast and skillful Minims. The score, showing the Minims' victory was 20 to 18.

Minims.

Splendid team work enabled the Minims to gain a victory over a team of Juniors composed of ex-Minims. Both "fives" struggled hard for the honors but superior playing landed the game for the Minims. Score, Minims 20, Juniors 18.

Y. M. C. A. have always been stubborn opponents and hard losers but the dauntless Minims beat them in their own camp by a score of 8 to 6. The contest was equal throughout and it was only by the superb work of Edgar and Magruder at the basket, that the Minims registered another victory. The Minims team is made up of:

Landroche—Center.

Dandurand and Fitzpatrick—Guards.

Edgar, Magruder, and Campe—Forwards.

LOCALS.

—Honk, Honk!

—Out of the way.

—Won't you take a chance?

—Valentine's season is here—Now for the purty ones.

—Have you met the pug? Some bark.

—The fight was called off on account of darkness.

—Noses are very prominent these days—Fourteen Times.

—Izzy—Gee, I hope the snow keeps up.

Shorty—Why?

Izzy—So it won't come down.

—Do they charge permission here?

—The semi-annuals are over and passed—We're over, but have we passed?

—Sleighing has been very good at times—But not all times.

—“Neither a borrower nor a lender be.”

For borrowing dulls the edge of cutlery.

—Down in the corn field hear that mournful sound?”—Only the rabbits crying, the big boys with the big guns are near—Did they get 'em?

—To the Candy Man—Do you keep hamburgers?

Sweetness—No, you fried cake, we run a cigar store.

—Five cents worth of doughnuts and oblige.

—Although we have seen many aching hearts of late, still there have been none in pain.

—Not all the prizes won, of late, have been announced, except the prize fights.

—Teacher—My young man, what are you studying?

Harry—Nature, sir.

—Prefect—What is all this noise?

Student—Only a brain racket, sir.

—Although the robin has not appeared as yet, there are several other young warblers in our midst.

—The shoes did you say?—No, the liniment.

—Johnnie—My head is all in an uproar.

Dick—That's nothing but applause, from the upper story.

—When you're right, you write.

—Answer me not as pickles—Such a ringing noise.

—Silvery moonbeams and soft metal—one mine, the other mined—Don't mind.

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