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THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Delivered before the Oratorical Society by F. E. Walsh, '07.

THE power of organization is well known. Whenever men unite their efforts for a common end, all opposition vanishes before that union as dews before the noonday sun. To orderly organization there is no resistance. Like a ravaging army, it lays waste the territory of those who would dare resist, and in the attainment of its end, it leaves behind the marks of destruction and the smoke of ruin. We have lately been furnished a striking though sad and painful example of the strength of union, in the fiendish work of Masonry in France. United in hatred of religion and of all that is good and ennobling, they have for years, like an army of rodents, been burrowing beneath the supports and gnawing on the walls of religion in France, and now they make wild havoc in the ruins of the fallen structure. But if it is true that organized evil attains its ends, it is also true of united good. We shall soon see that firmest of earthly organizations, the Church, come to the assistance of wretched France, and upon the site of the now ruined edifice, shall be reared a temple glorious and everlasting.

Since then, the attainment of its end is beyond the realms of doubt, an organization will be worthy if its end be worthy. The test of the goodness of a society will be the moral value of the principles on which it is founded. Now there has, in recent years, sprung up in our midst a body of men united for the fulfilment of principles as broad as the earth and as high as the heavens, as virtuous and lofty as possible to the aspirations of man. The work, then, of this organization, must indeed be commendable. As I am aware that many of you are non members of this grand organization, the Knights of Columbus, I will endeavor to explain to you the purpose for which they have ordered their martial forces and the enemy toward which they march.

A little over four hundred years ago, a man of humble birth, poor and unknown, believing he could find a shorter way to the Indies, and urged on by the desire of spreading the faith and of gaining glory for his country, announced his intention before the thrones of Europe, but was answered in mockery. Though looked upon as a dreamer, a visionary, though his theories were opposed to the learning of the ages, to the reason of students and thinkers and to the judgment of councils of the most learned men of the times; with a firmness of purpose which would not be denied, he spurned all these and with the sympathy and assistance of a noble and generous queen, he braved the dangers of unknown seas and the malice of a mutinous crew, and, cross in hand, Christopher Columbus knelt upon the shore of the New World.

Twenty-five years ago, an American citizen, a Catholic priest, in his pious zeal for the welfare of church and nation, wishing to unite Catholic men for the promotion of virtue and the advancement of truth, could find no better exemplar for Catholic America than Columbus, a true knight, animated by the spirit of chivalry and zeal for the cross. Under the guidance of this noble Father McGivney, the Knights of Columbus have taken up the cross, where their beloved model and patron had left it and are increasing its dominion in the land which he discovered. For the success of the work they are firmly united by the closest ties of fraternity. They are doubly brothers; brothers as Christians and brothers as men, as members of the church and of society.

There could scarcely exist a stronger bond of comradeship than that of Christian brotherhood. That union in which men strive for the same good, abhor the same evil, and serve God in the same way, is indeed a mighty union. Only those organizations which are vivified by this principle of Christian brotherhood are enduring. As the church is the only lasting institution, that union only is lasting which is governed and animated by the spirit of the church. In founding, then, their society, on the principles which are fundamental of the church, the Knights of Columbus have been granted a lease of everlasting life. The principles of fraternity and of Knighthood are on every page of the gospel. Religion, besides having the promise of the life to come, has that too of the life that is. The dicta of Christianity are not sterile doctrines and cold formal rites; they thrill with life and motion. The true Christian is overflowing with enthusiasm, he is not satisfied with watching and applauding the Olympian games of life; he must take part in them; he must be one of the players. Now the Knights of Columbus are, first of all, good Christians. With them the in-

terests of the church are personal interests. The same holy fervor which inspired the martyrs of old to endure gladly the most barbarous tortures rather than prove unfaithful to their God, the same zeal which prompted the Crusaders to fight most manfully for the possession of the Holy Land, incites the Knights of Columbus to don the armor of truth and justice and, taking up the cross where their great leader, Columbus, had planted it, to march triumphantly over the great land which he discovered, heeding neither the difficulty of the work nor the opposition of men, and, sword in hand to fight valiently for that which is just, opposing with irresistible force the ranks of falsehood and oppression and thus attain glory for the church and dominion for the cross.

The contested territory of this modern Crusade is indeed an extensive one; the cause is an urgent and a noble one. This beautiful land, which was made known to the civilized world by the daring voyage of the brave Columbus, who blessed his achievement by the sign of the cross, has gradually fallen into the power of the enemy. This land, once the refuge of the persecuted and the home of a race of honest, God-fearing men, is gradually becoming imbued with those ideas which proved so fatal to the older nations of Europe. Where once men were contented in working for the necessities of life, the pursuit of wealth has come to be the end of existence. In the continual contact with things material, the finer sensibilities of men have become sadly blunted. Where once the simple native found pleasure in the pursuit of game and in musing on the beauties of nature the desire for pleasure has led the passions of men to find delight in wading the nauseating marshes of sensuality. Where once the law was most highly respected, the criminal is now looked upon as a hero deserving of pity. Novel and dangerous doctrines are masking in the garb of religion, and infidelity and atheism are not ashamed to show their impudent faces. The Catholic is compelled to live in a surrounding detrimental to his faith and paralyzing to the beneficial influence of religion.

There is then a sufficient cause for awakening. There is reason for active work. In going forth to battle for the interests of the church, the Knights of Columbus have undertaken an arduous, but a necessary and a noble work. The enemies of the Church are numerous. Their strength is great. They can be overcome only by united and persevering effort. But with one hundred and seventy thousand of the bravest men, all good Catholics, of proven quality, the pick of the flock, zealous for the good of religion and working untiringly for the increase and the glory of the church,

who can doubt of the outcome? Whether is just and noble, whatever is good and true, if assisted by the power of united effort, must in the end prevail over that which is base and unjust.

The means taken are the best possible for the attainment of such an end. The best mode of conversion is by persuasion. The best way of spreading the great truths of religion is not by the command of a despot, not by power of the sword, but by showing in our lives the beneficial effects of those doctrines. The best argument for the conversion of others from error, is not to think better or to talk better, but to be and act better. It is by this method of example that the Knights of Columbus wish to counteract the evils of irreligion. By taking into their midst only Catholics of good standing and of temperate habits by expelling from their midst all scandalous members, by arousing a true Catholic spirit of enthusiasm for the interests of the church, and by carrying out in their daily lives the dictates of the church, they proclaim most eloquently the beauty and grandeur of religion; they plead most earnestly for conversion from infidelity and irreligion; and they work most successfully for the salvation of men. In every town or city so happily blest as to have in its midst a Knights of Columbus council, there is sure to be found a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty to the church. In such a place there is no danger that the interests of the church may suffer.

In this country it has long been the ambition of church leaders to unite more closely the church and the age. They have sought to counteract the dreadful evils of social life by the salutary doctrines of religion. There are, in the church, principles which could they become the common motive of men, would create a public conscience which would loudly protest against the evils of divorce and conjugal infidelity; and from this once beautiful garden would be rooted out the noxious weeds of materialism and atheism and thence would arise a beautiful and fragrant garden, abounding in the thriving flowers of Christian virtue and probity; a source of delight to all beholders.

In the creation of this public spirit lies the difficulty. No matter how invigorating, if the doctrines of the church are not applied, they remain cold and lifeless. The clergy can only explain these principles, they cannot compel men to make use of them. The priests are leaders, but there are required strong and valient soldiers, ready to follow their leaders. The Knights of Columbus has recognized this want and by uniting under the cross, by resolving to be good and loyal Catholics in every thought and action and to exert all their efforts toward the attainment of

the glory of the church, they have taken the initial step toward the union of the church and the age; toward the institution of a spirit of religious fervor most powerfully opposed to the present evils of society, and consequently they promise to attain pre-eminence for the state and dominion, for the church. With such a loyal band of bodyguards the church need not fear. Wherever the interests of the church appear to be failing, there the Knights of Columbus labor untiringly, and if united power, working for truth and justice, can attain its end, they will not fail. The highest dignitaries of the church have expressed their admiration for the work, by their attendance at meetings and by verbal expression. With the assistance of authority and the energy of individual labor, the amount of good to be done by these brothers united in Christian love, is indeed immeasurable.

But besides being united in the bond of Christian brotherhood, that union prompted by the sympathy of religious zeal, the Knights of Columbus are united also by the social link of brotherhood. As martial heroes going forth to battle, formed in a powerful phalanx, they are united by the invulnerable and impenetrable shields of fraternity. This unifying principle, in its strength, diffuses itself throughout the surrounding ether and envelops all humanity in the soothing warmth of charity.

One of man's greatest earthly needs is friendship. There is in every human heart a desire for sympathy, a continual longing for some one from whom we can obtain advice in difficulties and with whom we can share our sorrows and our joys. The most dreadful punishment is solitary confinement, where there is no one to pity, no one to console. He who has discovered a true friendship is indeed happy. To him earth has no troubles and sorrow no pangs. If this friendship be formed for the attainment of some exalted end, it is doubly a happy one. The sympathetic union established between men working for the same noble purpose is a firm and lasting friendship. To quote Virgil: "To wish the same and not to wish the same; this indeed is firm friendship." There could then, scarcely be imagined a closer friendship than that of the Knights of Columbus, each one zealous for the good of the church, for the betterment of society and the personal improvement of his fellow laborers and all working untiringly for this common purpose. In the anxiety for the success of the order, personal interests are forgotten. Each one sees in his **fellow Knight** a co-worker, a friend, one who has the same ideas and same ambitions as himself. In such an one can be found sympathy and encouragement, he is a true brother. His presence

alone is sufficient, he neer speak no word, nor even lend a helping hand. In knowing we are not alone there is inspiration; there is hope. The Knight has, however, not only one such a friend, not only a few, but thousands. All through this great republic, in almost every town and city, are brother Knights, all with the same end in view, all working for the success of the order. With them there is but one mind and one heart. The fellow laborer from afar is always welcome, for among men so closely allied there are no strangers, all are acquainted, all are most closely related. Surely, there could be no more exalted, no more firmly established friendship, than this. There could be no greater incentive to earnest work than to know that we are not working alone, that we have thousands of friends, their hearts all beating in loving sympathy.

The joy of fraternity was strikingly expressed in a poem contained in a recent number of "The Columbiad," a verse of which I beg leave to quote:

"When life's joys seem few and the world looks blue,
And everything goes awry;
When the sinking heart feels the buring smart,
That is breathed in the weary sigh,
There is healing balm, there is soothing calm,
That comes to the heart the while,
In the welcome clasp of a brother's grasp,
And the beam of a K. C.'s smile."

In meetings of the order, new vigor is aroused in the members, for a meeting with such friends could not fail to arouse in the heart the exhilaration of life. At public entertainments there is always in evidence an abundance of good fellowship, for to those who have found true friends all things seem pleasant. At initiations there is always a large attendance of enthusiastic Knights, for new followers of the cross are always welcome in the ranks of Knighthood. Such manifestations of friendship are not without their beneficial effect. Friendship brings out all that is noble in a man. He who has friends to advise him, and in whom he may confide, is animated by the most generous principles of conduct; he wishes to become virtuous; to be a cause of joy to those who trust in him. All selfish interests are lost sight of in the zeal for the common good. Men of good Christian habits, when united for a noble cause, are to each other an edification, an encouragement to never-relaxing perseverance. In such an organization is developed the highest idea of truth and virtue and the highest stand-

ard of good citizenship, and thus is attained the elevation of society and the peace and glory and prosperity of the nation.

However, that spirit of brotherly love, which unites in soothing bonds the great army of Knighthood, is not confined by the limits of membership, it goes beyond and embraces all men in the sweet clasp of charity. That same gentle benevolence in which the church has, in all her existence, been the protector of women, of the slave, of the suffering and the defenceless; that nobleness of soul which prompted Columbus to endure rebukes and contempt and to risk his life on unknown seas, and finally to bare his wrists for the cruel chains of despotism, for the good of humanity; and that priestly zeal for souls, in which Father McGivney founded the order of Knighthood. inspire the Knights of Columbus to help the afflicted and the oppressed and to take an active interest in the public good.

The charity of Knighthood has indeed an ample field of labor. In the great contending mass of humanity which perpetually struggles for the possession of wealth and honor, individual battles against individual and brother against brother. In the eagerness of the conflict, the strong overpower the weak and trample them under foot. Through familiarity with suffering humanity are lost the nobler instincts of men, the spirit of charity and brotherly love. But, in the midst of the struggling mass there is a band of gallant Knights, who, as did the knights of old, fight manfully against the enemies of social concord and at the same time lend aid to him, who has lost his mount and bind the wounds of the injured.

Though the contest in which the modern Knights take part is not a bloody one, it is just as strenuous and as necessary as that of the age of chivalry. Charitable work is generally left to the clergy, but their number is too small for that great work. On every hand is heard the cry of the needy, the weeping of the destitute widow and orphan, the appeal from charitable institutions for help in their noble work, and the unavailing aspiration of the young man who would study for the priesthood, but who has not the means. To such requests the Knights of Columbus are ever ready to give an encouraging reply. The cry of suffering humanity is not unheeded.

Perhaps the best method of systematic charity is life insurance. Its need is unquestioned. It is an every day occurrence for men in the prime of life, men whose blood pulsates with all the activity of life, whose eyes are turned toward a future of happiness in the companionship of wife and children, to pass to the Great

Beyond and leave behind a family in wretched want, depending on the charity of a cold and unpitying world. It is for the avoidance of such pitiful plights as this, that insurance societies are organized, and surely, than this, there could scarcely be imagined a nobler, more charitable work. The amount of assistance which is yearly given to dry the widow's tears and to satisfy the hunger of the fatherless child, is alone a sufficient reason for the existence of an organization. But the charity of the Knights of Columbus is not confined to insurance benefits. We daily read of charity balls, of lectures and entertainments given for the benefit of charitable institutions. We often hear of a council sending a member, or a member's son, to prepare for the devotion of his life in the service of the altar. In that great calamity of the western coast, of a few months ago, when all eyes were turned in pity toward the stricken city, the Knights of Columbus were among the first to express sympathy and to render substantial aid. Thus the love of fellow man, that spirit of fraternity which was at the foundation of the order, outreaches in its exuberance all limitation and inspires men with the love of humanity, which finds expression in charitable works; it inspires them also with that supernatural soul of conjugal love, which sanctifies and strengthens the marital bond; with the love of country, which arouses patriotic enthusiasm and with the love of God and the church, which produces men, in all the beauty of the term. The history of the short but successful existence of the order has been the fulfilment of the advice of Cardinal Satolli to American Catholics: "Go forward on the road of progress, bearing in one hand the book of Christian truth—Christ's gospel and in the other the constitution of the United States." Their attachment to the gospel has made them better Christians and their devotion to the constitution makes them better men.

One of the evidences of the worthiness of an order is its rapid spread. A few years ago the Knights of Columbus were limited to the eastern states, but the heat of Christian love communicates itself to all surrounding beings and so its quickening vibrations are now felt throughout all of the United States and even in Canada and Mexico. However, great as the work of the order has been, there is need of greater work, for the good which can be done is immeasurable. There is need of greater numbers, for in numbers there is strength. You, fellow students, active with the energy of youth, strong in your faith and eager for the good of the church and of mankind; you who are striving to become better citizens and better men, are needed in the carrying out of this great and generous work. You will be gladly received as a friend and

brother. In the ranks of Knighthood, the new Crusader is always welcome. When its ranks have been increased by your presence and that of other Christian men, there is no doubt that that organization founded for the progress of the church and for social welfare, will, with its increased legions, march triumphantly through the years of this twentieth century, as, the great white army of modern Crusaders, erecting the proud monuments of its victories in the sanctuaries of the church, in the halls of state and in the hearts of countless multitudes of ever nobler men and women.

CHIVALRY.

Delivered Before the Oratorical Society by H. Fitzgerald, '07.

AS we stand today, on the Alpine heights of modern civilization, and glance back over the dark and gloomy valley of the past, a shudder of terror creeps through our being as we behold the fearful and revolting state of moral and civic chaos, into which, the ancient world was thrown by the tyrannical oppression of its inhuman rulers and emperors, who ruled the world not by reason and judgment, but by brute force and the number of their spears, even as the lion stands master in the jungles of the wilderness. Our modern sense of morality is terribly shocked, as we behold its society wallowing in the mire of pagan depravity, transformed into animals by their bestial passions, and breathing the "poisonous miasma exhaled from the stagnant and putrid swamps of debauchery." We, as civilized men are overwhelmed with shame and confusion as we behold our fellow creatures transformed into incarnate demons, by their hellish passions; given up to every crime and scandal to which our fallen nature is heir; throwing off all restraints of shame and decency and following the instincts of their lower nature, to such a degree that they made the very centuries in which they lived stand out like sepulchres of time, reeking with the stench of their abominable corruption and moral decay.

History, it is true, has in a general way told us of their putrescence as nations, but she has blushing refused to narrate their thousand repulsive crimes of which as individuals they were guilty, and which made the villages, towns and cities the very haunts of hell upon the earth. But from the plain facts of history we can form a faint idea of the deplorable moral condition of the world, when the Catholic church first appeared upon the scene to dispel

by her divine light and heavenly glow, the dark cloud of immorality that hovered over the world. She it was, that transformed the fiery passion of revenge, which inflamed their warrior souls to such an intense degree that they went forth to battle against overwhelming odds, with all the ferocious madness of infuriated beasts into the glorious spirit of patriotism, which with other and higher motives than greed and revenge, causes the Christian patriot's soul to burn with the pure love of his country, and to lay down his life in defense of her honor and glory. She it was, that stripped that hellish passion of its primitive grossness, that passion, which the Roman admired as glorious, which fired the soul of the gladiator with bestial madness as he crimsoned the sands of the amphitheater with the blood of his human opponent, amid the deafening cheers and satanic howls of his madly delighted audience, whose fiendish and uncanny vibrations made that infamous temple tremble to its very foundation. She it was who chastened the ardor for combat by giving it a worthy object to fight for. She it was who sublimated this passion and raised it to that lofty sentiment which ennobles man and which, if it is not a supernatural virtue, it is at least the highest of the natural charms which adorns the civilized man, the brilliant and glorious spirit of chivalry. But, you may ask, how did she transform these fiery passions into natural virtues? She purified them in the crucible of Christianity. She taught the nations to use instead of their metallic shields the invulnerable shield of virtue; instead of their pointed spears, the more powerful darts of reason, instead of their brute force, her mildness, which has withstood the attacks and barbarous onslaughts of the civilized and uncivilized world for centuries without a waiver. And lo! the change was marvelous. No more was heard the dying and agonizing cries of a thousand battlefields. No more was it considered heroic and noble to slay human beings like animals for the delight of the pagan world. No more did the sands of the amphitheatre blush for drinking human blood. They discarded the weapons of savage war; they forged their steel into agricultural implements, they took up the pen and brush, of the arts and their vast fields, that once lay in desolate and savage wilderness, now became one vast expanse of golden grain. They had now taken one step toward civilization and began the great march of progress, which the church has led, is leading, and shall lead until the gates of time shall be closed. But she did not stop here. This was but a preparatory change in the natural order of things for the great change of a moral nature which she was about to perform. Her mission was a supernatural one, hence she must

bring about a change, yes, a supernatural change of a moral nature among the nations. And who is there amongst us, my friends, who can consistently deny that she has wrought a miraculous change in the morals of the nations? Was it not the Catholic church, the immortal monument of God's love and mercy to fallen man, that stood on the desolate plains of human life, which at this period, were swept by the fiery and hellish passions of a degenerate world and calmed these passions, even as Christ stilled the tempest-tossed waters of Galilee's lake? Was it not she who maintained with an indefatigable zeal, the sanctity and indissolubility of the matrimonial bond and fostered and cherished with a motherly solicitude and a holy heroism, that ray of heavenly beauty, which glorifies our nature, purity? And in doing so, did she not suffer untold afflictions from the crowned heads of Europe to her own cowardly and traitorous sons, who betrayed her for the esteem and gold of kings? I mean a Luther and a Henry the Eighth. Was it not she, who championed the cause of suffering, degraded women, and burst asunder the heavy and ignoble chains of pagan servitude? And did she not raise woman from that base and vile state, which made her the outcast of society, and the scorned and rejected creature of the contemptable heathen himself? I ask was it not the Catholic church that elevated and glorified her daughters and with them the entire human race, by implanting in their hearts a love and an esteem for that glistening jewel that God let fall from the high heavens, as tender as a tear and as winsome as an angel's smile, that spark of beauty divine—virginity. And lo! scarcely had its heavenly and rapturous beauty radiated from their countenances, than they became transformed into creatures of transcendent worth, resplendent with a new and lasting beauty, and man, who for centuries despised her, now deemed woman worthy to be his companion, yes, his queen. And here, my friends, was wrought the first miracle, two-fold in its effects, one that it gave rise to the brilliant and glorious spirit of chivalry, for it was but natural that if man loved and admired her, he must protect and defend her. And the other as magic and divine as the Master's first miracle. For here was wrought a change of a spiritual nature in the human soul as substantial as that which occurred in the "modest water when it saw its God and blushed." So too, her daughters' souls, which for centuries were pallid from the death of sin, now blushed like the waters, with the rich beauty of virtue, and their lives became transformed from their former worthlessness, into the glorious estate of freedom and Christianity, from the scorned and despised of the heathen world, to the loved

and esteemed of the Christian world, from the base and degraded slave, to the angel of the Christian home, from the bonded and ignominious slave, to the free and honored queen of the Christian world. In a word, from the sinful Magdalene, to the converted saint enthroned on our altars.

And my friends, if there is one holy work or one profound act of love and wisdom, that is above another, which the true church has manifested and accomplished, with marked success, and that stands out to the astonished gaze of the world like a glowing pillar of fire, and eloquently testifies and proves that she is a divinely established institution, I know of none which is more potent and beneficial for the civilization of our nations, and none which is more rapturously beautiful and God-like in its effects, than the liberation and exaltation of woman, the fairest work of the omnific Creator. This was one of the stupendous and perplexing questions which confronted the church and in the solution of which there was contained a result of vital importance—the salvation of a spiritual nature. The means she adopted was to erect a barrier against the caprices and passions of men, and this barrier was, is, and ever shall be, the esteem of the individual's worth and the sanctity and indissolubility of the matrimonial bond, which she has raised to the dignity of a sacrament, forging its golden links with the flame of God's divine love. Thus has the Catholic church resurrected the world from the death of sin, and given birth to that glorious spirit of chivalry, which was not only the protector of woman and the church, but the safeguard of society and the powerful defense of nations. Hence, she not only freed and elevated woman but she continually protects and defends her in that blessed estate by inflaming man's soul with a holy and purifying fire, that cleanses and creates in him a respectful love and a veneration, which moves man to respect woman, not as a slave and an outcast, but as a noble mistress and his glorious queen. Yes, the Christian queen, who stands without a peeress in all God's marvelous creation, for excellence and worth, for beauty and glory, enhanced to each a degree, by virtue, that the gleaming stars that peep from their azure towers, and the myriad colored and fragrant flowers and the smiles of heaven, have no beauty when compared to her, at whose feet, the poets have laid the wreath of their genius, and whom the magic brush of the painter has immortalized upon his canvas, by portraying in it the glories and beauties of the Christian maid and mother.

And, my friends, if there is a nation as a nation, that is especially characterized by this charming and manly virtue and

where woman is generally acknowledged and honored as queen, it is our own blessed land of liberty—America. And as long as she shall be honored and respected as such, so long will our nation be great. Her honor and dignity, like the honor and dignity of our flag, depend upon us and we must defend both with the last breath of life. But may it not be said of us that we are more patriotic than chivalrous? Are we as jealously vigilant of her dignity as we are of the honor of our flag? Can it be said, that our land is the home of human dignity, with the same truth that it is said to be the home of patriotism? This question can be best answered by comparing the respective esteem with which both are held in our hearts. What American citizen is there, whose soul does not thrill, with a certain inexplicable joy, nay, with an exultation of delight, as he beholds that starry banner, the pledge of liberty and prosperity, as it flutters and waves, spangled with the pearly dewdrops of morn gleaming and glistening on its rippled surface, As the golden sunbeams transformed its silken fabric into folds of blazing glory? I am sure, there is not a true American whose soul is not stirred to its very depths as his ear catches the sweet and soul-inspiring strains of our national airs, as they rush forth in sweet harmony from the silvery and golden throats of orchestras, and echo with a sweet sadness over our battlefields, where sleep America's heroic dead, whose every tomb is an immortal monument of loyalty and patriotism. I am certain there is no American whose heart is so ungrateful and perverted, that he would trample on our flag and drag it in the dust; the flag that has been lifted up on high by the patriotic struggles of our forefathers, who heroically faced the murderous artillery, who nobly bore the untold hardships and sufferings of loathsome disease, which wrought such havoc among the noble ranks. And why all this suffering? Simply that our beloved flag might gloriously flutter in the fragrant breeze. If there be such a man, if he may be called such, he is a coward and a traitor, the most despicable and contemptible of men. But, my friends, as detestable and loathsome as such an individual might be, though he be lacking manhood, and patriotism, the one who is lax, indifferent, negligent or cowardly in defending the sacredness and dignity of woman's honor, is more vile and vicious in the eyes of men and God than the coward that would insult and degrade our flag. This is an outrage, it is an ignominious disgrace to American manhood, which detracts from the grandeur of man's high estate, and makes him not only a coward, but a moral leper, a menace to society and a stumbling block to our national progress.

and greatness. What would you think of a man who saw a woman insulted by the jeering scoffs of worthless degenerates and felt not burn in his soul the holy fire of indignant manhood. What is your opinion of a man so utterly dead to all sense of honor and duty, whose soul would not be inflamed with a just wrath and righteous indignation as he saw her dragged, not in the dust of the earth, but in the defiling and contaminating mire of dishonor, and would not raise his voice in manly protestation, nor his arm to strike, yes, crush the satanic fiend who would be so low and detestable as to carry out his fiendish design? What is your opinion or estimation of a man who would not only look on all this fearful perversion and fiendish distortion of woman's noble nature, but would take an active part in sinking her lower and lower in the abyss of dishonor by becoming hell's agent and dealing in this abominable traffic; and causing her to become the outcast of respectable society, as she was in the days of even cultured paganism? I ask you, my friends, if this is not more vile and vicious, from the very nature of her who is degraded, than the disgrace of our flag, though its fabric be woven from the webs of patriotism and crimsoned with the blood of our honored dead? For is not woman created to the image of the living God, in whom there is an immortal soul, destined to be the companions of angels, a soul redeemed by the stupendous sacrifice of Calvary and reinstated in her former glory and maintained in that blessed estate by the true church and the laws of our nation? Will we permit the lives of our nation's heroes and those of the church's martyred dead to be rendered futile and useless by a few of our unworthy citizens, who are carrying on the work of demons and dealing in this hellish traffic in our very midst? Was it not to safeguard and foster this spark of beauty divine, that the church, the ever enduring and peerless queen of time, has reared, as if by magic power divine, a hundred thousand temples to the living God, from the utmost bounds of savage Africa to the farthest confines of the desolate wilderness of the far and barbarous north? Was it not her zealous missionaries that sacrificed their nearest and dearest interests of home and life, to carry her regenerating truth to all the daughters of the earth in foreign and strange countries? Are we less noble and civilized than the ancient world? Did not the Romans, the Greeks, the Germans and the Gauls, respect their women after they had been civilized and moulded in the moral casts of Christianity? Did not the Romans have their vestal virgins, the Germans their prophetesses, the Greeks their priestesses, and the Gauls their druidesses?

Woman's honor and sacredness must be considered the most sacred and enviable charm in the world. But alas! Is it considered such? Glance at our papers and behold their contents, teeming with disgusting accounts of crimes and scandals, with divorces and social disgraces of every species. Look out upon the world today and behold its orgies, more loathsome and sickening than were ever enacted in a pagan Nero's garden. Peer into the dives of one thousand cities and behold the revolting sight that meets your gaze. Behold to your shame and confusion, our modern pagans, filling those haunts, whose very air is heavy with the nauseating stench of immorality and sensuality. Turn now to our low playhouses, and behold everything which should be considered sacred among civilized nations, mocked and degraded, woman, the home, society, song music and the dramatic art itself. Behold its spacious halls beautified by the artist's brush, festooned with the rich and graceful folds of silken tapestry, illuminated by the brilliant glare of innumerable electric lights. Listen to its suggestive songs and catchy music, which lend a hellish enchantment to this public outrage and thrills the hearts of its pagan audience as they see paraded on the boards of our moral pest-houses repulsive crimes and scandals in their revolting details in such open disregard of law and decency that it would make a pagan Nero, the ill-formed moral monster of history, to hang his head in shame. What a fearful prostitution of splendor to cast a charm around the ugliness of vice? Look out into our public and beautiful parks, that have been reared by the hand of civilization, and to your shame and dismay behold women in the broad daylight of our enlightened twentieth century, insulted and annoyed by foppish dudes to such an alarming degree that they were necessitated to carry firearms to defend their honor, 'till finally, the law awoke to a sense of its duty and took our social monsters into hand and imposed heavy fines and prison terms on them to prevent and discourage their insulting and unmanly antics. I do not refer to any poor class of people, for though they are poor, they are good and respectable citizens, which cannot be said of some of our millionaires, whose conduct has shocked the world and who are today concerned in one of the most disgraceful scandals ever enacted. What is the cause of this disgraceful and deplorable condition of a portion of our society? Is it because we have no repugnance to crime, or has it become so common among us that we make light of it? Would we feel unconcerned and safe in a swamp of hissing serpents, that threaten us on all sides with their poisonous fangs? And should we not feel with a greater alarm and disquietude for the moral well being of our society,

which is threatened from all sides by our moral lepers, whose contact is more dangerous and loathsome than the most deadly of reptiles?

Has the spirit of chivalry fled? Are we a race of moral weaklings? Are we a generation of unmanly and unchivalrous? Is womanhood no longer decked with her noble and admirable charms? Have we not the gallant manhood and the noble spirit of our forefathers? If their generous blood dashes through our veins and the quick pulsations of their hearts thrill ours, will we stand unmoved and unshocked by this deplorable state of moral depravity into which a portion of our society is sunk by some of our pagan degenerates? What will it avail us if our national birth was sounded throughout the land by the glorious peals of the liberty bell and as it echoed down through the centuries broke miraculously into a million strains as a mighty Lincoln burst asunder the shackles of a million slaves, if we forge the chains of dishonor and bind a portion of our society with shackles and allow woman to become the outcast of society and hurl her from her pinnacle of honor into the depths of base servitude and abjection in which she was held by the ancient and lustful pagans? If we are manly and chivalrous, will we not rend asunder those chains of dishonor as did our noble forefathers shatter the shackles of British servitude and like them free our land in a moral sense? Will we not as intelligent men esteem and cherish, as does the Catholic church, that glorious and angelic prerogative of woman—purity—by which she has been raised from the mean and low servant of pagan contempt to the glorious angel of patience and sacrifice?

Admired and beloved by nations of every clime and creed, the queen of the suffering human race, who loved alike the blue and gray, whose voice soothes the sick and dying in our hospitals, who fears no disease, nor distinguishes between creeds, is the Sister of Charity. And oh! what a striking and vast difference between this fair daughter of the church, the personification of heroic sacrifice and holy patience, crowned with the mystic halo of virtue, from whose generous hands fall in sparkling showers a thousand jeweled acts of charity; and the savage Spartan mother cruel, hard-hearted, and revengeful, willing to make the inhuman sacrifice of her son's life on the altar of Spartan revenge, with not even a motherly affection for her son, nor a trace of woman's gentle nature, only the cruel and unnatural farewell: "bring back your shield or be brought back on it." What a mother! What a farewell! What an unnatural perversion of a mother's heart. Will it not therefore, behoove our public speakers and reformers to move

with their gifted tongues our lukewarm citizens to a sense of their duty in this great and social question, as they do in other things of a social and political nature? Oh! may their words become ignited with the fire of eloquence; that they may burn away this cancerous growth which is destroying our nation and its society, and make us morally healthy and chivalrous men. Let us, my friends, as citizens of this great and glorious republic, consecrate our highest and noblest endeavors to revive the glorious spirit of chivalry and cause its growth and development throughout our land, for on it depends the honor and dignity of woman, which is a sacred duty incumbent upon us, especially as Catholics and Americans. We must therefore take positive and negative means to eliminate its opposite spirit and foe—unmanliness—from our social body. We must by our example and chivalrous life cause it to become esteemed and admired by our indifferent citizens who seem dead to its noble and holy inspirations. And if we do, our names will go down to posterity as moral giants and chivalrous knights, the most glorious title which can be conferred upon us as a nation.

But, my friends, there has never been a great crisis which did not have some great man to cope with and save it. And if the decay of chivalry is one of our great evils, surely Father McGivney is the man who has given us a remedy and a sharp antidote to counteract its evil effects. He has risen up amongst us like another Louis, leading on a mighty band of modern Crusaders, not, it is true, to the conquest of the holy lands, but to the defense of woman's honor. And our alarm and fear must needs be dispelled, as we behold him in the thickest of the battle against hell and its infuriated demons, carrying in his left the banner of honor, nearest and dearest to his heart, and in his right the blazing sword of manhood; leading on to victory his mighty and magnificent army, into whose ranks he has gathered the flower of American manhood, whose dignity is increased by being enrolled as members of the glorious society of Knights of Columbus, the first Christian and chivalrous knight that planted the cross in this blessed land of liberty. May they continue to prosper and to fulfil their noble purposes, to succor the needy, morally and physically, to defend the orphan and widow, and if need be, the honor and glory of our flag. And when we see such a mighty army with such a noble and holy cause and such a brave and illustrious general at their head; are we not justified in crying out with the eloquent Burke, that not ten thousand, but two hundred thousand swords, must leap from their scabbards to defend you, the fairest women, of the fairest nation, you the honored daughters of the American republic.



Our Bardic Choir



THE CONCERT OF THE BIRDS.

I.

When the early dawn is breaking,
When old Sol is first awaking
And from out Night's cover blinks ;
When the penciled rays come streaming
With their many tinted gleaming
Through the shutter chinks ;

II.

When the Angelus is ringing,
And the shepherd lad is singing,
Blithely as he tends his flock ;
When from housetops smoke is curling,
And the sea-gulls are all whirling,
Round the old town clock ;

Then, 'tis the favored hour,
There 'neath the shady bower,
There where the bursting flower,
Perfumes the pass,
To hark the roundelay,
To list what songsters say,
Each in their plaintive way,
Low in the grass.

III.

When the cooling breeze of morning,
Fans our cheek and at the warning,
We rise sprightly from our rest ;
When, against the window, peering,
We behold Aurora steering,
From the East to West ;

IV.

When the herd is first bestirring,
And the busy bees are whirring,
Round the blossoms on the vine ;

When the cock's incessant crowing,
Shriller sounds amid the lowing,
Of the patient kine ;

Then 'tis the favored hour,
To feel Enchantment's power,
Stealing from Nature's bower,
Moments serene ;
To hark the roundelay,
To list what songsters say,
While at their furtive play,
We gaze unseen.

V.

When the first faint rays are stealing,
Thru' the heavens vaulted ceiling,
As the Night recedes to Day ;
When the moon is swiftly paling,
Leaving threads of silver trailing,
In the placid bay ;

VI.

When the fishing smacks are weighing,
Anchor or mayhap are laying
In their early morning's haul ;
When the reveille is sounding,
And all hands on deck are bounding,
To the captain's call ;

This, 'tis the favored hour,
From deck or conning tower,
Where'er your eyes may scour,
The country round ;
To hark the roundelay,
To list what songsters say,
While long the gladsome way,
Their notes resound.

VII.

Hark ! then the varied notes,
Rising from myriad throats,
As song of siren floats,
On vesper air ;

Hearken the harmony,
Of that wild melody,
Could tuneful threnody,
Breathe more of prayer?

VIII.

List the impassioned song,
So swift and shrill and strong,
The notes they seem to throng,
With missions rare;
List the inspired part,
List with enraptured heart,
List then, tho' man thou art,
Weighed down with care.

J. A. PILON

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

J. M. Kangley.

In the flowers of the field there is mirrored so clear,
The omniscience, the goodness of God.
In the petals of each, His designs do appear,
And in each blade of grass on the sod.

In the deep vault of blue He has great planets hung,
His omnipotence there to reveal;
Where for ages of time, to His laws they have swung,
Whose obedience, to man do appeal.

When the deep thunders roar and the red lightnings flash,
When the winds, through the dense forests sigh;
When the waves of the sea mountain high, leap and dash,
They proclaim divine power from on high.

Let us shun from our hearts the frail goods of swift time,
Strive to gain God's own kingdom on high;
And the trials of this earth, bear with patience sublime,
Let our aim be to teach—edify.

THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

If talents are a desirable acquisition the spirit of work is a blessing and the two combined and well employed are productive of much good. Of the two the spirit of work is the rarer. It is no uncommon thing to see students who are talented, for every class room has them; but the successful student in competitions is the one who has worked. Talents are no assurance of success, but talents with work as their mistress can accomplish marvels, and it has long been controverted whether the great achievements of intellect are due to genius or the industry that was behind genius. Cardinal Gibbons says that every man who has left the imprint of his genius on literature, philosophy and art has been an indefatigable worker. Little do we think, when we stroll to the class room with the Divine Comedy under our arm, that it cost its immortal author nearly thirty years of labor; but those thirty years of toil won him an immortality.

Talents wedded to industry are well mated but they hold a precarious and pitiful existence when alone.

PERSONALS.

The Garrick Dramatic club of Our Lady of Lourdes parish, Chicago, presented "The Parish Priest" in McVicker's theater on April 4th, for the benefit of St. Viateur's college. This club is directed by the able Rev. J. P. Dore and it has attained an enviable reputation for its dramatic abilities. Its purpose besides that of entertaining is to assist institutions by giving them the proceeds of their performances. The play was given during the Easter holidays, so that the students with their relatives and friends could attend.

On April 2 the Rev. Joseph Boudreau was ordained to the holy priesthood by Bishop Lillis of Leavenworth, Kansas; and on April 7 he celebrated his first mass in St. George's church, St. George, Ill. Assisting him at his first mass were Rev. A. Labrie, acting as deacon, Rev. A. L. Girard acting as sub-deacon and Rev. A. Tardiff as assisting priest. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., president of St. Viateur's college, preached the sermon. With the exception of the theological course Father Boudreau made his studies at St. Viateur's, and while here he was connected with the faculty, teaching various branches of the classical and commercial departments. The students who knew him as a teacher will long remember his efficiency and those who enjoyed a close intimacy in his friendship have mementos of his benevolent disposition and endearing warmth of soul. Those who know the arduous duties of prefecting and the sacrifices required of one placed in that position will readily appreciate the devotedness of Father Boudreau, who spent several years with the boys in the yard supervising their enjoyments and attending to their needs. He is the first recruit for the sacerdotal ranks drawn from the parish of St. George and the appreciation experienced by the parishioners was notably apparent. Many gifts and numerous messages of congratulations were received. Many of his friends and comrades at the college were forced by the inclemency of the weather to be absent from the ceremonies. Father Boudreau has been assigned to the cathedral of Leavenworth. Alma Mater extends her hands in affectionate benedictions over the young priest and bids him continue in his unalloyed zeal, his disinterested labors and his kindness.

"Hustle" is the slogan of the business man and it finds a stout champion in Mr. Joseph Kelley. Although still a young man,

he has an enviable place in the field of business activities and he stands as a powerful example to young aspirants, of the equipment needed by one who would enter the lists of business. He is known to all local institutions of education and to many in distant parts of the country. When Walsh, Boyle & Co., grocers, sold out to McNeill & Higgins Co., the latter at once secured the



JOSEPH F. KELLY

services of Mr. Kelley. No undertaking has ever been organized in behalf of St. Viator's into which Mr. Kelley has not put every effort and energy. To the readers of these columns who do not know Mr. Kelley, we introduce him, assuring them of his sincere friendship, and interest whenever they need his services.

It is always a source of joy to Alma Mater and her students to hear of the undertakings of a departed son and brother. Hence

it was with pleasure that we heard that Mr. John Hickey, who graduated in '06, having recently completed a course in embalming and undertaking, opened professional offices in Kankakee and Chebanse on April 1st. The firm name will be Hickey & Sons. Mr. William Hickey will conduct the offices at Chebanse. Mr. Thomas Hickey is one of the closest friends of St. Viator's and his two sons, both old students, have many friends here. Mr. John Hickey as a student here was known for his ability in making friends and for his earnestness in every field of endeavor. He has since studied with one of the best undertaking firms in Chicago, one which is patronized by most of the hospitals and public institutions of the city, and he was commended for his work by the state official examiners. The residents of Kankakee, Chebanse and vicinity are fortunate in his location and we predict and wish for him the greatest success in his position.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Mr. Hugh Kirley.)

Oh! breathe not a sigh; and the tear that would flow,
From your feelings of love, let it rest embalmed there;
For the tears of devotion, the sigh that speaks love,
Grow fragrant within, and are lost on the air.

Let your heart be the shrine for the good he has done;
Let its chords be awakened when sorrow will sway,
And the music that steals from its numbers will soothe,
Every pain, every throb, with its own tender lay.

M. J. BOLAND.





Athletic Notes



BASEBALL.

At last the days of joy have come and we are having the pleasure of seeing our diamond heroes cavorting about and struggling for regular positions on the team; and from the stunts the new men are performing and the energy they are displaying, the struggle of the next few days will be an interesting one. The regulars are displaying excellent form, while the new men, who are out for honors, are attracting considerable attention. The outdoor practices of the last few days seem to show that, while the infield will remain practically intact, the outer gardens will be in doubt for some time to come.

Stack has been hard at work for some time and has overcome the tendency towards wildness which accumulated in his arm during the winter. At present, he is diligently practicing the art of throwing the "slobber-ball"—one which approaches the base very slowly, the seams remaining motionless, while the ball revolves, and evades all efforts of the batter to connect with it. It is said to be very effective and is expected to make the batter feel so ashamed that he refuses to strike at the next two, which of course, pass directly over the platter. Weber is working in good style, grabbing hot ones in a nice fashion and transferring them to second base with unerring aim. Al. McCarthy, who is expected to make a good showing at short, is out of the game with a sore arm, which threatens to bother him for some time. Conway is working at the position and doing the job in good style. He possesses speed and a good arm, and with more experience should develop into a first-rater. Martin at first, Kelly at second and Slattery at third easily lead in their respective positions, and in the few practices they had, set at rest all doubts of the anxious fans as to these positions.

Legris, B. McCarthy and O'Connell have the advantage over the other outfielders by reason of their experience. Legris will guard center field, his work last year both at bat and in the field, being of a high order. Donovan, Dowdle, Mahoney, Savary, Nourie and Welsh make up the list from which the remainder of the squad will be chosen. Mahoney and Savary besides being fielders, are pitchers of ability and hence their chances seem bright.

The new Bergin field, which is to receive its baptism of fire

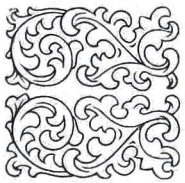
early in April, is beginning to assume a more pleasing appearance daily. That unsightly "hump" which insisted upon remaining in the infield, in spite of all the carefully laid plans of the engineers, has at last disappeared and now the field needs only a few weeks usage to become first-class in all details. A new grand stand is being built, capable of seating 1,000 persons, which will greatly improve the appearance of the field.

While the schedule is not yet complete, Manager Kirley has announced a number of the most important games to be played during the coming season. Many difficulties have been encountered in arranging this schedule—most important of which was the lack of funds—but in spite of the obstacles, a good list of games has been secured with colleges, whose abilities are well known. Should circumstances permit more games will be arranged during the season. The following is the schedule ratified by the faculty, as announced by Manager Kirley:

- April 6—Kankakee High School on Bergin Field.
- April 13—Momence on Bergin Field.
- April 20—Momence at Momence.
- April 25—Knox on Bergin Field.
- April 29—Notre Dame on Bergin Field.
- May 10—Illinois Freshmen on Bergin Field.
- May 13—St. Ignatius on Bergin Field.
- May 18—Open.
- May 25—Illinois Freshmen at Urbana.
- May 27—St. Ignatius at Chicago.
- May 28—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.
- June 1—Beloit on Bergin Field.
- June 8—Open.
- June 15—Lake Forest on Bergin Field.

At the risk of appearing pedantic we make so bold as to offer a few words of advice to the rooters during the coming season. We have a team of which we may well expect to do credit to the college, by playing in a manner of which we know they are capable. But in order that their success may be ensured and that the players may be encouraged to put forth their best efforts, it is necessary that they have the support of the entire college. We should forget all personal feelings in regard to the team and adopt a "stand-pat" platform for the good of athletics. Nothing is so helpful to a player as a word of encouragement during a game. If he has made a poor play, even though it results disastrously

for your favorites, give him a word of encouragement and note the improvement in his work. if there is a player on the squad who the improvement in his work; if there is a player, keep your opinions to yourself; perhaps he is an unpolished gem and in the clothes of a regular may develop into a star. Pull for the team, even though the odds are against you and at the end of the season you will feel repaid by the victories won. Rooting should be more prominent this year than ever. Mr. Frank Rainey has been appointed yell master and it is the duty of every rooter to flock to his banner and give the yells as he directs. Let each rooter be in his place with a strong voice and a full stock of gab when the season opens.



Exchanges



A question that has come in for more or less discussion in college journalism is as to the place fiction should hold in college letters. From a perusal of many of the Ex's, one would be led to think that it should be the only literature, or at least a major portion of the literature, that 'goes to make up a college paper. Others again, and we have been classed among them, though a little unjustly, have made the personnel of their paper consist almost entirely of essays. Some, realizing the truth of the philosophical adage: "In media stat virtus," by a happy blending of essay, fiction and verse, have approached nearer that perfection that the ideal college journal should have.

However, to return to fiction's niche in college letters. Although we have been censured for it, we have never given fiction a very prominent place. Still, it has been our aim not to eliminate it entirely, but to place it in a secondary position to essay, and verse. We realize, and we have given it a fair mead of consideration, the benefits that accrue from story writing—the development of the imagination, the facility of putting one's thought into words, the grace and literary finish that the style assumes, the descriptive powers that are cultivated. All these and more could be named as the advantages springing from the writing of stories. Yet we would never be willing to accede that the essay and verse

should play second fiddle to the story, as the highest product of the college man's or woman's literary endeavor. From them rise the same benefits that story writing affords, though in a loftier degree. They are a more noble expression of thought; they are a fuller source of knowledge; their worth is more solid and lasting. Of course the story is more pleasing to those who are looking for mind relaxation, and who are averse to reading anything that would call forth much mental effort, but such an argument has not much weight. The average college essay appears far more worthy of a collegian's endeavor than does the average college story. But we believe that both should have their place in college letters, but to fiction we would give a subordinate place, and we think that those papers that devote all or most of their issue to fiction mistake the value of the true college paper.

While it is not our custom to criticise papers that by not having an Ex-column hold themselves aloof from the Ex-world, yet we feel partial toward our friend, *The Dial*. However, justly or unjustly, we will tell you beforehand, that a paper drops fifty per cent in our estimation by such aloofness. However its nicely edited columns are so well balanced that we will overlook our resolves. Endowed with a strongly argumentative style, "The Sacrifice of the Mass" is an earnest, forceful, convincing essay. Closely connected in thought its reasoning constitutes a chain that is unbreakable. "The Old Gendarme's Story" placed in the atmosphere of the Napoleonic wars, was interesting, though somewhat deficient in plot. The odes to "Cupid" are evidently sincere and from the heart. "Catholicity and the Press" is a strong, manly plea for the institution of Catholic dailies to counteract the pernicious influence of the sensational "yellow journalism" of the day. The author has voiced an appeal that it would be well to keep alive and before the public. "When the Sleeper Wakes" is a clever bit of fiction, strictly original and destitute of all stiffness and "padding."

The Tennessee University magazine comes to us decidedly overbalanced with fiction. One lone essay, "The Pursuit of the Eagles," panted and struggled for recognition against six or eight stories. The title of the essay was a trifle misleading and deals not with the hunt of the eagle in its aerie on the mountaintop, but of the eagle stamped on the coins of the realm. The power of the dollar, according to the author, lies in man's love of power, and we are ready to concede that money has vast power, but the articles' trend seems to say that the dollar is all-powerful and to

this we do not agree. There are things that money cannot purchase—a fair name, a spotless reputation, ease of conscience, or a sincere friend. Nor do we think, either, that all humanity seems bent upon the one purpose of making money. The generality of men maybe, but there is a portion not as small as one might think, for whom money has no fascination, and we think that this is so patent as to need no proof. "A Happy Meeting" seems the best of the stories and its chief quality to distinction is its beauty of description, which is of a high order. "A Dream of Washington" has an ardor and sincerity which with its martial swing, make it quite captivating.

To write an appreciation of a book is perhaps as hard a task as falls to a student's lot. To write it cleverly, to maintain an interest, to keep it from tapering into a technical coldness and stiffness; is a literary feat that one seldom finds in college papers, yet these qualities appear in an excellent criticism of "The New-comers," Thackeray's great work, in the Columbiad. Analytic, thorough, it shows a deep study and insight of Thackeray and the characters of his masterly work. These character studies are not overdrawn but with a nicety, they are portrayed as they must have existed in the mind of the English novelist. With a simple, unaffected style in which no trace of pedantry enters, it is an article that stands forth conspicuous for its worth among the productions of the month. "A Trail and Camp Fire" is a pleasing description of a hunting trip in southern Oregon. Unpretentious, simple—the story of the trip—it proved quite interesting and we await its continuation with not a little pleasure.

A learned dissertation on "Earthquakes" appears in the University of Ottawa Review, dealing especially with the earthquake disasters of the past year. The treatise is scientific and many learned authorities are brought to bear in discussing the probable cause of these natural phenomena; and to those scientifically inclined it should prove of much interest, being clear and concise. "Concerning Certain Inconsistencies" is an article designed to show that consistency is a quality rarely found and by examples rather proves its point. A strain of humor runs through the piece and added to a simple and easy style, engages the attention and holds it long after the article is lain aside. "The Church and the French Republic" is a well handled expose of the French question and gives a clear knowledge of the conditions that reign in France at present, laying particular stress on the attitude of the Free Masons

toward the French Catholics. More such articles would dispel the feeling that many in this country hold, that the church is responsible for present conditions.

A very pretty poem is a "Passion Flower" in The Villa Shield. It is a harmonious recital of our Lord's passion and death, and although the subject is one that has elicited the efforts of many poets, yet it is here treated with a delightful freshness and originality. It is beautiful in thought and filled with many striking descriptions, as for example the piercing of the Savior's side with the spear:

"Yet charity surviveth death,
One hidden fount remaining;
In ruddy spray leaps o'er the lance,
The Soldier's garments staining."

Many other beautiful thoughts are gracefully interwoven into the poem and we think this to be the best article in The Shield, although "Lowell's Estimate of Byrant" is a clever criticism and the "Diary of a Bear Hunt in the Rocky Mountains" is quite interesting.

In "St. Joseph's Collegian" we find a number of articles filled with interest and it was with no little enjoyment that we read a critique on the "Art of De Quincey," "Pioneers of Civilization," and "Present Day Literature." None of these essays showed any superficiality and are well constructed literary productions, in which logical thought blends nicely with simplicity of style. "Man's World" is a poem in which much beauty of thought and imagery unite with a certain solemnity and gives to the verses a lofty tone.



OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of most profound regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Hugh Kifley, which sad event took place at the home of his daughter at New Hampton, Ia., on Thursday, March 14. Deceased, who had passed the scriptural age of three score and ten, had been in poor health for the past four years, when he suffered a stroke of paralysis. His last illness of a few weeks had not been very severe, but when those who watched devotedly at his bedside expected that he was about to rally he passed away calmly and peacefully, fortified by the sacraments of the Catholic church. His death was the reflex of his life, marked by that same spirit of Christian resignation which gave him strength throughout life whenever Providence saw fit to send him trials.

The funeral services took place at St. Joseph's church, on Monday, March 18. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Slattery, pastor; with Rev. Father Sampson of Reilly Settlement as deacon and Rev. J. D. Kirley, son of the deceased as sub-deacon.

Interment was at St. Rose cemetery, where his remains were laid to rest side by side with those of his wife. z

A mournful cortage followed the remains of Mr. Edmund G. Richer to their last resting place on March 7. Mr. Richer was an esteemed and respected citizen of Kankakee, where he lived since 1880. Three sons of Mr. Richer, Rev. A. M. Richer, O. P., of Ottawa, Canada. August Richer of Chicago and Homer Richer of Kankakee are in the ranks of St. Viateur's Alumni. At the last obsequies of the deceased a solemn high mass was said in St. Rose's church, with Rev. A. D. Granger as celebrant, Rev. J. A. Milot, a relative of the deceased, as deacon, and Rev. W. Granger as sub-deacon. Rev. J. A. Milot preached the sermon and Rev. E. Bourget acted as organist. On behalf of the college faculty, and students, The Viatorian extends condolences to the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased.



THE ADVENTURES *of* HULL

(An Extravaganza)

Spasm I.

AMONG the many stories that have been handed down, from generation to generation, by the inhabitants of a small village that nestles on the sand banks of the Mississippi there is none which has traversed the years so carefully preserved intact in all its minute and thrilling detail, none to which the young folks listen to with such open mouth wonder and none which so admirably manifests the true nature of the dare-devil deeds and exploits of those early days as the almost incredible and daring adventure of a fortune seeker from Illinois, whose name was Hull.

It was in the year of seventy-three, when so many of our fortune-seeking people decided to migrate from the fertile and thickly settled plains of Illinois, to seek amid the lonesome valleys and dangerous mountains of the Rockies; the rich mines that were supposed to be hidden in those wild and desolate regions, which have today developed into exhaustless sources of vast riches and under careful and scientific cultivation have become of national renown as the garden of the golden west.

Among the first to start in quest of those promising mines and golden opportunities was our hero, a man to whom the hardships and dangers of such a journey were well known and to whom fear was an unknown quantity. In stature and outer configuration he was an ideal type of America's sturdy manhood and arrayed with all the trappings with which men of the western plains are wont to bedeck themselves; he was the realization of the ideal American cowboy. Accustomed from his early youth to horses and guns, he soon acquired no mean ability in the handling of the one and the use of the other, and at the age of eighteen, he was acknowledged the expert horseman and crack shot of his native town and surrounding country. Those of us who have read the history of the far west or may have learned by experience how necessary both these arts are, can readily see how well equipped he was for such an undertaking. It will not be necessary to relate again the usual mode of traveling across the western plains and with what slow progress and great difficulty a journey was made in wagons in those days before railroads were stretched across the barren plains of Colorado, whose net work of tracks

offers today all modern conveniences to the traveling public; who desire to visit its health giving climate and to roam over its mountains, that rear their lofty tops in the turquoise sky.

The day of departure having dawned, and all arrangements completed, he started forth from his native town, Bourbonnais, surrounded by a host of admiring friends, who had gathered to say farewell and wish him success in his daring undertaking.

As he rode forth from the little village that nestles on the banks of the beautiful Kankakee river, the echoing farewells of his friends were soon lost in the constant and rumbling noise of his wagon, which was rapidly drawn along by his favorite span of serviced mules, the fame of whose endurance and fleetness was widely known around his home town and the surrounding country.

The weather and roads not being very favorable, which is generally the case in the thawing days of early March; after a fortnight of hard driving which brought him to the banks of the turbulent Mississippi, our hero found his course intercepted by its muddy waters, which at this time of the year, owing to the incessant spring rains and the thawing winter snows, rises above its low sandy banks and floods that portion of land which is called the Mississippi bottoms, which has become famous as a rendezvous of mosquitoes and malaria.

Seeing that further advance was practically impossible owing to the fast approaching darkness and the heavy fog that was floating in the air like a dense vapor, and the lay of the country being unknown, he decided to halt and make a hasty survey of his lonesome surroundings.

As he had been drawing on his provisions for the past two weeks they had dwindled down to a little more than a few scraps of bacon and a handful of corn meal, and as he had partaken of no food during the entire day, he keenly felt the demand of his lower nature for food.

Being a man fond of hunting and at the same time forced to it by the pangs of hunger, he took his trusty gun from its fastening in the wagon and started down the river bank in search of wild fowl. He had walked about a mile, making his way with great difficulty through thorny bushes and wild grape vines, when he heard the cracking of the thickly grown bushes and saw the form of some animal emerge into the opening and advance toward him. He hesitated a moment, then bending on one knee, took aim and fired. Without firing again, he arose from his position, and approached the fallen form, which lay at a distance of some

hundred yards. Feeling confident that the leaden missile had accomplished its deadly work, he hesitated not to immediately proceed to divest the animal of its hide, beginning at the lower portion of its right hind quarter. No sooner had he lain his sinewy hand on the outer texture of the animal than he at once perceived that it belonged to the bovine species. Half famished from hunger, we can easily imagine with what rapidity he set himself to the task of removing the hide. It was owing to his haste and the darkness of the night that he did not notice that the animal was not dead, but only dazed by the bullet. With one hand firmly holding the steer's leg and the other tightly grasping the portion of the removed hide, he was leaning over the fallen form of the animal, debating with himself what portion of the quarter would best suit his palate, when all of a sudden the apparently dead beat, regaining consciousness, started to regain its feet by a series of desperate plungings, accompanied with sharp and savage bovine bellowing, with our friend still clinging with weasle-like grasp to the hind quarter, trembling with fear, similar to the ague-like shivering of a nervous custard pie. And well he might. No sooner had the infuriated beast gained its feet than with a stunning kick, he hurled our hero some sixty or seventy feet in the air. To say the least, his position was indeed a novel one, but he was equal to the occasion and as he arose in the air desperately gasping for a return of his breath, he immediately took in his position. Seizing both his revolvers from their casings, he emptied their contents after the fleeing animal with deadly effect. In the meantime, he was seriously considering the fact that according to the laws of gravitation, whatever goes up must come down, and as he had realized beyond a doubt that he had suddenly left the earth as if by some magic force, it was high time for him to consider, though in a hurried manner, it is true, the best means of descent. So as he rapidly descended toward the tree tops he said to himself—"Greedy, you must break the rapidity of your fall, otherwise this balloon-like ascension will cease to be a joke." So following the instinct of self-preservation he extended his chisel-like chin, which caught in the forked branches of the tree; thus forestalling any serious injury that might have resulted from his fall. Realizing that this was an uncomfortable position and likewise a dangerous one for the safety of his neck, he concluded that it could not be maintained very long, so he swung his foot over a branch of the tree and descended its trunk in cat-like fashion. Feeling none the worse for his strange experience, save a dull pain in his teeth, which was caused by the jolt his head got in being in-

serted in the bootjack-like branches of the tree, no sooner had he placed his ungaitered feet on the ground, for the covering of his pedestrian extremities had been removed from the sudden jerk of the kick, than his first impulse was to pursue the animal and if possible prove himself the master. So, seizing his rifle that lay some yards from the tree, he began a careful search among the bushes and after a few moments discovered the animal lying dead, pierced by fourteen bullets. It will be remembered that our friend was firmly grasping the portion of the hide which he has removed previous to the animal's regaining consciousness, and, as if by instinct he loosened his hold on the leg of the steer, but still retained a firm grasp on the hide, so when he started his ascent from the earth he also removed the hide from the entire right hind quarter. So the only work left to be accomplished was to sever the quarter from the beast. So, after cutting the meat and sinews away from the body, by a powerful wrench he tore it from the body, and raising it up, placed it on his shoulder and started back to his camp. He took the same path back and after a few minutes from the time he left the scene of his battle he was at the camp preparing the fire to roast his dearly bought meat.

It will be scarcely necessary to comment upon the ravenous appetite of our traveler after fasting all day and undergoing such a series of trying circumstances as was the lot of our friend and hero. It will be sufficient to say that his appetite was in proportion to his wonderful power of endurance.

When the quarter of beef had been roasted to his taste, he removed it from the glowing embers of the fire and within the space of fifteen minutes there remained nothing of it save the large bones, to which the juicy meat had clung. And now that the pangs of hunger had been dispelled by his hearty meal, and after rekindling the dying fire, he sat down for his evening smoke, to rest his weary limbs and enjoy for a few hours a much needed rest.

It was while he was thus busying his mind with the events of the day, and laying plans for the future, as he sat there gazing into the glowing brightness of his lonely camp fire, filling the air with the fragrance of smoke that rolled from his pipe, that the sound of footsteps caused him to raise his eyes and catch the form of a man half concealed in the bushes. Arising from his comfortable position and removing his pipe from his mouth he started forward to meet his unexpected visitor, who was advancing with great difficulty through the net work of vines and bushes that hedged in his little camp. When the stranger had approached near

enough so that the glow cast by the fire fell upon him, our hero at once concluded that he was a farmer, for his ill-fitting and weather worn clothes clearly indicated his calling to be that of a tiller of the soil. When they had come within a few paces of each other, the old man with the usual Missourian style of salutation, said: "Well, stranger, I reckon you are bound for the west in search of them there gold mines," broke the silence and started the conversation, which as it continued was the cause of our traveler discontinuing his journey westward.

After a few casual remarks from our hero about the weather and the lay of the country the conversation drifted into a friendly narration of the deeds and events of their past lives. And, although the old man told some hair-raising stories, stories that might make the author of "The Headless Rider of Sleepy Hollow" look green with envy, yet our hero was always there to relate a story that excelled that of his visitor in thrilling circumstances and narrow escapes, which was the production of his vivid yet wild imagination.

Soon the aged farmer saw that he was no match for his youthful entertainer, so he changed the trend of his conversation to a lengthy treatise on what he called scientific farming. But here too he was outpointed by our hero, who claimed to have made a thorough study of that branch, but gave little evidence of it in his extragagant statements. After a few hours of discussion on different topics the conversation began to die for want of new subject matter. And as they sat there for a few minutes in silence, our hero broke in with the pointed question: "I was just wondering, Dad, (for this is what he called his visitor) what was you searching the woods for?". To which Dad replied "For the last several years the farmers around this part of the country have been missing cattle, horses and sheep, and we have been unable to ascertain what the course of our loss is. It was but this afternoon I missed a yearling steer and thought perhaps I might find him somewhere around the woods, and I reckon my search has not been in vain, for (pointing his finger to the large bones that lay near the fire) I have at least found a part of him, and I reckon that is some satisfaction." Scarcely had these words fallen from the lips of his accuser than our friend, who was ever ready to any occasion, and especially when it came to a question of extricating himself from such a difficulty as the farmer seemed to have him in now, proved again that old saying—that his feet never carried him into a place where his head could not get him out. So, starting out by a flat denial that the bones in question were those of the

farmer's steer, offered a story more striking for its extravagance than for his logic. Up to this time he had told the farmer nothing of his experience in the woods, because in this case, which was the first, in all his life, the joke seemed to be on him in mistaking the animal to be dead when it was only dazed. And, as a happy thought struck him that this would be a handy story for his purpose, providing he substitute some other animal instead, so he selected as a substitute one of those large western rabbits, which, according to the stories which have reached our ears, grow to the size of well matured sheep. So he related his battle royal in glowing terms, telling with an agonizing look of distress on his face, how, from a terrific kick of the rabbit, he was sent midair some sixty or seventy feet. Up to this feature of the story the farmer stood in open mouthed wonder swallowing it all, but when he made this wild and extravagant statement, this seemed too large a bite for the farmer to swallow, who, half amused and half angered, shook his head and extended his hand in acknowledgement of his defeat. Realizing now what a wonderful man he was dealing with, Dad at once concluded that he would be the right kind of a man to captain an expedition which for several months he was seriously considering. So he told our traveler of a strange monster which had been the source of much alarm around the little settlement; that for several years the women folks never ventured outside their homes without being accompanied by their husbands and large brothers. Being so taken up with the story of Dad, and feeling confident that he had won his point, he decided to defer his journey west and then and there he offered himself as captain of a searching party whose purpose would be to run down the monster and take it dead or alive.

We all know the hospitality of the western people and with what kindness strangers are treated by them, and this especially among the country folk, whose homes, though humble they were, in those early days were always open to receive poor but honest travelers who were seeking their fortunes in the western plains. Nor did Dad prove to be the exception of this hospitality.

Fully convinced by the seriousness and earnestness of our hero, and delighted with the proposition of forming a party to capture the monster, Dad insisted that his newly made friend come home with him and enjoy the humble but safe shelter of his home. No sooner was the invitation extended than it was accepted. After a few minutes of hasty preparation spent in gathering the cooking utensils and hitching up the faithful span to the covered wagon, Dad and the captain, as he was now called by his farmer

friend, were hurrying along the dark and lonesome banks of the Mississippi to the home of his benefactor, some miles down the river.

As they rode along in the darkness but few words were spoken, save now and then Dad broke in with a few complimentary remarks upon the fleetness of the team, which was indeed very pleasing to the captain. After about three quarters of an hour of driving, the captain was about to ask how much further down the river was his home when Dad broke the protracted silence saying, as he pointed to a dim object in the woods "There is where I live, turn to your left and follow the road that leads through the field." To these instructions the captain made no reply, but turned his team as directed and in a few minutes they came to the lonely hut of his friend, partially hidden by tall cedar trees and enclosed by a neatly kept hedge. The team having been stabled for the night and the barn door securely fastened, they started down the winding path that led to the house, some hundred yards away. The captain again resumed the conversation, favorably commenting upon the general order that prevailed around the little country home, and the friendly and playful disposition of the shepherd dog that came down the path to meet them. And as they now were within a few paces of the porch, the captain asked Dad what his name was, to which he replied: "Tockleberry. And yours?" "Hull, from Illinois." As they stepped on the little old fashioned porch, Dad took the lead and opened the door that led to the sitting room and walked in, followed by our friend, Hull. After he had been comfortably seated, Dad went to the door of the adjoining room and in his usual manner of addressing his wife, said: "Sally, I reckon you thought I was lost. I would have returned sooner only I met a camper in the woods and got a talking to him and the time went by faster than I thought."

"I hope," she said, "you told him of the monster, and how dangerous it is to camp around this part of the country; you should have asked him to remain over night with you." Hull, who was sitting in the adjoining room, overheard these remarks and was greatly pleased by them, first, that he was a welcome visitor, and second, that her remarks brought out the truth of Dad's statement about the monster. "Well," said Dad, "you need not fear for his safety tonight, for I fetched him along with me and I reckon you will be more pleased when you learn of his mission, and if you wish to meet him place that there sewing on the table and I will introduce you." Rising from the little old fashioned rocking chair and placing her sewing on the table she followed her hus-

band to the sitting room, where, with but little formality, she was introduced to Captain Hull, who immediately began to explain the reason of his presence by informing her of his intention to capture the monster, dead or alive. After he had explained this at some length she offered to prepare a lunch for him, which he gratefully declined, saying that he was more in need of sleep than food. And as it was now close to midnight he was shown his room, to which he immediately retired and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of a mother and a home he had left in dear old Bourbonnais.

Spasm II.

It was during the year of seventy-three that I accepted a position with the National Implement company as their traveling agent, and had chosen as the field of my labors the states of Missouri and Kansas. I had made a complete canvass of the towns and cities that were on my route and was returning to Chicago, which was the headquarters of the firm. It was while I was riding one afternoon on the train, and as time was hanging heavily on my hands, I opened my valise to take from it a time card, to ascertain what connections I could make at St. Louis. Just as I opened it a bundle of letters rolled out on the floor. I picked them up and laid them on the seat beside me and when I had finished examining the time card and found that I had but twenty minutes to catch a train for Chicago, I folded it up again and replaced it in the valise. I then unfastened the bundle of letters and began to read some of them. These letters were from different farmers who had been using our plows, and some of them, as they were of a more modern make than the one usually used by western farmers, seemed to give them quite a little trouble, which was no fault of the plows but rather of the people using them, who did not thoroughly understand how to put them up. I had read quite a number of the letters; the majority of them favorable commenting on the excellence of our implements. I removed one postmarked Cape Girardo, Mo., from the pack and began to read it, which to my utter surprise, contained a series of complaints claiming that the plow sent him was wholly inefficient and that if an agent did not come and put the plow in proper working order, it would be sent back to the firm within two weeks. At first I was tempted to destroy it, but after a little consideration I decided to go, and personally investigate the matter. So when the train pulled into the depot at St. Louis I boarded the Cairo short line to Chester, Ill., and after some miserable hours of riding through the swamps of Missouri in one of those

old time day coaches that jarred and bumped over the rough track like an ice wagon on the cobble stones of some of our poorly kept city streets. I arrived at my destination just in time to catch a boat for Cape Girardo. Exhausted from continual traveling I immediately retired to my apartment and was soon fast asleep in the feathers of my cot, enjoying a much needed sleep. I awoke the next morning feeling much refreshed after my night's sleep and enjoying to some extent the coarse but substantial breakfast served on the boat. After breakfast I strolled up and down the deck, impatiently awaiting our arrival at the cape. It was now about eight o'clock, and as our ship glided around a sharp bend in the river, there loomed up in the distance the peaceful village of Cape Girardo. So I hurried down to my apartment after my belongings and hastily collecting them together, came on deck just as the boat was slowly and safely anchored at the dock. In a few minutes I was hurrying down the principal street of the town to the office of our special agent, Mr. Gonypany. After introducing myself and having received several orders for more implements, I informed him of my intended interview with Mr. Tackleberry. A stranger in this part of the country, I asked him to direct me to the home of Mr. Tockleberry. So, having received the necessary information, I hired a rig and started south west, following the river course as I was directed. After I had driven several miles I came to a log house partially concealed by tall cedar trees which I at once concluded to be the home of Mr. Tackleberry. Scarcely had I halted when the farmer come out to meet me. Having fastened my horse I advanced toward him and introduced myself as the agent of the National Implement company. No sooner had I informed him of the nature of my visit than he began a lengthy explanation of the defects of our plows, claiming that they could not stand the usage that the plowing of his farm required. After he had explained what the plowing of his farm consisted of I was willing to admit the inefficiency of our plows, for from his remarks I concluded that he thought our plows should be capable of withstanding the resistance of deeply rooted stumps and huge stones with which his farm was overrun. However, after a long and heated debate I finally convinced him that our plows were not made for such purposes as the uprooting of stumps and breaking of huge stones, and suggested that he order a ton of dynamite and a few steam shovels, which are used for digging through such obstructions. Somewhat angered and amused at his ignorance as a farmer, I was

about to leave when I saw the form of a man emerge from the barn door. I noticed something about his dress and manner which convinced me that he was not a Missourian. So I inquired of Mr. Tackleberry who he was. He informed me that he was a fortune hunter from Illinois, and this at once aroused my curiosity to such a degree that I began storming him with questions, as to his name, how long he had been around the premises; what he was doing about the place, etc. From the look of surprise on Mr. Tackleberry's face I at once perceived that he was wondering why I should ask so many questions about the stranger; but I soon explained the reason of my questioning; saying that I was from Illinois and perhaps he might know some of my friends. So he called the gentleman to where we were standing and introduced him to me as Captain Hull. I began by asking him from what part of Illinois he came and what kind of a journey he had. He said he came from the northern part of the state and had experienced no difficulty in his journey. I told him I had some very true friends living in that part of the country and inquired if he knew any of them and I found to my surprise and joy he was well acquainted with them. After we had conversed for an hour or so he began to tell me of his experiences in the woods the previous evening and how Mr. Tockleberry had befriended him, inviting him to remain over night with him. After he had told me his story he said he had deferred his trip west and gave as the reason, that there was a strange animal prowling around that section of the country which had become a menace to the farmers and that he had decided to form a searching party and try and capture the monster if possible and asked me what I thought about the scheme.

I was struck at once with the novel exploit and offered to assist him in any possible way. So after dinner the three of us drove to town and made known our project to Mr. Gonypany, who readily consented to join us and offered us his boat, which, though small, was well suited to our purpose. So we decided to remain over night with Mr. Gonypany in order to make an early start the following morning. We rose early in the morning and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, started down to the river where our boat lay in readiness. After a brisk walk of five or ten minutes we reached the river and descending its banks were soon aboard our little ship that lay anchored, idly rocking on the waver that ceaselessly broke along the grass grown banks. We no sooner aboard than the signal for starting was given by Hull, whom we had chosen as our captain, and at his command the little

boat rode majestically out upon the rippling waters of the Missouri. It was an ideal morning. The sun was flooding the eastern sky with quivering shafts of golden light and kissing new born nature that had been magically resurrected from the grave of winter, by the warm and vivifying mantle of spring. We had turned our ship with the flow of the river, whose rippled surface, tinged by the same golden refulgence, stretched out before us like a stream of liquid gold. The woods that skirted its winding shores flung their newly unfurled foliage to the refreshing breeze of early dawn like a thousand banners of green. The wild flowers, more exquisite in their symmetry and delicate in coloring for their natural growth lay in gorgeous folds, against the dark green background of moss-covered rocks, that lay promiscuously heaped around them, to protect their dewy crowned petals, that glistened like clusters of precious stones, from the intense and torrid rays of the sun as he majestically rose to his meridian splendor. From a thousand warbling throats rang out the joyous song of birds, that echoed and re-echoed in the leaf-veiled trees, which were tossed into a becoming confusion by the gentle and scented breeze of early dawn. Little did we think that our voyage, which now seemed like a poetic dream, would, as we sailed on, prove to be such a stern and fearful reality as it turned out to be. As we glided around a wooded curve, and as the boat straightened itself with the river's course, there appeared several men on the shore, frantically waving their hats and lustily calling out for us to stop. At the command of our captain, our little ship was turned toward the shore, that we might ascertain the cause of their alarm. When we had come within speaking distance of them; one of the party who was less frightened than the rest, began to describe a massive turtle that had gone down the stream a few minutes before our arrival. Scarcely had Hull received this information than the ship was put about, and orders given to the engineer to immediately prepare for a chase.

The boilers were taxed to the utmost and Hull, seizing the helm, started in pursuit of the monster. Our ship was propelled by two ten horse power engines, which were sufficient to carry her along at a terrific rate of speed, and, as there was a full head of steam on, we were dashing through the waters at the rate of about forty knots an hour. After a ten minutes' chase we came in sight of the monster, who was lazily floating down the river. And if that philosophical truth that animals are endowed with a certain "sensus discretivus" was now practically demonstrated it was in this instance. Seeming conscious of our intent,

this monster of the anti-diluvial species darted down the river like an arrow sent from a full bent bow. But, our captain, as cool as a cucumber on ice, and a smile of triumph playing on his face, loudly calling to the engineer for a higher rate of speed, started in mad pursuit after the fastly disappearing turtle. The boilers at this moment carried such a high pressure of steam that it was escaping through the safety valve and filling the engine room with clouds of steam. But the engineer, wishing to comply with the command of Hull, seizing a wrench, screwed down the valve to such a point that the hand on the steam guage indicated that the boilers were now carrying two hundred pounds of steam instead of eighty pounds. This high pressure of steam being attained, the boat was fairly sailing over the water at a terrific rate of speed and was speedily gaining on the monster, which, in its flight for life, was causing great waves to roll behind him, like some of our modern ocean liners. We were now about two hundred feet from him and the captain, seizing a long chain, was about to lasso the turtle, when the fireman, who was so busily engaged in feeding the furnace, had forgotten to supply the boiler with water, which was completely used up. Seizing the injector, he pulled it wide open. No sooner had the cold water rushed in the dry and intensely heated boiler than there occurred a terrific explosion, which entirely wrecked the boat and sent the entire party several hundred feet in the air. Hull, who was standing directly over the boilers, received the full force of the explosion, which sent him hurling in the air, still clinging to the chain, in which he became so completely entangled that he was unable to use hand or foot, but like Kellar, the great magician, he soon extricated himself from the coils of the tangled chain and, as he lit head first in the river, hope seemed to desert him. But no! as he arose from the surging waters, he rapidly swam to a skiff that was fastened to the river's bank and in a few moments he was swiftly gliding over the waters, determined to conquer or die in the attempt. And, although it may seem almost impossible and incredible, he was in close pursuit of the monster in its wild yet vain flight for life.

With the remainder of the party I seized some Texas ponies which were feeding in a nearby woods and without saddles followed in all possible haste after the captain and turtle. As we dashed over ditches, fences and fallen logs, up hills and through valleys, through swamps and over level plains, with the ponies going faster and faster, until the sound of their fleeting hoofs sounded like the tattoo of an expert drummer boy. As we rode along at this

shadow-like speed, we came to a sharp turn in the river's course, and seemingly half unconscious of the awful danger we were risking, my faithful and sure-footed animal madly plunged forward, leaning over to one side in order to make the turn more safely, and, as we rounded the curve, I caught a glimpse of the captain standing erect in the boat and with the skill of a cowboy lasso the turtle, which at this moment was about a hundred yards in the lead. But alas! before he had time to seat himself again the slack was taken out of the chain and he was violently hurled from the boat by the sudden jerk. But kind fortune favored him once more. As he was tossed from the skiff his toe caught in a knot hole in the boat, to which he desperately clung, in which position he was violently dragged feet forward down the river. Wonderful as it may seem, the chain caught on one of the oars and as the boat was twisting and tossing about the end of the chain became unfastened and was dragging in the water some twenty feet from him. This was his only chance to regain the boat and he determined to risk it. So by a superhuman effort he plunged toward the chain, half concealed in the water. I saw him sink beneath the mad waters, desperately grappling for it. I saw him arise a second time, vainly endeavoring to place his hand on it, but to no avail. Again he sank in the surging waters. This time he disappeared for several seconds, which seemed to me to be hours. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind and hope began to die within me. I not only thought that all chances of capturing the monster had fled, but I felt sure that his life would be lost in his foolhardy attempt. But no! he was not to be defeated. In a moment, I saw his hand rise out of the water, and, just as the end of the chain was about to pass him, to my utter surprise I saw him catch the last link of it with his finger and in a moment he slowly crawled along the chain, safely seating himself in the boat, and securely fastening the chain to its bottom, paused a moment, to catch his breath and to consider the next move. I could not imagine what he contemplated, as with the skill and coolness of a slack-wire performer, he stood erect in the violently swaying boat. I thought at first, he might attempt to reach the turtle by crawling along the chain as he used this means to regain the boat; or perhaps, as he was only sixty or seventy feet from the monster, he might attempt, by a terrific yet almost impossible jump, to land on the massive shell of the turtle, which was several feet above the water's edge and seemed as large to me as the hull of an ocean steamer. But no, he did not choose either of these dangerous ways of capturing his prey; not that he was afraid to attempt these seemingly im-

possible feats, but he determined to use a more difficult, yet a less dangerous one to himself and one which would prove to be more effective in accomplishing his purpose. Standing erect, with a smile triumphant on his face, he drew forth his revolvers from their leather casing and, with one in either hand, aimed them at the turtle's head, which was just above the water, and fired. The monster's head disappeared a moment in the muddy water and arose again with blood gushing out of eyeless sockets. I was dumfounded at this marvelous and unexpected performance, and I thought, "could a Hubert do likewise under the circumstances?"

About a hundred yards down the river there was an island, thickly grown with trees, into which the captain hoped the turtle would crash. Nor was he mistaken. Maddened by its wounds, it increased its speed in a direct line for the island, and with an awful crash, struck the stony wall and killed itself.

A few minutes after our hero crawled through the thickly grown underbrush, stood erect on the massive shell, amid the cheers of the entire party, who had at this time appeared on the scene and the deafening whistles of the steamers that joined the victorious chase some fifteen miles up stream. After receiving the congratulations of his friends, the assembled people quickly passed a resolution, that the captain be presented with a medal for his bravery, which was to be solid gold, with the image of a turtle highly embossed on it.

The question then arose as how they could remove the turtle to the nearest town where the shell might be removed. But our hero soon decided this. Catching the chain by the end, he signaled the largest vessel to come close to the island, to which he fastened the chain; and after a few steady pulls, the monster was floating in the water, being rapidly drawn toward Chester.

In a few hours the party steamed into the harbor of Chester, where the citizens had gathered to see the much dreaded monster and to extend their heartfelt thanks to Captain Hull, for ridding the country of such a menace as the monster had proven to be for the past twenty years. As the vessel came close to the harbor, the chain was unfastened from it and attached to a pulling contrivance, similar to that which is used in moving houses now-a-days, and after the most difficult efforts of twenty span of the best mules around that part of the country, the monster was finally landed on the shore.

When the monster was measured, it was found to be eighty feet long and thirty feet wide. After the measurement was taken, the task of removing the shell was begun. All the able bodied

men in the city were ordered to sharpen their axes and report for work the following morning. After two days of hard labor the shell was removed and weighed on the city scales. And if the Fairbanks scales can be believed, and no doubt they can, we are forced to admit that the weight of this monster's shell was four tons. Then the body was dissected and weighed piece-meal, when the different portions were weighed and the sum of the different parts were added up the total weight of the turtle was found to be ten tons. The captain took the shell, which he used for many years as a pleasure boat, which ran between Chester and Cape Girardo, and needless to say, it was the most crowded boat that played on the waters of the Mississippi. Thus he accumulated a fortune in a short time, which he invested in Illinois land, which we all know is not only the most valuable land in a commercial sense, but also the dearest land of the Union to the hearts of her noble sons. In conclusion let me say, that our hero is living today in a magnificent home in dear old Illinois the realization of the dream he had in the humble hut of his benefactor on the lonesome banks of the Mississippi.

VERITAS.

LOCALS.

Bourbonnais has a new skyscraper.

"Unity is a oneness."

"Si" didn't want a sleepover anyway.

Jir ma—"Watch this massage shot."

"The only thing I don't understand about algebra is the letters."

There's another horse around here that wouldn't kick on a greenback. How about it, Ed?

What if a fellow's hair is red, that's no sign he can't play a drum on St. Pat's day.

"Are you English on both sides?"

"No, my right side is Irish."

Maher has signed with the Orioles.

Oh Hickey dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round,
The Irish are forbid to play,
Except on college ground.

Stubbs—Welcome, Gerry, to 'Our Bardic Choir,' but where does Leo come in?

Gerry—"Oh, he's going to pump the organ."

THE FIVE AGES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the "profs." and students merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one youth in time plays many parts,
His acts being five ages. At first the minim,
Fooling and drilling hard in soldier arms,
And then the smiling Junior with his "makins"
And ever watchful eye, quick to elude
The prefect and free study. Then the Senior,
Full of baseball and sundry college yells,
Seeking the athletic reputation;
E'en in the grandstand's glare. Then the Philosopher
Full of wise saws and ancient Latin proverbs,
Quick to harrangue on comedies divine,
Yet slow his manly voice in recitation.
Last scene of all that ends,
This strange, eventful history,
Is graduation—Then a last farewell,
To class, to "gym," to chapel, to everything.

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