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LITERARY LOSSES OF A YEAR.

J. W. Maguire, '09.



SINCE the publication of the last Senior number of the *Viatorian* the dread companion of Time has thrice entered the garden of literature, and plucked the three fairest flowers that grew therein—Algernon Charles Swinburne, George Meredith, and Francis Marion Crawford—leaving the garden desolate of anything but a few wild flowers and rank weeds.

For some years we have listened to the lament of literary critics that there is no literature today, and that all the great wizards of the pen were dead, but this was hardly true while, at any rate the first two of these three were alive, for they have surely earned a niche in the Hall of Literary Fame. They flourished in the nineteenth century, and added their brightness to the glorious brilliance of that golden age, which gave to the world Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Coleridge, Browning and others. There seems to be little doubt that if Swinburne and Meredith had not had the misfortune of coming just after some, and of being the contemporaries of others of these great literary geniuses, I have mentioned, they would more quickly and easily have gained fame, and would not have suffered as much as they have through unfavorable comparison with these writers. The year, however, cannot be allowed to pass, without some little appreciation of their work, and a certain attempt to localize it in the realm of letters.

If we accept the definitions of prose and poetry, as given by Coleridge, namely, that prose is words in the best order and poetry is the best words in the best order, the place of honor belongs to poetry, so it will be proper to speak of Swinburne first as he was the poet of this trio. Of him we can say: "The last great Englishman is low" so far as the poets are concerned, for

there is no one alive today truly worthy of the noble title. Rudyard Kipling is a rhymster and verse maker of ability, but more is required than mere rhyme and meter to make poetry. Alfred Austin is not even to be considered as a respectable versifier. What a mockery was perpetrated when the mantle of Alfred Tennyson as Poet Laureate fell upon the shoulders of this literary humbug. The noble office of Poet Laureate, the fair relic of a time when the court of England thought more of art, letters, and culture, than it did of horseracing and dinners, has been degraded and turned into a laughing stock for the whole literary world. Sed transeat, suffice it to say that Swinburne lived among giants, and even among them his stature was of some note, but among the pigmies of these latter days, he towered as the Eiffel Tower towers above the rest of Paris. It will be necessary for some of us, to approach a consideration of Swinburne's work with a certain amount of preparation. Most of us have been given to understand that Swinburne was a poet of some ability, but that a great part of his work was hardly "*virginibus puerisque*," and that it is better not to read him. With certain restrictions this is true, but this danger signal that public opinion has posted around his words has been painted in far too brilliant colors and considerable daubs of exaggeration have been added by critics, and others whose knowledge of Swinburne and his poetry is all too slender. Let us then lay this common prejudice aside, do not think "*a priori*" that Swinburne is pornographic, and greater justice will be done the last of the great bards.

Poor Swinburne, we cannot help feeling sorry for him. The fires of genius burnt within his breast, but these fires failed to produce the conflagration of mighty works that would send its heat and fervid glow down the long vistas of time. It is true, there are some among his works whose brilliant genius will be a twinkling star for other generations to look back upon and these generations will be thankful for their sparkling brilliance and riotous and sensuous beauty. But unfortunately for Swinburne, as George Eliot said of one of her heroines "the determining acts of his life were not ideally beautiful." I have said, "acts" but I should have changed it to "works." We cannot forget "Poems and Ballads," and the people with a true poetic instinct, the people who really pronounce the verdict on poetry will not tolerate the mingling of oil and water, the bodily and the spiritual, the foul and the fair as Swinburne has done in this regrettable collection of verse.

Swinburne was born of an aristocratic family that had been connected for generations with the army and navy, and he himself was educated at Eton, the most aristocratic of English schools, and Oxford University. Though he never took a degree, he was an excellent classical scholar, and had acquired that great love and reverence for Greek and Latin literature, which is so peculiarly engendered in the better English schools and are striking characteristics of the ablest of their pupils. This love of Greek paganism pervades nearly all his works, and it is in his choruses in such works as "Atalanta in Chalcydon" that we must look for the finest expression of his genius. Swinburne worshiped at the shrine of Aeschylus as is well demonstrated in his last work, "The Age of Shakespeare" of which I shall speak more fully later on, and the following stanzas from one of the choruses in "Atalanta in Chalcydon" has an Aeschylean ring, though Aeschylus could never have written anything quite like it:

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears;
Grief with a glass that ran;
Pleasure with pain for a leaven
Summer with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen with heaven;
And, madness risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite
Love that endures for a breath;
Night the shadow of light;
And life the shadow of death."

Here we see Swinburne the minstrel, the singer of songs, for the sake of the music, and the maker of melody for the sake of the harmony of sound. His subsequent claim to the adulation of posterity will rest upon this mastery of music and minstrelsy. No poet in English has surpassed Swinburne in this respect. Not even Shelley, gambolling among the clouds and stars, or Keats wailing forth his notes of sadness, or Tennyson in his moments of highest inspiration have touched the strings of their lyres with such wizard-like effect. His song is siren-like in the sensuous and exuberant beauty of its melody. Where, then did Swinburne fail? Why was he not the greatest of the poets of his great age? He failed, because, in his songs there is nothing but music. He was not the greatest of poets, because he lacked depth and purity

of thought and height of imagination. If Browning only had had Swinburne's gift of melody, or Swinburne had had Browning's wonderful thought, the world would be intoxicated with the richness and beauty of the poetry, such a poet would produce. But alas, Swinburne was only Swinburne, and as such laid the finger of the musician on the strings of his lyre, and sound wildly and passionately beautiful floated forth, but it was little more than sound. Poetry is more than musical meter and rhythm. This is the outward form that needs to be quickened by the spiritual fire of true thought and poetical imagination. We are sensible of the classical exaltation of his dramas and choruses, we may feel delirious delight with the rhythmic splendor of his lines, and be thrilled with his "harmonious madness," but throughout it all we feel there is something lacking. Swinburne in a word was so great that he ought to have been greater.

Perhaps he fell into the mistake that other poets have made and wrote too much. He became too much enamored of his own voice and sang for the mere sake of the sound. Many critics have attributed power to Swinburne's writings, but more often they are more violent than powerful, and his poetry is better when it is calm and dignified than when he deluges his lines with the flood of passion. This is not true of his prose writings in which Swinburne is at his best when he is passionate and violent. There is one poem by Swinburne, "The Garden of Proserpine," in which he is beautifully chaste and correct. I quote the first, and last two stanzas:

"Here where the world is quiet,
 Here where all trouble seems
 Dead, winds' and spent waves' riots
 In doubtful dream of dreams
 I watch the green fields growing
 For reaping folk and sowing
 For harvest time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

* * * * *

"From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever God may be
 That no life lives for ever
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to the sea.

"Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sounds of waters shaken
Nor any sound or sight
Nor winter leaves nor vernal
Nor day nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night."

We may not subscribe to these pagan tinged sentiments, but we cannot help being carried away on the breast of this burst of dirge-like melody, escaping from the soul of genius, worn and weary with the buffetings of this prosaical world. Here Swinburne has dipped his pen in tears not vitriol, and lies down to sleep in the garden of Sicily, whence Persephone was rudely snatched from this world, fanned by the autumn wind that sighs as it lays its Judas-like kiss on the flowers, and lulled by the weeping of the "wan" waves as their tears roll down the rock-ribbed shore. Though much of the purity of Swinburne's verse is tinged with the scarlet stain of impurity and "fleshliness" his love of innocence sometimes appears like the summer snow on the top of a mountain.

"A baby's feet like sea-shells pink
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet!"

is one verse of an exquisite little poem on a baby, and though by no means ambitious, it shows the true genius of a poet.

Swinburne will live as a poet, but no consideration of his work would be complete without some reference to his prose writings. He wrote an excellent novel on English society, called "A Year's Letters," which has never been reprinted and many works of literary criticism. As a critic Swinburne fell below the standard attained by Coleridge and Arnold, but the language in which his criticisms are couched has seldom been surpassed by critic. He wrote a powerful, virile, majestic style, and was a master of ex-coriation and denunciation. His last work, "The Age of Shakespeare," is a masterpiece in this respect, but will hardly go down in history as a great piece of criticism. As a critic Swinburne was too subjective. He dogmatically states his opinion as a fact with little or no proof of his contention, and thus for the reader

throws but little light upon the subject he is discussing. He had strong loves and hates in literature, and could never break the bonds of prejudice in considering any work. His hatred of Byron was as bitter as his love of Shakespeare, his contemporaries and Charles Lamb was strong. Incidentally, the dedicatory ode of "The Age of Shakespeare" to Lamb is as fine a piece of inscriptive verse as there is in the English language. Swinburne writes his criticisms with an air of occupying the same high position that he confers on Lamb, namely, that when he has said anything, "Agnus locutus est, causa finita est." Much however, can be forgiven him for the beautiful prose he writes, and any lover of literature will read his works of criticism with unalloyed pleasure for this reason.

The limits of a short paper like the present one do not permit of a fuller consideration of Swinburne's achievements. It remains to be said that while Swinburne will probably never attain wide popularity, chiefly because many of the productions of his pen are risque, and also because he never wrote popularly, as did Tennyson and Longfellow, yet all his better works will be treasured and loved by the select few whose ears are delicately attuned to the musical cadences of poetry, and love to leave the world and soar above it wafted on the waves of harmonious sound. The last of the bards is dead, but it is safe to say with apologies to Tennyson:

"That the feet of those he wrote for
Will echo round his bones for ever more."

George Meredith has for years been a problem to critics. He has baffled all attempts to classify him among the great authors. He has written so-called novels, none of which the term exactly fits, and has penned philosophical disquisitions that do not entirely entitle him to being classed as a philosopher. In a word, Meredith has plowed a furrow for himself in literature in which it is not likely any one else will walk. I do not remember ever having read as satisfactory a treatment of Meredith's works as one appearing in a recent issue of "America" by Father James J. Daly, S.J., who offers what seems to me a fairly satisfactory solution of this literary enigma. He says: "There may be some value in the suggestion that he be placed next to Carlyle." The "Egoist" and "Diana of the Crossway" surely would be in more congenial company with "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present" than with 'Pendennis' or 'Middlemarch.' I quote this for what it is worth, but from what I remember of Meredith's works

(it is now some years since I read them), I can more easily associate them in my mind with some of Carlyle's writings than with those of the properly called classic novelists. I am aware that Meredith has attained little vogue on this side of the Atlantic, and those who have learned to look upon him as a novelist will no doubt be surprised to read this statement, but it is nevertheless true that this title does not become him. Judge his works as novels, and they do not bear the test, and as novels would deserve to be consigned to dusty shelves and oblivion. But Meredith is far too great a writer to live only for a day, so we must look elsewhere than among the novelists for his name on the scroll of fame.

The chief reason for this is that everyone of Meredith's novels lack a real plot. They are little more than a string of incidents, dignified by being clothed in brilliant English, and artfully interwoven one with another, but mere incidents do not make a novel. It is really wonderful that any man should have been able to make such great books out of the materials Meredith has used in, for instance, "Richard Feveril," "Diana of the Crossways" and "The Egoist." When compared with the great novels, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Rienzi" and "Middlemarch" these works of Meredith have but little plot. But he had a wonderful power in his mastery of the English tongue. He understood all the delicate little shades of meaning in every word, and used this knowledge to the fullest advantage. This is what makes the dialogues and conversation in his books such refreshing reading. They are all essentially clever, and the lightest of them have an undercurrent of seriousness, and are full of suggestion of things of greater importance than the characters are talking about.

Perhaps no author has written more difficult English than Meredith, and in this respect he may be compared to Balzac in French. His books are not to be recommended for reading on a warm summer's afternoon when one feels too lazy to give anything serious attention, but may be read with great intellectual profit when the reader is brimful of energy, and requires mental exercise of a strenuous nature. At the same time he has dignified the English language, and one feels prouder of it, and more thankful that one can speak and understand it, after finishing one of his books than before. Meredith was a master of epigram, and delightful epigrammatic sentences appear throughout his writings, redolent with thought and apt and clever expression, like sparkling diamonds in a gold setting. In places too, Meredith leans

towards the melodramatic, but never without dignifying it, and making it more dramatic than melodramatic, and it is only when the book is laid aside, and the reader gives himself up to cold criticism that he realizes that it was melodramatic.

Small and unimportant events are dignified by Meredith philosophizing about them, and this brings to mind the works of Jane Austen. She certainly dignified them as no other author before or since has done, but in an entirely different way from Meredith. Her great powers of observation and description enabled her to write a beautiful passage on a woman busy over the little things around her kitchen, but Meredith brings to his small events all the mighty powers of philosophy and magnificent language. For this reason we are tempted to accuse him of insincerity in his philosophy, for the common day occurrences of every day life do not call for the deep thinking of the philosopher to explain.

As to Meredith's philosophy, it may be said that it is largely natural, and is not dignified by anything supernatural, and though in passages he shows a belief in God, this belief does not influence his philosophy to any extent. The same may be said of what he says of marriage. Though none of his books are exactly objectionable, they lack correct estimation of love and marriage. His lovers all love from natural motives, and do not trouble themselves about anything higher, purer or better.

Much more might be written of this master of English, but I can only say that Meredith will undoubtedly live, not because he was a great novelist or philosopher, but because he was a master of our mother tongue. His books bear the stamp of immortality upon them from this one quality, and it is a pity that he is not more widely read and studied by those who love the language of Shakespeare, Thackeray, Eliot, Dickens and Scott. Of Meredith's poetry I have said nothing for his subsequent claim to fame will rest upon his prose and not his verse.

I can say but little of Marion Crawford, because I have only read one of his books, "Mr. Isaacs." This novel shows forth the ability that Meredith lacked, namely, that of formulating a plot and telling a story. But with this advantage Crawford's superiority over Meredith ceases. In "Mr. Isaacs" I could see no trace of the hand of a real genius, but instead the work of a born storyteller, the whiler away of long afternoons and dull evenings. From what I have heard of Crawford's books from those who are better acquainted with them, they all have the merit of being

interesting, and as for the last few years there have been few authors who could even write an entertaining story, Crawford deserves to rank high in contemporary literature, but I fail to see that his friends have any claim for hoping that his works will survive the judgement of time.

As a Catholic, I think that Crawford deserves censure for his attitude on marriage in "Mr. Isaacs." Mr. Isaacs was certainly married to one of his Mahommedan wives, and what right had Mr. Griggs, a Catholic, to assist him in getting married to the English girl? It seems to me that Crawford kills the English girl in time to extricate himself from an awkward denouement to his book.

I confess that I am not properly equipped to speak of Marion Crawford, but to tell the truth I was not at all favorably impressed with the only book of his I have read, and I do not feel at all eager to read any more of them. I am, however, ready to bow to the opinion of more competent critics, and to concede to Mr. Crawford his place in the temple of literary fame that they have given him.



A PLEA FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

A. E. O'Connell, '09.



IN THIS advanced stage of civilization and culture, when refinement and learning are the essential passports to success, it is not at all surprising that so great and profound an interest is taken in everything educational. With pride we look upon the majestic grandeur of the progress and achievements in art, science, literature, law and medicine, and we Americans especially have reason to be proud, for we have contributed much during the last two centuries towards the furtherance and achievement of civilization. It seems as though the secret of American progress is the strenuous and unceasing struggle for something better. It seems that American life and improvement are synonymous terms.

Much of this progress and development in the various fields of intellectual development just enumerated, no doubt, has been

largely due to the thorough system of schools, both private and public which the far sighted American people have endeavored both by word and deed to maintain. However, if there is one thing that the American people love to a fault, it is the present system of public education. The American public school, as it is today, is a sort of fetich which they actually worship, so that if one were to attempt to point out defects, no matter how glaring or even derogatory to certain inalienable rights which we enjoy as citizens of our Republic, they would charge us with hammering down American institutions and endeavoring to usurp special privileges in government.

If we Catholics set up a cry of protest against the present system of public instruction, let it be understood that we wish not to be interpreted as voicing sentiments against institutions of equal government, but rather as pressing a plea for rights that belong to us as American citizens, and that is to educate our own Catholic children in schools that are competent to instill into their minds the salutary precepts and monitions of their holy religion.

That we have that right no one can or will deny, but why should we be burdened with a double tax? Why are we bound to support a public school that we do not use, and cannot use, if justice is done the little ones that depend upon our direction?

It costs fifteen million dollars a year to maintain the Catholic parochial schools, and that is to conduct them with the most rigid economy, an economy which is impossible in the public schools. The parochial schools, if conducted on the same basis as the public schools would cost over twenty million dollars. We are saving the nation twenty million dollars annually. Now, if the parochial schools were to close their doors, causing their 1,300,000 pupils to demand admittance to the public schools, thereby necessitating the erection of buildings to house them, it would cost the nation \$160,000,000, and annually we are presenting it with a sum of \$21,000,000.

But it may be asked, what are the Catholic schools really accomplishing. Are they turning out as good citizens as the public schools? The Catholic schools are turning out well behaved, orderly young men and women, respectful to those set over them, well grounded in the morals of Christianity with an instinctive sense of obedience to law and a becoming regard for the authorities that represent it. The cry of not a few Protestants and bigots that the Catholic school engenders an unpatriotic spirit in the young, that the Catholic church is antagonistic and vigor-

ously opposed to the American form of government, is the basest calumny ever uttered. Catholic patriotism can be traced from the very inception of our Republic, from the Declaration of Independence to the present day. Consider the bloody war of the rebellion and its Catholic generals and statesmen. Consider Sullivan, Stark, Carroll, Montgomery, Barry, Lafayette and Pulaski. Remember the sons of old Ireland, sunny France and down trodden Poland. The best blood that ever coursed through human veins was shed in torrents by Catholics in defense of what they thought was right, and they dare say the Catholic is unpatriotic.

The fields of the great civil war were crimsoned with the blood of Catholics. Will they say that Mead, Rosencrantz, Cobb and Sheridan, the men who saved this country from utter dissolution were not patriotic? I need not go further. I need not mention our own war with Spain. I need not point out the highest places of trust and honor in this country which are filled by the sons of the Church of Rome. A Catholic should never allow the charge to go unchallenged, as long as he has a mind with which to think or lips with which to form words.

There is no denying that the state schools do much good, but is there anything wherein the state school surpasses the Catholic schools? Is there anything to be had in the state school which cannot be had in the Catholic school? Assuredly not. On the other hand we claim, and not without good reason, that our religious schools fit young men and women for society far more efficiently than the state school could ever pretend to do. Is it possible that the moral results of an institution from which God has been ousted, in which his name can only be mentioned in bated breath can be compared with those of an institution wherein God is taught to be revered, honored, glorified, loved and feared? The public school seeks to develop the mind alone, but the religious strives, not only to educate the mind, but the heart as well. One, the material, the other, the material and the spiritual in man. Secular schools educate the mind at the expense of the heart, and the soul. If you need examples of the effects of Godless education, look at France. France the land of saints and culture, France the eldest daughter of the Church, now the fallen daughter. Again should not the increase of juvenile delinquencies in our own century bid us pause and consider what share the state schools have in bringing this about? Mr. Whitelaw Reid, United States ambassador to England says: "May it not happen that in our efforts to keep all questions of religion and morals in

what we consider their proper places, that they may in reality be left without any place in the training of a good many children? If the interests of the Republic require that every child should be compelled to learn to read its laws, does not the same interest as imperatively require that every child should be taught, and should be unable to escape being taught the absolute necessity of respect for those laws and of prompt and dutiful obedience to the officers of those laws? Does not the interest of the Republic further demand that the coming citizen shall have some idea of our beliefs in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, or at least, shall be thoroughly grounded in the great principles of the moral law without which neither well ordered liberty nor civilization itself can exist?"

Is it not a lamentable fact that in striving to develop the minds by means of secular education we are making atheists, agnostics and socialists of the young? We are placing in the hand of savages poisoned arrows and deadly explosives, because education of the mind without education of the heart and soul is worse than no education at all, because it arms with weapons which will certainly be used to destroy and not to uplift and elevate. Professor O. A. Brownson, one of the greatest minds that ever graced American thought, says that, "education of the mind divorced from faith and religious discipline is dangerous alike to the individual and to society. All education should be religious, and intended for a religious end, not for this life only, for this life is nothing, if severed from that which is to come."

It should be remembered that the Catholic tax payers of America that send their children to the parochial schools, collectively present to the government annually an enormous sum of money for which they receive, and can receive absolutely no benefit. and secondly, that in educating their own children in their own privately built and privately maintained schools, they not only save money and expense to the state but they give to the state just as good and even better citizens, than the state maintained schools do. Therefore, we claim, if we save the money and expense to the state in maintaining those schools, let the state pay us for it.

That the laborer is worthy of his hire no one will deny. Therefore, if we perform the work, in the language of the street, if we furnish the goods, pay us what they are worth. We do the work, that is, we educate the young. We do furnish the goods, that is

we give to the nation young men and women, well developed in mind and body, in heart and soul then pay us for it. I say that the state that refuses to do this is shamefully unjust.

It has often been said that the curriculum of the parochial school is below that of the public school. We earnestly solicit inspection. Inspect our schools, our studies, our work. Examine our pupils, examine our teachers. Our books, pupils and teachers are ever ready to stand honest examination and criticism. Do us justice is all we ask.

Those who champion secular education object. The state builds schools for all. Catholics are free to profit by the state schools. Therefore the state owes them nothing. Not arguing from a financial standpoint but from a Catholic conscience, I say Catholics are prevented by conscience from using the public schools when they are able to send their children to Catholic schools. The Catholic well knows that to jeopardize the souls of his little ones, their faith, morals and ideals would bring down upon him the wrath of God. The religious education of their children is a right of the Catholic citizen's conscience, just as the right to practice his religion. The constitution can not claim to protect Catholic conscience with one hand and with the other attack it, without contradicting itself. But the state obviously does this, so long as it refuses to aid the schools demanded by Catholic conscience.

It may also be said that the scheme is impracticable on account of the diversity of sects. To this we say, "try it." What has been done, can be done. This is being done in Australia, Canada, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Ireland and in England. Then why not here? Are the United States less generous, or are they unable to protect the rights and liberties of their citizens? I hope not. Is the American ideal or conception of justice, fairness, honesty and the "square deal" below that of the German, Englishman or Australian? I hope not. This double taxation is un-American. The American spirit of fair play is opposed to such taxation, and it will not be very long before the high ideal of American fairness asserts itself by awakening the latent, or the seemingly at present slumbering sense of right, and then the dark clouds of prejudice and intolerance will be dispelled by the brilliant rays of the sun of justice. The rights and liberties of Catholics will be obtained and protected, when the Catholic citizens throw themselves into public life and endeavor to make themselves heard by daring to plead for their real rights.

All Catholics should aid in the attainment of these ends, in the attainment of the destiny of the parochial schools, in the attainment of justice for them. Let all of us embody our love for Catholic education in deeds. Keep the little ones away from the pollution of the state schools, lest they become moral and religious imbeciles, lest their habits, their morals, their virtues get beyond Christian influence for ever. Let us fling our banners to the breeze with the "Truth" and "I am a Catholic," emblazoned upon it in letters of burnished gold. Sound the keynote of battle and throw ourselves body and soul into the fight, and having the sacrament of unity, win we must.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SUMMERS

W. CARROLL, '09



IT WAS in the early fall of the year 19—, when vast numbers of students from all parts of the United States were pouring into the Viatorian University, at Bourbonnais, Illinois. Already two weeks of college life had passed since the youths had returned from their summer vacation, and as the spirit of unrest had not yet been shaken out of their veins, the older students, especially the Sophomores, were wandering about seeking diversion at the expense of the newcomers. Although many attempts had been made to prevent hazing, they had been ineffectual, and many were the poor and unsophisticated Freshmen who had tasted of the ingenuity of the wicked Sophs' fertile brains. Such trifles as climbing all the trees on the campus, jumping from the third story window, shining the shoes of all in the yard, making an extemporaneous speech from the top of the water tower, these were all so old and hackneyed that they had been relegated to the dead and forgotten past, and many were the new and unthought of schemes brought into play by this band of yearlings.

It seems to be an almost universal law of nature, that while a student is, in his Freshman year, indignant at each "stunt" he is made perform, and considers hazing as a machination of the devil, in his Sophomore year, he delights in devising new and original "stunts," and considers hazing one of the preliminary joys of heaven. As years had passed so the "stunts" had become harder, and every succeeding year, "stunt" after "stunt" was originated and performed, each one harder, more nerve-racking and more apt to strike fear into the hearts of the Freshies, so that the zenith had nearly been reached, and it seemed that the Freshmen of the present time would need a cast iron constitution, to withstand the trials and tribulations of their first year. The first two weeks had passed and still the poor maligned Freshmen managed to exist, much to the unconcealed disgust of the wiley Sophs. Youth after youth was introduced into the higher intellectual company of the Sophs and entertained royally, only the entertainment was at their own expense. As a result, the Sophs were

wondering what heaven could be like, if earth could be so enjoyable; when one dark cloud appeared upon the horizon of their undisputed sway. It came in the form of a certain youth responding to the call of Charlie Summers, whose only fault was a too rapid and progressive imagination.

This was his first year at the "U." and preceiving his fellow-classmen laboring under the yoke of oppression, he at once undertook to remedy the evil. He saw that the reason why the Sophomores had superiority over the Freshmen, was simply because the Sophs knew each other and acted conjointly, while the Freshies did not know each other, and were acted upon separately. So he conceived the plan of organizing the Freshmen into a club, the principal objects of which were mutual acquaintanceship, and assistance. The Freshies took to this plan and organized, so the next time the Sophs made a raid upon them, the contest was so even that the Sophs only won by a small margin.

The Sophs were not slow to see the condition of things and where before all was milk and honey, now each day added a couple more links to the Freshies' strong chain of selfdefense.

The Sophs were in desparation. Would the precedent of all the other Sophs be allowed to be tarnished by this upstart? No, decidedly no! One night when a crowd of the Sophs was gathered in one of the students rooms in the S—— Memorial Hall, circumstances were fully discussed, and many were the protestations that the Freshies must be downed, and shown their inferiority.

"Well," said one of the boys, in a long drawling voice that proclaimed the speaker to be a southerner, and who was commonly called "Nigger," "we sure enough have to find some means to show these new fellows their place, but the only way we can do that is by breaking up this band they have formed."

"Yes," readily assented another member of the group called "Shorty," but whose real name was Sylvester Jones, "we will have to smash this clique, but there is no use trying while young Charlie Summers is at the head of it."

"Now, why isn't there?" asked Jack Darrell, a boy from Chicago, "why isn't there? Do you mean to say that we stood all the abuses heaped upon us last year for nothing? Weren't we ruled last year by the Sophs with a rod of iron? and why shouldn't we in all justice get our dues from these Freshies? You are a nice game bunch of fellows, your are,—not. Just because one wise little Freshie takes it into his head to make up a club

to stop our fun, you all tamely throw up the sponge without any attempt to see if we couldn't break it up."

"But, Jack, you know we did try," interposed the Southerner, "didn't we all try our level best in that class rush to show our superiority?"

"Yes," retorted Jack, "we all tried hard enough and we won too, if you can remember, but at the same time we showed those Freshies their weak spots and now probably they are stronger than ever. There is no use in going about it that way, we are sure to get worsted in the long run, because there are more Freshmen than Sophomores, and that Summers is whipping them into shape so that if one Freshie were jumped, inside of two minutes, there would be fifty of them on the warpath. And besides it is getting positively ridiculous to think that those "Beasts" will walk around here as if they owned the place and treat us as if we were inferiors. Why, pretty soon, they will be initiating us over again. And just to think that the cause of all this is that young Summers."

"Well, what's the matter with slipping one over on him, and doing it in such a way that none of his friends will be around," said Bill Dartmour, who hailed from the distant city of Butte, "if we could only rig up some scheme to give him such an infernal fright, that he would not get over it for a while, then maybe he would not care so much for his little bunch, and that would give us a better chance to act natural."

"But how could we?" queried "Shorty."

"Yes, how could we?" meditatively drawled the "Nigger."

"I tell you what," and Jack suddenly sprang up, his face radiant. "I've an idea, and it's not only an idea, but is the scheme we have been looking for, it is the stunt that our young friend Charlie is just longing to perform."

"What is it?" "Let's hear it." "Tell it, be a good boy," came from all sides. But Jack picked up his hat and made for the door. "No, I will not tell you yet fellows. It is a good plan, and if it works, it will be the best "stunt" ever pulled off around here. I am going to think it over a bit, because it is rather serious, and it will mean a lot of work for some of us," and with that slammed the door and was gone.

About a week later the same bunch of Sophs was gathered in the same student's room, but no longer could the lines of discontent be seen upon their faces, instead, every one was in an especially jovial frame of mind, and many were the jokes and wit-

ticisms that were bandied back and forth between the various members of the group. When the laughter had subsided for a moment, one of the youths, none other than our friend "Shorty," remarked in a sober tone, "Well, 'Nigger,' when do you suppose the doctor is due to arrive? He said he would be back in less than an hour."

"He is due here any moment," responded the "Nigger," "it is very near half past nine now, and we cannot get down town much later than half past ten. Ah, here he comes now," he added, as the door opened, and a middle aged man walked in slowly with the sedate step of a dignified physician. The doctor seemed to be in the early fifties, his face was covered with a short grey beard and mustache, and his hair which showed from beneath an automobile cap was also gray. A long light overcoat fell from his athletic looking shoulders, completely concealing the rest of his figure. The boys glanced at him, and again went off into paroxysms of mirth.

"Well," remarked the doctor in a cracked voice, "I cannot perceive the immediate object that has excited your risibilities. Will you kindly elucidate? I hardly think that this is such a pressing call for my services. But," he inquired anxiously, "how do I look, do you suppose I would pass muster for a regular MD?" in a changed and youthful voice and in a tone that at once made clear his identity as Jack Darrell, the boy who just lately had an "idea." Shouts of laughter greeted his query, and everyone threatened to go into convulsions again.

"Why of course you do. You make a more professional looking doctor than old Dr. Mortel, down town, ever did in his prime," ejaculated "Shorty."

"Then we must get busy," he said, "we ought to be down town by ten o'clock at the latest, and it is already half-past nine. Let's go."

"But have you got everything prepared and do you think our plan will pull through?" asked Dartmour rather anxiously.

"Of course it will," he replied, "we sent the telegram, and the people are prepared for us. I am sure I will not fail in my part of the scheme and if the rest of you fellows do yours, everything will work all right."

"But," Dartmour persisted, "are you sure we can get him out of there and are you sure he will not get injured?"

"Oh, there is no danger about that, and even if there should be a little difficulty, I will stand that. As to any possibility that

he may get injured, why, there is none in the world. There is no use of acquiring a saffron hue at the last moment, I have everything planned so that it will work without a hitch. I, myself, would not like to see any harm come to Summers, because I rather like the chap, but then we have to side-step our preferences in a matter like this. Come on now, we must act quickly."

Once outside the little crowd directed their course towards another of the immense dormitories, which was reserved almost exclusively for the use of the Freshmen. Besides the original members of the group, there were three more Sophs, who had volunteered their services to help in carrying out the plan. Two of them—Harry Hartley and Ed. Sweeney came from Columbus, while the other, Frank Johnson, claimed the prosperous city of Monticello, as his home town.

"Hurry up, now, and bring him down," directed the "doctor," "I'll wait around the corner with the machine. Be sure you do not make any noise, for we must avoid that if possible. It would spoil all our plans if we created any disturbance."

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the boys emerged from the building carrying a long heavy bundle that struggled slightly, and in more ways than one resembled a boy, bound and gagged. They hurriedly ran to the corner and deposited the bundle rather unceremoniously in a large touring car standing by the curb. Owing to the excellence of the mechanism it was started without a sound, and Jack, Dartmour and the "Nigger" jumped into the tonneau to take care of the bundle, the "Doctor" took the wheel, and the gang glided softly away from the silent buildings. Within ten minutes they were passing through the graveyard-like streets of Kankakee, down East Avenue, across the bridge, and in a few more minutes stopped at the front entrance of the KKK Asylum. The three boys then conferred together for a minute or two, when the "Doctor" left and entered the office, coming out in a short while followed by four uniformed attendants.

"Yes," the "Doctor" was saying, "my man is in the tonneau. He is tied up tight tonight, for he has just had a rather violent attack. He was perfectly rational, though, for several days before it, although he always has had a sort of a mania for changing his name and for the last couple of weeks, he has been calling himself Charles Summers, writing that name on everything he owns, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised, if his clothes are marked with the same name. Those are two of my assistants back there, they were guarding him the whole way down here. Well, you

had better take your man in, I'll see him to his ward and then I'll call around in a day or two, as I must get back to Chicago as soon as I can."

The four attendants carried the boy inside, while Dartmour and the "Nigger" remained in the tonneau out of sight, but the "Doctor" accompanied the Superintendent. The Superintendent showed him the telegram he had received the day before which read—"Am sending Dr. Jones with patient to you tomorrow. Be ready to receive them at any time. Rely implicitly on Dr. Jones" (signed) "W. E. Packer, M.D. (Specialist.)"

"Yes, that must be the telegram he sent," assented the "Doctor," "and as soon as the patient—John Ryan is his name—is safely caged, I will say good night to you. But I will come down in a day or two, and give you instructions concerning the patient. He is not very dangerous, and if you handle him carefully. I hardly think he will give you much trouble. However,, I think it will be best to keep him in the violent ward, as you said, till he calms down."

The attendants in the meanwhile had reached the violent ward, and removed Summers' gag and bonds, and if the Superintendent had any doubts as to his sanity, they were strengthened immediately by the actions of the released man. Advancing to where the Superintendent and the "Doctor" were standing, he protested in a rising voice. "This is an infernal outrage, to shut me up in a place like this. I am not crazy, like the rest of these people. My name is Charlie Summers," at this the "Doctor" nudged the Superintendent, "and I attend school at the University in Bourbonnais. If you do not release me, and let me return to school, I'll make it hot for you when I get out. Oh, you smile at me do you? You think me mad? You will not help me? Then by heaven, I'll make you suffer for it now, you grinning gorilla, you——," but here he was unceremoniously closed up by the advent of the attendants from the rear, and quickly hustled into a padded cell.

"You had better keep him there for a couple of days till he is more tractable," said the "Doctor." "He is rather violent tonight, and I fancy, he would have tried to assault us if it had not been for the timely interference of those attendants." "Yes," readily agreed the Superintendent, "I think it would be wiser if we did. If he calms down, though, I'll let him out a little, but I hardly think he will, for a couple of days. I'll wait till I receive

the next instructions from you. I suppose Dr. Parker, himself, will come down to look at him?"

"No, I hardly think he will, you see the reason why Dr. Parker sent him down at all is because he is swamped with work, and merely wants to keep Ryan here till he has more time to devote to him. The next time I come here, he may have sufficient time to devote to this case, and in that case we might possibly take him away."

"That will be perfectly satisfactory to us," said the Superintendent, "and now that we have closed this matter up for the present let us go down to the office. They went down, and after a few more minutes talk with the Superintendent the "Doctor" left.

As soon as he was in the machine and had put a couple of blocks between him and the asylum, he felt he could breathe more easily, but he quickened the pace of the car so that in case of discovery pursuit would be in vain. On the way to the college Jack removed the whiskers, and then leaving the car at the garage, they hurried quickly to their respective rooms and were soon sleeping the sleep of the just—sleeping with the thought that they had done a great "stunt," and stood up for the honor of their class, not caring or troubling their minds as to what befel poor Charlie Summers.

* * * * *

But let us revert to the unhappy position of Charlie Summers.

When the doors of the cell clanged behind him, and the attendants retreated, he fully realized in what a dreadful situation he was placed. On every side were beings, who had lost all semblance to rationality, who were worse than the very beasts, and the yells and screams they emitted from the recesses of their cells were enough to drive any sane man mad, and Charlie was far from being sane at that moment. During the ride to the Hospital, he thought he was in the hands of the Sophs, and although he had no idea where he was being carried, still he knew that they would not inflict any positive injury upon him, but when the car stopped and he saw the uniforms of the attendants, and the massive pile of buildings before him, he realized where he was. But the reason of his being there, he did not realize, unless—unless they could be thinking of leaving him there? No, that was improbable, for he was as sane as any man could be. Still the thought kept constantly recurring and try as he could he was unable to drive it away. Such things had happened before, and were likely to

happen again. Instances of similar circumstances flooded his mind. He had heard of many a rich, old person who had been shut up in private asylums, so that his relatives could enjoy his wealth. Would the Sophomores leave him there? He banished the thought from his mind. The Sophs would not trifle with such a serious thing as a man's life—a man's reason—no, they might go to great extremes but never as far as that. Yes, he concluded, it must be some great mistake, something he could not fathom. The only thing he could do then was to show the Superintendent that it was all a case of mistaken identity, it would only be necessary to tell him his name and the matter would be easily settled by calling up the "U."

When he started to tell the Superintendent who he was, and he saw the half contemptuous expression on his face, an expression he himself would not bestow on a mangy, yellow cur, the hot blood rushed to his brain, and forgetting where he was, and what a position he was in, he considered nothing but the duty of wiping out that insult, and beating to a pulp that supercilious face before him. Yes, he had misjudged it all, and now when he sat in his cell and watched the backs of the attendants disappear through the door, he saw how foolishly he had acted, and the loneliness, and the misery of his situation were thrust upon him. One sane man among a hundred shrieking maniacs, one rational being among a hundred beings worse than the lowest beasts, who had no thought but of the vilest nature, no instincts save those of the most irrational animals, and who kept up a constant, hideous screaming, an endless repetition of blood curdling oaths enough to drive him mad himself. Could he stand the strain?

He had heard of men becoming hopelessly insane in the deserts from the funereal stillness on every side of them, from the absence of any being to cheer up the monotonous stretch of arid soil before them. How preferable such a place, and such a fate would be to this. How he would like to be in that desert alone with absolute stillness on all sides of him. If those shrieks would only cease for a minute, a second and give him one moment's rest. His head throbbed, his brain reeled, he felt himself growing mad—mad, and he could not prevent it. No longer could he control his limbs, he was becoming weaker and weaker, his life power was ebbing away from him, he could hardly use his will to fight against the overpowering influence of madness on every side, the pain in his head increased, he could scarcely pump air into his gasping lungs. He made one last, convulsive effort to collect

himself, but failed, the darkness seemed to rise up and meet him, and enveloped him with its clammy folds, then the end came, and he sank into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

The next morning dawned bright and fair, and the warm sunshine falling upon the students congregated upon the broad campus seemed to put them all in a happy mood, but despite the brightness of the morning and the agreeable warmth of the sun, within a certain room of the Sophomore dormitory gloominess and dejection were prevalent. One would think that after their successful adventure of the night before, these youths would feel rather joyful, but although the same boys were in this room who had been in it the evening before, although the room was the same, and everything in the room was the same, still something was amiss.

Just then another Sophomore rushed in. Seeing the boys grouped around the table, with gloomy expressions on their faces he exclaimed, "Why you lazy good for nothing bunch of hulks, moping around shut up in the house on a day like this, when everyone else is outside enjoying life. Come on out." Then, as his eye lighted on a newspaper on the table. "Is that the morning paper? Let's see what it says. What's this on the first page, 'MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT THE HOSPITAL. This morning as one of the keepers was passing through the violent ward he discovered one of the inmates lying with his face to the bars, apparently lifeless. Help was called and it was discovered that the man was dead. Physicians state that the reason of death was probably due to over-wrought nerves. The body is now at the morgue. Hospital authorities will not give the name, but the clothes of the dead man are marked with the initials 'C. S.' The corpse is that of a dark complexioned man with dark hair and of medium height.' Well what do you know about that, something really happening in Kank after all. You old fossils, if you are not going to enjoy a day like this, I am. So long." Only one fellow had the courage to call "Come again when you can stay longer," the rest never spoke.

Finally "Shorty" came out of the trance, "Jack," he said, "you are no more to blame than the rest of us. True, you took the principal part in it, but we all wanted to do the same, and besides if we had not put Charlie in the machine, you wouldn't have done your part."

"But I originated the scheme," protested Jack," and the whole blame should fall on my shoulders."

"Don't feel that way about it boy," broke in the "Nigger," "Bill Dartmour and I did nearly as much as you did; we will all suffer the blame together."

"Now I don't want to appear to be a knocker fellows, but I felt all along that something was going to happen contrary to what we expected," said Bill. "This matter of fooling with a fellow's life and reason is getting too strong. But I am willing to take my share of the blame, as I took my share of the work."

"Just think of that poor kid's father and mother too, how they will feel when they hear of it. And they have to hear of it, and hear of it soon," said "Shorty."

"Yes," said Harry Hartley, who before this had been silent, even if we were the instruments in causing that boy's death, we cannot let his body be buried in a pauper's grave."

"There is no doubt but that we must tell all about it, but how are we going to do it, and who is brave enough to face the faculty," said the "Nigger."

"I'll do it," said Jack Darrell, "I'm the principal cause of it and I'll receive all the blame."

"You'll do no such thing," snapped out Bill Dartmour, "We will all go together, and if we are to have anything done to us, let's all get it over as quickly as possible."

"But," said Harry Hartly, "there is no use in acting rashly. What if we were mistaken as to the man. I propose that some go down and visit the morgue."

"There is no use in trying to raise your hopes in that way," said Darrell, "we went over all that before, and besides who would have the nerve to look down upon the face of a boy he has murdered. Murdered in cold blood, for we all voted that he should be sent there."

"Now don't put it as strong as that, Jack old boy," said "Shorty," you know you must have full consent of the will to commit a crime, and we certainly did not fully consent to the death of Summers."

"'Shorty,' you can't persuade me otherwise. When a fellow posits an act he also posits all its attendant effects, and he is, in a way, as much the cause of the effects as he was the cause of the thing in the first place. We are murderers and there is no getting out of it."

"Jack," said Harry Hartley, "you certainly know your phil-

osophy to perfection, and no one will gainsay your reasoning, but even at that, the body will not be moved from the morgue for several days yet, so I propose to wait till this time tomorrow, to see if anything will turn up that will help us any."

"Now, we all know positively that there is no such a chance," said Jack, "but I am willing to wait if the rest are."

The other Sophomores assented, not because they really felt that there could be any possibility of anything being discovered, but just that they could defer the pain of telling the sad event, and probably receiving dismissal from college, for another day at least. But even if they did put off one pain, they were afflicted all that day with a worse punishment than if they had immediately told. For as the anticipation of a joy to be attained is greater than its actual possession, so the anticipation of the punishment that they were to receive on the morrow, filled them with dread and foreboding, and only doubled the feeling of anguish and uncertainty that would inevitably have to afflict them. How those seven Sophs ever succeeded in passing through the day without turning gray from worry is more than man can tell, but suffice it to say that they did, and nothing transpired, so they felt themselves morally obliged to make a clean breast of the whole affair. In accordance with their plan, about half past ten the next morning the guilty seven filed slowly into the president's office. There was silence for a few moments, finally the president demanded, "Well, boys, did you desire to see me, if so, please speak quickly for I have very little time to spare."

Each boy glanced appealingly at one another, each afraid to make the first move and break that impressive silence which had settled upon them all. At last Darrell spoke up. "Father, we have come to see you on a very delicate mission. We all expect your immediate anger, but we feel that we absolutely must tell you."

Just then the door was burst open, and one of the faculty, Father M——, entered closely followed by an irate, wild eyed youth, whose clothes were all disarranged, hair dishevelled, and who seemed badly in need of sleep. The seven Sophs felt rather relieved at the intrusion, but when they saw the boy, they were amazed, astonished, terrified. Was this a living being or merely an apparition come back to mock them? Their doubts were removed immediately for Father M—— spoke. "Father, I hope you will excuse us for this unceremonious entrance, but we have just discovered a deep plot. Some person has attempted, for some

reason or other, to enclose our young friend, Charlie Summers, in the insane asylum."

The president started. "Could it be possible?" He glanced at the seven Sophs, but they were the vivification of amazement. "Yes," continued Father M——, "if it had not been for a visit I was making to one of the prisoners when I recognized Summers, he might have been there yet."

"Summers," demanded the president, "do you suspect any one of thus plotting against you?" Summers glanced at the Sophs, especially at the athletic shoulders of Jack Darrell, and he suddenly remembered why they had seemed so familiar to him. The whole plot was clear to him, he had it in his power to retaliate in full measure for everything he had suffered, but one look at the boys' faces, appealing to him, determined his action. He would not be such a cad, as all that, probably they had never thought the outcome would be such. Suddenly he was aware that everyone was waiting for him to speak. "Why, no," he exclaimed "I haven't the least idea?"

The boys were relieved, the faculty non-plussed. "This is a serious matter," said the president. "Well, you fellows, what do you want?" he suddenly demanded of the Sophomores. "You have already heard more than you ought." "Father," stammered Darrell, "we came to tell you that we—we—ah—we" then as a happy thought struck him, "we would like to know if you think the Cubs will win the pennant this year?"

A frown from the president dismissed them, and once outside the door, the seven relieved Sophs formed a line, and with their faces turned towards Kankakee AND their right hands raised heavenward, solemnly said "NEVER AGAIN," and they meant it.



THE PRICE OF PLEASURE

HARRIS A. DARCHE, '09



HERE is nothing that exalts man in the esteem of other men as the perfect exercise of reason and of virtue. Man is never quite himself, he never acts up to his dignity, except when he acts rationally. And let me say immediately that man never acts more rationally, than when he uses the means for the ends for which they are intended. And man is never so hopelessly in the wrong as when he attempts to convert means into an end. Now as wealth, abundance, and health are means given for the preservation of man's life on this earth, so are the pleasures of the senses divinely appointed for the preservation of the human race and of the individuals. St. Augustine tells us, that if it were not for the pleasure of taste man would not eat and consequently would die. Now man lives according to divine purposes when he eats in order to live, but he perverts these divine orders when he lives only in order to eat, as did the Roman Epicures. For the same reason it is wrong to love wealth, learning, or any pleasure for its own sake. Here in our country today the race for wealth is so great, that it seems as if money were sought for, as if it were a god. If it cannot be earned honestly people will rob, plunder, and even murder that their desire for money can be satisfied. Next to riches a majority of the people in this world seek for nothing but pleasure. it is not my intention to moralize on the subject of pleasure, I prefer to leave this important role to more mature minds. I would moralize were I to show how detrimental to our spiritual advancement is the indulgence in a life of pleasure, how the deceptive glare of the "ignis fatuus," shuts out from view those infinitely worthier objects, God, virtue, and salvation.

There is no citizen in this free land who is debarred by any law or traditional custom from engaging in any of the numberless occupations which lie open to all; there is nothing that prevents him from profiting by the countless opportunities whereby he may become a king of finance, industry, or agriculture, or a leader in the realm of art, of science, or in the great field

of politics. In a word, we are in a position where we are free to choose what will be the course of our voyage through life. For many ages one of the questions that has engaged the thought of the philosophers is—"What is the object or thing which can make man happy?" It is interesting to note how this question has been taken up by the different schools of philosophy. Some have said that wealth alone can make man happy. Others say that honor, fame and glory alone can satisfy our desire for happiness. The Epicureans tell us that pleasure spells happiness. The Stoics declare that virtue alone can be the true happiness of man. But the Christian philosophers have all agreed that no created good, not even virtue or knowledge, can satisfy the cravings of man, that in God alone the perfect happiness can be found. True happiness cannot be in either sensible or even intellectual pleasure. A man may be content with very little, but it takes an immensity of good to satisfy his desire and render him perfectly happy. Let me quote from Rickaby's definition of happiness—"Happiness is the bringing of the soul to act according to the habits of the best and most perfect virtue, that is the virtue of speculative intellect borne out by easy surroundings and enduring to the length of days." This intellectual happiness cannot be had but in the direct vision of God who is all truth. It is the abuse of amusements that is detrimental to man. Some will make even sensible pleasure their sole purpose of life and this they would have at any cost. Some will seek pleasure in liquor, but what good do they reap from this choice? None whatever. The evil has dethroned many homes, it has wrought destitution in its path, and made its victims degraded in the eyes of men. It has been said that the way of the worldly pleasure is indeed a thorny way, a steep path and pleasure's yoke a yoke of iron. Well may we say with the poet,

"Pleasures are like poppies spread:
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
Or like the snowfall in a river,
A moment white, then lost forever."

Pleasures when sought for themselves will do no good, on the contrary the one who indulges in them to excess will find that before his life course is half run he will be a complete wreck. Tolstoi tells us that for ten years he went from banquet to banquet, drinking rich wines, constantly sleeping by day and dissipat-

ing by night, and adds that "no galley slave or apostle like Paul has to toil as hard as a society man or woman." Beauty, health, happiness vanish from them, remorse and melancholy find in those persons a fit abode in which to dwell. He who chooses the amusements and the gay careers of this life is like one pursuing bubbles. Pleasures are expensive luxuries, financially and in every other way. Let me prove this from what is easily observable in the life of the devotees of pleasure, and from the testimony of men who are qualified to bear proof on this subject.

Dr. Newell Hillis in an editorial which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, very forcibly says: "Pleasure is purchased at the expense of beauty, health and happiness." I can add without being mistaken, that it takes a large fortune to satisfy the pleasure seeker. These poor, silly, restless folks who look but for easy yokes and who want to make the best of life, are imposing the yoke of iron upon their shoulders which are worn raw, the heart is broken, and the hope that is dead. Who has told us in more appalling figures the awful price of pleasure, than Lord Byron? Does he not personally testify that when the appetite has been satiated with pleasure it leaves one hopeless and joyless, that it brings upon the individual the profound sense of shame and regret of a blasted life? Byron tells us in his work "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" that he is the "most unfit of men to herd with man." All through his work the author shows us what kind of a harvest the devotee of pleasure reaps.

In another part of this work the poet graphically demonstrates the despair which comes over Childe Harold (who is no other than Byron himself) who in his youth had sought nothing but pleasure and to whom life is now a burden. All men have a desire for perfect happiness which is a desire springing from their rational soul. But men abuse so much the good which is given them for their own good, that it often turns them to their ruin. Turn your eyes to Rome, was she not once the mistress of the world? Ah, but after she had accumulated wealth, and after luxuries had set in, her inhabitants gave themselves up to a life of pleasure this vast empire, once so powerful, now was swept away by the sturdy barbarians who came from the northern parts of Europe. Thus pleasure proves the undoing of nations as well as individuals. What will it profit a man to spend his nights in debauchery and feasting? Does it not unfit him for everything great, noble or even useful? How will this man be prepared to undertake his day's work and provide for himself and

those who depend upon him for their sustenance? It is said that the richest community in any country has the fewest number of happy persons living there. The cares, vexations, and the calamitous visitations which come upon the very rich, bring to the possessors of much gold and gilded pleasure unutterable woe. More shadows than sunshine hangs over palaces and stately homes. Happiness is the perfect good of man, but no good is perfect that will not last, it vanishes like the clouds of the heavens before the ever free and unstable winds. After pleasure has surfeited man's cravings for amusement, there is nothing that is able to please him, he often surrenders himself to remorse, and utter despair, which often ends in suicide. This proves that indulgence in pleasure not only costs money and even life itself, but it also demands the sacrifice of the soul's salvation.

It can be plainly seen from these few facts what the price of pleasure amounts to. We should exert ourselves that others may see the awful cost of a life indulged in pleasure. We should point out to our fellow-men how to make the best of this short life in a reasonable and upright manner. We should act as the followers of reason and enlightened by faith, and not slaves of these brutish and unreasoning appetites for pleasure which despoil man of every possession worthy of man.

A DEFERRED GRIND.

E. M. Kelly, '09.



FOR three successive years the students of Lakewood college had set their hearts on winning the inter-scholastic baseball championship, and each year they had beheld their team combat with a hard schedule, winning game after game, and battle after battle only to fall before the nine wearing the red "B" of Brockton university, Lakewood's nearest and most hated rival. The memories of the blasted hopes rankled in, disturbed and depressed the spirits of the Lakewood undergrads, and as a result the entire college used every means in the endeavor to turn the championship into their channel. Again, history had repeated itself. Lakewood and Brockton both possessed an untarnished slate, and interest in the game ran high. Each evening crowds of students, freshmen included, met and discussed the prospects of their varsity. The squad was being worked until a ball could be driven at any man with the absolute cer-

tainty of its being fielded cleanly. Hours were spent at batting practice, and time after time, the men stepped to the plate, sent smashing drives down the foul lines. Yet, withal, in spite of the strenuous efforts on the ball field, the team was forced to "bone," and hour after hour was devoted to study, for their Alma Mater enjoyed the reputation of being one of the finest and most exacting colleges in this line, in the land, and no deficiencies were tolerated. Studies first, and sport afterwards was the shibboleth of the faculty. Students had been rusticated more than once for too little attention to class matters and it was a well known fact that yellow envelopes were handed out because of frequent "cuts." The captain of the nine, Ned Black, had worked hard and long in the interest of the team, knowing full well what victory meant to his Alma Mater. He was proud of his standing in class and the record of his team elated him still more. He knew too well, the little time the Brockton "gang devoted to text-books, which were subordinated to practice. Men had been railroaded to a sheep skin in previous years because of their athletic ability, greatly to Lakewood's chargin. Hence it was not strange, that he concluded to meet them at their own game, although many a bitter hour was spent before his decision was made. Let the consequences result as they might, he determined that Lakewood would win the title, and the following day he instructed the coach to start the ball rolling. The men were driven at a furious rate, and day after day witnessed the same stunt, which gradually became a custom.

"Work, work, work," was all the rage, the captain laboring even harder than the men. When the men had discontinued for the day, Black remained batting, gradually learning to hit anything between his shoulders and knees, provided it crossed an eighteen inch disk.

Cut followed cut, and soon his scholastic record became a mere farce, the work of previous years alone saving him from an absolute flunk. He was summoned to the president, who, assisted by the dean, informed him that after mature deliberation the athletic board had referred his case to them, and that they had decided to eliminate his name from the register, but deferred the sentence until after the game, this last concession being granted only after continued pleading by the younger faculty members, who demonstrated the necessity of it, because of the fact that if the first course was followed there would be no game, and this would place the college in a bad light as bundles of tickets had

been disposed of. Despite this, Black worked the harder, and when the day of the game arrived, his team had developed into the best machine that ever played on the north diamond.

A cool, delightful breeze dispelled the heat of the bright sun, and the day was ideal. The stands were adorned, tier after tier, with crowds of happy heart-free students, hoary "grads," demure maidens, all carrying pennants and colors denoting their affiliation. Roar after roar was hurled over the diamond from lusty lunged youths. Freshmen and seniors vied with each other in raising their cry of support, and the leaders worked like automations directing the trained chorus of "rah's." At 3:30 P. M., the umpire cried: "Play ball," and the game, the culmination of months was on.

For four innings neither side had made a break, but in the fifth Brockton sent over a run, on a conjunction of two ripping doubles. The sixth inning was a blank for both sides, but in the seventh Brockton added two more, making the count 3 to 0. In the eighth, Lakewood scored two, and excitement was everywhere. In the ninth frame Brockton added another, and the hearts of the Lakewood followers sank. The home team came in, and went to bat for the last time. Wilkinson, their star batsman, struck out, and Elkins received a pass. Wayne drove a hot one through the short stop and the hopes of the Blue revived. Black, picked up a club and advanced to the plate. Two strikes and a ball were soon called, but he met the fourth with a despairing crack to right field, and he was on his way. As he rounded the bag the ball had hit the ground in deep right with the fielder in hot pursuit. Second base was crossed and the score had been tied, but he continued. Halfway between second and third, from the roar of the crowd he gathered that the ball was being fielded, but he still ran on. Passing third he noticed the people in the stands on their feet and faintly heard the coacher's voice. As he approached home, he dimly saw a black streak coming towards the catcher, and instantly he slid, scoring the winning run by the narrowest of margins.

As the huge snake was being formed after the game by the students, the president came toward him and informed him that he had revoked his decision and would give him another chance. Black then went to his rooms, and late that night, a happy crowd found him with a towel wound around his head. Two weeks later he mounted the stage in the college auditorium and received his B.A., which was the reward of his deferred grind.

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EDITORIALS.

In a few more days another class, ours this time, will be escorted to the auditorium and after receiving the sheepskin, the reward of four years of study, we will vanish to appear as undergraduates no more. Whether or not, we will be totally forgotten rests in a great measure with us. If the fruits which we have plucked from the tree of knowledge are properly garnered we can truthfully predict that some of us will achieve proper positions in the race of the after years, and perhaps a few may become famed. On the other hand, if the lessons which we have heard over and over again are forgotten and sink into the unfrequented chambers of an unattentive memory, we need not be surprised if we should follow their course and also be forgot-

**Commence-
ment.**

ten, for we alone are the arbiters of our destinies and our future careers depend for their success or failure on us. Accordingly, we should treasure as articles of highest value, the different truths which have been presented to us by mature minds. The first crop of our lives has now been garnered, and the second sown, in the reaping, may the latter be as successful as the first. In conclusion we earnestly hope for our own success and wish it in the highest possible degree to Alma Mater and the undergrads.

REVIEW OF CLASS ACTIVITY.

A verse of Shakespeare, familiar to all readers of the illustrious bard, states that "the evil that men do lives after them." Believing thoroughly in the truth of the statement we fear lest it should prove false in any way, manner or means, and hence our little article.

The class of 1909, assisted ably by '10, '11 and '12, has perpetrated "evils" in the social line which would be readily welcomed by anybody, large or small, and among our members are both. The first of these occurred early in the year, at a time when the frost was commencing to hit the pumpkins hard. October 13, Science Hall was the mystic spot wherein devotees of the fragrant Havana smoked both cigars and themselves until a fumigator was necessary, and then they smoked again. It was the occasion of the first smoker given by the class of 1909, members of the faculty, and all the undergrads participating in and enjoying the "air" of good fellowship.

November 28, the class of 1910 proved royal entertainers and after an untellectual feast invited their guests to the tables laden with eatables and other numerous good things. 1911 and 1912 again were within the holy circle and the same can be said of 1909, and we proceeded to put something into our own holy circle.

February 10, the Sophs and Freshies provided the "eats" at the college grill, and the spread was a spread that would do justice to any table. The whole gang was again present. Nothing was lacking to make the affair a go and it sure went, too, just to suit little us and others.

February 21, the third anniversary of the awful fire, the class fittingly commemorated the event with a smoker to the entire house. The cigar was chosen as the emblem of the evening because of the memories which the night brought. Everyone puffed until he was winded, but everyone also got a second wind and puffed again. On this occasion amongst the intellectual entertainers we can mention two of our own class as "supreme." Mr. Maguire portrayed vividly the play of the fury and also illuminated many undergrads and seniors on the history of Alma Mater whose career he traced from foundation days to the present time. Mr. Maguire displayed the genius which he alone can display and the entire class felt that it could choose no better oracle. Mr. Shippy read an ode dedicated to Rev. Fr. O. Mahoney, our loved president and this also was of the first water. The entire meeting enthusiastically agreed that this was a "success."

Our last bid for increased popularity was made March 17, the day that all of us enjoy, the drama "Shaun Aroon," being staged with much credit to the class. The house was large, and appreciative and made the class play a success in more ways than one. To name individual stars would be a hard job, so suffice to say that all "constellated."

Our last attempt to entertain will be made June 16, and 17, the program of which is given in another column..

The foregoing clearly demonstrates that class organization has been well fostered, and we hope it will be continued. S. J. M.

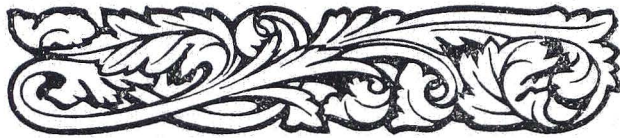
ORDINATIONS.

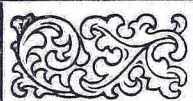
Each year sees St. Viateur's College giving more of her devoted sons to the service of God in the priesthood. This year on June 5, Brothers J. D. Kirley, J. V. Rheams, J. E. Belair and P. Brown were elevated to this exalted office in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago by Most Rev. Archbishop J. E. Quigley, and all except Father Rheams said their first solemn high mass the following Sunday. Father Rheams sang his first solemn mass at Henry, Ill., June 13. The members of the senior class extend their heartiest congratulations to these young levites whom they have all learned to respect, and wish that they may long be spared to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

OBITUARY.

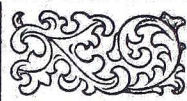
"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix; 21.

It is with feelings of deepest regret that we have to record the death of Father A. L. Girard's father which took place Friday morning, June 11 at his residence in Pullman after a painful illness. The members of the senior class and the Viatorian extend to Father Girard their heartfelt sympathy in his great bereavement.





Athletic Notes



Varsity 9, De Paul U., 3.

The Varsity executed their postponed slaughter of De Paul May 15, throwing the aforesaid school's representatives into the gutter on De Paul field, 9 to 3. The Varsity presented a patched-up team, but played the same steady game game and brought back the honors, amassing sixteen drives for a total of twenty-three bases. The playing of the Chicago bunch was featureless, all of their team lacking class, and as a result the game was never in doubt. O'Connell's terrific clubbing, coupled with Conway's heady base running was St. Viateur's music. McCarthy performed his usual consistent game and the work of the whole team deserves mention. The score:

Varsity.	R	H	P	A	E	De Paul	R	H	P	A	E
Conway, lf.....	5	2	3	0	1	Mooney, c.....	0	1	8	3	1
McCarthy, 3b.....	2	2	1	6	0	Kearns, ss.....	1	0	2	1	1
O'Connell, 1b.....	1	5	9	1	0	Scanlon, lf.....	2	1	1	0	1
Berry 2b.....	1	1	1	1	1	Wilhoit, rf.....	0	3	1	0	1
Legris cf.....	0	2	2	0	0	Kempf, 3b.....	0	0	1	1	2
Shiel, ss.....	0	1	2	2	1	Born, 1b.....	0	0	8	1	1
Bachant, c.....	0	1	6	0	0	Kerwin, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	0
Colbert, rf.....	0	0	2	0	0	Byrne, cf.....	0	1	2	0	1
Coss, p.....	0	2	1	6	0	Barry, p.....	0	0	3	5	0
Total	9	16	27	16	3	Total	3	6	27	13	8

St Viateur.....2 2 0 3 0 0 1 0 1—9
De Paul.....1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—3

Two base hits—Wilhoit (2), Mooney, O'Connell (2), McCarthy, Bachant, Conway, Berry, Legris. Struck out—By Coss, 5; by Barry, 9. Stolen bases—Mooney, Conway (3), McCarthy (2), O'Connell (2), Berry, Legris, Shiel, Bachant (2). Sacrifice hits—McCarthy (2). Hit by pitcher—Conway, McCarthy. Bases on balls—Off Barry, 5; off Coss, 2. Time of game—1:40. Umpire—Mr. O'Brien

Varsity 21, Rose Polytechnic Inst., 3.

May 18, the Varsity met the much heralded and touted team from Rose "Poly" with a residence in Terre "Hut." For two brief innings the game was interesting, but in the second the Varsity clouts were flying off at tangents, which the pseudo engineers

were unable to figure accurately, and thereafter the instrument men looked like stakes. Space does not permit of a detailed account of the slaughter, but suffice to say that Berry and the battery were there in the defensive plays, while the whole gang set their seal on the rapid artillery. The score:

Varsity	R	H	P	A	E	Rose Polly	R	H	P	A	E
Conway, lf.....	3	1	1	0	0	Bradford, 2b.....	0	0	4	0	1
McCarthy, 3b.....	2	3	0	1	0	Moony, 1b.....	0	0	5	0	0
Stack, rf.....	3	1	0	1	0	Lawler, c.....	0	0	8	1	0
Berry, 2b.....	1	2	2	3	0	Backman, ss-p-3b.....	1	2	0	0	2
Legris, cf.....	1	0	0	0	0	Shonk, p-ss.....	1	1	1	3	2
Shiel, ss.....	4	3	1	0	0	Webster, lf.....	0	0	0	1	1
Bachant, c.....	2	1	13	1	0	Buckner, rf.....	1	1	0	0	1
Nourie, 1b.....	2	2	4	0	1	Wyeth, cf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Coss, p.....	3	1	0	0	0	Barrett, 3b-p.....	0	1	0	3	0
Total	21	14	21	6	1	Total	3	6	18	8	7

Rose.....0 2 0 0 0 0 1—3
St Viateur.....0 7 4 7 1 2 *—21

Three base hits—McCarthy, Bachant, Stack. Two base hits—Shiel, Nourie, Berry, Buckner. Innings pitched—By Shonk, 2; by Backman, 2; by Barret, 2. Bases on balls—Off Shonk, 1; off Barrett, 4; off Backmann, 2; off Coss, 1. Struck out—By Coss, 13; by Shonk, 2; by Barret, 4; by Backmann, 2. Wild pitches—Barrett, 2. Passed balls—Lawler, 2. Time of game—2:00. Umpire—Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Varsity 7, Michigan A. College 0.

May 22, the Varsity defeated the energetic bunch from the Wolverine state in a game that belies the score, 7 to 0. Coss, the brilliant understudy twirled a magnificent game, and his grand work on the hill is mainly responsible for the victory, in fact, Captain Stack could not have done much better. The Aggies, who had swamped the twirlers of Michigan, Wabash and others of lesser note solving his delivery but once.

For the Lansing troupe the work of Belknap in center deserves first mention, while the battery starred for the Saints. The work of the whole team, especially that of McCarthy, however, was brilliant and they accorded perfect support to the southpaw and his mentor, thus keeping hits and runs to the following score:

Varsity	R	H	P	A	E	M. A. C.	R	H	P	A	E
Conway, lf.....	1	1	0	0	0	Shanahan, rf.....	0	0	0	0	1
McCarty, 3b.....	1	1	1	2	0	Peterson, rf.....	0	0	1	0	1

Bachant, c.....	1	3	10	0	0	Busch, p.....	0	0	0	3	0
O'Connell, 1b.....	0	0	9	0	0	Mills (Capt.), 2b.....	0	1	1	3	2
Stack (Capt), rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	Harrison, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Legris, cf.....	1	0	3	0	0	Belknap, cf.....	0	0	2	1	0
Shiel, ss.....	0	0	1	1	0	Baker, ss.....	0	0	1	1	0
Berry, 2b.....	1	3	2	2	0	Crissey, c.....	0	0	7	1	0
Coss, p.....	2	1	0	2	0	Orr, 1b.....	0	0	11	0	0
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total	7	9	27	7	0	Total	0	1	24	10	4

M. A. C.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
 St. Viateur.....0 5 0 1 0 0 1 0 *—7

Earned Runs—St. V., 5. Three base hits—Berry, Bachant. Sacrifice hits—Conway, McCarthy. Stolen bases—Conway, McCarthy, Bachant, Stack. Struck out—By Coss, 10; by Busch, 5. Bases on balls—Off Coss, 2; off Busch 1. Passed balls—Crissey. Time of game—1:35. Umpire—Mr. Vadboncouer, Kankakee.

Varsity 7, Illinois Wesleyan U., 0.

May 27, the alleged ball team of Wesleyan university sank ignominiously in a farcical four and a half innings with the score 7 to 0 against them. Vanquished and demolished, the University aggregation displayed about as much "pep" as a selling plater at a country fair, their team work resembling an atomizer. During the short progress of the game there was nothing shown by the Methodists who displayed the worst exhibition of ball ever seen on the college campus and as a result the rain was welcomed by all. The game was called in the fifth inning. The feature was the work of Captain Stack, while the work of the U was featureless. The score:

Varsity	R	H	P	A	Illinois W.	R	H	P	A	E
Conway, lf.....	2	1	0	0	Reardon, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Bachant, c.....	1	1	4	1	Hoose, 3b.....	0	0	3	0	1
Berry, 2b.....	1	0	1	0	Easterbrook, 1b.....	0	0	4	1	0
O'Connell, 1b.....	1	0	5	0	Jensen, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Nourie, 3b.....	0	1	1	2	Windler, c.....	0	0	4	1	1
Colbert, ss.....	0	0	1	0	Wallenwebe, 2b.....	0	0	0	1	0
Legris, cf.....	0	0	1	0	Shoul, lf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Coss, rf.....	0	0	1	0	Waters, ss.....	0	0	1	1	1
Stack, p.....	2	1	1	4	Edborg, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
<hr/>						<hr/>				
Total	7	4	15	7	Total	0	1	12	6	4

St Viateur.....4 2 0 1 *—7
 Ill. W. U.....0 0 0 0 0—0

years was in a great part responsible for the championships won. Ever a good batsman, his work this year with the swat club has been of a high grade, and his fielding has been in the same class. We expect to see him in the Majors in another season.

O'Connell, '09, put up the usual consistent game at first, his clubbing and fielding being of the stellar variety. This season is his third on the team, where his ability has displayed itself on occasions favorable or otherwise, as always, A1.

Berry, '11, played the game of a wizard at the middle corner, all balls looking alike to him. His batting has also been excellent, and he finishes his second year in a style that makes him the best second sacker that ever appeared on the local fields. "Bo" will return.

Legris, post-grad., cavorted in the center pasture and grabbed the tall ones in easy fashion. His sticking has been consistent and his general work good. This was his third year on the team. He was a peach.

Conway, post-grad, "Shorty" lived up to his past reputation, so "nuf sed." However, his batting and fielding demand notice, and to say that both departments of the game are known to him in a fine manner would be telling the truth. It's true.

McCarthy, special, burnt up the ground at third, and fielded everything cleanly. His hitting was opportune and generally scored runs. His work for the last two seasons has characterized him as the best third baseman in college ball, and the "rep" is earned.

Shiel, post-grad, "Ben." filled in at short in grand style and displayed the same ball there as in the other positions he has filled. His batting has been strong and his value to the team always noticed. He was handicapped all year by injuries, but stuck to the gun and played winning ball.

Bachant, '11, received in grand fashion, his work behind the bat being always a feature of the contests. His handling of Stack and Coss has been creditably undertaken and his stick work was great. This is his second year on the Varsity. He will return.

Coss, '12, put up a sparkling game in the box where he assisted Stack ably. His batting was also good. His experience gained this year will help him fill the shoes of the big captain next year, and in another season his work may rank close to Big Ed's. He will return.

Nourie, '10, and Colbert, '12, put up rattling games at various positions when given the chance, and they will probably make good at a regular job next year.

Kelly.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without a few words for "Pop" Kelly, '09 the energetic manager of the Varsity. He has made good on the schedules during the last two years placing suitable games in a condition of weather named "Kelly." Every sacrifice has been made by him, and the best wish we can give the baseball department is that the future manager will have even one-half the worth of Eli.

* * * * *

Prospects for next year are bright in all branches of sport. The baseball team will lose by graduation, Captain Stack and O'Connell and perhaps one or two from various other causes. However, we predict another good season for next years wearers of the purple "V."

In football prospects are roseate for a winning team next fall. Eckersall will again guide the team in a coaching capacity, while the choice of a captain has not yet been made. Carroll, Morgan, Walsh and McClure are lost by graduation.

Basketball promises to be well taken care of and next season will probably see a bunch of sprinters performing on cinder paths on Bergin Field.

* * * * *

The second team, better known as Roy Hall, has been valiantly battling with surrounding rural teams during the last month with more or less success. The inhabitants of Podunk and other villages have, needless to say, been delighted and incidentally the squad has also. In the two more important games played by the team they covered themselves with glory, losing once by the close score of 6 to 5 to Clifton, which team was ably assisted by the umpire, and downing Momence, the mighty sluggers of the little town down the river, by the score of 3 to 2. The result of the latter game shows that the Varsity positions will have strong contenders again next year as the quality of ball displayed by the youngsters was —like the Morris brand of meat—supreme.

* * * * *

Baseball "V's." and sweaters have been awarded to Captain

Stack, O'Connell, Berry, Bachant, Conway, Shiel, McCarthy, Legris, Coss, Nourie and Colbert. Coss, Nourie and Colbert wear the covered emblem for the first time, the rest having won their's in previous years. A manager's "V" was awarded to E. M. Kelly for efficient service.

S. J. MORGAN.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

The season of 1909 has been by far the most successful the Juniors have ever had and a championship team will be the result, if the players keep up their good work.

Captain Purtell, the pitcher, has always pitched a steady, consistent game and by his splendid batting has often led his team to victory.

"Zum" Legris played a great game behind the bat and the opposing base runners always feared his whip to second.

Eddie O'Brien, too much cannot be said of our first baseman, who was in the game from start to finish, many times catching the opponents off the initial sack.

Few have covered the keystone position with better success than "Red" Tynan, who put up a fast game in both the field and at bat.

"Sol" Doemling, our great shortstop, had the reputation of being the surest man in the infield for it was seldom or ever that a batted ball went through him.

Tom Cunningham held down the third sack as of old, playing his position to perfection.

The outfield, not to be outdone by the infield, put up a strong defense, thus helping their pitchers.

"Doxy" Ledieux played left field and many a time as the ball would come to the trees he would be seen holding it tight, although he himself would be covered with leaves and branches.

Ed. Leonard covered center with great success, his good batting being only one of the features of Ed's. baseball makeup.

"Dutch" Bartelman was a second Hahn in right field, grabbing everything that came his way and batting like a fiend.

"Gene" Corcoran made a splendid debut in the Junior select baseball crowd by allowing Hammond but two hits and winning his game 26 to 1. He is also a good batsman, already having a home run to his credit.

The good work of the team is probably due to the untiring energy of Coach Foley and the persistent efforts of Manager Hazen, who gave the Juniors a splendid schedule.

GAMES.

St. Phillips High of Chicago vs. Juniors.

Ascension Thursday, the Juniors won their first game by the score of 13 to 6. The score:

Juniors.....4 0 5 0 0 0 4 0 0—13
 St. Phillips.....0 0 0 3 1 0 1 1 0—6
 Batteries—Purtell and Legris; Olson and Krouse.

Juniors vs. Tigers.

Sunday afternoon, May 24, the Juniors met their first defeat of the season at the hands of the Tigers, the champion sixteen and seventeen year old team of Illinois. The game was a slugfest, both pitchers being hit hard, but brilliant support was given by the fielders. The feature of the game was the grand batting of Murphy, who had two home runs, a three bagger and a two bagger to his credit, the splendid work of O'Brien and Purtell helped the locals. The score:

Juniors	R	H	P	A	E	Tigers	R	H	P	A	E
O'Brien, 1b.....	2	2	8	0	0	O'Connor, 2b.....	1	0	0	1	0
Ledioux, lf.....	1	1	0	0	1	Murphy, 3b.....	4	4	1	3	0
Purtell, p.....	2	3	1	4	0	Clark, ss.....	1	2	2	2	2
Cunningham, 3b.....	1	0	2	1	0	Leeson, rf.....	1	1	1	0	0
Leonard, cf.....	1	2	0	0	1	Creighton, 1b.....	0	0	10	0	0
Dumling, ss.....	0	0	3	2	0	Arden, cf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Legris, c.....	0	0	6	2	0	Hoy, lf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Tynan, 2b.....	2	0	3	1	0	Smith, p.....	2	2	0	3	0
Bartelman, rf.....	1	2	2	0	0	Hearn, c.....	0	1	4	0	0
						Orr, c.....	0	0	4	1	1

Two base hits—Purtell (2), O'Brien, Ledioux, Leonard, Bartelman, Smith, Murphy. Three base hits—Leonard, Murphy. Home runs—Murphy (2). Base on balls—Off Purtell, 4; off Smith, 3. Struck out—By Purtell, 5; by Smith, 10. Left on bases—Tigers, 4; Juniors, 5. Hit by pitched ball—Tynan. Umpire—Berry.

A return game has been obtained from the Tigers and a great crowd is expected, a private car having been chartered by Manager Hearn. The game will be played on the big diamond and if the Juniors win they may have a chance for the championship.

Juniors 14, St. Joseph 6.

June 1, the Juniors defeated Hammond in an interesting game.
Score by innings:

Juniors.....0 0 3 5 6 0 0 0 *—14
St. Joseph.....0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 3— 6

Batteries—Purtell and Legris; Young, Hillbrich and Jergens.

Juniors 11, Knights of Fr. Matthew 3.

In a fast game the Juniors won their first game of a double header in an easy manner. Score by innings:

Juniors.....3 0 2 0 2 4 0 0 *—11
Knights of F. M.....0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 — 3

Batteries—Purtell and Legris; Butler and Lambeaux.

Juniors vs. All Saints of Hammond.

Corcoran pitched masterly ball, allowing but two hits and winning easily, 26 to 1. Score by innings:

Juniors.....0 2 8 3 7 1 2 3 *—26
All Saints.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 — 1

Batteries—Corcoran and Bartelman; Sherby, Neson, Carroll and Neson, Sherby.

The same Junior team is expected back next year and great things will be done by them if they keep up their good work of this year. If so, we will challenge any fifteen to seventeen year old team for the championship of Illinois.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	AB	R	H	SH	SB	
O'Brien	23	12	12	1	9	.478
Ledioux	22	12	11	4	5	.500
Purtell	24	13	15	0	1	.625
Cunningham	23	10	9	1	2	.434
Tynan	18	9	5	0	7	.277
Corcoran	5	4	4	0	0	.800
Doemling	17	4	6	1	2	.347
Leonard	19	5	8	0	1	.421
Bartelman	19	4	6	1	0	.315
Legris	15	2	6	0	4	.400

Up to date twelve games have been played and the Juniors were only defeated once.

MINIMS.

The Minims under the able coaching of Brother St, Aubin have again earned the fourteen year old championship of the state, having only sustained one defeat at the hands of Sheridan Park, a husky band of ball tossers that must average seventeen years. At that the Minims should have won, but they had a balloon ascension in the middle of the game, and were not able to get back to earth before the end of the ninth inning.

Ralston again proved effective as a twirler, though inclined to be wild in critical places. "Jim Boyle," the midget catcher, covered himself with glory throughout the season, his accurate whipping to second causing the defeat of many teams. St. Pierre was brilliant at third and proved quite a find, while Lynch and Tiffany proved veritable Tinkers and Johnny Evers at short and second. Dan Keliher held down the first sack effectively, and his mighty stick work was an important factor in the success of the team. The outfield was capably looked after by L. Jacobi, W. McGee and Ostrowski, who alternated with Ralston on the slab. We wish all these game little players brilliant futures.

Minims 9, Pine Grove 2.

The Minims had little trouble in disposing of the Pine Grove crowd, though they were a much bigger team, and when they saw our little warriors, wanted to play the Juniors. Ralston was effective, though his wildness in pinches was responsible for both scores. Boyle caught a brilliant game. The Score:

Minims	R	H	P	A	E	Pine Grove	R	H	P	A	E
Boyle, c.....	2	1	12	3	1	Sipp, p.....	0	0	0	4	0
Tiffany, 2b.....	1	2	4	5	0	Boman, rf....	1	0	0	0	1
Lynch, ss.....	1	1	1	1	0	Allrich, 2b.....	1	1	2	2	1
Ralston, p.....	0	0	0	4	0	Schmitz, 1f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Jacobi, lf.....	0	1	2	0	0	Conrad, ss.....	0	1	1	4	1
St. Pierre, 3b.....	2	1	4	3	0	McKiel, c.....	0	1	9	2	0
Kehler, 1b.....	3	1	4	0	0	Goeb, 1b.....	1	0	12	0	1
Ostrowski, cf.....	0	2	0	0	1	Parker, 3b.....	1	0	1	3	1
McGee, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	Prussing, cf.....	2	1	0	0	0
Total	9	9	27	15	2	Total	6	4	27	15	5

Bases on balls—By Ralston, 8; by Conrad, 8. Struck out—By Ralston, 9; by Conrad, 8.

St. Ignatius Juniors 4, Minims 5.

The St. Ignatius Juniors had to bite the dust to the tune of

5 to 4, although they thought they would beat the Minims 80 to 0. The 80 dwindled down to four before the end of the ninth inning and the nothing increased to five, largely owing to the effective work of Boyle with the stick and the brilliant fielding of the whole team. The score:

Minims	R	H	P	A	E	St. Ignatius	R	H	P	A	E
Boyle, c.....	0	2	10	4	0	Eggert, ss.....	2	1	0	2	1
Tiffany, 2b.....	0	1	2	1	1	Bashnaged, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Lynch, ss.....	3	1	0	0	0	Lundstram, 2b.....	0	1	0	3	0
Ralston, p.....	1	1	1	3	1	Seiba, 3b.....	1	2	4	0	0
Jacobi, lf.....	1	1	1	0	2	Noonan, 1b.....	0	0	9	0	1
St. Pierre, 3b.....	0	0	2	1	0	Giblon, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Keliher, 1b.....	0	0	5	0	0	Bannon, c.....	1	1	1	3	1
Ostrowski, c.....	0	1	4	0	0	Shanon, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
McGee, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	Maleady, p.....	0	0	2	3	0
Magruder, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0						
Total	5	7	27	9	4	Total	4	6	27	11	3

Bases on balls—By Ralston, 8; by Maleady, 6. Struck out—By Ralston, 10; by Maleady, 8.

Minims 6, Sheridan Park 12.

In a game of terrific slugging the Minims suffered their first defeat from Sheridan Park, though the bitterness of defeat is lessened when it is remembered that the Chicago boys were much the older team. Ralston was wild as a cat, and this, with the heavy batting of Sheridan Park, and rocky support gave the little fellows' opponents the game. The score:

Minims	R	H	P	A	E	Sheridan Park	R	H	P	A	E
Boyle, c.....	1	1	11	3	2	Cummings, lf.....	1	2	2	0	0
Tiffany, 2b.....	1	1	6	2	1	Hartnet, rf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Lynch, ss.....	0	1	0	1	1	Garner, 3b.....	0	0	4	4	1
Ralston, p.....	0	0	1	3	1	Meyer, p.....	1	3	1	1	0
St. Pierre 3b.....	0	0	0	4	1	Gardner, cf.....	3	2	0	0	0
Jacobi, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	Titley, 2b.....	2	1	2	0	2
Keliher, 1b.....	1	2	9	0	2	Fellgren, c.....	1	2	1	3	1
Ostrowski, cf.....	1	2	0	0	0	Lamaret, 1b.....	1	3	4	0	1
Magruder, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	Washburn, ss.....	2	1	1	0	0
Total	6	7	27	13	8	Total	12	15	27	8	3

Bases on balls—By Ralston, 10; by Meyers, 6. Struck out—By Ralston, 10; by Meyer, 7.

Minims Schedule.

- April 1.—Minims, 8; Review, 1, at Kankakee.
April 3.—Minims, 14; Review, 2, at College.
April 25.—Minims, 6; Bradley, 5, at College.
May 2.—Minims, 13; Bourbonnais, 5, at College.
May 6.—Minims, 4; Small Juniors, 2, at College.
May 7.—Minims, 27; Bourbonnais, 1, at College.
May 11.—Minims, 5; Small Juniors, 9.
May 17.—Minims, 12; K K K Mortels, 10, at College.
May 14.—Minims, 14; Small Juniors, 5, at College.
May 31.—Minims, 9; Pine Grove A. C. Chi., 6, at College.
June 3.—Minims, 5; St Ignatius, Chi., 4, at College.
June 5.—Minims, 6; Sheridan Park, 10, at College.



LOCALS.

—The GREEN sky above.

—We wonder why Kelly did not order a hen. Why?

—A——— L———, after following and studying “ponies” for the past four years has quit and is now a horse dealer.

—Don’t fail to read the “Coming Orator,” by A. E. O. C., “A Chicken Fight,” by Claude,” “My First Battle,” by L. D., “A Broken Ideal,” by Paul F. B.

—A Harvard student recently trained a cockroach to play ball and received much notoriety, but our own ‘Eddie’ went him one better and taught an ant both to play ball and attend philosophy lectures in order to be “above.” What happened to the ant? Ask “Pop.”

Commencement week is here,
The time is very near,
When graduates will beat it for their home.
We’ll pack our little grips,
We’ll make some little trips,
In search of new employment we will roam.
Logic, Colic, Greek, Latin,
That’s our line of horrors
For an A.B., we’re through combatin’
Ah! Clever we! At last we see
Diem illae fortunae
So We’ve throttled Kant, and choked Zig’s rant
And knocked all poets silly.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the old corridor passed
A man who told us ere he lit.
To doff our clothes and try to hit.
Excelsior.

Degree or not degree!—
 That's the question that Zig
 Has decided for many Seniors
 Whether 'tis easier to flunk in Zigliara
 And bear both scorn and poor marks
 Or to plug hard and thereby have our troubles.
 And rest in peaceful silence? To try,—or sleep—
 No more; or in a sleep to put an end
 To headaches, the wet towel and "bum" lamps
 That a "Stu" is heir to,—'tis a syllogism
 That is faulty.—

We're the joyous caressable
 Boys of the dressable
 Scollege! rah! rah!
 Whom the girls all rave about,
 Shout over and crave about;
 Scollege! rah! rah!
 When I'm here I'm thought gassy,
 When outside I'm quite classy;
 Scollege! rah! rah!
 I'm quite a big thing,
 You should just hear me sing;
 Scollege! rah! rah!

Not long since little Claudie,
 Meandered to the ties;
 And there met little Leo,
 Who smashed him twixt the eyes.

And Claudie said: "Now stop it,
 "I'll give you just a tip;"
 And Leo just stepped back
 And swish! It was an awful zip.

Now Claudie's eyes are swollen tight
 His face is all but naught;
 He went to see the Doc. that night,
 Who wrapped his hands in cloth.

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all simple snares,
But, He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell you where he is
At morning, noon and night,
He's dead.

There is a man who's always straight,
Who never told a lie,
Who never rode upon a freight,
And wears a loud red tie.
He's here.

Junior, Junior, always blinking,
What a wise old owl is here;
Junior, Junior, you'll start thinking
In a time within a year.

W. E. Stack, '09.

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