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The Passive Saints

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WHATEVER the Catholic Church may mean to us, whatever it may typify and symbolize, whatever contrary notions it may convey to you and to me, one thing it impresses upon us all—the power, strength and unity of its organization. Made out of the most discordant elements, with its roots planted far back in the distant past, it has grown on and on, sending forth new shoots and new branches, weathering the storms of persecution and heresy, until today in its ramifications it embraces the whole known world and stands unique in history. Whatever may be the secret of its organization, whatever its object, end or purpose, it is an organization the like of which the world has never seen. In it we find the most perfect blending of subordinate and co-ordinate, the clearest differentiation of governed and governing, the most admirable exposition of dogma and moral, the most exacting uniformity in discipline and practice. Itself a gigantic society, it embraces in its folds societies as vast as any of our far-famed fraternal or benevolent organizations, societies whose aggregate membership is sufficient to people the state of New York and to treble the population of many of the smaller countries of Europe. And these subsidiary societies, these societies within a society, exist both among the clergy and the laity, having aims as widely different as the rescue of the benighted heathen in India and archiological research work tending to throw additional light on the scriptures.

It is of some of these societies that I wish to speak, or rather of a certain class of these known among us as the contemplative orders. These have existed from the earliest ages of the Church and include in their numbers both men and women. Sometimes we find the members of these organizations leading a community life as the monks with whom we are more familiar and sometimes we find them living isolated and apart from their fellow-beings as the hermits and solitaries of the desert, but always they live a life of the strictest asceticism and always they remove themselves from

the stir, bustle and noise of this busy-day world. There is no gain-saying that there is not a certain fascination about their life, no denying that it does not possess a certain poetic charm, but further than this let our praise be stinted until we have heard all.

And now let me state the objection. Let me put it with all the vigor and force that would characterize the attack of a Luther; let me put it with all the storm of invective, the sizzling satire and envenomed rancor of a Voltaire. Why, in the Catholic Church, do these orders exist? Why, in the name of all that is just and holy, are these men and women subjected to persecutions that would put to shame the most fabulous tales related of the Inquisition? Why are these self-imposed penances permitted? Why are these devotees of retirement allowed to wear the coarse hair-cloth, to shave their heads in a grotesque manner, to expose their sandaled feet to the piercing cold of an Alpine winter. Why are they given leave to scourge themselves, to kiss the ulcerous wounds of lepers? Why are they made to observe perpetual silence, to sleep in coffins, to meditate for hours upon the skull of one whom perhaps they knew in life? Why are they torn from their friends and relatives and sent to people the desert plains of Northern Africa, or the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland? Why are they deprived of all the pleasures and comforts of a home life and sent forth—no one knows where—to waste their lives in self-inflicted torture, and to sleep forever in an unlettered grave? And why, with the cry for men ever dinning at our ears, for men, good, honest, upright, God-fearing men, in all ranks of life, in private and public affairs, in lay and clerical work, with the army of labor and with the scattered command of capital, why, with the need of these men so palpable and so manifest, why, I ask you, in God's name, does the Church persist in her policy? Fanaticism, hast thou no limit, hast thou no end? Rome, wilt thou not give ear to the disconsolate wails of bereaved parents and outraged friends; wilt thou not heed the universal rumors of dissatisfaction and disapproval? What! Thou wilt not? Then, hear thine accusation. I charge thee with the murder of every hermit whose bleached bones have whitened the sands of the Libyan Desert or whose disintegrating flesh has mingled with the perennial snows of the Alps. I charge thee with the murder of the lowliest monk or nun whose life has been spent in this insensate devotion. I fasten upon thee a crime against which the cruelties of the bitterest religious war are as naught, the crime of treachery to thine own children.

But stay! Even the basest criminal should be permitted to speak in his own behalf and, though the charge is clearly proven, nevertheless we will permit the Church to make what feeble response she can. And nowhere, I say, is the beauty, dignity and grandeur of the Church's position so much in evidence as in her

answer to these objections, centuries old. Arise from the tomb, ye monks, ye hermits, ye solitaires; arise from the dust where for ages ye have slept, unknown, unhonored and unavenged. Arise from the grave, ye virgins, ye widows, ye holy women; arise in accusation against that monster who has desecrated your beauty and caused your charms to wither and waste away in desert places. And now as ye stand there, men and women, saints of God, with the memory of those cruel tortures before you, tell us, tell us truthfully, is the Church guilty in having thus treated you. And the answer, coming from that long line of thin emaciated figures, sanctified by sorrow, whose earthly fires have been chastened by suffering, is like the long-drawn-out peal of a pipe-organ, "No."

No, the Church is not guilty. The Church has not acted wrongly, not unwisely in this matter. However false may seem her position at first glance, searching inquiry shows her in this to have a keener insight, a firmer grasp on the doctrines of Christ, than any of the numerous sects boasting in the name of Christian. She takes her example from the Divine Spouse himself. She sees Him praying and fasting in the mountains, dripping blood in the garden of Gethsamine; she sees Him baring his back to be scourged, bowing His head to be plaited with thorns, extending His hands and feet to be pierced with nails, offering Himself to be crucified. She sees all this and then she turns to behold some few of her own children, who have stolen up behind her unobserved, asking how they may become perfect. And oh, you should see the look of anguish in her face, oh, you should hear that heart-rending sob, as, with half averted eye, she turns and points silently to the Way of the Cross. This, this is the path to perfection.

We need men in this world, it is true, sturdy pioneers to blaze a way through the forests of doubt and the wildernesses of crime that surround us, but we need guides as well who will show us the way where no paths are made or can be made. We need men for the active work of this life, but we need them for passive service as well. The sculptor working at the clay does not so much need other hands to help him at his work as rather a model, a type from which he himself may form the clay. And so with us, we do not need so much co-workers to help us mould the clay of our mortal existence as rather an ideal after which we ourselves may fashion it. It is not so much the upright, honest citizen laboring in our midst that is a power for good, as it is the memory of that citizen after he has passed away. The mother with her gentle warnings and kindly admonitions had no power to move us when on earth, but oh, what a force is that same mother now, as we see her there, her face composed in death, a tender smile seeming to force its way through those half-parted lips, while her hands are laid peacefully upon her breast, clasping the old familiar rosary. The little child,

trudging along at our side or vainly clutching at the hem of our garments, all innocent and pure though it is, does not summon forth our better selves as does that other babe, craddled 'neath the green of yonder cemetery, whom we sometimes see through the tear-dimmed eyes of fancy, folding its little hands in prayer before the throne of the Eternal. The services that Washington rendered at Valley Forge and at Yorktown are not to be compared to the services he renders, day after day, sleeping his last sleep along the banks where the blue Potomac winds its way. "Death is the crown of life," and the Church, in causing her chosen children to die to the world, deprives society of nothing; the favors she thereby confers on society are innumerable.

Of all creatures, none are so subject to fear as man. The very shadow which he casts before him becomes at times a hideous monster, and his heart rises to his throat at the crackle of a twig caused by some small animal itself skulking from him. We need the example of others "to screw up our courage to the sticking point," and in nothing is this more true than in the moral order. If we are to do the ordinary, others must have done the extraordinary; if we are to refrain from the illicit, others must have deprived themselves of the licit. If we are to abstain from meat on Fridays, others must undergo perpetual abstinence; if we are to say our morning and evening prayers, others must meditate for hours on the crucifix, if we are to keep from adulterous unions, others must take vows of chastity and virginity. And the Church supplies these others. Supplies them to us who are afraid of our own shadows; supplies them from a treasury constantly replenished through her contemplative orders.

But do not imagine that this idea of furnishing models and examples is the sole thought that has prompted the Church in the institution of these orders; do not imagine that for this she has sacrificed the lives of her bravest subjects. There is an active work in even the lives of these passive saints. Those scourges and lashes that are so ruthlessly applied are directed by the hands of men and women, clear-headed and dispassionate, who have nothing of fanaticism about them but who, on the contrary, display all the keen-sightedness of philosophers. Theirs is not an idle life; theirs is not an unpractical life. These men and women are students, engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, devoted to scientific attainment. It is true that they do not follow the vagaries of the modern educational world, it is true that they are not familiar with the polished French and the society manners of the world of culture; but in all things that constitute true learning, in all matters that appertain to education as distinct from instruction, I dare say they are as well versed as any of us. And the distinct science to which they apply themselves, the science which distinguishes

their profession from others, if I may use the term, and elevates it insuperably above all others, is the science of self.

The science of self! What new learning is this, what fad so recent that it has not yet found its way into any of our public schools? No, I answer, you are wrong; it is not a new science, it is as old as the hills, given us, potentially at least, by God when He took that handful of clay and breathed into it an immortal soul. Would you have an appreciation of this science, old though it be? Then listen. Socrates who is considered by many the foremost philosopher of antiquity, was accustomed to go about the streets of Athens making inquiries of the shop-keepers and venders that thronged the market place in regard to themselves and their business. As a result of these inquiries he discovered that he was the wisest of men because, whereas others thought they knew something and did not, he knew that he knew nothing, and in this he was infinitely wiser than all others. Socrates did not mean to say that men had no knowledge whatsoever, for the Athenians were crafty merchants, shrewd politicians and skillful warriors as well as being adepts at art, but he meant to say that, not knowing themselves they knew nothing, and in this he was right. Had he lived in our times, I dare say he would not have found things essentially different, for, though we have made rapid strides in the arts and sciences, though we are still crafty merchants, shrewd politicians and skillful warriors, and though through the coming of Christ we have the certain guidance of truth whereas to Socrates the way was dark and full of pitfalls, nevertheless we still frequently lack the only knowledge essential, the knowledge of self. To know one's self is, after knowing God, supremest learning.

And yet, my dear friends, here we are, day after day, condemning the Church for her ruthless sacrifice of these lives. We think nothing of sending a hundred men to certain death in the frozen regions of the Arctic zone, we think nothing of burying them alive in the bowels of the earth or raising them aloft in balloons, air-ships, to consort with the angels; we think nothing of having them join a poison-squad or causing them to contract yellow fever infection; we think nothing of making them wither and waste away in a laboratory bent over some intricate mechanical device or chemical re-agent. We think nothing of all this provided, in some way, we can attach to their exploits the name of science. For what? For the material utility of the human race, for our comfort and convenience, for our emolument and profit, to satisfy our vanity and our pride! Is there a thought of God in it all, is it directed from the highest, noblest, most altruistic purposes? No, too frequently it is not. And yet, if we can justify ourselves, have we not one word of extenuation for the Church; if our action is praiseworthy, is hers condemnable? No, I answer,

a thousand times, no. And if you tell me that the science of the world has an exchange value, in as much as it can be communicated to others, while the science of the monastery has not, I will tell you that but little of the knowledge of any man can be imparted to his fellowmen, and as for the rest, I will set but one of the inspired sentences of a Thomas or Kempis or a Francis de Sales against all the learning of the secular world. Every monk or nun that has gone down to death is a martyr to learning and a martyr infinitely more praiseworthy than any of our self-sacrificing scientists.

It is time, I should think, that we should rouse ourselves and discover that the real world is in ourselves and not outside of us. We should get our thoughts away from the moon and Jupiter and Mars and try to discover that universe of self. Here there is abundant scope for inquiry, here there is matter for the most painstaking research. And here we have always a teacher, preceptor and guide in the voice of conscience. But we can not make this study amid the cares of business or the ceaseless round of pleasure; we must seek privacy and retirement. We can not hear the voice of the spirit when the promptings of the flesh are so loud; we must mortify ourselves. We cannot enter into ourselves when the chamber of the heart is crowded with vice and corruption; we must cleanse ourselves. In a word, we must follow the example of the monks.

Yes, we must imitate the monks. Our study of them, if it has had the hoped-for results, has shown them to be an order of men drawn together from the noblest of impulses. It remains with us to make the lesson a practical one. Be an example for others, be a study for yourself. Bear in mind, especially the last point. Unlike Alexander we should not sit at our desk over an outspread map looking for new worlds to conquer; but we should have a map of ourselves and note its every line and every curvature. Like Napoleon then at St. Helena, if we do this, we shall gain our greatest victory following our worst defeat, for when mortality wins the fight from us and we have closed our eyes in death, we shall wake up to hear those words of welcome sounded by Him, who was the first monk, "I know mine and mine know me."



Some Phases of Hamlet's Character

T. WEDGE, '11



THE old Danish chronicles that furnished the material for Shakespeare's Hamlet form a crude, shocking recital of the intrigues of state and the sanguine machinations of schemers who, to gain their own ends, stop at nothing. But these gruesome procedures and revolting characters have been given such an unrivaled charm by the dramatic skill of the immortal Shakespeare that we find pleasure in the study of these same intrigues and characters. Of no piece of work and of no one is this truer than of the play and the character of Hamlet.

Shakespeare makes his characters so real and true to life that we talk of them and they affect us as tho' they were really living people. Thus we study their actions and motives and reasons for doing this or that as if they were personal friends of ours. On Hamlet's insanity volumes have been written and discussion is endless. Some hold that Hamlet was throughout the entire play perfectly sane but feigned insanity. Others say that he was insane only in spots and at stated times, while others again are in favor of the theory that he was more or less insane all the time after his interview with the ghost. Hudson looks upon the second hypothesis as the most probable. He claims that Hamlet was deranged, not in all of his faculties nor in any of them continuously, but that his insanity is partial and occasional; spells of wildness, as it were, alternating with intervals of serenity and composure. He gives as reasons that from the recent doings in the royal family, the state of things at court, the interview with the ghost and the latter's appalling disclosures together with the general workings and structure of Hamlet's mind, that he ought to be demented. This is perhaps enough matter to unbalance any delicately hinged mind, but it seems to me that a person with a mind as strong and vigorous as Hamlet's could carry a load like this with a little more added. Another of Hudson's reasons is, that being talked to by a ghost, as old fairy tales tell us, necessarily makes the person interviewed hopelessly insane. Here he would have us accept the stories of a nursemaid trying to put the children to sleep, instead of a philosophical argument. Dr. Ray says: "In all Hamlet's interviews with Polonius, the style of his discourse is indicative of the utmost contempt for the old courtier and he exhibits it in a manner quite characteristic of the insane." He also notes Hamlet's bad dreams as a symptom of impending insanity.

Dr. Conolly of England draws attention to Hamlet's confession of melancholy as a peculiarity of the melancholiac and to the vehemence inconsistent with a sound mind which Hamlet displays after killing Polonius; he asserts that the tests of his insanity which he offers to his mother are not in the least inconsistent with madness and concludes that altho Hamlet is a reasoning melancholiac he is not a raving maniac. Dr. Conolly sets forth among other tests, that Hamlet's desire for secrecy is among the symptoms of madness recognizable as such by all physicians intimately acquainted with the beginnings of insanity, and that there are symptoms in the gradual process of the disease as described by Polonius to the king, and in the cuteness which Hamlet displays in drawing out Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

In spite of all this evidence I think there is a good deal of ground to warrant the conclusion that Hamlet is not insane but only feigns insanity. Soon after Hamlet's conversation with the ghost, he declares his intention of putting on "an antic disposition," and also when alone with his mother he tells her he is but "mad in craft." And then again in conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he says, "my uncle father and aunt mother are deceived. I am but mad north, northwest. When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." That is to say; when occasion requires, he is mad, but when the wind changes from that quarter, when necessity does not demand, he is as sane as any of them. Of course we all know that insane people generally protest and deny themselves to be deranged, but here Hamlet's answers are so subtle and meaning that it would be hard to class him with the inmates of an asylum. Here it is that Shakespeare shows his consummate art. If he could acquire so keen an insight and so accurate a knowledge of insanity in all its forms, he certainly could endow one of his characters with the power of assuming those forms. "If," says Cardinal Wiseman, "a dramatist desired to represent one of his characters as feigning madness, that assumed condition would be naturally desired by the writer to be as near as possible to the real affliction. If the other persons associated with him could at once discover that the madness was feigned, the whole action would be marred and the object for which the pretended madness was designed would be defeated by discovery." But I think there is a proof of his feigned madness in the consistency with which all his actions are carried out. His first show of peculiarity of action is immediately after the revelation of the ghost, and this is closely followed by his warning to Horatio that he may find it expedient to put his "antic disposition on." He first tries the experiment upon Polonius. He knows full well that the old courtier's vanity will be excited by the belief that his daughter is loved by a prince and that the news will be

straightway conveyed to the king. Again, when he meets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern his dialogue is more or less that of a demented person. He always keeps up a sufficient show of insanity as to deceive every one but Horatio and the king. The latter rather suspects Hamlet's designs and hence sends him off to England after the murder of Polonius.

Thus it would seem that in every instance where it is manifested, Hamlet's insanity is there for a reason, while on the other hand wherever there is no necessity for deceiving anyone, his actions bear no relation whatever to an unsound mind. In all of Hamlet's monologues and soliloquies we nowhere find a single trace of insanity. Nor in conversation with his only friend, Horatio, do his remarks show the result of a disordered brain. Then again, Horatio never shows the least sign of belief in Hamlet's lunacy, but listens to all he says and pledges himself to help all he may be able to revenge the death of Hamlet's father. Another fact is that in the story from which Shakespeare takes his plot, the insanity of the hero is avowedly a disguise, hence it is more probable that Shakespeare used this personage just as he found him.

Much light on Hamlet's character may be had from these lines with which he addresses Horatio:

"Give me that man that is not passion's slave,
And I will wear him in my heart's core;
Ay in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

This also serves to show something of Hamlet's estimation of Horatio. In it is expressed his own conception of the great worth of man, and what he admires most in others. Hamlet gains much of our admiration for him from the love and fidelity displayed towards him by Horatio. The latter is somewhat of a stoic with a direct nature and a warm heart and is of a rather limited understanding but he is fully aware of his own shortcomings and, although this is something rare in people of limited intellect, he is modest. He displays at all times a thirst and hunger for knowledge and instruction, hence his devotion to Hamlet. He loves Hamlet with all the might of an honest heart yet does not even demand reciprocation. He looks up to Hamlet not as to a prince, but as the embodiment of learning and wisdom.

And yet Hamlet is something of an egotist and skeptic. He lives entirely for himself but cannot believe in himself. We can only believe in that which is outside and above ourselves. But the ego is very dear to Hamlet. He is ever bothering about himself and, like many in our own day, talks not about his duty, but about his rights. He doubts everything and of course doubts him-

self; he has a mind too well developed to be satisfied with what he finds within. And yet, like Horatio, he is self-conscious of his own weakness. At times he is severely ironical and takes special delight in self-deprecation, and, being always engrossed in the ego, he knows all his faults and scorns himself, yet seems to live by this scorn. He has no confidence in himself but at the same time is somewhat vain and proud.

We generally form in our imagination the appearance of Hamlet as that of a dark, gloomy and melancholy figure, tall and ungainly, who seems better fitted to wander thru grave yards than the bright arena of court life. Yet it appears to me that it is this peculiar melancholia that is most attractive. Far from being ungainly he bears himself with dignity and composure most befitting to a crown prince. He certainly possesses elegant manners and his speeches are full of poetry and philosophical reasoning. He seems, however, to feel himself superior to others at all times and has no respect whatever for the dignity of his majesty, the king, whom he as much as tells to go to a climate somewhat warmer than the north pole when asked what he had done with the body of Polonius.

Hamlet appears to have been regarded by the old courtier as a child rather than as a madman. He ascribes his changeableness more to the refusal of Hamlet's offer to Ophelia than anything else. He is, of course, mistaken, but he undoubtedly understands Hamlet's character. Does Hamlet really love Ophelia? I think not. He only pretends to do so, but for what reason? What reason indeed other than that of giving a cause for his feigned madness? Quite likely he had some regard for her other than mere friendship before his interview with the ghost, for he says to her, "I did love you once." To which she replies, "Indeed my lord you made me believe so." Then Hamlet remarks, "You should not have believed me; I loved you not." This shows that he no longer cares for her, but allows the persons of the court to believe that he does, in order that his strange actions may be accounted for. His extravagant behavior at Ophelia's funeral seems to bear out this statement.

Hamlet's death presents a very touching scene. His last words are sublime. He grows calm, resigns himself, and bids Horatio live, and raising his dying voice in behalf of Fortinbras, the legal heir to the throne, he quietly expires.



Claudius, Uncle to Hamlet

F. CLEARY, '11

*"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."*

SUCH were the words of Hamlet; words pregnant with truth; for Claudius, king of Denmark, was inwardly a coward. However this may be, his cunningness and shrewdness were remarkable. His royal dignity, his kingly sway, his powerful government, bespoke much to the unsuspecting Danes, for with outward flourishes and wonderful affectation he held them all within his grasp. Bolder than the boldest, falser than the falsest, villain among the villains, he was inwardly the frailest of weaklings. What a miserable being! Depraved from avarice, he loses all sense of honor and shame, until "conscience, that unerring guide of truth," breaks forth in awful vengeance. Try as he will, that internal warfare in the soul cannot be mastered.

When that good and faithful old Polonius remarks:

"'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er the devil himself."

The king feels the weight of the utterance and to himself says:

"O 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beaut'd with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word;
O heavy burden!"

Such was his remorse and powerful as he was, he could not conquer or even cast off this burden. His deed was heinous and the blood of an innocent victim cried for vengeance upon him; blood of his own blood, for such it was, being that of his own brother, it was such an act that it cried to heaven itself for revenge.

Claudius, with all his bodily strength, trembles and shivers in

remorse. He is almost in despair and now we listen to him as he exclaims:

"O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,—"

But through all the darkness and gloominess of despair there is a flickering of light and hope, and he tries to comfort and strengthen himself with this reasoning:

"What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?"

Also;

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;

Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Such is the king and such is his wretched mind. Ever restless and suspicious, he is all the more aroused by Hamlet's madness; and, determining to put an end to all this, he at length sends him to England, where he has planned to have him put to death. But his villainous plans are again thwarted. Hamlet returns, thus arousing old fears in the king, who remarks:

"Like the hectic in my blood he rages,
'Till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er
begun."

Again Claudius prepares Hamlet's downfall. But that downfall was not for Hamlet alone, for in the end it meant the death of the Queen, of Laertes, and lastly the king himself, who is cut down in the blossom of his treachery. There he lays, naught but a heap of dust; and that blood that once flowed through its narrow channels with the warmth and breath of earthly life, still flows, but carries with it, not life and health, but death and suffering.

Thus ends Shakespeare's famous Claudius, king of Denmark, and one of the central characters in the play. How realistic are the deeds and workings of this character; his life, his hopes, his feelings, and his every action! How true to man and nature! What a contrast between this character and that of Hamlet! Hamlet was a man through and through. Though outwardly he

lacked action, his inward nature was resplendent with honor, virtue and truth. He was a prince of his own sphere; a star among stars; and above all the light of the court and of the people. However, we must admit the king surpassed him in this one thing; he could "suit the action to the word;" for Hamlet thought much, but acted little. The king deliberates, then acts, and acts very quickly. Who can fail to admire such traits as the character of Hamlet possessed; namely, that true and undying love for a dead father; that esteem for the honor of a mother; that loyalty to friends and that undying fervor for right. Are not these enough to rank him with the greatest characters? Pure as the lily of the field, sweet as the ambrosial breath of springtime, and sparkling with rarest gems of beauty is this most noble Hamlet. But alas! not so with our king, for "man may smile and be a villain." That

"King of shreds and patches,
A murderer and a villain;
A cutpurse of the empire and rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole and put it in his
pocket."

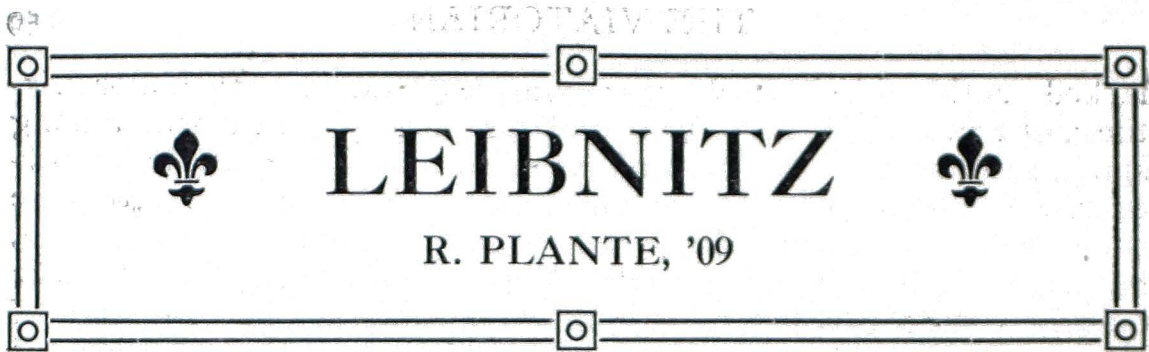
He was a man, above all other men, marked for life, marked with the stigma of fratricide. See him in the splendor of the Danish court; his stately form and commanding voice; and there, amidst the pomps and luxuries of court life, voicing commands, listening in audience, and all the while, beneath that vain and apparent grandeur, concealing a burning fire, a living death. He could sway the hearts of millions, but could not for one moment suppress that awful voice of conscience. We can best express his thoughts in his own words:

"My offense is rank; it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal curse upon't
A brother's murder."

He could "buy out the law;" he could steal a crown; he could murder; but he could neither buy nor steal peace of soul, and his end was terrible. At one moment we see him standing in all the blaze of his kingly glory. The next moment he lies dead and fallen. What an awful scene to look upon! Hamlet is the center of the group; the king, the queen and Laertes are also stricken, and now the darkness of death falls like a pall to take from our view this bloody sight.



MAINTAINING THE



LEIBNITZ

R. PLANTE, '09



THE study of the lives of great men is always a strong incentive for our own advancement, whether in the cultivation of our mind or soul. Those great minds, whose mighty deeds we are eager to emulate, and which should ever be before us as guides in the path to science or religion, are persuasive arguments which improve more than the mind, which do more than cultivate our faculties, they tell on the heart. They are the men who should ever be present to young minds, for they will teach them to build their intellects, to strengthen their manhood. At times they display such winsome moral beauty as kindles in young hearts the desire to imitate them. At other times it is their vast genius which the world wonderingly admires and looks up to as the repository of all science and philosophy.

If by study we are brought into contact with those virtuous men, those master-spirits, those heroes, poets, artists, philosophers, who in their lives or works have spent in behalf of mankind their life-blood, their soul, their love, their inspiration, if we actually fill our minds with sacred enthusiasms for the thoughts and deeds of these elevated minds, there is no doubt that we will be inspired to imitate these models; and this spirit of emulation will be a cause of intellectual growth and moral betterment. We would laud and gloriously proclaim the name of any one of these epoch-making men, for they are the great luminaries that dispel the darkness surrounding us, and open to us new paths to profounder and sublimer truths; they are the center planets around which revolve new systems of beautiful speculation, and which reveal a new world in the firmament of thought.

Such was Leibnitz, the greatest German philosopher, and perhaps the most extraordinary example of universal scholarship upon record. If Germany must with shame and confusion admit that she is the mother of Luther and Schopenhauer, she may point with pride to Leibnitz, a man whose glorious achievements would shed lustre upon any nation.

A glance into the life of Liebnitz will prepare us to love and appreciate all the more this mighty genius. He was a precarious youth and seems to have been his own teacher. On account of his father's death which occurred when he was only six years old, he

was left quite to himself. But Leibnitz was born a genius. From two Latin books which fell in his way he learned the Latin language at the age of eight. Before he was twelve, he writes that he understood the Latin authors very well and had begun to lisp in Greek and wrote verses with regular success and ease. At the age of fifteen he had become acquainted with philosophy. He applied himself with such great zeal to this study, that as his instructors had feared that he would be seduced by poetry from more serious study, so now his friends began to fear that all his energies would be bent on philosophic subtleties. It was about this time that he entered the University of Leipsic, where he distinguished himself as a brilliant and deep student. Leibnitz became a candidate for the degrees of doctor of law, but, on account of his youth, the office was refused him. Upon this he left his native city, never to return. He therefore repaired to the university of Nuremburg, where the doctor's degree was at once conferred upon him. "His treatise on becoming Bachelor of Arts," writes one of his biographers, "is perhaps the most extraordinary demonstration of erudition and power of thought ever achieved by a youth of seventeen." In consideration of this brilliant dissertation, the professor's chair was offered him, but he declined this, having as he said, "very different things in view." In the world of science he ranks high. "He made discoveries and originated ideas," says Bro. Azarias, "which even at the present day are instructive, profound and suggestive." To him is ascribed the discovery of the higher mathematics; differential and integral calculus. Such is the mind of Leibnitz, that it would be difficult to take in one grasp the vast range of his ideas, so we will restrict ourselves to the study of his philosophy.

Leibnitz appeared at a time when he could see the extremes to which Descartes, Locke and Spinoza tended. He spurned and rejected these doctrines and attempted to reconcile the different systems of his predecessors, and this resulted in the formulating of his famous *Monadology* and *Pre-established Harmony*. He begins his speculation with the notion of substance which he defines as activity, and consequently manifold, and these many substances he calls monads. The study of his theory of monads is interesting, and it is this which makes his name live in history. "The monads," he says, "are the very atoms of nature, in a word, the elements of things," but as centers of force they have neither parts, extension, nor figure. There is no monad exactly the same as another, and as each monad of its nature mirrors or represents the whole universe, it follows that the perceptive content of each monad is in accord or correspondence with that of every other monad. The monads, unlike the atoms, do not act upon one another, and in consequence comes the difficulty of explaining the joint action of body and soul or the joint action of two or more monads. He supposed the mind

and body to be two distinct machines, each having its own independent act, though they would happen at the same time. This co-incidence he explained as being pre-established by God. An act of the body is not influenced by an act of the will, but both body and soul have been pre-established to act at the same time.

Such, in brief form, are the main tenets of Leibnitz, but we must not think that such a mind as his could adhere to this system which led to such absurdities. After having built this grand ideal structure with its magnificent monadal porticos, its galleries, all harmonizing into one majestic form, he abandons it as unsafe; its lofty spires upspringing from idealistic bases towered heavenward and loudly proclaimed the keen and mighty mind of their author, but the system lacked a sound foundation. He abandoned it in order to take up the scholastic theory of matter and form. Leibnitz also contended in his doctrines that this world is the best possible, for whatever God creates must be most perfect. Bossuet very ably refutes this optimistic view of Leibnitz by arguing that God could never exhaust his infinite powers on any finite being.

Another monumental work to his fame is his "Systema Theologicum" in which is portrayed the genius of Leibnitz. Not only does he, with few exceptions, agree with the scholastics, but the work shows a diligent study of St. Thomas; besides, being the last great work of his mighty mind, we find in it that he has entirely thrown overboard his theories and has adopted the whole of Scholastic Philosophy.

We have represented Leibnitz, the theorist, but he was also a practical man. He took an active part in the negotiation for church union and the theological discussions connected herewith formed a protracted correspondence with the celebrated Bossuet. These discussions brought many learned essays to the literary and scientific journals of his day. Unfortunately the plan did not succeed. Leibnitz did not persevere in the lofty interests in which he had engaged, but became embroiled in political affairs and the correspondence was discontinued. But even the attempt at this grand work shows what great ideas were ever present to his mind. He saw and acknowledged the weakness of protestantism, and openly avowed the superiority of the Catholic church and sought to repair the breach by uniting both. While still young he displayed a deep, far seeing mind, delving into the serious problems of philosophy when youths at his age were only beginning to learn the elementary branches. In a short time he arrived at a remarkable proficiency in letters and sciences. These are indeed manifest signs of his great mind and spirit of industry, but there is found in him a trait which leaves upon his mind the stamp of true greatness and worth—his persistence in search of truth. This is evidenced from the fact that after having with pain and toil reared a massive

edifice of philosophy, having discovered his system to be false, he instantly pulls it down, rejects the material and seeks for new material in scholastic philosophy and begins to build anew his structure which today stands as an eloquent tribute to Leibnitz's true genius, and to his great devotedness and love for truth.

THE KINDNESS CURE.

A few nights ago, several philosophers of the class of "Naughty-8," were gathered in a room on the second floor of Roy hall, and needless to say all were "talking shop." Among the subjects discussed was Rousseau. After a few quiet remarks concerning his general principles, the talk turned to a criticism of his work *Emile*. During the discussion several took the part of the French philosopher, and, to start an argument, advocated that most of his teachings were good. Among the opponents of Rousseau was numbered Jim Haggerty, and suddenly he broke in on an argument and asked leave to relate a story. Everyone being silent, he commenced. First he stated Rousseau's contention that children should never be disciplined. Then suddenly breaking off, he told the experience of a lady, recently appointed supervisor of public schools in his state. One day she happened to be visiting a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdemeanors. Asking the cause, she was surprised to learn that the offender was the worst boy in the school as the teacher said, "One I am unable to control; I've done everything in the way of punishment, but he remains the same, and even seems to get worse." "Have you tried kindness?" was the gentle inquiry of the officious supervisor. "I did at first, but I've got beyond that now." The supervisor seemed grieved and asked the teacher to remember Rousseau's advice.

At the close of the day's lessons the lady asked the boy if he would like to visit her on the following Saturday. Saturday came, and a boy arrived promptly at the hour appointed. His hostess showed him her best pictures, enlivened him with her best music, gave him a wonderfully palatable lunch, then she thought the time had arrived at which she should commence her little sermon. "My dear," she said, "were you not unhappy when you stood before your class for punishment?" "Please, ma'am," answered the boy, his mouth filled with viands, "it wasn't me you saw; it was me brother, Billy, who gave me a dime to come here and take your jawing!"

When he had concluded the supporters of Rousseau changed the subject, and needless to say it was not brought up again that evening.

S. M.

THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIALS.

With the passing of the semi-annual "exams," we have consigned the first portion of the scholastic year to the seething current of that swiftly flowing stream, time; and now we turn our faces to that collegiate sun, commencement day. We have been weighed in the balance by the august board of examiners, and have we been found wanting? If we have, it is our own fault and we should hail this new semester as a God-given opportunity for retrieval, and for strengthening ourselves where we have been found weak. If we have passed satisfactory examinations, we should be encouraged and should strive to perfect ourselves still more, both intellectually and spiritually. For some this semester will be the last; let them make it the best; let those who seek promotion make the work of the coming months a solid rock in the edifice of learning. We should, then, enter this new semester with resolutions of greater and more concentrated study, with higher and nobler aspirations, and keep ever before our eyes Success, which is the goal to which we all aspire; and let us

remember that although the road to hell is paved with resolutions broken, the stepping stones to heaven are good resolutions kept.



It has been said that time wreaks vengeance on genius, and it might have been added that Providence duly punishes genius mis-used. The sad death of "Ouida," Louise de la Ramee, the novelist, attests the truth of both the

"Ouida." above statements. As a writer she became famous, and also wealthy; her "Held in Bondage," and "Under Two Flags," are well known works. In the former, she sneers at everything that should be respected, and most virulently attacks the marriage state, and chaste marital life; and in the latter, in fact in all her writings, she continually arraigns society, and accuses it of sordidness, injustice and iniquity. As a result she was soon deserted by her friends and later her fortune vanished; and a few weeks ago she died in poverty, deprived of every comfort save a woman, formerly her maid, and a number of dogs, of which she was insanelly fond. Some may say that this is the irony of fate, but to the Christian thinker this consideration presents itself, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."



At all times, and in all climes, true celibacy has been highly revered and honored. In Rome the Vestals, in Gaul the Druidesses, and in Germany the Prophetesses were all virgins, and their state, even by those pagan nations, was greatly respected. Yet in this golden age of

Celibacy. superlative enlightenment, virginity does not receive so much reverence. At least this is the conclusion that one would immediately draw from the picture that appeared in the Sunday Record-Herald magazine of February 2nd. In this picture there are portrayed, with more or less skill, types of those individuals who shun marriage and the responsibility of parenthood; among these the artist has placed the picture of a Catholic nun, and in doing so, he has admirably exhibited his narrow-mindedness and bigotry. The picture of the sister is entirely out of place in the company of which this artist would make her a member, and if not openly insulting to, is, to say the least, highly uncomplimentary of Catholic sisterhoods, and also of the Catholic

priesthood, for if the artist wished to be more complete he might have added the picture of a priest, or even of Christ, for it is His example that this holy nun is following by remaining a virgin. The reason of this covert attack on celibacy is probably due to a misconception of this peerless virtue. No one denies that the paucity of children in many American homes is disgraceful and scandalous, but it is little short of insult to lay the cause of depopulation at the doors of Catholic convents and monasteries. The work that is being done by sisters and priests is a work that could be done by no others, and knowing this, why is it covertly insinuated that these are not doing their duty by choosing a life of celibacy? No; such an imputation can be made neither implicitly nor explicitly. "The augmentation and diminution," says Balmes, "of the population depend on many concurrent causes, and religious celibacy, if it be among them, has a very insignificant influence."

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, It has pleased the Heavenly Father to take from earth Mrs. McMahon, the beloved mother of our esteemed fellow-classmate, Stephen McMahon, be it

Resolved, That while it is best to submit to the rulings of Divine Providence, we sincerely condole with our fellow-member and tender our heartfelt sympathies to him; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed on the records of the class, and that they be printed in The Viatorian.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from this world the beloved brother of our esteemed classmate, Adhemar Savary, and

Whereas, By his death his family loses an affectionate son, a loving brother, and his associates a sincere friend; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Class of 1909, St. Viator's College, proffer their sympathy to Adhemar Savary and his father and mother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our

classmate, that a copy be spread upon the minutes, and a copy be published in The Viatorian, as a mark of our sympathy.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, Almighty God, in His benign wisdom, has seen fit to call from the turmoils and troubles of this world the father of our esteemed friend and classmate, Edward Stack, and

Whereas, By his death his family has been deprived of a beloved husband and a devoted father, and his associates of a sincere and true friend; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1909 of St. Viateur's College, tender to Edward Stack and the members of his bereaved family, our deep-felt sympathy and condolence; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

PERSONALS.

There is virtue in the waters of some health resorts, if appearance of its visitors counts for anything. Mr. Joseph Legris returns after a few weeks' stay in West Baden, robust in physique and hearty in spirits. Athletics will receive an "infusion" of Joe's newly acquired vigor.

The eve of Washington's birthday was interestingly spent with Rev. J. T. Bennett, who carried the students over the scenes of his travels. Father Bennett's stereopticon views form a rich collection and he has so linked them that they furnish material for an interesting narrative.

The recent visit of Rev. William White brought us a new acquaintance in Rev. Father Timmons of Gilman. We received helpful encouragement from Father Timmons' interest in our work, and altho he is not an alumnus, we hope to have the honor of claiming him as one of Alma Mater's adopted sons.

Places of interest line the business paths of Henry Taussig, but he finds none of more charm than his old college home. His success in the tobacco industry tells what thrift can do for a young man.

Patrons of McNeil & Higgins suffered but small inconvenience from the fire that destroyed the grocers' buildings. New quarters were at once secured and the same reliable commodities were on

sale without delay. The presence of Joseph Kelley in the firm's affairs assure it of success and their patrons "of just the thing they are looking for."

The town of Urbana, Ill., will soon know a new galaxy of orators. The Lenten discourses will be opened by Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., followed by such speakers as the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C. Father Cannon, of Urbana, is a tireless worker in the cause of education and he spares no pains to give the students and people of the university town the best that can be obtained in Catholic instruction. The esteem in which Father Cannon is held by the people of Champaign and Urbana is proof of the work he is doing.

Encouragement loses none of its strength from lengthy journeying. We find great help to our labors in the interest shown by Rt. Rev. Jules Chatron, Bishop of Osaka, Japan. We hope to see His Lordship celebrant again at some of our festal services.

Mr. Thomas Legris and wife have found the clime and mountains of Canada conducive to rest and health. They are at present with Mrs. Legris' father, L. N. Parent, who has undertaken the construction of the Transcontinental railway in Canada. We are sure that builders in finance and roads of steel find much of interest to interchange in regard to their respective labors.

Mr. Ernest Swift, formerly of Vanderwater's, lately went into business for himself on Court street, opening a haberdashery so well stocked in quality and variety that none who visit him can go away disappointed.

G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., has regained strength enough to undertake a trip to Texas where he will spend the remainder of the winter recuperating.

It will be good news to the old boys to know that Bertie Elwes is assistant manager for the American Express company in Chicago.

The American Electrical Supply company have found the services of F. L. Ferreira valuable and in recognition of his worth they have promoted him to a position of trust.

There are leagues of land between here and Meaderville, Mont., but they have not kept us from knowing the good work done among the Austrians and Italians there by the Rev. S. J. Sullivan, D. D., and the inestimable good resulting from his zealous labors there show him a man ably fitted to carry out the work of the late J. J. Callahan in the Sacred Heart parish of Butte. Like his predecessor, he is a builder of schools, a friend of the poor, and a tireless toiler for the salvation of souls. On behalf of

the faculty The Viatorian extends him sincere congratulations and a hearty welcome to the Alma Mater of his predecessor.

Miss Laura Mulvaney visited her brother before his departure for the south.

Visitors registered during the past month were Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Decker, Mr. and Miss McAndrews, Mr. and Mrs. D. Boyle, Mr. Davenport, Mrs. Jacoby, Mrs. M. Kotzenberg, Miss C. Magee, Mr. A. McAllister, Mrs. Bidderman, Mr. Whitman, Mrs. Charles Dean.

OBITUARY.

The poor lost a friend in the death of Rev. Charles B. Guendling, who departed from this life Wednesday, February 19. St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum owes much of its prosperity to the unselfish labors of Father Guendling, who was always a friend and a father to the waifs.

On January 29th, Mr. Edward Stack of Chicago expired, after a lingering illness. Among the relatives who mourn the loss is Edward Stack of the senior department, son of the deceased. Rev. P. J. O'Mahoney C. S. V., president of the College, attended the obsequies. Interment was at Calvary.

After a lingering illness of several months, William Savary died at the Emergency hospital in Kankakee, February 6th. William Savary was the son of Attorney Savary, a prominent lawyer of Kankakee, and a brother of Adhemar Savary of the Senior department. Several of the college clergy attended the funeral services.

In the demise of Mr. John Dimmer, St. Sylvester's parish, Chicago, loses one of its best parishioners and the city an honest and upright citizen. At the funeral services held in St. Sylvester's church February 11th, Rev. P. Griffin of Freeport, was celebrant of the mass, Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., deacon; Rev. M. F. Hallinan, sub-deacon, and Rev. W. Foley, master of ceremonies. Mr. Dimmer was the father of W. J. Dimmer, who has a host of friends in Chicago and a number among the college faculty.

On behalf of the college faculty The Viatorian extends sincere sympathy to Mr. William Baron, for the loss of his wife, and to the relatives of M. Gordon, who was killed recently at Rantoul, Ill.

Mr. Alexis Rivard was recently laid to rest at L'Erable, Ill. Mr. Rivard was an uncle of Rev. E. L. Rivard of the College. Father Rivard sang the requiem mass, assisted by Fathers Labrie and Berard.

Requiescant in Pace.



Athletic Notes



Basketball.

The basketball season is gaily trending its merry way, and as it draws to a close we feel confident that the 'Varsity quin will succeed in its effort to keep the fickle bird, Victory, perched on the purple and gold flag-pole. With the addition of Shiel and Mahoney of baseball celebrity, the team has acquired the polish necessary for a winning combination, and has also picked up a finesse which seemingly keeps opponents guessing.

Aside from the regular weekly games with teams in our vicinity, the 'Varsity manager has scheduled a game with St. Cyril's college of Chicago, which will be played February 22nd on their floor. He is also arranging for a trip into Missouri. Great preparation for these games is being shown and Capt. Rainey will undoubtedly present for inspection a machine as well oiled as any five among the smaller colleges and universities of the West.

Y. M. C. A. 13; St. Viateur's 8.

On the evening of January 29th, the 'Varsity was defeated by the Y. M. C. A. five, representing our neighboring city. The game was hotly contested and brought prolonged cheers from out the gallery. The 'Varsity suffered in its team-play throughout the entire game, on account of the sickness or absence of several of the chief performers. The lack of "subs" was keenly felt when Kankakee commenced its final spurt, for they sent in "sub" after "sub" against the tired 'Varsity five, for whom there were no fresh resources. The quin, nevertheless, put up a clever and valiant defense, and until the final whistle the result was in the balance. The game was most interesting and can be described in a few words: There was no perceptible advantage gained by either side until the closing moments. In the first half the college lads put up their best work and as a result the score at the end of the initial period read: St. Viateur, 6; Y. M. C. A., 4.

Through the infusion of new blood the Association team was able in the second period to tie the score and finally win out. For Kankakee, Nutt and Senesac shone, while for us Shiel, Berry and Carroll played consistent ball. They were strong on offense and defense, and on numerous occasions broke up combinations which seemed to be working well. Slattery's basket from the field was the feature of the game. Taken all in all, the 'Varsity put up a

clever game, and in nine cases out of ten their efforts would have "brought home the bacon." The line-up:

Y. M. C. A.	St. Viateur's.
Platt... ..	R. F. Maher
Bachand... ..	L. F. Slattery
Gerrish, Wunderlich, McCabe... ..	C. Shiel
Senesac... ..	R. G. Berry
Nutt... ..	L. G. Carroll

Baskets from field: Nutt 2; Platt 2; Slattery 2; Bachand, Senesac, Shiel and Maher. Free throws: Platt 1. Referee Brown. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

St. Viateur 23; Y. M. C. A. 7.

On the evening of February 5th, the Y. M. C. A. five of the Asylum town again journeyed to the classic shades of old Bourbonnais. Boasting of a victory over our weakened five, the red and white supporters were highly confident of victory, and before the game disported themselves like lambs in a grass covered meadow. And like lambs their quin was led to the slaughter. After the game was over a depressed bunch filed back to Kankakee with the Skidoo sign tacked on their backs. Their tale of woe read St. Viateur's 23, Y. M. C. A. 7.

The game started well for both sides, and for a few minutes the game was nip and tuck. But as in many other cases, the good beginnings of the Kankakee aggregation were turned into a bad finale. Buried under an avalanche of baskets, propelled by the mighty hands of Mahoney and Slattery, assisted by the whole team, the game was one-sided and Kankakee was left waiting at the post. Slattery and Mahoney deserve most of the credit for the baskets accumulated, while the passing of Shiel, Berry, Maher and Carroll made the baskets possible. The features of the game were the 'Varsity's superb team work and defense play. Mahoney and Slattery's baskets from the field were "things of beauty" and made the score given below "a joy forever."

St. Viateur's 23. Y. M. C. A. 7.

Maher, Slattery... ..	L. F. Platt
Mahoney... ..	R. F. Bachand
Berry, Shiel... ..	C. McCabe, Wunderlich
Carroll, Rice... ..	L. G. Senesac
Slattery, Rainey, Capt.... ..	R. G. Nutt

Baskets from field: Mahoney 5; Slattery 4; Maher, Rainey, Nutt, Platt 2. Fouls: Slattery, Platt. Referee, Conway. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Junior Basketball League.

Captain.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Gorman... ..	14	12	2	.857
Cunningham....	14	9	5	.643
Dwane... ..	14	8	6	.571
Warner... ..	13	7	6	.539
Delihant... ..	14	4	10	.286
C. Boyle... ..	13	1	12	.077

Besides the 'Varsity five, another quin has appeared and is delighting the onlookers with the speed, vim and eagerness of its luminous play. The Storks, as the new team is called, consist of elongated anthropomorphisms, who are all required to attain high pursuit (of the basketball) which for them should be an easy matter, as all measure over six feet. Stack, Legris, Carey, Shannon and Morgan form the five. Capt. Stack has taken charge of the squad, and with the assistance of Coach Ed. Dougherty, is preparing the team to cope with the extensive schedule which is being arranged. Their trip will soon commence and it is hoped they will secure a string of scalps from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, in the wilds of which they will soon journey.

The Junior and Minim departments also have their representative teams and both fives are able to boast of an untarnished record. The Junior league score is given above.

Baseball.

Although basketball has the center of the rostrum at present, the baseball stars are beginning to scintillate and augur a successful season. Immediately after the mid-year exams, Manager Kelly issued a call for candidates. It was responded to by a large and experienced squad, which is being sent through the stunts in approved style. Had we the desire we could ladle out enough dope to glut the most rabid fan, but as we are not in the sleep-producing business, and as it is too early to prognosticate, we will merely content ourselves with saying that according to form sheets the team of 1908 should be the best that ever represented the old gold and purple.

In Stack, Shiel and Mahoney we should have a staff equal, if not superior, to any 'Varsity in the country. In all probability they will be backed up by Capt. C. Conway, Legris, O'Connell, McCarthy and Berry, all of whom have won their emblem in previous years. With these "vets" and last year's scrubs to draw from, we feel certain that the 'Varsity nine of "naughty-8" will do justice to the schedule which Manager E. Kelly is preparing. For the present most of the time will be spent in locating the ball, and

the latter part of the month will probably see the batteries working and also witness the first "cut." While on the subject of the "cut," we take advantage of an opportunity to ask the rejected candidates not to join the anvil chorus. The team, as selected by the coach and captain, will be the best they can make up. To be sure it cannot carry every one, but the men who are left out may feel reasonably certain they either have a tendency toward ragged ball, or else will disturb the even running of the machine, and players who have either of these faults, should gracefully "acknowledge the corn" and lend their assistance to the Rooters' club, which we hope will be re-organized and in evidence before the next issue. The schedule, on which Manager Kelly hopes to give something definite for publication in the March number, embraces games with the leading universities and colleges of the country.

Capt. Cullerton and Capt. McAuliffe have issued calls for their men to report in the cage for their winter work-out.

Three new bowling alleys, the gift of the college to the Athletic association, have been installed, and numerous teams are being organized. Class and Inter-house leagues are among the features of the various organizations, and it is our earnest hope to see spares and strikes executed in national tournament style, recorded to the credit of the various bowlers.

The handball fans have recently got together and a tournament is in progress to determine the championship of the college. Eight teams have been organized, and excellent shots and wonderful ambidexterity are daily in evidence in the corners of the "gym."

Cue Experts of the Future.

The following is from "The St. Louis Sportsman:"

While the world's billiard experts are trying out conclusions with each other in New York just at present, the prospective champions of the future are getting into form at Bourbonnais, Ill., where there is a startling array of juvenile billiard talent.

Among the students of St. Viateur's College for boys are the 13-year-old sons of Jacob Schaefer, the wizard of billiards, and H. F. Davenport, general manager of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., also the three younger sons of Geo. Sutton, the world's champion at 18-2 balk-line billiards.

Young Davenport and little Jake, son of the wizard, have a 5x10 professional size billiard table for their private use. They put in two hours' steady practice daily. Little Jake rather lays it over his playing partner, and for the matter of that takes care of any chance newcomer in the way of local or foreign talent with whom he may try conclusions. If he happens to win the bank in

breaking for lead it is not uncommon for him to run out the game of 50 points at three-ball straight-rail billiards without giving his opponent an opportunity to get a single shot. He has the quick, graceful style of play so much admired in his world-famous father, who has been the popular favorite of the billiard fans for more years than most men can remember.

Young Davenport is reckoned a star pool player, but little Jake has undertaken to convert him to billiards, and something pyrotechnical is to be expected when the youngsters get into form.

"There is nothing better for them in the way of moderate exercise," said Father Ryan, the vice-president, who with a large number of able assistants has made a life study of the education of boys. "We also have billiard tables in one of the gymnasium buildings for all of the smaller boys, and find them a great help in our educational work. The larger boys also have billiard tables and bowling alleys, etc., and as we always try to get the best in equipment the boys enjoy the games and are greatly benefited by the relaxation in connection with their school work."

NUPTIALS.

At St. Rose's church, Wilmington, on February 19, Mr. James Phelan and Miss Mary Hayden were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Solemn high mass was celebrated with Rev. John Hayden, brother of the bride, acting as celebrant, Rev. Hugh O. G. McShane as deacon, Rev. J. McGuire as sub-deacon, and Rev. Thomas O'Gara as master of ceremonies. Rev. D. Conway assisted in the choir. Miss Hayden belongs to one of the most respected families of Wilmington and one noted for devotion to the Church. Within a year another brother of Miss Hayden's will receive Holy Orders and at the same time Mr. Martin Hayden, a cousin, now in Rome, will be elevated to the priesthood.

St. Rose Church, Kankakee, was recently the scene of a pretty wedding between Mr. Adelard Caron and Miss Rose Morin. Rev. Father Granger officiated at the ceremonies.

Singleness is not the "summum bonum" for Mr. Leon Rivard. His marriage to Miss Alma Breault has made him the recipient of many congratulations and we wish the new couple the choicest bower and fragrance in the groves of Hymen.

No student who has attended St. Viateur's in the past few years can be uninterested in the marriage of Miss Fanny Bonavitz to Frank Gerdesich. Miss Bonavitz's services at the College built up a large circle of friends and she has the best wishes of all the actual students and of all the alumni whose acquaintance she has made.



Exchanges





One of the marked features of the exchanges recently received is their tardiness in arriving at the sanctum; they seem to be unable to comply with the schedule as it is now arranged and hence we find a dearth of praiseworthy productions from the college world. At this time of the year, when the new semester is upon us and the work of the past half year must be reviewed, there seems to be a tendency to postpone the duties which we owe to our journals. No; indulgent reader, we are not going to grow eloquent in denouncing such failings—there is too much to be done in our own backyard to permit of such a course—for although it is inconvenient to have the journals arrive behind time, still we realize and fully appreciate the arduous duties of one who keeps apace with his classes at this season and also tries to be loyal to his college paper. But the worst is over—and with the approach of the spring season and its never-failing harvest of ambitious rhymsters, we may apply ourselves more faithfully to our literary tasks and bring the scholastic year to a brilliant and successful finale.

Among the quarterly journals recently received **The College Spokesman** easily takes the lead and must be conceded first honors for its thoroughness in detail, the harmonious blending and depth of its articles, and the pleasing contents of the entire production. The first glance bestowed upon the journal produces a pleasant sensation in the reader, for its cover is a most attractive one, seldom equaled in the college world. In "Agencies of Social Reform" the reader is treated to a worthy and carefully written article in which three important topics are practically treated. Fiction, civil law and the church as agents of social reform are forces which we seldom consider as bearing towards the same end or striving for a common purpose, but in the above mentioned article each is logically shown to be a strong factor in the social life. Several other articles of merit grace this edition, while the verse is in conformity with the entire publication.

The St. Ignatius Collegian is very pleasing in its make-up, but is inclined to give to stories precedence over essays and other articles of a more literary value—which offense is sometimes pardonable in a monthly publication, but is an exceedingly serious

shortcoming in a journal which appears only quarterly. True, "English Public Schools" makes some pretensions towards literary excellence, but at best it is only a narrative article and displays no journalistic abilities on the part of the writer. The stories themselves have a certain attractiveness and are worthy of perusal, but in our estimation they detract from the merit of the **Collegian** when offered as its principal attractions. The poetry in this number is very readable and the different departments show the results of capable management.

Many college papers are devoting considerable space in eulogizing James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland! My Maryland!" whose death occurred recently. Especially are the journals of the state, which furnished the theme for his famous poetic effort, bestowing abundant praise upon their departed friend. The February edition of the **Mount Saint Joseph Collegian** is resplendent in appropriate verse and prose concerning this loyal son of Maryland. "Maryland's Loss" pays fitting tribute to the poet and places the name of Randall "high in the brightest hall of fame." The story bearing the title, "When? Where? How?" is no doubt of interest to those acquainted with the local coloring, but to the outsider its plot is far from clear. The ex-man apparently thinks lightly of his duties, as his criticisms consist of little more than the applying of the terms "good" and "bad."

Musings of Daddy Dan.

- A prefect's outing is frequently a student's inning.
- Hatred and jealousy are generally instigated by inferiority.
- Many a man becomes a bad fellow in his desire to be known as a good-fellow.
- If you are desirous of getting in trouble, strive to have your own way.
- Good temper, like a summer day, sheds a brightness over everything.
- If you wish to die unmourned then live for yourself alone.
- Melancholy is sometimes only a dignified name for plain "grouch".
- Destiny is something which you can neither borrow, loan, nor bank on.
- When you stop on the road to count what you've lost the other fellow gets what's coming to you.
- As summer dews fall upon vineyards so kindness done falls back upon the heart.

LOCALS.

—It's a gay life.

—Keep it up Sut.

—Some class to Lefty.

—The Frat. was given a quack banquet. They had the warm bird, but not the cold bottle.

—Ned from Wisconsin visited us last month. He is thinking seriously of studying embalming.

—To the misinformed we beg leave to state that the "400" are not the elite of our society, but only the H. R.'s

—Our editor has received many directions from various students as how to run The Viatorian. Most of them have been carried out (in the waste basket.)

—Our new bowling alleys will soon be ready. Speaking of bowling, can a sugar bowl?

—If at eight in the morning you hear a cry of pain, of sudden agony, terrible, blood-curdling—then silence, calm, serene—fear not, for Con has yawned in 224.

—Harris: "Say, this cheese is all holes."

Foxy: "That's nothing; it needs all the fresh air it can get."

—What blesses most, and costs no gold

And lies at hand for all who live,

Is never bought and never sold—

'Tis not to give, but to forgive.

—Small Minim: "We had a hen that laid the biggest egg you ever saw."

Smaller Minim: "That's nothin.' My father laid a cornerstone."

—"When the leaves begin to turn"—the night before the semi-anns.

—A Chinaman's maxim on woman:

The tongue of a woman is a dagger and she never lets it grow rusty. The spirit of a woman is of quicksilver, and her heart is of wax.

—Teacher (in poetry class): "Are the feet correct in that last line of poetry I just read."

Rowdy: "No, I don't think so; the feet don't look like mates."

One of the '07.

"Give me the crested, curling sea!

I like the land no more;"

But when he sailed the ocean free,

He begged to be put ashore.

—Louie (in candy store): "Do you keep stationery?"

Candyman: "Say, do you think I want to lose my job?"

—"Yes, once I saw a house fly,"

Said Mary with a smile,

"And with it the chimney flue;"

She smiling all the while.

—Eddie: "Where did you get that scar on your face?"

Shortness: "A mule kicked me once."

Eddie: "Did you kick him back?"

Shortness: "No, I kicked him first."

—Shorty: "What's the difference between charity and philanthropy?"

Bill: "Philanthropy hires an advertising agent."

—Miss Kankakee: "I can always tell a college boy at first sight."

Miss Bourbonnais: "Yes, but you can't tell him very much."

—Bachelor Girl: "I want a ticket to Chicago."

R. R. Clerk: "Single?"

Bachelor Girl: "It's none of your business. Even if it is leap year I wouldn't insult myself by proposing to such a shiftless wreck of a man like you!"

—Paul: "Gee, but the wind is sure howling some tonight; it must have the toothache."

Turkey: "The toothache!"

Paul: "Sure! Didn't you ever hear of the teeth of a gale?"

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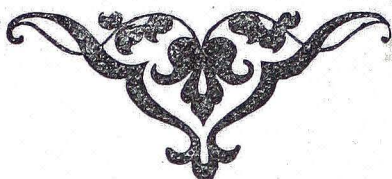
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