

THE VIATORIAN.

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FAC ET SPERA.

JUBILEE SONG.

AIR: "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."

Hail Noble President!
Let joy our hearts give vent,
Our love reveal.
Sons to thy likeness reared,
Father to us endeared,
Hail kindly priest revered!
Father Marsile.

Great souled and learned guide
Forming the nations pride
Faithful and strong.
Prudent and mild thy sway,
Leading in duty's way,
May God thy zeal repay,
Thy years prolong.

To fill thy generous heart
May God His grace impart,
Our wish for thee.
Blessed by thy zealous care,
Affection's crown we bear
With gratitude to share
Thy Jubilee

W. J. C. '06.

WOMAN REHABILATED.

One of the all engrossing topics of this present day is woman and her rights. In our own country the agitation of woman suffrage has become so marked as to excite little comment. Placid Germany has been disturbed to its depths of late by the ominous sounds of a female convention and all over Europe some of the women are making themselves prominent by their insistence upon having their rights. At this juncture of affairs I have little diffidence in thrusting before your notice this evening, the subject of woman's elevation. Her present elevation, the different aspects of that elevation and its cause cannot lack interest. That she has been elevated is made evident by a passing glance at her history and it is equally as evident that her elevation was simultaneous with Christianity; we need but to consider the position in which antiquity placed her, the position that she, today, occupies in lands which the light of Christianity has not yet reached and compare that position with the position of the Christian woman.

In Greece, that land of all culture and refinement, with its annals resplendant with the names of heroes and warriors, of poets, of mighty orators, and profound philosophers, there, we might expect to find woman in a most exalted seat. But with all that art and culture, in spite of the beautiful sentiments in which Plato invested her, the tender strains of Pindar and Homer, hers was but a pitiable condition. As a wife she was but the slave of an indifferent husband; her relation to him was not that of a lifelong companion and partner in all his joys and sorrows. She was inferior to him, for the Grecian wife was unlettered and uncultured, only fitted to keep the dwelling while her lord went forth in search of diversion, which was but too frequently a violation of his fidelity to his spouse. The educated and intellectual women, those women whose names have been inscribed on the pages of Grecian history, the Helens, the Phyrns and Aspasia, were nothing less than prostitutes. The virtuous women, in that "fierce democratic" were accounted nothing. That was the position in which you find the women of Athens, of Thebes and of Macedonia. A condition more degraded or more hopeless than that

of the women in Sparta cannot be conceived. In that peculiar government where every citizen was but the part of an awful machine, the woman considered as nothing more than a means of perpetuating the race—she was a concubine.

The woman of Rome was no better off than her sister in Greece. In the early days of Rome, those days of stern simplicity and austere virtue, we find the woman on a higher moral plane, it is true, but she was degraded socially; she was almost completely disregarded. As a maiden, in her paternal halls, she was totally subject to her father, her very life was his and he might take it if he so desired. Nor was her condition bettered by marriage, her husband held supreme dominion over her, she was his chattel, his slave, and he might cast her aside or kill her, as he willed. That was the condition of woman under the kings of Rome. In the latter days of the republic, in the classical period, her position was decidedly changed. Then woman became almost completely her own mistress. She might discard a husband and sever the marital bonds at her own fickle will. But marriage had become an almost forgotten thing at Rome, it had degenerated into a mere temporary cohabitation. No longer was the matron found in her place at the family hearthside, for there was no family hearth. The family had grown to be an object of derision. Men preferred to live single, where they might the better indulge in their revolting excesses and woman had grown to be more vicious than man. She looked upon him as he looked upon her, as nothing more nor less than an instrument of pleasure. As Rome was, so was the rest of the world, the woman in the provinces may not have been so vicious as she was in Rome, but she was but a step higher. The barbarian woman was to be found in that same debased state in which she has ever been found, among semi-civilized peoples. Whenever you look in the ancient pagan world you find the woman either a chattel and a slave or when emancipated, morally depraved. And today, among unchristian peoples; what is her position? In China, that land where it is considered a disgrace to own a daughter, where the girl baby is abandoned and left to starvation and death, you know too well in what estimation she is held. You likewise know at what value she

is held in India, where she is married when scarcely thirteen years old and till a few years ago, was condemned to be burnt alive in the flames of a husband's funeral pyre. Why should I describe her as she is in the Mohammedan harem, considered as a mere animal, without any rights whatsoever, a slave to the sensuality of a licentious husband, debased by polygamy and the lust of man, forbidden that which is her very greatest right, the true heart-love of her fellow-being.

We have dwelt long enough upon the unenviable lot of woman in lands which Christianity has not blessed and it is a relief to turn our attention to that more dignified, more refined and more exalted place to which Christianity has assigned her. I have said that her elevation was simultaneous with Christianity, and why should it not be thus, when she, without whom Christianity had never been, was made Christ himself, not alone submitted to birth of a woman, but blessed, dignity and sanctity of her blessed office, was to serve as proto-type and model to the Christian woman throughout all succeeding time? Why should woman not have been elevated by Christianity when Christ himself, not alone submitted to birth of a woman, but blessed forgave and exalted one who had been a public sinner, a harlot? When he dignified the marriage bond, and made woman an equal recipient with man of the laws and graces of his church, laws and graces which could do none other than elevate and regenerate? His church ever since has been carrying on that noble work. It has made woman equal morally and intellectually with man. It has assigned to each sex its proper place. While the weighty burdens of the priesthood were deemed too heavy for the fragile shoulders of the gentler sex, to her was given an office scarce inferior, to her we entrusted the sacred offices of prayer and of charity. She was not loaded with the onerous duties of the magistrate or ruler but to her, to the mother, the sister, the daughter, was given the duty and delight of ministering knowledge at the fireside circle, of forming and uprearing those who were to be the future nation. Convents were built within whose sheltering walls the virgin might dwell in the love and worship of her heavenly spouse. The Christian woman is given the care of the sick and the suffering, a vocation where all the sympathy and gentleness and spontaneous generosity, which

marks the gentler sex, might be brought into action.

The true test of a cause is in its effect and the true test of what Christianity has done for woman and what was the power of its impetus can be ascertained by a consideration of what the Christian woman is. The Christian heroine has become the most inspiring object in history. Recall those early days of persecuted Christianity. Consider the legions of Christian maidens and matrons whose unimpeachable sanctity graces the pages of our martyrology. If you wish to see the Christian woman in all her glory and dignity let your gaze rest upon those holy and undaunted women who stand forth in all the strength and splendour of their unshakeable virtue within the walls of Rome—pagan Rome, reeking as it was with vice and crime. See her as she steadfastly clings to the cross on the blood-stained sands of the arena, facing the beasts which, raging in their hunger, threaten to tear her delicate frame assunder. We see in those troubled times, Agneses and Lucys, and Caecelias, without number, their virginal breasts inviolate amidst all the rotteness of paganism. What a change from those days of voluptuaries and adulteresses, those licentious Helens and Cleopatras. And see her in the family, the mother in the midst of her offspring, bound to them by a love which Christianity had blessed and hallowed and increased a hundred-fold. See her, as she imparts to her babe with the milk from her heart, the sweetest maxims of Christianity. Compare that woman, I say, with the child murderers of paganism. Compare those women who have vowed themselves body and soul to God, and consecrated to his service their perpetual obedience and chastity, compare them with the scarlet women, the harlots of Greece and Rome. Compare the Christian wife, as she clings to her spouse amid trials and tribulations for better and for worse, compare her and her constancy and fidelity, with the divorcie of Rome. See her, as she is today, an intellectual force, the pen with all its powers for good and evil grasped in her hand and compare her with her benighted sisters in unchristian lands. She tends the sick, soothing the fevered brow of the stricken, smoothing the pillow of the invalid with tender and tactful hand. See her, as you have all seen her, garbed in modest black in the streets of our cities,

begging the bread for her pauper charges. See her in the school-room, in the midst of the little ones, giving them the food of learning together with that of religion. It is the Christian woman that you see, the most beautiful, the most inspiring work that Christianity has produced.—F. M.—'06.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

One of the chief evils of our present day is the evil of divorce. Its prevalence is rapidly becoming more and more alarming. The number of divorced people in the United States within the past ten years has made an increase of twenty-five per cent. To the dishonor of our nation and to the disgrace of our great American civilization, divorce is more common in the United States today than in any equally civilized country on earth. How sad does it seem to the loyal American citizen who loves to uphold the dignity of our laws and customs and to live in an atmosphere where society is not suffered to be contaminated by the filthy passions of men. In this age of enlightened civilization what a rebuke there is for us when we consider that in pagan Rome for a period of thirty years not a single divorce was known.

It behooves us, therefore, to look to the causes, the nature and the effects of this all-corroding evil and to apply the proper remedies if possible. In seeking to determine the causes of those family broils, that usually lead to the disgraceful divorce, we find that they can be shifted to two. Those people who after having been married for a certain length of time desert their spouses, have either been incapable of entering the married state or they have a false conception of the nature of marriages. The first is due to a lack of domestic education. If the matron knows not how to manage the domestic affairs of her household, or if through her incapability of ministering to the proper needs, she fails to make the home a happy one for husband and children—the traditional earthly paradise that it is, then domestic broils will inevitably follow.

Another cause of divorce is the wrong idea of the nature of matrimony. According to the laws of the United States marriage

is classed as a civil contract. Simply an agreement between two individuals. Say what you will of the joys, the sanctity, the happiness of your home-marriage in the eyes of the law, it is nothing more than a civil contract created by the individual agreement of man and woman. A concept that is altogether false. Marriage is not a civil contract, nor has it ever been created by man or woman. Marriage is a state that has an antiquity and sacredness that antedates all human institutions. Aristotle tells us that man was a conjugal being before civil laws existed. It was instituted by the Creator as a part of the original plan of creation. According to the laws of nature and the commandments of God, marriage is a perpetual bond. A child that is brought into this world is not like the rest of animals. There are some animals that can take care of themselves from the moment of their birth. Others need the care of the mothers only, while there are still others that need the care of both parents but for a short time. But the child needs the care of both father and mother till he is reared to manhood and parents are responsible before God for the proper rearing and caring of their children. Hence it is necessary that they must pass their lives together and they must be naturally devoted to the proper caring of their family. The God of nature has forged the wedlock band and when man and woman have once closed their destinies by the irrevocable seal of matrimony they can no longer dictate their own terms. According to the laws of God, there can be no such a thing as divorce. For better or for worse, when once the infrangible links have been placed no human power can remove them for Christ has said, "What God hath joined together, let no man cast asunder."

If all the people were thoroughly imbued with this true idea of the nature of matrimony then there certainly could not be so many homes that are filled with sorrows and aching hearts. He who would haste to the marriage altar instead of being dazzled by the bright dreams of future bliss would stop and consider well the final step he is about to take. He would think that perhaps there is a darker side, that all is not sunshine and merriment to the married couple, that perhaps they are assuming a responsibility which they are unable to bear. And I say that he who enters the married tie who has

been thoroughly imbued with this true idea of the nature of matrimony and afterwards seeks a divorce so as to marry again, such a person is inconsistent with himself, a disgrace to the human race, and a moral monster in the sight of God.

In the exercise of its judicial powers upon marriage, it may be justly said that the state is assuming a power to which it has no lawful right. It is certainly just and right that the state should keep a record of marriages, so that in times of disputes or where a proper division of property has not been made, the proper parties should receive their righteous heritages, but when the state claims the right to grant divorces they usurp a power which can never be theirs. The state is a civil institution but marriage is a Divine one and in granting divorces it impiously usurps the authority which belongs to the Author of Nature, by declaring that to be lawful which by the laws of God we know to be unlawful and under no circumstances admissable till death alone shall bid them part.

If you have followed me you will easily conclude with me that divorce is contrary to the very nature of marriage, which in itself, is an indissoluable contract, that divorce is an outrage of the sacred rights of childhood and a flagrant violation of God's own clear laws, But let us now see how the outraged laws of nature and of God visit their dreadful punishment upon the guilty individuals and states.

The evils are manifold. It exercises a baleful effect upon the divorced, upon society and the innocent children of such an unhappy union. Whether innocent or guilty, there is a disgrace forever attached to the name of a divorcee. There is the everlasting rebuke of a misdirected choice, disgraceful family feud and of a failure which means that the life of such a person has been spent in vain. Of second marriages from what has already been said it is not necessary to speak. While the lawful wedded spouse of either party is still alive there can be no such a thing as a second marriage, still this is generally the primary object and the ultimate issue of a divorce.

To the unfortunate children of such parents it means an irreparable loss. Nothing is more indispensable for the proper rearing up and the education of children than is the benign influence of the

training at home. If instead of being animated by the inspiring examples and the kind teachings of a devoted father and mother, their lives are overshadowed by the disreputable conduct of either or both; or if the training which they should receive at home is neglected and the realization of their parents' dishonor is perpetually before them, how can they help from digressing from the paths of honor and rectitude?

Upon society the evil of divorce is more strikingly seen. As the home is the social unit, whatever tends to destroy the home is the most dangerous foe to society and to the nation. It is not socialism or anarchy that are the greatest perils of a nation so long as there is a system or a movement in vogue that strikes at the very root of society by destroying the home in the weakening of the marriage tie, and degrading mankind to the level of brutes. In the newspapers and public opinions of today many bold and unblushing pleas can be read for divorce, but the evil of divorce is the greatest that can afflict a nation.

In a country where divorce is openly fostered, as it actually is in many of the states of our union, how can a man there be animated with a loyal love for his country which instead of protecting and guarding that which is most dear to him on earth, his home and his family, severs its connecting bond and destroys the family? But the patriotism of a nation must be kept alive or it is doomed to speedy disruption. What a splendid example of morality is placed before a nation where divorce is common? It opens the flood-gates of passion and stifles the promptings of virtue.

Although American society has frequently been shocked by the disgraceful divorce, it is still gratifying to know that the greatest men of our present day have not failed to realize its danger and are making efforts to remove the disgraceful stigma of divorce from the face of our American civilization. In a recent address to some noted clerics on the question of divorce our great president, Theodore Roosevelt has said: "Questions like the tariff and currency are of literally no consequence whatever compared with the vital question of having the unit of our social life, the home, preserved. If the average husband and wife fulfil their duties towards themselves and towards their children then we may rest absolutely assured that

the other questions will solve themselves. But if we have solved every other difficulty in the wisest possible manner it will profit us nothing if we do not have the relations of the family put upon the proper basis. One of the most unpleasant and dangerous features of our American life, is the diminishing birth rate and the loosening of the martial tie among the American families. It goes, therefore, without saying that as for the individual as for the nation no material prosperity or business growth will count if the race commits suicide."

It is therefore evident that something must be done to stem the tide of divorce. I would heartily endorse the movement that has already been put on foot, the joint efforts of all the churches to influence legislation in behalf of the family tie. If instead of being in conformity with the passions of men in this respect, the laws of the country were more rigid then divorce would be less common than it is today and after all as the great Balmes has said the only way to remedy an evil is to stamp it out entirely.

Another of the great sources of our present day evils is the sadly neglected morals of our country. Where the hearts of a community are corrupted their virtue will never flourish. The wisdom of Solomon would be as vain and futile in reclaiming them by laws. And if we wish to remedy the evil of divorce we must begin by improving the morals of our citizens and never can this be rightly done till religion shall be more universally taught and men shall be brought into a closer union with the salutary teachings of Christianity. Why should we try to weaken the marriage tie? It has been wrought by the hand of God and blessed by the power that made it. But the same divine power that has made marriage one of life's holiest aims now declares that it must endure forever. There is therefore no other alternative. Though the passions of men may impel them to onslaught and rebellion, the decrees of nature and of nature's God shall forever confront them.

When the laws of the state shall be made in conformity with Heaven's eternal ones and men shall be brought to a clearer understanding of the dignity, the sacredness and the holiness of the marriage tie, then the evil of divorce will be a thing of the past.

James Hayden, '06.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The feast of St. Patrick, one of the most interesting and enjoyable festivals of the scholastic year was celebrated with beautiful and symbolic impressiveness on the seventeenth. The pomp with which tradition has vested the feast at St. Viator's, the harmony of religious and intellectual circumstance, was sustained as befits the revered apostle of Ireland, patron alike of Erin's sons and students the world over. Solemn pontifical mass was sung in the chapel of the Sacred Heart at 8:20 o'clock. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., was celebrant, assisted by Rev. J. Kelly, of Gilman, Ill., as deacon, Mr. J. McMullen, as sub-deacon and Rev. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., master of ceremonies. The power of words can but ill portray the sublimity of the most august sacrifice, offered upon the spotless marble altar amid the inspiring charm of myriad lights and sweet flowers and with the melodious song bursts of the hundred well trained voices of the choir. Like the presence of a beloved father, the image of St. Patrick resposed in its shrine of flowers above this scene of homage and veneration. All a picture of the glorious ceremonies of the church which could never be forgotten. Yet would it be incomplete without the voice of a scion of Ireland's apostle to recall to our appreciation the mission of Erin's children. The eloquent pulpit orator, Rev. Father Aylward, of Kankakee, was chosen as the worthy exponent of Ireland's apostleship, and selected for his theme the portrayal of the fidelity of the race to their faith, their priesthood and the Pope. The Reverend Father praised the unswerving fealty of the Irish people, and set forth in glowing words their providential calling to spread the truth amongst indifferent nations as well as the undying love and protection manifested by the sons of Patrick to Christ's Ambassadors. To the excellence of his sermon the orator added grace of delivery and charm of word pictures, such as could not fail to imprint a lasting lesson upon his auditors.

The choir, which has been drilled to the point of perfection, by the able Director, Rev. L. G. Goulette, C. S. V., was never heard to better advantage and displayed a harmonious volume and finish seldom attained in large organizations. The following program was given: Kyrie, Bollman; Gloria, Farmer; Credo, Boll-

man; Sanctus, Beethoven. The Agnus Dei by Concone, with violin obligato, sung by Mr. J. Monahan, was indeed an artistic treat. Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Rev. J. Roche, C. S. V., Mr. J. Monahan and Master Anderson, were the leading soloists for the mass. Before the sermon the Veni Creator by Monti was sung by Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., whose rich and powerful voice is well known and admired by lovers of music. Miss C. Monahan, of Chicago, sang Cherubini's Ave Maria, during the offertory. Gifted with a soprano voice of clear quality and sweetest tone, Miss Monahan ably interpreted the beautiful composition of Cherubini.

THE DRILLS.

At eleven o'clock the visitors were received in the gymnasium where they were entertained by the military department. The Columbian guards commanded by Captain Orion Ford and Lieutenants T. Harrison and M. Mc DeWitt received a hearty ovation and proved themselves worthy of their popularity. It is indeed marvelous how these little fellows can perform their intricate evolutions with such speed and accuracy. They displayed surprising ease and finish in movements which would seem to require years of unflagging practice. We had been led to believe that their tireless instructor, Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., had exhausted the list of fancy movements, and hence were doubly surprised and gratified by the introduction of several new features, particularly the "ladder pyramid." The difficult manoeuvres of these budding West Pointers were the admiration of all who had the pleasure of being present.

The Ford Zouaves under their commander, Col. J. B. Sheil, next appeared on the program in their natty uniforms and were equally well received. Their formation drills in bewildering figures were cleverly executed but the manual of fancy movements was perhaps even better and called forth rounds of applause. The members of the squad have attained great proficinecy by devoting themselves to frequent practice and well merited the compliments showered upon them and their commander, Col. Sheil. It is to be regretted that the exhibitions given by the Zouaves do not take place more often,

THE PLAY.

A banquet was tendered to the visitors at noon after which the Very Reverend President, M. J. Marsile, invited all to the gymnasium for the rendition of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." The presentation of a Shakespearean production under the masterly tutelage of Father Marsile is sufficient guarantee of worth and the "Taming of the Shrew" has added but another to the list of successes. The cast was carefully selected and capably drilled and the improvement manifested in young actors who essayed their premier bow as stars, is a striking example of the superior training which is the eminent faculty of Father Marsile. The role of Petruchio was very capably interpreted by Mr. John Hickey, who displayed great skill in the difficult impersonation. Mr. Hickey is gifted with a fine voice and forceful expression, such as happily combined to render the character impressive.

Mr. Fred Shippey as Katharina, was equally successful. He has a fine stage presence, a flexible voice and grace of movement which marked his work as worthy of great praise. Mr. J. B. Sheil, as Baptista, was the type of the benevolent father, and Mr. F. Rainey, as Gremio, a graceful and pleasing suitor. Mr. A. Drolet has added to his laurels by clever character work as Grumio, whilst Mr. R. Thiers, as Bianca, was indeed a sweet and winning contrast to the stormy Katharina. No less at home on the boards were the other actors, Messrs. C. Mahoney, as Hortensio; J. Legris, as Tranio; J. Long, as Biondello; J. Mullaney, as Vincentio; T. Brankin, as Lucentio; E. Russell, as Curtis and E. Burke, as Tailor.

Though the entire play was capably presented and well received, especially noteworthy was the interview between Petruchio and Katharina in Act II. and the banquet scene in the last act. The young artists are to be congratulated for adding such pleasure to the feast day. During the acts Miss K. Monahan sang two solos which were enthusiastically received by the large audience and Mr. Ethier, the Messala of Klaw and Erlanger's Ben Hur production, recited a selection from Carleton. Mr. Ethier is a thespian of great note and

acquitted himself in a manner which afforded a rare treat for lovers of artistic elocution.

The orchestra, which, by the way is acquiring considerable fame for excellent music, contributed the following program: Irish Airs, Bit of Blarney, Golden Tress Waltz, The Billionaire, Men of Yost, Moonlight Serenade, and Dream of Peace.

ST. PATRICK'S NOTES.

St. Patrick's Society, in consequence of its increased treasury has been enabled to purchase a number of new books for its library. The last several meetings have been enlivened by a profusion of oratory. Speeches were given by Mr. F. Walsh on Robt. Emmett; Mr. Jos. Hayden on the "Evils of Divorce;" Mr. M. Hayes, on "Fr. Mathew;" Mr. Louis O'Connor, on "Time," and F. Miller, on "Woman under Christianity." A debate was held on the question: "Whether military drill should be abolished in Colleges," between Messrs. E. Conway, J. Brady, C. C. Roche, Wm. Reynolds, respectively affirmative and negative. The question was decided in favor of the negative. A novelty was witnessed at the last meeting (Mar. 22nd) in an impromptu debate, on the question: "Resolved, that the study of Latin and Greek is useless," in which all the members participated; the decision was finally given to the negative.

Another meeting was held on the 29th. A criticism was read by Mr. Brady, after which Mr. Kelly took the floor with an oration on "Christian Education." The moderator then submitted to the society a proposition for the closing of the society's year. He proposed a banquet to be given on the 13th of April. By unanimous vote the moderator was intrusted with the whole charge of the preparation for the banquet. Toasts and speeches will be given and an elaborate spread will be provided. F. M.—'06.

Circulars will soon be sent out by the alumni committee announcing the exact date and the program of the Jubilee exercises. It is thought that a date will be selected between the 12th and the 25th of May.

EDITORIAL.

FATHER MARSILE'S COMING JUBILEE.

The month of May presents itself to us of St. Viateur's under several unusually pleasant circumstances this year. The first of these circumstances to be taken cognizance of is that under which the month is ushered in each year, namely, the renewal of our pledges of love and gratitude to the Blessed Virgin. The second is one that thrills the faculty and student-body, to a man, with added joy and gratification, for it signalizes the approach of an event made welcome in the name of one whom we delight to own as leader and father, and whom those of the outer world, who know him, are proud to call friend. We speak of the Silver Jubilee of the Presidency of Very Rev. Fr. Marsile. We have waited for it patiently and the announcement of the exact date of its celebration—we have only known that it will take place about the middle of May—has been a matter of interested conjecture for many months.

Anyone that has ever felt the caressing influence of loyal student comradeship, anyone whose heart has ever bounded to the strains that only healthy, manly, college spirit can voice—for those are strains quite unlike any others—any man, in short, whose youthful efforts have been fired and uplifted at the sight of duty nobly done by his precursors in life's path, can appreciate with us the significance of this day's approach and can conjure up a vision of its joys and the ever recurring inspiration that never fails to come at sight of the "old boys" who return once again to the scene that their young years of aspiration and labor have made holy ground. This year the alumni will return with their wonted fidelity, for the "old boys" do not forget, and while they deliver their words of congratulation and acknowledgement to the guide of their "salad days, when they were green in judgment," their gaze will wander to the pile of uncut stone that marks the material inception of a cherished ambition, a hope that Fr. Marsile has nurtured in the warmth of his great heart for years, the building of an edifice that will complete Greater St. Viateur's.

The twenty-five years of labor that our president has given to

this corner of the Master's vineyard have been marked by a steady progress in the cause of Christian education. To house the factors of this Christian education suitably, however, is a formidable task, particularly is it so in view of very limited resources, but labor and sacrifice in so noble a cause are never undertaken in vain and success has crowned the sometimes painful toil of the Sons of St. Viators. Only the limitation that insuperable obstacles impose can be said to qualify this success. Slow growth is characteristic of substantial development and such is the fact that the past quarter of a century has seen demonstrated here. The new building has been projected in response to a demand that development and recognition of merit have engendered; it is the bark of the oak yielding to the impulse within and to the need of more sheltering branches without.

While there are larger alumni associations than this of ours the fact in no way detracts from the spirit displayed when the former students assemble. Love, veneration and ambition for alma mater are the watchwords on all hands, And how could it be otherwise? Does any son love his mother less because the family is small? Is there any mother less tender to, and less solicitous for her sons when they are few than when they are many? Assuredly not. A loving mother is now calling to her sons; she is preparing to welcome them back to her hearth-stone; the broad roof-tree of her house is about to echo the strains of half-forgotten songs and to give back the tones of voices that years have made deep and strong and vibrant with truth. And they will answer the call—what son would willingly refrain? And with the light of other days in their eyes they will troop through corridor and class room and study-hall, bringing hope of a future like unto their present to the youths who have taken their places, and bringing joy, the joy of the full sheaf, to him whose silvering locks, the honorable badge of his grand climacteric, are the happiest testimony of the fruitful years that have lighted him to his Silver Jubilee.

Learn the "Jubilee Song" and swell the chorus.

Publishers' illustrated announcement of "Views of Dante" will be inserted in this issue. First come first served. Avoid rush!

EXCHANGES.

Is it because a sign post does not travel in the direction in which it points that the Fordham Monthly, in a little more than a half page of its March number undertakes to tell several of its peers how to run their exchange columns? Although "feeling that the usual high standard is being kept up" (great snakes!) it points out "the striking defect," namely, the "absence of necessary exchange department" in several papers in the course of an inexcusably brief and puerile effort, and winds up in disappointment because the bunch hasn't been applauding hard enough. That's not half bad, though, in comparison with what it does to "The Mountaineer," "an attractive small publication." Perhaps the Mountaineer doesn't have the same feelings about such patronizing airs as we do—but that "small publication" has to it a ring that recalls the big boy across the street who used to let us play ball on condition that we furnish the necessary paraphernalia. The writer of "The Simple Life in Horace" has read Wagner intelligently, in parts at least, and has rendered some Horatian odes into English that reads easily. In his opening paragraph, however, he stumbles over a simile and falls into an inconsistency. "Just as on a cloudy day the sun sometimes breaks through the sea of clouds that obscures its light, so in this monotonous life of ours there springs up now and then what is termed in common parlance, a fad." The Simple Life is the "fad" at present. Then follows a definition of the Simple Life. "It is the life in which unnecessary needs and an accumulation of material cares and complexities must be sacrificed to the spiritual development of man, of his character, and his will * * * * philosophers have sung its praises, holy men and saints have lived and preached it, in fact, it is the life of the true Christian—the spiritual life." It is summarized in the divine words: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." If the foregoing ideas are positively meant to be associated the writer of the article in question must own to the unique distinction of having been the first of men to characterize "the life of the true Christian," summarized in the Beatitudes, as a fad. "To Ireland" typifies well the destiny of Erin by a comparison with the Saviour when "Thou savest others, save thyself," was flung at

Him. When one sees about him the multitude of misfits in all the professions he can easily agree with the writer of "How Can We Tell Our Calling in Life." The idea of a Bureau of Choice (of callings), entailing a "capacity test," is ingenious enough—and plausible enough, too—to open an interesting discussion on the subject.

Like Jerome K. Jerome's wonderful stage Irishman, the hero of "The Adventures of Michael O'Flynn," in the Egypti, uses "begor-ry" and like that other nuisance for whose resignation the A. O. H. is clamoring, he wears a suit of green and yellow plaid. Throughout, the brogue that is intended to give the story an amusing turn is of an extremely wooden quality—so clumsily handled is it that if his dialect were the sole evidence of his nationality, Michael could easily be taken for a Swede. By way of a leader the Egypti ex-man remarks that "the dominant features of the exchanges this month seem to be the covers." What could be more natural? When editors of school papers discover that the comment most often made in respect to their papers is some silly, inane stuff and nonsense about their "covers" is it any wonder that they have come to the conclusion that the best side of their papers to develop is the outside? Extensive cover comment is not only superficial but poor taste—almost as poor taste as to throw bouquets at oneself by printing such tommy rot as "What Others Think of Us."

There is lightness of touch, a suggestiveness of talent along lines of observation and facility of expression, contained in "Samuel Nehemias Brown—Strategist," in the Longwood Alpha Pi Mu, that is refreshing.

A pretty cameo in verse is "To Jesus at the Tomb of Lazarus," in the Young Eagle. Although done in a religious strain its charm is chiefly due to the touch of clay that marks its inspiration. Being very human it is very appealing and it is in no wise extravagant to say that it reflects John Tabb. A music lover should appreciate this delicate conceit from "The Violins."

"Violins speak unto the soul and keep the heart from breaking."

Although we have heretofore been to all intents and purposes properly "squelched" by the Eagle's touchy "ex-man" we are so bold as to hope that no evidences of recrudescence (a fine large

word, Skirmisher) will appear if we presume to ask a question. It is about your cover design. Were those two tender, slender things represented therein extracted from the Butterick Pattern-book in a spirit of homage to that arbiter of fashions or do they represent two members of the staff taking the Kneipp Cure? Honestly we want to know—there's a bet on.

We don't often trifle with other peoples Alumni Notes, so it was quite by accident that we noticed that a certain alumnus spoken of in the "Buff and Blue" had been "enscoured" and another had been married to "a hearing lady." It is possible that the former is to be commiserated but the latter is surely to be congratulated—generally the man has to do the hearing. Maybe it would be well to employ a seeing printer or a waking proof-reader.

Under ordinary circumstances we would rather be caught saying "up to its usual standard" or "well-worth reading" than to be discovered in the act of making note of a cover, but the March Lincolnian appears in green—therefore we are licensed to mention it. The "Knight's Tale" as a piece of literary appreciation wears the ear-marks of mediocrity in this sentence, "Chaucer's description of the preparations made for this tournament is fine." Fine—well, abas fine!

Judging from the spasm of exchange doggerel in the Patriot number of the Record somebody in Sioux City has been eating literary green apples. Like that of young Falconbridge the make-up of the contribution is nondescript—it borrows its rhyme from Butler, its metre from Whitman, only the ideas, having no resemblance to anything else must be indigenous.

That minority of students who love Greek, students who just study Greek, students who have Greek thrust upon them and students who spend the Greek period gazing out of the window (and whose name is stratia) might find something to interest or depress them in two articles, "The Place of Greek in Higher Education" in the University of Ottawa Review, and "Is Greek Worth While?" in the College Index. Both articles are bolstered with sufficient

authority to gain them a respectful hearing but as we belong to the class of those whom the severe view of the Index article is calculated to depress, we haven't the nerve to attempt such serious comment as the scholarly article deserves.

Someone—wasn't it Bishop Spalding?—once said: "Democracy does not mean the ostracism of superior men—it means placing them in the van of progress." "Democracy Can Exist With Social Distinction" in the Mercury is a pithily put development of that quotation and in a brief space—too brief indeed—the mooted question of equality is treated with commendable directness. It will not be a great while before America's budding literati will camp on the trail of certain Englishmen and "make them eat" the words that Sydney Smith once uttered regarding American books and plays, that is if the "More Fortunate Ending of Romeo and Juliet" is a fair example of what an undergraduate can do with blank verse and an inspiration from Shakespeare. There are some more or less impressionable people who would like to have this modern version to dry their eyes with when reading, or witnessing a performance of the genuine article. "How do Women in General Influence Politics?" is modestly couched and convincing withal. The general make up of the Mercury is in advance of previous issues, clever verse, both grave and gay, alternating with carefully penned prose to make an altogether agreeable total. But as "fly paper to the foot" or as a sick egg in Lenten times is the dinky little exchange department that setteth of the whole and is the end therof. By the way, who is to blame that "among those present" the name of this sheet is printed "Vialonian?" A recent visitor worked off a piece of pleasantry (it really wasn't a joke) on us on the head of that misprint. Picking up the Mercury and glancing at the exchanges he said, "Here's a fellow who has you down as a 'vile-onion.'" It was only after the orthography of "vile-onion" had been settled that we calmed down sufficiently to say pleasant things about exchanges.

Observation has taught the writer of "My Grandfather's Wooing" in the S. V. C. Student some Hibernian characteristics and has given him some (n. b. some) inkling as to how Irish dialect should

be handled. The fact that it is amusing and rather well delivered is redeeming since it lacks the merit of originality, having spent many seasons in the home of "Twice-Told Tales." A man may not be to blame when his parents take a mean advantage of his defenceless infancy by saddling him with a name suggestive of red neckwear and frills, but when a story writer like the author of "How No. 4 Was Saved" afflicts his hero, a grimy engine oiler, with "Percy" in dead earnest, he ought to square himself in some way. "Percy" may be an all right name but with H. Flaccus "nunc non erat his locus."

There is no mistaking the lineage or at least the leaning of some of the Bee's staff in the March number of their paper, more power to em! By far the best thing in the issue is "Life's Golden Years," several stanzas of which, however, are open to criticism for grammatical reasons. When the name of a person or thing is in the vocative case the verb which expresses the action of the person or thing should be in the second person, following the old rule of agreement of person and number. To instance

" Oh age! who dreams of bygone days
And, retrospective, lives the past
Nor fears, but freely shows thy work
Thou hast content and peace at last"

Would read

more correctly if the verbs 'dream' 'live' 'fear' and 'show' were put in the second person, as is "hast." "Age," and its appositive "who," in the case of address and therefore in the second person, are the subjects of those verbs.

Coming out bi-monthly gives the Abbey Student a chance to fatten for the sacrifice. The stories, essays and poetry of the February issue balance well as to quantity with a slight advantage in favor of the essays as to quality. There is a temptation when one has gone through a two-foot stack of exchanges, reading verse after verse of—well, verse, to forego comment on that commodity. Criticism at such a time produces much the same sensation as that experienced when one tries to enjoy a smoke when his tongue is blistered—as the editors of the Loretto, Longwood, Criterion et al. will

testify. Several years ago Hamlin Garland delivered some very interesting lectures on the methods of great actors, notably Booth, in their Shakesperean interpretations. The lectures were well received and proved of more than ordinary value to students, both of the dramas as poetry and as vehicles for histrionic art. "Mansfield's Shylock" in the Student, follows in the wake—albeit unwittingly—of Mr. Garland's efforts and deserves more than passing notice. The writer has gone to the theatre with his eyes open and his mind alert, and the result of his account of what he saw is at once a pleasant and instructive demonstration of the fact that the theatre, as a school, is lost only on those who go there solely for amusement. Given the opportunity of seeing various dramatic productions of indisputable merit and witnessing them with a view to recounting the salient features of the different interpretations, the author of the sketch mentioned might open the way for a series of papers that would be worth while.

In the Niagara Index Table of March 15, are to be found some wholesome observations anent the Notre Dame Scholastic's endorsement of a certain editorial which lately appeared in the New York Post. The drift of the Post article, though not intended to splash cold water on aspiring youngsters, does, on the other hand, administer balm to those spirits within college walls who chafe under the demand for careful, conscientious, and downright earnest work theme-writing. It tends to make current the thread-bare, but oft-employed banality of "striking the average." It is because the Index takes cognizance of the fact that students should be encouraged to make an effort at writing, when of themselves they fail to recognize the necessity for effort, that it takes exception to the Scholastic's attitude toward the Post article. There be "fine writers" who take themselves seriously, no doubt, and think that grandiloquence is the measure of all attractiveness in writing. Still as it is easier to trim a tree than it is to add branches to it, so also, is a flowery young writer, well in the hands of his instructor, better than a dozen of the "let-well-enough-alone" variety who prefer to stay in the bush. A student who is addicted to ornamentation, fluorescence or any of the peccadillos of "fine writing," can more surely arrive at the precise-

ness, or whatever else may constitute the end all and the be all of good writing, by kneading and thumping his floridity under the direction of "red ink theorists," than he can by going in immediately for the features that will qualify his manuscript for entrance into the jaws of a newspaper sanctum. The whole scheme of good writing means work, work, work, and any utterance from high places that tends to put any other aspect to the problem should not receive support. Despite the fact that the Post means to be "kindly and rational" the construction that students would ordinarily put upon its words is that what they are doing in school is not much use after all, and after finishing they will have to begin all over again to acquire the things "not dreamt of" by their instructors, so what's the use anyway, etc., and the result will be precisely what the Index insinuates. What the Scholastic means, presumably, is that young writers should realize that all that glitters is not gold. It might be supplemented to the platitude also that it is a pretty safe wager that when a thing does glitter it isn't mud either. Therefore when a youngster takes on a shining surface—even though it be counterfeit, let him be daubed with red ink without mercy until the tinsel has corroded, the personal equation was worked in, and style, his very own, has, as Howell puts it, "been added unto him." Things must work out so—the theorists must stay at their posts and the young man must believe in them in the face of all "kindly and rational editorials" whatsoever. And why, moreover, posit the Post as an exemplar? No one can adopt a style successfully. News columns rarely have style, because it is a case of news first and personality afterwards. When Big Bill wears Little Jim's coat he looks awkward, and when a young writer cramps himself to fit into the columns of the generality of newspapers he does so at the expense of a good fit of the cogs of his existence. We need good writers, writers who have an ego and who dare to own to it, vastly more than the writers themselves need the dollars that the Post pays for space filling; people who yearn to write, be it remembered, having no particular right to possess appetites, or cold feet. It is not because the Post sits as a "memento mori" at college feasts of reason that its remarks are not to be taken seriously for there were red inkers before the Post and they will "walk slow" behind it in

the years that are to come. There is this much of certainty about it, the average student, in his specialty of dodging work needs no coaching. F. o6.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Rev. John Rouque, the venerable French missionary of Iroquois county, Ill., died in Peoria, March 24, and was buried in the Maternity cemetery at Bourbonnais, March 28. Solemn funeral services were held in St. Rose's church, Kankakee, at which Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., preached the sermon. R. I. P.

We tender our sympathy to Rev. J. Cannon and to his brothers and sisters for the loss they sustained in the death of their mother. May her soul rest in peace.

It is with regret we learn of the death of Mr. A. Hansl, the father of Messrs. Proctor, Arthur and Raleigh Hansl, who were all students here a few years ago. Mr. Hansl practically appreciated the education given the young in institutions such as this. He is gratefully remembered as the generous donor of the annual gold medal in the course of mental philosophy. We condole with the members of his bereaved family.

Another afflicted family which claims our sympathy is that of Mr. John Monahan, whose wife died April 5. May the soul of this good Christian mother soon enjoy her reward.

The faculty and students extend to Rev. V. W. LeClaire, C. S. V., their sincerest sympathy on the loss of his father, Nelson LeClaire, who died in Oconto, Wis., April 4th. May he rest in peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Legris who lament the death of their new born son will piously console themselves with the thought that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

On March 19, Rev. John Morrissey was sending to his college friends greetings from the land of the Sphynx and the pyramids.

Rev. Daniel Feeley, who was ordained in Chicago, March 17, visited Alma Mater March 28. At his mass a beautiful musical program was rendered and Father Feeley gave his first blessing to all the students and members of the faculty. The new Father is to exercise the holy ministry in the diocese of St. Joseph, Missouri. We heartily wish him all success and happiness.

Mr. G. Gannon writes from Tucson, Arizona, that his health is improving and that he expects to return in May and to assist at the Jubilee celebration. A warm welcome awaits Mr. Gannon.

Among our recent distinguished visitors were the Rev. Fathers P. Menard, of Escanaba, A. H.; O. Kelly, of Streator; B. Hauser, of Seneca; M. Sammon, of Peoria; W. P. Burke, of Ashkum; T. Dugas, C. S. V., of St. Mary's; C. Quille, of Chicago; J. Levasseur, of L'Erable; Z. Berard, of St. Anne; A. Labrie, of Momence; and the V. Rev. Vicar General Weldon, of Bloomington.

Rev. J. Armstrong, assistant to V. Rev. Father Weldon, of Bloomington, is rapidly recovering from an attack of smallpox contracted while visiting the sick. We trust that Father Armstrong will soon be well and will be long spared to continue his apostolic labor.

Rev. E. Barnes, of Keithsburg, paid St. Viateur's his first visit to the college since his ordination, April 5, and was joyfully received by his many friends here. The students of the theology and philosophy departments were granted a recess upon the occasion of his visit.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., has been appointed by the college committee of the Catholic Education Association to prepare a paper to be read before the Conference of the Catholic Colleges of the United States, which will be held in New York next July.

Mr. Thomas Legris and Rev. S. Boisvert, C. S. V., made a trip to Denver, Colorado, recently to examine a mine in which several of our friends here and in Chicago are interested.

A very artistic sacred concert was given in St. Rose's church,

Kankakee, April 4, under the auspices of the sisters of St. Joseph's Seminary, who are contemplating a large extension to their present building in the near future. A force of college musicians lent their aid to the good work. Besides the local talent of Kankakee, which is of a very high order, Prof. Oscar Martel, of Chicago, took part in the program and furnished entertainment keenly relished by all those who had the good fortune to be present.

Rev. W. Clifford, C. S. V., recently returned much improved from the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, where he was treated for blood poisoning and ear trouble by Dr. J. Z. Bergeron.

Fathers Vien, Marsile and Rivard, have been alternately ministering to the Catholics of Manteno during the illness of their devoted pastor, Father Bourdeau, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at Mercy Hospital, early in March.

From Kentucky and from far off Montana, from New York and from the sunny south, from near and far news arrives that promises a large gathering at the May Jubilee.

Some wag says the old boys will have class in the morning and conge in the afternoon.

Father Beaudoin, the venerable pioneer who planted the seed now grown into a mighty tree, is visibly ageing, but still cheerful and ever interested in the games of the campus which he often comes to witness.

OLD JOKE REVIVED.

If e'er you're feeling sickly
Or you're dizzy in the head;
And can't get up for breakfast,
Just take a roll in bed.

Cal O. Han—"There's only one thing I like about you."

Scanlan—"What's that?"

Cal. O. Han,—“Your surroundings.”

THE PASSING OF PETRUS.

Togged out in a high silk hat betokening superior dignity and lofty ideas, a brand new shave, a cutaway coat of '06 pattern, a tie of variegated colors presented by the K. M's. a silk bosomed shirt, pink pajamas, open worked socks and tanned shoes, Petrus the idol of the Fanny's, and Grand Chancellor of the Order of the Bucket and Broom Brigade, presented himself at the college stage to bid farewell to the scenes of his childhood. Hand-ball and base-ball were suspended for the day and over the village was a hush broken only now and then by a war whoop from the University quarters. A very distinguished assemblage composed of President Rosenfeldt, Daniel Dupey, John D. Bockefeller, the Honorable Justice of the Peace, occupied seats on the right, Andrew Tarnegie, Madame Laflere, Sunny Jim and Old Chick, were on the left, in the hall were 231 Tete-ruges, 217 Keefes, and 193 Morgans, all intimate friends of the passing hero, while the ghost of a Savage haunted the doorway. Petrus had of late been the victim of many jokes and besides was barred from the short stop position on the base-ball team. He had taken several prizes in the potato gathering and mush bowling teams, but favoritism was shown and he was also seized with an inward inexpressibility of an outward alloverishness—in other words he was in love. He had been reading Bill Nye and learned how Bill had triumphed over his enemies, so he resolved to go west to gather some of the money as it fell off the trees. However pecuniary difficulties induced him to desist and after mature deliberation resolved to strike out for the Windy City. The long dreaded parting had come. The college orchestra struck up Chopin's funeral march and a loud mournful bellowing and rooting came from the barn yard. The treasurer shed tears from the cataract of affection, the custodian of the cellar was wrung with paroxysms of grief, the dentist was looking down in the mouth, the baker was giving away what he needed most, and the cook died of joy. Petrus was gone. After buying a few gold bricks and a large tract of land on the lake front for little or nothing, he went to Belmont & N. 40th where he intends to make a clean up and gather in the dust, and brush up for higher society.

O. Riginal, '05.

The students of the graduating class of the Commercial Department, under the direction of the teacher, Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., have re-organized St. Viateur's Banking Association. Having just completed a system of Business Practice the members will become familiar with the office work in Banking and Counting Houses. At a meeting of the association the following officers were chosen:

President—William Reynolds.

Vice-President—Antoine Demers.

Cashier—Con Shiel.

Manager—Thomas St. Jacques.

Receiving Teller—Arthur Pepin.

Paying Teller—Thomas Hart.

General Book-keeper—Arthur Lowenthal.

Individual Book-keeper—Frank Donovan.

Discount Clerk—Frank Stuffers.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

During the past three weeks the squad has been taking hard out door practice and the players are rapidly becoming accustomed to their different positions. The in-field has been definitely chosen and puts forth the following line-up: Martin p and capt. Stack c and 1 b. Kelly 1 b and c. McDonald 2 b. Hickey ss and p. Shiel 3 b and p. The out field will be chosen in less than a week as the college season will open the middle of the month. In the first practice game with the Kankakee Anchors the varsity did excellent field work though many of the men are notably weak at batting. As most of the practice during the next two weeks will be given to stick work it is expected a decided improvement will be made before the game with Northwestern April 15.

The most important games placed on this season's schedule are:

April 15—Northwestern University.

April 29—American Medics.

May 5—University of Notre Dame.

May 13—Armour Institute.

May 20—Knox College.

May 27—Lake Forest University.

June 4—St. Ignatius College.

June 10—University of Beloit.

With the exception of the Armour Intstitute game, which will be played in Chicago, all the games will be played on the local diamond. Now rooters, to the front with your loyal support for the 1905 base ball team, which through the untiring energy of the coach is developing into a consistent and hard hitting aggregation. Remember, a fair chance to all and gentlemanly encouragement to the old gold and purple.

The Junior Shamrocks have organized and these future professionals are preforming some lively stunts on the south diamond. The coach has favored us with the following line-up:

Malloy 2 b and capt.

A. Dandurand c.

Thiers 1 b.

Savary p.

McCarthy 3 b.

Elfelt ss.

Corkey c f.

Delaney 1 f.

Breecher r f.

The senior league has been formed and four evenly matched teams chosen to compete for the championship of the yard. The schedule will open about the middle of the month and indications are that many interesting and hard-fought games will be played before the prize can be awarded. The following teams have entered the contest.

Team—Dodgers— Hickey Captain. Battery—Hayden p.
Hickey c.

Team—Colts—Shiel Captain. Battery—Devine p. Shiel c.

Team—Kids—Kelly Captain. Battery—Mahoney p. Kelly c.

Team--Invincibles--Stack Captain. Battery--Schanze p. Stack c.

VIATORIAN.

Unabell!

Vale Peter!

Views of Dandies!

Et tu Petre!

Watch the ball, Dupey!

Cum si cum sa!

The Doctor has taken to fishing!

Lubricate the wheels of sociability!

Election day in Bourbonnais!

The birds has once more came again already yet!

The editors are extremely grateful to the Oconto Howler and Summit Globe for past favors.

Why is a man with a bald head like a hound?

Because he makes a little hair go a long way.

Why does a sculptor die a most horrible death?

Because he makes faces and busts.

What is the greatest feat of eating?

The man who bolted a door, swallowed a story and threw up a window.

Who was the fastest runner in the world?

Adam, because he was first in the race.

What was the difference between Joan of Arc and Noahs ark?

One was maid of Orleans and the other was made of wood.

Why is a fisherman grouchy?

Because his business makes him sell fish.

Why is a Weary Willie like a flannel shirt?

Because he shrinks from washing.
