

# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

VOLUME 25

DECEMBER 1907

NUMBER 3

## THE FRENCH CRISIS AND FRENCH LITERATURE\*

By Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Ph. D., D. D.



HAT? The French situation again? Have we not heard and read enough about it? Have we not protested enough? What new outrage has been done that we must protest again whilst the last ugly wounds of France are exhibited to our averted gaze? Friends, let us not weary of this pathetic subject. The agony of a Catholic nation, assailed by ruthless robbers and left half dead by the wayside, deserves more than a passing glance of pity or even a concert of vehement protest. There is at this death bed a profound lesson for us if we will but read it. Are the wounds of France so deep and her festering sores so loathsome that remedies are bound to prove wholly ineffectual? Perhaps. If so, then our diagnosis of her malady will serve another good purpose. It will warn us to avoid the dangerous course which has led this unfortunate nation to her extremity. We shall not have spent ourselves in unavailing regrets and protests if we read in France's woes a lesson that will insure our social integrity and our national safety. But protest afresh against persecutors and sympathize with the victims we surely must. Why, have you not read in but yesterday's dispatches such tidings as these: "New War on Church planned in France. Briand Determined to Turn over 1,700 Churches to Municipalities as Charitable Institutions. Open persecution the program of Next Chambres. Hundreds of Religious Schools and Hospitals Recently closed by Government, Vatican Powerless to Bring Relief," etc. What further violence should we await before uniting again in indignant protest against the sacrilegious spoliation of the Church in the French Republic, the tyrannical fettering of conscience and the blasphemous attempt to close God's temples and to expel Him from the boundaries of the country? But, you will ask, before we proceed further, what connection is there between the present French troubles and French letters. In this reading age, let me say, it is easy to note the connection there

\*Reprinted from *The Magnificat* of November, 1907.

is between the literature we absorb through books, the press, and the stage, and the life which we lead. As we build our ideals out of our readings so we build the conduct of our lives. As are our individual lives so is the life of the nation. It will be made apparent in the course of this paper to what extent French literature is responsible for the ills that afflict the nation.

In addressing Catholic ladies I feel that I appeal to the providentially constituted high priestesses of social purity, whose temples are our Catholic homes, whose sacred altars are the hearts of Catholic spouses, sons and daughters, in which it is your high office, as the vestals of old, to keep burning the pure, clear flame of conjugal love of parental affection and of filial piety. If you find yourselves today occupying such a lofty station in the social economy of Christian civilization, alongside of a Monica, a Queen Blanche, an Elizabeth of Hungary, you will gratefully acknowledge that you owe this elevation of your sex to ennobling teachings of the Catholic Church. Conscious of your sacerdotal prerogative of guardian angels of the home, and fully aware of the magnificent power of good books in the upbuilding and defense of the citadel of Catholic life; and likewise fully cognizant of the fatal power of every sort of bad literature to wantonly destroy what you so patiently labor to upbuild, you will not hesitate, I am sure, as Catholic readers to unite your voices with the universal chorus and to register your vehement protest in the name of the dignity and high vocation of Catholic literature against the literary paganizing of the Catholic homes of France, against the wholesale destruction of those very Catholic ideals of belief and conduct which have been the inspiration of the grandest heroisms of the human race, and the inspiration alike of whatever is best in the masterful works of literary and artist genius, whether in Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Tennyson or Longfellow, or of Michael Angelo, Raphael or Murillo.

I desire in the brief space allotted me to give some of the reasons why we as Catholic readers and writers should feel especially regretful and indeed resentful over the unfortunate events which are transpiring in France. France! once the cradle of valiant crusaders, the mother of those brave Franks who did the deeds of God everywhere; France! once the grand seminary of world missionaries; France! once the distinguished apostle of every grand moral idea, the fostering mother of esthetic excellence and of intellectual culture; France! whose Catholic literature from Bossuet to Brunetiere is an anthology which attests the magnificent power of religious inspiration and shows that her sons have been able to win the highest distinction in every department of letters.

Indeed, as the grand mediaeval cathedrals and the marvelous Madonnas of Catholic builders and artists are the favorite models of modern painters and architects, so, too, must the modern preach-



er look to Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, to Lacordaire and Monsabre as the peerless models in the fine art of pulpit oratory. If we look for really representative exponents of the classic French stage, where else shall we find them except in such men as Racine, Moliere, and Rostand? Poetic laurels have been won by such masters of verse as Boileau, Lamartine, the early Hugo and Coppee. France has also reared a host of profound thinkers such as Pascal, DeMaistre, Descartes, Malebranche, Chateaubriand, Ozanam, Montalembert and Veuillot. While French Catholic talent has wrought to a lesser extent perhaps in the fields of history, fiction and journalism, still even here, we may say, as well as in those more difficult and more elevated forms of literature which they especially cultivated, French writers have left works which are imperishable models of thought and style.

And if, before letting down our gaze from this galaxy of literary lights, we draw the curtain a little further and say "Place aux dames," we shall see advancing in the milkyways of the firmament of belles-letters the spirituelle Madame de Maintenon, and treading with firmer step the almost masculine Madame de Stael, who reminds us of our Bronte or our own Margaret Sullivan; then comes that fine literary artist, Madame Swetchine, whose meditations are a lacework of spirituality which won her the admiration and friendship of Lacordaire; then appears that angel of the literary world, Eugenie de Guerin, whom Pius IX. called "the blessed," and who has revealed to us in her Journal the pure, clear depths of her Christian and sisterly love, and finally comes Madame Craven, of whose Sister's Story Louis Veuillot said, "It is a novel such as God alone could write."

Now, it would seem that with such an array of literary leaders and with thoroughly organized ecclesiastical institutions of all sorts, with a clergy of sixty thousand priests, with splendid churches, large and small seminaries, with thousands of educational and charitable institutions, the position of the Church in the very heart of France should be so firm as to be absolutely impregnable. However, to our confusion and regret, we must admit that official France has succeeded in storming the stronghold of the Church and is actually casting her out of the heart of the nation, as it were, piecemeal. First, by imposing military duty upon seminarists and young priests and religious; then by harassing enactments that paralyzed the activities of religious teaching bodies; then by the forceful dismemberment and the practical expulsion of religious communities of every sort; then the consequent complete laicization or secularization of all the schools of the country, the fanatical elimination of the very name of God from the text-books, as well as from public oaths, the total suppression of every religious emblem from the courts of justice, the blasphemous ousting of God



and His Christ from the army and the navy, the blundering disruption of the Concordat, and the subsequent attempt legally to enslave the episcopacy and to muzzle and starve the lower clergy, and finally the high-handed seizure of all ecclesiastical property not already confiscated. And how is it, my friends, that while all the world protests against this national sacrilege, Catholic France herself is not able or willing to rouse herself and bring effective remedy to the deplorable situation; not indeed by changing her republican form of government, but, on the contrary by using it in order to sweep back into innocuous privacy the horde of pettifogging infidels who now sway the destinies of the nation?

It is very true that a proximate cause of the continuance in office of the present deputies and their constantly growing effrontery and malicious proceedings is the fact that the present government holds in its hands through its eight hundred thousand paid officials the entire political machine, and thus controls elections and their result. Moreover the lack of political union and organization among the twelve millions of practical and even fervent Catholics in France easily explains why such an unorganized minority is politically powerless. While they here and there, in Brittany for instance, break out in spontaneous outbursts of resistance against the insufferable meddlesomeness and wanton oppression of the government, still must they in the end yield to the overwhelming force of guns.

But what is it that explains the seemingly inexplicable apathy, the positive indifference and restful unconcern of those other twenty-two millions of so-called French Catholics? Why is it that this huge mass, which after all constitutes the great body of the nation, cannot be moved by the lever of religious interest? Why is it that, while not professing themselves aught else than Catholics, these millions thoughtlessly vote for deputies who persecute the only religion to which they profess any allegiance? This is a large question. There are no doubt many causes that have concurred toward the producing of this almost universal religious indifference among the French people. It is my deliberate conviction, however, that the most potent cause of the apathy and the singular hatred of religion in France is its bad literature. In seeking to assign a cause for things one must try to find a cause that is adequate, sufficient to produce the effect and co-extensive with the effect.

The French nation is a nation of readers; this is clear not only from its large number of widely circulating newspapers and periodicals of every description, but also from the number and variety of new books that are constantly coming from the press. It is no uncommon thing in France for a book to reach its fiftieth edition. Now it has passed into a psychological truism that what a man reads that he becomes. If even a Catholic reads socialistic litera-



ture he soon proclaims himself a Catholic socialist. If he reads anarchistic vaporings he becomes an anarchist. If he feeds himself upon theosophic literary fodder he becomes a theosophist. So when a large majority of the men, women and children of the nation read impious books, hedonic philosophy, pornographic novels and dramas, when their physical eye is constantly riveted upon the nude in art, and the eye of their imagination revels ever in sensual pictures, that nation is doomed to drift swiftly into irreligion and sink into the miry sloughs of worse than pagan sensuality. And why? Simply because such reading blunts the religious sense and paralyzes the motive forces of moral action; by the dust cloud of earthly passion which it raises it blinds the intellectual eye to the vision of spiritual excellence; it generates a distaste for all religious observances which the inoculated victim now considers as so many arduous steps toward the cloudland of myths and away from the real valleys of earthly dalliance. And in proportion as bad reading atrophies religious growth, snaps the threads of moral energy, and cuts the white wings of spiritual aspiration, it prodigiously develops the bestial instinct of men who are made but a little less than angels; it fires them with keen appetite and relish for the things of sense; it makes them invent with diabolical resourcefulness a thousand means whereby they may, unmolested even by the small voice of conscience, enjoy unto satiety the delights of an earthly Eden beyond the dreams of the Sybarites. With the exception of the comparatively few millions of devout Catholics, the French nation as a whole shows the deplorable result of a literature which has debauched the very soul of Catholic France, which has beguiled the intellects of her sons and perverted their wills, defiled their imaginations, and vitiated their tastes by polluting all the channels of intellectual, moral and esthetic nourishment.

Frenchmen, who by nature and by the elevating traditions of their race delight in the serene altitudes of the ideal and exult in spiritual conquests, have degenerated into a nation of bon viveurs, whose boasts are the triumphs of their kitchens. The modern Frenchman's boast is that in his country one eats well, drinks well, dresses well, and can well enjoy himself. They have accepted and practically applied the epicurean motto, "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!" It is not at all surprising that, as a sad example of the truth of the adage that "The corruption of the best is the worst," there should be in Paris alone, according to Professor Langlead, three hundred thousand public women, that seventy-five per cent of the working classes of Paris should be living in unlawful wedlock or in practical promiscuity, that numbers of public officials, of professional and commercial men, whose lawful wives are Catholics, should unblushingly entertain a mistress



or two, that in the army and navy it should be considered as utterly impossible for a soldier to be a moral young man.

When we lay directly at the door of the literary malefactors of France a large share of the influence which has caused the present religious indifference and hatred of a large majority of her citizens, it is not to be supposed that we deny all artistic merit to the works of these literary evildoers, or that there is nothing in their voluminous works which is not reprehensible. On the contrary, from Rousseau to Renan, from Voltaire to Zola, there is scarcely a volume of even the highly-spiced literature, generally classified under the fitting name of pornography, which has not distinct literary merit. To sum up in one word the prevailing and ever present quality of their literary workmanship we may say that it is "finish." The departments of French literature which have been most abused and which have contributed most directly and abundantly toward the eradication of religious faith and the implanting of materialistic seeds have been the novel, the drama, and the penny journal.

Some of you might incline to the opinion that the present religious indifference in France is ascribable to its philosophic literature inaugurated and developed by the encyclopedists, by Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau, Holback, Cabanis, Broussais, and continued by Comte, Littré, Cousin, Heine and Renan. But bad as was this philosophy it did not reach the great mass of the people; it immediately affected but a comparatively small number of esprits-forts, or would-be philosophers, who took infinite delight in differing from other men, in breaking away from the dotting Aristotle and in putting on the airs of wondrous wise men as they academically buried the Church and her worm-eaten philosophic underprop, scholasticism. So long as it was alone, this naturalistic philosophy was restrained from doing universal injury by the Church through her pulpit and her schools, and through the valiant defense which secular champions of truth brought to her cause. It was only when French philosophy began to find expression in some of the popular forms of literature that it acquired anything like widespread and deep influence among the millions.

The French poetry of such men as De Musset, the later Hugo, Comte de Lille, did not have to undergo any interpretative process of transformation in order to sing souls to religious sleep with the sinister lullaby of its siren verse. De Lille represents French Ibsenism, revels in Scandinavian and other mythologies, and reviles Christianity. De Musset exalts religious nescience; he is the poet of agnosticism. Hugo in his later years became wholly anti-Catholic. But in France poetry is not as popularly read as it is in English-speaking countries, and it is safe to say that in many cases the only commonly educated people who read poetry will fail to discover the often insiduously concealed anti-Christian motif of the



poem and will merely be amused by the brilliant imagery and the swinging rhythm of the lines. However, the deplorable defects of popular forms of verse, which are set to music and thus easily memorized and repeated amid applause, cannot be denied if one passes within earshot of a soldier's barracks or a café chantant. And when the highly educated read the fiery denunciations of religion in one of the nobler forms of poetic composition with all the finish of perfect literary artistry, they will either become indignant at the prostitution of such a noble art for the defamation of the sacred institution the world possesses, or they will howl with the wolves and applaud the performance.

But it is chiefly through the novel and through its predecessor, the serial, that all that is philosophically corrosive and morally destructive has found its way into the heart of the masses. Modern French fiction, the fiction of the last hundred years, is a wild waste of literary putrescence. It has defiled everything it has touched, and it has fumbled in history, it has rummaged in religion, it has dissected the soul and its passions, and has turned the moral code inside out. I will not attempt any exact classification of the miserable legion of literary imps whose foul breath has contaminated the inner sanctuary of nearly every home in France. Here is a part of the litany of this literary inferno, names which have deserved to be pilloried for the execration of mankind to the end of time: Paul DeCoq, Pierre Louys, Armand Silvestre, George Sand, Soulie, Houssaye, Eugene Sue, the two Dumas, Maupassant, Balzac, Daudet, Halevy, Victor Hugo, and Zola.

It is in these novels that the white robe of religion is foully bespattered with the vile mud of calumnious misrepresentation. In the works of Eugene Sue, Dumas, and Hugo, especially, the majestic figure of history is chained to the wall in worse than inquisitorial fashion and compelled by the irresistible torture of the pen to testify against the Church, against the Jesuits, against religious practices, against ecclesiastical persons and institutions. This is more particularly the case in such works as Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* for instance, where the Jesuits are so viciously assailed.

Other novels which deal more directly with questions of morality make sad havoc of the ten commandments. They are the glorification of every crime, the apotheosis of adultery, of lying, of blasphemy, of duelling and vengeance. Where can you find in modern literature a more dexterously presented plea for vengeance than in that otherwise superb piece of fiction, *Monte Christo*? Everywhere marriage is considered as a religious prejudice, which especially men must by all means get rid of. Human love, the foundation and cause of Christian wedlock, is outraged, scoffed at and degraded to the level of a mere animal passion. Of such



shamefully illustrated novels as *Aphrodite* of Pierre Louys, which is a veritable orgy of pagan lust, we may say what J. J. Rousseau said of his own *La Nouvelle Heloise*: "Whoever reads them is irrevocably lost."

La Croix of February 7, 1907, laments the rigid exclusion of all Catholic works from military libraries, whose shelves groan beneath the complete works of Anatole France and Zola, calculated to promote the intellectual and moral development of the young soldiers!

When men have thus been taught to disport themselves before high heaven with the abandon of monkeys in an African jungle, it is not surprising that they should be able to find delight in the filthy portrayal of their own unspeakable turpitude. Those masters of the obscene, Zola and his school of realists, have supplied this last spicy morsel to glut degenerates withal. France is still fond of her prestige abroad, but it is precisely these books of fiction that have made her a stench in the nostrils of the nations. On all hands measures of prevention against the contagion of immoral French fiction are taken by librarians and booksellers. One of the largest book firms in Chicago (McClurg) has been constrained to adopt a particularly rigid method of selection so as to avoid fines for the illegal importation of this particularly offensive foreign product. Mr. Carnegie invariably stipulates in founding a library that this class of French works shall be strictly excluded. As we refuse to admit the Japanese to our public schools because they are hopelessly corrupt, so, too, we keep these particular French books from our libraries precisely for the same reason, viz: because they are essentially immoral.

The demoralizing effect of merely reading bad books is certain and great, but it is multiplied and intensified when the story of these novels is dramatized and presented with all the striking vividness which scenery and histrionic action lend. The French stage has these many years become an open school of scandal. We have had samples of what is considered highly respectable theatrical entertainment presented to us by such artists as Bernhardt and Rejane and others in the last few years; and even at this the whole country has cried out "for shame!"

In their own country, however, where players need not dread what they call our foreign prejudice for morality, they abandon themselves to the limit, and without fear or hindrance to the enacting of the most revolting scenes of the dramas of Victor Hugo, of Sardou, of Malarme, of Catulle Mendez, and of scores of lesser, but only worse playwrights. The worst plays of the most skillful dramatists like Dumas, Angier, Feuillet, Labiche, Meilhae, Halevy and Sardou are enacted in the best theaters of Paris. There the so-called social elite witness the highly-colored scenes which the



cynical and profligate art of these masters unblushingly paints. Even the *Revue des Deux Mondes* characterizes Dumas' "*Dame aux Camelias*" as a vulgar melodrama. Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, forbade his people to attend this play when the divine Sarah was last farewelling. Dumas' "*Etrangers*" fairly reeks with lust. His "*Fils Naturel*" is a plea for carnal love, and the conclusion is that this sort of love rehabilitates fallen women. His "*Tour de Nesle*" is more horrible than the "*Medea*" of the pagan Euripides. Thackeray, who was no saint, in his *Paris Sketch Book* says of Dumas' *Fall of an Angel* that a "government which tolerates such indecent entertainment is a disgrace to Christian civilization." Frederic Harrison declares that Zola's *Nana* is a play of unspeakable filth, of revolting sensuality and abnormal impurity. And Zola's ashes were but recently triumphantly placed in the Pantheon! Speaking of the influence of these French dramas, Mr. Hubert Larkin, as quoted in a recent number of the *Syracuse Sun*, observes: "These are some of the social acids that are decomposing religious belief in France and corroding the morals of the people." When people return home with a dramatized historic lie like Sardou's "*Dante*" ringing in their ears, or the scenes of "*Sappho*" or "*Monna Vanna*" fast clinging to the walls of their imagination; when their senses have been deceived with the artistically conjured up victories of adultery, and their souls have exulted in the painted exhibition of every sort of moral deformity, it is impossible to expect from them that display of moral heroism which a great and sacred cause demands. They are not in a psychological mood for anything quite so elevated and so grand as the patriotic championing of the right of a few complaining priests, bishops, and nuns. *Après nous le deluge!*

But deep and widespread as has been the evil influence of the novel and the theater in France, they must yield the palm to the daily press as a professional and ubiquitous demoralizer. The French penny journal so reeks with putridity that the only safe way to handle it is to cast it into the fire with tongs, and afterwards fumigate the tongs. Why? Because with the cynical impudence of the devil it places in the hands and before the eyes of all the repulsive details of the most shocking immoralities, which it shamelessly applauds, while it mercilessly ridicules those who have the hardihood still to care for decency. It lies; it suppresses the truth, distorts it and perverts it, for truth has no more right to be respected than goodness and virtue. Thus the daily and weekly newspaper becomes the exponent of every sort of false doctrine on political philosophy, on religion, on ethics, and on art. For instance? you might ask. I am certainly not at a loss to quote for you from among the five thousand journals published in France a long list of papers, which are reprehensible in one way or another.



I will not quote the long list of Father Cornut, a French Jesuit, who wrote a book on this subject in 1892, and who says that if one were to judge France by her newspapers he would be led to believe that she is a den of thieves, a pandemonium of rebels, and a brothel house of debauchees. (*Malfaiteurs Litteraires*, p. 38). Nor will I quote from a similar index drawn up in 1895 by Father Fayollet, another Jesuit. I prefer to quote from a more recent and a more disinterested authority, and this is the February (1907) number of *L'Echo des Deux Mondes*, published in Chicago under auspices of "L'Alliance Francais," a literary organization whose membership almost exclusively consists of Frenchmen in the employ of, or heartily in sympathy with, the French government. I shall of my own accord omit from the proscription list such papers as the *Figaro* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, which have at least frequent lucid intervals or periodical fits of decency, and which of late have acquired a certain degree of respectability by reason of the ever increasing villainy of their contemporaries.

But let us come to that class of journals which habitually undermine social order, weaken the right of property by justifying plunder and spoliation, which attack authority, whether religious or civil, which scoff at family life and social purity, which outrage morality and lash the Church. The Chicago French monthly, *L'Echo des Deux Mondes*, in its recent article on "Journalism in France" specially places on the list of journalistic offenders *La Lanterne*, which is the organ of Rochfort, the most obstreperous revolutionist of modern France.

It is a sewer of anarchism, because it constantly attacks constituted authority. In the extreme opposite class of journals is *L'Aurore*, edited by Clemenceau until the moment of his recent accession to power. This paper is wholly devoted to the endorsing of every move of the present government. It warmly and servilely applauds the most outrageous laws and tyrannical proceedings of the actual government, and all but canonizes the authors of the oppressive measures beneath whose weight the Church of France now groans. *L'Humanite* is edited by Jaures, the socialist deputy and champion of all that is most objectionable in socialism, whether viewed on its economic side or from its philosophic or religious aspect. *Le Petit Journal*, a penny paper which has a circulation of one million, is fairly devoured by the masses of poor and generally half-taught or entirely ignorant working people; it is considered as the conscienceless purveyor of particularly nasty serials, by means of which it demoralizes the people, whose heads it fills with base ideals, false ideas, and pernicious principles. Its pages are the receptacle of the effusions of such writers as Richebourg, Montrepin, de Gas-



tyne, and others of that ilk. The Chicago Echo adds that French Journalism, precisely because it is such as it is, has its victories and its rewards. When an editor has done valiant service on one or the other of the hundreds of these popular journals he is soon rewarded with political preferment and given a position of influence and of pecuniary profit. Viviani, for instance, who was recently appointed first minister of labor, is a graduate from the sanctum of the rabid socialistic press. Clemenceau himself the prime minister, has always been a journalist, and to show how little he thinks of other mortals and how partial he is to the knights of the editorial pad, he chose as ministers of his cabinet ten well-tried journalists, upon whose faithful service he can rely to carry out his nefarious schemes. It is no wonder that a government of this sort is so little inclined to harken to the plans of such a man as Senator Beranger, the courageous founder of "The League Against the License of the Streets," for the suppression of at least the mass of publications which wallow in ignoble pornography and which flaunt in bright colors the most obscene pictures. He is passively allowed to be derisively dubbed "old grandfather modesty," and that is the end of it. If Anthony Comstock were to plead for the suppression of the nude in art before the assembled inmates of New York's red light district, I doubt if he would plead to more unwilling ears than Senator Beranger does in the Paris chamber. His noble crusade is aimed against the distinctly pornographic press and licentious art journals, represented by a large number of so called humorous and artistic weeklies such as Paris S'Amuse, Sans Gene, Le Rire, Journal Amusant, La Vie Parisienne, Fin de Siecle, Photographie Naturelle, Les Femmes Galantes, etc, etc. These and many other such immoral papers are freely distributed at the doors of schools and lyceums, on the streets and in railways, so that nobody is immune from danger. To bring forcibly to your minds the peculiar wickedness of this class of illustrated papers we may say that compared with Sans Gene, for instance, or Gil Blas our Police Gazette looks like a gallery of holy pictures. In his own vigorous way Louis Veuillot once said to French sculptors, "You have made the marble stink." So we may say of their painters and engravers that they have made the canvas blush, and that their writers have made of paper a lighted brand to enkindle the unholy fires of every evil passion.

The spicier and bolder the paper is in its tone and the more suggestive are its abominable caricatures, the more widely is it read. If we judge of the intellectual and moral status of a people by its preferred reading we are led to conclude that the French nation has entered upon the stage of final decay. To re-



inforce these strictures upon the French press I desire to add that its circulation is feared as a pestilence in England, Spain, Italy, Germany and Belgium, where scores of French dailies and weeklies are legally prohibited. Eighty of them have for years been barred from postal circulation in Belgium, and, not satisfied with this, the *Bien Publique* of Brussels, in its leading article of December 9, 1906, after noting a recent spasmodic recrudescence of immoral literature of this sort in France, singles out two leading Parisian dailies and demands editorially that they too be placed upon the proscribed list. "We protect by law even our cattle from foreign infection," says the editor, "and if the present infamous French epidemic, against which we would guard ourselves, imperiled the health of our bodies instead of contaminating our souls, France would readily be banned as a country ravaged by a deadly pestilence."

The most irreligious sheets published in this country or in Canada are edited by representatives of the modern French press. Most of our rapid socialistic and anarchistic journals are published by foreigners. While we have our own distinctly American yellow journalism to lament and to guard against, still it is safe to say, that compared with the scandalous French papers the *Chicago American* for instance, reads like a harmless fable, and the *Chicago Tribune* ordinarily sounds almost like a page from the *Following of Christ*.

I have stated the positive reasons for the astounding apathy of millions of Frenchmen toward the cause of the Church in the present crisis. In fairness I might say that the ill-directed efforts of Catholic talent, whether in literature or in journalism, may negatively account for the low depths of indifferentism to which the nation is sunk. There has been and is even now lacking in France a real, live, popular Catholic daily which could counteract the evil done by the bad press. *L'Univers* is and was a splendid fighter, but it is too scholarly for popular use. *La Croix*, now widowed of its editors, is considered as too outwardly religious to appeal to the peculiar psychological and moral state of the national mind, which it is meant to strengthen and to heal.

When one surveys the whole situation and eagerly scans the horizon to ascertain if relief may not be at hand from some quarter, and when he comes to the conclusion that, humanly speaking, the salvation of France is a lost cause, fain would he fall to his knees and implore Providence to send her another Napoleon who would in his own fearless way close every library and bookshop, order all salacious books picked out and cast in a great heap of mental offal to share the fate of more common, but less harmful, garbage; yes, another Napoleon, who would forbid by most



solemn edict the publication of scandalous newspapers, even though this meant the actual suppression of three fourths of the papers of France today; a man who would insist that not the license to insult, to vilify, to tear down and destroy the truth, but the liberty to discuss it honorably, to teach and spread it, to upbuild and crown it, must now be the law of once again free France. He would bid the godly people of the realm come forth from their hiding places and proclaim again their saving messages to the nation without fear of molestation.

Thus with the liberty to go about and preach the truth and to do good, the magnificent clergy of France might yet re-Christianize their country and drive the license of evil which now prevails, to the painful necessity of being more modest. If such a man arose and did nothing in his life but the Herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables of present French literature he would indeed have won well-earned immortality.

Christian mothers, do you desire to continue living in the sweet atmosphere of liberty, of that joyous spiritual freedom from wrongdoing which Sacred Writ calls the liberty of the children of God? Do you desire to make or rather to keep your homes the abodes of the purest love that glows amid the altar fires of the earth? Do you wish to make your homes impregnable fortresses of conjugal fidelity, sanctuaries of filial reverence, the nurseries of loyal sons and pure daughters, the seminaries of Catholic gentlemen without fear and without reproach, and of Catholic ladies whose virtue will continue to be as of old the inspiration of the high-minded chivalry of the cleanest manhood of this, our great country? Then learn from the sad example of France to protect your homes from the contagion of bad literature. Like causes produce like effects. This indiscriminate reading of everything that is printed, which has so hopelessly demoralized millions in France, which has completely wrecked thousands of homes now hanging to the naked boughs of the national tree like empty birds' nests; that same reckless reading which has sapped the foundations of the national edifice and dried up the source of patriotism by producing childless homes and setting up ideals of self indulgence,—all this would inevitably produce the same fatal results among us. Let vigilance, which is the price of liberty, then be your watchword. Let it be your sacred care and conscientious concern to bar from entrance into your homes all literature which will undermine your faith and lower your ideals of Catholic life; literature, whether French, English or German, which will endanger the intellectual and moral health of your sons and daughters. Be ever the first to protest against the license of the pen at home or abroad; to applaud



our peerless President's efforts to prevent the scandalous publication of the lubricous details of court proceedings; be the first to lend the moral support of your hearty approval to those fearless police officers who clean out those brooding nests of social corruption, realistic book shops, which defile our streets and trains, and spread moral pestilence broadcast.

As Moses needed the assistance of his companions to hold his arms uplifted in prayer on the sacred mount while the army of God's people was striving and gloriously winning the cause of the right, so, too, do our providentially appointed social and religious leaders and defenders, whether presidents, policemen, priests or bishops, need the sustaining force of a strong and enlightened public conscience, whose fine but strong fibers, like threads of steel, are the deep-rooted convictions, the fearless loyalty and unhesitating profession of the social and religious faith of every well-taught and thoroughly Christian man and woman in the land.

But I would not have you active only in the adoption of measures of repression. You have positive duties toward your own mental and aesthetic elevation as well as toward the claims of Catholic authorship. Let me urge you to nourish, to strengthen, and beautify your minds by reading that which is best in good French literature, for that which is best in good French literature is the best that any literature affords on the important score of lofty religious inspiration and artistic finish. Adorn your homes with the masterpieces of Catholic art; feed your minds, refine your affections, and cultivate your taste by reading the books, the magazines, and newspapers that are now creating that distinctly English and American Catholic literature, which it should be your ambition to promote in view of your own mental and spiritual elevation, in view of the cementing of the ideal homes of our land, and finally in view of rearing saints for the Church and patriotic citizens for the State.

---

**Fiat Lux.**

**G. Kiley, '11.**

"Let there be light" the Father said  
"Let there be light" and light was made;  
The light that each morn heralds day;  
The light that drives dark night away;  
The light that moves the birds to sing;  
The light that guides them on the wing.  
The light that on one Christmas morn  
Dispelled long night when Christ was born.





# PIUS X



R. PLANTE, 09



WHEN we look into the far distant past, along the path years have traced since the time of the apostles, we cannot fail to notice that the rulers of the Catholic world have at all times arrested the attention, the love and veneration, or the hatred and denunciation of men and nations. As it might be expected of the vicars of Christ, who was a sign of contradiction, and a cause of salvation and of condemnation for many, the popes have been at all times the objects both of loving veneration and of hateful execration. Never has this been truer perhaps than since the days of the saintly Pius IX, who became the first prisoner of the vatican. Few popes have been more ill-used by their enemies, and few have gained a more abiding place in the deep sympathies of their friends.

There still hovers over the intellectual world the glow of one of the greatest scholars of the church, Leo XIII. There is not a great school but yet feels the influence which this Lumen Coeli has exerted upon the minds of men. And it is not rash to assert that the glorious Pius X is destined to surpass even his two illustrious predecessors in the distinctly apostolic career which he is but now inaugurating. In the many movements towards reform in Church observances, his piety is obvious. From the moment that he assumed the pontifical dignity and began to wield the world wide power of Peter, his great aim has been this: "To restore all things in Christ." Is not this a grandly pious and piously grand sentiment? Indeed, already he has done much in this regard. Pius X had been elected but a short time when the papers scattered the news that the pope was preaching in the streets of Rome, teaching catechism, and speaking to all who came to hear on the most edifying subjects. How beautiful it is to see even only in mind the great white shepherd feeding his sheep from his very hand!

Our holy father, a little later, makes his work take a wider range, and makes provisions against those numerous abuses which lessen piety. His first step in this direction was the reform of Church music. This he corrected by the publication of a book of sacred chant. Another which to us all should be of vital interest is his decree regarding daily communion. To better accomplish the end of his motto this practice, I think, is the most effective. By this Pope Pius entirely overthrows the Jansenist doc-



trine, for not only does he earnestly request this practice but has also condemned all theologians who would attempt to teach otherwise; he has expressed himself in terms that we must consider as final in this question. We can never approach too often to the source of truth to draw from it in deep draughts, strength for our very needy soul. Our holy father wishes us to resume the practice of the primitive Christians who were daily communicants. In time of persecution the precious body and blood of Christ was even entrusted to the faithful who would communicate each other. He moreover urges another most beneficial practice, of visiting the blessed sacrament; it goes hand in hand with the first. I would be unduly lengthening this consideration were I to speak of the encouragement given in our holy father's letters to the devotion to our blessed lady, to jubilees, to novenas, to tridiums, and numerous other practices which have suggested themselves to him in his earnest work of "restoring all things in Christ." These few practices are sufficient to convince us of the deep piety which animates our sovereign pontiff.

But we may admire him still more if we consider him in another light. He stands before the world as the firm pillar of truth, a zealous guardian of the truth in all its integrity. He is the rock upon which Christ built His Church, and which shall withstand all the serried forces of hell-born error. He is like to the oak, firm and strong, which though the wind and storms strip it of its foliage and leave its boughs bare, still when the sky grows clear and the sun shoots forth its rays through its branches, it still stands there a noble victor, the invincible king of the forest. The bare form seems but to add to its strength. Pope Pius X is daily proving himself a fearless assailant of error. Just a short time ago he has issued an encyclical on "Modernism," a condemnation of fashionable errors of the day, and has thereby set the civilized world thinking. I say it is a fearless attack on these teachers of ingenious theories, because they appear as veritable Goliaths of terrible strength. But the Church as a teacher has assailed them in their own camp and has crippled their power. They now stand disarmed and branded as enemies of all good, though, unfortunately, many of them were of her own fold. Because they were "men who belonged to the Church teaching, the work of sowing unfaith." Surely it could not be supposed that the Church would tolerate in her pale these heretics for the sake of ignoble peace, when she has cut off such men as Tertullian, Origen, Arius, and a great number of eminent men. How could the Church that has dared to lose England by condemning Henry VIII ever be afraid to suffer the loss of these few for the sake of truth, whose integrity she is sworn sacredly to guard?



Our holy father revealed to us his deep concern for the preservation of the unblemished purity of revealed truth in another decree entitled the "Syllabus." It contains the condemnation of the errors which are considered likely to take root and corrupt the purity of our faith. These errors regard the interpretation of scriptures, inspiration, errors concerning the four gospels, and the divine constitution of the Church. As might be expected, it has been the cause of much criticism. But the Church is firm, and will not for a moment hesitate.

Some of the modern thinkers accuse the "papacy of being an enemy to modern progress." If they mean that sort of progress which consists simply in moving forward whatever be its goal, and whatever be its basic principles, then indeed the Church is its bitter enemy, and will combat without any truce the vile principles of modernists. Our holy father thinks that progress worthy of the name only which "is orderly and depends upon certain fixed truths of philosophy and religion." And was not the time ripe for such energetic action as Pius X is taking? One of our dailies lately published an article, one chapter of which states the view of a skeptic. "We wish to impress upon you that we are just as sincere as you are in our belief that Jesus (the God) is a myth; that prayer is a superstition; that God (he, she, it, or them) is a possibility, but in any case beyond human comprehension; that the bible was invented by the clergy; etc." When such blasphemous statements are circulating abroad can we wonder that Pius X has spoken to rouse Christendom, and put it on its guard against these destroyers of our faith? And again, you have read of his recent legislation on marriage; but to develope and do justice to all these subjects would require a series of lengthy discourses.

From these enactments we cannot fail to recognize in our common father a great zeal in guarding the truth, and in warding off all that could in the least rob it of its integrity. Hand in hand with authority are trials, and our holy pontiff is not without them. The difficult situation of France is to him a constant source of trouble and anxiety. The penniless clergy are greatly dependent upon him for support and in consequence he has refused to take Peter's Pence, and is even assisting from vatican funds the impoverished clergy. In Italy he remains a prisoner and the day seems far distant when the sovereign pontiff will again be allowed the freedom which his predecessors have enjoyed.

But trials purify men. They bring out the purifying qualities of the man, they show forth the strength of his character. And our present pope bravely battling against adversity offers the world a spectacle that is full of moral grandeur. Nothing can move him to abate one jot of the attitude he has taken up, to



swerve one iota from the path of duty he has so far unfalteringly trodden. And in spite of the countless obstacles that have lately been thrown across his path, he continues undaunted, forging his way to that eminence of sanctity and of highest wisdom which is the favorite shrine of the vicars of Christ. When we consider his piety and note the fearlessness with which Pius X condemns the errors of the modernists notwithstanding the criticisms and taunts of thousands; when we reflect that if truth is in question his is the language of uncompromise and that he is as fearless in asserting the truth and exposing error as that ONE who called the Pharisees whited sepulchres, then it is that we begin to realize that this champion of truth and of whatever is grand and whatever is good claims our unbounded love and admiration; then it is we begin to realize how entirely he deserves and should receive our loyal support and help; then it is we realize how fervently we should pray that he long be spared to the world.



### JUST A HINT.

G. Kiley, '11.

If because you can't handle an instrument  
You have to get out of the band,  
Don't knock all the rest of the players  
Just because they don't play extra grand.  
Perhaps they're no better than you are  
There's no one to doubt it at all,  
But for pity's sake don't be a knocker  
Just because you've been pushed to the wall.  
If in life you can't be a bell cow  
But just have to fall in behind  
Don't bite at the rest of the bovines  
Just because they're a luckier kind.  
Perhaps you're a true enough Jersey,  
Keep thinking it's so all you like;  
But for pity's sake don't knock the leader  
Just because your own standing's not right.  
If you can't boost a fellow don't knock him  
It will do you no good if he fall  
For knocking is nothing but self-praise  
And that isn't real praise at all.



# CHARACTER STUDY OF HAMLET

J. V. WALSH, '09



HE thought that rises uppermost in our minds, on witnessing or reading the tragedy of Hamlet, or as Schlegel very well calls it, the "tragedy of thought," is concerning the mental condition of Hamlet; whether, on taking into consideration his strange action and puzzling behavior, he is really mad—or simulates madness for the purpose of avenging his father's "foul and most unnatural murder?" This question is one which has received much attention and although the concensus of opinion is that Hamlet was really mad, not feigning, still I cannot reconcile myself to any such conviction.

On hearing the story of the ghost, Hamlet is filled with horror. What torments pierce his soul when the ghost of his own father relates to him the facts of his murder. His first desire is for revenge; his first impulse, to kill the king; but the spirit of his father admonishes him that,

"But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught."

This passage, I believe, has much bearing on Hamlet's subsequent action. First, because it admonishes him, in the heat of excitement occasioned by the revelations the ghost has just made, that much is to be gained by time and thought; that to follow his natural impulse, to kill Claudius, the king, would be not so much the killing of the guilty as the murder of the proof; so Hamlet sees no other way to attain his end than by silence.

Come what may, he must, he can use no other arts than manly arts. Observe, then in what a dreadful dilemma he is placed; he must punish; it is his most sacred duty to punish a crime which it is not possible for him to prove, and yet which must not be punished till it is proved. His strong, clear head instantly takes in the whole truth of his situation; comprehends, at a glance, the entire case in all its details and bearings. All this may well fill him, as indeed it does, with the most excruciating and inevitable agony. and, while he thus lives in torture, his mighty sufferings, even because he is so strong, arouse all his faculties and permit not a particle of the intellectual man to be lost.

After the disappearance of the ghost Marcellus and Horatio



await Hamlet to learn what has been said. To many, Hamlet's actions, at this time, are puzzling, but to me he acts rationally enough. He has sworn to remember all that has been told him and furthermore he goes on to say;

"I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saw of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain  
Unmixed with baser matter."

From now on Hamlet lives in another world and is himself another man; the aim and aspiration, that before were his greatest delight, he now renounces; where before there was joy, now life shall be one long hazy, uncertain, sorrowful mist; the mind that heretofore had been taken up, engrossed with the duties and pleasures of life, is now centered on that one, sacred, all-absorbing task—enjoined, as it were, by heaven itself; the avenging of his father's death. Could not the above quoted passage of Hamlet, "to wipe away all trivial fond records," account for his cruel and harsh treatment of the fair and pathetic Ophelia? When life to him was sweet and joyful, and no shadow of pain or sorrow obscured that pathway; when all things were to him as lovely and as fair as he was free and joyous; when his mind, from every slightest care distracted, was at liberty to roam at will,—ah—then how he loved Ophelia! But now this is all past. Life is no longer sweet; he is not the joyful youth of yesterday; his mind is burdened with a task the accomplishment of which necessitates the wiping away of "all trivial fond records." And the love he deemed so precious till now, when compared with his appointed task he considers a "trivial fond record" and rudely brushes it aside!

Allowing his mind no other exercise than the concocting, the formulating of plans wherein "to catch the conscience of the king" he naturally saw that people would adjudge him mentally unbalanced, and, for fear Marcellus or Horatio might possibly relate what apparently had caused his seeming aberration, he takes the following precautions to prevent any report from reaching the king. He compels Marcellus and Horatio to swear not to reveal to any one what they have seen or heard and as for his subsequent actions, he says,

"How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—  
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on,—



That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As 'Well, well, we know', or 'We could an if we would,'  
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, and if they might,'  
Or such ambiguous giving out to note  
That you know aught of me; this not to do,  
Swear!"

Surely, here Hamlet shows his shrewdness. I believe he had already formed his mode of procedure, and knowing that his subsequent actions, in view of the many queer and puzzling frames of mind in which his secret promised to put him, would be mistaken for insanity, and not being able to disclose the reasons—the causes of his melancholy acts—without thereby putting the king on his guard, he took precautions that the only other two who knew of them should be kept silent also, for fear the king learn of the appearance of the ghost concurrent with his queer behavior.

By all concerned in the play Hamlet, of course, is thought to be mad; that is, by all except the king who, though not sure, suspects that his manner is assumed to hide some hostile design; and, as we know by Marcellus, and again by Horatio, to whom Hamlet has told everything that passed between him and the ghost, and who, therefore, know full well that Hamlet is not mad but sorely troubled and discomposed.

Polonius, that wise, pedantic meddlesome old intriguer, I might say, the relic of his younger days, for as we see, he was a man "knowing in retrospect, but ignorant in fore-thought," although he deemed Hamlet a lunatic, with a very wise countenance and an all-knowing assurance exclaims;

"Though this be madness, yet  
There is method in't."

Of course we, in the theater, knowing the king's guilt, wish ardently to see him punished. But we must consider that the guilt of the king is known to no one in the play excepting Gertrude, his queen, not even to Hamlet, who thus is placed in a dilemma, which has much to do with the actions of the play throughout; and who, if he accused the king, would have only the word of the ghost and his own accusation to support his claim. If Hamlet followed this course then he could well be said to be insane. On the other hand, the impulse to kill the king would be, as I have said before, not so much the killing of the guilty as a murder of the proof. Furthermore, if he followed such a plan of ac-



tion how would he be judged? With the right of accession to the throne; if he killed the king, although retribution demanded it, but having no proof whatever to show that the deed was a manifestly righteous act, would not he be judged insane? Most assuredly he would! Thus there remains but one course for Hamlet to follow; to wait most patiently, to think, to trap the king's conscience; or to make him, drive him to "proclaim his malefactions." On Hamlet's mind this enforced inaction has almost a crazing effect. He desires to act—it is his duty to act—but circumstances are such that to do so, yet, would be the height of folly; so he seeks what relief he can, by scolding, arraigning himself before himself.

Rev. Henry N. Hudson, L. L. D., a very close student and observer of Shakespeare, and a man who has published many treatises and essays on subjects relative to the dramas of the Bard of Statford-on-Avon, expresses as his opinion that "it is not that an intellectual impetuosity, or a redundancy of thought, cripples, or in any way retards Hamlet's powers of action. but that the utter impossibility of acting, without covering himself, in all human account, with the guilt of parricide and regicide, prodigiously stimulates and quickens his powers of thought and keeps his splendid intellect in an incessant transport of exercise."

When Guildenstern and Rosencrantz inform Hamlet that some players are coming to Elsinore; he divines that their visit is not solely to inform him of this fact, but to keep him company, at the earnest solicitations of the queen, his mother. "I beseech you, instantly to visit my too-much-changed son" she exclaims. Rather than tempt them to any breach of confidence, Hamlet tells them clearly why they were sent to him, divines their visit and exclaims,

"I have of late—but wherefore I know not,  
Lost all my mirth; foregone all custom of exercise,  
And, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition,  
That this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory;

This most excellent canopy, the air  
Look you, this o'er hanging firmament,  
This majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why—  
It appears no other thing to me  
Than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.  
What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason!  
How infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and  
admirable!

In action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!  
The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!



And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust?  
Man delights not me, no—nor woman neither,  
Though by your smiling you seem to say so.”

Thus we get a good glance of the honorable character of Hamlet; but, treating of his sanity! to utter such a eulogy on man; to present to our amazing gaze such a picture, assembling as he does, by a master stroke of genius, all that is great, spiritual and elevated in man; to be able to do this, surely, is not the working of a crazed mind, but one controlled by sane, firm and logical judgment.

To the last few quoted lines of Hamlet, Rosencrantz replied that he had nothing of the kind in his mind, but since Hamlet “delights not in man,” he surmises, “what lenten entertainment the player shall receive from him.” Contrary, however, to the expectations of both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet receives the players warmly, and inquires of them if they could play “The Murder of Gonzaga.” In being told they could, he tells them to be prepared to act it next day.

Through this play, then, Hamlet will seek decisive proof; direct confirmation of the story of the ghost, by playing, as it were, on the king’s conscience. His guilt is to entangle him, by an inward law, in a series of diabolical machinations; remorse is to disconcert his judgment and put him to desperate shifts.

The sagacity and shrewdness which is shown by Hamlet in plotting, combined with the cunning and skill with which he executes his plans—show, not the workings of a disordered mind, but of one above the ordinary; artful, great, and above all things, perfectly sane. In pursuance of the thought wherein he hopes to trap the king he continues,

I’ve heard,

That guilty creatures at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions;  
For murder though it has no tongue, wilt speak  
With most miraculous organ. I’ll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle: I’ll observe his looks;  
I’ll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,



Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

The only one to whom Hamlet tells his design is Horatio, who all along has known what a dreadful strain Hamlet has been under, and to whom Hamlet now says;—

"Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen.  
Give him heedful note;  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face  
And after we will both our judgment join  
In censure of his seeming."

"Had Hamlet acted," says James Russell Lowell, "instead of musing how good it would be to act, the king might have been the only victim; as it is, all the main actors in the story are the fortuitous sacrifice of his irresolution."

But I ask, how could Hamlet act at this time? Would the people of Denmark deem his accusation, founded on the revelation of a spirit, sufficient proof of their king's guilt to warrant his murder? Assuredly not!  
On meeting Horatio, Hamlet exclaims;

"O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word  
For a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?"

In the interview with his mother Hamlet is certainly wrought to a high degree of feeling and emotion. From her he would wring the decisive confirmation of Claudius' guilt. He would "turn her eyes into her very soul" and thereby make her tell all. He would, by his burning eloquence; scorching expostulation, righteous indignation, and the overwhelming scene of wrong which actuated him, raise her from the position into which, whether innocently or purposely he knows not, she has fallen. He is indeed, angry and why not? Did not the action of his mother, in her marriage, "weight upon him, oppressing his soul with unutterable grief and shame, and filling his mind with irrepressible suspicions and divinings of foul play!"

While Hamlet is speaking to his mother the ghost, unseen by her, speaks to him. His mother, seeing or hearing nothing, exclaims;—

"This is the very coinage of your brain;  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in."



To which Hamlet replies:

“Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music.”

And again;

“Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.”

Thus we have Hamlet's own words, very explicitly, that his mother would think him insane, when he speaks to her of her faults; that she would judge his words as the “very coinage of his brain” as she imagined it.

No! Hamlet is not mad, as many claim, and as has been often argued. At times his actions are what would be called melancholy. But why not? In the dreadful dilemma into which he is thrown; able to move neither forward nor backward; with his heart being gnawed by an irrepressible desire of revenge; his prudence and self-control assailed at every turn by the energy of passion, is it at all strange that he should go into fits of distemper and melancholy? Hamlet's conduct has been feigned throughout. And it does not necessarily follow that because he enacts the part as perfectly as he does that consequently he must be insane. “If,” says James Russell Lowell, “Shakespeare himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms, as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself?”

That Hamlet's behavior throughout has been assumed seems to be borne up by his dying words, when he exclaims;—“Had I but time—O, I could tell you—But let it be—Horatio,—I am dead; Thou livest; report me and my cause aright,—To the unsatisfied.” Even in his dying moments he knew he would be misjudged; be accredited a murderer and lunatic so he longs, a natural desire, to have his name “sweet in the mouths; his memory fragrant and precious, in the hearts, of his countrymen.” He appeals;—

“O good, Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.”



# HORATIO'S AFFINITY

EMMETT CONWAY, '08



HAT'S all dope," said "Butts" Bowler, as he tossed aside the evening paper and elevated his feet to the top of a table well stocked with magazines and papers. Around this table were gathered a few members of the "Give and Take" club who were whiling away the early hours of a fall afternoon. "What?" asked Simpson, seizing the paper and scanning its columns. Simpson was always on the alert for a story or a lively discussion. "Why that article about people being stung by the affinity bug and discovering, suddenly, that they can no longer be happy in their present condition but must seek out a certain person designated as their 'affinity.' "That might have a plausible sound to the ears of our humble undergrad friend yonder," added Bowler, nodding towards young Hannon, who had cautiously intruded upon the Senior circle, "but you can't expect a member of our Senior class to place any confidence in such talk."

"Well, you might become interested in less plausible doctrines," remarked Noonan,—star member of the Ananias club. "I'm not a believer in affinity myself, but if you have no objections, I'd like to submit a little incident which happened last spring and hear your views on it."

"Sure" said Ramey, "On with the music. The tribunal is now ready to hear your story."

"The story runneth thusly," said Noonan, smiling good-naturedly on his audience. "Out in the villiage of Hessex, on the Kankakee river, there lives an old cobbler who has spent about thirty years of his life in repairing the villiage footwear and still has work before him. His is the simple life. Beyond his shop the only influence he exercised was through his son, Horatio Herman—the terror of the town. Horatio was the life of the villiage; the irrepressible, untamed, selfwinding villiage cut-up and anything else you wanted to call him. Among his young friends he was a hero but to the elders he was known as a 'pesky youngster'. Whenever there was any excitement among the young people of Hessex, the trail always led to Horatio. Whether it was carrying off the gates on Hallowe'en or locking the town marshal in his own jail, Horatio always engineered the deal or at least received the blame. But brave and fearless as he seemed to be, there was in him a natural fear, which, at times, caused him



great misery—and that was his fear of girls. They struck a terrible fear into his heart; he feared and avoided them at all times, striving in vain to overcome his one dread, even abandoning the school-room on account of their everlasting presence; for since the day when his teacher, aware of his only source of weakness, had forced him to sit for half an hour in the same seat with the grocer's daughter, he had not returned to school nor opened a book. Which gave him all the more time to think out adventures.

"So much for the boyhood days of our hero. On the next canvas you see him as a man. Of course he would appear quite rustic and uncultured among a group like the present distinguished gathering, but in the ordinary and informal mode of existing in Hesse, he was the real, genuine and untarnished article, with self-approval stamped on his tanned face. He was considered a fine fellow so long as companions were of his own kind but as soon as a member of the opposite sex appeared—exit Horatio. He simply couldn't overcome this natural fear. Did he work? Not he. O! yes, he was willing but he couldn't quite harmonize the idea of work with his system of philosophy. You see he believed in the old Chinese custom of the son adopting the trade of the father. But in the many attempts his father had made to teach him the tricks of shoemaking, he always proved to be more of a nuisance than a benefit and, finally, in despair, the old man gave up. Then rather than dishonor the name of his father by adopting another trade he decided not to take up any line of work. But the time did not pass slowly for him; not at all. He furnished information, in abundance, to the few salesmen who stopped at the town and often acted as guide for hunting and fishing expeditions. But when these pleasures were denied him and he tired of the hard and unsociable cracker-boxes along the main thoroughfare, he would procure a rod and line and, seeking out the shade of some large tree along the river bank, would sit and stare for hours into the placid water. Among the many strangers who spent part of the summer at the river he was regarded as a unique character, but it was only the male members of these parties who got within speaking distance.

"Now, you're thinking that this hasn't got much to do with affinity but be patient. You know before we enter into a serious study of a deep subject we must first—"

"Save the lecture and give us the story," exclaimed Simpson impatiently.

"Very well" continued Noonan. "Dispensing with the introductory remarks, which you so rudely rejected, let me ask you to picture to yourselves a beautiful bend in this river which I have mentioned. It is a beautiful spring day, excellent for fish-



ing. There is the tree; and there is Horatio, fishing. For some unaccountable reason his luck had been poor and, discouraged, he cast the line for the last time, determined to leave the spot if he again failed. Suddenly his experienced hand felt the weight of something on the line! Carefully he pulled the line towards him, fearful, lest in his excitement he would lose his catch. Slowly and cautiously he shortened the distance between him and his prey; he felt that this was no ordinary catch; his face was flushed with excitement; his heart throbbed with enthusiasm"—

"Play something soft and sentimental," said Ramey to Fowler who was seated at the piano.

"A moment more," continued Noonan, "and the prize was his. With a dexterous movement of the wrist, he switched the remainder of the line through the air and cast on the ground a small—black—" he paused.

"Bass," exclaimed Simpson eagerly.

"Nope, a bottle," replied Noonan seriously as he gazed at the tip of his shoe.

"Is that all?" asked Hannon dissatisfiedly.

Noonan looked sharply at Hannon and said, "Kids in the ten-cent seats must not ask questions." Then he continued, "for a while Horatio stood bewildered unable to understand the situation. Then composing himself, he cautiously examined the bottle as though it were an infernal machine. Finally, dispelling his fears he removed the seal and cork, turned the mouth to the ground and eagerly pounced upon a small round object which rolled forth. To all appearances it was a small ball of cord, dry and well preserved. Something told him to unwind the mysterious article and, following this bright idea, he worked for some time until in his hand he held a small, neatly folded paper. With the intuition of a great detective he opened and read:

Muncie, Ind., March 12, 19—

Dear Mr. Angler.

This is your lucky day. You have a string on me. I have a line set for you.

SUSIE GILROY, 632 — St.

"Gee!" exclaimed Horatio when he finally found his voice. "What do you think of that? Wonder who Mr. Angler is? Then he was seized with an idea. He would deliver the note to the gentleman of that name. He couldn't quite understand its meaning but he fancied it was from a maiden in distress. Perhaps she was marooned on some desert isle or bandits were holding her for ransom. At any rate he must act. He ran eagerly towards town, never once stopping until he reached the village grocery.

"Say Bill," he gasped to his confidential chum, the clerk, "Who's Mr. Angler?"



"Angler," answered Bill, becoming imbued with his friend's excitement, "he ain't—he is—he ain't nobody. I mean he's anybody."

"Wha-a-at?"

"He's anybody as goes in for fishin'."

"Then who's this letter for? Look!" and he produced the note.

"Whew!" exclaimed Bill as he laboriously spelled out the words. "Say! Horatio, this is from a girl."

"I know it," said Horatio. "That's what scared me."

"It belongs to you 'cause you got it. You oughter write to her."

"I wouldn't dare," gasped Horatio as he left the store vainly endeavoring to be calm.

"Once outside the door he made a mad break, rushed hurriedly to his home and locked himself in his room. Then, sure that he was alone, he sat down to think it out. How different things seemed. He was aglow with excitement yet all his old time fears seemed to have deserted him. For once he felt that he would be able to face a member of the opposite sex, without fear. Then he calmly and deliberately performed an act which he had never before done. He wrote and sealed and mailed a letter to a woman!"

"To make a long story short—he received a favorable answer and they're married now. All during the summer Horatio made weekly trips to Muncie and one day he returned with his wife. And the villagers are still wondering. They have never heard anything about affinity and hence they can't explain the sudden change which came over the village woman-hater. But they were affinities and were bound to meet. You ought to see them now. They have a mansion built right near the river where Horatio made the catch, and are living in ease and luxury. And all on account of that little invisible affinity bug."

Noonan rose, yawned and walked towards the door. "It's nearly three o'clock," he said, "I'll have to report for football practice."

"Say," asked Simpson, "how do your friends manage to live so comfortably? Has Horatio gone to work or does the old man support both?"

"Neither, you chump. This wouldn't be an affinity affair if he didn't acquire wealth. Poor men don't have affinities. But her father had money enough to have it known as an affinity match and now they have nothing to do but spend it. So long. See you later."

And the members of the G. and T. sat long and peacefully in profound silence.



# MANUEL, THE WITLESS

G. KILEY, '11



**W**HAT Senor! You would know the story of Manuel, he of the chattering lips and feeble mind? Ah Senor! In Mexico one speaks little of such things, but—more mescal, Juan, you shall hear the story. It was in Monteray, Senor that Manuel first saw the light of day, Heaven was cruel to him—very cruel for before even the beard had begun to show itself on laughing cheeks, he was changed, Senor, changed from the light-hearted beautiful boy to that thing, as you see him now, a pitiful, harmless, mockery of what should have been a man.

That was forty years ago Senor, though to some of us it is as yesterday; even now when the boys of the village are playing only as boys will, I think of him, Senor, not as he is but as he was long years ago; Ah! he was a boy as you of the States would say, after my own heart, full of life, quick to take a dare and proud, Senor proud of his name, proud of his nerve, and proud of the long glossy hair that was his, for Manuel's hair was the finest in Monteray. Ah Senor! it is indeed sad, sad to think that—But you tire of my rambling and here is the mescal let us drink to the soul of Manuel.

Let me think, it was in summer; I remember now, the sun was very low in the west when that which was Manuel's sunset first was mentioned. We had been to the river swimming and were returning laughing and singing to our homes when it all began. On the way to the river, Senor, one must pass the big graveyard and this day as usual, as the white tombstones showed on the hill, the laughing stopped and the talk died down to awe struck whispers. It is the same, Senor, with all us Mexicans, perhaps it is respect for the dead; perhaps it is fear; superstition, call it as you will, enough that it is there. There was one though, who this time felt no fear, and it was Manuel. Perhaps he saw in the faces of his companions a chance to be called very brave for he laughed, Senor; laughed at the very gate of the graveyard and called us "girls" for being afraid. Judge of our surprise, Senor, to hear this from a Mexican, we to whom the awe of the dead is like unwritten law but he had called us girls, so we were glad when Carlos, son of the blacksmith, spoke up. "Brave Manuel" he said, "Your words are brave but dare you come at midnight to this place and kneeling on the thirteenth mound bow



three times to earth?" Ah Senor, here indeed was a sharp thorn. Some say that Manuel paled a little; perhaps he did; it is but natural, for some things are hard, Senor, very hard for a Mexican, but Manuel's pride was great so he agreed to do as Carlos had said.

A light Senor? Your cigarette burns low; Where was I now. Ah yes—Midnight came and with it Manuel and four of us to the graveyard by the river-road. There had been many more that afternoon but now some cared not to go; perhaps they were sleepy; who knows. We reached the big iron gate and soon Manuel alone was picking his way through the cactus that grew about the place while we waited breathless on the outside, he counted thirteen stones and then knelt down; we could see him plainly in the moonlight from where we stood. He seemed to hesitate then Senor but only for a moment for as we looked he bent low to the ground in the first bow and then straightening up, threw back his long hair proudly. I remember how it flashed in the moonbeams. He bent again for the second bow this time seeming to go even lower than the first, but as he started to rise—Oh! will I ever forget it!—something seemed to have grasped him by the hair; he jerked frantically for a moment then giving up fell shrieking across the grave; shrieks Senor that sounded to us waiting as the cries of a lost spirit. It was enough for the four at the gate, we waited no longer but ran horror-stricken to our beds.

Ah Senor some things are hard to tell. In the morning they found him lying across the thirteenth mound, his eyes staring blankly at the sky above; heaven had let him live but what a life. His wits had left him sometime during the night and he lay there now chattering foolishly; a harmless mockery of a man.

They went to lift him but his long hair held fast to the cactus by the side of the grave just as it had caught and held fast the night before. They untangled it but Manuel never knew. That was forty years ago and Manuel is still the same. Ah Senor this fear or superstition—What is it you say? Imagination? Call it as you will it is indeed an awful thing.





# THE VIATORIAN

*Published monthly by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois*

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

---

Editor in Chief—J. DOUGHERTY, '08.

Alumni—C. MAHONEY, '08.

Exchanges—EMMETT CONWAY, '08.

Societies—A. SAVARY, '09.

Athletics—G. KILEY, '11.

Personals—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—D. McAULIFFE, '09.

---

*Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter*

---

*All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

*Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.*

*All business communications should be addressed. Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

---

## EDITORIALS.

---

The Viatorian wishes everyone the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year, and do you Dear Reader, pass on this salutation of this most hallowed and joyous season. We know not how much good the repetition of this **Greeting.** holiday greeting may do. We cannot guess how many friendless and forlorn persons there are to whom the sound of these words would be dearer than anything else in the world, yet probably there will be no one to wish them a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. A kind word, a word of good cheer, has a value that can scarcely be estimated: it is worth more than all the treasure that has ever been unearthed, because it touches the soul, it reaches to the heart. We students, who have not such cares as those who battle in the outside world, should at this season, do what we can to lighten the burdens of our fellow-men. Let us during our holiday vacation do all in our power to cheer those who are sharing the cares of the world; let us have a kind word for everyone, and good will toward this old world generally.



Perhaps no "home coming" is more joyously anticipated and



hopefully looked for by parents than the one at this time of the year when their sons return for the Christmas vacation. Family traditions as well as religious features make the occasion a hallowed one; and it is a source of happiness and pride to parents to see each laughing countenance in its place at the festal board. But the return of their sons is looked forward to with hopes that they come back to them with the ripened fruits of a well spent term at school. The gratification of these hopes will bring them far more pleasure than the rareties of beverage or viands so let us do all in our power to contribute to the social contentment, to the happiness of the time and the home by striving to meet the expectations of those who have centered all their hopes in us. Let us carry home our bundle of fagots to add to the blaze on the family hearth.



The Viatorian cannot subsist on calorific atmosphere. it must have your moral, literary, and last but not least your financial support. In the first place encourage your college paper. Contribute an article once in a while, it will help the Viatorian, and at the same time it will help you. Finally every student should lend his financial support to the college publication, by being a subscriber. Do not impose upon your neighbor by borrowing his paper, probably he wishes to keep it, and you too will want a copy of the Viatorian to re-read when you have gone from Alma Mater, if you have any true college spirit in you. You have no right whatever to criticize the college journal unless you are a supporter of it. Give the Viatorian your support, and its staff encouragement, if you wish to see the college paper steadily improve.

---

### WAIT.

---

D. McAuliffe, '09.

The youth who stands about the "gym" and never tastes of sport;  
 The lad who's always dreaming of the girl he used to court;  
 The jay who's left the harvest and has come away to school  
 The doll who's known to all of us as "mamma's precious jewel"—  
 Each has some noble trait in him if we could find it out  
 Perhaps the college life is soil to make a good plant sprout.





## Athletic Notes



### Basketball.

Now that the class league has been organized things have begun to take on a brighter aspect. Indeed, it is no longer an unusual sight to see a writhing, twisting mass of collarless humanity wrestling in the center of the gym floor. At first the interested visitor is at a loss to discover the reason but he has but to be patient and soon a tan inflated ball will roll unheeded away from the mass; that is the basket ball, strangers, and this seemingly deadly conflict is merely a basket ball game between our rival classes. It is undoubtedly refreshing to see so much interest centered in one game and yet this intense interest is shown in a game so strenuous that it looks to us very much like the pace that kills. Far be it from us to grow pessimistic but somehow or other a little bird seems to prophesy a big dropping off in the present enthusiasm which will consign inter-class basketball to an early grave.

So far the Freshman class has shown up about the best by defeating easily their upper classmen. We refrain, through charity, from quoting the scores. The big boys claim that basketball requires no intellectual effort while the "Freshies" lay their success to the fact that their brainier opponents are getting too old and feeble for the game.

It seems a pity that the first team has not yet been organized, especially with such a "raft" of material developing in the league games, but such is the sad state of affairs. There has been a rumor around to the effect that we would not support a varsity squad this year but that kind of talk should be confined to the locals where the other jokes are recorded. The team will get together for at least smaller games, a little late, but better late than never.

Of this seasons finds "I" Rice's work is perhaps the most promising. "I" handles the ball well and seldom fails to land a basket. Rainey, Slattery, and Kiley of last year's squad will probably come in for places again this season but Conway, the crack guard has announced his intention of not playing. Kelley and "Art" Slattery, center and forward of last year's team did not return. The team loses valuable men in this triumvirate of stars, but with a little hard work it ought to make good.

Stack and O'Connell of baseball fame have been seen stealth-



ily tossing baskets. But both men refuse to be interviewed so mystery dark and impenetrable surrounds them.

### Minims 16, Juniors 10.

The Minims are not letting valuable time slip by but have organized a speedy little team. December 8 was the date of their first game and as usual with the youngsters ended in a victory. They played the Juniors second team and both teams put up a neat game. Of the Minims Parker and Jacobi played a star game at forward while William's defense was good. Long played the strong game for the Juniors.

Minims	Lineup.	Juniors.
C. Parker	R. forward	Long
G. Jacobi	L. forward	Curley
J. Shaefer	center	O'Conner
J. Williams	R. guard	Fernekes
G. Lyons	L. guard	Smith
Baskets—Juniors, Long 3; Smith 2. Minims—Parker 5; Jacobi 3.		



As the exchanges continue to pour in we cannot but notice and deplore the lack of articles of literary excellence which is so evident in some of our contemporaries. Many of them while deficient in this respect abound in short stories but even then we cannot pass unnoticed the want of more classical reading. True the field of college letters is performing a noble work if it cultivates and improves the young student in the work of producing brief and entertaining stories but a more worthy and beneficial end would be accomplished if it produced men and women capable of writing forceful and logical essays and editorials. These are much needed in our journals and are too seldom found. The **October Buff and Blue**, in our opinion, is a serious offender in this respect. The first few pages, in which we would naturally expect to find the best articles of the publication are devoted to a very brief poem and three short stories, which are fair productions and afford a small amount of pleasure. Of course the first



number of the year is a difficult one to publish and hence we refrain from more severe criticism.

We have often read articles in journals which began, "In these days of greed and gain" etc., and in the majority of cases they have proven trite and uninteresting, it requiring considerable effort to peruse them to the end. However "**The Laurel**" for November sets forth an exceedingly interesting and cleverly written article entitled "America's Delusion" which cannot fail to hold the readers' interest. We are depicted as a "speed mad" and "dollar grasping" people, as Europeans term us, yet the writer has deviated from the old path and presents his arguments with commendable freshness. "The Ordeal" is a breezy story and becomes more impressive when we note the termination which is quite contrary to the usual "lived-happily-ever-after" ending. The article entitled "The Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope'" is a worthy treatise on Thomas Campbell and is intro-spective as well as historical.

We congratulate "**The Nazareth Chimes**" upon its first appearance as a quarterly and while we will miss its monthly appearance, still the standard set in its first number, assures us that our long wait between visits will be rewarded. We note with pleasure the new improvements in the publication. A striking cover design, neat illustrations and masterly arrangement of the material contrive to make the "Chimes" a very desirable exchange. An abundance of verse which would reflect credit upon any college publication, makes this number especially meritorious. The stories are, as a whole, attractive and well written.

**The Exponent** makes a decidedly charming appearance in its profuse and appropriate illustrations. While it is principally a Christmas number, it finds room for an excellent article on Edwin Landseer. Several worthy Christmas poems add to the interest of this well balanced number.

The appreciation of the poetry of Sidney Lanier in **The Mountaineer**, is a competent and readable article, thoroughly treated without any display of rhetorical composition. Of the two stories which are embodied in the same number we can make no such favorable comment, for both exhibit the youthful author who is over-enthusiastic in presenting the climax and seems fearful lest his hero shall fail to gain his share of the available glory. "The First Night" and "The Nun" both exhibit commendable plots, which, under competent hands could be developed into stories far more interesting than those which appeared. The original verse and translations of ancient authors, in this number, are praiseworthy efforts.



So saying, we lay aside the pen, fold our arms and dream of the rapidly approaching holidays, when the troubles of the sanctum are forgotten and friends gather around with the best wishes for the Yuletide, which same wishes for a happy vacation we wish to extend to all our brothers and sisters of the turbulent exchange world.

---

### SOME LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS.

---

Dear Santa Claus:—

Before telling you what I want allow me to call your attention to a mistake in the "History of Football" you gave me last year. Beefe was not fullback on the Standard Oil team in 1900, he was cheer-leader. Spikem was full-back in 1900. While you're at my house I wish you'd leave me a life-size statute of Ecker-soll's right foot. (Leave it where father can't see it.) Also a book of rules and advice on the gentle art of fisticuffs—both "stand-off" and "rough and tumble." I'd like a frat pin to show to the fellows.

STEVE MORGAN.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I have tried to be a good boy during the past year but the boys have given me a suspicious nick-name in spite of my stern efforts. I have discovered that it is a hard name to live down so I have decided to live up to it. I will be at home in Momence Xmas but don't let this discourage you. If you succeed in finding the place I wish you would bring me a bowie-knife and a pop-gun. Yours shudderingly,

ROWDY KLAREY.

Dear Santa Claus:—

We are three but hope this will not discourage you. We will arrange to have some one guide you to Piper City for we would hate to have you miss it. Bring us a compendium of the philosophy of Confucius (for Jim) and a novel by the "Thinking Machine"—better make it three so we can trade. Also a boy's size shotgun (for Ed) that won't kick and will hit a rabbit once in a while. While you're on the job you might bring "Nick Carter's" latest (for Leo) and a curry-comb (for the pony). We'll leave the back door open. Look out for the dog.

JAMES, EDWARD AND LEO.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I'm big for my age but I'm a direct contradiction to that rule about "good goods in small packs." I'm afraid you won't have enough goods to fill my sock so I'll borrow one from my young brother. I wish you'd bring me a pair of shoes that wont tear and a sail-boat. Don't try to come down the chimney because the janitor would catch you and he's awful cross. My McMullen's you brought me last year are still good as new.

ED. STACK.



Dear Santa Claus:—

I hope we will not be asking too much of you when we ask you to come as far out of your way as Sioux City. You needn't be afraid of the Indians they won't hurt you anymore. Bring me (Stubby) several volumes of "History of Philosophy" each by a different author, and as for me (Shorty) bring me, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and a few copies of the "Red-book." If you are in the clothing business bring us each a pair of trousers, but be sure they're not too long, as I (Stubby) am not very tall and Shorty is half an inch shorter. Also for Stubby bring an Indian, and for Shorty a barker.

Yours from the west.

STUBBY AND SHORTY.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I have been a very good little boy during the past year, and I want you to bring me a few gifts. First of all I want a batting eye, a glass arm and a book containing instructions on throwing the spit, snake, zig-zag, and invisible curves. Now don't forget to bring our athletic manager some baseball weather, and the Missouri Mules a house boat. Send Stack a pony for philosophy, and give McGuire a square deal. Don't forget.

Your little

RAYMOND BUNK.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I am only a freshman but still have thoughts and wants. I'd like to have you bring me something that would aid me in getting even with the Sophomores, arsenic or gun-powder, or a hamburger, or something like that. Also please bring me "Shippy's Pioneer days in Bourbonnais" if it is still in circulation. I live in Roy Hall and am a member of the "400". It's a gay life. RAINEY.

---

### Musings of Daddy Dan.

A man who makes a spectacle of himself is easily seen through.

A person who turns his hand to everything seldom turns it to profit.

As disease is to health, so is a knocker to a college.

A word in one's memory is worth two in the dictionary.

Christmas time is like a football game; both have plenty of good cheer.

A dull student is like an empty vessel, he makes the greatest noise.

Hair tonics are like musk melons. You have to try many before you succeed in finding a good one.

A man's health is something like an umbrella. When once lost it is hard to get back.



## LOCALS.

Ain't it so? He's a humdinger.

Congratulations Con! on the booby prize.

Nothin' from nothin' leaves who? Guess.

The Brazen Duchess has been insulted.

With the coming of winter Zero arrived.

Jim says that capital punishment has no effect upon a criminal. We would advise Jim to remember that a criminal is not a cat.

An informal lemon party was given by the 'aristocratic 400' last week. Many guests were present from the lower regions.

We are glad now that we did not play football, because a friend of ours at another college played with the result that he was half back in Physics, a full back in Greek, and a quarter back in Latin. Finally he refused to tackle back work, and he was sent to the sidelines by the prefect of studies.

Lusitania might be a fast boat on water, but we saw a boat the other day in the Kankakee river, which was certainly fast in mud.

Modern history puzzles me,  
I never can see why,  
After so very many reigns  
It still should be so dry.

Teacher—"What do you mean by laughing out loud, during the serious part of a lesson?"

Frank—"Excuse me, but I couldn't help it; my smile busted."

Every one to his own liking said Turkey as he began studying Caesar diligently.

## A Letter From Essex.

We haven't any cow no more  
Bess died, you bet it grieved us sore;  
We're going to buy another one  
As soon as we can get the mon.  
Today we gathered ail our corn,  
And it our corncrib doth adorn.  
An auto passed through town today  
We rubbered till it got away  
That's all my friends, I now can tell,  
For ma has rung the dinner bell.

DOC. BONNER.



Mike instead of playing cards was occupying a comfortable seat in a corner and,—

A youth at the party named Frazer  
Said, "Mike is it true you don't play, sir?"

At the dame by his side

Mike gazed, and replied.

"Blow wise, can't you see that I plaze 'er."

Senior—"Gee this chicken is as hard as a rock."

Junior—"Perhaps it's a Plymouth Rock."

The Senior class and the Junior class  
Played a game of basket ball,  
But the Junior class, a muscular mass  
Gave the Seniors a mighty fall.

Georgie (playing handball with Stack)—"This is a one horse game."

Our baker whose name is Arseneau,  
And who ever and always kneads dough,  
One day needed money  
And said, to be funny,  
I knead dough because I need "dough."

## A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official Athletic Supplies

*Baseball, Archery, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Roque, Lacrosse, Football, Quoits, Croquet, Golf*

### IMPLEMENTS FOR ALL SPORTS

**Spalding's Official Baseball Guide for 1907.** Edited by Henry Chadwick. The most complete and up-to-date book every published on the subject. Fully illustrated. **Price 10 Cents.**

¶Spalding's Official League Ball is the adopted ball of the National League, and must be used in all match games. ¶Every requisite for Lawn Tennis and Golf.



¶For over a quarter of a century Spalding's Trade-Mark on Baseball implements has marked the advancement of this particular sport. : : : :

### SPALDING'S TRADE-MARK

*On your Athletic Implement gives you an advantage over the other player, as you have a better article, that lasts longer and gives more satisfaction.*