

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1896.

NO. 9

PERE MARQUETTE.

A name that on history's page shines in splendor,
That's linked with our rivers, our prairies, and hills;
And wakes in our hearts a warm sunshine and tender,
From memories of childhood, sweet fragrance distills.

A name that of yore in the heart of the savage,
Respectfully waken'd more love pure and true;
Than ere felt the heart of the traitor where ravage,
Of bigotry, honor, and honesty slew.

The name of a man who shunned life's early glory,
Left home, friends, and country to kindle the flame
Of truth in the breasts of the young and the hoary,
They now would ignore, though our country t'would
shame.

To a low foreign spirit they openly pander,
His place mid our loved ones they loudly deny;
To reach their foul end they stop not to slander,
That name for whose honor full many would die.

Oh! heroic priest now mid heavenly numbers,
Think not all our nation of such men is cast;
While thou art reposing in countless years slumber,
Thy name shall remain still while others have passed.

When time in its triumph from memory shall sever
The thin-plated names of thy slanderers, yet,
As a pure golden treasure our nation will ever
Preserve in all honor the name of Marquette.

—J. H. N.

A VIEW FROM A MOUNTAIN.

In whatever condition or state we view nature, we find much that is pleasing and delightful, and much that causes our souls to thrill with wonder and admiration. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, can all find in this great masterpiece of God something which peculiarly attracts them, and from which they may draw solace when earth's troubles afflict them most deeply. While some take especial delight in viewing nature in her wrath and grandeur, as exhibited in the ocean tossed by a tempest, or in the mighty convulsions which shake the earth from pole to pole, there are few who do not experience a peculiar and sweet pleasure on beholding some charming landscape or picturesque scenery. Of all the beautiful scenes that nature has presented to me, none, perhaps, have been more pleasing or more suggestive of the true, simple, and beautiful, than one I viewed from one of her lofty mountains.

The sun was just sinking to rest, darting his fiery rays on the windows and gilded cross of the small ivy-covered church, as I and a friend entered a cozy little village at the foot of a high range of mountains. The fame of this village had reached us in a distant land, and we had made a long journey, hoping to be well repaid by the charms of this secluded resort. From early morn the snow-capped mountains had been in sight, appearing at first like clouds touching the horizon, till the break of advancing

day cleared away the mists, presenting these lofty mountains in all their majestic grandeur. It was then with joyful hearts we saw the termination of our travels and promised ourselves a grand view from their summit.

Next morning we arose with the cock crow, and partaking of a hasty breakfast, secured a guide, and began the ascent of the highest mountain which loomed up before us. The morning promised us one of those dull, sultry days on which the sun struggles fitfully to break through the heavy clouds. A thick fog was settling on the earth, and as we began following the windings of a narrow and steep path, our spirits became much dampened. We were, however, assured by our guide that ere we reached our destination the mist would be dispelled, and we would see the monarch of day in all his beauty and grandeur. Thus reassured, that our prospects were not to be blighted, we continued our journey. At times we were obliged to climb hand and foot, at others to leap deep crevices, or being stopped by some huge boulder, to retrace our steps and seek a less difficult route. At length, after two hours of incessant toil and danger, we reached the summit; then seeking a place favorable for a view, we rested and partook of some lunch. We relished this the more, as, while ascending the mountain, the air had become gradually keener and keener, until it was so rare that we breathed with great difficulty.

While we were eating, a change had taken place. The sun could be seen

In all his radiant splendor climbing a distant hill, and looking over the top; it soon scattered the gathered mist, and presented to our views one of the most beautiful sights we had ever beheld. Looking here, we beheld at our feet a lovely valley, teeming with verdure and beautiful landscapes. In the distance lay the little village, from which clouds of smoke were rolling in graceful curves through the pure air.

The inhabitants had just risen from their peaceful repose, and could be seen wending their way to their various employments. The shepherds had taken their flocks from the sheepcotes and were seeking those places where mother earth was most beautifully carpeted. Soon this little village had waked to life and gradually assumed the activity of its daily routine, and we turned elsewhere to contemplate nature.

At our right lay a thick forest where unnumbered branches were waving in the morning breeze, while their various colored leaves were fluttering in the genial sunshine. Bordering the forest stretched far away green fields bedecked with flowers of various hues, and broken only by the windings of the village road as it circled onward toward the forest. Beside us down the mountain flowed the silent stream slipping through the cleft rocks, and chiming as it fell upon the pebbles below, lost itself in matted green, which only betrayed its silent course by a livelier green. Emerging again at the village road it was joined by others whose source

could be scarcely discerned in the few drops which trickled from the sides of a huge rock, or in small springs in some secluded spot, it flowed under a rustic bridge, thence to seek through fertile fields and busy towns, its mother, the mighty ocean.

The echo of the shepherd's horn, calling together his scattered flocks, reverberated from hill to hill, from cliff to cliff, and caused us to turn to the south of the village whence it proceeded. Here the valley was broken in undulating waves which gave rise to smaller valleys, through which were grazing countless flocks of sheep, whose snow-white wool was covered with pearls of dew. High over all soared the eagle, seeking with her keen eye food for her young, who patiently awaited their mother's return on the side of some frowning abyss. Then with a shrill scream it descended, quick as a flash of lightning, and grabbing in its powerful talons a helpless lamb took refuge on some isolated cliff, baffling all pursuit of the shepherd. What a contrast do we behold when raising our eyes from the valley we gaze around us. In the one we see summer in all her luxuriant plenty and magnificence, in the other, winter with all its want and desolation. Strange caprice of nature! Yet what wonderful harmony do we not find in them when we consider them as minute parts of a vast and grand creation.

While our minds were thus filled thoughts, which we vainly strive to express, and our eyes rested on these

rural yet beautiful picture, the Angelus was heard ringing out the tidings of man's redemption, and we be-

gan the descent of the mountain with feelings sweeter than those of pleasure.

C. F. F.



Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Was ever privilege like thine,
Sweet children whom He blessed;
To feel the Savior's hand divine,
And clamber to His breast;
To see His eyes with love's light shine,
And at His knee to rest?

Yes, that same Jesus lives with me,
I'm kneeling at His feet;
As you once gathered 'round His knee,
And drank His blessings sweet;
Oh! may His grace grant that I be
Like you, humble and meek.

—J. H. N.

ZENOBIA.

It is now upwards of half a century since Hawthorne's famous work, the "Blithedale Romance," appeared. A reviewer in a London paper struck with its superiority, not as a novel, but a deep study of human nature, warned his readers that England might henceforth look for other than material opposition on this side of the Atlantic. Hawthorne was among those who entered the list as a competitor for fame in the mother tongue, and the sternest judge or the most prejudiced Englishman had to admit his power as a perfect master of the English language.

Like Irving, he early attracted attention in England, and when known personally, he won his way into favor in every rank of English society. But he was no toady. Business had brought him to England, and he attended strictly to that in preference to the most urgent and flattering invitations to dine with admiring friends.

Of all his works only four make a strong appeal to futurity, and on these chiefly will his fame depend. One of these is the "Blithedale Romance," and the chief character of that study is the subject of this short paper.

The tale unfolds something of the author's life. The scene is laid at the "Farm," that is the community where many would-be reformers had met to start life anew, not satisfied with what they tasted in their several avocations at home.

It is therefore a type of "Brook Farm" which was actually the scene

of a like experiment, where Hawthorne had been for some time, till he saw like other enthusiasts, through its folly.

This "Blithedale" was a reform movement and the presence of reformers was to be expected. But when we find those whose hopes pointed to other than the main reform, then we lose faith in the first experiment and become simple spectators of the marching and counter-marching of those "who intend to rebuild the world."

The characters of the story are few. There is Coverdale, the poet and a close student of nature, especially the human side; Hollingsworth, whose whole thought is bent on reforming criminals, though at present he lacks the means of doing so; Zenobia, the chief figure and the most intense, vivid, and powerful character of Hawthorne's creation, is supposed to be a writer of note, becomes a pleader for a larger sphere for woman's activity, woman's rights, as we know it today—then Priscilla, a frail, dependent creature, whose every look and word shows the need she has and feels, of a strong arm to protect her. These are the personages to interest us. The matter-of-fact plodders that have really entered into the spirit of the reform movement, and who do the actual work of the "Farm," cross our path so seldom and are so prosaic when we meet them that we readily see they are but "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

The life of Zenobia previous to coming to Blithedale, is veiled in mys-

tery; she offers no explanation, nor does any one question her antecedents. Her discourses often touch on social questions, particularly on man's assumptions of power over woman, and she is very pronounced in her condemnation of such injustice.

But with all her show of a strong nature and her seemingly large experience, she has still a woman's weakness, and she shows it by falling in love with Hollingsworth, a most selfish and deluded man; and also by a peculiar patronage shown Priscilla, that lofty condescension a superior woman can so cheerfully give to another whose inferiority makes rivalry impossible.

Zenobia was reputed to be rich and had made promise of assistance to Hollingsworth, by which he hoped to follow his chimerical scheme. But her strong, wilful, passionate heart went with her wealth, and when later changes brought her poverty, and she could no longer be of help, Hollingsworth cast her aside as coldly as he would a pebble in the roadside. Then she knew the man, but too late, her pride could not sustain the shock and she hid her sorrows in death.

She was of a strong, ardent temperament, forceful of her wishes, almost fierce in the expression of her opinions. Yet she saw all these contradicted by Hollingsworth without a word of protest. She says: "It is my belief—yes, and my prophecy, should I die before it happens—that when my sex shall achieve its rights, there will be ten eloquent women where there is now one eloquent man. Thus far, no wo-

man in the world has ever spoken out her whole heart and her whole mind. The mistrust and disapproval of the vast bulk of society throttles us, as with two gigantic hands at our throat! We mumble a few weak words, and leave a thousand better ones unsaid. You let us write a little, it is true, on a limited range of subjects. But the pen is not for woman. Her power is too natural and immediate. It is with the living voice alone that she can compel the world to recognize the light of her intellect and the depth of her heart."

Coverdale was a patient listener. He had smiled at her ardor, and nettled her. In this outburst of hers, he thought that she was troubled more within herself than about her sex, "because women, however intellectually superior, so seldom disquiet themselves about the rights or wrongs of their sex, unless their own individual affections chance to lie in idleness, or to be ill at ease."

But Coverdale would not refuse power to woman: "I would give her all she asks, and add a great deal more. * * * How sweet the free, generous courtesy with which I would kneel before a woman ruler." "If she were young and beautiful," said Zenobia, and here she confirms what Coverdale had just said, that women crave for greater power and more freedom for their sex, merely because they want it as individuals.

This tale, like all Hawthorne's stories, is of greater importance for what underlies it, than for what the mere words show. The whole motive of the

work is told in a very few but sad words that Zenobia lets drop: "The whole universe, her own sex, and yours and Providence, and destiny to boot, makes common cause against the woman who swerves one hair's breadth out of the beaten track. Yes, and add (for I may as well own it now), that with that one hair's breadth, she goes all astray, and never sees the world in its true aspect afterwards."

These words of Zenobia give us an explanation of her character, and incidentally some insight into her previous life, and they are, too, the key to the story, which without plot or machinery is one of the most interesting of our American books.

The strength of Zenobia's nature, together with her culture and beauty must have made her a great power for good, were she to use it as good women can and do—but with sad memories crowding upon her and above all with the feeling that a most foolish and impractical scheme had more fascination for the man of her choice than her charms and devotion, was enough to crush her beyond the power of rising.

Despite her advanced opinions, her gloom, and her desperate ending, the character of Zenobia is powerfully drawn, and she lives in the mind a being of extraordinary qualities, superior to those around her. She is the one great attraction among beings that are types and has in common with her sex, especially those who crave for greater freedom, all the womanly weakness and a sort of strength that does not give power,

that excites pity but not admiration, and leaves woman without that sympathy devoid of which she cannot be happy.

M.

WHO WERE THEY?

Two little fellows engaged my attention the other morning. The amount of industry they displayed was amusing. They were on the college play-ground, and from their actions I judged they had come to stay for the summer, or anyhow, till vacation time. They had no books or satchels, and as I had not seen them among the boys, I immediately concluded they were not day scholars, but two little strangers who came perhaps from beyond the village. I could not get near enough, or I would have asked their names. Indeed, I did try two or three times to come close to them, but they escaped as often as I approached. I was interested, however, and waited an opportunity, anxious to know more about them. As I remember them the first day I saw them, they spoke in whispers; perhaps in French with that, but it may have been in English, or for all I know, it may have been German, but the last impression I had, and I think I'm correct, was that they were speaking in English. Surely they were of English stock. Why the youngsters scampered off at my approach, though I found out afterwards, I could not imagine at the time, for I came up to them gently, and putting on my best smile, sought to win their confidence. But they would not be won over for

any consideration. Thought I, now if these little fellows are really newcomers, they'll be glad to meet me, for I can post them how to get along. I said to myself they are just what Johnny wants, and if he doesn't teach them new tricks they surely will him; for although Johnny is a good boy, these little wayfarers seemed more active, much lighter on foot, had a good deal more to say, and I came to the conclusion that if a dozen of them got together in the recreation hall they would make more music than all the musicians. I may be wrong, but perhaps some one who knows, will bear me out.

I saw my little friends first under a big tree, and they were holding an animated conversation, like little people whom one sometimes meets in this world, but little people with a certain importance, and feeling their responsibility, who are bound to go ahead and carve their way through life. As I drew nearer I caught sight of their dress. They had on little gray coats, were clad pretty much alike, with light brown caps, at least they looked so to me; but what I wondered at, though the weather was not cold, nor yet warm, was, that the pair were barefoot. Said I to myself, what can this mean? They cannot be coming from the river; it's too early to go swimming: so I dismissed that thought as idle.

When I got within speaking distance, trying to make them believe I was an old friend, I ventured to say: "Well, my little lads, you here, how do you do?" They hurriedly looked

at each other, puckered up their mouths, muttered something that seemed to me, "we don't know you, mind your own business," and before I had recovered composure, traveled over to the church. Feeling somewhat disconcerted, I almost resolved to let those saucy little chaps look out for themselves, and find out whether they could afford to dispense with my introduction to the family of the college. But on second thought I followed them.

They were on the stone landing right up at the church door, conversing all the while, but it seemed to me they knew where they were, and that the place was not unfamiliar. They moved about the church, and what I particularly noticed was that a kind feeling existed between them. They really seemed to be looking after each other's wants all the time. Thought I again to myself, if you are not of the orthodox faith, you're in the neighborhood of where it comes from, and that, too, in the richest possible profusion. Maybe you two friends, little as you may seem, have a long journey in life before you, and you think it well to begin right and cultivate kindness and sympathy; or maybe, you've been bad friends, as boys will be at times, and big boys, too, and as Christians ought, you're trying to make up. Well, I thought a thousand times, too numerous to mention. But I kept my friends in view. Such an industrious pair they seemed; so bent on business; their conversation, all I could hear of it seemed just for each other, and I'm sure they only

had their own affairs and the concerns of no one else in view. Said I, this is as it ought to be, and I'll return to my desk and let the two workers seek me out at their leisure. Just then a friend came along and exclaimed, "Hello, fine morning!" Yes, I replied, and I've been watching a pair of youngsters for the past half hour. "What! those two little sparrows. Well, you'll never catch them napping. They're too smart, have too much to do." And I never did. H.

We take the following from a recent letter of Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V. It will explain itself:

"We took a trip to Ostia last Thursday, with Prof. Marucchi, who learnedly explained to us the interesting ruins of that once flourishing city, the great granary of Rome. It is scarcely less interesting than Pompeii, though only a small portion of what is there has been brought to light; the rest lies hidden beneath the accumulated sands of the Tiber. The inhabitants abandoned the place because life there was made unbearable by the pirates, especially such professionals as were the Goths, the Vandals, the Saracens, and the Barbaresques, from Africa. We saw the tombs and columbaria along the road of entrance; and saw the ruins of a beautiful theater, the forum of Ceres, of the temples of Mithros, and of Vulcan, of palatial residences of rich merchants, of great wheat and oil stores, and of a fire department, all adorned with Mosaic pavement and beautiful statues. As it rained about mid-day, we sought refuge in the ruins of the temple of Vulcan, where we enjoyed our dinner, set on fragments of great pillars and upset pedestals of statues. Talk about

picnics! Poetry embracing archeology—ham and eggs, and bon mots, and wine of Velletri, and cigars—all recalling in a way, the libations that were once poured, the prayers that were said, and the incense that was burned before the old god of the forge. In the afternoon we visited what is called New Ostia, which chiefly consists of an old church and a fortress, built by Cardinal della Rovere, afterwards Jules II. This old castle is now in the hands of the Italian government, and contains a few of the relics that are found in the ruins scattered over that desolate region. The sea has retreated three miles! We saw no traces of the sojourn here of St. Augustine, and of St. Monica, his mother, who died and was interred here. Her remains were taken to Rome in the 16th century. As she became sick on her way to Carthage, she very likely died in a lodging house, of which there were many in Ostia. We returned by the same road, which runs along the muddy Tiber and reveals nothing interesting, except the typical, shepherds, goats herds, and the ragged urchins, who run behind our carriage asking for soldi. To see them scuffle for a penny is certainly worth a nickel.

Classes reopen tomorrow, the 13th, and will now last without interruption to the end. Examinations will soon be on, and I trust successfully and promptly off, and then we'll bid good bye to this gloriously historical spot, to seek another, but the only one that is dearer than this, Rome—home!"

A later letter informs us that Father Rivard has passed his examination in Theology successfully, and the degree of Doctor of Theology was conferred on him. He will also strive for a degree in philosophy, and we hope his triumph will be as complete as his first effort.—EDS.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

The beautiful month of May has besides its fullness of natural beauty, one special feature to make it dear to every Christian heart, and that is that its days are devoted to the honor of her, who is the grandest of Eve's daughters: the Virgin Mother of the the Virgin Savior. Being the fairest of earth's creatures, it was proper that the most charming days of the year should be called hers, and long ago faithful children saw the fitness of such a proceeding, and May was given to Mary, and ever since she is the patron of beauty and of virtue.

The return of May, with its luxuriant grandeur and happy memories never fails to make its deep impression upon minds alive to the pleasures that natural beauty excites. It is to be hoped that with this recurring season love of her who is our highest type of spiritual beauty, in the purely natural order, grows apace. All this effulgence of natural perfection about us, is simply intended to lead to that exalted form on high. Mary stands

midway between the supreme and awful glory of God, "which no man can see and live," and the lowness and imperfection of man. Her grandeur excites our admiration, her tenderness makes us hasten to implore her aid, and her influence with Divinity assures that she has a power that none shall move in vain, which even God will find hard to resist.

Hence the reason of Mary being the patron of this month, and the strong reason why the month should be for her. It best reflects her splendor and delicacy; mirroring forth some of the many perfections which the greatest painters and poets of the world vainly labored to catch and describe, but did not, though we call their futile efforts masterpieces.

The singing in chapel during the month has been excellent, and this in some small measure because every one who can sing joined so heartily in the beautiful hymns. Song is not of earth; it is the echo of that celestial harmony which ascends from angelic choruses to the Throne on high; a mingling of the sweetest voices there, in an effort of the most perfect creatures to give worth to the praise they cannot refrain from offering their Creator. Hence the love of song on earth and the efforts men make to adopt it to their every mood and by it to express their every affection. It is really, then, a great privilege to be allowed to join in the anthems of praise offered to God, and far from being urged to continue, students ought to try to excell and swell the

chorus of praise that fills our chapel on these days when the beauty without inspires men to call song to aid them in praise of the God of beauty and love.

There are many ups and downs for the ball player as well as for other people. There may be some encouragement, too, in the fact that the professional has his off days, as witness the stinging defeats of the Chicagos on their own grounds, and that, too, by teams who have clung to the hind end with terrible persistency. We call attention to this for the benefit of the Shamrocks, who twice within the month met defeat. The last case was with the Momence nine at Momence. After a drive of twelve miles over muddy roads, and with a rest of only a quarter of an hour, it was not to be expected that the players would be in a condition to meet the Momence players in an equal struggle. They were not, as results show—though their opponents distinguished themselves by no brilliant playing. The funny incident of the visit was the division of the spoils, the Shamrocks failing to get enough to meet the expenses of one trip—not to speak of two; the second being made on the promise that Momence would make good the expenses of both trips. There are some large-hearted citizens over in that city of hay palaces, but we did not see them. But now that their game with the Shamrocks netted them the price of new suits, they perhaps do not care, and they will no doubt enjoy the whole proceeding as a good

joke. People built on their plan are certainly not susceptible of remorse, and in this consists the small happiness they enjoy.

“A man’s enemies are they of his own household,” are words bearing the stamp of divine approval. Men receive greater shocks and meet far deeper disappointment from their own mistakes than they do from outward sources. This may be due to inherited weakness, or to a lack of early education, but more often to an utter disregard of the consequences that follow popular customs in which their worst habits of modern times take root. The love of dress, for its own sake, and that implies all the absurdities of the tailor’s conundrum as we sometimes meet him, begins early and easily possesses one so completely that he considers outward adornment the only requirement of a gentleman. Gentlemen of that sort includes besides the *dude* (poor fellow!) the prize-fighter, the sport, the confidence man, and a host of other useless and pernicious members of society. The logical end of this is an idle life if not a criminal one.

Then the love of excitement, called high life by some, begins by a little roystering, to keep up which, a social glass lends its aid. Stimulants when first indulged in create an excitement and fearlessness that prompt a second trial, and after-indulgence becomes a matter of fact, till with the flying years a strong habit is formed that rules the man. Then farewell high hopes, brilliant careers, family, home,

and virtue. One such case is enough to sadden any thinking man; what shall we say of the thousands that form the topics of daily conversation?

The man that does not gamble to-day is almost pitied. In fact gambling is the principle underlying all great business enterprises in our times, but we look at it as evil only where it assumes smaller proportions—that is, where men while away a social hour with cards and stake money on the result in order that interest be excited in the game.

Now it is hard to say that simply playing cards for money, especially when the participants do not expose themselves or others to suffering, is of itself an evil. But there is a fascination about games of chance that draw men to risk money on them, and this with such power, that when one is fairly encircled in its tangling folds, escape is well nigh impossible. Those who have robbed their employers, abused the most sacred trusts, neglected their business, and finally sought to hide their shame in a suicide's grave, will best attest the awful power of gambling—their number and the frequency of their falls, will give some idea of the frightful prevalence of the evil.

These are mostly the result of weakness, and are thus the enemies whose stronghold is within man's own heart. It was great wisdom then that urged man to know himself—it is an old lesson, but each one must learn it for himself—woe to him who despises it.

The exercises of the Twenty-eighth Annual Commencement will take place June 18. They will be presided over by his Grace, Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D.D., archbishop of Chicago. Our beloved archbishop, with his usual kindness, and with no small inconvenience to himself, in this his busiest season, has again consented to be with us, and to take part in the program, which he will close in words so kind and sympathetic. Parents and friends of the students are cordially invited to be present. The exercises begin promptly at 2 p. m. The Most Rev. Archbishop will also attend the closing exercises of Notre Dame Academy, the same evening.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Atlantic Monthly* opens with "Letters of D. G. Rossetti," in which paper the writer gives a sufficient number to enable one to come closer to the inner life of that poet; "Pilgrim Station," "A Trip to Kyoto," "Val D'Arno," "Pandean Pastimes," "The Old Things," "Some Memories of Hawthorne IV," "The Presidency and Mr. Olney," are the remaining articles of note.

The *Penny Magazine* is a new claimant for public favor and tempts the public by its very low cost. It sells for a "nickel," and perhaps that is a sum sufficiently great, for a collection of short essays quite frothy, and without any practical purpose, since they must fail to please good taste and are not intended to instruct.

In "The World Awheel," *Munsey's* takes up the bicycle, its makers, its riders—in fact all connected with it. The bicycle is king today, and if it allows of some abuse, on the whole it may be considered a great good and the means of restoring many to health and a happier frame of mind.

Donahoe's intends to keep abreast of the times, and while pleasing and instructing its readers, does so by an able presentation of popular subjects. "The Campaign of 1896," "Archbishop Ryan," "The Lights and Shades of Life Insurance," "Mexican Rambles," the latter is an excellent sketch on that country, so near yet so little understood; "Shakespeare's Authorship and Religion," a conversation between Rev. John Conway, A.M., and Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, author of the "Great Cryptogram," in which the strong objections of Fr. Conway against Mr. Donnelly's opinion of Shakespeare are not overthrown, though the redoubtable Donnelly hopes to do so in a forthcoming book on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. There is also an excellent article on the "Public Speaker," by Rev. Joseph V. O'Conner, author of a work on Pulpit Oratory.

There are countless defenders of the Monroe Doctrine on this side of the Atlantic, at least, but among them we cannot place William Giles Dix, who has a lengthy paper in the *Rosary*, The Monroe Doctrine—A Sword With Two Edges. He has no word of praise for this much discussed document. The writer's line of argument

is that this so-called law, is against that natural right of possession accorded all men; and that the same freedom should be given nations to regulate their own affairs, as is given individuals to choose their professions—and in that profession to have a proper freedom of action. Then, too, the writer holds further, that: "The Monroe doctrine, as now applied, denies the sublime, Christian truth, that all men are brothers, and that, as individuals, as nations, they are bound together to advance justice, and to punish injustice." The writer does not tell how many European nations have this principle before them. How many really have? Has England, the nation towards which Mr. Dix's sympathies tend? If so, toward what nation has she shown it? The gentleman hopes ardently for a grand culmination of Anglo-Saxon civilization, when, perhaps, England and America shall join hands. This would no doubt be grand, but it is a something so vaguely distant and so utterly unlike the former policy of Great Britain, that it behooves Uncle Sam to watch, lest in that "culmination" he be found where he was last century. The "doctrine" may not be perfect, but it will serve to keep meddling nations from "culminating" too suddenly.

The *Century* has its usual quota of interesting articles, beautiful illustrations, etc., but what all honest men must admire is the stinging rebuke given the A. P. A. in "Topics of the Time." The writer speaks with no uncertain sound, and a sincerity that a great love of truth alone could sug-

gest. We quote: "The bigot is generally devoid of that saving sense of humor which greatly helps to make life worth living. If it were not so those secret societies, like the so-called American Protective association, which are engaged in a deadly warfare against all that is most significant and precious in American institutions, would not long insist on parading themselves as the "patriotic orders." Strange patriotism is this which begins by denying the first tenet of American liberty—freedom to worship God. The P re Marquette incident is such an illustration as ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American. That the great French priest was a brave and noble man can be disputed by nobody; that his work among the Indians was one of beautiful devotion is not a matter of controversy; that to him was largely due the discovery of the upper Mississippi river, and the opening of the great Northwest to civilization is the testimony of history. Yet simply because he was a Roman Catholic priest the "patriotic orders would deny the state, which is most closely associated with his beneficent activity, the right of celebrating his services to the nation." Coming from a non-Catholic the above is doubly gratifying, it shows that there are some who think honestly and express their opinions manfully.

The present number of the *Records of the American Historical Society* begins the seventh volume, and is like preceding issues, a valuable addition

to Catholic history in the United States. "An Old-time Pioneer of Tansingburg, N. Y.," "Biography of Rev. P. Kenny," together with extracts from his diary, gives many interesting features of missionary life in Pennsylvania during the closing years of the last century.

We have received from the United States Department of Agriculture *The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials*, by W. O. Atwater, Ph.D., and Chas. D. Woods, B.S. The pamphlet gives the results of 2,600 analyses of American Food products, and includes all except dairy products.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. C. O'Reilly spent a few days with his parents at Minonk, Ill.

—Master Charles Pfaff was called home early in the month to attend the funeral of a relative.

—Mr. J. H. Nawn, of the Faculty, spent a day in Chicago recently.

—Mr. E. Cahill, of Chicago, visited his son Thomas, of the senior department.

—Master George McKenna, of the Minims, had the pleasure of a visit from several of his relatives during the month.

—Mr. Edward Patton, '95, is now employed at Kensington, Ill. He called to see friends at the college recently.

Mrs. Cregar, daughter, and Miss L. Sidney spent a recent Sunday with Willie Cregar.

—Messrs. Anderson and Murphy, Ravenswood, Chicago, favored us with their company Sunday, May 17, and spent a few hours here with members of their families.

—Mr. M. Bailey, Chicago, divided the short hours of a late Sunday with his son George, of the college, and daughter, who attends the convent near-by.

Mr. and Mrs. Campion, of Chicago, called to see their boy Alphonse not long since, and together they spent a pleasant afternoon near the banks of the Kankakee.

—Mr. Edward Harley, '95, now attending St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y., informs us that he is to receive Tonsure May 30. We extend our hearty congratulations to our late classmate.

—Mr. R. De la Plante, '94, was a recent caller. He is now engaged in a real estate office, and he tells us that Mr. George McCann, '93, is employed in the same work.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., our worthy president, attended the laying of the corner-stone of the new Holy Angels church, Chicago, and on the the same day Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., assisted at the dedication of a new church at Burnside, Ill., of which Rev. Fr. Hennessy is the pastor.

—Very Rev. Father Lewis, Superior of the Trappist Monastery at Dubuque, Iowa, favored the college with a call May 10. The Rev. Father was on his way to Ireland, this being his fourteenth trip across the ocean,

Rev. W. Hackett, of St. Patrick's, Kankakee, a former pupil of Father Lewis, accompanied the latter to the college.

—We were pleased to hear of the ordination of Rev. P. H. Williams, '93. It took place in the Cathedral at Detroit, Mich., May 6. Father Williams said his first mass the following Sunday, May 10, at St. Vincent's church, and was appointed later as assistant at Holy Rosary church, Detroit. We send our best wishes to the young priest.

BASE BALL.

The season was opened May 3d under very favorable circumstances. The Momence team, accompanied by a large crowd of "rooters," came over to try conclusions with the Shamrocks, and as predicted, were worsted in the contest, which was anybody's game until the eighth inning when the Shamrocks piled up seven runs and clinched their victory, much to the discomfort of their opponents, who thought all was over but the yelling.

The weather was ideal for base ball, and it brought out over 600 enthusiasts from Kankakee, Manteno, and Gilman.

The spectators were very orderly and impartial in their demonstrations and frequently applauded good individual plays, irrespective of the teams which made them. Everything considered, it was the most enthusiastic and well disposed crowd that ever witnessed a game on our campus.

Marcotte pitched a steady game throughout and was hit safely but eight times, with a total of ten bases, and in all but one inning, the seventh; he was ably supported by the other members of the team. The features of the game were the pitching of Marcotte, the batting of T. Legris, Hogan, Corcoran, and Marcotte, and the superb fielding of Smith and Corcoran.

The game in detail: Momence were first to bat. G. Halpin and Kunzt were retired on infield hits.

H. Halpin made a single, was advanced a base on a passed ball and came home on J. Halpin's hit to right field. Meinzer struck out and ended the inning. The Shamrocks drew blank in their half. The second innings for Momence was a repetition of the first. Henry struck out; Morgan was retired on a fly to Quille; Hoog then made a hit, and was moved around to third on fumbles, and came in on F. Halpin's hit. The Shamrocks took their turn and tied the score on hits by Corcoran, Quille, Pendleton and Marcotte. In the third, Momence again scored—on a base on balls, a wild pitch and a hit. The Shamrocks were disposed of in one-two-three order in the third and fourth. The fourth and fifth netted Momence two more scores, making them 5 to 2; but the college boys drove Meinzer out of the box in their half and scored three runs—on a three-base hit by Marcotte, singles by Sammon, Corcoran, Quille, and Legris. The visitors, to stop the cannonading, brought Morgan into pitch, and the Shamrocks, while try-

ing to size up his delivery, were retired at the plate in the sixth.

Momence made a desperate attempt to secure a lead in the sixth, but a lightning double by Smith, Corcoran, and Kearney blighted their prospects. In the seventh their hopes were realized, for by a few hits and a series of fumbles and wild throws, six Momence batters crossed the rubber, thereby creating unbounded enthusiasm among the "fans" from the "City of Hay-palaces," each of whom was telling the others how it happened. The Shamrocks, being somewhat discouraged by the lead, which seemed impossible to be overcome, were again blanked in their half. The score now stood 11 to 7 in favor of Momence, and it looked as if victory would surely be theirs. Marcotte settled down in the eighth inning, and Momence batters never reached first. Then came the memorable eight. All the Shamrocks seemed to recover their old-time slugging powers, and three-baggers, doubles and singles came so thick and fast that the scorer grew weary of marking them. When the smoke cleared away the score-board showed seven runs to our credit, giving us a lead of three and putting our stock away above par. The Momence tried hard to overcome the lead in their half, but their efforts resulted in only one score, and amidst the joyful yells of the students of "Pink and white! Pink and white! Shamrocks! Shamrocks! They're all right!" ended one of the most exciting games of recent years. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Momence....	1	1	1	1	1	0	6	0	1—12
Shamrocks..	0	2	0	0	3	0	2	7	*—14

On May 10, the Crystals of Chicago, played the Shamrocks before a crowd, which although not as large as the previous Sunday, was equally as enthusiastic. The game was until the first half of the ninth inning one of the prettiest exhibitions of ball playing ever witnessed on our grounds. With the score 5 to 5, in the ninth the Crystals took their turn at the bat, and aided by miserable fielding on the part of the Shamrocks, especially Kuntz and Smith, who completely lost their heads, scored seven times. The best the Shamrocks could do in their half was to make one run, and consequently the nine young men from the "Windy City" marched off the field victors by a score of 12 to 6.

Kelly pitched a game for the Shamrocks that should have landed them first, but his support at critical points was not up to the standard, and hence a defeat was marked up against him on the occasion of his first appearance before a Kankakee audience. He struck out twelve men, fielded his position brilliantly, and hit well.

The other features of the game were the first base playing of Kearney, the hard hitting of Quille, Legris, and Corcoran, and the team work of the visitors. Casey, of Chicago, manager of last year's Crystals, umpired, and while a little erratic at certain stages, gave general satisfaction.

This is how it happened:

The Crystals took first bat, and on a combination of hits and miserable fumbles, scored three runs. The Shamrocks were blanked in the first, second, and third. Wallace and H.

Wilson crossed the plate for the Crystals in the second. From that until the ninth Kelly did not permit a man to reach third. In their half of the fourth the Shamrocks scored two runs on a three-bagger by Quille, and doubles by Smith and Kearney. Again in the fifth they scored three on some timely hitting and clever base-running. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth, "Bob," the Crystals pitcher, was an enigma to our boys, and they were sent to the field in one-two-three order. Then came the visitors' revenge. Kelly had weakened somewhat, and also was unable to locate the plate. The first two men were sent to bases on called balls. Then a few infield hits were knocked and either poorly thrown, or held until the runners took all the bases they pleased. The Crystals enjoyed the slaughter, and after securing seven scores, purposely ended the agony by striking out. The score was now 12 to 5 against us, and all were expecting a grand stand finish like one of the previous game, but the Shamrocks responded with one score, on Sammon's and Legris's three-baggers and our first defeat was recorded. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Chicago Crystals.....	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7—12
Shamrocks.....	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	1	— 6

Batteries—Bob and A. Wilson, M. Kelly and Sammon.

The Shamrocks played the Momence team a return game in Momence, May 21, and were defeated by a score of 10 to 5. The game was originally scheduled for May 14. The Shamrocks, accompanied by two bus loads of en-

thusiastic students, were on hand, but inclement weather prevented the contest. In order not to disappoint the Momence team, the journey was made May 21, and on account of the almost impassable roads, was very difficult and tiresome. Our team did not arrive at the Momence grounds until 3:30 p. m., after two and one half hours of tedious riding, and were in no condition to play a good game.

After a few grand (?) selections by the Momence Cornet Band, the game commenced, with the Shamrocks at bat. Sammon hit the first ball pitched, for a base, but was retired at second, on Corcoran's grounder; too short, the batter taking first on the play; he was advanced to second on a passed ball, and came home on Lamarre's single. Quille ended the inning by a fly to F. Halpin. Momence made one in their half, on J. Halpin's hit, a wild throw and a fumble. The next four innings the Shamrocks were blanked. Momence was shut out in the second, but made four in the third, on some very erratic playing. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth they were retired by the pitcher. In the eighth, they were assisted by nearly every man in the Shamrocks in piling up five more scores, and thus secured a cinch on the game. In the sixth, the Shamrocks made one, and duplicated it in the seventh; in the eighth they were blanked.

They made a desperate attempt to overcome the large lead in the ninth, but succumbed after two men crossed the plate. The features of the game were the pitching of Marcotte, who

struck out ten men; the first-base playing of Kearney and the second-base playing of H. Halpin. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Momence....	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	5	*	—10
Shamrocks..	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	—5

Batteries: Meinzer and Kunzt, Marcotte and Sammon.

May 24th the Shamrocks defeated the Dearborns of Chicago in a spirited contest by a score of 11 to 6.

A large crowd witnessed the game, notwithstanding several counter-attractions, in the shape of picnics, etc. Kelly pitched a masterly game, and had the visitors completely at his mercy. He was also ably supported by every member of the team. The features of the game were the pitching of Kelly, the short-stop work of Smith, the first-base playing of Kearney and the batting of Corcoran.

The game may be summed up thus: The Dearborns were first to bat and were retired in one, two, three order on infield hits. The Shamrocks also were blanked in their half. In the second the Chicagoans scored three unearned runs on wild throwing and a passed ball. The Shamrocks secured one in their half by a two base hit by Corcoran and two sacrifices. For the next six innings the Dearborns never reached third. The Shamrocks were shut out in the third, scored once in the fourth on a base on balls and two hits, three in the fifth on a single by Stock, three baggers by Sammon and Kelly, and two errors. Clark, the visitor's pitcher, having strained himself, retired in this inning, and Hoffman was taken from short to fill his

position in the box, the Shamrocks took very kindly to his delivery and scored six runs in the sixth and seventh, and having a lead of eight, permitted themselves to be put out in order in the eighth. In the last inning a base on balls and two very wild throws permitted the Dearborns to score their last two runs, with the bases full. Smith pulled down a swift liner at short, and assisted by Hogan, completed a double and ended the game. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Dearborns...	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	— 6
Shamrocks..	0	1	0	1	3	4	2	0	*	— 11

Batteries: Clark and Schneider, Kelly and Sammon.

S.

Some very good games have taken place among the leagues in the seniors' yard, the most notable of which was a thirteen-inning contest, which resulted in a victory for Bailey's nine, by a score of 13 to 12.

The Junior Shamrocks are the proud possessors of beautiful new suits, secured for them by the untiring efforts of their genial prefect, Rev. Brother Hawkins. The suits are maroon, with white trimmings, and make a very pleasing appearance when covering the athletic forms of the young baseballists. They are scheduled to play a few games in the near future, and it is to be hoped that they will do themselves and their new uniforms proud.

VIATORIANA.

—That drive from Momence was all right. A little dusty? Well, rather.

- Eggs.
- Baby.
- Molly.
- Beans.
- Puggy.
- 16 to 5.
- Janitor.
- My Uncle.
- \$5 per hour.
- Pete Jackson.
- Sick 'em Mike.
- You're first, I —
- How do you know?
- He's in the family.
- The Sporty (?) Three.
- Your feet need a swim.
- Oh, Jim II! Hello Jim II!
- The woman what had a club.
- Did you see the animal show?
- “Give us first some time, Tom.”
- We lack one fool of having enough.
- Can you bear that immortal smell?
- There was a Gothic on top of that.
- Come from your thither, hither.
- “Oh, he has to graduate, has he?”
- Say, stop the rig; I'll have to get out.
- “Have you seen his new berretta?”
- I haven't fanned out since September.
- Who put a bathing suit on to wash his feet?

—Look at the Sems following the monkey.

—They had to get the fire to put the water out.

—You are not a citizen of the United States.

—There was nice walking on the eve of the 10th inst.

—Give me some more and I'll make him fight again.

—“I slept in the room of the room next your room.”

—An architect couldn't tell the shape of that hat.

—Have you heard of the “international combine”?

—“I wonder if the picture took clear through the water.”

—“Everybody knows you, and I'll testify to the same.”

—I never thought a classical student could be such a liar.

—What happened to the two who went home with the boat?

—It has been rather quiet in the poop of late. I wonder why?

—“He didn't do it. If he did, he had some one else to do it for him.”

—There's a new source of trouble—we're going to revive croquet. Who will give the trouble? Guess!

—There was nothing wrong with the coaching at the Dearborn game.

—My watch won't go; a bug crawled in between the *ticks* and stopped it.

—What did the would-be doctor say he would do when he got to the gate.

—The early bird catches the early worm, but the last “bus” got the hen fruit.

—“Did you see if my door was split?” “No; I looked to see if it was there.”

—*H.* You open your head again and I throw you off the “Bus.”
Driver—I wished I stayed home.

—The elocutionary contest will take place Wednesday evening, May 27, and the oratorical May 29. We predict a hard-fought and meritorious exhibition.

—The busiest man around seems to Charlie. Between carrying hot water—and keeping out of it, pitching (?) ball for the Shamrocks, and answering questions, he has hardly time to eat his pie.

—You can hardly blame a fellow for coming up and telling you it's a nice day—we see one so seldom. But when he asks you if “you think it'll rain”—when he knows it will—you're almost sorry you joined the church. *Will it rain?*

G. M. PHELPS,
M.D., D.D.S.

F. S. TINSLAR,
D.D.S.

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR
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