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FAC ET SPERA.

AFTER THE FIRE.

Ruins—ruins—ruins—crumbling ruins!—
Destructive fire's terrific holocaust;—
Walls blackened, seared, begrimed, rent and razed,
And embers smold'ring dismally we see
Beneath the wasteful wreck and dread debris:—
A sigh by which all those who wistful gazed
Could realize th' extent of what was lost.
Yet, as we wander 'round disconsolate,
And peer amidst the grim and charred remains,
Where naught but crumbling, caving stone and shard
Do meet our pensive, saddened, awe-struck stare,—
There lights withal the fitful, kindling glare
An inward fire of hope and bless'd reward—
For all our tribulations and our pains:—
It is the loftier sense of love and zeal
And loyalty that sprang from hurtling flames,
Like souls out of their purgatorial pale
That erst more passive, latent was,—until
The ardent el'ment did, as 't were, fulfill
A providential mission, to avail—
That comfort which "increased fidelity" proclaims.

W. A. S. (Phil.)

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Were I asked to plead for woman's rights, I would consider that I had a sacred cause to plead. A cause that would immediately appeal to the most noble instincts of men, that would animate them with a chivalric zeal to protect the interests of the oppressed, and impel them to brave and generous deeds.

If a view of our present civilization shows us that we have reached a period in which nations may be justly proud of the refinement of their morals and customs, how ungrateful would it not be on the part of man were he to ignore the rights of the gentler sex? The influence that she has had in the upbuilding of civilization lies beyond our comprehension. It would be foolish in this to attempt to establish the superiority of either sex, for it is the divinely appointed mission of one to assist the other. Their duties are different, but both are equally necessary for the attainment of human perfection. It is woman's sphere to refine. She is the symbol of perfect humanity and she rules over the affairs of men with a power that is unlimited, for she rules by love.

If I were, therefore, asked to designate the natural rights of woman, I would say that it is her inalienable right to be loved, to be honored, to be cherished and protected. To be loved, for she is the helpmate of man. With an instinct that has been placed in the heart of woman by the hand of the Creator, she consoles him in affliction, admonishes him in difficulties and conserves him in trial—it is her's to be loved, for in this she smooths the way to Paradise. It is woman's right to be honored, for her dignity is as that of a queen; she is truly a queen, for she exercises a power that is nearer than all temporal ties and stronger than the kingdoms of earth. It is her right to be cherished and protected by men, for as Providence has destined them to be each other's assistance, they must likewise be each other's dependence. These are the natural rights of woman, which it is the purpose of every law, whether human or divine, to protect. These rights may be ignored or dishonored by men, or they may be waived by woman, but they are nevertheless her inviolable rights, and it is the exercise of these rights that has made her the acknowledged mistress of the homes of the earth.

But while woman is gladly conceded the right to rule the home, we are not ready to hail her as being of the political realm. In this present age, when the over credulous ears of the public are ready to listen to the cry of every faddist and the apostles of every cult, woman clubbing and woman suffrage, like many other petty makeshifts of its type, are gradually lowering before the public eye,

It was but a few days ago that a former president of the United States, the broad-minded and fearless Grover Cleveland, expressed sentiments to the effect that woman should not be allowed to vote. Needless to say that the venerable ex-president's views were received amidst showers of feminine protest. It has been argued that the influence of woman would not tend to refine the politics of our country. While it cannot be denied that politics as things are today are far from being conducted on a proper basis, it has been demonstrated that in places where women have been allowed to vote politics have evidenced little or no improvement. On the other hand, political competition and dealings with men have tended to coarsen her refinement and to rob her of much of that modest reserve that especially commends her to the eyes of all right thinking people. Her labors have moreover been divided. There is nothing so all-important for the welfare of the individual and of society than is the maintenance of an ideal home. The home should be her constant care. Nature itself seems to have fitted woman especially for this great work and it devolves upon her in a more special manner to administer the exigencies of the home. To encourage her to direct her ambitions toward politics would be to sacrifice the interests of the home. Whatever good she might do in politics, if any at all, it is certain that the home would suffer much, for which no gain, however great, could be cited as a compensation or substitute. Let us therefore hope that woman will be brought to know and understand the splendid conquests that await her in her own proper field, and that there she will direct her endeavors, and let us further hope that when for the sake of the family we admonish woman not to engage in politics we shall not be addressing deaf ears.

I have already offered considerations to show that women should not engage in politics, but if we wish to understand more fully and clearly the exact extent of the so-called woman's political rights, we must first be agreed as to her true and constant duties, and to find out her duties we must consider her own proper state, namely in the house as the wife and mother. We are taught by what we consider sound reason that the family is a social unit, and as such it has in the husband or father its natural representative at all public functions. This then will be our position, that man is head of the family and as such it becomes his duty to represent the family in the public arena of politics.

It must be remembered first of all that the home is a society. When man and woman enter the matrimonial bond they form a society. It is a society small in itself, but complete, and the most necessary of all societies. But authority is essential for society;

without authority society, whether it be domestic, civil, religious or any other kind, could not exist, for society cannot be otherwise defined than as an aggregation of individuals uniting their minds and wills for the attainment of an end that is common to all. But as the end is the same for all the individuals, they must be governed and directed toward that end by one in whom authority is placed, otherwise there would be as many different ends as there are individuals, and such an aggregation without authority will not be a society at all. Domestic society could not therefore exist if husband and wife were both independent of that subordination which the exercise of authority demands. It is therefore evident that there must be a ruler, and only one, for every family, and that office all will readily assign to man.

He is by nature fitted for this position. The right to govern the home must be conceded to him who has the courage, the strength of mind, body and character to direct and safeguard it. Man is physically, morally and mentally stronger than woman, his judgments are keener and he is stable in his convictions, consequently he is destined by nature to be the lord of the household and to govern and direct the members as he sees proper. It is not to be inferred from this that woman is to be the slave of man, but she is subject to her husband only inasmuch as a governor for the home is needed for its proper direction. Harmony would be impossible were there no governor in the home.

Having thus established the governorship of man, let us turn our attention to a few brief considerations of the respective duties of husband and wife, which I trust will serve for the complete elucidation of our theme. Man is equipped with muscles strong and is capable of enduring fatigue, therefore it becomes his duty to perform the more arduous tasks, to till the fields or engage in the manual labors necessary to support his family. As he is the governor of the home, the welfare of his family is entrusted to his care, and it is or it unquestionably ought to be his most sacred duty to secure its greatest good. But for the attainment of this end he must not only provide for the actual support of the family, but it is also his duty to represent the family wherever there is possibility of its interests being involved. But if he is not allowed to represent the family on such occasions or to use his own superior judgments when its interests are at stake, he is not acting in his natural position. He is not the governor.

Woman is not endowed with the same capabilities as is man. She is fitted for duties that are of a different character, but are none the less important. It is her business to oversee the more minute and internal affairs of the home, among which I mention for ex-

ample is the care and training of the children. While both parents are scrupulously bound to co-operate in the proper rearing and caring for the children, it devolves in a more special manner upon the mother. As the husband's calling bids him engage in a constant occupation he must be absent from his home a good deal and cannot therefore devote as much time to the children as the mother can. So likewise as nature has fitted man for his position in the family, it has made woman patient and gentle, the two great characteristics necessary for a successful education of the young. And right here I would lay down a principle that cannot be gainsaid. That he alone has the right to represent the home whose strong arm or strong mind is capable of defending and safeguarding its rights. It is universally admitted that man alone is capable of waging war or of stepping into the arena of debates to uphold the rights of the family. As woman is not capable of waging war or of pleading effectively before large assemblies of legislators, it seems altogether fitting that she should not take up a work which she can never hope to finish. Or again we may say that considered both in itself as a society and in its relation to government, the home is one moral person. As the government of a nation is a proper collection of the individuals that comprise it, the family is that fundamental unit or that individual that helps to constitute the government. Whatever government right one may have he therefore possesses it only through the domestic society, and in common with all the members of that society, and whatever service is due to the government such service can be rendered only by a representative of the home. But man in performing the duty of serving his country, whether it be to bleed on the battle field or simply to cast a ballot, acts not for himself, but for his family. He does the work for all. This is a beautiful doctrine that keeps up the patriotism of men and lends dignity to the fiction of serving one's country. Unless we therefore deny that the home is a moral person, or take from man his representative functions and hand over to woman the musket and all the implements of deadly war which she would shrink to touch, we cannot allow her to meddle in politics.

We are now in a position to ascertain more fully and clearly the nature and scope of woman's duties. Her's it is essentially to administer the internal affairs of the home. She is to be governed, for her husband is the natural head or governor of the home, and she must be subected to his superior judgment. To place her on an equal footing with man in regard to the home is to destroy the domestic equilibrium, to eliminate that essential harmony of family life that makes the home an earthly Paradise of peace and

happiness and convert it into a pendemonium of discord.

It is her duty to educate, for upon her depends the formation of the characters of future citizens. I have already spoken of the influence of woman, but her influence lies chiefly in her ability to educate. It is related that in the romantic days of chivalry there was a custom that the soldier upon going to war had his armour placed upon him by his lady's hand. Ruskin says that this is typical of an eternal truth. That the soul's armour is never well set unless a woman's hand has braced it. Let her therefore confine herself to the duties for which nature has fitted her best.

We have already considered woman's duties sufficiently to discern the nature of her rights. What then are woman's rights? Rights and duties are correlative. Where duty calls she has a right to proceed, and no further, for where there is no duty there can be no right. If woman's duties do not bid her forth into the field of politics, whence comes her right to vote? She has no right to vote. The ballot is beyond her sphere of action. Misdirected ambition may urge her into the field of politics, but within the home itself there is and always will be splendid opportunities for her utmost endeavors. Woman has not yet outgrown the home. Though she may exhaust all the capabilities of her nature she will always find that there is yet in the minds and hearts of those over whom her influence extends still room for salutary teaching.

It is therefore evident why we do not concede to woman an equal right to vote as the man. It is beyond the natural scope of her labors. She has other important duties which she cannot neglect to pursue politics. While man is the natural head or governor of the family, he votes for the administration that he consciously believes will have the more salutary effect upon his family. To grant her the right to vote is to place the governed in place of the governor and to introduce discord and confusion into the family circle.

There is, however, a tendency of the present age to pervert the old standing order in regard to the administration of family affairs—to usurp as it were on the part of the woman the rights of her better; in a word, to assume man's position. Stable, sedate manhood as head of the family to be replaced by fickle femininity. Frequently we hear of fiery denunciations of the prevalent customs of the home and pitiful appeals for the emancipation of women. Woman was emancipated two thousand years ago, when Christ broke the shackles of pagan despotism and raised her from the degradation of abject slavery to the queenly dignity of Christian motherhood.

J. Hayden.

A VIEW OF PART OF DANTE'S PURGATORY.

Of all the world's masterpieces of literature, excepting, of course the Bible, (being "sui generis"), the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thos. Aquinas, the "City of God," by St. Augustine, and the works of other doctors of the Church, the approved writings of reputable Christian authors, both lay and clerical, and the admirable "Following of Christ," by St. Thomas a' Kempis, there is perhaps no literary composition which deals so thoroughly and correctly with the mysteries of life and death and all the eternal verities affecting man's relation to his Maker, as the great epic entitled the "Divine Comedy" of Dante Allighieri. Thus, considering the second main division of the poem treating of Purgatory, we find a very trustworthy and realistic description of the various sufferings undergone by the souls in this "middle state of expiation."

Dante, guided by the spirit of Virgil, undertakes a mystic exploration of the dismal confines of the nether world. Passing first through Hell and thence to the more pleasing purlieus of the purgatorial region. Following the wanderers in their weird journey through that part of the expiatory pale, which exhibits the punishments incident to the proud, we perceive at the outset a huge mountain side, or bank, of "marble white," adorned with finely wrought images exemplifying the diverse forms of pride, and its opposite virtue—humility. There is first a portrayal of the archangel Gabriel, conveying the heavenly Annunciation to the Blessed Virgin Mary, so true—

"So sculptured to the life,
He looked no silent image. One had sworn
He had said 'Hail.'"

She, too, the Immaculate Mother of God, is so faithfully imaged that we almost hear those beautiful deferential words—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

To the present writer this strikingly realistic scene recalls,— "to come nearer home," the splendid Carrara marble statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Angels of the Sanctuary, together with the gorgeous stained-glass windows, adorning our magnificent Roy Memorial Chapel. These are types of "visible speaking" purporting to teach us poor mortals now passing through our several periods of earthly probation the saving lessons of purity, piety and holiness, so that we also may ascend the mountain of spiritual perfection, and prepare our souls for those pure, ethereal realms which are our everlasting heritage.

But to return to our imaginary pilgrimage, we find Dante reverently gazing at the image just described, and Virgil calling his atten-

tion to other examples of sculpture. There is the Ark of the Covenant drawn in a cart by sturdy oxen, and preceded by King David in humble garb and dancing attitude, with a multitude of venerating people. The procession is meant to recall the sacrilege of Uzzah and the pride of Michal, wife of the "royal harper" of Israel. Next we observe how the emperor Trajan is humbled by a poor, bereaved widow, whom he had spurned from his lordly presence and knightly retinue.

Yet we are not to continue in the indulgence of mere pictorial representations, but are presently to be confronted with stern and horrifying reality. Still the kindly, thoughtful poet warns us not to be discouraged, consoling us with wise and hope-inspiring arguments:

"Reader," he says, "I would not that amazed thou miss
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God
Decrees our debts be cancelled. Ponder not
The form of suffering. Think of what succeeds!
Think that at worst, beyond the mighty doom
I cannot pass."

The author would have us meditate on the hideous perversity of sin, particularly of that "never failing vice of fools," and the consequent necessity of penitential satisfaction, which nevertheless is but a means provided by a clement Providence for the attainment of our eternal destiny—the ultimate union with God. Yet so repugnant to our sensitive human nature is all manner of suffering, whether physical or mental, that were it not for those comforting reflections we might shrink from the threatened vision with pettish self-indulgence. Fancy then a crowd of penitent spirits, all bent and crumpled up with agony, almost out of every natural likeness and proportion, a pain so excruciating as almost to exceed even the measure of preternatural punishment; for—

"Each as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contract; but it appeared
As he who showed most patience in his look
Wailingly exclaimed, 'I can endure no more.'"

Yet moralizing in the spirit of our devout and learned bard, is not that sin which compassed the angels' fall—one of the capital offenses,—which drove man from his terrestrial Eden, made him forfeit the heavenly Paradise, and on account of which, the very Son of the Most High, the Second Person of the august Trinity, descended from his celestial throne to assume His humbling, self-abasing mission of vicarious atonement, not liable to the severest penance and strictest retribution?

With such considerations as these we pass from the XI. to the

XII. Canto, which opens with a beautiful paraphrase and amplification of the Lord's Prayer, uttered by the spirits just referred to.

For themselves the poor denizens of Purgatory are unable to pray, but can and do so for their beloved still "bearing the charge of earthly raiment Adam left them." Hence we in turn are called upon to remember these departed souls in our prayers and intentions, in order that the divine "mercy-tempered justice" may "rid them of their burdens speedily." The wanderers then meet the shadows of a few once famous persons of Italy, all expiating some kind of self-sufficiency. Thus Umberto Aldobrandesco, whose arrogance had involved all his kindred in destruction; Oderigi, once a celebrated miniature painter and follower of Cimabue, whom overweening ambition had reduced to his painful lot; and Provenzano Salvano, suffering—

"because

He reached with grasp presumptuous at the sway
Of all Siena."

The opening of the succeeding XII. Canto is similar to that of the X. Here likewise we behold a series of exquisite sculptured tableaux, not, however, as before, graven on a mountain slope, but wrought upon the ground. The images are those of notable characters of Holy Writ and mythology, the first being the figure of the arch-fiend Lucifer,—

"above all creatures erst

Created noblest, lightening fall from heaven,"

but now the implacable opponent of God and the inveterate enemy of mankind. Near him is the form of the many-handed Briareus, who had aided the Titans in their war against the gods; representations of Apollo, Mars and Pallas, shorn of their Olympian dignity; of Nimrod, who had shared in the attempted erection of the Tower of Babel; Niobe, the boastful mother of many children; Rehoboam, offering no more stubborn defiance, and others who might be mentioned.

The artistic effect of this plastic panorama of fallen greatness is startling in its realism, exhibiting as it does the author's wonderful facility of "casting an abstract truth into a concrete picture," which power renders his entire poem so inexhaustible a source of perennial pleasure and advantage. Moreover the tendency in Dante to bring out the life-like semblance and natural character of things proves his knowledge of the true mission of art, namely to present the likeness of natural phenomena as if seen through a mirror, reflecting, as it were, their very being and individuality. Such at least seems, in our humble opinion, to be the interpretation given by Ruskin to the following lines portraying the

symbolic pavement we have described :

“What master of the pencil, or the style,
Had traced the shades and lines that might have made
The sublimest workman wonder? Dead, the dead,
The living seemed alive; with clearer view
His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth,
Than mine what I did tread on, while it went
Low bending.”

The Canto continues with Virgil admonishing his mortal friend against the loss of time, and a charming picture of the lustrous angel who effaces from Dante's forehead the symbol of pride, and concludes with a brief reference to the enravishing sweetness of purgatorial voices chanting—“Blessed are the poor in spirit,” and the vast difference between hell and purgatory.

In the course of our essay we have called especial attention to the subject of art which pervades the three Cantos criticized. This was done advisedly, because the poet himself, as just intimated, refers to it with such delectable enthusiasm, scholarly research, and technical appreciation. Indeed it seems to us, that Dante by making such abundant and felicitous use of the artistic element, reflects both the distinguishing characteristics of his race, and the peculiar spirit of his age. The Italian genius is preeminently gifted with the sense of the beautiful and the power of execution. Frederick Ozanam affirms that the cultivation of the arts of sculpture and painting were never abandoned in Italy, and prevailed from the beginning of her history. Painting, mosaics, and statues in the crypts, catacombs, basilicas, and shrines of the early Christian era attest the ancient Italians' love of plastic and pictorial beauty, In Dante's time the churches and cathedrals of his native land had become like so many “open folios” of artistic skill, as for example St. Marks, Venice, St. Annunciata, at Padua, and the Campanile of the Duomo of Florence—Giotto's crowning masterpiece. What treasures of ornamental detail do not these sacred edifices contain! Think of the myriads of graceful towers and spires, carved turrets and pinnacles, light flying-buttresses, elaborate traceries, and imposing facades adorning those “eternal arks of worship” from without; and entering amidst the “dim religious light” gliding from the richly “storied windows”—what overwhelming magnificence does not greet the beholder,—of pillared arches, mouldings, basso-relievos, baptismal fonts, sarcophagi, monumental tombs, and reliquaries, compared with which the mournful gloom of that boasted mausoleum of Anglo-Saxendom, Westminster Abbey; the intended rival of the peerless Basilica of St. Peter—St. Paul's, London; York Minster; Salisbury Cathedral, etc., mingling as these do the secular tokens of the Tudor and Protestant Reforma-

tions with the hallowed relics of Roman Catholic antiquity, appear as rather sorry and unsatisfactory contrivances of half-religious compromise and sectarian inconsistency! Besides think of those stupendous canvasses and mural decorations of Giotto, Cimabue, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Raphael, Michael Angello, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Fra Angelico, etc.,—among them the “Last Supper,” the “Adoration of the Shepherds,” the “Transfiguration,” and the “Last Judgment,” (the last named by the kind of limners and delineators)—so sublime in their conception and superb in their execution, as to elicit the universal admiration of mankind, drawing down to earth, as in manner they do, the very “City of God,” and “bringing all Heaven before our eyes.”

As regards Dante’s times, we quote from Ruskin’s “Lectures on Architecture and Painting” as follows:

“The fourteenth century is preeminently the age of thought. It begins with the first words of the poem of Dante, and all the great pictorial poems—the mighty series of works in which everything is done to relate, but nothing to imitate—belong to this century. I should confuse you by giving you the names of marvellous artists, most of them little familiar to British ears, who adorned this century in Italy; but you will easily remember it as the age of Dante and Giotto—the age of Thought.”

But we will not surfeit ourselves, nor our indulgent readers, with a plethora of theological, philosophical and aesthetic lore, but rather say with Prospero, “our revels now are ended,” without, however, suffering actors and scenes to vanish into the “thin air” of fitful pageantry and utter forgetfulness. May the salient lessons of truth and holiness inculcated during our literary excursion be forever indelibly fixed in our minds, particularly the charge to erase from the tablets of our souls the all-corrupting stigma of pride and self-complacency, so that freed from such disfigurements, we may in due season become worthy subjects of the enjoyment of those transcendently luminous spheres of unmixed glory and endless beatitude!

W. A. S. (Phil.)

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF DORLAND.

Before beginning my extraordinary narrative, I want to state that the experience here narrated actually happened, although I do not pretend to give any explanation for its so doing, nor do I force you to accept it as gospel truth; however, withhold your decision till you have heard my story.

My name is Chester W. Dorland. I am by profession a law-

yer, being a partner in the firm of Dorland & King. My partner and self graduated with honors from St. Viateur's College in '83 and have had our shingle out for the last fifteen years. We were both prominent members of the college varsity base ball team of that year, I in fact being captain and first pitcher, while King's position was behind the bat, and I am sure that any present or past upholder of the purple and gold will testify to the ability of Steel-Arm Dorland and Shorty King as a battery. I had good support on the team and we finished the season without lowering our colors once.

Now, having introduced my principal characters, I shall return to the memorable day of which I wish to speak. It was a sultry day in mid-summer, to be more exact, the thirteenth of June, 1903, so warm indeed that business seemed suspended in our great city, when glancing over my morning paper it seemed as if my old love of athletics again reasserted itself, for instinctively I turned to the sporting section, which I had not read before for at least ten years, and it seemed as if fate herself directed me to that page, for the first line my eyes met was the following: "St. Viateur's College will play Yalevard today at the former's grounds," and but for this line this story would no doubt have never been written, for it instantly set me thinking. Why not take a run out to our old college home and visit again after nineteen years the scenes of our youth? Well, to be brief, my partner agreed with me and in half an hour the office of Dorland & King was closed for the day and those two worthies were seated in a swiftly moving train bound for Kankakee and discussing freely upon their base ball exploits of years gone by.

The conductor soon announced Kankakee, and getting off the train we were soon conveyed to the college to shake hands with the one friend left us at the college after all these years, namely Fr. Marsile. Through the warmth of his welcome we were soon made to feel perfectly at home and after having dinner in the well known refectory we adjourned to the campus and took our seats in the grandstand, anticipating an excellent game of base ball. We were not kept waiting, for a loud cheering soon announced our boys, and a minute later Yalevard's representatives entered the field, and gazing upon these splendid, bright-eyed youths I could not forbear the comparing of the Ches Dorland of '83 to my present figure, now but a wreck of its former glory, for I, too, was once a tall, muscular, sport-loving youth in the early eighties and as good as any who now stood before me.

The game started, Yalevard winning the toss and our boys, amid cheers, took their places in the outfield. It was plain to see

that the college pitcher was no novice; he indeed threw the sphere in right good fashion, retiring in the first inning three out of four of Yalevard's men. The college boys now stepped up to the bat with hopeful looks, but imagine their surprise when three of their best batters went down before Yalevard's pitcher, and oh! how I wished that I were once again in my youth, for in that pitcher I recognized one at least who could rival me in the art of pitching, and it was easily seen that this game was to be played by the pitchers, and needless to say both sides had their champion in the box, both doing their best. Strikeout followed strikeout and it seemed as though neither side would score, when in the fifth inning Yalevard crossed the plate, making the score one to nothing. What happened in the next inning even now seems like some hideous dream, had I not newspaper clippings and the word of my partner to prove its reality, for in the sixth inning our pitcher, upon whom we had relied to uphold our honor on the diamond, slipped and fell, breaking an arm and causing his instant removal; but as for giving the game to Yalevard, that was out of the question, for even back in my time they were our bitterest rivals.

As to what happened in the next few minutes it is better than I refer to George King's note book, as you will sure think it was impossible for me to record it. However, this is what I find on one page: June 13, 1903. At exactly half past three o'clock a tall, athletic figure stepped lightly down the gymnasium steps and advanced to the diamond. He spoke a few words to the manager, who showed by his face his utter consternation, and then took his place in the pitcher's box, after smilingly remarking that he would take the place of Rend, the injured college pitcher. A murmur of surprise arose from the grandstand, but the game starting it died away. One strike, called the umpire before the startled batter had even seen the ball, at least so it seemed, and in this stranger's pitching one could see right away the master hand, but where had I seen that sweeping motion before? It was indeed familiar to me, but I could not place it, so putting my head between my hands I racked my sluggish brain to enlighten me when the thought came with a rush, it was Ches Dorland's swing, and turning to perceive what effect it had upon my partner I perceived for the first time that he had fainted away. We then rushed him to the infirmary, only to learn from the college doctor that he was dead; his heart had stopped beating at three-thirty and the strange pitcher had appeared at three-thirty. Was this merely a coincidence? Something told me it was not; so, telling the doctor to watch for signs of life in Dorland I ran back with speed to again view this strange pitcher on the diamond. In my absence it seems

he made two runs for the college, while Yalevard could not touch the ball. I could not now mistake that swinging throw. It was Dorland's, and indeed it seemed as though Dorland himself, captain of the varsity of '83, stood before me. No wonder was it then that the final score was two to one in favor of the college. And there he stood for a minute or two, but as the crowd pressed around offering their congratulations he vanished as though the earth had swallowed him, at exactly three minutes past four.

Having heard King's testimony as to what happened on the field, I will extract the following from the notes of Dr. M. of the college infirmary:

June 13, 1903.—About half past three on the above date, in answer to an urgent call from the college, I came, to find my would-be patient beyond all help—he had died at exactly half past three. But his friend still held out hope, causing me to believe him demented. However, I promised to watch for returning consciousness and report the time, which I did, and this is my report. At exactly three minutes past four the man, who was in all respects dead, moved slightly, his breast heaved and to my great surprise his heart once more began to beat. He did not, however, come to his right senses for a few hours, but it was plain that he lived, for in his delirium he gave a complete history of that day's game in all respects exactly as it happened, except he spoke of the marvelous pitcher as himself, and the man had been unconscious half the time.

My story finishes with the doctor's report, but I firmly believe to this day that my spirit left its present abode and entering into the form of Captain Dorland of '83 saved the honor of the purple and gold.

J. G. Kiley, 2d Acad.

The Cry For Positive Religious Teaching.

In a leading editorial of March 22, the Chicago Daily Inter Ocean, discussing "Why educated young Americans are losing regard for religion?" affirms that it is because the church through its pulpit offers them no positive faith. Let the church offer our young men a positive faith, something to believe in, to work for, to live for, to fight for and to die for if necessary, and the flower of America's sons will enter the field of battle and win the victories of that faith which sets before them a definite purpose to achieve. In other words, this paper condemns the invertebrate Christianity that has become prevalent in our days and reminds the protestant churches of the commission "to teach the gospel to every creature."

Indeed, why pursue further the illusion of undenominationalism? Why seek the snare of undogmatic religion? Why attempt to feed young and old on the vacant air of independent religion and plant their feet on the blue wool of independent ethics?

Lord Halifax, in an address recently delivered before the English Church Union, makes a strong plea for positive religious teaching in state supported schools, on the grounds of justice and for the purpose of securing better citizenship. In the course of his eloquent speech he declares: "We deny the possibility of Christian teaching being anything but dogmatic." And it is hard to see how Christian teaching can be presented in a positive dogmatic form except by a church which has Christian convictions and the courage of its convictions.

Methodist Minister Hoffman, of Philadelphia, in a paper recently read before a gathering of his brother ministers, deplors the neglect of religious instruction in our public schools, the influence of agnostic and evolution teachings and the consequent slipping away of young people from church membership into societies of ethical culture, theosophy and other substitutes for the religion of Christ. He advocates a day set aside by the public schools for the religious training of their pupils in their respective churches.

WE HAVE RETURNED.

Fully a hundred strong were we in returning in answer to our V. Rev. President's call, March 11, a little more than two weeks after our sad leave taking. We are glad to be back and glad there are so many of us here. The seminarians and philosophers are here to a man; all the members of the higher classical and commercial classes are at their post, and a goodly number of representatives of the preparatory courses are also in line. The faculty had prepared to accommodate about 150 students, and these are already here. This is no doubt gratifying to our painstaking instructors, and it is especially so to us also, for we had at heart this prompt and strong expression of our appreciation of them. Desertion of such brave men at such a time would indeed have been cowardly and ungrateful on our part and would have added gall to their already too bitter cup.

Before we left, it had been intimated to us that a privileged few alone would be recalled. Scarcely had we reached our homes, however, and related the details of the most disastrous fire we may ever witness, when welcome news arrived from the college that classes would reopen in a fortnight. It seemed incredible,

but the letter was an official one from the V. Rev. President himself and there was no possibility of doubting its purport. Friends who heard of the reopening asked us, "Are you going back?" and our unhesitating answer was, "Yes, my only choice of a college is St. Viateur's." We spent the time in making preparations for our return to college, bought trunks, clothing apparel, toilet articles and books—for we had most of us lost all our belongings in the fire. A few days before the 11th of March another letter came from the college with the definite order that we were to leave Chicago on the 5:35 train and would be expected at the college at 8 p. m. Sunday, the 11th.

Dressed in our new togs and eager to resume our studies and finish the work of the present scholastic year, we boarded that train. The wild conjectures indulged in on the way by imaginative youths as to what things were in store for us in Bourbonnais robbed us of the sense of distance, and the first thing we knew we were on the Kankakee and Bradley car. It was now dark night, and as we neared the town hall a keen-eyed minim exclaimed, "Why, look, fellows, they've rebuilt the college! See, it's all lit up!" And indeed the illusion was complete. Light actually streamed from every aperture and produced the effect of a grand illumination of the buildings to welcome our return. As soon, however, as we alighted from the car and wended our way towards the familiar entrance, it became plainly evident that no fairy college had sprung up to replace the old. The bare skeleton of the noble institution alone was there as we had left it. But still throned on a huge heap of burning coal in the basement sat the fire god, as it were keeping jealous vigil over his prey. For three full weeks did this smoldering coal slowly consume itself and at night illumine the monumental tombstone of the dead St. Viateur's.

To make the gymnasium accessible from the street, the thoughtful brothers had strewn stepping stones at convenient distances so that we were enabled to reach our future dwelling without having to wade through mud or stumble over scattered fragments of fire wreckage. We were now once more in the light-some gymnasium, but what a change, *quantum mutatus ab illio!* as Jack H. puts it in the words of some old Roman he claims to know. Needless to say that the faculty was there to welcome our arrival and to attend to the needs and comforts of all. It was assuredly comforting to meet these brave men and to have in their very presence and in their cheering words the assurance of the continued privilege of their care and devoted service.

When the greetings were over we were conducted to the new dining room in the basement, where a substantial supper was

served and keenly relished. Then we proceeded to make a selection of accommodations for the night. For the first night it went pretty much to the tune of "catch as catch can." While some occupied themselves in solidifying the sustaining slats which were forced into proxy service for the yet absent springs, others were making surreptitious provisions of pillows and blankets; some tall senior on looking for his night gown discovered he had by mistake taken a minim's valise; a couple of wakeful juniors wandered up into the gallery for a game of billiards and to their amazement found that the place had been converted into a dormitory for the seminarians. In good season, however, things composed themselves, and after night prayer in common all addressed themselves to rest, keeping an eye and an ear open for what might happen in such strange new surroundings. We are not going to impose upon the ingenuous credulity of the reader by sensationally describing a rain of shoes, soap and other handy missiles—punctuated with thundering ejaculations by the recipients, nor the crash of breaking slats which made the detonations of a Boer battle seem like desert silence. No, believe it not, Mr. Reader, it was no that bad. We are writing history, not fiction.

The very next day our Rev. Prefect of Studies, Father O'Mahony, proceeded to the immediate reorganization of the classes and with his well known ability set the entire mechanism of class work in as perfect working order as it was before the fire. A new supply of books and stationery has been provided, class rooms and study rooms are adequate and the same teachers are imparting the same learning. Students who contemplate graduation or who have at heart the completion of their year's work will not lack any opportunity of compassing their cherished aims.

On Tuesday after our arrival we were all directed to meet the V. Rev. President at the noon hour in the large dining hall. Father Marsile desired to address the students a formal welcome and to give them a few words of timely advice. He said in part: I am as happy to welcome you back today as I was sad in seeing you depart a few weeks ago. There can be no greater comfort to us in the present hour than your presence here in such large numbers. I thank you heartily for your loyalty. You have preferred to return here and to face difficulties and inconveniences rather than to transfer your allegiance to some other college which would have afforded you more comfort and perhaps better facilities for study. It is my sincere hope that you will never regret the brave step you have taken. Like your predecessors, the youthful alumni, who through many hardships aided us in building up the earlier St. Viateur's, you will be pioneers in the recon-

struction of the new, the greater, and let us hope, the better St. Viateur's.

It is certain that sorrow more than joy binds souls together. We have suffered and wept together. This means that petty difficulties are forgotten, that little troubles will be overlooked and that we shall be more than ever united. From this closer union will arise that better St. Viateur's of our dreams. You have today proved yourselves worthy of her even when the future shall have cast about her an aureola of more radiant glory. After God, it is in you we trust.

I cannot but remind you, in view of the great things we hope for from you, that you will have exceptional opportunities for the exercise of habits which upbuild strong character. I would especially urge you to a manly submission to the inconveniences of present conditions, to a ready and cheerful compliance with all directions given you. Avoid murmuring and fault-finding, which are the marks of puny spirits. Emulate one another in industry and orderliness. Let the older by their example draw the younger to the faithful observance of rules. Finally let me especially remind you to continue to cultivate piety. What you have lost in facility through the destruction of our own inspiring chapel, you will gain in additional merit. The parish church is near by and there our God abides. Prayer and the sacraments are spiritual viands that nourish strong souls.

LIFE IN THE GYMNASIUM.

The gymnasium has become a veritable Cosmopolis. In its ample precincts live and move together our venerable president, our distinguished prelate, our learned professors, the studious scholastics, the grave seminarians, the thoughtful seniors, the lively juniors and the budding minors. While liberty (of movement especially) is sometimes constrained to sidestep, even in so vast a building, on account of the already crowded conditions, on the other hand the two other sisters of that interesting trinity, equality and fraternity, reign supreme.

To outline broadly, or briefly describe our life in the gym, one might not inappropriately say we are living under various aspects, the common life, the simple life, the strenuous life. Notwithstanding the leveling processes of the accident, some still manage to lead the higher life in the gallery, while others must be content with lowly existence on the main floor. But the spirit which pervades the entire community is one of mutual helpfulness and of consideration for each other's comfort and well-being. Jovialty and mirth, contentment and happiness are written on every coun-

tenance. The general cheerfulness which prevails proves that misfortune can assume a surprising pleasantness.

While it is impossible not to notice this good humor, it would not be fair not to extol it by calling to mind some of the conveniences which the students are actually sacrificing. Those who had enjoyed the luxury of private rooms have sacrificed the ease and comfort afforded thereby and are satisfied with conditions in a common dormitory and study hall. All the students are for the moment deprived of the excellent opportunities which the gymnasium afforded for winter sports, such as indoor base ball and hand ball, basket ball, the practice of batting in the huge cage, bowling, drilling and innumerable other sorts of athletic exercises. No doubt the students' youthful love for novel situations may help to make them bear not only without a murmur, but even with cheer and gladness, their own discomforts and inconveniences; yet a more potent cause of their patience and happiness is their genuine love of the institution and their true sympathy with their instructors.

Conditions, even at their worst, are not half so bad as the lively imagination of several among us had led them to believe they would be. Some had fancied as the train wheeled them hither that we would all sleep on the floor, while the circumambient air would be rent with such missiles and groans as would defy Morpheus to establish his reign over the obstreperous domain. We would have to take our meals in our hands and study under some spreading elm, etc. But these dark fancies were quickly dispelled by the sight of the realities. The metamorphosis of the gymnasium has been complete. The chance visitor or belated student who now arrives is likely to be met at the door by our jovial prefect, who for some time past has been abundantly provided with election cigars. Persuasively he urges the newcomer to accept the proffered Havanas. Then he hands him a pair of opera glasses, which are fitted in such a manner as to make the interior of the gym appear the size of the Coliseum. The visitor is then led through the long, straight rows of white dressed beds, which fill the great hall, once the scene of all sorts of athletic jousts. Beside each bed is a neat chiffonier, with wash bowl. Everything is new and kept immaculately clean. While journeying through this wilderness of beds and trunks the good-natured guide tells many a story of "French beds," of breaking slats and other amusing mishaps which caused great diversion in the early days of our occupancy.

Finally the stage is reached, and here another complete transformation is seen. This raised portion of the immense auditorium,

which was the theatre of dramatic, oratorical and musical triumphs, is now dotted with desks and chairs and is sacred to silence and study. It is the common study hall. All the scenery has been removed and the place appears to have been most judiciously selected for a study hall, as it is abundantly provided with air and light. Roomers, it is said, find it somewhat trying to be always face to face with books and work and to abstain from the pipe during study hours, but they are exhibiting the proper spirit and bid fair to equal and even excell the regular study hall boys at their own game of serious study.

The visitor is next escorted to the dwelling place of the seminarians and philosophers, which is in the lightsome gallery of the gymnasium. Elegant curtains attached to the wire screen give the gallery gods considerable privacy. In an angle near the entrance dwell, in what is called the little inferno, our four lay philosophers. In the inner precincts live and study the seminarians, with Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., who has charge of this important department. What do you see there? Rows of beds covered with spotless spreads, smoothed by determined though perhaps awkward hands, study tables and improvised book shelves and other appointments that would delight lovers of the simple in art; thoughtful young men with heads bowed low over their Sabetti, their Tanqueray, their Zigliara, or their Dante; all are absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge with an avidity that is commendable. Among the permanent incentives to work are the threatened examinations, which, it seems, even a fire cannot destroy. It must not be supposed, however, that the battle of thought is without truce. An occasional interruption occurs when, for instance, the profane news of some wonderful feat performed by the "cubs" invades the dizzy heights of philosophy and theology. Again it happens that in the dead of night some sturdy advocate of the strenuous life will proceed to saw wood, much to the astonishment and dismay of those who prefer to see and not hear others sleep. Report has it, too, that some over-zealous student of the Inferno has been seeing things at night. But one is not to believe everything one sees, even in a college paper.

The visitor will naturally be interested in being shown the class arrangements that have been provided, as it is here, after all, that the chief business of an educational institution is conducted. The large floor space under the gallery and on either side of the main entrance has been divided by temporary partitions so as to make four commodious class rooms. These classes have the advantage of proximity to the study hall, are excellently lighted, ventilated and heated. The vestry of the parish church makes a convenient lecture room for the philosophy course. Through the

obliging courtesy of the trustees of the village school (sometimes called the "Sorbonne") the minims enjoy the exclusive use of a large class room especially fitted for them. It is interesting as class hour nears to see the more ambitious of the minims hie at full speed towards their new-found fount of knowledge, while others leisurely lag behind, reading the almost effaced inscriptions on the tombstones of the cemetery, in the hope of retarding the agony of reciting a lesson. The gymnasium at class time reminds one of a Babel of confusion, logarithms being discussed in one room mixing their music with that of Greek roots, which are being extracted in another; Latin verbs break lances with French adjectives, facts of history with flowers of rhetoric, etc., but from out of it all each student assumes that only which is meant for his individual ear. And thus the good work goes on.

The faculty undoubtedly recognizes that by no means the least important part of a college boy's anatomy is his stomach, as their provisions for dining purposes attest. The floor and walls of the gymnasium basement have been cemented, the ceiling finished in artistic patent iron work, new tables, chairs and even dishes procured, so that, in a word, every feature of the refectory appears a decided improvement upon the old system of plural refectories. Even the chef and other culinary employees seem to have imbibed renewed energy from the improved surroundings and are serving us daily menus which make a boy thankful for his good appetite.

Recreation time has been in different ways shortened on account of the enforced vacation of nearly three weeks and the urgent necessity to make up lost time without delay. As was hinted before, opportunities for indoor play are reduced to nil. Hence recreation suffers. It is limited to an occasional walk through the village, to assaults upon the tottering walls of the ruins by day and to musical concerts by the college orchestra at evening recess. Wistfully the boys look into the campus, now alternately covered with too yielding snow or entangling mud, and they yearn for the day when with bat and ball they may freely go forth to prepare for athletic frays. All the while the bonds of good fellowship and fraternity are being drawn tighter by those very conditions which misfortune has created.

It would not be fair to leave our visitor under the impression that because we have lost our beautiful chapel we have ceased to pray. If to work is to pray, certainly in this wide sense the gymnasium has become a place of prayer. But it is such, too, even in the stricter sense. Morning and evening prayers are recited there. For mass and other special devotions we repair to the parish church, which is conveniently near. As of yore, we have our own mass and sermon every Sunday.

It would not require long demonstration to convince our visitor of the commendable spirit of enterprise displayed by the faculty in so quickly and comfortably equipping the gymnasium for the speedy resumption of classes. Nor would words be needed to prove the loyalty to alma mater of the students of '05 and '06. The visible presence here of over 150 students attests their fidelity.

With these reflections, which reveal the chief features of our life in the gymnasium, we leave our visitor and our reader to form his opinion. As for ourselves, we are satisfied that no better arrangements could have been devised for the transition from the old to the new St. Viateur's and we cannot be too thankful to the faculty for the practical zeal which has urged them to make such elaborate provisions for our return.

There will no doubt be many new and grand things in the greater St. Viateur's which is being planned. But we hope still to see at the head of his learned and devoted faculty and with the coming generation of students our veteran president, the grand man who has guided students and teachers to success these twenty-six years, upon whom more keenly than any other fell the blow of the late disaster, who was with us then, who is with us now in the gymnasium, the generous, good-hearted Father Marsile. May he still be the loved and honored president, the guiding spirit of the greater St. Viateur's of his own dreams. This is the constant prayer of "his boys."

F. W., W. Mc. and J. H., '06 and '07.

ABOUT URBANA.

The original offer made by the Urbana banker, Mr. Busey, of land and money as inducements for St. Viateur's to move to Urbana, though a bona fide proposition, was found by the delegates of the faculty hemmed in by conditions which make it undesirable of acceptance at the present time. However, the faculty feels thankful to Rev. Father Cannon and the business men of the twin cities who interested themselves in this movement. It is gratifying to know that these gentlemen consider the establishing of a Catholic college in the vicinity of the state university a desirable thing. The originators of the idea will always have the merit of having originated it.

It is not to be understood, however, that the project of founding a college at Urbana has been completely abandoned. We understand that the undefatigable Father Cannon and other leading priests of the Peoria diocese, who are wholly taken up with the idea, are laboring to set this project on a practical basis. Inter-

views with the reverend gentlemen give reason to believe that the idea is being urged and is even now nearer to realization than when first launched. The members of St. Viateur's faculty are ready to co-operate with these patrons of Catholic education in their efforts to bring about the success of the plan.

RECONSTRUCTION OF ST. VIATEUR'S.

The rebuilding of St. Viateur's will begin with the immediate completion of Alumni Hall, with such modifications in plan as present necessities demand. The foundations of this edifice were left unimpaired by the fire. Brother Boisvert, who proved his efficiency as builder in the erection of the gymnasium, will immediately proceed to raise the superstructure of Alumni Hall according to directions given by Architect Molitor, of Chicago. Bedford stone will be used for the outside walls, as it is now impossible to quarry from the river the quantity of stone which would be needed to complete the building. It is the intention of the faculty to use stone exclusively in college buildings. Stone, it is considered, is but little if at all more expensive than brick as building material, and it looks and is more substantial. A considerable amount of iron and brick will be used for the inside of the building, as it is to be fire proof. At present writing it is not possible to give more than a general idea of the plan of Alumni Hall. The first floor will be occupied by the offices and living quarters of the administration parlors, reception rooms and guest rooms. Perhaps the best and most modern feature of this building will be the location of the dormitories on the second floor instead of on the fourth. This will very much lessen the likelihood of accidents in case of fire. The study halls will be on the third and the recitation rooms and lecture halls on the fourth. This building will be ready for occupancy in September.

It is also the intention of the faculty to erect a large building of some 130 private rooms for the accommodation of professors, seminarists and students. Plans for the construction of this edifice are being considered and there are good prospects for its completion by September.


RT. REV. BISHOP A. M'GAVICK, D. D., VIEWS RUINS.

April first, an agreeable surprise was the unexpected visit of St. Viateur's most distinguished alumnus, Rt. Rev. A. McGavick, D. D., auxiliary bishop of Chicago. His presence here and his words of encouragement to faculty and students were most comforting. While this loyal son was profoundly pained at the sight of the wreck of the grand old college, he was delighted with the vast proportions and the finished style of the gymnasium, whose divisions and new appointments he visited with keen interest. He was especially glad to see that so many of the students had availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of continuing their studies. He spoke with inspiring enthusiasm of the new St. Viateur's, which he hoped would spring up on grander lines to perpetuate the good work the old has done. The Rt. Rev. Bishop looks well and feels better after his recent trip to Texas and promises to return to Bourbonnais for a longer visit in two or three weeks. We would like to give him an exhibition of base ball and entertain him with an oratorical contest. Athletics and oratory, we understand, were some of his Lordship's pastimes when he was a student at St. Viateur's.



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EDITORIAL.

In the red glare of our great conflagration, we have lost sight of bloody foot ball, whose fate we had intended to settle definitely. We note with satisfaction, however, that other colleges are aligned against professional, spectacular, yellow foot ball. With the hope that all objectionable features will be eliminated from this sport, or that the sport itself will be erased from the list of college games, we return to our own first and only love, good old base ball.

Our Relics.

The next day when the sun's beaming rays had pierced through the clouds of the still fuming ruins and laid bare in all its ugliness the frightful havoc which the fire fiend had wrought, crowds began to arrive from all directions to view the prostrate majesty of St. Viateur's, its tottered spires and its blackened and broken walls, the solitary remnants that had withstood the fiery deluge. In silent dejection the sympathetic strangers viewed amid the scene of desolation the mortal remains of our alma mater in the same spirit as friends come to take a parting look at the distinguished dead. The days, really days of mourning, succeeded each other, and still the crowds of anxious visitors came and went. But as pilgrims who visit some holy shrine, bear away with them some picture or other token on which to attach fond memories, so, too, did these eager thousands, they say, carry with them from the heaps of debris tiny pieces of stone, of stained glass, of marble, as mementoes of the grand old college that once was. This is a pretty tribute of appreciation from the passer-by.

But we who have not been merely passers-by, we whose privilege it has been these past years to abide beneath the hospitable

roof of St. Viateur's and to live in the quickening influence of the peerless men who really made the spot the loved home of truth-seeking youth, we who have seen and heard and, as it were, touched the soul of St. Viateur's day by day, we who have in our own brief stay here witnessed some of her most glorious triumphs and also her last great trial, need not relics of stone or marble by which to cherish the liveliest and fondest recollections of alma mater as long as we live. Her name is ineffaceably engraved in our very souls. Her personality, as that of a loving mother, has so completely overshadowed us, surrounded us, permeated us, that she has become part and portion of our being. By all sorts of associations are we bound to her as by silken cords that the lapse of time is powerless to sunder. Gratitude, love, reverence, loyalty, are some of the threads that form these binding cords.

The stone towers and lofty cupolas of old St. Viateur's are broken and laid low in the dust, but her president and his faithful faculty remain. The iron pillars and sustaining girders have fallen, but the indomitable energy of these Christian educators has not relented. The spacious halls no longer open wide their inviting arms to welcome eager youths, but the geniality and the broadmindedness of the Viatorians will still endure and attract and win. Our relics then? What is left us? Our own ineradicable recollections of the past, our profound impressions of the present, our preceptors in whose presence it is our inestimable privilege to sit and learn, and their soul-nourishing precepts, which we hold among the most priceless possessions we ever hope to own. These are our relics.

James Hayden, '06.

At Their Post.

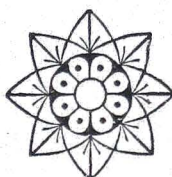
Across the brow of that dark night, lit up by the lurid glare of holocaust fire, we read still clearly writ the Viatorian's devise: "*Sinite parvulos venire ad me.*" Full many a profound lesson is observable in the afterglow of St. Viateur's last sunset. Reflection crowds in upon reflection until in utter bewilderment one asks himself, in view of the heroism this disaster called forth, was it not a "*felix culpa?*" For men whose one love is truth, whose chosen life work is to sow the seeds of intellectual and moral worth in the minds and hearts of the young, it appears from our present point of vantage that the practice of this fine art of thus educating youth in large and comfortable halls and with the help of perfect equipment must have had in it something of the luxury of successful professional life. But to see the splendid work of years of patient toil swept away in a few brief hours, to find oneself reduced to the hard necessity of beginning anew where the

pioneers started forty years ago—these are hardships calculated to break down a less stout spirit than that which pulsates in the brave hearts of the Viatorians. They are proving in this, the very hour of their trial, how copious is the source of their ardor and enterprise. They are passing through that crucial test which tries the spirit, and are demonstrating that they possess that unconquerable Christian courage which has through all ages withstood the assaults of sword or famine, of persecution and conflagration; that apostolic spirit which animated every band of civilizers who left on their march through the centuries the marks of their blood and of their tears, while they endowed civilization with its proudest monuments. Undismayed by the sudden catastrophe which but for a moment silenced the eloquence of the teacher's voice, the courageous Viatorians bared their arms to every sort of task imposed by such an emergency. In the surprisingly brief space of a fortnight these tireless men had equipped in the gymnasium all the needful room for the continuance of their noble work. From behind the frowning ruins of their great buildings they issued the call to their sons to return, and immediately they had the supreme satisfaction of welcoming anew their loyal children. One scarcely knows what to admire most, the energy and enterprise of the devoted preceptors or the fine loyalty of their faithful charges. The Viatorians have remained at their post. Men who can thus meet obstacles bid fair to execute speedily the plans which they are now considering for the rebuilding of a greater St. Viator's.

Fred Miller, '06.

LAETARE MEDALLIST.

In view of the real influence which the medical profession can and does exercise upon the practical conduct of homes and families, it is comforting to see the merits of a Catholic physician publicly acknowledged in the person of Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, of New York, who is the Laetare Medallist of 1906 at Notre Dame.



PERSONAL.

In a letter dated from Rome Feb. 21, Mr. John Flanagan pleads with Rev. W. J. Bergin not to allow such a little thing as the Atlantic ocean to disturb anything but the viva voce phase of communication. He says he has twice as much real work as he had here, and less than half the time to do it in. The four studies he is carrying are Logic, Mathematics, Greek and Hebrew. Mr. W. Keefe has become wholly absorbed in this theology. Mr. Flanagan observes that the strict seminary discipline maintained at the American College has a salutary and bracing effect upon all students. Both our representatives in Rome are greatly taken with the life there and are perfectly contented and happy. "One regret I have," writes Mr. Flanagan, "is that I am unable to do some occasional scribbling for the Viatorian, but that is an impossibility now for two reasons. Firstly, there is not enough time, and secondly, the Rev. Rector has refused permission to at least a dozen students, and I am sure it would be useless to ask, even had I the time to write. One of the fellows managed to get permission early in the year, before we arrived, to write a letter to the Du-buque College Spokesman, but permissions were shut off after that. Two of my letters home have appeared in the local paper, I understand, but it was done without consulting me." Mr. Flanagan regrets that he is not allowed to see the Viatorian, which is addressed to him monthly, and begs for epistolary Viatoriana from his friends. He recalls the delightful "noctes ambrosianae," on which he enjoyed many an inspiring *tete a tete* with Father Bergin.

From a sheep ranch at Health, Idaho, as from the very land of the golden fleece, writes out young friend and erstwhile co-laborer, Master Raphael Thiers, expressing his deep regret upon reading a brief account of our fire in a western paper. He writes: "Did the fire necessitate the closing of school? I'll send you some money for your subscription fund as soon as I get paid off. That will be in a week or so. I have read and re-read the Viatorians, and, really, I get kind of 'college sick' now and then. Today is St. Patrick's Day, but there is nothing green in the camp except—myself. Not even green grass, as we are still snowed under, with only a little hay left to feed about five thousand sheep, forty horses and several cattle. 'Lambing time' is close at hand, then there will be a busy time for about forty days."

From still further away, Brussels, Belgium, whither the Parisian members of the community of St. Viateur's have fled from the persecution of French misgovernment, comes a letter full of comforting assurances of sympathy and prayerful aid for our

stricken president and his devoted associates. This European correspondent, the Rev. M. R. Contu, C. S. V., one of Father Marsile's many distinguished friends, writes, among other beautiful and hopeful things: "May your present desolation speedily make way for confidence, your regrets for action, and your projects for execution. But I forget that I am addressing an American, who has seen Chicago spring from its flames and in a few years become the most astonishing city of the world. When my letter will have reached you, already your alumni will have given you new proofs of their inexhaustible devotedness; the municipalities of Bourbonnais and Kankakee will have voted you important pecuniary succor, the archbishop of Chicago and his suffragans of Peoria, Alton and Belleville will have invited you to take up fruitful collections in their dioceses and who knows, perhaps even the legislature of Illinois itself will desire to acknowledge in an efficacious way the considerable services which St. Viateur's College has rendered the state since its foundation." We thank the Rev. Father for opening up to the tear-dimmed eyes of our preceptors such bright and promiseful perspectives, and we pray that some things which now appear but very remote possibilities may also come to pass.

"Your beautiful edifices are no more," writes Father N. N. Gosselin, of Ashland, Ky., to Father Marsile, "but the hearts and minds which you have formed and fortified and enlightened remain as your living monuments, and you know they are all yours. Your institution will rise again more attractive and graceful than ever, and you will continue to teach and mold youth with your well known tact, science and devotedness. Believe me heart and soul with you, with all your dear boys."

Rev. M. Fitzsimmons, pastor of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, in a recent letter to Father Marsile says: "I was away from home when your dreadful calamity happened and felt very sorry when it came to my notice. Enclosed please find my check for \$100. I think you may need the money badly at this time." Father Fitzsimmons is one of the older alumni of St. Viateur's, who never forget, and whose generosity proclaims eloquently their estimation of the worth of alma mater.

From Rome, Italy, came the following letter, dated March 8, to Rev. E. L. Rivard, from Mr. John Flanagan, student at the American College:

I cannot begin to convey to you an idea of the great sorrow and surprise which visited me today and which, indeed will long remain, when I read in a paper forwarded to me by Mr. Lambert, and which fortunately passed muster, of the terrible calamity which has overtaken dear old St. Viateur's. I realize the futility

of these weak words of condolence and the pitiful helplessness of some of us who love that name, but I cannot refrain from expressing in some way my sincere sorrow. It must be a hard, cold son whose heart is not stirred when the news of his mother's catastrophe reaches him. Poor old St. Viateur's! We never knew till now how much we loved her, the magic of the name was never so potent as now, "alma mater" never before held such meaning. In the days of her prosperity, when success was crowning the sacrifice and toil of years, just as we stood on the threshold of greater St. Viateur's, we loved her, but now in the midst of her desolation our love is increased a hundred fold, and we are stung by the reproach of our inability to come to her aid.

In the newspaper account I read of the willingness, the desire, of the older students to stand by their superiors, to add their mite to the rebuilding of the college, and I gloried in the loyalty of those to whom it is an honor to have been united as a fellow student. I wished that I were back to take up my little share. It would make no difference if we had to return to that first residence of the order in the village, or even if we must needs live in tents, because the St. Viateur's that I love, the St. Viateur's that every student loves, does not consist of buildings, but of men—men whose lives are embodiments of devotion, sacrifice, broad charity and genuine zeal.

But St. Viateur's is not destroyed—she is only hindered. Her trial of fire will prove her, for no element could destroy the spirit in which she wrought. I cannot frame words of sympathy worthy to be offered on such an occasion, but the thought of Father Marsile's grief touches me deeply. This is another jewel for the crown which "greater love than any man hath known" has been preparing for him, but this last is costliest of all, because of the circumstances of which you are so keenly cognizant. My prayer is that the blow prove not too heavy for him and that he will live to see his cherished life work in a condition even more flourishing than that which it has known heretofore.

I'm sure I don't know what to say to you, my dear friend. You love St. Viateur's; her life was bound to yours. You and your conferes will face the pioneer conditions which the fire has caused to be reborn, and that you will meet the task bravely and hopefully we who know you are assured.

Anything and everything that I can say is said in vain, for after all words are weak and of no avail. Still it is impossible to refrain and with these few helpless lines that I send, I offer a fervent prayer that those elder and more able sons of St. Viateur's will come to your aid in a worthy manner. I expect no answer to this, as I appreciate how full of work your life must be now. St. Viateur's must not die, and I hope that after this exile I will re-

turn to see you continuing your work as of old, at which time I shall be proud and happy to offer you whatever assistance may be in my power. Believe me always very gratefully and faithfully yours, John J. Flanagan.

Since the publication of our special fire number, letters of regret have continued pouring in. Besides those whose contents have been noted in this column there remains an immense collection of letters of all sizes and colors, which all attest both the vast number and the valuable kind of friends which St. Viateur's College has made. Some of these offer not only sympathy and suggestions for rebuilding, but completely drawn plans for the new institution; others convey recommendations of capable architects, others tell of the desirability of certain building materials in preference to others. Not a few have sent checks, with the wish they may help toward the resurrection of alma mater. Some upon the occasion of assuring the faculty of their sympathy renew their promise of coming to the speedy assistance of the college in a material way. Among letters of more recent date are those of the Revs. J. C. Martel, Chicago; Joseph Raith, Minot, N. Dak.; M. J. McAuliffe, Delphos, Kansas; H. Crevier, O. S. M., Chicago; A. Burns, Oregon, Ill.; Joseph S. Kelly, Moline, Ill.; Ed. A. Kelly, Chicago; G. Bertin, C. S. C., New Orleans, La.; F. S. Sustersic, Joliet, Ill.; P. M. Flannigan, Chicago; C. L. O'Brien, San Diego, Cal.; P. V. Byrne, St. Vincent's College, Chicago. Mr. A. J. Gelineau, Sorel, Canada; Mr. A. M. Richer, O. P., Ottawa, Canada; Hon. S. Parent, Premier, Quebec, Canada; Rev. J. L. Morrissey, Highland, Ill.; V. Rev. Souques, C. S. V., Brussels, Belgium.

V. Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C. S. V., Superior General, from Aerschot, Belgium, who visited the college last year, is deeply saddened at the news of its destruction and begs to assure our Rev. President and his conferees of his affectionate and paternal sympathies in their great loss.

The graduating class of our commercial department is striving assiduously under the able directorship of Brother W. J. Clifford. The class of '06 is remarkably talented and industrious. The present indications are that the entire class will graduate with distinction. St. Viateur's Banking Association, composed of the members of this class, have elected the following officers:

- F. Hull, President.
- A. Klucker, Vice-president.
- J. E. Sweet, 2d Vice-president.
- A. Rivard, Cashier.
- Robt. Russell, Assistant Cashier.
- J. Branklin, Bookkeeper.
- H. Senesac, Paying Teller.

A. Slattery, Receiving Teller.

A. Rivard, H. Senesac, J. Madden, J. Branklin, F. Hull, Directors.
A. S...

EXCHANGES.

Although Plutus has done well his devilish work and laid our old time sanctum in ashes (and cinders), we of the ex-column are indeed irrepressible by any power this side of the blue, and (pardon the overworked metaphor), we rise "Phoenix-like" from our ashes and are prepared to jog along with the same old jaded quill in hand at the same old weary pace. We will still turn now, and anon, as was our wont, to the dust-covered heaps of exchanges and will continue to cavil and hammer as of yore.

We are very agreeably surprised upon opening up the St. Mary's Sentinel. It possesses a rare virtue of unpretentiousness in all its contributions and departments; certainly it is manifest that this paper is not engaged in servile and vain imitation of the popular magazine, as are several of our exchanges, which we, at present, forbear to mention. The work in this paper is on its face the work of student writers, writing as students, and does not pretend to be anything else. We might well conceive the fastidious ex-man of the Schoolman rolling his eyes in holy horror at the very mention of such a thing as a biography of a mink, and we imagine seeing his reverence of the Fleur de Lis averting his gaze and passing by with fine scorn the effusion, "A Shamrock's Pipe Dream," but there is a genuine mint of matter and style in each, and the poem, "E. Tenebris," would more than grace the pages of the Georgetown Journal or Notre Dame Scholastic, by its fine choice of words and graphic imagery.

St. John's Record is a most sober paper, but it is invariably replete with articles that count. "The Fur Trader's Cabin" is redolent of the Minnesota forest. The writer of the "Church and Her Influence" treats several phases of the old subject in a convincing way; his style, terse and luminous, is at the same time eloquent and ornate.

We have endeavored before this present writing to disclaim any bias in favor of our feminine exchanges, still we have been compelled to admit, and still do admit, that they always succeed in drawing from our miserly critic's horde a few of his honeyed adjectives, and they do so reasonably enough, for among all the papers which make up our monthly batch the feminine contingent have—in our not too lenient or hasty judgment—the better of their contemporaries. We have noticed several convent exchanges al-

ready and cannot longer postpone our appreciation of the Longwood Alpha Pi Mu. In the first place the Alpha Pi Mu is reliable, one issue is as much a literary treat as the other. The literary treat before us is engrossed almost entirely in the subject, Mary Stuart. The first is a consideration of Maria Stuart as the heroine of Schiller's drama, which presents much interesting information, the different topics are well chosen and embodied in fine English. The second article touches a pathetic note in dealing with the vicissitudes of the unhappy queen's career, while the third writer is occupied with well drawn descriptions of scenes in the land of Mary Stuart's birth. The lines, "Erin's Harp" are exquisitely penned and possess a sweetness of expression and a play of fancy that would do credit to Erin's own great sweet singer. We also much delight in reading the neatly turned, common sense criticism of the exchange department. Before we rest our aching hand, we desire to append the following testimonials, which all go to prove the old saw about a friend in adversity. We can only say that the sympathy and the good wishes which they express are deeply appreciated by us here, for which we extend hearty thanks:

We extend our sincere sympathy to the Viatorian for its late misfortune. We not only hope but know that Phoenix-like it will arise from the ashes with renewed splendor.—Longwood Alpha Pi Mu.

The Viatorian has our sincere sympathy in the loss recently sustained. We are glad the senior classes will not be obliged to suspend class.—Loretto (Academy) Magazine.

We heard with sorrow the misfortune that has befallen St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Ill., namely, the entire loss of its buildings by fire, and we extend our sincerest sympathy to the reverend fathers in their distress, and hope, in the near future to see St. Viateur's rise from its ashes more glorious than before.—St. Mary's Sentinel.

The cordial, heartfelt sympathy that goes out to St. Viateur's is brightened by hope, for we know that courage, energy and indomitable resolution will soon repair the material loss which is hers. In trial we know our friends. The fire destroyed St. Viateur's College. May the alumni, the generous help of friends, and the blessing of God give to us in its place—St. Viateur's University.—Young Eagle, Sinsinawa, Wis.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to the faculty and student body of this college, in the great loss they have recently sustained. The spirit of zeal manifested by the students in regard to resuming their work is especially worthy of commendation, proving in very truth that "do is the sign of the Viatorians." May a new St. Viateur's rise speedily from the ashes of the old, continuing in as

worthy a manner the earnest work of the old.—Nazarene, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Base Ball.

The late dreadful visitation has not in any way interrupted the compiling of a heavy and interesting base ball schedule, and as all the candidates have resumed their studies, the old gold and purple bids fair to retain its prestige in the college base ball world. During the past three weeks the manager has closed dates with nearly all the large western college teams and local enthusiasts may well anticipate many interesting and well played games. The season will open the middle of April, when our old-time rivals from Momence will give us a try-out on Bourbonnais field. The following week we will return the game and then everything will be in readiness for the opening of the college season. We are authorized by the management to announce the following schedule, subject to revisions and additions:

April 15—Momence at Bourbonnais Field.

April 22—Momence at Momence.

April 27—DePauw at Bourbonnais Field.

May 3—Indiana at Bourbonnais Field.

May 11—Beloit at Bourbonnais Field.

May 19—Open.

May 24—Knox at Bourbonnais Field.

June 2—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.

June 9—Wisconsin at Bourbonnais Field.

June 16—Illinois at Bourbonnais Field.

Northwestern College is endeavoring to arrange a game with us and will probably be contracted to play at Naperville some time in May. Northwestern University will be scheduled should they organize a team, but from all reports athletics have received a general set-back at that institution.

The lateness in the opening of the college season is due to the team's inability to practice. Robbed of its indoor training quarters by the conversion of the gymnasium into recitation rooms, the team has been idle since the middle of February. The inclemency of the weather has rendered outdoor work impossible; the condition of the diamond is anything but inviting and apparently it will be the tenth of April before the men can exercise on the north diamond. But as the team will be composed entirely of experienced men, with good coaching and the practice games with Momence it is thought they will be on edge for the opening of the

college season with DePauw April 27th.

It is impossible to make any predictions in regard to the more likely candidates or the many aspirants for first team honors; as yet no one has received a fair try-out, but it is hoped that by April 1 regular practice can be resumed on the grass diamond at the south end of the campus. Captain Hickey and the coach speak freely of the capabilities of their men and it is hoped they will succeed in instilling their enthusiasm into the squad, so that by hard work it may be in working form when the season opens. In the meantime the fans should show even a better spirit than heretofore, for it was clearly evidenced last year that the loyal support of the grand stand predisposed the team to redouble their efforts, and now above all times hard labor and united efforts will be necessary for a successful season.

Basket Ball.

On March 24 the basket ball team journeyed to Momence and were there easily defeated by the representative team of that town by the score of 20 to 11. Lack of team work and practice placed our boys at a decided disadvantage and rendered the game as a whole uninteresting, though many spectacular individual plays were made. Sweet, Slattery and Shiel starred, but in the absence of team work their efforts availed them but little. The loss of the gymnasium renders the continuation of the basket ball team impossible and consequently after the Momence game it was disbanded for the season.

W. Mc.

VIATORIANA.

It pays to have foresight; one young man remarked that if the meals were any better he would have to be tied.

When Ben, with a surname of Shiel
Got flopped in a basket ball diel,
First fell on his head,
Then sat up and sead,

"Are those moons I see up there riel?"

Students will please hand in their plans for the new buildings on or before April 28th, after which date none will be received. All your suggestions will be followed minutely. With regard to wall decorations we would suggest Alice blue wall paper with a "Homuse" border; peekaboo trimmings will be inserted at an extra cost. Leave your plans with the engineer and you will thus assist some of our very promising journalists in feeding the flames.

Among the many other irreplaceable valuables which were consumed in the fire and which perhaps will never receive decent burial (canaries excepted) was a brand new, clean-shaven, sweet sixteen joke on the mother-in-law question, which we had just worked successfully upon our roommate. We have been unconsoled ever since and some of our friends have even called us "non-committal" (the latter awe-inspiring expression we gleaned from the press correspondent down town when we asked him how the fire started; they were troubled with the same illness at home when we wrote for money). However, we will try to console ourselves and the readers by presenting for your inspection something new, entitled "The Lay of the Plymouth Rock or Things Seen in the Fire."

The Prefect of Studies is very optimistic over the loss of a box of cigars. He says he intended to pass them around the next day, and since they were doomed to a smoky exit anyway, the change was but precipitated (whatever that is).

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,"

Since this is so, we're having quite a rest
From our own savage nature, for its strain
Awake or asleep upon our senses drain.
We wake at morning to its gentle tone,
We sink to sleep lulled by its ceaseless drone,
And if, perhaps, our eyelids through the day
Should chance to droop, we're wakened by a lay.
It stills our studies, but it swells our prayer
That this affliction God will help us bear.
O! Soul of Music! Thou art sorely tried,
To be of man a much too willing bride.
But ours is the greatest grief, since we must hear
Thy daily slaughter by "musicians" near.

Special—The delegates for the reformation of Rugby foot ball met yesterday and after a few hours' jollification appointed a committee to investigate. Said committee adjourned until evening, after appointing a committee of the interior. The committee of the interior appointed a committee of one. The latter, being a home loving man, appointed a master of rules. The master of rules delegated his assistant to readjust the rules. The assistant conferred with the president of Youle University, who referred him to the ex-captain. He in turn placed the matter before the manager. The latest reports say that the chief janitor is now struggling with the problem. At a meeting this morning the convention adjourned, amid the applause of the people, until April first.

When we undertook the contract of supplying the editor with "dope" and furnishing hot air for the corridors, we promised among

other things a renewal of gab monthly. This, unless we receive assistance, we find hard to do. The other day a hurry call was sent in, saying that a real, live, clean-shaven, toothless joke had been cracked in the junior yard. Instantly we grabbed a pen, a hat and a bottle of ink. In our excitement we put the ink on our head, jabbed the pen into our ear and put the hat in our vest pocket. We dodged past the engineer, who, thinking we had stolen the cat, swung at us with a bag of bad breath. Undaunted, we dashed to the lower yard, asked Matthias (or was it Theobald) about the joke, and he solemnly pointed to the hand ball court. For hours we searched high and low, but in vain. At length, tired and dusty, we began to realize that the joke was on us. Meeting the "Shade of Reddick," we asked, "where is the joke?" "Why," he replied, "they just sent Bill after some button-holes."

It is feared the effects of the \$1,000 license will be felt by patrons of the gym confectionary.

At the end of an impromptu program March 17, Ed. Stack almost opened a keg of nails, but Ben Shiel remonstrated and produced a bottle of mucilage. The meeting ended in a stampede when Klucker intoned the refrain "Hoch der Kaiser!"

THE CLASS OF '06.

It went to show that things have livened up greatly since the fire when the aspiring young sages of '06 organized a class society. They first assembled on March 16, owing to the activity of Mr. W. McKenna, and after putting their philosophical heads together and imbibing some of the energy that radiates from Mr. McKenna they forthwith proceeded to the election of officers and unanimously named Mr. McKenna president; Mr. J. Hayden, vice-president. Mr. B. Shiel, secretary; Mr. D. Drennan, treasurer; Mr. J. Reams, sergeant-at-arms. A committee composed of J. Hayden, D. Drennan, F. Miller, C. Shoenle and J. Kirley was appointed to draft a constitution. The committee reported on March 28 and received such a bewildering multiplicity of hints and suggestions that they pleaded for an extension of time, which was given to them, together with much advice. This meeting was long and eventful, lasting late into the night and breaking into the slumbers of the undergraduates in the gallery and of the main floor. Mr. President had nothing but a lead pencil with which to rap for order and Mr. Hickey volunteered several times to go after a sledgehammer, but Mr. President said that the number tens of a certain gentleman up in the gallery, which were then vigorously protest-

ing, would serve as well. Among the things which the immediate future has in store for the society, it is rumored about that very soon they'll meet in the town hall or the Sorbonne and that Mr. Drennan will pass the hat and also that Mr. Miller will strenuously insist on a rising vote of thanks to be tendered to the committee on the constitution, if their work is satisfactory. In the next number of the Viatorian it is hoped we may be able to make public what the different committees shall have decided regarding the class colors, the class motto and class entertainments. F. M., '06.

FATHER BENNETT'S SERMON ON ST. PATRICK.

It was a worthy intention which prompted the publishing of a leaflet containing the address, "The Religious Mission of the Irish People." It has been our lot to hear and read many sermons and addresses, but we have very seldom been so taken as we have been by this short address. The literary workmanship is finished and perfect, every figure (there is a profusion of them) serves to illustrate, to strengthen and not merely to adorn. The speaker starts with St. Patrick and sternly reproves the blasphemous jester that dares to cast his despicable witticisms at the character of Erin's apostle, from which vindication he is easily led to an eloquent eulogy of the saint. He considers in glowing terms the great work which St. Patrick wrought, he tells how the seed which was then planted took deep root and bore fruit, he dwells on the ancient glories of Erin, her brilliant achievements, her culture which earned for her the title, "Isle of Saints and Scholars." Following this, he outlines the destiny of Ireland, which is "to cherish the sacred deposit of faith and to be the fertile mother of an apostolic race;" he describes how her present misfortunes are but forces working to further the attainment of that destiny, her sons and daughters driven across the seas by Britain's tyranny are to carry with them their ardent faith. Finally in a splendid peroration he exhorts the Irishman to be true to that destiny, to carry with him his faith in whatever way of life he may walk. A sermon such as this it cannot but appeal to the tender and intensely human heart that beats in the breast of an Irishman and would animate him to assist in that work in which he is so well qualified to so assist.

Rev. Joseph Kelly, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, is reaping gratifying success with his course of lenten concerts and lectures. Father Kelly is a capable organizer and an accomplished musician. We note on his programs of April 1 and April 5 the names of Master Marvin de Sousa and Mr. Joseph Kangley, who furnished vocal solos and recitations on both occasions. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., is on the program of the grand Easter concert as the lecturer of the evening.

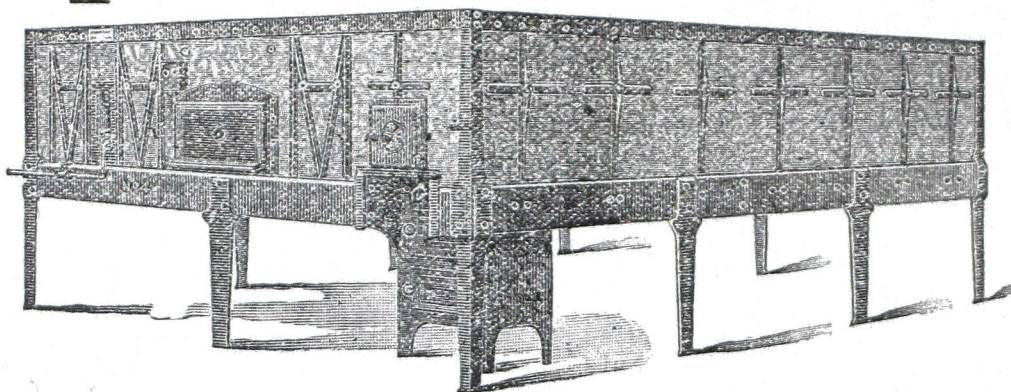
The course of lenten conferences given at St. Patrick's church, Urbana, under the auspices of the Spalding Guild will be brought to a close with an address on "Life" by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., will assist Rev. J. Solon at DeKalb on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

The College Alphabet.

A is for admire, he with the block,
B is for Bennie, he won't take a knock.
C is for Carlton, the boys call him "Mut,"
D is for Dougherty, laughs like a nut.
E is for Ed, who saw de Cubs play,
F is for Fritz, he won't stay away.
G is for Garry, who whispers "Thalt down,"
H is for Happy, from some country town.
I is for Isidore, dealer in junk,
J is for Johnnie, he rose and he sunk.
K is for Kelly—red hair—O. K.
L is for Lucius, he gave his away.
M is for Maguy, for Dante he pines,
N is for Nourie, at the French Club he dines.
O is for "Omlet," we played it last year,
P is for Percy—lovesick—not here.
Q is for Quille, rolls snipes with one hand,
R is for Roy, from Sitting Bull's land.
S is for Sunny, the Shade from the Pines,
T is for Tip—back to the mines.
U is for Unity, our ball team's one need,
V is for Viateur's, that's where we feed.
W is for Wrinkle, went home with the gout,
X is for Xenophon, can't make him out.
Y is for Yours Truly, beginning to tire,
Z is a "zouvenir" saved from the fire.

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