

# THE VIATORIAN.

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## .. At the Play ..

'Twas a Sothern first night  
I was feeling just right  
To enjoy seeing Prisoner of Zenda;  
But think of the joke—  
I had left my great coat  
In the depot away out in Denver.

“But then what’s the odds?  
I don’t need all the togs  
Of a schoolmarm or girl young and tender,”  
To myself this I said,  
As to Hooley’s I sped  
To see Sothern and Prisoner of Zenda.

The house was nigh filled  
When I reached there well chilled,  
Blaming Sothern and Prisoner of Zenda;  
There was fire in the grate,  
I made for it straight  
When I spied two small feet at the fender.

But then I was cold,  
So I quickly made bold  
And approached two blue eyes, Oh! so tender.  
Her smile, Oh! so bright,  
It was love at first sight;  
I would never go back to old Denver.

I am soon to be wed  
To the maid aforesaid;  
What a blessing old Hooley’s did render;  
You ask, “What of the play?”  
Oh! ’twas brilliant—they say,  
All I know is, ’twas Prisoner of Zenda.  
—J. H. N.



## PHILOSOPHY, ITS EXCELLENCE AND UTILITY.

All knowledge elevates man. It raises him up on its white pinions and broadens his horizons and enables him to perceive more and more of the verities of the universe. The student, the searcher after knowledge, is very much like the Alp-climber, who, according as he ascends higher and higher, finds revealed to his ever-widening field of vision fairer and yet fairer hamlets, other and yet other glassy lakes, other and yet other giant peaks of dazzling whiteness, until he scales the highest summits of these eternal snows and stands in enraptured contemplation of the beautiful realities of earth and the wonders of heaven. Thus the student through his course of studies rises from cliff to cliff, from one study, which is but a stepping-stone to another, feeling the while both his capacity and his desire for knowledge increasing; thus he scales the steep and arduous ascent of the classics, of the sciences, of mathematics, and of history, which all belong within his view and touch varied and extensive knowledge of the world and its dramas. But he stops not here. He has not yet reached the top; those serene heights, those cloudless altitudes, and that finer air which will reveal to him yet more far reaching, higher, and profounder insight into all knowable truth and ascertainable mystery. These Alpine heights of study are the realm of Philosophy. There does she dwell, a queen, and crowns her devotees with the precious laurels of complete human knowledge. But

what, more precisely, is philosophy, that so much wished for goal of the aspiring student? What is it, and what has it done and what can it do to repay men for their efforts to attain it? Who is the queen, and what are her treasures, her gifts, and her rewards? In answering these queries we shall see the nature, the high-born nobility, and the practical utility of philosophy.

First, then, philosophy is friendship with knowledge, intense and abiding love of wisdom. It is a knowledge of all things through their profoundest reasons or causes, acquired by the light of reason. The philosopher is not satisfied with ascertaining that things exist, but he seeks to penetrate their inner essences to know what, in their last analysis, they are; he asks them whence they came and how they subsist, and furthermore, must know their last *why*, the ultimate end or purpose of their existence. Philosophy is thus a most searching investigation of all things knowable. From her lofty throne she plunges the mighty searchlight of reason down into the cavernous depths of all mysterious problems and reveals the glittering gems of truth therein contained. She reveals likewise the slimy bottoms whereon ugly errors creep and feed. But philosophy, like the beauteous and kindly and knowing Beatrice, not only descends to profoundest and dismal abodes of burning truths, but again, as Virgil's most gentle guide, leads us up to the highest and most luminous spheres in which loveliest truth is enshrined. And as we follow her with wondering and ever-enraptured gaze we find



would at every new revelation exclaim: "Philosophy, thou art indeed the beautiful and queenly comfort and light of our days!"

And, shall we ask ourselves what is the secret of her power, wherein lies her charm, the magic of her sway, the reason of her dignity, the badge of her nobility? Why is philosophy thus in honor, why thus excellent, thus supreme? The reason of the distinctive superiority of philosophy lies in this: that it is of all branches of learning the most exclusively and intensely intellectual. It is very certain that without rational knowledge of some sort man would be little better than a mere brute, the sport and slave of animal passions and appetites. But, man's superior nature, in spite of his downward tendencies, ever asserts itself through the desire for knowledge that consumes him and urges him on to higher life. Every scrap and crumb of new intellectual knowledge that man picks up and absorbs satisfies a noble appetite and adds fibre to his spiritual and better life. Is not every newly possessed truth an additional demonstration of man's higher estate in the hierarchy of beings which people the visible world? And will not, therefore, philosophy, which extends all human knowledge to its uttermost limits, which seeks the perfection of all human cognition, deserve the highest rank among all purely human sciences? See how it leads us through the contemplation of the ultimate and adequate causes of all things up and ever upward to the very foot of God's luminous throne, and thus prepares

our enlightened wills to obey God's eternal laws, manifested to us through reason, and adorn our lives with virtues that make us akin to angels and to God Himself. Thus true philosophers, through the very excellence of their guide, through their very love of wisdom, are and ought to be the most Godlike of men. They are in honor bound to be the wisest and best of men; the wisest, because they know more and know more profoundly what they do know; the best, because philosophy has taught them what they owe to themselves, to their fellow-men, and to God. Shakespeare has said it. The highest wisdom and the sublimest virtue, he expresses in these words of Wolsey to Cromwell:

"Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's

Thy God's and truth's."

Philosophy is eminently practical and useful knowledge. Wisdom easily removes obstacles which appear insurmountable to the unwise and cause them to abandon the path of virtue. It shows forth the loveliness of a righteous life and the ugliness of vicious habits. Does it not belong to reason to insure right human life, to safeguard the rectitude of all human acts? To what more immediate power than reason can man appeal for help to deduce true, honest, and useful conclusions in the complicated problems of domestic and civil life? What safer mentor has he than true philosophy to turn him away from false and pernicious judgments? The inestimable benefits which flow to the individ-



ual, the family, and the state from the teachings of sound philosophy made the eloquent Cicero exclaim in a transport of admiration: "Oh! Philosophy, thou art the guide of life, the guardian of virtue, the banisher of vice! what would the life of man be without thee? Thou art the foundress of families, of cities, and of states, the inventress of laws, and the mistress of morals!"

Nor do the services of philosophy stop with the individual or the state; for philosophy is the hand-maid of religion, the precursor and enlightener of faith. Philosophy demonstrates the existence of God, the uncaused first cause, the self-existing being, the intelligent designer of this orderly universe, the potent producer of all finite things, the one infinite, eternal, all-perfect being to whom we owe reverence and love. Philosophy tells man that his soul is immortal and that there are future rewards and punishments in store for him in a future life. Philosophy establishes the possibility, nay, even the moral necessity of revelation, and by throwing light upon the various motives of credibility which accompany and surround every profound mystery, she renders easier the assent of faith. Therefore philosophy helps religion by preparing the mind to accept the truths and obligations of faith. Nay, more; philosophy is not only the herald of religion, but is the constant and faithful companion of religion. Philosophy, while it teaches us the dignity and potency of reason, also marks out for us the limits of reason and assures us of the necessary and beautiful har-

mony which exists between the truths of revelation and those of pure reason. Logic and metaphysics are continually upon the lips of the theologian in his learned expositions of dogma as well as in his deeper demonstrations of moral and canon laws.

Would you still, after what has been said, question the excellence and usefulness of philosophy? Question its power to ennoble man? Its capability to establish truth? Its usefulness in combating error? Recall the name of a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, the wisest and best representatives of pagan thought and life. Recall the Christian apologists Augustine, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, the great Catholic philosophers and theologians, Albert the Great, Thomas of Aquin, Scotus, Bonaventure, and a host of others whose names are encircled with the double aureole of wisdom and sanctity. Thus in traveling back along the road of history we meet and admire those mighty and splendid monuments of human reason, impregnable fortresses of truth reared high and strong by the power of human intellect. We see, also, strewn here and there the fleshless skeletons of error slain by the vigilant and fearless sword of philosophy, and fain would even now applaud the victories of truth, ever old, ever new, ever beautiful.

Now, too, in our own times, the men who have rendered worthier service to the world have been the most philosophic men, the crowned champions of religious, social, and political truth, the world over. Modern philosophy is honored by such men as Newman,



Venillot, Cortez, Windthorst, Garcia Moreno, Brownson, Lambert, and others, who have all preached important lessons for our times and have mercilessly dealt with indifferentism, skepticism, revolutionism, anarchism, liberalism, agnosticism, and other infectious *isms* which threaten the higher moral, social, and political life of our own free thinking age.

What worthy examples for us to follow are these! How grand, noble, and ennobling our part, as students of philosophy to listen to the teachings of true wisdom! How privileged our portion to associate with and hear the lessons of the wisest men of all times and countries. The earnest, the true, the appreciative student of philosophy therefore, will always approach the sacred shrine of this queen of science with the worthy offerings of his heart's warmest ardour and purest love, the veneration of his mind and the consecration of his soul's best efforts.

C. J. Q.

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"LET US FOLLOW HIM."

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A STORY OF THE CRUCIFIXION—BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

The success of *Quo Vadis* and of its dramatic counterpart, "The Sign of the Cross," is a proof that plays or stories chosen from religious scenes, when aptly selected and well conducted, can and do interest the people. It goes to show, moreover, that the novel or play with "a purpose" may meet with unbounded success, if the writer but know well how to inculcate a lesson without appearing anxious to do so.

I believe, myself, that the book or play should never keep constantly in view the fact that a lesson is to be read. It will be sufficient that the incidents of the tale or plot be interesting and the results of a nature to inspire one to lofty aspirations and noble doing. Conclusions need not be drawn nor homilies written by the novelist or playwright. From the noble characters drawn, from the preference for good and the triumph of good men, the reader or listener must draw his own inferences, and it is hard to think that man, in the face of good example and the punishment of crime, is so lost to virtue as not to see his duty under such circumstances. There is no question, it would seem to me, of the willingness of people to follow the genuine hero and to be interested in his triumphs, and of thereby being bettered.

I take it that those who insist on the "purposeless" novel are such as have no scruples for appealing to the worst side of human nature, in the hope that the inexplicable tendency of man to take delight in the evil another portrays, may redound to the success of their novel. The novel or play without the so-called "purpose" invariably relies on sensationalism or realism of some sort. This fact, best of all, proves the mercenary motives of that class of writers who say that a good story is all people expect in a novel.

"Let Us Follow Him," one of the stories in the latest volume by the author of *Quo Vadis*, is a tale whose actors are among the great ones of Rome; the incidents turn on the great-



est of all dramas, the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

The story opens in Rome, where we are introduced to the chief character, Caius Septimus Cinna, who by his prodigality loses a fortune and at the instance of influential friends was given a profitable position in Alexandria. There he goes with a heavy heart. The remembrance that he had spent a fortune in sensuality, that he had tasted pleasure in every form, and that now all was gone without any satisfaction, — nay, that nothing remained but disgust for the world and all its enjoyments, — was not consoling.

At Alexandria Cinna met Timon of Athens, whose intimate friend he became. Timon had a beautiful daughter, Antea; she and Cinna soon became friends. Her beauty, learning, and a large fortune soon won the heart of Cinna. A year later they were married.

But now there arose another source of trouble for the new husband. He had forgotten his disappointment in the society of Antea, his wife, but she, from some unaccountable cause, was haunted by a strange dread that a mysterious being pursued her. Every day at twelve she was aware of that haunting presence, spectre-like and terrible. She was prostrated after each recurrence, and this shock was followed by the worry that constantly pictured the coming of the awful vision on the morrow. Gradually the health of Antea was undermined. Medical men could do nothing. Finally a Jewish doctor, believing the young woman possessed, advised a trip to Jerusalem, where the

priests might help her and where he thought that she would surely be benefited by the climate.

The journey was taken, and with the more confidence by Cinna as he knew the governor then ruling, who was formerly a client of his family, and one from whom he might expect any favor. On the arrival of the party at Jerusalem, they took up their residence with the governor, Pontius Pilate.

During their first days there the "visions" continued to harass Antea by their daily appearance.

One day Pilate told them of the great tumult that was shaking the city. A man who had gone about healing the sick and curing all manner of disease was to be put to death. The priests had instigated the people to clamor for his execution and he knew no way to save him. The man was to be crucified that day. He told his visitors that the procession was soon to start and advised them to see it. Antea was now so weak that she had to be carried on a litter, but she desired to be taken out and the party started immediately.

On the way she saw the Victim pass. It was Christ and this the day of his dreadful crucifixion. Immediately she saw a solution of the awful vision that for over a year had haunted her night and day. Pity filled her tender heart as she witnessed the tortured look, the bleeding body, the sadness, and calmness of the suffering Savior. At once she felt stronger.

Tearfully she followed to where the dread tragedy was to be enacted. She



saw the barbarous treatment, heard the words of pardon pronounced on his executioners, by the forgiving Christ. Now He breathes out his last sigh. She turned to her husband, all this time standing silently by, and whispered to him: "He is dead," and he answered in her own words: "He is dead."

Again she sees the vision; she points t out to Cinna, who begs her not to look at it. But now it brings her no terror. She exclaims: "The pillar of light comes near to me! I behold it! It is the Nazarene! He smiles! Oh sweet! Oh merciful! As a mother he stretches out his pierced hands toward me! Cinna, He brings me health and salvation and calls me unto him."

And Cinna grew very pale and said: "Wheresoever he calls us let us follow Him."

If there be a fault in this story it is in this that there is too little action. What is explained the character should work out. The chance for dramatic action, which the stirring scenes lying around the story give, are thus neglected and a good story is kept from being a better one by a failure to use the force inherent in the subject. We think the same fault pertains to *Quo Vadis*.

Still we like these works. They are healthy in tone, novel in their kind, and are entertaining and instructive as no flashy and sensation work of realism can be. But this field is open only to a master and to one who aims at reaching the better not the grosser nature of man.

M—.

## TWO GOOD BOOKS.

I believe with those who say that the end of the novel should be to amuse, though not averse to take instruction from it. A collection of short stories entitled, "A Round Table of Representative English and Irish Catholic Novelists," is as charming and amusing a volume as it has yet been my lot to read.

In this neat little book we have the expressed imagery and fancies of some of the best known writers of Europe, and the selections from their works are happy, not only inasmuch as they are of their best, but also that they contrast so vividly one with the other, therein giving us an excellent variety of reading matter and an opportunity of noting the individual characteristics of the writers.

It would indeed be a task to try to find the best story in the book, for readers' tastes are as widely different as those of writers—perhaps more so. But it surely cannot be wrong to mention one or two whose fragrance still clings 'round the brain, for oft in the midst of some work "The Soldier's Wife" will spring from her hiding-place, and again I see her flying through the corn-fields, with bleeding feet and tattered garments, calling and sobbing in her wild delirium, born of terror and fatigue, till, with a cry of delight she springs to the spot where she sees her bouncing babe crawling cheerfully on all fours, and sinks to the ground, gathering him in her loving arms. Theodore Gift has here given



us a beautiful story of self-sacrifice and its reward that will be sure to leave lasting impressions.

Clara Mulholland's story of "Maive's Repentance" is simply irresistible, while her sister Rosa's "Granny Grogan" is what we would expect from a mistress of the art.

And "Beautiful Dorothy Wilmot," by Baroness Von Hügel, is another of those beauties of yore that sometimes steps out of oblivion and passes before my eyes with such dainty exquisiteness that I seem to live in an atmosphere where silks and fine laces adorn the fair forms of those regal beauties whose virtues are more fragrant than the roses which seem to open their petals as they pass.

Sophie Maude's little story of "A Paste Buckle" is a fine blending of Italian and English scenes, and the strains from Felice's violin must have likened that English garden party to a little paradise.

Last, but not least, the perfect little gem from Mrs. Bartle Teeling, entitled, "Her Last Stake," is one that "would touch the heart of a stone," so deep is its pathos and so full of human nature.

There is a twin to this charming book—"A Round Table of Representative American Catholic Novelists," which may not equal the first mentioned in more than one respect, but which is nevertheless a book we should be devoutly thankful for. It contains a cluster of stories from such well known writers as Walter Lecky, Christian Reid, Eleanor Donnelly, Maurice Francis Egan, Mary A. Sadlier and her

daughter Anna, Anna Hanson Dorsey and her daughter, the well known Ella Loraine Dorsey; John Talbot Smith, Chas. Warren Stoddard and Francis J. Finn.

Here is a galaxy that is sufficient to keep the fireside comfortable the dreariest night in winter, and a more appropriate present could not be given by a boy to his sister, or—(sweetheart?) than this same little book of short stories. From Miss Donnelly's "Lost Prima Donna" to "Joe of Lahaina," by Mr. Stoddard, there is not a "dry" page in the book. Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier's rich Irish brogue is apt to cause more than a smile while she quaintly tells "Shan Dempsey's Story." Mr. Egan in his "How Perseus Became a Star," truthfully pictures the lives of many people of the present day, in their greed for gold losing all hope and happiness. The mere mention of Mr. Lecky is sufficient to say that his story is excellent. No need to tell what Christian Reid has written; it must be good; and so with the other writers mentioned. Just a word of Anna Hanson Dorsey's beautiful creation, "The Mad Penitent of Todi." This story is about the husband of Beatrice, that beautiful creature immortalized by Dante, and if no other sketch were in the book we would be well repaid for getting it for this story alone. Its scenes will not leave the memory, though time may long lapse, and in the end we will be compelled to say, "It is one of the best ever written." J. H. N.

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It is better to suffer than to do wrong.



# TRIAL SCENE IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Among those who have contested the authorship of the Shakespearean plays, none have contended more earnestly or argued more plausibly than lawyers. There are few subjects of which this many-sided genius has shown a more profound knowledge of the law as applied not only in England, but also in several other countries. One of the best illustrations of this is found in the "Merchant of Venice." When we consider the skill with which Shakespeare unravels the knotty points of law involved in the case, we cannot be surprised if lawyers insist that only a man deeply versed in the law by long practice and earnest study could so easily turn the law to his purpose.

There is not a scene in the whole range of Shakespeare's plays more highly dramatic, more intensely interesting, more skilfully worked out, or more happily concluded than the trial scene in this beautiful play.

The plot is simple, but so closely are all the incidents linked together that there is not a single flaw to mar the air of reality with which the story is told. Portia's manner of conducting the trial would do credit to the most masterly pleader. Without overstepping the bounds of truth, she fills Shylock with the hope that the law must grant him permission to satisfy his intense hatred of Antonio. By her eloquent plea for mercy she tries to touch some chord of pity in his stony heart. When this fails she appeals to his avarice by reminding him that three

times the amount of his bond is offered him. But Shylock is dead to all feelings of compassion and obstinately deaf to reason.

"By my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me".....

His thirst for vengeance makes him insensible to everything else. He is mad with passion without, however, losing the clearness of his vigorous intellect. Although he stands alone surrounded by a taunting, jeering crowd, yet never does his presence of mind desert him. He is more than a match for all his tormenters combined, and even Portia can gain no advantage over him until she entangles him in the meshes of the law. Bassanio and Gratiano quail before his withering scorn and biting sarcasm. There is something grand in the play of his keen mind which inspires respect despite the prejudice and dislike with which he is viewed. The Duke, a good-natured, easy man, is a mere child in his powerful grasp, and after a few feeble attempts to excite Shylock to compassion, practically confesses his inability to cope with this man whom he had hoped to overawe by his mere presence.

"Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Belraio, a learned doctor  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here today."

Thus the case stands when Portia, presumably a young doctor of law, enters and at once begins to conduct the trial. Step by step she leads Shylock to a full confession of his implacable hatred; leaves him to believe that



his claim cannot be denied whilst all the while she has him completely at her mercy. This apparent dissimulation is not, however, without a purpose. She thereby makes it quite certain that Shylock would exact the forfeit of his bond even though he must sacrifice a life to do it. Nay, she makes it clear that he not only wishes to avenge himself by inflicting a severe punishment upon an enemy, but that his purpose is murderous. When she entreats him to

"Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death,"

His only reply is—

"Is it so nominated in the bond?"

She proceeds so far as to pronounce sentence in his favor, and only stays his hand in the very act of committing the horrible crime. When she has permitted him to be a murderer save in act, she turns against him the rigor of that law which he had so passionately invoked against his victim.

What a thrill of admiration fills the mind when Portia thus foils this murderous madman and covers him with utter confusion. Then is that same man who was so inexorable in the exaction of justice forced to beg for mercy.

Here is a striking lesson that cannot escape the most superficial reader. The most eloquent sermon could not move the mind and heart so powerfully as does this masterly scene in the courtroom. It proves conclusively that he who relentlessly pursues justice without listening to the gentle plead-

ing of mercy will surely be crushed by the measure of justice which shall be meted out to him.

Shylock is the very personification of avarice, furious hatred and blind vengeance, insolent and defiant in the consciousness of his power. But in his intense desire to entrap Antonio he overlooks a single defect in his bond, and this Portia turns against him with admirable skill.

Forgiveness of injury is the lesson which this play teaches, and it is taught in a manner of which Shakespeare alone is master. Nowhere outside the Bible is the duty of Christian forbearance so clearly demonstrated and enforced. There are few of Shakespeare's plays in which the moral is so immediately evident as in the Merchant of Venice.

W. J. B.

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#### A SURPRISE PARTY.

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The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.  
—Pope.

During the last few days preceding the Christmas holidays, I and my chum Frank S—— had spent many hours in planning how we should spend the two weeks of our vacation. We agreed on many things, and determined, if possible, to carry out a program that included a visit to every place except the cemetery.

Our homes were in Chicago, which, as you know, is a great city. We think so, and so does every one except farmers and New York people.



In due time we got home, and found everything there in good condition. I remember my welcome was most hearty. The first two days we spent at home; at least I did. My father was very anxious to know all about college,—what I did and who were my companions. When I mentioned Frank he was pleased. He liked him; so did everybody. My reports satisfied my rather stern parent, though he did not grow enthusiastic over them. He rarely ever did. However, he was kind, even indulgent, and I had nothing to complain of.

After some talk father told me of the great change that had come over several of my former companions—a change for the worse, too, and he cautioned me against meeting these. He also said that I must keep good hours. I gave him an inkling of the program I had drawn up. I did not tell all I hoped to see, still he thought it too lengthy; it would keep me out every night, and that was not good; besides, these nightly trips were dangerous and lead eventually to drink and gambling. But he had confidence in Frank, and I should have some time with him.

Frank and I wanted to see the town. We must have something to tell the fellows when we got back. The boys from Bloomington, Tucker, and other small places would want to know all about Chicago. We wanted to tell them.

Of course we went to the theater, but this was quiet. We wanted something new. There were parties to attend, visits to make, mothers to please,

and sisters to humor,—and New Year's day passed before we were free.

On the evening of January 2nd, Frank came over to our house for dinner, after which we intended to go out—to visit a friend on the North Side, we said. Father had an objection. He had an engagement down town at nine. We must be home at that hour, as he did not wish every one to be away, and he did not expect to return before midnight.

I did not like this, but my inborn tact would not let me say so. I saw a solution and said nothing. Father went away. Then I laid siege to the heart of my good mother, and the necessary permission was soon granted. Frank and I started.

We thought it would be a great feat for us to go down town and see how people won and lost money at the big gambling houses. We knew some one who would take us around, and felt sure that we could see some of the inside workings of the concerns that give Chicago some of her notoriety.

We got down town in good season and at the proper place met our convoy. He was a policeman known as a "fly cop"—a good friend of ours and we felt safe in his care. He said that as all those places were much the same, we might just as well see the largest and one place would satisfy our curiosity, then he would show us an opium den.

We set out and soon entered a rather plain looking doorway where two men stood idly chatting, and on getting the "tip" made way for us to pass up the stairs. We ascended easily and came to a landing on the third story where



our guide again got easy passage and then we were ushered into a large room crowded with men of all classes. Every form of gambling was going on and so interested were the participants that they paid no attention to visitors and we attracted little notice. Our friend explained the games and we stopped long enough to see money change hands in considerable quantities.

Having taken in the room to our satisfaction our guide told us that besides this large room there were many private places on the upper floor where business and professional men generally went, as they were there insured a privacy that the more public place did not guarantee. We wanted to see these rooms too.

On the upper floor we found that more care had been taken in the furnishing of the apartments. In fact the front part of the room had the appearance of a family parlor and was elegantly furnished. Our friend who seemed to have full sway here made himself perfectly at home. He brought us to one of the rooms and invited us to follow him in. We did so. I was first, and scarcely had I entered when I felt my hair raising on my head and cold sweat covering my body. The room was quite large and well lighted. Nothing unearthly was there—indeed it was a place one might choose as well fitted for rest. But I did not feel the soothing influence of rest, for there before me engaged in a game of poker was my father and before I could say a word or make a move he turned around and glared savagely at me. What brought *me* there? Was this the

way I was obeying, etc.? I don't remember all, but the blow almost killed *me*.

I needed fresh air—I needed it in large quantities and at once. I went out, Frank followed and we walked several blocks before either said a word. Then I found my speech and I asked Frank what he thought of the "old man." "He's a hot one," was all my companion said, but he laughed until a passing policeman told him that he had better go home or he would run him in.

But I never told mother, neither did my father.

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#### IN PACE.

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Old friend of happy, brighter years than these,  
Ah, why so soon remov'd from sight!  
Your heart like song of birds in summer trees,  
Was pure and stor'd with heav'nly light.

The words of hope we told, our smiles and tears,  
Oft sunshine brought to lonesome day;  
Thus might our life have sped through coming years,  
From April rains to flow'rs of May.

But God knows best. On Him my heart is bent,  
Love smites the lov'd, yet guides through strife;  
To Laz'rus soul, to Mary, love heart lent,  
His love will guide our span of life.

So, dear old friend! tho' gone from out my sight,  
Deeply thy priestly soul I'll prize;  
If thy bright eyes now see immortal light,  
Help me with thee ascend the skies.

—H.



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### EDITORIAL.

THE VIATORIAN wishes its readers and friends a happy New Year.

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A happy year is, as a rule, something of our own making. "Man is the architect of his own fortune," and as he builds now so must he afterwards hope to realize joy or sorrow.

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There is much in beginning well, even in beginning often. That man is not most to be censured, who as often as he meets failure tries again, though his whole life should be taken up in the vain attempt to do something worthy of the notice of the world.

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One who after failure gives up entirely is indeed far more deserving of censure. The coward, moral or otherwise, is what men despise; and as a general thing failure to do the deeds and effect the purpose of a man is the result of the most abject cowardice.

To be up and doing, ever striving, is so consonant with life, so in keeping with the ever unsatisfied condition of the human mind, that to go contrary to it, as do the sluggards, is to reach a state so adverse to our better nature, that it deserves no sympathy.

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### DREAMING.

How much of it is done in this world. How few people infected with the habit ever acknowledge themselves proprietors of the airy possession. How few buckle steadily down to the logic of hard facts and school their minds to the stern realities of life. How many feed on the moonshine of a day dream and the empty uncertainty of a sentiment to wake up and find themselves practically useless in that battle which wins a fortune and helps to butter enough bread for today, leaving also a table to sit at and a solid crust for tomorrow. Life with some men is a dream for twenty-five years. If they get a second volume, marked on the last page of the first is the trite sentence, "To be continued in our next."

Adversity will sometimes rouse men and make them forget their surroundings and the hazy atmosphere in which they have been living; but let the cloud go by, and, ten to one, old habits will return. Happy mortals! They never have had but one thing to view, or rather they have been looking through smoked glasses all their years. Now once more the old spectacles are put on and realities become anew shrouded by the film over their vision. Day dreamers, awake! Begin to know



things as they are. Come down from the clouds. Live to live, not to dream. Judge aright. Put on work. It's a coarse jacket, perhaps; but it wears well, and what you do in it and with it pays now and hereafter, in this world and in the next.

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### MANLY INDEPENDENCE.

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If there be one thing more than another that contributes to one's success in life, it is that manly independence which prompts one to do the right thing at all times. The fellow you must watch everywhere has not the character that will keep him in the way of success. He lacks the stamina needed in the race for first place. He early shows his want of individuality, he needs propping up, and amongst men there is no one found to carry people; each must walk for himself or fall by the wayside.

There are many who go well while you watch them, but if you follow them too closely they grow tired, then they get ugly, finally they rebel. This process hardly ever varies; the results are deplorable.

College, more than any other place, gives examples of this. Here, too, they get more consideration, are longer tried. They mistake the leniency accorded them, tracing to their own cunning or someone's lack of observation the ease with which they violate rules and shirk the tasks assigned them. They always consider themselves very smart people. A strange thing is that they have a sort of influence over

others. They build greatly on this, taking it as a further evidence of their own importance. They rarely deceive anyone, however, except themselves, and deception in this case is complete.

It is generally useless to appeal to them. To what can you appeal? They have no manly qualities. They would rather be classed as of the "foxy" order than the sentimental. When all sentiment is wanting, you may make a vain effort to effect a change.

The question might be put, "What are you going to do about it?" We do not know. This class, no doubt, constitutes the rubbish of humanity, needed, perhaps, to fill up the inside walls of the great temple of mankind. They go to fill out the plan, covering their allotted space until the day of usefulness comes, and then they are huddled away in large crowds, to be seen no more.

But the honorable, trustworthy one, who at every turn betrays the noble character that prompts his actions, does, though devoid of great talents, win success. He makes friends. He is one whom you may trust. He is always at the post of duty, and is there found usefully employed. If perchance he may err, he manfully acknowledges his wrongs, and confession rectifies the mistake. Everyone delights in his success, and laurels await him on all sides.

But even should such a one never do the least thing of note, we still admire his honest, manly ways. His open, candid expression is a sign of his good heart. What greater testimonial can a young man show?



## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

*Murphy's Magazine* is full of beautiful illustrations and entertaining articles. "Tordja," by E. C. Leffingwell, is very interesting, and the "Catholic Notes" are not only interesting, but highly instructive.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* has a very fine paper on "The Stage as an Educator," by Michael J. Dwyer, which is worthy of much consideration. James E. Dougherty writes of "Father Drumgoole and His Mission" in a very entertaining way, and Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., treats of "Spencer" in his class in literature.

The *Illustrated Catholic Family Annual*, now entered on its thirtieth year, in no way falls short of its former excellence. Besides the useful information found in an almanac, it contains many good short stories, sketches, biographical and otherwise, and will furnish many useful hints and considerable pleasure to its readers.

New York: Catholic School Book Co., 28 Barclay street, 1898.

The *Catholic World*, with its Christmas bells ringing out amidst its golden letters, is a very pretty and agreeable number. Its prose and poetry are up to a very high standard, and the article by Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg is a masterpiece. "Since the Condemnation of Anglican Orders," by Luke Rivingston, D.D., shows the learned author to be a man "who knows," while Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P., handles the "Unpublished Letters of Napoleon" in a manner that to many of us is gratifying.

The *Catholic Columbian* also comes in holiday attire and with all the features of youth goes out to greet its many readers. All its pages abound with fine reading for the holidays and we doubt not that little of its fine reading matter will be unperused. We have always admired the efforts of the *Columbian* to attract the young people. The paper is well aware of the needs of this portion of its readers and lacks no opportunity to provide for them.

The *Pittsburg Catholic*, according to its custom, appears in a gorgeous Christmas dress. Its pages are replete with excellent stories, artistic engravings, all suitable to the Christmas season. This excellent paper always serves its readers well and at the holiday season makes a special effort to excel itself. We would suggest, however, that when this worthy journal needs scriptural quotations to accompany its pictures, or for other purposes, that it go to the Catholic not the Protestant Bible.

We have received from the *Catholic Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, Pa., a set of very beautiful engravings, which the editors intend as premiums for their subscribers during the coming year. These are ten in number and are designed to represent the principal events of religion from "Eden to Rome." These are copies of the best artists and no one can see them without wishing to have them. The *Standard and Times* is one of the few papers that needs thus to boom itself, having always maintained the high dignity and



work it early attained. We attribute it either to the generosity of the publishers than to any real need that its readers shall be thus so generously rewarded.

*Donahoe's* Christmas number is the possessor of a magnificent paper by Conde B. Pallen, Ph.D., entitled "Emanuel." It is a lofty and inspiring article written in the language of eloquence, and will benefit as well as please its readers. "Some Popular Books of '97," by M. F. Egan, is a good dissection of "The Christian" by Hall Caine and a few other popular books. "People in Print" is very interesting and its portraits are splendid, and to crown all are a few gems from Father Tabb, with a portrait of their author.

The *Rosary Magazine*, than which no better comes to our table, is teeming with things of beauty and interest in its December number. The paper on "Columbanas" by the Rev. Charles McCready, LL.D., is a particularly beautiful and learned essay, and shows a familiarity of the author with annals of that wonderful saint and missionary. Too little do we read and know of those great characters who lived and triumphed in those days when "Ireland was," to quote the same great saint, "without a heretic, a Jew, or a schismatic." There is a charming poem in the magazine this month by Maurice Francis Egan, an illustrated article on Fribourg, Switzerland, and the Nun-Printers, and many other fine things, too numerous to mention.

J. H. N.

#### PERSONAL.

Mr. H. J. W. Donovan, of New York, was a visitor at the college during the Christmas holidays.

The Very Rev. President Father Marsile spent Christmas with Father Dooling, Clinton, Ill.

The Rev. J. A. Leberge, D.D., went to Pullman, Ill., where he lent his services on Christmas.

Mr. C. Roy, Kankakee, clerk at one of Kankakee's large drug stores, was a college visitor last month.

Mr. F. H. Kishen, of Omaha, Neb., accompanied his son home at the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

Mr. F. O'Reilly, '96, Minonk, Ill., paid the college a visit, December 21. Frank is at present employed at home.

Among the welcome guests of the month was the Rev. M. Angelo Dooling, pastor of St. John's church, Clinton, Ill.

Mr. Joseph Lamarre spent a day at Clinton, Ill., last month, where he helped at the devotion of the Forty Hours.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Charles O'Reilly, '96, now at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., received minor orders at the Christmas ordinations.

The Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., preached at St. John's church, Chicago, on a recent Sunday, and also at St. Patrick's in the same city. Dr. Rivard helped the Rev. F. X. Labonte, New Haven, Ind., on Christmas day.



The Rev. G. M. Legris assisted the pastor of Sacred Heart church, Aurora, Ill., Rev. E. J. P. Therien, on Christmas day.

The Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., assisted the pastor of St. Patrick's, Kankakee, Ill., at the services on Christmas morning.

We learn that Mr. Thomas Quinn, until recently a student at St. Mary's, Baltimore, will remain in the west after the holidays, owing to poor health.

The Rev. A. Furman, '91, was among the welcome guests of the last month. Father Furman is the pastor of St. Casnair's parish, a flourishing Polish congregation in Chicago.

Among the guests of the month was the Rev. L. G. Langlois, C.S.V., of St. Mary's, Ill. The Reverend Father is at present putting a large addition to the flourishing school lately opened there.

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#### ROLL OF HONOR.

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The Conway medal, awarded for the highest average in both courses, was equally deserved by P. Geraghty, M. Morrissey, W. Casey, and M. Miner. Drawn by M. Morrissey.

The Guilboyle medal, awarded for the best composition in the Rhetoric classes was equally deserved by D. Hayden, J. O'Callaghan, and P. Geraghty. Drawn by J. O'Callaghan.

The Lesage medal, awarded for the highest average in French Literature, was equally deserved by J. Granger and E. Marcotte. Drawn by J. Granger.

The gold medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by W. Brault, L. Boisvert, Arthur Caron, P. Dufault, D. Hayden, A. Hansl, A. Lecoyer, E. Henneberry, E. Marcotte, F. Millholland, D. Maher, C. McCoy, F. McPherson, J. O'Callaghan, M. O'Toole, P. O'Connor, H. Prost, W. Rooney, W. Riley, J. St. Cerny, V. Stepps, and A. Stamphel. Drawn by P. O'Connor.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by M. J. Brennan, G. Bergeron, A. Gondreau, E. Graveline, N. Lamarre, A. Mongeau, H. McGinty, P. O'Toole, and O. Marcotte. Drawn by P. O'Toole.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by T. Cahill, R. Gahu, L. Kroschowitz, J. Legris, and T. Perdue. Drawn by J. Legris.

The gold medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Clennon, R. Fay, H. Lacharite, E. Lebeau, R. Nugent, A. Sansack, A. Souichson, and F. Snider. Drawn by R. Nugent.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by H. Bouchard, E. Carroll, Alp. Caron, J. Donellan, J. Frichette, C. Flannagan, J. Hansel, A. Lamarre, C. Meehan, A. Martin, C. Moran, C. Nordquist, J. Paton, F. Riley, W. Vinette, and F. Williamson. Drawn by W. Vinette.

The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Burke, A. Changelon, A. Champion, A. Fraiser, R. Hildreth, J.



Murphy, W. Northway, and J. Patterson. Drawn by J. Patterson.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, P. Dufault, P. Dube, P. Geraghty, J. Granger, W. Granger, L. Kroschowitz, and F. Schnider. Drawn by M. Brennan.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the Junior department was equally deserved by L. Boisvert, W. Brault, and L. Rivard. Drawn by L. Rivard.

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#### VIATORIANA

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—1898.

—Vacation.

—Sleighride.

—A Kubiachshot.

—“Come, get out of that closet.

—The early birds got hot shot in theirs.

—Lizzie: Sometimes they call me Jennie.

—Don't forget to say “No” to the *third* one.

—That hair oil smells like horehound candy.

—Yes, thank you! Our appetites are all right.

—I want to go home with the *other* philosophers.

—Will some one give the babies more marbles?

—I'm going to get 97 in composition, this month.

—“What size hat do you wear?”  
“A little after seven.”

—“Here, waiter, take this to Fritz—second Junior table!”

—Little Johnny cried when I kissed him good-bye. Could you blame him?

—The cigarette fiends seemed to be more numerous than at first appeared.

—“Won't you come up to the parsonage and see me, when you are in town?”

—“Oh, fellows! how shall we endure these two weeks without a cocoa-party?”

—Teacher—Pray for us sinners.

Loyde—Oh, no! I don't pray for *cinders*; they hurt your eyes.

—“I received only two dollars to buy my ticket, and I am supposed to bring home the change.”

—“Mr. K——, you are wanted in the parlor.” It was a false alarm, but K—— turned it to good account.

—“Is it necessary to study algebra and such minor branches in order to be a priest? My health won't stand it.”

—“Only two fellows came to my room in the ‘poop’ to say good-bye. When the others come back, I won't speak to them.”

—A bazaar, for the benefit of the gymnasium fund, was held in the college hall during the Christmas holidays. We are not informed at this writing as to the amount realized, but from the active work and hearty goodwill shown we have no doubt that it was a success.



—Where are we at?

—Jump or I'll shoot.

—Pray less and eat more.

—I'll have corns all my life.

—Say, pass that meat down.

—“Whose laugh is that anyway?”

—Those screens are no joke after all.

—Ze reporter got in his strokes too.

—Look out for the “culled brethren.”

—“I want to get a band for my hat.”

—“I just came down here for a rest.”

—“Well, we'll send for the village band.”

—The silver-tongued orator of the third.

—Say, fellows, don't eat too much dinner!

—Mr. R——, why don't you stick up for your country.

—“It's all off, fellows, my girl's gone back on me!”

—Try some of the new tobacco and have your own prairie fire.

—No. 3 doesn't see how the people can live in that dark house.


—“Why was John called the Baptist?” He didn't go to the Baptist Church.

—The Society of St. John the Baptist, a college organization, presented “Edward the Confessor,” a powerful drama by the Abbe Prouex. Prepared under the supervision of Father Marsile and costumed in an excellent manner, it furnished a fine evening's entertainment. The play was in French.

—St. Patrick's Society celebrated its anniversary, the twenty-third, by a public entertainment, in which the chief feature was a farce in the form of a mock trial entitled the “Great Umbrella Case.” This “trial” is something the worse for wear, having done service as long as the umbrella itself. But the interpretation given it by those in the cast (?) made it almost a new thing. In fact, the “Judge” and the “Foreman” of the jury were the “whole thing.” If we say that it was as ludicrous as many of the farces enacted in our courts, we will perhaps give our readers a hint of what took place. Well, it was. The jury was *fixed* and the jurors were told what to do, and when they forgot the foreman did their thinking (?) *out loud*. The great difference between this and other *trials* was that the county lost nothing; neither did the audience—except a few buttons.

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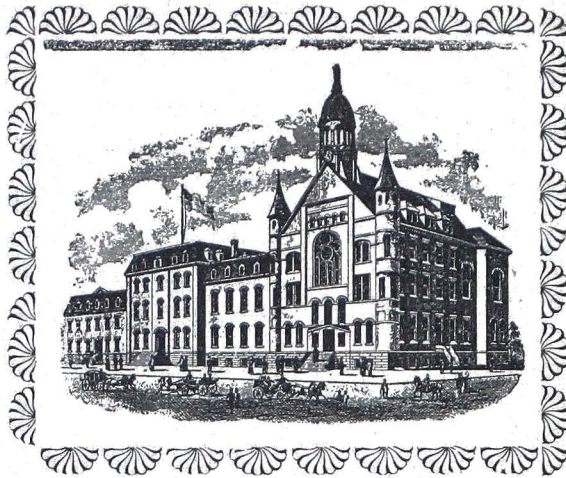
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