



Very Rev. Andrew Corcoran, C.S.V., D.D.



THE VIATORIAN.

VOL. XXI No. 5,
FEBRUARY, 1907.

FAC ET SPERA.



TO THE MEMORY OF REV. A. CORCORAN, C. S. V.



Upon a simple, humble bier
A pall is gently thrown
Concealing in its folds a form
From which a soul has flown.

Here was a man, aye, one indeed
Full worthy of the name.
Who e soul so burned with love for man
'Twas one consuming flame.

His heart, though masculine in strength,
Was like a mother's wrought.
'Twould bless, 'twould love, forgive, forget,
E'en while with sorrow fraught.

In vain his life has not been spent;
No good is done in vain.
His life and teachings still shall guide
Those sailing o'er life's main.

M. J. B. '04.



V. REV. A. CORCORAN, C. S. V., D. D.

Very Rev. Andrew Corcoran, C. S. V., D. D., Provincial superior of the Clerics of St. Viateur's, Chicago, died January 28th, at Phoenix, Arizona. His death was due to a complication of heart and lung troubles, brought on by three severe attacks of pneumonia. Father Corcoran was in the prime of manhood, being only 48 years old.

His physician ordered him to leave Chicago during the winter season and suggested the dry, mild climate of Arizona. In company with Father Joly, C. S. V., of Canada, he went to Phoenix a few months ago. For a time his health seemed to improve rapidly, and it was hoped the change of climate would soon restore him to perfect health. But the improvement was only temporary, and before long the alarming complications, which resulted in his death, began to develop rapidly.

Father Corcoran was born at Rawdon, P. Q. Canada, in 1856. He entered the novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viateur in 1870 at the early age of 14. Even as a boy, he gave evidence of those uncommon talents, which made him, throughout his life, a distinguished and influential member of his community.

Having finished his classical course, he was sent by his superiors, to Paris, and afterwards to Rome, where he pursued an advanced course in philosophy and theology. He successfully defended 46 theses before many of the most eminent professors in Rome and a large gathering of students from the different national colleges and received his degrees cum magna laude. He was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Fabre in 1887. For several years after his return from Rome, he taught philosophy in Joliette College, Canada, where he is still remembered by all who followed his course not only as an able and painstaking professor, but still more as a man of most lovable character.

In 1895, Dr. Corcoran was called to Paris by the Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, superior general, to assist him in the fulfillment of his onerous duties. Father Corcoran entered upon his new labors with his characteristic zeal, which, together with his rare ability, made him such an efficient worker in whatsoever capacity he was employed by obedience. He rendered valuable service to his community

by his prudent administration of affairs, by his wisdom and counsel and his tact in dealing with difficult situations.

All these qualities and the wide experience he had acquired during his connection with the general administration, marked him out as a man eminently fitted for the office of superior in a young and growing community. At the earnest solicitation of the Chicago province, he was appointed provincial superior in 1901 and since that time he has labored earnestly, without a thought of self, for advancement of the province committed to his care. His headquarters were at St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago, where, with several able assistants, he had charge of the parish of St. Viator.

Father Corcoran was a persuasive preacher, a profound theologian, a man endowed with an original and penetrating mind and a sympathetic heart. He won not only the esteem and confidence but the affection of all with whom he came in contact. Although his learning was solid and extensive, it was especially his amiability of character that distinguished him. He was a man who would have graced any office he might have been called to fill. His death is a severe blow to his community. He was an honor to the priesthood, an ornament to religion and an efficient instrument in the hands of God for the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

THE LAST RITES.

During his last illness in Arizona, Father Corcoran had as his constant companion, Father Joly C. S. V., of Joliette, Canada, who wrote very edifyingly of Father Corcoran's last moments. His last words were words of Christian resignation, in which he offered up his death in comparative exile for the good of his cherished institute. When alarming news of Father Corcoran's condition was received Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., of Chicago, left immediately for Arizona, but arrived in Phoenix a few hours after the death of his confrere. He accompanied the remains back to Bourbonnais, where the solemn funeral was held February 2nd. The requiem mass was sung by V. Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V., assisted by V. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., as deacon, Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. J. Cregan, C. S. V., as master of ceremonies; in the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., and Rt. Rev. P.

Muldoon, D. D., with Rev. Father Gallagher, of Notre Dame, Ind., and Rev. P. Menard, of Escanaba, Mich., as chaplains. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a numerous clergy was present from Chicago and vicinity. The impressive Gregarian mass for the dead was well rendered by the college choir.

In his beautiful address Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, after paying a fitting tribute to the memory of Father Corcoran, for his qualities of heart and mind, said that the most striking lesson of death for Christians was the obligation to pray for the dead, to meditate upon the vanities of life and the meaning of death, and to resolve that our lives in every practical detail should be such as to insure us a happy death.

After the sermon the Rt. Rev. Bishop gave the last absolution and the choir sang the last "Libera." The remains could not be taken to the cemetery that day on account of the forbidding condition of the snow-drifted roads and a severe blizzard, such as rarely visits these parts. The next day, however, the body was taken to its last resting place and interred near the central cross in the Maternity cemetery.

His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley was prevented from being present at the ceremonies by a previous engagement in the city, at St. Michael's church. Among the clergy present were the Rev. J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., A. Martel, C. S. V., A. Champoux, C. S. V., A. D. Mainville, C. S. V. of St. Viator's Normal Institute, Rev. A. Tardif, C. S. V., Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., Rev. A. Granger, Rev. W. Granger, Rev. J. Tranchemontagne, Rev. A. Labrie, Rev. Z. Berard, Rev. F. Teeley, Rev. D. O'Dwyer, Rev. J. Bourdeau, Rev. W. Kearney, Rev. Chancellor F. Barry.

Among those from afar who assisted at the ceremonies were Messrs. J. T. Corcoran and R. I. Corcoran, of Pittsburg, Pa., two cousins of the Rev. deceased; Mother Xavier, superioress of the orphan asylum near Irving Park; Sister M. Wilfred, the able principal of St. Viator's parochial school; and a large delegation of parishoners from St. Viator's and St. Edward's, came to pay their last respects to one whom they had learned to love. May he rest in peace.

W. J. B.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP A. LANGEVIN'S VISIT.

January the 26th was a red-letter day in the calendar of college joys. The presence among us of Monitaba's great bishop will certainly be remembered as one of the most joyous and inspiring events of the present school year. It seemed as tho the spirit of cheerful festivity had been the herald of the coming of this prince of the church. Every face was lit up with most lightsome gladness, every heart felt and every voice sang "welcome." After being received by the members of the faculty in the Rev. President's parlors, His Grace was escorted to the gymnasium hall where the students were assembled. Amid spontaneous acclamations and the strains of the orchestra the archbishop and accompanying clergy proceeded to the stage, whence they witnessed a fine display of military manoeuvres by the battalion and the minims' sword squad. After the rendition by select voices of several songs of welcome and of patriotic airs. The following address was read by Mr. D. Feely:

TO HIS GRACE,

The Most Reverend Adelard Langevin, D. D.

Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Your Grace:—Ever since we heard the glad news of your visit to Chicago to set the seal of your approval and encouragement upon the work of one of our alumni, we have felt as though we owed you a personal debt of gratitude. Indeed you have journeyed a long distance and in inclement weather to come and give words of cheer and benediction to one of Chicago's large congregations and to bid these good people exult and rejoice, and praise and thank God who so visibly and abundantly blesses them. Because the honor and the inspiration which you give to Notre Dame and to Father Bergeron, who is one of ours, we account as bestowed upon ourselves, we claim the privilege of thanking you most sincerely and cordially. Your presence in the archdiocese of Chicago at a distance so remote from the far north to assist at the solemn dedication of what has been beautifully called "The Gem of the Great City's Churches," is in itself the most princely sanction of work well done, and is to

all those who engage in the holy work of educating men and saving souls an inspiration and an engagement.

But we had yearned for even another reason to be grateful to Your Grace, and that was the favor of your visit. For several days have we lived upon the fond expectation of the great honor which marks this blissful moment. No further need have we to bid you welcome at St. Viateur's College. No need have we to hand you the symbolic keys by whose turning you would gain access to our hearts. The hearts and arms of the youth of St. Viateur are always open to receive a father and a friend, an apostle and a teacher.

Often have we read the thrilling narrative of the apostolic labors of those great missionaries, the true civilizers of the vast North West, in whose footsteps you are now so faithfully treading. Well do we know the hardships which these pioneer bishops, the Provanchers, the Taches, the Cluts, the Grandins, your predecessors and contemporaries, have had to endure and the Christly zeal which they displayed in sowing over the snowy wildernesses of the wild North West the seed of faith, which even now has blossomed into the hundreds of cross-crowned steeples that dot this vast territory.

You are of that family of indefatigable workers for a cause that has always appealed to elite souls and in a field in which only those who are shod with the courage of apostles will venture.

While no doubt much of your time and energy must needs be spent on missionary journeys, still you have not been unmindful of the means for the advancement of the people confided to your care. Many and vital are the needs of a country in which colonization is going on. Supreme among your cares for the benefit of the growing population of Manitoba has been the procuring of Catholic schools for the lambs of your flock. With open arms you have appealed to your countrymen in the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come to me and forbid them not." We hope to see the day when your championing of this goodly cause will be crowned with full success. Then, and then only, shall we feel assured that the civilization of the North West will rest upon a secure basis and that it will grow so grand, so strong and so beautiful as to set the standard for all America.

If we have allowed ourselves such a heart to heart talk with Your Grace, it was because we were reminded that you were once yourself a student and one of the distinguished professors of the great University of Ottawa, which, we hope, will soon rise from out of its ashes, more than ever powerful for good. Knowing as you do the fondness with which college men and boys gather the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the great, and how sacredly we regard the blessing of priestly hands, you will, we feel confident, gratify both our wishes. Once more, Most Reverend Archbishop, be assured of our respectful affection, and most cordial welcome.

FACULTY AND STUDENTS,

St. Viateur's College.

Bourbonnais, Ill., Jan. 1904.

Mr. Feely's masterly reading of the address brought out so well the different points of it that frequently the audience applauded its well spoken sentiments. The archbishop rose to reply in a veritable storm of applause. It was apparent that the students, knowing the reputation of their distinguished guest, as an orator, expected a good speech; and they were not disappointed. His Grace spoke with as much ease and grace as with feeling and warmth. His thoughts and sentiments, distinguished now by loftiness, now by tenderness, now by gravity, and again by good-natured joviality, were cheered to the echo. He congratulated the students upon the faultlessly rendered program which had been presented, and said they could not begin now to realize the immense advantage they had in being under the tutelage of such able preceptors as the Fathers and Brothers of St. Viateur's, whose devotedness and excellent work he had had the opportunity to note in Canada. Under the wise direction of all such thorough educators, he said, you will learn to become complete men, with symmetrically developed minds and hearts, the best generals of the future of your great republic you love so well, the best pleaders for justice, the best physicians, the holiest priests and bishops of your glorious American church. This must be, unless causes cease to produce their effects. I like your patriotism, your military proficiency and your country love-songs. Everyone should love his country, and should be prepared to take up her defense in case of need and to further her progress at all times. There is no better school of patriotism than the church. The Catholic American should be proud for his church who has written her name across the vast continent. While you love your country and its institutions, you, who are of foreign birth, should not forget, but sedulously cultivate your mother tongue; if you are descendants of French Canadians, let your tongue never unlearn the sweet accents of the sweetest of mortal tongues.

I like your allusion to the glorious achievements of one of your alumni, the undefatigable and artistic Father Bergeron, whose glory indeed reflects upon you. This college spirit, this college solidarity is no less commendable than it is admirable. I am also very sensibly touched by your thoughtful words of cheer to the address of Ottawa University. This is really a Catholic sentiment and I shall be most

happy to convey to our Fathers in Ottawa your beautiful expression of sympathy.

At the close of his remarks, the archbishop gave his blessings to the students, and granted a holiday. He was then shown through the different halls and class-rooms, the refectories, dormitories and the chapel, which he pronounced an inspiration to piety. His Grace celebrated holy mass in the college chapel Wednesday the 20th, and left Bourbonnais for Chicago, in the afternoon. During his sojourn in Illinois, the archbishop visited a number of French Canadian parishes in Chicago and in the vicinity of Kankakee, where he spoke of the advantages of colonization in the North West. The V. Rev. Father A. Dugas, vicar-general of the archdiocese of St. Boniface, and Rev. J. Soumis, pastor of Stillwater, Minn., accompanied His Grace of Manitoba, on his visits.

W. McKENNA, First Rhetoric.

WINTER SCENES.

Parties out sleighing
 Prancing steed neighing,
 Tugging at reins held by sinewy hands,
 Bells gayly jingling;
 Voices commingling
 Laden with laughter from merry young bands.

Snow flakes descending
 In unity blending
 Clothing the earth with a garment of white,
 Bright crystals glitt'ring,
 Snow songsters twitt'ring
 Filling all hearts with a thrill of delight.

JAS DOUGHERTY,
 Second Rhetoric.

SARDOU'S PLAY.

There are many reasons why Sardou's "Dante" is accounted by knowing critics a failure, a dramatic gold brick, a satire upon one of the greatest men that every lived, and a travesty of history. Only Titans should try to move mountains; Sardou is a pigmy. Some years ago Tennyson, when asked by Irving for a play on Dante, declined the task, saying that it would take a Shakespeare to attempt the dramatization of Dante. Yes, Calderon or Shakespeare—but none less. Shakespeare was great enough for such a great theme. Besides he proved himself able to handle Catholic subjects and certainly could have done so creditably had he applied his genius to the dramatic presentation of Dante. But Sardou is too narrow and too prejudiced a mind for this. The Italian Carducci refused the honor of writing a poem to the name of Dante on the occasion of his centenary some years ago, urging as his reason that only a Catholic could worthily sing the praise of Dante. The author of the 'Hymn to Lucifer' felt that his own infidelity and the remoteness of his sympathies with the spiritually vibrant soul of the author of the Divine Comedy, altogether disqualified him from undertaking the delicate office, and he sensibly declined. Sardou should have declined for this among many other reasons.

Sardou confessed he did not know much about Dante and his age. His play verifies his humiliating confession. His ignorance of the man he was writing about is another reason why he should not have inflicted his unspeakably wretched drama upon the unoffending public.

This drama is especially offensive, because it paints Dante as an immoral man and as a consummate hater of the Catholic church. This is a monstrous historical lie, with not a jot of truth, a foul calumny from beginning to end. But this peculiar presentation of Dante is what Sardou called the moral Dante! the type of liberty! Rather of libertinism, let us remark! For to place Dante as Sardou does in his play, in not only questionable, but criminal relation with several women is not only purely (or impurely) imaginary, fictitious and clean out of all connection with Dante's

life, but out of all connection with the entire life of the age in which Dante lived. That type of man, who after all is none else than a Parisian roué, could be fitted only to the modern age of pagan degeneracy. As an attempt then to present a type, or to give us the moral Dante, Sardou's play is an egregious artistic mistake. For the idealizing of human character must always have some foundation on reality if it is to have the merit of being at least interesting.

Now it is established by such competent critics as Ozanam for instance, that Dante was a faithful husband. Therefore to represent him as a debauchee, to bring out this as the most salient trait in the character and life of this great man is the most flagrant calumny that could be committed this side of the Inferno. And of course Sardou could not befoul Dante without defiling several others. This Pia who appears in *Purgatorio*, C. V., 131, is a very pious and pathetic figure. This penitent spirit thus speaks to Dante, asking prayers from him.

"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be returned, and rested after thy long road, then remember me. I once was Pia. Sienna gave me life; Maremma too it from me. That he knows, who me with jewelled ring had first espoused."—Now these few lines are all there is in the *Divine Comedy* about this mysterious Pia. But is there anything in this sweet appeal for the alms-giving of a prayerful remembrance that suggests even remotely her culpable intimacy with Dante during her earthly life, that liaison round about which the entire Dante of Sardou is built? Not the least. The cynicism implied in the supposition that she who is pleading for prayers is Dante's own accomplice in the sin of infidelity, is simply monstrous and inconceivably revolting. It destroys all the poetic beauty of one of the most spiritual gems in the *Divine Comedy*. But evidently Sardou cares little for that. No doubt he pretends to have a right to imagine that Dante and Pia were the intimate friends in life which he makes them in his play. Now that we have established that it is preposterous to seek to make Dante out as having been in his life a profligate since it is known that he was a faithful husband, it is clear that what relations he may have had with Pia must have been above reproach.

About Pia herself commentators of the Divine Comedy say that she was remarkable for her beauty and grace and for her misfortune. Italian archives mention that during her widow-hood, after the death of her first husband, Tolemei, she was tenderly preoccupied with teaching her boys the art of reading. Having married a certain Nello dello Pietra, she became the victim of his insane and desperate jealousy. As he could not endure to have other men look upon her great beauty he shut himself up with her in a castle of Maremma, where they were both stifled to death by the pestilential air of that region. This is the view taken of her by Sestini in his romantic poem. Pia no doubt had her failings, and it is to expiate these that she is in purgatory singing the Miserere with those who met a violent death, and like them all pleads for the suffrages of the living. The distortion of this and other characters in Sardou's play is anything but artistic. For information on Pia read "*Les Femmes dans l'Oeuvre de Dante*," by Lucie Felix Faure.

Again Sardou's peculiar modern French bent of mind discloses itself in his undisguised attempt to picture Dante as the irreconcilable foe of the Catholic church. This really modern French free-thinker is the ideal Dante in Sardou's incurably irreligious mind. But here again the clown dramatist blunders. For in reality there never was either in his life or in his writings a more uncompromising lover of the Catholic church than Dante. His whole life was one of constant adherence to the beliefs and practices of the Catholic religion; and his immortal song, the Divine Comedy, which is nothing else than the Summa of St. Thomas set to the music of epic verse, is the solemn profession of his Catholic orthodoxy before the ages. That he consigns certain pages to hell is, as Ozanam puts it, only a proof of his intense, too intense love of the papacy. The whole career of Dante then protests against the view taken of him by Sardou, who has therefore absolutely no foundation in fact for his ridiculous travesty. Of course in Sardou's mind Dante, who was a man of wit, un homme d'esprit, ought to have been a church hater. But he was just the opposite. It is too bad for Sardou and for his play that the facts connected with Dante's life and character offer so little ground for the peculiar idealization of him wrought by a

batch of so-called French dramatists who are so much at home in pornography and liberalism. These are all pretty conclusive reasons why Sardou should not have written his play of Dante.

In simple truth, he should have been more regardful of the high standing of Irving in the dramatic world and he should have applied all his talents to the producing of a play that would be worthy of Irving and would call forth the very best efforts of this histrionic genius. But it appears that Irving is disappointing in the title role of Sardou's sinister Dante farce.

Of course, out of sheer respect for the public, and regard for decency, if he could calculate the demoralizing effects that the production of such a drama could work upon the more or less uninformed and the easily misled, Sardou should not have written this unfortunate play; and for the same reason Irving should not disgrace himself by playing it. But, of course, Sardou cares little enough for what becomes of the morals of the young after they have witnessed his "moral" Dante; and the dramatic "profession" are more eager for "effects" than they are concerned about educating mankind to lofty and inspiring ideals of truth and righteousness.

Let me close these remarks with the expression of views of eye witnesses of this drama, who, after commending the performance on the score of its spectacular merits, do not hesitate to condemn the play as a whole.

Norman Hapgood, dramatic critic for Collier's Weekly, says, that this drama is preposterous; he calls it a hodge-podge of scenery, a mass of ill-assorted incidents, a complicated hash, etc, rendered endurable only by the acting of Irving. Sidney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly, after commending the effective appearance and posing of Irving as Dante, remarks that the final impression one takes away, from the play is almost one of desecration and he feels as though a great theme had been splendidly vulgarized.

The most effective protest that an indignant public can make against such a play is to stay at home and let the actors, great or small, enact the outrageous farce before empty chairs which neither applaud nor pay round dollars.

E. L. R.

COMMERCIALISM.

Commerce is a lawful and praiseworthy occupation. When honestly carried on it is, like a thousand other avocations, a means of self-improvement in manifold ways; it contributes to the social well being and to national developement. But commercialism, which makes of commerce an end instead of a means and which is but the natural outcropping and the practical application of positivism and utilitarianism, is demoralizing both to the individual and the nation. It is not rash to say that commercialism is the standard that guides the public acts of a very large number of our public men. If there is money or profit in a deal or in a policy, that deal or policy is, ipso facto, good and to be pursued. It matters little whether essential justice and honesty are respected. If the measure is gainful it is honest enough for them.

When men are led by the principle of commercialism they do not hesitate to debauch legislatures, or to form giant combinations, that crush the life out of honest private enterprise. These evils are not only a national shame, they are public menace. Venal legislatures by playing into the hands of rich buyers, are not only recreant to the sacred interests of the public which they are sworn to guard, but they are setting up as the supreme power of the land the money power, they are literally enthroning a plutocracy than which there is no agency more pitiless, more regardless of the rights of the multitude, more conscienceless, and more tyrannical, more absolute, and more eager for the very power to rule which it is in no way qualified to exercise especially in a commercial country like ours.

The reason why commercialism is so full of dire menace, and why it is so ill suited to guide either private enterprise or public policy is because it is essentially selfish; it aims solely at self-aggrandizement, and that too, independently of the rights of others. There are already heard on many sides quite audible mutterings of discontent from the ill-used multitudes. If commercialism keeps on developing itself and applying its principles, the evils which the crowd complain of will not be lessened nor will commercialism supply to the people whose patience it so far taxes any very adequate

motives for suffering patiently. The unhappiness of the great majority, to which commercialism leads, is not a very reassuring perspective. It will either break out in open revolution or it will gradually settle into the pitiable apathy of people whose life has all been crushed out.

And even if commercialism should develop conditions that would prove satisfactory to all, it would be a very low standard of individual and national life.

To trade, to exchange commodities, to pile up profits and enlarge one's stores so as to trade yet more extensively to gather yet larger gains---and thus on indefinitely or rather until death ensues---is not a most ennobling occupation. This accumulation of large private fortune or this extension of national domain and wealth is not a lofty ideal either for a man or for a people. The individual should look upon wealth as a means to the preservation and the improvement of his being. Wealth should be in his hands the instrument wherewith he will develop his physical and intellectual nature and become a better man in every sense; it should be an element of healthier, more contented happier and higher life, an inspiration to nobler deeds, an impulse to the grandest achievements. A nation that possesses wealth should use it to illustrate how might can rule with just ice; it should use it to help spread enlightenment among its people and to assist all the agencies that make for the attainment of the ideals of righteousness. Instead of plundering other nations and robbing them of their territory, it should literally take from them those spiritual goods which it is no theft to take, for they are not diminished by being taken, i. e., their love and culture of perfect art, their refinement, their higher polish, and better manners, in a word, the fine traits of their civilization. But of course, coarse commercialism will never advert to these better things---it will always reach for the tangible and meaner goods and for these alone.

J. P.

AN OUTING ALONG THE KANKAKEE.

The Start.

IT was a perfect day in early autumn, just such a day as invites for a jaunt through sylvan dells and along purling brooks. And, good thing too, it was an "all-day conge," and some eight of us college comrades, new-comers mostly, were eager to explore the woods and ravines that line the beautiful river of Kankakee. Brother B., who is well acquainted with the woods, and knows the hiding places of the finny tribe, kindly consented to accompany us and we were not slow in making complete preparations for a day out.

"What are you taking all these sacks for?" asked Percy.

"Why, dont you know the woods are full of hazel-nuts and hickory-nuts and walnuts and haws and sour apples, wild grapes, bananas and pine-apples?" said Jack, with a wink.

"You and I will pack all the pine-apples home, Percy," put in Jerry, who is not fond of heavy burdens.

"Put these loaves of bread in those gunny-sacks; that's the easiest way to carry them, and then the baskets will be more easily handled," ordered Jack, who was fairly aching to start.

"And those water-melons?" asked Harry, "shall we take them?" "No," replied Jerry, "haven't we got ten cans of sardines, a whole brick of cheese, three pies and a great big cake, and meat enough for two meals?"

"Let's go, fellows," called Jack. Brother B., is waiting for us at the door. Percy, you bring these fishing rods."

In five minutes we had passed the village forge, and in ten we were half-way up the lane that brought us to the first of the many barb-wire fences which we had to cross that day. At brisk step we passed the parish cemetery, and plunged into the woods along the placid river.

In the Hazel Bushes.

We crossed a picturesque little ravine over whose rocky shelves leaped a slender current of clear water, and whose massive walls were tapestried with pretty ferns and overhanging vines.

Then we climbed the high bank that overlooks the river which winds its tortuous way through the woods. At every turn the scene grew more beautiful, and we certainly enjoyed merely looking on the panorama that unfolded itself before our eyes as we journeyed along.

Soon, however, we entered into a clearing and saw immediately on the opposite side a thicket which Brother B., said was full of hazel-nuts. We all plunged into the bushes and began culling the green and light brown bunches depending from the slender branches.

"I can't find any," cried out Percy, "wont you show me where they are?"

"Why look," said Jack, "there are all kinds right in front of you. There, see? and there, and right here under the leaves, do you see them?"

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Percy, delighted; and he proceeded to strip the surrounding shrubbery of it's rich burden.

"Here is another patch, fellows, great big ones too; bring the bags over," shouted Harry, a short distance away.

We were all soon invading the new field and fast filling the sacks.

"Wont it be fun eating these when we get back to the college?" said Jerry. "Why, we'll have enough to give the whole junior department a hazel-nut banquet!"

"Oh! Look at what I found, boys," exclaimed Percy, "is that good to eat?"

"Of course it is; that is a walnut; where did you get it?" queried Will.

"Just over here under that big tree; the ground is covered with them."

A detachment was soon on the ground stowing away into a capacious bag the fallen harvest of walnuts.

"What's the matter, Jerry, are you hurt?" asked Tom.

"No, but you try a bite of one of these small green apples and you'll see how it feels."

"Don't you know that these apples are so meanly sour that even if they grew in Graveline's orchard and you stole them they would not taste sweet?" rejoined Tom. "Let's go over and see if Ben and the rest of them have captured that squirrel they just treed a while ago."

Ben had climbed a big oak in pursuit of a squirrel that had climbed to its nest and five of the boys were below armed with sticks to receive the squirrel when it came down from its hiding place. Just as Ben called out: "There he goes, boys," a light brown streak was seen among the leaves and along a big limb of the tree, and we all expected that when that squirrel reached the end of the branch it would simply topple to the ground and we'd have him. But to our amazement, what did he do but jump almost with the agility of a bird into another tree, and from that into a third, from which he descended on the side opposite us and off he sped so fast that we had to give up the chase.

Having collected our baggage, we cut across a piece of meadow and come to a large tree which cast its shade over a thick carpet of soft grass and here we rested. Opening one of our lunch baskets we took out one of the big cakes and each one was served with a goodly piece of the luscious bread. Never did cake taste sweeter than this, which we enjoyed while going over the pleasant incidents of the morning and listening to an occasional bear-hunting anecdote from truthful Joe.

As it was after ten o'clock and we had planned a boat-ride before dinner, we resumed our tramp through the woods and struck the river at the Big Island. There were patient anglers knee-deep in water waiting for bites. They showed us some beauties they had captured and this was encouraging. We pushed forward with alertness, and expectations of big bites when—as we followed the stream, we came to a pasture which stretched its grassy greenness the very edge of the water. In it browsed a large herd of cattle apparently watched by a dog. Our objective point for dinner, boating and fishing, being a cool spring and a pretty ravine, that lay beyond this pasture, we simply had to dash across that field. What adventures befell us I leave for our next.

(To be Continued.)

THE VIATORIAN.


Published monthly by the students.

Edited by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.

All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

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

Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.

 All business communications should be addressed to REV P. O'MAHONEY, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

W. MAHER,

S. SULLIVAN,
J. LONERGAN,

J. DRENNAN,

A. LECUYER,
J. HAYDEN.

EDITORIALS.

The semi-annuals are over. They were in many ways an interesting retrospect. We shall, however, refrain from moralizing and pointing out his duty to the indolent student who failed and proposes to fail again. About the only argument that would prove effective with such a recalcitrant subject would be the now famous a posteriori argument, administered so tellingly as to land him in another sphere, outside the college sphere. More power to the industrious majorities.

OUR NEED OF SYMPATHY.

The students of St. Viateur's College take a large share of the sorrow which presently afflicts the members of the community, who mourn the loss of their spiritual Father, the V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., Provincial Superior of the Clerics of St. Viateur, of Chicago. We did not have the advantage of that personal acquaintance and of those personal relations with Father Corcoran which have won him the esteem and affection of his fellow-religious and of his parishioners. Still Father Corcoran was not a stranger at St. Viateur's. He is remembered here as not unfrequently chatting affably with groups of students, whom he was always delighted to meet on his hurried visits. His keen interest in the building of the gymnasium and in the general improvements contemplated for the

near future is not unknown to us. But it is especially as a counselor of youth, as an earnest preacher that we knew Father Corcoran, who, we may not say frequently, yet often enough spoke to us to leave upon our minds deep and pleasing impressions of the important lessons he desired to convey. One could feel that he drew from an inexhaustible store of well ordered knowledge and that his heart was even warmer than his mind was luminous. His word was an encouragement to the struggling youth not to desist, but to persist in our efforts to scale the heights. We are confident, from the universal reverence in which he is held by his own, that he was as kind as he was a wise and just governor of his religious province; and, while we express our sympathy to his bereaved family, to his community, many of whose members are our own able preceptors, we pray and wish peace to his soul.

THE NATION'S HOLIDAY.

The passing of Washington's birthday during this month awakens in the breast of every true-born son of liberty, sentiments of filial reverence and pride. On that day we love to fondly engarland in floral wreaths, the image of the "Father of our Country," and to recall his memory in accents of praise and patriotic song. On that day he stands out more prominently before our mental vision as the embodiment of an ideal, which it is both delightful and profitable to contemplate. In our times when there is apparent a disposition to depart from the earlier types of American citizenship and from the traditional aims of American government, it is a comfort and indeed a help to turn back to the birth-time of this young republic and to dwell mentally upon those types of sterling honesty, of statesmenlike prudence, and of patriotic devotion, who laid the corner-stone of our government, who have won the applausive respect of the nations, and who certainly deserve to remain alike the objects of the worshipful veneration of every private citizen and the exemplars of every public man. George Washington was first in war; truly a brave man and a great general. He had most of the qualities, and few of the strong weaknesses of other great leaders of armies. He was satisfied with enough. He did not allow

ambition after victory, to goad him on to other brilliant conquests simply for the sake of more territory, of aggrandizement, of enlargement of his sphere of influence. He carried on war with all the intense earnestness of a patriot, conscious of the justice of his course. But he was as moderate after victory as he was brave in battle, and in this he stands out as the best type of the American warrior. He was as eager to be first in peace as he had been willing to be first in war. When piping peace had once more taken her abode on this continent he applied all the energies of his resourceful mind to provide the new-born nation with a wisely devised government. He showed his deep penetration and his appreciation of the unique condition of the new American state when he insisted upon avoiding any and all entangling alliances with foreign powers. After refusing a crown, after twice serving his country as president, and launching the ship of state upon the safe waters of prosperity, he retired into private life and died in honored age. We delight to recall and to honor the memory of this American, as well as that of Illinois' own greatest glory, Abraham Lincoln. While we most enthusiastically give ourselves over to rejoicing on these national and state holidays, it were meet that we pause, consider and conclude.

EXCHANGES.

In one of our recent exchanges, the exman frankly made a confession, which we have been expecting for a long while, and which, coming as it did from so competent a critic, brought with it not a little pleasure and consolation. In substance it was this: There are many things in this world less difficult than writing exchange notes; and if you are inclined to have any serious doubts as to the truth of that statement, make a strenuous bid for the exchange editor's position, and, if you succeed in getting it, your doubts will be very quickly dispelled. In fact, literary criticism of any kind is not as easy as is generally supposed, and a five or six page appreciation of the realism or spirituality of a canto of Dante's Divine Comedy will make that evident enough, too. Now, in speaking of how

difficult it is and how much time it takes to write exchange notes, be it understood that we mean real exchange notes, honest and thorough efforts to criticise in accordance with the principles of literary criticism. The exman whose critical stock in trade is confined to such trite, things as "This article is good," "That story is interesting," "The 'Dawn' is an excellent poem," "The cover of the 'Librarian' is the prettiest of the month," cannot be said, in our opinion, to write exchange notes; at least, if his mere mention of the magazines that come to his table deserves to be called literary criticism; it is criticism, you will admit, five or ten pages of which may be dashed off in as many minutes. Nor do we think that that exman criticises from whose notes it is evident that he mistakes conceit for knowledge and abuse for argument. It may appear all right to some exmen to label their column "exchanges" and then, instead of trying to criticise to the best of their ability go on to inflict a few ancient jokes on their readers, say anything at all that comes to their mind about a magazine and its contents, or perhaps resort to senseless ridicule or despicable personal abuse. But that's not criticism, and we presume the exman ought to criticise.

All of which is generally given for the benefit of those exmen who fail to give real literary appreciations of college journals, and for the consolation and encouragement of those who make it a point to do so. In view of these remarks be it known that we of the Viatorian fully realize that our column is at best but passable and that its commendable features, if it have any, are outnumbered and outweighed by its defects. Most exmen will, no doubt, concur with us in this opinion. But maybe we are not to blame, for we are always trying to give our journal the best of which we are capable under the circumstances, ever aspiring to do better and become more perfect at our work, and that cannot be said of many exmen who probably think they are the mold of literary form and excellence, and who at the same time embody none of the traits or characteristics that go to make an even tolerably good exman.

We have been a very long time trying to solve a problem that monthly comes to our sanctum; and that problem or puzzle, is the

"Queen's University Journal." We infer from the title that it is the monthly publication of a university, and hence, we presume, it may be called a college journal. But it is remarkably unlike every other college journal with which we exchange. In the first place, if we are not greatly mistaken, its literary department generally, if not always, consists of one contribution which is sometimes a story, more frequently an essay. Now, it is not our contention that the "Queen's" is, at all censurable for limiting its literary features to one essay or story, but we merely wish to remark that in so doing it distinguishes itself from the vast majority of college journals which are unwise and extravagant enough to give to their readers two or three essays, a story, and, for the sake of greater variety, a number of poems. Speaking about poems, by the way, reminds us that the ladies, and gentlemen who write for the "Queen's" are fearfully shy of courting the muse. After all there is nothing very blame worthy in this, for said ladies and gentlemen have a perfect right to write whatever they please, and if they, do not choose to write poetry, that's their business, and not ours. But we beg to remark, that, again in this respect, the "Queen's" position among college journals is certainly unique for most college journals have the bad (?) habit of studding each issue with a number of literary gems in the form of poetical effusions. The December, January and February numbers of the esteemed publication in question are before us, and indeed we are sorely tempted to uncork the vials of our wrath and say rude things of them, but we forbear. A story, the "Governor," in the December issue, is novel in plot and situation, and quite well told. A Sunday afternoon's address on what to do to be saved, is, no doubt, thoughtful and eloquent, and takes the right view of salvation. The January number contains not a single poem or story, but one solitary essay on "Health," which, though of great length, gives nothing we did not know perfectly well before reading it. An oration on the "Unity of Science," the sole literary feature of the February edition, evinces much scholarly ability, together with depth and broadness of views. Before saying "Au revoir" to the worthy journal, we would like to know why the "Queen's University Journal" each month has such

an exceedingly small literary department, why it absolutely spurns poetry and why so many professor's addresses and essays are printed in preference to productions by the students?

The "Niagara Index," of February 1st, is an excellent edition of that model journal. The opening essay on the "Importance of Human Testimony," in matters of fact, deserves to be highly commended, for the author resists the temptation of giving us in substances, if not verbatim, what Zighiara and Sanseverino have to say on human witnesses. And who will deny that a college student, when treating a philosophical question, generally gives us almost verbatim the discussion contained in his manual of philosophy. The introduction of the essay in question, is somewhat elongated, and hence a trifle out of proportion to the other parts of the composition. Unity and order, however, are evident throughout, the author's position is firmly established, and the conclusion is especially convincing in tone; all in all, it is an exceptionally able and successful effort. We did not read the essay on "Liberty," but we presume it is as good as most essays appearing in the "Index", which enjoys a very enviable reputation for didactic compositions. The editorial in defense of Archbishop Quigley on the educational question, is to the point (which the attacks on the position of His Grace were not) and makes a strong plea for Niagaras illustrious alumnus.

Among the ever welcome visitors received here are the "Phoenix," "Dial," "Sentinel," "Transylvania," "Sacred Heart Collegian," "College Review," and numerous others. We hope to review the above mentioned in detail next month, when youthful collegians, actuated by a spirit of true patriotism, shall have waxed eloquent on the characters of Lincoln and Washington.

W. J. MAHER, '04.

PERSONALS.

Rev. F. N. Perry, pastor of the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Ravenswood, left Jan. 24th, for a two months trip to Europe and the Holy Land. We wish Father Perry a bon voyage. Rev. Father Reid, Father Perry's able assistant, is the acting pastor and is aided by Father Lee.

Rev. J. Soumis, was recently transferred from Dayton, Minn., to Stillwater. He accompanied Most Rev. A. Langevin, D. D. and his vicar general, Rev. F. Dugas, on their recent visit to Chicago, Kankakee and the neighboring parishes.

Mr. Samuel Saindon, who has been engaged in educational work in the west for several years, now holds an important position as principal of the Sisseton Indian school in South Dakota.

Mr. Thomas Cahill, who has been pursuing medical studies in the Rush college, Chicago, is on the list of graduates for 1904.

At a recent meeting of former students held in the rectory of Norte Dame church, Chicago, plans for a college building were discussed. As a result a building committee was formed with Rev. A. L. Bergeron as chairman, Rev. P. C. Conway as secretary, and Mr. Frederick Legris as treasurer. This committee will duly inform St. Viateur's alumni of the imperative need of new buildings to accomodate the growing number of students, and will be invited to subscribe. We hope to see such a commendable movement meet with favor with all the loyal sons of Alma Mater.

Rev. Joseph Kelley, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, was a welcome visitor at the college early in February. Father Kelly made arrangements with Father Marsile for an operetta to be enacted upon the occasion of the opening of St. Mary's new parochial school, about Easter time. We are sure that the libretto of an original and very appropriate musical play for children will not fail to reach Father Kelly in the near future; and we are equally certain that under Father Kelly's able and careful direction all the sweet charms of this new composition of our Rev. President will be skillfully brought out.

Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor of Notre Dame church, Chicago, spent a few days with relatives and friends in Bourbonnais in the early part of February. Father Bergeron is to be congratulated upon the artistic success of the religious festival recently held in his church, upon the re-opening of the newly decorated Notre Dame, which is now declared the gem of Chicago's churches. The occasion was celebrated with all the pomp of religious ceremony, all the charms of sacred music, the fervid eloquence of distinguished pulpit

orators and in a church where the chisel of the sculptor and the magic brush of the painter, have given voices to the walls and domes. That priest does well who can make his church a place of inspiration.

Rev. Father A. Seifert, C. P. P. S., President of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind., and Rev. B. Besinger, C. P. P. S., Master of discipline in the same institution, were the guests of the faculty in the early part of February, and visited the college buildings and gymnasium in view of improvements contemplated at St. Joseph's. We hope soon to hear that our cousins across the border are enjoying a well equipped gymnasium and that we may have the pleasure of some contests with them on the athletic field.

Rev. H. Darkin, pastor of Rantoul, Ill., paid the college a visit February 8th, and was entertained by Messrs. Frank and James Gordon and Frank Walsh, of Rantoul.

Rev. J. Cannon, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Urbana, accompanied to the college Master Fernand Peterson, who was enrolled in the Junior department February 8th.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatron, D. D., who visited this institution over a year ago, when on his collecting tour for his poor Japanese Christians, writes that he has just reached home and sends thanks to all his acquaintances, and the generous friends who aided him.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, . S. V., our able Master of discipline and of studies, lectured before the St. Viateur's council of the K. C's., and their numerous friends at the evening entertainment given Feb. 8th. Father Bergin entertained his audience with his strong and eloquent oration on "Character." We who are occasionally treated to Father Bergin's fine feasts of eloquence, are not surprised to hear that the Columbians and their friends, who are all people of taste, were delighted with their late lecture.

Rev. J. Lesage, pastor of Sacred Heart church, Aurora, Ill., spent a few days in Bourbonnais visiting relatives and old college acquaintances the second week in February.

Dr. A. Lesage is returning to Fowler, Ind., where he intends to locate permanently. We wish the young doctor success in his profession.

VIATORIANA.

Dear.

Hippo.

Toodles.

Trinkets.

Hy--le Hy--lo.

Tush! Tush.

Pussy Meow.

Oh! common sense, no.

Pass up the mushrooms.

Daffy—Down—Dilly.

Why, my name is Hiram.

How is your cousin, Fritz?

Douch--bis—Glimmer.

His brown hair was sprinkled with silver.

Look at Sentimental Shorty.

Why isn't Alex writing poetry this year?

I am a Kentuckian blonde of brunette type.

Who took my birthday cake off the chiffonier?

Charley knows an Eskimo who will be at the St. Louis Fair.

Did you see the pneumatic fire escape?

Did you laugh, dearest?

No Willie, I coughed.

What is necessary to constitute a valid contract?

J——. Mutual love and affection.

Chester returned last week from Egypt, and the Nile. He has given up his position in Japan until the dreadful war is over.

Do not speak harshly in the presence of milk: remember even milk will turn.

Taking up a big collection in Chicago now, Bill. Going to send Bidelia back to Ireland?

"Not this time, Foxy. It's Hiawatha, back to the woods."

Alex—Why Charley seems to have gotten awful neat lately? He is always cleaning his clothes with gasoline. Kell--Yes, he thinks if he goes around smelling like gasoline, people will think he's got an automobile.

Joe—Why do you think the Columbian Army will get past Colon if it lands there in invading Panama?

Shorty—Because a colon is not a full stop.

Alex has written a new song entitled: 'On the Kankakee River in the Spring.'

Got a dead sure thing at Frisco tomorrow, Ralph. It will be at about twenty-five to one.

Let's play it. What is it? —Lunch.

I have got inside information, Reginald. That so? Yes, I want a drink.

A few lines from the poet laureate of the study hall, to his friend, Charley, in St. Joe's.

Your business has to do with light,
And your head is quite light too:
On the other hand light's always bright,
Yet not a bit bright are you!

I would like to be a Chaffeur behind a fine pair of thoroughbreds.

Is Savage going to Russia?

"I'll have a little Hunter." "Hunter what?" "Hunter Rye." "Haven't got any." "Well, I'll take a little Wilson." "Wilson what?" "That's all."

The important society events of the past two weeks were the skating and tobogganing. These sports were confined almost exclusively to the Minims and Juniors, to whom the present cold snap is a boon. Every conge afternoon the thundering of sleds down the long gridiron and the ecstatic howls of young voices echoed from one end of the large campus to the other. The last coasting was topped off by an informal dinner and musicale, which took place in the gymnasium. The table decorations were of lilacs and orchids.

Michael Hayes, acting manager of the Orioles golf team gave the programme accompanying himself on the piano.

There was a slight interruption during the dinner services, one of the junior guests becoming angry over a mere trifle and exclaiming loudly.—"Waiter, is this water, you have brought, supposed to be mock turtle soup?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, trembling. "Then carry it back to the cook and tell him he has carried the mockery too far,"

SOCIETY NOTES.

Since the last issue of the VIATORIAN, the meetings of St. Patrick's Society have been regular and the programs well filled. On the evening of December 17th, the subject "Resolved that the coal mines should be owned and controlled by the government" was the theme of a lively and interesting debate. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. W. G. Burke and J. Hayden, and the negative by Messrs. M. Hayden and W. McKenna. Victory was declared in favor of the negative. A speech on "Longfellow's Evangeline" by Mr. F. Munch and also one on "Reminiscences of Ireland," by Mr. Michael Hayes contributed much for the instruction and entertainment of the society.

On the following meeting a speech on Moore's Irish Melodies, delivered by Mr. James Donahoe, brought from his audience an enthusiastic applause such that one who is well deserving of the name of orator is alone capable of producing. The masterly manner in which he handled his theme not only gave evidence of careful preparation but showed oratorical tact. A declamation by Mr. John Monahan, entitled "Equestrian Courtship," showed well the rare elocutionary talents for which our esteemed fellow member is well known, both at St. Viateur's and abroad.

On the evening of Jan. 7th, the programme consisted of an oration on the life of Joan of Arc, by Mr. Paul Legris, and a debate on the subject, "Resolved that department stores are an injury to the country." An attempt to criticise the speech on Joan of Arc would be useless. The saintly and inspiring life of this great heroine was skillfully, and, from a literary standpoint, faultlessly brought before us. As for the debate, the subject proved to be of absorbing interest and presented a difficult proposition for the judges to decide as to whom first honors should belong. The decision was, however, awarded to the negative, which was upheld by Messrs. J. Hogan and Chas. Savage. The affirmative was supported by Albert Kelly and James Dougherty. Each individual participant deserves to be congratulated for the able and logical manner in which he handled his subject.

The last regular meet before the semi-annual examinations was held on the eve of Jan. 28th. An oration on Daniel O'Connell, delivered by Mr. Louis O'Connor, and the debate on the subject

"Resolved, that the average young man of today has greater opportunities of making life a success financially than his fore-fathers," were the respective numbers of an instructive programme. Mr. O'Connor's eulogy on Daniel O'Connell, gave ample evidence that the speaker had not only a thorough knowledge of his theme but that he was perfectly competent to treat it. In neatly rounded periods, he beautifully portrayed this illustrious son of the Emerald isle as an orator, patriot, Christian and statesman. In the debate on the subject above named, the affirmative side, which was ably upheld by Messrs. F. Walsh and Harry Butler, carried the decision of the judges. The negative was supported by Messrs. A. Dumont and B. Smith. The debate was spirited and interesting from beginning to end.

JAS. HAYDEN.

INDOOR BASE BALL.

The indoor team thus far has been very successful. The prospects of the team reaching first place are very good and with a continuation of the work displayed last month the team will not fail.

The most sensational game of the season was played on January 31, between the college and 20th Century Club; score resulting 11 to 10, in favor of the former. Every member of the college team was in the game from start to finish.

The 20th century club defeated the crack Chicago Unions at the college on the afternoon of February 7th, by a score of 16 to 15.

Games lately played are as follows:

College 9; French club 0.

College 12; Company L. 6.

College 11; 20th Century Club 10.

College 6; Schaffer Piano Co. 5.

The clubs rank as follows:

20th Century Club, won 5, lost 2, Per. 7.14.

College, won 5, lost 3, per. 6.25.

Schaffer Piano Co., won 5, lost 3, per. 6.25.

Company L. won 4, lost 4, per. 5.00.

French Club, won 1, lost 6, per. 1.42.