

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

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THE NEGRO QUESTION.

E. J. Solon, '08.

SECLUDED within these knowledge-teeming walls that speak to us of naught but the deep reasoning of an Aristotle or a St. Thomas, that echo the achievements of an Alexander and a Caesar, and ever ready to spread before our gaze, the orations of a Cicero; or to listen to the songs of a Virgil, a Milton or our own silver-tongued Longfellow, we, who are blessed with a continual shower of opportunities to equip ourselves to battle successfully with the various questions that may haunt our destined paths throughout our active life, have seldom, if ever privileged with a moment's consideration, a problem which has time and again caused the public platform to tremble under the thunderous eloquence of orators, a problem which is demanding the attention of the Northerner as well as the Southerner, and that is the Negro Question.

I neither deem it my place nor is it my intention to relate to you in detail, those events that comprised your school-day task, now revered as almost ancient history; how in 1619, the James River reluctantly parted its sighing waves to permit a Dutch sailing-vessel to pass, for the purpose of introducing on its banks, negro slavery, an event that has marred the beauty of our fair land. Casting a hurried glance over the world's past, we see the Romans, the greatest people of their day, with their slaves; but Brownson remarks very wisely, they were a great nation for their own times, but not for all times, for slavery was a disgrace indulged in by all the then known world. But this day of enlightenment shudders at the supposition that such a system of barbarity can exalt a people to the lofty heights of renown and prosperity, which are now the merited and undisputed claims of our own gallant country.

But whom are we to blame for this sad experience of slaveholding? May not this national guilt be rightly laid upon the

shoulders of England, who for years past and even still is making the innocent object of her cruel and unremitting tyranny, a land that has ever been famous for all that is true, noble and grand, where the purest generosity to strangers, be he friend or foe, is spelled out on every feature of the kindly countenances of its children, whose sons and daughters have earned the respect and good-will of every people on the globe, our ever-dear Emerald Isle? Yes England was the originator of American serfdom. Why the pages of history seem to blush when declaring in answer to our wondering inquiries, that not only that country's prison gates were thrown ajar, and its shackled convicts conveyed to our shores to labor in the fields as so-called "indentured servants," but that even its asylums were robbed of their orphaned treasures, and its streets, of neglected, homeless waifs, to be doomed to a similar fate. And later, when our better-hearted Americans pleaded for the cessation of slave-trade, did not the British Crown instruct its governors to continue, in spite of the entreaties of the colonists, this horrid traffic? Do you wish another instance of mother country's greed for human barter? Recall the treaty of Utrecht of 1713, a result of which, she grappled within her insatiable clutches, the monopoly of that unnatural commerce from Africa to the West Indies, causing a feeling throughout the land that soon found expression in the selfish words of the Earl of Dartmouth, that "the colonies must not be allowed to check or discourage in any degree, a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

Let us not exhume more of these facts long since buried, but rather, let us thank heaven that such shame did not originate on our soil, and let us pay a passing tribute to those who have championed the cause and especially our immortal Lincoln, who not only brought about its total abolition, but elevated its victims to that grandest of all earthly titles, American Citizenship.

Now, since these children of Africa were ushered into our United States through no request of their own, and in such a brief absence from the savagery of the jungle, have so far advanced up the mount of civilization as to merit the right of suffrage; why continue to bestow upon them nothing more than disdainful scorn? Why these uncharitable distinctions that prevail in our southern states? Though true that there are among this race, a few who are capable of most atrocious crimes, may we cast the first stone? Are there not as many, blessed with a white skin, who have hearts that beat in vile unison with the hellish tunes of all that is unearthly? Search our prisons and

peer into their barred cells, will your gaze meet the eyes of negroes only? Unfortunately you will find many, very often the majority of their notorious inmates who belong under the standard of the Caucasian. In the words of Lincoln, I claim that "certainly the negro is not our equal in color, perhaps not in many other respects; still, in the right to put into his mouth, the bread that his own hands have earned, he is the equal of every other man be he white or black."

Though our Southerners place the colored man on a plane inferior to their own, yet the deeds of some, in his favor demand our greatest praise. For the fact that schools for the negro are every year increasing in number in the sunny South, is a living proof of their generosity. It is no less gratifying to see that the colored folk value the existence of these schools. Educational records boast proudly of a colored attendance of almost as great a per cent as that of the whites, thus evincing their eagerness to drink of the sweet fountain of knowledge, that they may attain that station in life, which was destined by the All Just Maker for their rightful possession.

A much discussed point of this vital question is, should the negro's mental abilities be restricted within the comparatively narrow confines of an industrial education? Emphatically, I answer in the negative. If the black man prove himself the possessor of the requisite talents, diligence and ambition, let him not only approach the footing of equality with the white man, but should we, the dominant race grow sluggish enough to allow it, let this man, but yesterday a child of the forest, even surpass our marvelous attainments, and lead us up the steeps to the goal of intellectual perfection. Though I launch my desires in the stream that would bear the skiff of our dark citizens up to the perfumed groves of the classics, I unhesitatingly grant that the industrial arts are of vast importance to those who have been styled "nature's children," and whose undivided attention during their residence of three centuries in our land, has been claimed by the wants of agriculture. And with that leader of their race, who would grace any position in our social world, Booker T. Washington, I readily and convincingly join in asserting that "nothing will so soon cause prejudice against the negro to disappear, as industrial or commercial development." Moreover, the existing modes of labor, the results of the inventive genius of the present age are godsend to toiling humanity, lifting the farmer from his weary plodding behind the hand-plow to a cozy seat behind a pair of prancing steeds, and converting man's ap-

portioned occupations from their former slavish actuality, to the dignified rank of eminence which they justly claim as their present condition.

When the negro learns to appreciate and profit by the presence of numerous institutions now adorning our southern states, and erected for his particular advancement, let him draw nigh to the throne of American Justice; where his sun-beaten brow will be crowned with the wreaths of recognition and respect, and be permitted without further opposition to cross the threshold of the temple of knowledge of the higher order, there to prepare himself to raise the fallen of his race from the mire of public reproach, and place them upon the pedestal of universal esteem. And when he has completed his profound researches, let him come forth, arrayed in all the grandeur of professional lore, to plead the rights of his own fellow-men, at the bar, to care for and improve their physical welfare, or to minister to the cravings of their souls, and by his teaching and example of all that is right and just, to lead them along the path of manly virtue to the mansion of christian society.

In turn, let us of the superior race, no longer torture these men with the cruel pangs of the denial of that respect which our better humanity would confer upon them, and above all, we who claim to be children of the most sublime of all institutions, the Catholic Church, let us not turn a deaf ear to the wishes of that queen of virtues, with which St. Paul would have us all invested, christian charity, but far better, let us regard our Afro-Americans as neighbors, yea and our equals, in being the possessors of human souls. And not by our high sounding words, but by the practice of that gentle kindness which should comprise the sole weapon of everyone enlisted under the banner of the King of Hearts, let us draw them within the ample folds of our religion. This accomplished, the longed-for solution will loom up from the chaos of obscurity with all the welcomed splendor of the Northern Sun, which, when visiting the domains of its Arctic children, illumines their icy abodes with its appearance after a seemingly endless night. This is the only practical means whereby this struggle for equality, will be agreeably solved.

Let us give, if not our active, at least our moral support to such movements as are enlightening our country with their noble endeavors, as the "Catholic Church Extension Society" which, though its purpose is not the welfare of the negro in particular, yet, in that it extends its maternal wings to gather under them, any of God's chosen ones who may chance to wan-

der from the fold, it does reach out a searching and helping hand to the wayward negro. The well-known "St. Joseph Mission," which concerns the negro directly, needs no expressions of praise that my weak pen might draw up in the form of words. We have but to glance through its fields of active charity, to convince us that though the laborers are few, a great harvest of souls is being reaped. And instead of persisting in pointing a finger of contempt at the bruised form of this down-trodden creature, should a moment of our consideration be assigned to this important subject, we too, would learn to appreciate and cherish the negro for his cheerfulness, obedience, loyalty and honesty; and after healing his wounds with the aromatic balm of soothing comfort, and nourishing his inborn religious sentiments with principles of truth, we will guide him through the trials and responsibilities of this life to that blissful country, where distinction is unknown, and to which, entrance shall never become the reward of such an unkind reality as the "Color Question."

ROSMINI'S PHILOSOPHY.

F. A. McSheridan, '08.

ROSMINI the founder of the Italian idealism, needs no eulogies, grand inscriptions or public monuments to perpetuate his memory; for long after these praises shall have been forgotten, these beautiful inscriptions shall have been effaced, yea when the marble itself shall have been reduced to dust by that grim destroyer "Time," Rosmini will be admired in the philosophical world as a deep and profound thinker and reasoner; in the religious world as a devout priest, an ardent and zealous instructor of the sublime truths of God, and as the holy founder of the Order of Charity.

Antonio Serbati Rosmini was born in 1797 in the little town of Roverto near Trent. Little is known of his youth and early manhood but judging by his later years we may presume to apply to his youth that short and concise sentence, which nevertheless expresses so much, which was applied to our Divine Master: "He grew up in age, in wisdom, and in grace before God and man."

At the age of twenty-four Antonio was raised to the dignity of priesthood and it is needless to say that he was a worthy, de-

vout and zealous laborer for the salvation of souls, for at the age of thirty-one he became the founder of the Institute of Charity, which is better known in our country as the Order of Charity or Rosminian Fathers; a community of priests and brothers who have bound themselves by vow to embrace every work of charity of which they should be capable.

Scattered throughout the world this community continues to comfort and allay the pains of the afflicted, to instruct the youth in the saving truths of religion and to call back to the paths of righteousness, erring and wandering souls; yes even in this state of ours, the Rosminians are continuing the work of Christ. If we apply to the subject on hand, the Scriptural saying, "You can judge of the tree by its fruit" we are at once convinced of the holiness and sanctity of the life of Italy's most illustrious philosopher.

But enough of eulogizing the sanctity of Rosmini for it is not my task to speak of him as a saint but as a philosopher. Among the many noted philosophers that Italy has been proud to call her own, Rosmini perhaps stands highest in the list and as compared with sages of other countries, you will find that his name is linked to that of a Liebnitz, Locke and Kant.

Whoever writes anything serious upon the soul is sure to attract close attention because the soul is as it were the pupil of the philosopher's eye. To know the essence, the origin and to understand the attributes of the soul, is to have that perfect knowledge of ones self which the Sage of Athens so earnestly desired all men to have when he persistently proclaimed "Know thyself."

It cannot be otherwise than interesting to follow great thinkers in their lofty speculations and it must prove very profitable to weigh their arguments, and to form a correct estimate of their views so that we may avoid the errors into which even such great minds as that of Rosmini sometimes falls.

One of the greatest errors of this philosopher is his theory on the soul in its connection with suprasensible knowledge, a theory which we cannot accept, but we are not to be surprised that a man of such intellectual calibre as Rosmini should fall into an error so great, for infalibility in philosophical questions has never been bestowed upon any man and then too the theory in question does not concern any dogma of faith. Hearing Rosmini say what he believes is the way in which the soul becomes intelligent or a spiritual agent we are led to the discussion of his theory regarding the origin of ideas.

What then says our philosopher? That the soul of man is merely a sensitive soul, then this sensitive soul becomes intelligent when God reveals to it the idea of being.

Is this theory tenable?

Are we to believe that the soul of man is not substantially a thinking principle, that it is not essentially a spiritual being? Are we to let go the great and fundamental reason of the soul's inherent immortality and embrace the fanciful and altogether arbitrary explanation of the soul's origin which Rosmini proffers?

No! Absolutely no. For if we accept this accidental spiritualization of the soul we are compelled to say that man differs from the brute only accidentally. Who is not startled at such a consequence?

Are there not enough downward tendencies in us without establishing it as a philosophical principle that we are but slightly different from the animals, and that the higher life is something to be despaired of? Only slightly different from the animals! How strangely this sounds? How absurd.

Even the little school boy with his undeveloped mind is fully convinced of his high superiority over his pet canine, and how much more so is man, who God has said "was made only a little less than the angels."

Again there is this other impossibility. Why could not the sentient souls of brutes become intelligent through the same divine manifestation of the idea of being which transforms the sensitive soul of man into an intelligent human soul? Certainly Rosmini must admit that it would not be impossible in the first case if it is a fact in the second.

But it is certainly absurd to think of a rational brute.

Finally since something accidental such as is the illumination of the soul can always be separated from it, the soul could at any moment be despoiled of this great gift and would then and there cease to be human. But let us pass over this erroneous theory of the origin of the spiritual soul and deal with the theory of the innatism of ideas. Must it be said that all our ideas are acquired?

To this preliminary and fundamental question Rosmini led by this reason answers negatively. For the acquisition of all ideas is had either through judgment or by abstraction; but not through judgment because in a judgment, the ideas which are either joined or divided, precede the judgment in the mind; not by abstraction because abstraction is exercised concerning an object preknown, from which there is abstracted some attribute,

quality or perfection. Therefore all our ideas are not acquired but some are innate in our intellect. To his support Rosmini states two canons, firstly those objective elements must be "posited" as a priori or innate which are necessary to explain that same origin, for nature is never wanting in necessities, and secondly no other objective element outside must be admitted as innate for nature does not abound in superfluities, hence it is proper for philosophy to "posit" arbitrarily something as innate in our minds. Now what are we to think of this reasoning? Are we compelled by its solidity to receive it?

For an answer let us follow Zigliara's views on this theory, at the same time bearing in mind that we have no quarrel with the canons which are quite sensible and true and readily admitted by all. The principle of Rosmini that in a judgment and synthesis pure ideas of being are formed with the element of sensation and not by abstraction of primitive ideas is absolutely untrue for by abstraction, primitive ideas can be and really are acquired.

Abstraction is not the separation of parts from the whole as our worthy adversary claims it to be, but it is a simple consideration of one, namely a universal; hence it happens in abstraction that the intellect does not consider the universal separated, but only separately from the individual elements. To elucidate this more clearly let us take for example the formal and per se object of sight which is color. This the eye sees in an apple, separately but not separated from the whole apple before it necessarily comprehends the quantity, size, taste and shape of the fruit; all these things the eye apprehends per accidens and by reason of the formal object color, but not vice versa.

And so our intellect in the objects of sensation sees its formal and per se object, the universal, separately but not separated from the individual, and by reason of the universal it sees per accidens the individual.

Now as we have straightened Rosmini out on the question of principle let us hear him explain his process for the innatism of the idea of being. He says that a being in general or a transcendental is a necessary subtraction of all our knowledge, in which it is contained at least implicitly.

All knowledge comes down with the subtracted being. Ergo the idea of being precedes every cognition, not by sensation, not by judgment, not by abstraction or reflection; and moreover it does not emanate from the nature

of our intellect, nor must it be said to be impressed by God in the act of sensation or perception. It is therefore innate by the power of the first canon.

Zigliara acknowledges that this innatism of ideas is an objective substratum of all our intellectual actions but he says that it can be had by abstraction if abstraction is taken in its true sense as it has already been explained.

The intellect gathers in each sensible object the universal exhibited by that sensible. the more a sensible is determined, the more determinately will it exhibit the universal included in it, so that the intellect can consider it separately.

On the other hand a confused and indetermined sensible object will be the reason why the intellect cannot consider in it, the indetermined universal.

It is on account of this that in the initial developing of the senses of children, their intellects cannot grasp objects confused and greatly indetermined; out of confused and indetermined objects children cannot pluck the universal but their feeble minds rest in something confused, a transcendental, or in other words a being which can be really had by abstraction.

But besides this innate idea of being how are the other ideas formed? Concerning this Rosmini boldly states: "from the idea of being in general, which already exists in the mind, all other ideas can be easily had through acquisition. In our cognition we ought to distinguish the formal from the material element; the first is something intelligible, cut off from real existence and is the object of our intellectual cognition; but the material element is the real existence of this intelligible something, and which is in no way mixed with the formal element."

This process of forming ideas cannot be accepted, for the individual really existing or merely considered possible never becomes a universal, for which there is required that it be of a nature expressed in a definition, "i e" destitute of individuating notes. But this ideal being of Rosmini! This necessary source of all knowledge! What is it? Zigliara tells us that it differs, *toto caelo*, from the transcendental being of which the Scholastics and other philosophers speak.

A transcendental is something created, contingent upon the things in which it exists, although separately it may be considered from its contingencies; but the Rosminian being is something divine in itself, really not distinct from the Divine Nature

and being a part of the Divine Nature it becomes necessary and immutable; hence it must be nothing else than Divinity itself.

For this reason has Romini been unanimously accused by his critics, of pantheistic ontologism.

Thus we see that the philosophy of Rosmini does not embrace a practicable system but rather affords a field of study in the whole range of philosophy.

It is a table upon which may be found much food for reflection but little for nourishment.

THE PRODIGAL.

W. Carroll.

NOW, Will, I'll give you one more chance. If you don't moderate your style of living and apply yourself more diligently to your studies, I'll cut you loose and you can shift for yourself," exclaimed irate Horace Gordon, to his nephew, William Blake.

Blake had been attending a Medical College for three years and this was his graduation year. He had studied as little as possible and had as good a time as his allowancee would permit, yet he had managed to pull through every year with a passable note. At the present time he had just come from college to ask his uncle for an advance on his allowance and his uncle at once became angry. Horace Gordon was a rich bachelor, though he had started out in life as a poor clerk in a dry goods store, without any relatives, except a sister, younger than himself. He had advanced himself by steady application to his work and now, besides being the owner of that store, he owned several other large stores, and had a bank account running close to seven figures. He educated his sister and when the time came for her to graduate he expected her to keep house for him. But he was greatly disappointed, for a few weeks after, she ran away with a motorman and married him and then sent a curt note to her brother asking that her clothes be forwarded to her and informing him of her marriage. He did as he was bidden, but he never forgave her for her rash act.

Eight years passed and one night as he sat in his club-room he received a note from his sister asking him to come at once to the address given, for she was dying. He debated with himself for quite a while before he finally made up his mind and summoned a cab. He drove quickly, but Fate opposed him, and he arrived there just in time to see his sister before she died. She was so far

gone that she could no longer speak, but pointing to a note on a table near her, she calmly breathed her last. Gordon made sure that she was dead and then opened the note. "My dear brother," it ran, "when you read this note I will probably have departed from this life, yet I hope you will forgive and forget all my ingratitude to you in the past. My husband was killed in a smash-up between two cars more than two years ago. The little money I had saved up was soon used for expenses and necessities of living and since then I have tried to support myself and my boy, but sickness tied me to my bed, and it was only through the kindness of my neighbors that I have managed to exist for the last month. My son will be left in the world without a protector as soon as I pass away and I entreat you, my brother, by the love our mother bore us, to take care of and cherish my child. Support him till he comes of age to repay you for your kindness and you will receive the full gratitude of your loving sister, Mary Blake." Gordon did not want to take care of the boy, but yet he did not want to break the confidence of his dead sister, so he took the boy to his home. The boy was a bright little chap and at once endeared all the household to him. Even his solemn uncle thawed somewhat under the genial influence of the boy's cheerful laugh, and came to like him in a way. Although the boy was always quarreling with him he managed to bring it about so that no harm was done.

Will finished high school and desired to be sent to college and his uncle quickly gave him permission and wanted him to take merely a commercial education, so that he could help him afterwards in his business. But Will, rather through obstinacy than otherwise, told his uncle that he had determined to become a doctor. Blake entered in the fall term and immediately fell in with a set of fast young men who went to college to have a good time, and had it. The outcome was that at the end of the first year it was only through a special "pull" that he was able to advance. He continued like this every year and was acknowledged, by all who knew him, to be "a jolly good fellow." During the beginning of his last year he had such a particularly good time that his funds ran out, and he returned home to ask for an advance on his allowance. His uncle met him with a stormy outburst, and it was with difficulty that Blake could appease him and get some money. When he went back to college he studied for a few days, but "the voice of other days was there" and called him soon away. His allowance soon became due and as soon as he received it he returned to his old haunts.

When graduation day came and the list of boys who were graduated was read, Blake's name was not among that happy number, and then it was that he repented for his lack of study during

previous years. As was to be expected, as soon as Blake's uncle heard the news, he wrote a fiery letter to his nephew, telling him to call at his office the next day. Blake entered the office at the time specified and he saw his uncle busy at his desk reading a letter which bore the wear of time upon it, for the paper was quite yellow and the ink had lost much of its freshness of color. As Blake was advancing to his uncle's desk the telephone bell rang and his uncle went out to answer it. Blake was curious to see what the letter contained, so picking it up he hurriedly scanned it. It was the letter which his mother had given to his uncle on her death bed. He read it from beginning to end and at length it dawned upon his mind that his uncle had not supported him through love, but only on account of the appeal of his dying mother. He read the ending again and when he again read, "Support him till he comes of age to repay you for your kindness," he formed the resolution that he would repay, to the last farthing, all the money he had ever received from his uncle. When his uncle came back from the telephone he saw his nephew standing with the letter in his hand. His uncle at once got down to business and told him that he had given him a good education and a sufficient income to appear equal with the other students and now he had not studied enough to graduate. Now Blake was old enough to take care of himself and he would have to do so. He gave him an envelope in which there was a thousand dollars and told him that it was all he would ever get from him. Blake had put the letter in his pocket and taking the money he told his uncle he would repay him every cent which he had ever given him.

During the next two years Blake got odd jobs around hospitals and doctor's offices till he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the profession. Then he went back to the college and had an interview with the president, telling him of his woeful plight and asking him to give him another examination. The president said he would refer it to the faculty and told Blake to call a couple of days later and he would inform him of the decision. Blake eagerly waited and when a couple of days later his petition was granted, he felt in a rather joyful mood. He passed the exam. with ease, and when his doctor's certificate was given him, he felt he could now go and look his uncle in the face, but Providence decreed differently. A position was offered him in one of the hospitals, which he quickly took and was soon interested in his long desired work. During all this time he had neither communicated with his uncle or received any communication from him, so he determined not to let him know of his good fortune till his success was assured. He was called out on several emergency calls and every time gave

complete satisfaction, so that he was soon at the head of the list of young doctors.

About a year after he had been in the hospital there was a large wreck, resulting from a smash-up between two trains. Blake was immediately ordered out to help the injured. For hours he worked and most of the injured were cared for. He sat down to rest for a moment, when he heard a groan coming from under one of the cars. Quickly getting a few men he pulled away some timbers and came upon the body of a man. The man was nearly dead; he had an arm, a leg and a couple of ribs broken. His face was so severely cut up that he could not be recognized, so Blake searched his pockets in hope of finding some clue to his identity. Imagine his surprise when he read on the man's cardcase, "Horace Gordon." So this man lying gasping on the ground, so far gone that there was hardly any hope for him, was the uncle who had disinherited him. With just a little overdose of medicine, or perhaps no medicine at all, he could square himself for all the indignities he had suffered. But at that instant he remembered the letter he still had in his pocket. He set to work and soon had his uncle in a more comfortable position. He worked on him and tried all his remedies, but his uncle seemed sinking. At last he thought of a remedy he had compounded himself, but which he had not used before. He believed it would relieve his uncle, so giving him a dose he left him in charge of a trained nurse, leaving the medicine and directions with her. He came back in the space of an hour and he saw that his uncle had recovered from his unconsciousness and was now awake. His uncle saw him and dropped off calmly to sleep. It took months before he was completely cured, yet every day his nephew visited him and gave him his medicine and surgical treatment, which restored him to health.

Fifteen years have passed and William Blake is now a noted doctor. He is honored by all who know him and often consulted by different members of his profession. Horace Gordon died two years ago and outside his palatial mansion can be seen the shingle of "Dr. William Blake."



THE VIATORIAN

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

E. Stack.

IN these days when the doctrines of free thought, free worship, free teachings, etc., are beginning to take such a deep root in the minds of the masses, it is not surprising that among the variety of new fangled ideas and issues which are the natural results of such a state of affairs; that there would be some which, if not handled prudently, would be a serious detriment to the institutions of our republic.

Now there is one among them which at first sight might seem to have considerable plausibility, but if we guard ourselves against the possibility of becoming too chivalrous and view the matter with plain common sense, the thing is immediately seen to be fit and actually waiting to be relegated to the garret of public fads, and that is Woman Suffrage.

The first thing that comes to my mind, in considering this subject, is why should woman be allowed to vote? Have we not been getting along alright in politics without asking anything of her, so far? They may tell us that the political graft of our nation is simply disgraceful, and that if women were allowed to vote and hold offices, there would be no such thing as graft thenceforward. But even if we do admit the existence of graft among our high officials, how could woman suffrage do away with it? Men have been voting in the United States since the days of Washington and they have not been able to stop certain abuses which necessarily follow from so many men of different characters holding office. To do away with public peculation, is a problem that requires a keener mental penetration, a firmer grasp, a more invincible endurance and more constancy than women ordinarily possess and which, after all, are masculine traits of character. Public peculation is a magnified species of sin that follows human nature and that will attend it until Gabriel will blow the final blast; notwithstanding the continual efforts of many honest, sincere and upright men to wipe it out, and even today men are crying and striving for clean politics, and still they cannot be had.

See all that our present great president has done to clean up politics and still they continue much the same as before. Now I ask, if men have failed to secure good administrations and if they still fail how could women, even if they were given a chance, better the state of affairs?

Man is physically, morally, mentally and intellectually stronger than woman, and thus better equipped for this field of work.

This is admitted by all right thinking people, therefore, if men have failed, what would be the use of allowing women a hand in the deal. Evidently if we give to women an equal right with men in politics, it would not be long until matters would be far worse than they are now, for woman, by reason of her disposition and moral make-up, is fitted for lighter work, and Hamlet wisely says that woman's name is frailty. Moreover, the home would suffer much if women would take their attention from it and direct their activities and labors to politics. Her sphere is one of refinement. It is her duty to soothe in time of affliction, to encourage in times of fear, to buckle on the armor of her warrior and to leave the firing line and the battle's brunt to him. It is her place to work inside the home, in teaching, in training and in rearing the children in virtue and in all the qualities that make them creatures of refinement; and if she applies herself faithfully to these duties she will accomplish a thousand times more good than if she follows up politics.

Every woman who is conscious of her dignity, faithful to her duty and convinced of the sublimity of her calling, meddles not with the tasks that belong exclusively to men; but the woman who neglects her charge, who has forgotten her place in the grand plan of creation, throws aside the substance and follows the shadow, breaks out of the home and into politics, lets go the moorings of her duty to be cast adrift on turbulent waters.

A DEER HUNT.

E. J. O'Keef.

McCARTHY'S Logging Camp was situated in one of the most picturesque localities that the central forests of our country present to the lover of sylvan beauty. It would be wrong to attempt to paint in fitting colors the grandeur which nature casts around this peaceful spot when the beautiful season of summer is at hand, and then lead the reader into the barren regions of a cold and dreary winter; for, the latter is the season that must lend its presence to our story.

One can easily picture to himself a long, low structure, on one side of which lies a frozen lake, and on the other an apparently endless forest of towering pines whose branches are bending and breaking under the heavy weight of ice and snow which encumber them. The earth, which but a few months ago rivalled the heaven in its wild beauty, now dazzles the eye, as its winter whiteness re-

flects the rays of a December sun. Peels of laughter issue from the crude building, for this is the Lord's day, or Sabbath, a day which loses its sacredness and solemnity in a lumber camp, and is merely considered as one of rest and leisure. The huge door suddenly bursts open and a crowd of forty or more powerful looking woodsmen rush out, each one clad in the apparel of a huntsman with gun in hand. A chase has been proposed and these are the volunteers.

It seems that the watchman while making his rounds the previous night, had spied a large deer near the camp, and when the news reached the men they quickly decided to hunt it down. They drew themselves up in a line and started out into the dark forest, seemingly fearless of the numerous perils that lay before them. These woods were noted for their many chasms and impending cliffs which the unconscious traveller never saw until he was about to cast himself headlong, into a deathly abyss.

The first two hours of the tramp glided away in the novelty of the exploit but their tired limbs soon complained that the journey was becoming a fruitless and fatiguing one. As it is in every social affair, many gave in to their caprices and forsook the crowd. The others renewed their courage in the hope of success and continued the toilsome search. Another hour drifted away and the pursuers were disputing whether to give up the chase, when a sudden rustle was heard in a brush-pile nearby, and the next moment a huge deer leaped from its cover, and dashed around in the rear of the hunters. A dozen hurried and misaimed shots followed the fleeing animal, from the rifles of its now fast pursuers and crimson drops of blood had already begun to taint the feathery snow as it flew in all directions from the wounded creature's hoofs. Another volley of smoke and bullets encircled it, but in vain, for it lost no speed, and was leaving its followers farther and farther behind. Reports and excited clamors echoed fast and far in the once silent forest while the frightened beast galloped forward at a speed conceivable only to the observer. Over crevices and fallen trees and brush-work it leaped and dashed. An hour passed away in the pursuit and deer and men still kept up the speed. A hill which lay in an east-west direction and barren of trees now drew up in sight. This elevation which was noted not for its altitude but for its length was easily ascended by the animal which reached the summit just as the hunters neared its base. What a grand picture! A noon-day sun was pouring its winter rays in such a favorable direction that it placed the animal in one of the clearest views that a hunter could desire. As it reached the top of the hill it lifted its large head high in the air and seemed to be musing whether or not

to dash down the opposite valley, when suddenly a heavy report came from that side of the mound. There was only one possible way of escape left; so it kept the summit and hurried along the rocky hill-top. Its pursuers were now following in the rear and on the left and right. Shot and volley were directed towards the exposed creature, but with the simple effect of increasing its now terrible speed. On and on it went, until the hill came to a steep cliff, at the foot of which lay a frozen streamlet which had eaten its way through the hill and had left a similar ridge on the opposite side. An agonizing cry of despair issued from the bleeding beast as it reached this location. It did not stop, but tried its utmost to reach the other side by leaping high into the air. Its weakness caused it to stumble in the attempt and instead of landing safely, it dashed against the other rocky wall with a terrific momentum. The men saw it fall and both parties now drew up to the scene and gave vent in words to the feelings which successful hunters generally entertain. The journey homeward was a pleasant one, for it promised a well prepared venison steak to the hungry huntsmen, upon their arrival at the camp.



Our Bardic Choir



MOTHER AND I.

Louis M. O'Connor, '07.

Down we sat on the doorstep, my mother and I,
The stars' advent to see, as they sprinkled the sky;
Then the soft, wavy clouds with their billows, pressed on
And erased from the sky every mark of the sun
Save a light trace of color that played in the west,
Which seemed shy of the clouds and the skies it carressed;
'Twas a wavering glow, yet as clearly defined
As a pleasant thought borne in a sorrowful mind.

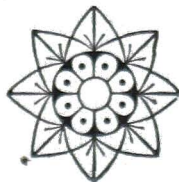
From the east the last call of the gay chanticleer
Drifted soft o'er the hill and enchanted the ear.
Her soft robes more closely Sweet Night drew around
Which the glittering stars of the evening bound.
And the bustle of day was by nature subdued
Save the cry of the whippoorwill deep in the wood;
And the hoot of an owl in the far distance heard,
And the rustle of wings of some lone night bird
On a quest for its prey. From the marsh faintly rose
A gav chorus of frogs, in their evening shows;
And the dull, drowsy bark of a sentinel hound
Came to us low and faint, as he strode on his round.
'Twas an evening in Spring and the balm laden breeze
Fanned our cheek and soft murmuring drew from the trees
Fairy voices that chanted of youth and of power,
The sweet lay of first hope, and of ambition's dower,
All for me for my world life before me lay furled
Full of promise like buds that with dew drops are pearled.
Oh the future looked bright, like the sunrise of gold
When Aurora the curtains of night first unrolled.
Then I spoke of my hopes, of my longing to don
The stout armour of action, that the prize might be won;
Wealth, renown and success, this the thrice bejeweled crown
That each youth claims his due; nor can fate on them frown
But sweet mother sat silent long after I'd spoke
With her mind on the past; then the silence she broke;
And she spoke of our youth, of the tinsel and glare
Of its dream of the future so brilliant and fair;
Of the cold, heartless world, with its jibes and its flings
From the traitorous friends with their poisonous stings;
How that none can we trust in the battle of life
But must struggle alone if we'd win in the strife;
That to faiter is death, and to fear is the grave
That the wreath of success is for none but the brave.
With strength, valor, virtue there's naught that can stop
The man who resolves; he will mount to the top;
But the struggle is hard, many fall day by day
By the hands of their friends when they seemed in the way.
Some lack courage, some will, and a host never rise
From the sweets of the dream to the dream realized.
She had paused for a moment, but suddenly bent,
Blessed my brow with a kiss sweet as angels' touch lent.
"Do not think," she low sighed, "that I'd shatter your dream;
but I'd show you the pitfalls that in its path teem.

Just a few of the dangers and trials you must face,
No! Dream on! And your dream, lose it not in the race.
And I bid you to win with my words as your guide,
With my prayers as your help and my blessing your bride."
Then we rose from the door-step, my mother and I,
Kissed each other good-night—to the stars bade good-bye.

A BALLAD OF BOURBONNAIS.

Emmet Conway '08.

Down in Dixie they were happy
For the season had begun,
Out in Iowa they were playing
'Neath the brightly shining sun.
Thus it was in old Paducah,
'Twas the same in Albany;
But our joy was small and meager
'Cause it rained in Bourbonnais.
Then there came the sounds of battle
Borne aloft from distant shores,
Mingled with the glad rejoicing
And the rooters' mighty roars.
But around the stove we gathered
And we joined the fanning bee,
'Twas the best the Fates would grant us
'Cause it snowed in Bourbonnais.
But at last the fans grew desperate
And they came in numbers grand,
Marching swift across the campus
Filling bleachers and the stand;
Thus throughout the nine cold innings
They remained most faithfully,
Then we carried off their bodies
Frozen stiff in Bourbonnais.



THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

A great deal of interest at present is centered around the workmen on Alumni Hall as they are putting the finishing touches to the imposing porch at the entrance of the building. On approaching one is arrested by the impressive beauty of the structure and on closer approach a second interest is awakened by a delicacy of workmanship in the different pilasters, curvatures and minute balustrades. A note worthy of particular observation is the care and the attention to little things observed by the workmen as they proceed. To the smallest things they attach great importance. A slight tap of a hammer, a touch of the trowel that scarcely makes its blade tingle are as accurately determined as the laws that rule the land. And no less important are the little things that make up a student's life. His daily preparation of lessons, his manly decorum, on the campus, in the school room, his observance of rules are perhaps little things in themselves but they are powerful factors in giving a proper setting to every constituent required of the college student on his entrance into the world of business and strife. Without attention to these little things the moral edifice does not acquire its proper poise; and ignoring them may cause the downfall of the most handsome of structures—A MAN.

PERSONALS.

The plan of lectures begun early in the winter and carried on by the '07 class reached its culmination on April 21, when the class presented the popular orator Father Vaughan to a crowded audience in the Arcade opera house. With a few brief remarks redolent with appreciation for the kindness of Father Vaughan, Mr. L. O'Connor, Pres., of the class '07, introduced the speaker. In no city where he has lectured can Father Vaughan claim a more appreciative audience than in Kankakee. On several occasions he has entertained its people with discourses full of interest and instruction, appearing each time with a new theme. This time his subject was "The Light That Failed" in the development of which he portrays the inefficiency of certain departments of our present school system. A thorough training in the classics has given him a sway over a charming diction and his powers of penetration and observation have familiarized him with facts and figures that come readily to his support. One feature which we are glad to see is in no way impaired by his extensive lecture tours is his power of pathos. After the lecture the general comment was that no one could hear Father Vaughan and not feel actuated by noble impulses. The day following the lecture he spent at the college as the guest of the '07 class and college faculty. The proceeds of the lecture were donated to the building fund through the kindness of Father Vaughan and the '07 class both of whom the Viatorian thanks on behalf of the college faculty.

At the '07 class lecture in Kankakee on April 21 the new college orchestra under the direction of F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., gave its first exhibition to a Kankakee audience and the rendition of the selections was superb. Director Sheridan has labored zealously to bring the orchestra to its present degree of finish and it now stands unsurpassed by any local orchestra. Next year he expects to have a fully equipped band that will give open air concerts on the college court during the warm evenings.

Unusually solemn nuptials were celebrated in St. Joseph's church Manteno, Ill., when Mr. Eugene Monast was united in marriage to Miss Noemie Euziere. Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., was present to assist at the ceremonies. Mr. Monast is an alumnus of St. Viator's and his college friends wish him many years of conjugal felicity.

After a residence of only eighteen months as pastor at Red-dick the Rev. Frank Caraher has made improvements on the parish property to the extent of \$10,000. It is his hope to make the parish one that will be representative of the loyalty and zeal of its people.

Mr. Andrew McDonald and sons contractors, who are erecting the new St. Viateur buildings have shown themselves to be men of efficiency and reliability and in the porch to Marsile Alumni Hall they have given a skillful exhibition of rare workmanship. Beauty of design and perfection of finish, together with solidity and massiveness of the buildings are the prominent



ALUMNI HALL

Andrew McDonald, Builder

features that greet the eye of the onlooker. The professors and students spend a pleasant hour occasionally with the contractors who are always affable and willing to explain the different departments of their work. Besides these new buildings, other specimens of their structural work are the Historical Building at Des Moines, Ia.; the High School at Franklin, Penn.; and the Hackley Library at Muskegon, Mich.

We often hear the remark that clergymen should not enter politics but the people of Carthage, Ill., do not think so. At a recent assembly they offered the mayoralty to Rev. D. E. Walsh who declined the honor although fully appreciating the esteem in which he was held by his towns-people. Since taking up his residence as pastor at Carthage, Father Walsh has done a great deal to further the interests of the city. He is a zealous worker

and beloved by all the citizens who in recognition of his worth offered him the mayoralty.

While one alumnus was being offered the first place among the citizens of Carthage, Ill., another was receiving distinction in Chicago. Since his entrance into the Illinois club, Mr. F. A. Moody has shown himself to be a trustworthy member and his integrity so conspicuous in his commercial life has always been preserved intact in social affairs. In recognition of his worth and as an evidence of the esteem in which he is held the Illinois club elected him a trustee. *Macte virtute!*

Although not an alumnus of St. Viator's, Rev. J. W. Cummings, S. T. L., has shown himself to be a sincere friend of the institution and our congratulations and best wishes follow him on his promotion to the pastorate of St. John's Church, Clinton, Ill. It has been our pleasure on several occasions to have received visits from Father Cummings and we hope to see him a frequent caller.

THE TWO LETTERS.

Portsmouth, June 10.

Dear Chick:

Have you heard the news, old man, Portsmouth plays Clinton next Sunday and I am to be given a trial. Isn't that great? You know since father died I've been a little worried about my college career. Afraid I couldn't stand the expense. You understand how it is, but there's a ghost of a chance now, old pal. Just think, Chick, if I could only make good, Sunday! Another year at school wouldn't go bad and maybe Clinton herself would make an offer—but I'm building air castles, to come down to earth. Let me tell you that I'm going to pitch the game of my life. It means my future, Chick and the wing is in great shape so look out. Well, old man au revoir until Sunday.

"SHORTY."

"You're out,"—The umpire snapped the words vindictively, and "Chick" Benton star batter of the Clinton nine went to the players bench a queer little smile playing about the corners of his strong mouth. Three times the little Portsmouth pitcher had thrown the ball, and three times Benton, renowned all over the west for his batting, had swung with all his strength and—missed. No wonder the grandstand stared. No wonder the players bench frowned. Did they not have cause for worry.

Chick Benton had fanned out—fanned out in the seventh with three men on base and two outs. It was in Benton that Clinton hoped. His heavy hitting in time of need, had won for them many a close game and surely he could not fail them now.

They must beat Portsmouth at all costs, at least so the grandstand said. But the three great misses had left their mark on the players. They were almost dispirited, no one it seemed could hit the ball. In the eighth it was the same way two strike outs and an easy fly, with the score two to one in Portsmouth's favor. In the ninth Benton came again to bat. The grandstand wanted a rally now. They cheered themselves hoarse. Hats went into the air. Yell after yell went up from the Clinton rooters, the man in the coacher's box kept up a continual line of rattling talk but the pitcher only smiled. The first one was right over—a real strike—but "Chick" let it go. He liked a higher ball. The next one was just what he wanted, there was a sharp crack as the bat met the ball. The grandstand started to their feet, but as quickly fell back again. It was a slow grounder to short and the Portsmouth man easily threw him out. The game was lost. They all knew it. The next two went down before the little pitcher's curves and it was over—all but the cheering and the cheers were for the little pitcher. His reputation was clinched—He was a first rater now—He had made good.

It was three days later that the second letter came.

Dear Chick:

Three cheers and a tiger for Clinton, old man, my dream has come true, the tuition offer you know. Got a letter from them yesterday. Another year of college after all. It seems almost too good to be true. But say, Chick, didn't I pitch "some grand" though, struck them out right and left, even the mighty Benton wasn't exempt; but to tell the truth, old pal, I really hated to knock your batting record so. I know you'll understand. I simply had to sacrifice for you—But Benton was gazing out the window now, the letter lay on the floor—Sacrifice him—If Shorty only knew—but then he never would know, Benton would never tell him, and anyway the grandstand doesn't always know a sacrifice.

A group of students, passing below on the campus, stopped for a moment and looked up. He heard them laugh. Homesickness they thought it was and passed on. A strange mist was in his eyes, but he brushed it aside, picked up his hat and went out.

G. KILEY, Prep.



Athletic Notes



Special Rain Edition, Guaranteed Water Proof.

Up to the time of writing, the baseball season has been remarkable for nothing else than the absence of games. It seems that the schedule was not approved by the weather man and so as the day for the early games rolled around he pulled the January lever and got his revenge. At any rate we have as yet been unable to play an important college game, due to the inclement weather. The team representing Knox College arrived in Kankakee the 24th of April, but not being equipped with boats or swimming suits they turned back. Then came Notre Dame's ball tossers and we had faint hopes of a game, although we were forced to resurrect our fur coats and mufflers to endure the biting wind. But even after inflicting such torture, the powers that be were not satisfied, for just as the third bundle of sweaters, (in which a ball-player was inclosed) came to bat in the first inning, the beautiful rain descended in large and irrepressible quantities, and once more our fond hopes of a real game were coldly soused. Since then, at intervals of a few moments, once or twice a week, we have been able to venture out on the front porch, and with the help of imagination, we accompany Peary in his dash for the pole. In desperation, the rooters, pining away for want of vocal exercise, have begun a systematic search for the "Jonah" which is the cause of all the trouble. May success crown their efforts.

The form shown by the team in the few practice games, has been very pleasing to the followers of the team. As a result of the frigid weather, the fielding is not all that could be expected, but the batting ability of the entire team is improving daily. Stack is in good condition, but is aching for the want of a game. Mahoney, who has had a couple of chances on the slab, has shown good form and is sure to pluck a few scalps during the season. A change has been made in the infield which looks good from here. Martin, who has been performing at first base, is succeeded by Legris, A. McCarthy going to second and Capt. Kelly to short. This increases the speed of the infield and should strengthen the team. Slattery at third and Weber doing stunts behind the bat complete a fast line-up which we would like to see in action. The outer gardens will be cared for by Conway in left, B. McCarthy in center and O'Connell in right.

The High School team was numbered among the early victims of the season and furnished fairly good practice in base running and bunting. Stolen bases and singles were present in over-

whelmig numbers, while among the two-base swatters Kelly leads with a total of three.

Then came the "fast" St. Vincent's team from Chicago and another funeral march was witnessed, with our men acting as directors. It is sad to relate, but for the good of athletics it must be done. The final score read 20 to 0, with St. Vincent's doing the weeping. Stack performed for seven innings and very generously allowed one hit. Mahoney was then given a turn and did very well, allowing only two lone singles and completing the shut-out. It would take an extra edition to give an account of the hits and stolen bases, so let it suffice by saying that all our athletes fattened their batting averages and that Stack placed his name among the heroes, by pilfering three bases. B. McCarthy wore the mask and big mit and showed considerable class in the catching department.

E. I. Hospital 3; St. Viateur's 10.

The best practice game of the season was that between the semi-pro team of the Hospital and the Varsity, on April 23rd. The state employees were much impressed with the ability of the collegians. As a starter, Conway drew free transportation to first, stole second and scored on B. McCarthy's swat to right. Kelly followed with a double and registered on Slattery's single, the latter scoring while O'Connell was dickering for a base on ball. When the smoke cleared away and the dead and injured had been removed, we were the possessors of five runs. Mahoney had no mercy on his opponents and refused to let them past first until the third, when three hits and an error of judgment by Weber allowed three runs. But there they stopped. Mahoney allowed but two more hits, which failed to produce runs. In the second, third, sixth and seventh, St. Viateur's, by steady batting and clever base running, kept adding scores and increasing the lead. The game was called by agreement in the seventh inning. The score:

E. I. Hospital	R	H	PO	A	E	St. Viateur's	R	H	PO	A	E
Fitzgerald, 3b ..	0	0	0	3	1	Conway ..	2	1	2	2	0
Klaus, rf..	1	1	2	0	0	B. McCarthy ..	1	1	0	0	1
Van Bouncer, lf ..	1	1	2	1	0	Kelly	1	1	2	0	0
Hall, ss..	0	0	0	4	0	Slattery ..	1	1	2	0	0
Yates, cf..	0	1	0	0	0	A. McCarthy ..	0	1	1	1	0
McIntyre, 1b..	0	0	10	0	0	Legriz ..	2	1	3	0	0
White, 2b..	0	0	0	2	1	O'Connell ..	1	2	0	0	0
Woods, c..	1	0	5	0	1	Weber ..	1	1	11	2	1
Cutshaw, p..	0	2	2	0	0	Mahoney ..	1	1	0	1	0

Total .. 3 5 21 10 3 Total .. 10 10 21 6 2

Two base hits—Klaus, Kelly, Van Bouncer, O'Connell. Struck

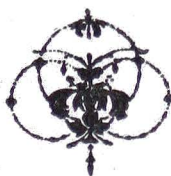
out—Mahoney, 10; Cutshaw 9. Bases on balls—Mahoney, 1; Cutshaw, 3. Double play—Legris-Kelly-Slattery. Hit by pitcher—Fitzgerald, Van-Bouncer, Legris. Umpire, Stack.

Momence 0; St. Viateur's 3.

Another attempt was made, on May 4th, to give an exhibition of the national game, and five innings were pulled off successfully with our neighbors, the Momence team. The field was heavy and consequently the going was very slow. A cold wind greeted the players, and to add to their discomfort, a drizzling rain started to fall. Many chances to score were lost, owing to the poor condition of the field, yet the errors were few on both sides. Stack was our contortionist for the day, while Hoag, the south-paw veteran, opposed him. Our hits were few, yet well bunched, four of them coming in succession in the fourth inning. Momence was held to three scattered hits and at no time appeared dangerous. The features of the game were a fast double play by Wells, Jarvis and Stevens, and Boudreau's capture of Kelly's drive to third base in the third. The score:

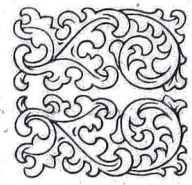
Momence	R	H	PO	A	E	St. Viateur's	R	H	PO	A	E
Boudreau, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0	Conway, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Stores, lf	0	1	0	0	0	McCarthy, 2b	0	1	1	0	0
Wells, ss	0	1	0	2	0	Kelly, ss..	0	0	1	0	0
Hoag, p..	0	0	0	2	0	Slattery, 3b	0	0	0	1	0
Stevens, 1b.... ..	0	1	5	0	1	Legris, 1b..	1	1	5	0	0
Cone, c..	0	0	5	1	0	Mahoney, cf.. ..	0	0	0	0	0
Jarvis, 2b..	0	0	1	1	0	O'Connell, rf.. ..	1	1	0	0	0
Hess, rf..	0	0	0	0	0	Weber, c..	0	1	8	1	0
Raymer, cf..	0	0	1	0	1	Stack, p	0	1	0	6	0
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total	0	3	12	7	2	Total	3	5	15	8	0

Two base hits—Stevens, Legris, Stack. Sacrifice hits—Kelly, Hoag, Slattery. Hit by pitcher—Jarvis, Conway. Struck out—by Hoag, 3; by Stack, 7. Double play—Wells-Jarvis-Stevens. Umpire—McDonald.





Exchanges



April, with its promising glimpses of Spring, brought us a wealth of sunshine in the bright pages of the month's exchanges, and if, perchance, a shadow now and then wavered across a page, it only brought into greater evidence the golden sheen of light. Beaten upon so strongly by the solar rays, it is not to be wondered at if we become a little tanned at times from reckless exposure. But being used to the beach, this proved enjoyable rather than the contrary. Quite early we fell in with an old friend, The Boston College Stylus, and in "A Lost Legend," had an ideal shattered. We had fondly believed Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie" to have been a true incident, and we felt not a little abashed at our ignorance, when we learned that "American explosiveness" quickly shattered its pretensions to truth, and that long since it, as a tradition, has fallen into oblivion. Yet with the author we must deplore the absence of legends from our land, and we fear that our countrymen are far too critical, too analytical, too matter of fact, to allow legends a foothold in their lives. A very good appreciation of the scientist, Pasteur, also adorns the columns of the Stylus. Dealing with his life, his obstacles, his ceaseless and untiring labors and his immeasurable successes, it presents a clear and impartial view of one of France's greatest sons. His life, as the author intimates, clearly shows that science is not handicapped by faith, but rather that faith is an aid to science. Of the stories, we would call "The First and Last Escape of Major Andre" clever fiction. Original and well connected, the plot is unfolded skillfully and the naturalness of the style imparts to it a finish that renders it very pleasing. "Lovelight" is a melodious and graceful bit of imagery. "The Wreckers" is a story, not so original in plot as the first, but is deeply imbued with "heroics." It is a well-wrought-out tale and interesting.

At the present, when agitation is rife concerning the unholy influence exercised upon youth by popular literature, cheap playhouses, etcetera, a college paper is the last place where we would expect to find anything that would serve to cast a glamor of heroism and glory over that which is intrinsically evil and detestable. Yet in the serial "Torkom," just finished, in Queen's University Journal, there seems to be this tendency. In the closing

chapter we find a man, confessing himself to be a christian and presumably the hero, deliberately cutting the throats of a number of prisoners, as they lay bound at his feet, in a spirit of revenge. Lastly, with a melodramatic effect, also slow music, he plunges his sword repeatedly in the breast of their leader and then kisses the blood-reddened blade. Now, most wonderful of all, the concluding line states that the "blood on his dagger saves his tottering faith in Christ!" What rot! To claim that faith was saved by a series of cowardly murders! It is detestable to seek to palliate crime, but to glorify it, is a degeneration into Paganism. Such teachings have a weighty influence for evil upon youth. But we believe that the article was not wittingly published by the editors of the Journal, which has a reputation for solid worth, and its matter generally shows sound judgment and common sense. "The Lion Heart" is a quaint storiette, imbued with teachings as exalted as those of "Torkom" are degraded. Polished in language and graceful in narrative, it is a literary paper that graces the Journal. The happenings of the University are well chronicled.

In scanning the pages of *The Young Eagle*, we were, as usual, delighted with the number and quality of its articles. Feign do we incline to make illusions to the "Eaglet that perched upon our table"; to its "circling into our sanctum," to its "graceful flights," to its "plumage." Aye, and to its "eyrie" on the Mound; but we fear that some ambitious ex-man or ex-miss would accuse us of originality, wherefor we must content ourselves with a prosaic review. At the start, we were deeply interested in the letter from Munich—a charming description of that intellectual city. The brace of Shakespearean essays "The Piety of Shakespeare's Hero King," and "The Resolving Forces of Macbeth" are earnest and studious productions. The delineation of Henry the Fifth is expertly, yet modestly done. Indeed both articles not only give evidence of close acquaintanceship with Shakespeare's characters, but also of sound judgment and critical taste. "The Purpose of the Spectator" and "The Forest of Arden" are both worthy of their environment. The one, for its analysis of the spectator, and its easiness of style; the other, for its literary finish and its optimism, "The Butler's Pantry" has a world of action and many exciting situations, yet the plot is rather common-place, we were going to say material, yet the materialism of the plot we would judge, would be very enjoyable and acceptable to the *dramatis personae*.

A cheery paper and one whose advent always calls forth much interest is the *St. Ignatius Collegian*. In the April number a story that is artful and well constructed, is the one that rejoices in the

name of "Tommy." The style is easy and natural and the interest is well sustained throughout. We are afraid that the writer is a little pessimistic. At least, his narrative is one of the basest ingratitude, yet however, it is relieved somewhat by the sterling character of the struggling author. All the characters are clearly and sharply drawn—well defined. This is perhaps one of the strongest proofs as to the greatness of a story. "His Thousand Dollar Bill" has an old and worn out plot, not much relieved by its new presentation. The article on "Americans Protestants and the Crisis in France" is strong and logical. It advances many forceful reasons why American Protestants should repudiate the acts of the French Government in its oppression of its Catholic subjects. "On Scarlet Fever Signs," though simple and unostentatious, yet is productive of much thought. Clever little pen pictures interspersed with moralizations, that somehow or other strike, make it an article that demands and holds the attention. "Apart" is harmonious and graceful and marks the student of nature.

The best article on the evils of child labor in the college periodicals, and many of them have given attention to it, to our mind, is "Child Labor" in St. Mary's Sentinel. Forceful and exhaustive, it scourges unmercifully the laxity of the public mind toward this, which may be justly called, the greatest evil of the age. Its convincing arguments are unanswerable, and altogether it is a meritorious article.

"Religion in the Public Schools" is a good solid paper and especially commendable for its appropriateness to the present. For now all christians should unite to see God enthroned in the educational system of our land, and Godless education sunk in the darkness of crime and materialism which it has begot. "Instability" is somewhat gloomy and melancholy. Perhaps it was evolved in the "cold grey dawn of the morning after."

"A Martyr of Genius," in the Laurel, is a lengthy treatise on the Irish poet, James Clarence Manyan.

The author has clothed his work with an abundance of rhetorical polish and evinces a great command of words. Yet however the thought seems at times to wander. This disconnection, with a little "padding" and stiffness, detracts from an otherwise noteworthy composition. A very patriotic and "spread-eagle" paper is the one entitled "Our Own United States." Though simple in style, it has an oratorical finish that renders it impressive. A worthy biographical sketch is that on Robert Southwell, S. J. Having the simplicity that a biography calls for, it is a clear and

learned exposition of the life of that poet martyr. The editorial column is well taken care of, as are also the local happenings.

Clever fiction in proper quantities is an adornment to any college journal, but at the same time, nothing is more detrimental or tends to lower the general tone of an exchange quicker than cheap, trashy stories that display about as much aptitude, on the writer's part, for story writing, as our office cat has for mathematics. An example of such unmitigated nonsense and "tommy-rot" may be found under the dainty blue and gold coverings of Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian, in the stories "Edith Castle" and "Tom's Fortune." Why such puerile productions escaped the blue pencil of the editor is an inconceivable mystery to us. Such productions would shatter the dignity of any paper. How much better would it not have been to have such rot superceded by an essay or two—something solid. "The Coming of Spring," is a somewhat relieving feature of the Collegian.

Of the College magazines that come regularly to our table, there are none that present a greater uniformity of good things than The Notre Dame Scholastic; none that are better balanced, containing as it always does a delightful combination of essays—essays that are thoughtful and solid; stories that are interesting and entertaining, avoiding the extremes of heaviness and "slushiness;" verse that shows some flash of "the divine fire;" variety happenings, that are related with a spiciness that sheds the calcium light of interest on the occurrences which usually, in their recital, are extremely dull. To attempt to criticize the different articles, one would scarcely know where to begin, each production being a distinctive one of merit in its particular field. To our mind the one thing needed to make The Scholastic, a truly ideal college paper, is an exchange column, but this has been thrashed over so often, and then also, "de gustibus non disputandum."



THE MYSTERY.

MRS. MARY DUBUC, a fashionable widow of thirty-five, a leader of society and of all movements of charity and novelty, lived in a palatial residence on a beautiful bluff overlooking the limpid waters of the majestic Kankakee river. The house was one of those large hospitable homes which for years have been the pride and admiration of the environing inhabitants. It was surrounded by a fresh green lawn which gradually sloped to the river's banks. Trees there were in abundance. The mighty monarchs of the uninhabited regions, majestic and venerable on account of their age and bulk, stood around it like towering sentinels. The melodious songsters of the woods made this opulent spot their home. It seemed as if Nature had concentrated all her charms and attractions on this one estate.

The charming widow was in accordance with this beautiful home. Nature also in this case had fondly caressed this interesting personage. It is useless to dwell upon her varied charms. It seemed as if all that is sweet, pleasing and beautiful had designated this woman conspicuously. She was an ideal woman.

Mrs. Dubuc daily drove the family horse through the healthful country or was frequently seen on the smoothly paved streets of hustling Kankakee. The horse was one of those aged gentle creatures, raised amidst a luxury of corn and oats. Having no labor to fulfill and caressed by the servants, it became intelligent in a remarkable degree. Its pranks and bits of ingenuity were ample subjects of gossip.

On a pleasant June afternoon as Mrs. Dubuc was driving, the horse suddenly darted forward, striking a nearby telephone post and overturning the buggy with its lone occupant. The ever assisting people were soon at her side assisting by disentangling the unfortunate victim from the debris and particularly by extending their sympathies. Order having been restored, it was perceived that she was but slightly injured.

The widow was at a loss to account for the peculiar antics of the infuriated animal, saying that never before had it acted in such a manner. She inquired of those present if they could cast any light on the subject. Our hero, Percival S. Jones, loomed forward and volunteered his welcome assistance in the unraveling of this seemingly unaccountable mystery. Approaching nearer, he perceived that the attractive widow's hair was disheveled and especially that a portion had become detached from the main accumulation. It was a switch, an indispensable article in some ladies' toilet. His penetrative genius had solved the mystery. He ex-

claimed, "Let me ask one question: Was your horse afraid of a whip?" The now surprised lady answered in the affirmative. "Eureka," shouted our hero, "it is very simple. I saw you as you were driving past me, raise your hand to your head, immediately the horse plunged headlong. Ergo, as the sensitive horse is much afraid of a whip and seeing that you raised your hand to your head, he thought you might make use of the switch."

The crimson blushing and afterwards the words and looks of thankfulness of the widow and the approbation and tumultuous applause of the crowd, inflated the breast of our veritable hero to twice and three times its normal proportions. This is another incident to substantiate the statement that the deceiver shall be found out.

A. SAVARY.

LOCALS.

Great Scott! Leroy Scott is mas-Scot.

Have you joined the Nop Pili club?

Grand opening at Alumni Hall free study all day.

"Are you going to granulate this year?"

With "Bunk" pitcher and "Kel" umpire the team would be invincible.

"What is the intuition fee here?"

The "band-house haircut" may be all right, but don't wear a college jersey at the same time. It's just a trifle too realistic.

"What is an impossibility?"

"Hitting 'Bunk's' dew drop ball."

If concrete is a mixture,
It's plain as green cucumbers
Mixed fractions must be utilized,
To form those concrete numbers.

Visitor—"But how do you distinguish between the two Kelley's here?"

Eddy—"Why, you see one goes under an alias."

Umpire—Ball!

Buddy (at bat, after dodging) "What's the use of bawling, it never touched me."

We're a pack of jokers, unhairy
Cried eight little short-haired youths,
Yes, maybe you're jokers said Gerry,
But I find, you look like the deuce.

Teacher—"What is meant by saying he wrote with a pen of fire?"

Cal—"Used red ink I suppose."

Thursday always was our Jonah day,
Never had any luck, any time
It was Thursday when Knox came to play.
(You can no doubt recall this rhyme)
If we put up money for a Thursday game
You can bet your fortune that it's going to rain.
Put your suits away, old pals we'll say
The elements feel happy on our Jonah day.

Rain may make the grass grow but—