

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1898.

NO. 6

HOME.



I caught a wild bird, beautiful was he,
In gilded cage I put him, carefully;
Each day his food so delicate I'd bring,
With freshest water from the coolest spring.
E'en then he was not happy.

'Tis true at times some wild wood-notes sang he,
But sad were they, songs of captivity;
His tuneful warblings seemed with sorrow rife,
Harmonious echoes of a once free life.
But now he was not happy.

I could not bear his grief, but opened wide
His prison door, then softly stepped aside,
It seemed my reason for this act he knew,
For first he chirped and then he quickly flew
Out where he was so happy.

But he would thank me that I set him free,
For lo! he perches on a neighboring tree
And bursts into a hymn of sweetest tone,
Then speeds on joyous pinions to his home.
Ah! now he is so happy.

Thus with the pious soul upon this earth,
Impatient to obtain eternal birth.
When angels beckon, eagerly it flies
To heaven, its home, beyond the starry skies.
With God forever happy.

J. H. N.

ELSIE.

The night upon which occurred the incident here related was a beautiful one. Not a cloud marred the beauty of the heavens; and the stars twinkled, with ever watchful eyes, above the slumbering world. These summer nights are indescribable; we may feel them, we may see their glories, but no pen can do them full justice.

There was not a sound in the little city of the West, save now and then the yells of some drunken carousers in one of the saloons, which seemed strangely discordant with the music of the night.

Out of the door of one of these places there stepped a man. From the color of his face and the slight unsteadiness in his walk, one could see that he was not as sober as he might be.

He was a very large person, wearing a full beard, and attired in the fantastic dress of the western cowboy, with all its accompanying paraphernalia.

The cool night air seemed to steady him. He glanced up and down the street a couple of times and finally walked over to a pony hitched to a post.

His foot was already in the stirrup and his hand on the bridle, when his arm was touched by a little girl—a little maiden with curly locks of gold; that was all he could see by the dim light of the stars.

The man turned with surprise, and said: "Hello, little one, is it me you're after?"

The pretty, shy eyes glanced up into his as though she was afraid to

speak; yet she faltered: "Papa's dyin', Mister."

"Papa? who's papa?" said he.

"He's my papa, and he sent me to bring help; won't you come?"

Touched by the child's appealing voice, the cowboy replied: "All right little one; where does papa live?"

"Out there, Mister, out there on the road to Paxton, about two miles," and she pointed her dainty little finger toward the west.

The man mounted his horse, placed the child in front of him and rode off.

"Did you walk all that way? And weren't you afraid to go alone?" he asked.

"Yes. But I wasn't afraid because papa's so sick, and maybe he'll die." The tears rolled down her cheeks and she sobbed as though her little heart would break. Her rough companion soothed her and wiped the tears from her pretty eyes with his red bandana.

After riding about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at their destination. It was a rude, frame cabin; such as may be found anywhere in the far West. There were only two rooms, and these were but sparsely furnished.

On a pallet in one of the chambers, lay the sick man. His cheeks were pale and emaciated from suffering, and his feeble hands were almost worn to the bones.

"So you've come back, Elsie? And you've brought a friend," said the man in a weak voice.

At the name "Elsie" the cowboy's face seemed to flush, even through his tanned skin, as though sad reminiscences crowded his memory; but in a

moment his countenance relapsed into its usual dogged, indifferent expression.

"Yes, Papa. And you're better now, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear. But it's time for you to be in bed, so run along; papa'll be well in the morning," and a sad look clouded his brow.

When she had left the room, he turned to the cowboy and said: "In the morning, I'll be well—forever.

"Stranger, I sent the little one for help, because I knew that by tomorrow morning I'd be dead. It wasn't for me that I sent her, it was for her own sake.

"You see, stranger, it's this way. I'm not her father—she thinks I am. Her father was a drunkard; her mother was an angel.

"Six years ago (Elsie was a baby) we all lived happily together in a small town in Illinois. There her father took to drink. One day, he killed a man over a game of cards. To avoid punishment he came out West; somewhere near here, and that is the last we heard of him. A month later his wife died—died of a broken heart. Elsie was only a baby, so I took her and raised her up as my own child.

"Stranger, you see I cannot live long. I knew it years ago, but I did not think the end would come so soon. It is a family disease. Knowing that it would come some day, and that should I die, Elsie would be left to the tender mercies of our friends, I determined to bring her West and seek her father.

"But my labor was all in vain. I am a dying man. I know it. My sight

is getting dimmer, dimmer every minute; my pain is less. Friend I have one more wish on earth. You will find money in a satchel in the other room—plenty of it. Take what you deem just for your trouble, give the rest to Elsie and send her to her friends—she knows where.

"In a little while, I shall have passed the great divide. If you do me this favor—if you fulfill the wish of a dying man—rest assured that he will bless you from the other side."

During the latter part of this story, the stranger was pacing the floor with rapid strides. His face was convulsed with suppressed emotion. When the sick man finished he cried out passionately: "Oh God, and this is what comes from drink! Jack! Jack! don't you know me? Can five years have changed me so?"

The man on the pallet raised himself on his elbow, passed his hand before his eyes to brush away the swiftly gathering clouds of death, gazed for a moment at the stranger's face and feebly whispered: "Brother—at last."

He then sank back upon his pillow—dead.

The next day he was buried. After it was over the cowboy took the child's hand and lead her into the dwelling; he seated her on his knee, wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "Elsie, your papa's dead. But if you'll let me, I'll be your papa. Will you, little one?"

Her answer was to draw herself closer to her rough protector, and kiss his bearded face.

That night a penitent sinner poured forth his soul in prayer to God, whom

he had forsaken so long, for grace to resist that terrible fiend which had wrecked his life—drink. P. W. H.

CERTITUDE—ITS CRITERION.

The question of the ultimate criterion of certitude has at all times engaged the attention of philosophers, and various theories have been proposed as the test by which judgments must be tried. But the sounder school of philosophers maintain and solidly demonstrate that objective evidence is the final standard to which judgments must be referred. With these, we of course hold, and in this essay we will adduce some of the reasons by which they establish this proposition.

Before proceeding to establish our thesis, however, we will briefly consider some of the false theories put forward on this subject, and, as it were, clear away the rubbish that falsehood has accumulated on the beautiful ground of certitude.

Some English philosophers assert that the ultimate ground of certitude is verification by the senses. Now, whilst we admit that this is certainly a criterion we deny that it is the last and absolute criterion. How can a mere sensation be the direct criterion for an intellectual faculty whose keen glance pierces the heavens and reposes in the contemplation of truths far above the reach of grovelling sense? The mountain eagle gazing with undazzled eye into the sun's piercing light, not more transcends the sightless mole, in power of vision, than do the godlike

faculties of the mind outstrip the slow-paced senses.

The second theory we will consider is traditionalism or the common consent of men.

The brilliant but unfortunate De Lamennais is perhaps the best exponent of this theory. But of what avail is a brilliant mind when the impenetrable gloom of falsehood shuts out the light of truth. The ultimate criterion must, of course, be comprehensive enough to embrace every case and leave no reasonable question unanswered, but this the common consent of men cannot do, since it necessarily presupposes something else. Before appealing to common consent I must be certain that men have spoken and that I understand them rightly. But to what will I appeal in establishing these things? Not to common consent for as yet I do not know whether it exists or not. Besides this, how many subjects are there on which men have pronounced no judgment and yet I have absolute certitude of their existence. I am certain, for example, of my own present affections, that I have a headache, and yet there is no common consent concerning these things nor need they be known to a single individual besides myself. These two theories fall to the ground and we must seek elsewhere for the criterion of which we are in search. How futile are the most promising and apparently enduring works of falsehood. She builds her pretentious mansions on the moving sand and writes her characters on the running waters which are as fragile as dew and as transient as the memory of a dream.

Another theory which has had many earnest and able supporters is Consistency. There is, of course, no question but that, this is a very valuable test for the truth of any proposition. Since one truth can never be contradictory to another, whatever is inconsistent in any of its parts cannot of course be true as a whole; but they push consistency too far who try to make it the granite base on which certitude has its foundation.

What must we think of a standard which cannot be used by even the most enlightened minds? But consistency would be just such a criterion. Who will have the unblushing effrontery to assert that he knows all truth? That he is able to harmonize what truth he does know with the widespreading, infinite expanse of knowable truth? But according to the theory we are considering, until he is able to do this he cannot say that he has certitude of anything. But what of the unlettered? Have they no certitude at all? And yet what have they done to explore the fathomless depths of knowledge and ascertain the consistency of what small portion of truth they have with the limitless worlds of which they are entirely ignorant? This theory is open to still another objection which is decisive against it. There can be consistency even in falsehood and it would therefore be an unsafe criterion, or rather no criterion at all. Thus by proving too much it proves nothing and must therefore be rejected. But let us have done with the dismal shades of error, and gaze upon the fair face of resplendent truth.

A criterion is a standard or reason

by which the mind is induced to assent to truth. We propose to prove that both as a fact and of necessity objective evidence is the final standard to which certitude must be referred. By the testimony of experience we find in the last analysis that we ground every certain judgment upon objective evidence. If the judgment is immediately evident the mind rests satisfied and seeks for no further motives. If the judgment is only mediately evident the mind adheres to it on account of the evident consequent drawn from certain premises. Unless the mind is able to reduce its judgments to evident premises it does not adhere to the conclusion but corrects the error and remains in doubt. Therefore by the testimony of experience, objective evidence is the crucible in which the truth of judgments is tested. Question the truth of any self-evident proposition and the untutored rustic will answer you in the language of sound philosophy, why the thing is evident it is as plain as the noonday sun.

All philosophers admit that the intellect is a faculty whose only proper object is truth. But a faculty which by its very nature reposes in the possession of truth must necessarily give its assent when the truth with its indisputable necessity is manifested to it. Since, then, objective evidence or truth with its necessity manifested, is what a faculty made for truth requires, and beyond which it can require nothing else, it follows, that objective evidence is the ultimate foundation on which certitude is based.

Let but the light of evidence cast

its refulgent rays athwart the shadows of uncertainty and the darkness of ignorance, and immediately the mind stands forth in the beauty and sunshine of certitude. No longer does it grope its way with hesitating steps, fearful lest it be entangled in the meshes of deception, but it walks with vigorous tread to quench its thirst at the health-giving springs of knowledge. Objective evidence is the un-failing guiding star by which the mind steers its course across the stormy billows of opinion into the secure harbor of certitude, where it reposes in the light and warmth of vivifying truth. It is the granite pillar against which the tumultuous waves of scepticism, traditionalism, and sensism beat in vain whilst the beacon light of truth, shining from its lofty summit, casts a gleam of hope across the murky waters.

W. J. B. '99.

ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.

There is a law, whose root is in God himself, by which we are naturally led to admire and esteem whatever has been tested and tried; whatever has battled with difficulties; whatever has braved perils and dangers.

This law was first strikingly manifested in heaven. For, from what we have of revelation, it seems that the Creator, by virtue of it, did not deem any of his free-willed creatures worthy of partaking of His eternal glories till they had been tested by trial. He imposed such a test on his angels, and those who proved worthy were placed

according to their individual merits in the hierarchies of heaven. The test is also applied to men; some win, some lose—but no one escapes the trial.

This law is the standard of worth. We even express our admiration for inanimate objects, as for instance, a ship which has braved many tempests and was often menaced with shipwreck; or for trees that have bid defiance to ages, thunderstorms, and whirlwinds.

We love to sing the praises of great warriors, who have braved dangers and triumphed over difficulties. Thus Shakespeare makes Othello say of Desdemona that, "She loved him for the dangers he had pass'd."

Now if, in the material order, we show so much esteem for things and persons who have vanquished the perils which menaced them with destruction, what admiration and praises should we have in reserve for the moral hero, who, by his conflicts and final victory over evil, becomes like to a giant oak, whose limbs are twisted and bent by the furious tempest, but still stands proudly the survivor of many storms. Or, like to the valiant warrior, pressed on all sides, who, feeling the hand of death dragging him beneath the horse's hoofs, yet filled with a dauntless courage, spurs on his courser, dashes into the thickest of the fight, and, by dint of energy, strikes down his enemies right and left, and finally escapes with victory. Such was St. Augustine.

St. Augustine was born at Thagaste, an episcopal city of Numidia, Africa, in 354 A.D. From an old painting we

learn that he had a dark complexion, was of a frail yet graceful form, with a broad brow and a penetrating, sweet and concentrated expression.

Augustine was characterized by a peculiar system of impulses; some bad, which he inherited from a depraved father; others good, which he derived from a mother most christian, most noble, and most virtuous. It is not to be wondered at, but that the true piety and high aspirations of St. Monica succeeded in stamping on the mind of Augustine, in his very childhood, that love for Jesus and for truth which even the ravages of corruption never succeeded in obliterating, and which finally contributed in making of him one of the noblest pillars of the church, and brightest stars of Catholic philosophy.

Passion early gained the ascendancy over him. His debaucheries were brought to this apex while he was attending school at Carthage; for in this luxurious and corrupted city he found fit soil for the indulging of his vicious inclinations. Finally his growing pride and sensuality budded forth in a rationalistic turn of mind which gave rise to a repugnance for authority leading him to join the Manichean sect.

Nevertheless, even in spite of his degraded life, as a student he revealed those intellectual qualities and talents which later made of him a great scholar. In the midst of his depravity his better nature often asserted itself; his inborn love for wisdom and truth made strong efforts to rise from the sordidness of matter; but this

force alone was impotent to break the shackles of vicious habits—supernatural assistance was necessary to do that. This he received through the eloquent sermons of St. Ambrose, the life history of St. Anthony, of Egypt, and the tears and prayers of his mother. These influences led him to discover that Christianity was the source of all truth, all wisdom, and all good.

Nevertheless, one more step remained to be taken; this was his conversion. Here was the struggle; great sacrifices had to be made; he dreaded the severity of a Christian life, yet burned to imitate the example of so many noble, pagan youths, he had read and heard of. His unbridled passions could not easily bear restraint. But finally his powerful will, assisted by grace, overcame everything.

His conversion was a passage from one world to another. Adopting the philosophy of Christ, he renounced all the honors and hopes of the world and embraced celibacy. Invited to Hippo, he was ordained priest and afterwards bishop. He spent the rest of his life in expounding and spreading the teachings of the church; and, by preaching and writing, opposed, with great ability, the heretical doctrines of the Manicheans, the Donatists, the Pelagians and Arians. He died at Hippo in the odor of sanctity, while the town was being besieged by the Vandals.

St. Augustine was a great scholar. He possessed, to a remarkable degree, that quickness of perception; strong impressiveness, mental acumen, that desire for truth and wisdom, which

are so essential to the pursuit of long, deep, and painful studies.

His æsthetic faculties led him to appreciate highly the beauties of Latin poetry; and the sublime Plato never had a more worthy admirer than Augustine. He also attained eminence both as a rhetorician and as an orator. His most important works are the "Confessions" and "The City of God," which have left a strong impression on the doctrines and the entire literature of the Roman Catholic Church. His writings are chiefly philosophical and theological; in this field he and St. Thomas of Aquin may be justly styled the two majestic pillars supporting the stupendous arch of Christian philosophy and theology.

As a philosopher, the writings of St. Augustine form the connecting link between Greek thought and scholastic speculation. To him science means a purer, clearer, more exalted life—the life of the thinker. To philosophize means to see truth directly and without the intervention of the eyes of the body. Reason is the eye of the soul; wisdom is the highest truth after which we should strive; but to have wisdom means to possess God.

St. Augustine was also a great Saint. He founded monasteries and led an edifying life. His piety was profound, his love for God ardent and ravishing, and his energy and zeal were incomparable in diffusing the doctrines of Christ and implanting in the hearts of all true virtue and religion.

St. Augustine possessed all the dimensions of a man morally and intellectually great. He was broad and

far-seeing in his views, lofty in his thoughts. These noble qualities were the bright pinions which enabled him to soar to the heavenly heights where in contemplation of the splendors of the Infinite he was led to exclaim, "O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee!"

J. I. GRANGER, '99.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Without doubt Washington and Lincoln are the two greatest men America has produced. Nor is their rank in greatness confined to their native country. They occupy an exalted station among the world's heroes, among the greatest of the great.

The young American is early taught to lisp their names. And, whether his life be spent in a mansion or a hut; whether his garden be one of lilies or thistles; whether he be the descendant of a European or an Ethiopian he will always revere the memories of Washington, the Father of his Country, and of Lincoln, its Preserver.

Though of different fortunes and experiences and, though living in times widely separated, they are nevertheless inseparably linked together in the minds of the American people. Both were equally fortunate in having parents who were patterns for any child to follow.

Washington was born in one of the most picturesque spots on the banks of the Potomac; Lincoln began his stormy life amidst the wilds of Kentucky.

Washington's parents were wealthy and his home was blessed with all substantial comforts. Lincoln's parents were very poor and his home was but a log cabin.

Washington, from earliest childhood, developed a vigorous constitution, a fine form, and great bodily strength; Lincoln was tall and awkward, with a drooping figure, although he possessed great strength.

Perhaps the greatest contrast is in their education. Washington attended the common school in his neighborhood until he was sixteen years of age; Lincoln remained at home toiling upon his father's farm and doing occasional work as a day-laborer. With the exception of five months schooling in his seventh year, he received no education, but even at that early age his zeal for knowledge was so great that he learned to read and write in a short time. Washington upon leaving school, possessed all the qualifications for becoming a civil engineer, being familiar with the different branches of mathematics and practical surveying. At the age of nineteen, by virtue of the rare abilities he had displayed while in the employment of the government, he was considered one of the prominent men in the state of Virginia. At this age Lincoln was earning his living by steering flat-boats down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Washington was an accomplished scholar before he attained his majority, whereas Lincoln did not begin to study the rudiments of English grammar until his twenty-second year. But what he lacked in opportunity he made up in talent and

zeal. For in a few years he acquired a good education, and what was more surprising, developed into an excellent orator.

In their military achievements they are most strongly contrasted. Washington, during eight long years of hardships and privations, with a price upon his head and the gallows awaiting him, in the event of his capture, or of what seemed the certain annihilation of his feeble army, never wavered for an instant in his devotion to the cause of Liberty. He not only showed the most undaunted courage, while abuse, calumny, and misrepresentation were heaped upon his head, and while misery, suffering, and starvation were his companions in arms; but hanging like an eagle over his prey, he was never content to let the enemies of his country rest in peace. The celerity and skill of his movements and the precaution he displayed in never offering battle unless he was confident of victory, won for him in Europe the appellation of the "American Fabius."

Lincoln's military fame was confined to a captaincy in the Black Hawk war. It was a singular incident that two future Presidents, Taylor and Lincoln, should have served in this campaign, little dreaming of the lasting fame and honor awaiting them.

The careers of Washington and Lincoln as statesmen were widely different. Washington had his political honors forced upon him because of his known worth and ability. It was with great reluctance that he consented to leave his home at Mount Vernon, for the tumult of public life. Lincoln, on

the other hand, had to fight night and day during the greater portion of his life to gain even the more menial offices in the government. Suffering defeat on several occasions; and always struggling with his mighty adversary, Douglas, it was only after a life of sorrows and constant strife that he reached the crowning glory of his life, the presidency. The administrations of both men were very illustrious. But Washington, amidst the protests of a loving people, retired to private life, while Lincoln went down at the hands of a fell assassin, mourned by one-half and despised by the other half of a divided nation.

Both possessed strong and noble characters unsullied by the influence of penury or fame. The one was noted for his candor, fearlessness, and moral courage. Cool and collected on the field of battle, he accepted victory and defeat with equal calmness. The other had many rare qualities. He was kind, simple, and unassuming, but once stirred to action, he was bold, determined, and uncompromising.

Washington and Lincoln, were both opposed to slavery. For, though Washington held slaves, he always abhorred doing so. Owing to the prevailing custom, and fearing to have any provision concerning it inserted in the constitution, lest on that account that much-needed document might not be ratified, he remained silent on the subject. However, he provided in his last will and testament, that all his slaves should be freed at his death. Of Lincoln's devotion to the cause of abolition, I need say nothing. It is the history

of his last years written in his own life's blood.

The fact that Lincoln can be compared to Washington in but one respect, detracts nothing from his own fame and more fully exhibits the true greatness of the other.

In conclusion, it may be said that Washington drove in the nail of Liberty, but it required Lincoln to clinch it.

J. M. CALLAGHAN.

THE LAMENT OF AGE.

O, shattered are my dreams of youth!
 My visions fair are flown.
 The chilling winds of age have blown
 My castles down.
 Come back, come back, ye dreams of youth!

I linger still—still lives my breath;
 But all else long is dead.
 My hopes of fame, ambitions, fled
 Grey hairs instead.
 My only friend, I court thee, death.

O, lost are all my early loves!
 My heart alone is here.
 My life is barren, cold and drear
 Without ones dear.
 Return, return, ye early loves!

—P. W.

I did but dream, I never knew
 What charms our sternest seasons wore,
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before,
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the bough's designs
 Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
 As that my eastern windows see?
 Did ever such a moonlight take
 Weird photographs of shrub and tree?

—Whittier.



IN THE SOUTH.



How beautiful is a Southern night!
Beneath the stars that shine with twinkling light,
Beneath the moon that gilds with silver hue,
The brooks and lakes, the tree-tops and the clouds,
Beneath the firmament, so vast and blue,
And which, the world and all, in azure shrouds;
Beneath all these I love, at night, to roam,
And view the beauties of my Southern home.

The wind sighs softly through the trees,
And makes the leaves to play sweet melodies,
The negro sings beside his cabin door
Such plaintive, soft and gentle strains.
He sings of slav'ry, shackles, chains, no more;
And plays upon his banjo sweet refrains.
The brooklet, flowing over the pebbly ground,
The river, trees, and all make one sweet sound.

How lonely is the lake at night!
Each wave that dances in the moon's clear light,
Is like a snow-white pearl, a sparkling gem.
The waves roll silently upon the shore,
And at my feet, which strive to hinder them,
They lay their treasures; then roll back once more
And meeting others, fall in silver foam,
And each bright pearl sinks to the mermaid's home.

P. W. H.



THE VIATORIAN.

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

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

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

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

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EDITORIAL.

If a man would know how good he ought to be, let him live up to the standard he sets for others.

Too often we allow our feelings to do the work of reason; hence the vigorous termination of many discussions.

It is ever a cause of wonder to us why so many people fail to take a joke good naturedly. This refers, of course, to other people and our jokes (?).

The three or four students who daily strut the walks, settling to their own satisfaction all the great questions of the day, fill one with hope. They may live to change their opinions—who does not?—but they will be no small factor in their future surroundings. They are learning to think now.

You will hear some one say that this is wretched weather—it's killing him. That same fellow will perhaps

smoke for hours in his small room, breathing over and over air that has been poisoned many times. Still he thinks the weather is responsible for all his ills. Oh, Consistency!

One of the most painful accidents of recent years is that which befell the good ship *Maine*, as she lay in Cuban waters. Besides the loss of a valuable steamer, almost three hundred lives were lost.

The incident has greatly excited our citizens, and the cry for a war with Spain is loud and violent. This because the newspapers are leading the people to blame Spain for the disaster, as they have also, for so long a time, misinformed them regarding the Cuban war, to which in some way this destruction of the *Maine* will be traced.

There is evidently a party in this country that wants war. There are many to whom it would be of material advantage, and that, of course, settles everything. Loss of life and property, stagnation of business, or the remoter possibility of starting a universal war does not interfere with the plans of these violent agitators.

Of course, if we have been unjustly dealt with, and there is no other means of maintaining our rights, war then becomes not only lawful but even a necessity. This condition does not seem to exist in the present case. It does not seem at all likely that Spain did this dastardly act—such a deed when discovered would lead to war—and Spain does not want war with us. That some over-excited Spaniard may have done this deed, is a possi-

bility. But even then he represented not a nation, but himself; and while the Spanish people may be held responsible to the point of full indemnity, they need not be forced into war unless they refuse all concessions, which does not now seem probable.

But now why could not some Cuban have done this in order to throw the blame on the Spaniards and thus get the United States into a war with Spain, which would mean freedom for Cuba?

Is it not just possible, too, that some of these personally interested people who have raved and blubbered so much over the Cubans may know something about this explosion? There are unscrupulous men everywhere. There are plenty outside of Spain and Cuba too. We shall no doubt get at the facts of this dreadful accident some day, but perhaps not until much innocent blood has been shed.

MAGAZINES.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* for January contains one of the finest papers a student of Shakespeare could wish to read. The characters—kings, heroes, villains, men and women of the great poet—are here arranged in an order that is delightful, and the manner of attracting the reader to the various groups is just what was wanted. "Falstaff's Dying Words" is another pretty article that reflects much good on the writer and makes one smile at the dissensions of the critics; and though the author appears

to stand with the minority, he has a happy way of bringing us to stand with him.

Donahoe's Magazine generously publishes a letter to its editor from "A Grumbler," which brought forth a hearty "more power to her" from some of us. After referring to Mr. Adams's dislike of writers putting their heroes or heroines in the cloister, she asks, "Why in the name of modern fiction don't you improve on it?" Well, I should say! Perhaps some writer could please Mr. Adams and incidentally amuse some of *Donahoe's* readers by making a hero suffer all kinds of torture ere he is condemned to be shot; then let the punishment be commuted to canvassing for *Donahoe's Magazine*. Just the same, Mr. Adams gets out a brilliant number this month, and "The Royal House of David" is not the least of many fine articles therein.

The *Catholic World* for February has a well illustrated paper on "Customs, Races, and Religions in the Balkans;" a very interesting one on "Henryk Sienkiewicz," a charming story entitled "Lettice Lancaster's Son," and many other papers too numerous to mention, the finest of these being by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, a writer well known to Catholic readers.

The *Cosmopolitan* has concluded two of its principal stories, namely "Mrs. Clyde" and "A Brief History of Our Late War with Spain," neither of which is of any great literary merit. "The Last of the Valois" is, however, a very interesting paper, and we are

anxiously awaiting to see the answers of the leading educators to the following question put them by the *Cosmopolitan*: "Does Modern Education Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?"

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Chicago, spent a pleasant day in company with their two sons, Lester and Ray.

Mrs. Kirkwood, Davenport, Iowa, spent February 20th with her son Robert Dalhen, of the juniors.

The Rev. J. Dinneen, pastor of St. Mary's church, Lafayette, Ind., was a caller at the college during February.

Dr. V. Bergeron, Chicago, spent a day with his son George, of the seniors.

Mr. J. M. C. Henry, Chicago, passed a pleasant day with his son Edward, of the minims.

Master Shippey, of the minims, entertained his mother on her recent visit to the college.

The Rev. T. J. McDevitt, late of St. Brendan's, Chicago, has been transferred to St. Columb-Kille's church.

The Rev. F. A. Caraher, '92, for the past two years assistant at Burnside, goes to fill the vacancy at St. Brendan's.

The Rev. F. Hudon, of Manistee, who came to visit at the college, fell sick shortly after his arrival and left a few days later for his home. He was not well at his departure, but we trust

that no serious consequences will follow.

Messrs. Frederick and Thomas Legris were among those who spent the *Mardi Gras* at New Orleans. They enjoyed their trip very much.

The Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., replaced Fr. Hudon at Manistee, Mich., during the illness of the latter.

We tender our sympathies to Masters Edward Carroll and Charles Flanagan at the death of their uncle, Patrick Flanagan, who died at his home, Flanagan, Ill., February 21. May he rest in peace.

Mr. Matt. Berry, '96, was among the welcome guests of the college last month.

Mr. Stephan Sullivan, of the seniors, went home during the month, owing to sickness. We trust that there will be nothing of a serious nature.

The Rev. A. Labrie, pastor of Momenca, Ill., was the guest of the college for a short time recently. The good father has just closed a very successful bazaar, held for the benefit of his church.

The Rev. J. Milot, assistant pastor of the Notre Dame church, Chicago, made the college a pleasant call not long since.

The Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., spent a few days at Momenca, Ill., where he enjoyed a much needed rest. He returned looking much improved.

Students of '91-'92 will recall Mr. John Lenert, then a classical student.

fully upheld by Messrs. Daniher and Garriety, assisted by Messrs. Brennan and Callaghan. The negative was sustained by Messrs. Hansl and J. Granger, assisted by Messrs. Carey and Hayden.

At the following meeting, Mr. Morrissy read a well-written paper on "Washington Irving," which was hotly discussed afterwards by the members.

February 2 an interesting and exciting debate took place. The question was whether the "Chinese Empire should be divided." Messrs. O'Toole Garriety, and Brennan thought that it should be, while Messrs. St. Cerny, Callaghan, and Hansl thought that it should not. The decision of the judges favored the affirmative.

At the next meeting Mr. Carey read a well written essay on James Fenimore Cooper.

On the evening of February 23 a very hotly contested debate took place over the question, "Should the Hawaii Islands be annexed?" Messrs. Armstrong and Morrissy successfully upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Riley and Dube supported the negative. The contestants, especially those on the negative, received well-merited applause. Messrs. Callaghan and Garriety assisted the negative gentlemen in five minute speeches, whilst Messrs. Brennan and J. Granger did likewise for the affirmative.

Several excellent programs are being prepared for the coming meetings, and it is to be hoped that they will prove as successful and beneficial as former ones.

The French society has been doing some very good work this year. Recently they debated the subject, "Should a foreigner study English only after coming to this country, or continue the study of his own language." Mr. Granger maintained that he should study only the language of this country, while Mr. Marcotte successfully upheld the opposite view.

At a later meeting the subject of debate was, "*Resolved*, That men have done more for the civilization of the world than women." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Dube, while Mr. W. Granger sustained the negative. The judges gallantly decided in favor of the ladies.

At the next meeting a very spirited debate took place over the question, "Which is more injurious to society—the miser or the spendthrift?" Mr. A. Caron successfully showed to the satisfaction of the judges that the miser was the more injurious. Mr. N. Lamarre ably espoused the side of the spendthrift.

D. H.

—There are some very staunch supporters and some correspondingly fierce antagonists of Bismark—ask P. and R.

—We sometimes wonder how men can be so healthy and do so much work on a very little food—but a greater problem is how so many little fellows manage to store away the large quantity they take and *live*.

VIATORIANA.

- A strike.
- Epidemic fits.
- St. Jos. band.
- Tom Barbarossa.
- Seercumstances.
- Those mustachios.
- Dante stole the pie.
- My shoes were flooded!
- I doubled up mit mousie.
- Vere vas mine rat gone?
- Those newspaper clothes.
- He has trouble of his own.
- Dunne, the plate-swallower.
- The new woman of the 3rd table.
- Latest finish for biretta—onions.
- For quick death use M's—Cereal.
- A round table with square ends.
- Just shake the spread a little, says Jug.
- I think he was some kind of a coward.
- The ruddy gentleman's nightmare.
- Who hit our friend with a wet sock?
- Rosswitha, the stormy Ontario witch.
- Say, why didn't you give your left name?
- The ruddy immortal to student struggling with French: "*Cher*, means both dear and cheap."
- "I know what it is to wash dishes myself."
- Who stole the trunk? S.—Why, the thief.
- Only those who wear cassock answer in latin.
- I don't have to starve to get to the billiard room.
- "Your procrastination didn't come true, brother."
- Say fellows, I tell you, I am a second year man.
- "Well, I was not forgotten on Valentine's day."
- Cracked voice at early dawn: "Mousie! mousie!"
- "Its a breach of etiquette to eat soup with a fork."
- No wonder my watch stopped, there was a bedbug in it.
- From Switzerland to Poland—wouldn't that freeze you?
- Alexander opened the door while under a hypnotic suggestion.
- Joe, the stoic founder of the "poopatetic" school of philosophy.
- Ask Jimmie what he thought of that catastrophe on Valentine's day.
- Dot girl in Chicago vos alright, yet I don't risk my life for her alretty.
- Our vernal phenomenon—Lake Greenwood—appeared early this year.
- By overestimating their philosophical capacities, some of our young friends are suffering from hydrocephalus.

—What did Mr. S—— do with that sausage?

—Do the people like pepsin soda? Try them.

—“I knew everything but what he asked me.”

—Wait till I see where I am going to land.—*Shorty*.

—“Anyone else could have told all that in five minutes.”

—“Don't let No. 3 speak too loud I'm training his voice.”

—I see you have nothing to do, so you can write an essay.

—Question—What is a Duchess?”

—Ans.—The wife of a duck.

—Bacon is coming to be very much appreciated among certain students.

—Boys, don't go out till I give the command—I'll tell you when study is over.

—It is ardently desired that K—and D—abstain from the table (billiard) during Lent.

—There is one whose appetite has increased since the second billiard table was put in.

—It appears that the immigrants had quite a time cleaning up “castle-garden” there being no elevator within reach.

—Prof.—“What is the matter, John?”

Would-be-joker—“He has a toothache in his finger.”

—Teacher—“What's your opinion?”

1st. Pupil—“I lost it.”

T.—Next?

2nd. Pupil—“He expressed my opinion.”

—*Eddie*—I have a dog at home that will eat anything you give him.

Loyde—Will he eat stones?

Eddie—Ah, go on! You don't know anything about dogs.

The Thespians have in preparation, a very fine program for St. Patrick's day. There will be a musical drama in two acts to begin with. This is entitled “St Patrick,” and sketches two very striking scenes in the life of the great Apostle. The first shows Patrick a prisoner on the coast of Ireland; the second pictures him as a bishop returned for the spiritual conquest of the Island. The evenings program will conclude with the farce entitled “That Rascal Pat.” While the first number gives a chance to our musicians to display their powers, the comedians will have their opportunity in the second part. The play takes place Wednesday, evening, March 16.

—Get a plate with sideboards on it.

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