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AN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

Scharmel Iris.

I love thee, Autumn, twilight of the year,
Like dusk thy charms are pensive and reserved;
At eve thou waitest silent, sad and drear,
Thy cold ferns kneel and rise, by cold winds swerved.

It is the time of wind and solitude—
Each living thing moans out, for 'tis alone,
The goldenrods droop by the sombre wood;
One little sad bird sings—the rest have flown.

I know your thoughts, O solitary leaves!
Ye soon shall die, but in what glory clad?
Within the meadow the white cricket grieves
And gray grasshoppers shrill a stave unglad.

Far down the hidden ways rich colors glow;
The milkweed ball doth hold a silken charm;
Within the thicket doves coo sad and low;
A fire-bloom sunward turns a bright alarm.

Along the mossy brink of some cold stream
The aster lights the path with purple stars,
And here and there, in lingering twilight's gleam,
A creeping vine uplifts its flaming bars.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

(Address delivered by Rev. J. T. Bennett, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Illinois, at the exercises held in commemoration of St. Viateur, on October 21, 1909.)

Father Bennett's Sermon.

The sermon by the Rev. Father J. T. Bennett, pastor of St. Patrick's church, following the celebration of pontifical high mass by Monsignor Legris, was from the text: "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that you may declare his virtues who hath called you out of darkness unto his marvelous light."—I Peter, 2:9.

Father Bennett made a powerful plea for higher Catholic schooling. He said:

My Fellow-Students of St. Viateur's, Dearly Beloved Brethren—I desire to thank our very reverend president and faculty in my own name and in the name of my fellow guests for the pleasure of revisiting the college today. To us children of a larger growth, wayworn from life's journey; to us the old boys of St. Viateur's, battlescarred now from life's conflict; to us this visit recalls the tenderest memories—memories of our once youthful hopes and joys, memories of childhood innocence and bygone happiness to which we look back, and for which we yearn again even as our sinning first parents must have looked back and longed for their lost Eden. Haloed by such memories the sweet face of our college patron, St. Viateur, appears to us today through the mists of many

centuries as the saint of the classroom, the model of the seminarian, the loyal and loving keeper of the hierarchy. Hallowed by such memories, too, our old professors rise up in fancy before us, those devoted sons and imitators of St. Viateur who led our first faltering steps through fertile fields of science and art; men who to our admiring eyes, seemed to dream in Latin, think in Greek and speak in the learned periods of Demosthenes and Cicero; and mingled with the faces of St. Viateur and his religious family we recall our old college-chums, friends of our better days, some of whom are still battling in life and some of whom have joined St. Viateur in the choir invisible. "Sit terra eis levis!" Green be the earth above them we cry today, as we implore rest eternal, sempiternal for their souls, and strain our eyes for a glimmer of their glory and our ears for an echo of their heavenly song,

"Forsan et nomen nostrum miscetur istis."

Shall our names be mingled with theirs, gentlemen, or shall we be reckoned among the unworthy sons of our Alma Mater; the misfits, the miserable wrecks that strew life's way? O, holy youth, St. Viateur! Preserve these youths from an evil end. Speak to their youthful hearts today and pledge them to things high and holy. They are

youths of bright promise filled to overflowing with the joy of living.

“In the springtime of life, when its cares are unknown,

And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,

When they live in a bright beaming world of their own

And the joy that surrounds them is all from within.”

Do thou show these youths, O holy Viateur, that the most promising bud may be blighted in blooming and that the reality of tomorrow may fall far short of the promise of today.

Demand of those students, O holy patron, that they appreciate the advantages offered them in this thy home of learning and of these opportunities to fulfill the expectations of their parents and teachers and meet the needs of church and country for generations to come.

What of the Future?

Oh, would that some seer might cast their horoscope today! Would that I might with prophetic eye foresee the growing years and foretell the glorious fulfillment of their aspirations, of the fond hopes of parents and the just expectation of their teachers. Yet, dear brethren, when I look back over life's pathway and view the wrecks which mark its course, men and women once filled with brightest hopes but who have missed their calling, who have lost their place in God's plan of life and who are now tossed upon life's billows without end or aim or reason of existence, I feel as a good old teacher once felt on a similar occasion—disheartened. You have heard the story of the “Teacher's Dream”—how, wearied by the prospect of his thankless and fruitless labor, the good old

pedagogue dozed asleep and then his guardian angel painted in dreams a roseate future for his loved pupils. Happy homes appeared in vision in which his pupils bore worthily those noble titles, “Father” and “Mother”; schoolrooms too, like his own, where the teachers' faces seemed strangely familiar to him although veiled in the coif and wimple of the Sister of Charity, and while he marveled the vision changed; the classroom grew into a temple of the Most High God, where his boys were clothed in the priesthood of Christ, offering the all-atoning sacrifice, administering the lifegiving sacraments and announcing with prophetic fire the saving truths of Christianity. The discouraged pedagogue awoke from this dream with new zeal and new energy for his tasks and I am proud to say that a glance at the records of our Catholic college graduates will afford a like encouragement to your teachers and parents today. It is, Alas! true, that some few, unfaithful to their high ideals, have failed; but I say again, and with pride, that the vast majority of our Catholic graduates are today noble men and women; priests, teachers, lawyers and editors; physicians, mechanics, merchants and soldiers and as such they fill the greatest needs of their time and country.

Past and Present Needs.

While in its formative stage a few generations ago our country needed pioneers and our fathers came and filled such needs as hewers of wood and drawers of water, as the bone and sinew of the country's development, and they merited well of the republic in that capacity.

Such formative work is now, in large part, done, and where it remains undone the labor-saving machine has taken the place of human energy. This is particularly true of agriculture, in which the average modern machine will do the work of a score of men, while in the vast works of public construction such machinery, guided by a few skilled mechanics will supplant a hundred old time laborers. Our people, moreover, filled as they are with the social spirit of the Keltic races, have found the farm too isolated and its opportunities for education and advancement too narrow and hence they have abandoned the farm and the construction gang, leaving them to foreigners of a later immigration—the peasant and the serf of eastern and southern Europe—and have flocked to our cities in quest of more congenial pursuits; and in our cities, brethren, they must and will abide.

Competition of Today.

In this congested condition of our cities, competition is eager and excessive in every walk of life and according to nature's inexorable law only the fittest shall survive. Here mediocrity, and commonplace ability such as the common school produces obtains scant recognition and only excellence in training, such as the college and the trades school provide, shall win success. As Daniel Webster justly observed: "The professions may be crowded but there is always room on top. Come up higher." But how shall our boys and girls acquire such complete education? Our public schools and colleges do not provide any moral training and Washington warned his people in his farewell address of the futility of trying to build up a good moral character without in-

culcating religious faith as its foundation. "Let us," he says, "with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail in the exclusion of moral principles." Again, Daniel Webster lays it down as a principle that "the duty of the state to punish crime involves also the duty to provide for the teaching of good morals" and Judge Grosscup of the United States court publicly expressed his belief a few days ago that the government, "in consequence of its desire for neutrality, is actually taking a stand against spirituality or at least that is how it works out in the end. The result of this unfortunate situation is that at an age when children are having their character and mentality made up they are not given any of the benefits of spirituality. The rising generation is thus losing spiritual education at the time when it is most needed. Some method should be found, by which spiritual instruction will be a part of the school system." Until such a harmonied system can be arranged, we Catholics cannot in conscience patronize the state schools, although we are heavily taxed to support them, and we have provided or are providing a Christian school in the shadow of every church, Christian colleges and seminaries in every diocese, and the great Christian university within the precincts of the nation's capital.

This system of Christian schools is the only one which can claim to impart a complete education; for education, as the word itself implies, is the unfolding and training of all the faculties and capabilities of the body, mind and soul, and any and every system which trains the

body or the mind or both, to the exclusion of the noblest part, the soul, is fatal to the highest life—is the tragedy of the soul.

Is It Any Marvel?

Is it any marvel then, brethren, that our Catholic graduates, going forth from our Christian colleges with muscles of steel and hearts of oak, with minds well stored with knowledge and souls well trained to honor and virtue; is it any wonder that they succeed so well in every walk of life? No; for being well grounded in the principles of religion and patriotism, they are best fitted to safeguard the interests of the nation and the human race. The world needs more and more of such men every day and our Christian schools and colleges must provide them.

National Needs.

We need magistrates who will decide without fear or favor according to the principles of eternal justice like our Catholic Chief Justice Taney of the United States supreme court who fearlessly interpreted the constitution in spite of popular clamor and, in our own day, like Catholic Judge Sullivan, who spurned a million dollars which had been offered him if he would merely favor a railway corporation in his instruction or opinion to a jury. We need lawyers today, my friends, who will champion ably the cause of justice and right and will deny their counsel and their pleading to unworthy clients and the Catholic schools which gave to our country such men as O'Connor and Devlin and Dougherty have many more like them in embryo, for the thorough classical and logical training of our Catholic colleges makes a man a power in oratory, an antagonist to

be feared at the bar or in the assembly hall.

We need soldiers and seamen thoroughly versed in the science, as well as trained in the art of modern warfare, for our policy as a nation is so broadened that we must be, for generations to come, in frequent danger of war, and the church and the schools which gave us Barry and McDonough and Shields and Sheridan have thousands more of like capacity. And so on in many other occupations.

Catholic physicians and surgeons are needed because they will not butcher the innocent but will study and labor conscientiously, will uphold Christian morality and will remember that bodily health may often be restored by healing the wounds of the soul.

Catholic writers and journalists are needed who will not levy blackmail nor prostitute their talents for filthy lucre by pandering to morbid and vicious tastes.

Catholic statesmen and merchants are needed who will not enslave themselves to monopolists nor enter into fraudulent and tyrannical corners and combinations and Catholic mechanics, too, who will be honest and skillful in their work and will not be ashamed to walk in the footsteps of the 'Carpenter of Nazareth.'

And, more than all, dear brethren, we need learned and zealous priests, men whose broad and deep scholarship will command respect and will lend authority and influence to their teaching; men whose complete self-forgetfulness and self-devotedness must find an early and a lovelit way right into the hearts of God's people; men with the spirit of Bishop Corroll, the genius of Bishop England and the great heart of Archbishop Hughes.

Whence Shall They Come?

Now, what church and what schools shall furnish such men, renowned for wisdom and virtue in every walk of life? What church, if not the old Catholic church, the mother of saints and schools, and what schools if not Catholic schools founded by saints and conducted by saintly and scholarly men and women—schools in which God's messengers break the bread of life to his children: the lips of the priest speaking wisdom and the gentle presence of the sister teacher and the consecrated brother like angel guardians ever pointing aloft and leading the way up the holy heights of a virtuous education.

And need I explain to you, my dear young friends, how such education will refine and ennoble you by admitting you into the aristocracy of intellect and virtue; how it will bring its own reward in the influence and power it gives and in the varied pleasures it bestows by making you, through familiarity with books, the intimate companion of the wittiest, the wisest and the best of men?

Summing It All Up.

In fine, my friends, let me sum up in a few words all that I have said: Our church and our country need good and able men and women. Our boys and our girls have the capacity to become such and thus to fill every need of our country and our times, but let us insist that goodness or morality without the religion of the saving Christ is impossible. Now, where will you obtain such a moral training together with secular instruction, i. e., where can such a complete education be obtained?

I have answered. It is to be had only in our Catholic schools, col-

leges and universities. If you go elsewhere you risk your faith, your prospects and your virtues and you endanger your immortal souls.

A word to you parents who are here today and who are making such sacrifices for your education.

Remember, dear Catholic parents, that the honor of your name, the perpetuity of the republic and the future of Catholicity are bound up in this question of education and are placed at your children's mercy.

You will bequeath to your children the priceless heritage of the Catholic faith. Will they keep it sacredly to the end and hand it down in all its integrity to their posterity? Statistics answer that our losses among Catholic children, while less than the losses of other denominations in proportion, and while more than offset by immigrant gains, have run up into millions, and experience and observation prove that the lack of religious schooling was one of the principal causes.

American Citizenship.

You will transmit to your children, my brethren, the glorious privilege of American citizenship. Will they appreciate its advantages and discharge its responsibilities and thus ensure the preservation of the nation? Let Professor Bryce answer in his learned study of the American commonwealth, where he says that the great peril of this nation is the lack of moral training, for the stability of a country depends upon the preservation of law, and good morals must guide us in the enactment and enforcement of law, in the exercise of the franchise and jury service and in the safeguarding of social purity and commercial honor, and there can be no sound morality, he adds, that is not based on religious teaching.

You will, I trust, bestow upon bodies? We have no quarrel with your children the blessing of an the public schools and public col- honored name. Will they keep its leges; on the contrary we admire fair fame unsullied, or will they them and the earnest men and wo- drag it in the mire of disgrace and men employed in them. They are drive your gray hairs in sorrow to good as far as they go and we the grave? Brethren, the beardless cheerfully contribute our taxes to boy and the garish girl daily hauled maintain them; but they are not before our police courts are often good enough for us because they ig- the children of well-meaning but nore the higher good—religion; and careless parents; they are children the highest good—God, our eternal who have seldom heard the name of destiny. God save in blasphemy and who All honor then today to our have verily toddled from the cradle Christian schools and colleges, and to the prison cell with no moral especially to our own Alma Mater, training to guide aright their child- for the blessings of our Christian ish footsteps and no religious education. schooling to light them along the way of salvation. All honor to the noble armies of religious men and women who estab- lish and maintain these nurseries of truth and virtue at the cost of so much labor and self-denial, and thrice honored, praised and thanked by St. Viateur, our patron, and his we insist upon our right to edu- worthy sons, the clerics of St. Via- cate the hearts and souls of our teur, our models, our benefactors, children as well as their minds and our beloved friends!

Catholic Motives.

Who, then, shall blame us Cath- olics when, prompted by motives of faith, of honor and of patriotism, we insist upon our right to edu- cate the hearts and souls of our children as well as their minds and

REMINISCENCE.

When the solemn tones of evening chimes
 Ring o'er the silent lea
 Then thoughts of friends and other times
 Come stealing back to me.

The stars just peeping out above
 In rapture hold my gaze,
 And mingled thoughts of grief and love
 Bring sighs for youthful days.

And in that sad and solemn hour
 When night bids day begone,
 I think how like each little flower
 Life joys fade one by one.

S. T. B.

ITALIAN FIRESIDE TALES

SCHARMEL IRIS



YOU want a story, Bambina? I can tell you a story or two perhaps. What a number I used to know, to be sure! You must understand, little one, that in the fair land of my birth, there are thousands of legends that have been handed down from mother to child for generations. But in this country, alas, it is different.

More than thirty years have passed since anyone asked me to tell a story and you know it is hard for an old man to gather his thoughts together after such a time. So you will not mind if after I've begun I discover I am telling you the middle of the story and go backwards and forwards a little. Your request, my child, carries me back to my own childhood. I see a little boy seated on a bushel of onions, rubbing his eyes to keep off the sleep while he listened with eager attention to this tale that his mother was telling him.

During the year 1564 when the brigands through the foul means that their wickedness made accessible to them, plundered so much of the wealth of Italy, there lived in the Province of Cabibasso a very old Signor and his wife. The first lesson, Bambina, given every child of sunny Italy is respect for the aged, and our old Signor and his wife, an affectionate, childless couple, were the special object of the love not only of the little children but the grown up's as well. No one was ever unkind to "Grandpa," as he soon came to be called.

The December rains poured down repeatedly and prevented Grandpa's doing his regular work, so his earnings were small. As the glorious feasts of Holy Christmas approached poor Grandpa found his shoes worn off his feet and their supply of food almost consumed. He fell to thinking seriously. Never before had he been in such a miserable condition: shoeless, foodless and moneyless with Christmas at the door.

Now Grandpa had never begged, but he could not freeze nor go hungry.

Finally he determined to ask the cobbler for a pair of shoes. That was seventy cent's worth. After a few moment's hesitation the cobbler offered Grandpa the shoes on condition that he would pay for the same by work on the day following Christmas. To this Grandpa readily assented and encouraged by the cobbler's kindness, he went to the baker. The baker provided Grandpa with flour and bread after exacting his promise to work out the value, on the day after Christmas. The butcher gave him meat and macaroni on the same condition. Grandpa wore his shoes; his wife cooked the meat and macaroni and they both enjoyed the Christmas Feast.

The day after Christmas when the cobbler, the baker and the butcher saw that Grandpa did not come as agreed, they proceeded to remind him of his obligations. As each neared Grandpa's house he was astonished by the large crowd there assembled and by the loud weeping. The butcher and baker entered in turn sorrowfully and blessed and released Grandpa of all obligations for was he not dead?

The cobbler entered angrily. Who would pay him for the shoes? He remarked that Grandpa looked very natural and unlike a corpse. Grandpa's wife said how could her husband have time to look like a corpse, seeing he had died so suddenly?

If one dies suddenly in Italy the law forbids burial for forty-eight hours but death after illness allows a funeral in twenty-four hours. Grandpa died in the morning and soon after was removed to the Cemetery Chapel where his body was to rest till the forty-eight hours had been completed. When the mourners dispersed the cobbler hid himself intending to await the night when he might get possession of the shoes.

The dead remained alone with the flickering candles and the stillness. As the night descended the rattling of a key in the church door broke the silence. Presently the door opened and to the amazement of the frightened cobbler in walked six bold brigands. They began to divide their money and found they had five dollars left over. One suggested that the one who caught his hat when it had been tossed into the air should receive the extra money.

The leader laughed and demanded that the test be one that required great courage. His eyes happening to wander towards the coffin he declared that he who had the bravery to poke out the dead man's eyes should be given the five dollars. The fol-

lowers gazed at one another in astonishment. Finally one of the band accepting the condition walked to the coffin to poke out Grandpa's eyes. The cobbler trembled with fear and horror. Just as the brigand bent over the coffin, the corpse sneezed. The brigands rushed out followed by the cobbler.

Grandpa gathered up the brigand's treasure and went home.

The cobbler, it is related, received his seventy cents and never again remained in a cemetery chapel to recover a pair of lost shoes.



REGRET.

F. CLEARY, '11.

When earth's green garb 'neath snows is laid,
 And leaden is the winter sky,
 When birds their southward course have made
 And barren plains now greet the eye,

'Tis then a thought of lonesomeness
 Steals o'er to pierce me through and through,
 Robs me of my happiness,
 Bids joy in me a long adieu.

Methinks I see my friends depart
 As day when dusk lets fall its shroud;
 A pang of sorrow cuts my heart;
 In grief I cry, I sigh aloud

O Summer, Springtime, Flowers gay,
 Come back once more to me;
 But Winter Thou! Oh, flee away!
 I cannot live with Thee.



A VIEW OF BYRON



L. J. POMMIER, '19



HE portrait of the most remarkable figure in the literature of this century is still too often made up on the principle of putting in all the shadows and leaving out all the lights." Men of the literary world should be estimated and judged according to two distinct standards; as men and as writers. In judging an author without reverence for this distinction, one is generally led to commit injustices. Although there is much truth in the saying that the personality of an author is revealed in his works, still an author by his writings may have more influence in the world of letters, than he himself, as citizen, would have upon those with whom he comes in contact. Numerous have been the criticisms passed upon Byron; some ill-spirited, harsh and even degrading; others though more favorable still try to depreciate this leader of a change of literature. If in judging persons and facts of past ages we took into account the spirit and conditions of the times in which they existed, we might change our estimate of by-gone persons and facts.

Byron arose when the Eastern Continent was in an uproar and rife with dissensions and revolutions. By birth he was placed in the sphere of nobility, but could not sustain his position on account of pecuniary circumstances. His advantages for the development of those deep and keen sensibilities; for the repression of those strong and irresistible passions; and for the guidance of that wonderful genius, were the most wretched and discouraging. Against such odds he must have struggled though he did not succeed, for he wished to be a man of the world, and a peer in it. He made attempts to satisfy his ambition in various ways and as many times failed. Amidst his many reverses he tried to assuage his irritated mind by giving himself up to all that earth can afford to satisfy and enslave man. His natural inclination to poetry dissolved the other objects of his ambition,

when "he arose and found himself famous," on the morrow of his issuing one of his first attempts at versification.

Byron as a poet has grand and uncommon beauties and unpardonable defects. Byron is like to a bee carrying a piercing and poisonous sting, yet you will find a honey, not of principles for these are the deadly stings, but of sincerely outpoured feelings and ideas; and moreover of graceful and musical diction. How often have we heard authors exhausting their fund of artistic poetic knowledge in declaiming against his discordant meters, his grating and offensive rhymes. But when we consider the small amount of time given to the revision of his works we are forced to praise highly his musical ear, and extraordinary manipulation of language, and not attach much importance to such opinions as this of Minto: "In point of metre, Byron showed none of the originality which we should expect in a poet who delighted in his materials for their sake." He who has read Byron's songs cannot conceive the principle on which the above assertion is based. Byron's verses as they are, and not as he could have made them, flow with a melody and majesty of which few poets can boast. If on exceptional occasions his songs are strained, harsh and broken, it should be attributed to a want of flexibility in the language; for the truth is that Byron felt too deeply to be a poet of the highest type as an artist.

According, therefore to the standard of artistic poetry Coleridge, Keats and Shelly must be pronounced his superiors. "His thoughts were not blunted, his conceptions were not turned away by hopeless struggling with stubborn material; for language was not pliant in his hands for the finer achievement of art," because it could not keep pace with his originality, vivacity and changing unparalleled feelings. "The feeling of the moment took too large and embarrassing a hold of him to leave his hand free for triumphs of execution." This of course interfered in his arriving to the zenith of his professional art. That he wrote on the spur of the moment, when his mind so fickle and revolutionary was impressed by some new or world-reproaching ideas is very certain. For we read that on returning from his usual revelries, when tired and disgusted with life; when abroad trying to assuage his immitigable mind and foiled ambitions, he wrote his ideas, feelings and outbursts of passion in rhythm and sent them to the press without practically any further revision.

A student of Byron is always absorbed more by the matter

than by the form. Hence follows his unpopularity among the less learned classes of readers, and his permanently established fame among scholars of letters. Our attention is attracted by the theme and hurried on by the vehemence and glow of passion. A certain author said that: "This (hurrying vehemence) is doubtless an insecure foundation for lasting fame." I am of opinion that we should say the contrary. A poem should express what and how the poet feels. Counterfeit and insincerity are odious. But the fault in Byron is that he did not curtail his exuberances of passions and sentiments carried even to a state of madness. Byron's sincerity of mental exposure; his spirit of innovation and almost fanatical and irreligious ideas are due first to his passionate sympathy with his own time and secondly to his want of guidance in his youthful days, when his character was permitted to develop itself according to its desires. He was in the world and a living member of it. It was in a state of revolution, so this circumstance gave him the opportunity of becoming the greatest modern exponent of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." As we have said he had had a wrong view of life, which view was opposed to that existing, and this opposition striking bluntly against, and rousing his keen sensibilities, led him to state with dissatisfaction his opinions on the present state of life. His opinions appeared so strong that he was looked upon as a pessimist.

Considering all his works we see that they form respectively an embodiment of a special phase of his character. In one poem the hero is a pleasure seeking reveler; in another, a pleasure satiated libertine; at one time he is a raving pessimist, or a fanatic innovator. Yet we are surprised at the world wide fame he has so quickly and solidly acquired. This fame is not due to the strangeness of the theme itself, but rather to its effects produced on the turbulent peace thirsty world, gaping for the first fresh rain of peace. This is the reason on which is based that statement which says that Byron was the first Englishman who made English literature known throughout Europe. Even such men as Lamartine, who deplored Byron as an incarnation of Satan, acknowledged the influence of his works. He says that "Byron was a second Ossian to him," and that he was afraid to read him in his youth lest he should be perverted by his doctrines.

"As sooner or later, as new phases of thought and sentiment supervene upon the old, Byron's writings must pass out of the catalogue of popular literature," but his personality will always

fascinate. He is like Hamlet in this point. And although Hamlet ceased to be studied when Byron appeared yet Hamlet lived, so in ages to come Hamlet and Byron will be looked upon as peers among remarkable personalities, if not for their virtues, at least for their strange constitution. Similar in the desolation of their youth; in their moodiness, in their distempered mobility between the extremes of laughter and tears, in their yearnings for sympathy, in their intensity of friendship, in their dark fits of misanthropy, in their habit of brooding over the problems of life. They embody a complexion of so tender sensibilities, so strong passions, and so uncommon lineaments of character that they will remain defiant to the tides and waves of popular opinions and criticisms as Gibraltar defies the Atlantic.



A BOUNDLESS SHEEPFOLD

E. J. E.

LAST November the faculty and students of St. Viator's had the rare pleasure of entertaining two distinguished prelates of the Church in the West, Archbishop Christie and Bishop O'Reilly of Baker City. The latter made a very touching speech regarding his large flock, so many of which were as sheep without a shepherd. He openly lamented the dearth of priests in the West, and invited the students to come out and help him in his great work. It is because we feel the students were interested and would like to hear more of Bishop O'Reilly's vast diocese that we append the following brief sketch of his episcopal see from pioneer days to the present time.

It was on the 23rd of October, 1861 that gold was discovered in Oregon at a place called Auburn, located ten miles south of where Baker City now stands. A pioneer who lived there informed me that those mines were very rich placers and attracted such a large number of gold seekers from far and near, that in less than two years from its start Auburn had a population of eight thousand. A block-house was built to protect the people from hostile Indians. It soon became necessary to establish some form of government and an extensive territory was outlined which they called Baker County, with Auburn as the county seat. But

the proper boundries were not then known, and that same territory has since been divided into several counties. Seven years later, nearly all those mines were worked out, and the miners departed for other fields, and Auburn as a result dwindled down to a very small camp. It was then in 1868, at the southern end of Powder River Valley that Baker City was laid out and in turn became the county seat of Baker county. Four years later it had a population of less than a thousand, and had not been incorporated as a town. It was however a very important business center for a large portion of the surrounding country. The business part of the town was contained within three blocks consisting of a bank, an assay office, postoffice and a few small country stores.

A large quartz mill thundered away day and night crushing gold ore, which was brought in wagons from the "Virtue Mine" eight miles east of Baker City. I believe the yield from that mine then was about \$20,000 per month. A weekly newspaper "The Democrat" was edited and published there, having a large circulation throughout the Pacific states. A neat little church had just been built by Rev. L. Dielman. It contained one small altar, pews capable of seating one hundred people. A clear toned bell swung in the steeple. Although Baker City was the residence of Father Dielman, he was frequently absent from us for many weeks at a time, attending some distant missions. Finally he went home to Europe. Baker City was attended after this once a month by Father Vermeersch, who came from the Umatilla Indian Reservation about one hundred and fifty miles away. The following winter, 1873, Archbishop Blanchet sent us a resident priest. There were no churches of any protestant denomination in Baker City then, and there did not seem to be any established public school system. The only school building was a two story wooden one, called the Baker City Academy, in which a professor named Barrett, and his wife taught a commercial course, with some branches of science, and vocal music.

Baker City was during those early years of its existence much retarded in its growth on account of having neither railroad nor telegraph communication with the rest of the world. It was however, the principal stage station on the Northwestern route, a line ran from Kelton in Utah, to Umatilla, on the Columbia River, a distance of six hundred miles. The coaches used on that route, were of the Old Concord make, drawn by four or six horses, carried eight passengers, the mail, and Wells, Fargo & Co. express. Nearly all our supplies in those days were purchased in San

Francisco, and the goods were subject to much handling and various modes of transportation on their long round about trip. They were shipped north by boat or railroad to the Columbia River, then up that stream to Umatilla Landing, where they were loaded into large freight wagons made for that purpose, and drawn by twelve or fourteen mules.

In that journey overland, from Umatilla to Baker City the freighter was often exposed to many dangers and difficulties, such as attacks from hostile Indians, storms in the mountains, swollen streams to cross, washouts, and land slides. But those sturdy western pioneers were possessed of a courage which they seemed to inhale in the air they breathed and it enabled them to surmount with cheerfulness all difficulties. And thus toiling on in their primitive way they have founded a "Great Inland Empire," where the people of a more progressive age are establishing comfortable homes.

In the fertile Powder River Valley, 3440 feet above the sea level, surrounded by lofty snow-capped mountain ranges, and beautiful green foothills is Baker City, the county seat of Baker county. The metropolis of Eastern Oregon, and the city of the Episcopal See of Right Rev. Charles O'Reilly D. D. It was in the year 1903 that Bishop O'Reilly, obedient to the call of Christ's Great Vicar Pius X, arrived in Baker City, and took up the arduous task of the formation of that extensive new diocese. That marked the the beginning of a new era of greater progress for the Catholic church in that region.

On the site of the small old wooden church in Baker City now stands a beautiful new Cathedral built in stone, and grouped around that edifice are the Bishop's residence, St. Francis Academy for the education of young ladies and St. Elizabeth's Hospital both in charge of Franciscan sisters. Like all the prelates throughout this growing country, Bishop O'Reilly is aware of the extreme need of Catholic schools and colleges, and when he was here last November he said that he had at least some schools for the education of the girls in his diocese, but the subject uppermost in his mind and to which he referred so often, was that he intended to build a college in Baker City for boys, provided he could secure the services of some religious order of men as teachers.

The present population of Baker City is about ten thousand, and there are five protestant denominations represented there by church buildings. There are too: five public schools, a high school

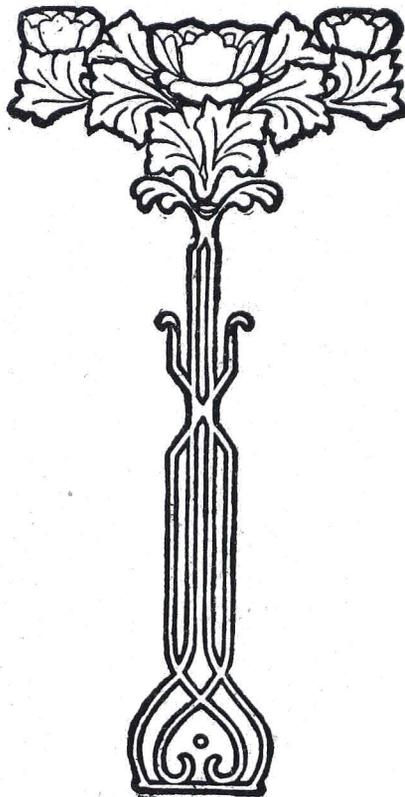
included. The extent of territory comprising Bishop O'Reilly's diocese is 65,500 square miles.

With Baker City the center, the diocese stretches far away in every direction, over mountains, hills and through valleys, leading to the homes of the farmers, stock raisers, miners, and lumbermen. In those beautiful valleys, where a quarter of a century ago the writer saw nothing but boundless fields of sage brush and wild rye grass with no sign of human habitation, today one can see fields of waving grain, orchards of luscious fruit and the splendid dwellings of the thrifty western farmer. In days past those almost endless chains of foothills covered with bunch grass, felt the tread of countless herds of wild deer and antelope that bounded so freely over them. Those hills afforded extensive grazing lands for thousands of horses, sheep and cattle. And those grand old mountains, their slopes then covered with a primeval forest, were dotted here and there with a prospector's lonely cabin. A railroad has now penetrated that forest and today may be heard the sound of the woodman's axe, and the whir of the circular saw, evidences of an extensive lumber trade going on there. And it is along those mountain sides that the richest quartz and placer mines are found, which by the "Golden stream," they continually pour into trade, contribute largely to make Baker City the great financial business center it is today.

Scattered far and wide over these mountains, hills and valleys many of Bishop O'Reilly's flock are to be found. There are many of his people whose homes can be reached only by well kept wagon roads. There are others dwelling in remote and sparsely settled valleys and in almost unexplored mountain regions where if the zealous missionary can reach their homes at all, it is with the greatest difficulty. Now let us consider for a moment, that to administer to the spiritual needs of a flock so scattered over that vast territory of nearly seventy thousand square miles, Bishop O'Reilly has but twenty priests all told. This gives you about one priest for every 3275 square miles. This is one of the many fields of the "Great West" where the self sacrificing missionary may labor meritoriously. Here too is a land rich in natural resources, welcoming the settler; where he may acquire an independence by honest industry, and now is the time, and perhaps his last favorable opportunity. Let him enter and secure his claim before the undesirable speculator like some **huge vampire pounces upon and saps the best out of that fair land**

This field is certainly inviting to the lay man as well as to the cleric. To the former it will bring wealth, health and quiet repose in the evening of life. To the zealous cleric it is indeed a large harvest with few laborers. The good a young priest will do there can never be measured in this life but must needs seek its reward in Eternity.

Whatever ones avocation may be if he should choose to live in Bishop O'Reilly's diocese he ought to do all in his power to help that "Great Inland Empire" to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.



THE VIATORIAN

Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

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EDITORIALS.

A glance at the number of periodicals and magazines now on sale in the book-stalls indicates how rapidly this branch of literature has increased in the last few years. While formerly these books were read as a means of diversion and recreation they now constitute the main reading matter of a vast number and it is no uncommon sight to see a dyspeptic-looking individual emerging from a book-store with a half-dozen magazines under his arm. In the magazine there is much to praise and much to condemn and certainly when carried to an excess the habit of magazine reading is one which cannot be checked too quickly. True there is useful and valuable information contained in the scientific and economic essays, but unless referred to sparingly, the reader is hurried from one subject to another and what was beneficial becomes pernicious and hurtful. Then the rapid increase in the number of magazines has caused this field of literary endeavor to be over-

**The
Magazine.**

crowded with impromptu writers whose main asset as knights of the pen is to make copy without regard to truth.

To off-set these apparent disadvantages there is the advantage of solid substantial reading on the part of those favored with time and inclination. To the Catholic student the reading of reliable authors on religious and economic subjects is an absolute necessity for on him will lie the burden of answering the slanderous and misleading statements contained in many magazine articles. Authors of reliable stamp as Brownson, Spalding, Newman would help the student in a great measure to answer many of the misleading articles in magazines.



We must keep young—blissfully young. Our faces may lose their fulness of outline but nothing need ever destroy the freshness of our smile. The candle's flame may vanish at the caress of a passing breeze; it may flicker and fail as the candle's life is spent, but never until the verge of eternity is before us, need the light die out of our eyes.

We need standards, we need ideals, and the race is helped, uplifted by ideals even if they are not attained.



Regarding reading however, an error which may easily gain admittance into the mind of youth is, "that the most learned man

is he who has read the greatest number of books."

Reading. And as the young student is bent upon becoming learned he draws plans for extensive and varied reading. He sets out to accomplish his resolution and he reads lightly through a dozen volumes and literally forces himself through a dozen more. From such reading he can at best get but a very superficial knowledge of many things, a real and genuine knowledge of none. Indeed he is doing himself a positive harm, for, the desultory habit he is acquiring unfits him to do any work in a thorough way. His class work in other branches is likewise done in a slovenly half finished manner. It will be only by the supremest effort that he do anything

well. He is not so to speak, packing his knowledge neatly and methodically into his head and consequently what he has learned, is not so available or ready for use. Moreover he is not learning how to examine, to weigh what he reads. The grossest error may lie adroitly concealed beneath the words yet he never detects it. He simply drinks in honey and poison promiscuously. Ask him his opinion on what he reads, "fine" or "nice" is the extent of his criticism. If the book he takes up be too difficult he is not frank enough with himself to put it aside until he can appreciate it. No, he must read for great men have read extensively and have had a grasp on so many subjects. Perhaps he does not know that many learned men have had one book as a life companion which they read and re-read until the book became part of themselves.

Clearly such a student errs. He, and all students should ponder and put into practice these words of Bro. Azarias "Accustom yourselves to the habit of weighing carefully all you read or hear. Learn to sift the chaff from the grain. Only in proportion as you digest and assimilate to your own thoughts what you read, do you acquire genuine knowledge. Out of the worlds thousand ideas make a single one your own and I assure you that you will have made more intellectual progress than if you were able to repeat Milton or Homer from memory."



ST. VIATEUR'S DAY

One of the festival days in which faculty, students and alumni delight in most is the feast day of the glorious patron of the college St. Viateur, October 21. Scarcely has the new student arrived when he learns of St. Viateur's day and he with the older students anxiously await the coming of that eventful day. When the time has come all hearts are filled with joy and devout prayers ascend to their beloved patron whom they love to venerate, and wish to imitate.

The day this year was opened by the celebration of Solemn

Pontifical Mass in the beautifully renovated village church. Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris D. D., sang the mass assisted by Rev. P. M. Dugas C. S. V. as Deacon, Rev. M. A. Dooling Sub-Deacon and Bro. A. J. Dumont C. S. V., as Master of Ceremonies.

A special mass was prepared for the occasion by Rev. J. V. Rheams. The singing indeed reflected great credit upon the Rev. Director. The Kyrie was taken from Hammerel, Gloria from Leonard, Sanctus from Mallard, Agnus Die from Bardise.

Rev. J. P. Bennett of Kankakee delivered a very able address upon the importance and the efficiency of Catholic Education. His address appears elsewhere in the Viatorian.

After mass the students took advantage of the recreation by seeking out different amusements about the college grounds. Many welcomed their parents and friends who were just arriving at this time.

After the banquet all congregated in the gymnasium where at 2:30 a band concert arranged by Rev. F. A. Sheridan C. S. V., was given. Following the first number which easily convinced the audience of the high quality and excellent execution of the music, came the drill of the Columbian Guards. This was a brilliant exhibition of manoeuvres and marches which showed that the little boys were well trained. They went through the most difficult movements with great precision and exactness. The young Captain Picard handled his company with rare skill leading them through intricate movements with rapidity as well as accuracy. Great praise is due their instructor Bro. St. Aubin who by tireless energy trained his squad in such a short time.

The remaining musical numbers were well rendered and spoke highly of the ability of Bro. Sheridan.

An intermission in the nature of a selection by the picked college choir was well received. As ever patriotic the last number, "The Star Spangled Banner" closed a very enjoyable afternoon.

The Program.

Rev. J. W. Rheams, Director.

1. March, "Wish Me Good Luck".....Williams
2. Overture, "Bohemian Girl".....Balfe
3. Idyl, "Glow Worm".....Lincke
4. Selection, "The Golden Girl".....Howard

5. Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
 Grand Chorus, "Gloria,"Mass in E-Leonard

R. F. A. Sheridan, Director.

6. Overture, "Silver Star,".....Hazel
 7. Selection, "Martha".....Flotow
 8. Potpourri of Popular Songs.....Remick
 9. Selection, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
 10. Finale, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
 "The Star Spangled Banner."

Among the many visitors who spent the day with us were: Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Chicago; A. Prost, J. H. Cannon of Urbana; Rev. P. C. Conway, Chicago; Rev. F. O'Brien of the Cathedral, Chicago; Rev. W. Cleary, Rock Island; Rev. L. J. Goulette C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. J. T. Bennett, Kankakee; Rev. P. C. Foster, Manhattan, Ill.; Rev. R. Poissant, St. George, Ill.; Rev. J. Sullivan, Chicago; Rev. P. Dufault, Chicago; Rev. W. Granger, Kankakee; Rev. J. J. Cregan C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. R. Rummels, Ashkum, Ill.; Rev. P. Parker, Chebanse; Rev. E. D. Burke, Chicago; Rev. A. Burns, Sterling, Ill.; Rev. E. Caron, Summerville, Wis.; Rev. L. Krowschowitz, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. A. P. Pardi, C. S. V., Rev. J. G. Vien C. S. V., Chicago.

The following were the visitors of the students: Mr D. P. Curly, Chicago; Mr. F. Keeley, Wilmington, Ill.; Miss M. Byron, Wilmington; Mrs. C. B. Connors, Wilmington, Ill.; Mrs. O. E. Leinen, Miss Leinen, Chicago; Mrs. and Miss Brady, Ransom, Ill.; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Chicago; Mrs. Shields, Chicago; James McKeown, Chicago; Mr. G. Murphy, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. P. Keliher, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Picard, Bourbonnais; Mrs. Marcotte, Bradley; Mrs. F. Legris, Bourbonnais; Mrs. Darche, Bourbonnais; Mr. McGann, Chicago; Mr. O'Neil, Chicago; Mrs. Burns, Chicago; Mrs. Putman, Chicago; Mr. Archambrant, Chicago; Mrs. Bowden, Decatur, Ill.

Among the old students that were present were: Mr. H. Mattie, Chicago; Dr. Payne, Kankakee; Lawyer Burns, Capt. Burns, Kankakee; Mr. J. Hickey, Kankakee.

F. Connor.

THE VIATORIAN
PERSONAL MENTION.

The many friends of Father Breen who are accustomed to associate his name with St. Viateur's college will be surprised to learn of his change to St. Viator's Normal Institute, Chicago. Father Breen taught at the college for nine years during which time he has been identified with much work especially along literary lines. He was also Moderator of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society, Censor of the Viatorian and Director of the Thespians. He will assume the responsible position of Master of Novices.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., President of St. Viateur's College has been frequently in demand to lecture in the different churches of the Peoria diocese. On Nov. 6, he left for Pittsburg to attend a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Educational Association. The meeting was convoked for the purpose of drawing up plans for the next annual session.

Father Dermody of Aberdeen, S. D., writes of his visit to the new Columbus College, Chamberlain. He entertains the brightest hopes for the success of the college and boasts that he is the first to enroll a student from Aberdeen. He promises to do his utmost to further the interests of the college.

Though John J. Kreutzer has left St. Viateur's just a few years ago, the Peru Chronicle comes to us bearing the news that he will occupy the Mayor's chair for the next four years. We felicitate John and congratulate Peru on the best selection it could have made.

Bro. Moisant C. S. V., at the call of his superiors was advanced to Tonsure and Minor Orders on October 26.

Rev. C. McCabe of Fort Wayne, owing to manifold duties has not been able to call on us often consequently his stay of a few days in October was greatly appreciated by the faculty.

Mr. James Doheny, '89-'91 is well established in the employment of the Illinois Central as mail clerk. He visited here October 16.

The Philadelphia Press announces the appointment of Mr. Hugh A. O. Donnell as its business manager. Mr. A. O. Donnell is well known in the newspaper world, and the Viatorian congratulates him upon his promotion.

Henry A. Mattei '96-'97 is snugly located with W. R. Holligan & Co., Stock and Bond Brokers, of Chicago.

Fred Mueller of '06 has successfully passed all examinations and has been admitted to the Illinois bar.

Wm. Carroll '09, the pride of last year's eleven has entered Yale this year to follow a course in law.

Stephen Morgan '09, another warrior of last year's team is satisfying his inclination for law at Chicago University.

Jake Schaeffer a mighty piece of timber in last year's 11 is quite apropos, he has relieved his aged father from the manager-ship of the Lemars "Lumber" Co., Iowa.

Last month we noted that Adhemar Savary was studying law at Northwestern. He has since given up his ambition to plead on the rostrum, in favor of ascending the altar of God.

Mr. J. F. Gordon an old student visited his brother and cousin of the Senior department. Joe has become a prosperous business man of Ludlow.



NEW CATHOLIC COLLEGE

(From the New World.)

The recent trip of Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois C. S. V., and Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., of St. Viateur's college, to South Dakota, resulted in the completing of arrangements for the opening of a new Catholic college in that state. The clerics of St. Viateur will immediately take charge of the institution already completed at Chamberlain, South Dakota, in the diocese of Sioux Falls.

Never has a Catholic college opened under more favorable conditions. Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman D. D. bishop of Sioux Falls, has secured control of the institution at Chamberlain, formerly the property of the U. S. Government and turned it over to the Viatorians. In all there are twelve buildings in excellent condition, four large brick structures the main edifices, with an administration building 175 by 55 ft., three stories, and class room and dormitory buildings nearly as large. All are thoroughly equipped with modern improvements, furnished and ready for

occupancy with accommodations for over four hundred boarding students. Connected with the plan are forty acres of rich land, the total value of the entire plant being over \$300,000. Ideally located on the banks of the Missouri, with a most picturesque setting, with acres of splendid campus for outdoor games, a lake and a river for aquatic sports, a comfortable gymnasium well equipped and a dry salubrious climate, conditions could not be more promising for a boarding college. Chamberlain is a town of three thousand inhabitants in the richest section of South Dakota, on the main line of the C. M. & St. P. railroad and closely adjoining Iowa and Nebraska.

The institution will probably be called Columbus college in appreciation of the strong support the Knights of Columbus of Dakota are offering to the project. Another coincidence is that the new faculty departed for the scene of their labors on Columbus day, October 12. The president of the college is Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant C. S. V., who for the past three years has filled successfully the important position of prefect of studies at St. Viateur's college, Bourbonnais, Ill. He is a young man of extraordinary ability, an energetic worker an eloquent preacher, an experienced teacher and rightly qualified for the new dignity. The vice-president and treasurer of the institution is Rev. G. P. Mulvaney C. S. V., who for the past two years has been professor of English literature in the Theological Seminary, San Antonio, Texas. He has taught several years at St. Viateur's and has spent a great deal of time in the Western states where he is familiar with conditions. He will be ordained to the priesthood on October 28 and will leave for Dakota at once. Bros. W. J. Burke C. S. V., and S. J. Boisvert C. S. V., left this week and others will follow as soon as conditions require. Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls is heart and soul in the project and will give his best endeavor to his long cherished dream—a Catholic college in his diocese. Father O'Flaherty, the present pastor of Chamberlain and one of the most beloved priests in the West, is one of the originators of the idea and is an enthusiastic supporter.

The many friends of the community wish the Viatorians success in the new undertaking. It will not be long before the educational world hears of Columbus College of Chamberlain, South Dakota.

GIBBONS HALL.

Kalamazoo.

News from Father Brown and his High School is always welcome and interesting at St. Viateur's. On the occasion of a grand ovation given to Mgr. Falcanio Apostolic Delegate, and the Rev. Frank O'Brien Gibbons Hall had the honor of entertaining Mgr. Falcanio, Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon and Bishop Colton. The students as a result enjoyed a few days "conge."

Besides the work at the school Father Brown we notice is called upon quite often to preach elsewhere and the Augustinian always speaks of his work in supurlatives.

We gather from remarks made by the Kalamazoo dailies that Gibbons hall is proving quite a success and that "prospects are bright enough to forecast a splendid instiaution for our city."

Bro. John has gained the esteem and affection of his pupils and besides being successful with them in studies we understand that he is building up quite a "rep" as athletic director.

ORDINATION AND FIRST MASS.

Rev. G. P. Mulvaney who was raised to the priesthood Oct. 30, by Bishop Fox, celebrated his first High mass Sunday, Oct. 31 at St. Joseph's Church, Ocanto, Wis. Rev. J. D. Laplante C. S. V., acted as deacon, Rev. W. J. Clifford C. S. V., master of ceremonies. Very. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney delivered an eloquent sermon.

In the evening the pupils of St. Joseph's school gave an entertainment in honor of the newly ordained and many were present in esteem of Father Mulvaney. Upon his return to the college he imparted his blessing to the entire college and Nov. 8 with the best wishes of all he left for Chamberlain, S. D., to assume duties as treasurer and vice president of Columbus College.

Ad Multos Annos.



OBITUARY.

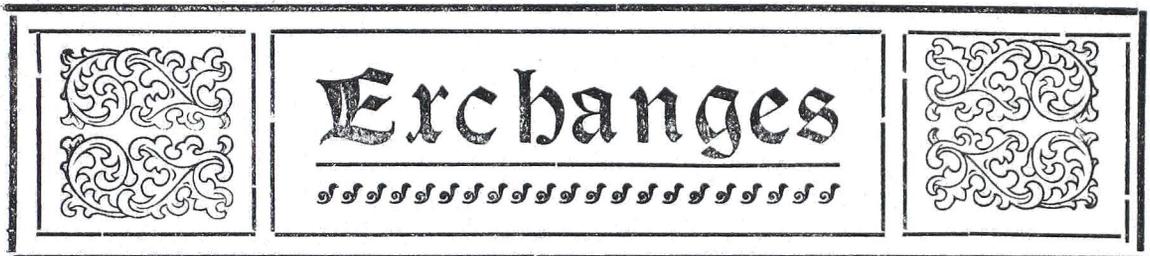
"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends."—Job xix; 21.

Rev. F. A. Sheridan C. S. V., was called home on October 16 to be present at the death of his sister Carroll Sheridan who passed away peacefully, fortified by the sacraments of the church on October 20. Requeim high mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of her soul by Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. Miss Sheridan had chosen the vocation of teacher and was just completing her first years of teaching when ill health compelled her to discontinue her work. Miss Sheridan was a young woman of fine qualities and possessed the warm regard of a very large circle of friends.

Mary Fitzpaarick, Chicago, sister of Edward Fitzpatrick of the Minim department, after a lingering illness of over a year, was called to her reward on Oct. 30.

Master Charles O'Neil mourns the loss of his devoted sister, Josephine, who departed this life on Oct. 23.

Requiescat in Pace.



Among our many old acquaintances we are pleased to shake hands with our friend the **Collegian** who hails from the sunny clime of Oakland, Cal. The cover is indicative of the neat and artistic quality of the productions to be found inside. The contributors are strongly inclined to poetry which is peculiarly compatible with the gentle, placid, environments with which they are surrounded. It is a well known fact that the inhabitants of a country where winter is almost unknown, are more easily influenced by the musical, imaginative, rythm of poetry than are those who "exist and have their being" in a land where the icy blasts of winter drive the budding aspirants for literary fame, to the artificial warmth of the radiator and base-burner. Thus we can readily understand why it is that the **Collegian** leans to poetry. Its verse is quite commendable and praiseworthy. Even Cook and Peary come in for a share. Chief among the "effu-

sions" we would make particular mention of Portola Day. Written in choice iambic tetrameter, it depicts with no mean skill, the departure and journey of Portola from Spain, and his subsequent arrival at the Golden Gate. The result of his discovery is well contrasted with conditions then and now, and demonstrates the truth of that trite yet deeply expressive adage, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." The thought expressed in the Lure of the Sea is worthy of more lengthy treatment by the author. Without becoming unduly enthusiastic over it we would venture to say that it makes us think of Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean*; as it appears to us, it a faint reflection of that magnificent masterpiece. The essays and stories in the *Collegian* are conspicuous by their absence. This however is generally the case with the opening number of any college magazine, a defect which we are sure will be remedied before long.

No one can reasonably predict this fault of the *Mountaineer* which it seems is an exception to our above quoted rule. The *Mountaineer* is one of the best exchanges which at the present moment graces our table and has ever been rated as upholding a high standard in college journalism. This is possibly due in a measure, to its venerable age. For it is one of the few that has outgrown the frivolity and light-heartedness of youth and has settled down to the sensible, dignified ways which betoken seriousness and steadiness of purpose. It is certainly well balanced in its composition. Well stocked with intellectual essays, readable stories and interspersed with bits of clever verse, it presents an appearance of symmetry and equilibrium which it would be well for some other college papers to imitate. However, every one to his own taste. There is only one thing we would venture to suggest as a positive aid to improvement, the addition of an exchange column.

No less inferior to the *Mountaineer* and equal to it in many respects, is *The Nazareth Chimes* from LaGrange, Ills. For a convent paper, it squares with our expectations, and it is one of the very few of that class which is really worth while. Distinctly well edited and classical both in appearance and composition, it comes to us replete with the harmonious blending of essays, stories, and verse. Among the first, Saint Louis, King of France easily takes the lead followed by able panegyrics on Beethoven, Burns, and Holmes. The subject of Greek Literature is remarkably well treated and the history, influence, and variety

of Hellenic poetry and prose is depicted in an interesting and masterly style of composition. The choice diction, the well balanced sentences and the delicacy of treatment manifested throughout, are marks of a methodical and thorough course of Rhetoric at Nazareth. Astronomy likewise seems to be a well patronized branch of the curriculum at the Academy, and a scholarly dissertation on The Moon is the result. Among the poetry found in the Chimes, Near the Altar, is rightly given first place. It is strongly expressive of the Faith and Hope which its subject implies. The thought running through, Of What Avail is admirably expressed in choice meter and the impression left upon the reader is one not easily forgotten.

Among the rest of our old friends we greet with the intimacy of long acquaintance **The Pittsburg College Bulletin**. Its essays are always well chosen and generally handled in an interesting and appropriate style. Although anything Shakespearian is nowadays somewhat hackneyed and worn threadbare, still The Story of Hamlet is told in a new and original way. We only hope that the other installments are as well treated as the first. As the North Pole seems to be a topic which is at present in the wide field of public discussion it has naturally found its way into the sanctum of the Bulletin and the result is a convincing and "glowing" article dealing with that decidedly frigid subject. There could easily be more poetry in the Bulletin, that is, if the fall poets would quit dreaming of spring and summer and get busy on the joys of turkey and cranberry sauce. We could discover but one attempt at verse in the October Bulletin. This negligence will no doubt be remedied when things have again settled down to their normal temperature after the joys and excitement of vacation.

We acknowledge the receipt of: The Notre Dame Scholastic; Mount St. Joseph Collegian; The Loretto Crescent; The Mercury; St. Mary's Sentinel; The Exponent; The Buff and Blue; The St. John's University Record; The University of Ottawa Review; The Patrician; The Solanian; The Victorian; The Comus; St. Mary's Messenger; The Loretto Magazine; The Georgetown College Journal; The Columbiad; Niagara Index; The Young Eagle; The School Echo; The Nazerene; The Dial; Laurel, Fordham Monthly; Fleur de Lis; St. Jerome Schoolman; St. Vincent College Journal.



Athletic Notes



The team having braced up after its recent slump gives promise of being a real banner eleven. After the Culver game, much spirit was put into the team and the work of the coaches is beginning to have favorable results, so here's hoping that the remaining games will be victories for the wearers of the old Gold and Purple. The remainder of the schedule is:

Oct. 30—Morgan Park at Morgan Park.

Nov. 6—Illinois Wesleyan at Kankakee.

Nov. 13—DePaul U. at Chicago.

Nov. 18—Grand Prairie at Kankakee.

Nov. 25—St. Ignatius at Chicago.

Culver, 45; S. V. C., 0.

As sad as it may seem, Culver literally walked all over our warriors on Saturday, Oct. 16th, on their grounds downing our ever aspiring stars to the tune of 45 to 0. Some people may ask "how can a team beat our stars by such an overwhelming score," this can not be answered right off, but after considering the fact that the cadets were backed by "four hundred" strong rooters who went wild at the proceedings you will have to concede that our ever ready warriors had a sad case of stage fright, hence Culver had the "jump" on us. In the first five minutes of play the Cadets registered six points, a few live bucks, a forward pass, one side kick and a lucky fumble did the trick. Lee kicked goal. Yarnell being credited with the touchdown. Culver kicked off to Mogan who advanced the ball but was tackled rather strenuously, and his bad ankle gave away, here "Ed" Quille was substituted, and ran the team creditably, but Culver had the jump on us, scoring almost aa will. The work of Quille and Fitzgerald featured the game for us while Lee, Ives and Yarnell were the Culver stars.

As we go to press the locals beat the Kankakee West Ends by the score of 23 to 3.

St. Viateur, 22; Illinois Wesleyan, 6.

Humiliating as was this defeat, the team pulled together and on November 6, Illinois Wesleyan's fast team, whose goal line had not been crossed this year, were greeted with a very decided surprise on our campus. They came from Bloomington with the firm

organizer to hold sessions in the nature of speeches, addresses, discussion of interesting topics, recitals and at times meetings of a purely social nature. The society will also give entertainments and plays in the gymnasium. At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President—A. Savary.

Vice-president—H. Darche.

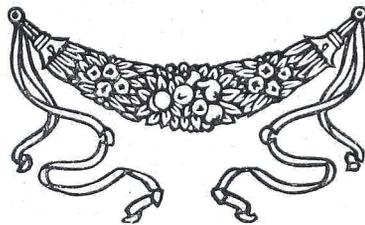
Treasurer—R. Legris.

Secretary—E. Souligne.

Rev. J. E. Belair, Moderator.

So far the society has thirty-five members.

Up to date the movements in other societies and class organizations have been slow but we hope to have a full account of developments next issue.



LOCALS.

- It's all bunk.
- Hair cutlets.
- O you peroxide kiddo.
- (Prefect at the door) O, boys evaporate!
- Pancake idol.
- Pickles pass the olives.
- Did you ever see Mattoon write (right)?
- What is the Gym without a store?
- Local showers in the basement.
Hamburgers on the side.
- The midnight alarm or why the clock went traveling—Ask Johnnie.
- The going out is sometimes the coming in e. g.—10 P. X.
- How much do you weigh?
Candidate—I tipped the scale with one foot.
- Bill, you have such poetic feet.
- Heavy on the beef said the old kiddo.
Bully for you saith the New Arrival.

The cook is working overtime
The fires are brightly burned;
They're sending in car loads of grub
For Hungry Bill's return.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
And he seemed to be at repose.
It was but a fly who was resting there,
On the bridge of a sleeping man's nose.

Two football men on a fat man's chest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of liniment!
They give the poor fellow two weeks' rest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of liniment!

THE VIATORIAN
"THEIR FIRST RACE."

They're off with a jump,
They're in on the bump,
They're turning the corners
 some heavy.

They roll with all grace,
For Bill sets the pace,
I tell you they've got
 speed already.

For onward they roll,
Now dodging the poll,
Gosh but it's great, Bill's
 mighty steady.

"Now forward and right,"
Said Bill on that night,
"Remember speed to reserve,
 and be ready."

"For the End's soon here,
As the crowd'll stand near,
And keep, oh keep to your pace
 and be steady."

Thus followed at will,
All smiling was Bill,
"I've got them sure on the hummer,"
 said he.

While winded and sore
Oft sweeping the floor
Encircled still again
 Our brave laddie.

Thus mark me and well
They'll never e'en tell
How their debut was ended
 so sadly.