

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 25

APRIL 1908

NUMBER 7

THE OLD MISSIONS OF THE PADRES

G. P. Mulvaney '07.



LAND without ruins is a land without memories and a land without memories is a land without history." We are told that we are of but yesterday, that we have by magic, as it were, sprung up in a night and become a matured nation. With us there has been no infancy. True it is, we are so absorbed in the present we forget those who have gone before; in fact, there is little to remind us there has been a past. Progress in its selfishness has no regard for reminiscence. In consequence, we have today very few of the old landmarks, the monuments of long departed years, and the few that remain are fast disappearing. Scattered along the shores of the Pacific and dotted over the great American desert through California, Arizona and the Mexicos, there can be seen today the ruins of great temples that once rivaled in splendor the cathedrals of the Old World. The observant traveler and the inquisitive tourist look upon them with awe, and wonder whence they came. Unlike their surroundings, there is nothing modern about them and they seem so out of place in the cities that have sprung up around them. These Missions of the Padres, with their white walls silhouetted against the soft southern skies, reminiscent of the glories of the Castilian past, are the monuments that mark the coming of civilization to the great Southwest. They are the conquering arches of Christianity that tell how the hostile savages were subdued by the word of the gospel. The history of their foundation is familiar to us. With the suppression of the Jesuits by the Spanish Government, the Franciscans asked to take charge of the Missions of Lower California. Animated with great zeal they determined to carry the work into Alta, California. Thus on July 16, 1769, the saintly Padre Junipero Serra raised the cross in view of the beautiful harbor of San Diego and took possession of the country in the name of the Church and civilization. Here he erected the first mission in California, seven miles from

the city of San Diego, and undertook to convert the Indians. Then began that triumphant march over the desert shores from San Diego to the Golden Gate. It was not a vast army with its bright steel glittering under the tropical sun frightening the red-men into subjection, but Serra and his few confreres in the humble garb of St. Francis, armed with the Cross of Peace, subduing them by lessons of love and erecting temples along the way wherein the God of the Christians might be worshipped. San Carlos (Monterey) was erected in 1770, San Antonio, San Gabriel (Los Angeles), San Louis Obispo 1772, Mission Dolores (San Francisco) which withstood the earthquake of two years ago, in 1772, San Juan Capistrano 1776; Santa Clara 1777, and San Buena Ventura in 1782. Padre Junipero Serra died at San Carlos in 1784, after fifteen years of labor among the Indians. His companions continued the work erecting Santa Barbara, San Louis Rey, and other missions which still stand.

In all, twenty-one missions were erected. After the faith was established and the Indians were living in harmony the Franciscans taught them how to till the soil and irrigate the fields. Thus began the transformation of the desert into an earthly paradise. The Aladdin's wand that unlocked all its treasures is the irrigating ditch, and its "open sesame" is water. Now everything planted will grow like interest day and night, winter and summer. At San Diego there still can be seen the olive orchard and palms planted by the Padres. The Secularization act of 1834 drove all the Spaniards out of Mexican territory and with them were forced to go the Franciscans. The Indians, deprived of their teachers, returned to their former state and the work of destruction began. The red men and the whites engaged in war, each in turn took refuge in the Missions, which were soon devastated, so when the Padres were recalled, years after, they found the churches badly damaged. Since then most of them have been abandoned, few of them have been repaired, and they are sad ruins. San Diego Mission has fallen a victim to the ravages of time and but a solitary wall remains of the birthplace of civilization. San Juan Capistrano was destroyed by an earthquake. San Gabriel, the greatest of the California Missions, with rich mural paintings and frescoes, though still in use, is in a sad condition. San Louis Rey is being restored by Father O'Keefe and his Franciscan confreres, San Buena Ventura is being used as a parish church, but there is little attempt at preserving it, Santa Clara, San Carlos and Mission Dolores will not long stand unless they soon be repaired. The best preserved, in fact the only one in good condition, is Santa Barbara, which is the home of the Franciscans. Here the community has erected a mother house and college and

the religious have taken means to preserve the temple erected by their predecessors. We naturally ask, "Why were not all the Missions restored to the Franciscans? Why not give them those that remain?" Inspired by the same zeal that prompted the early Padres, they would not allow these temples to fall into ruin. How sad must these sons of St. Francis feel today as they look over California and see the efforts of years crumbling into decay while the citizens of a great state stand idly by and do not interfere. Truly California must reproach itself for allowing these monuments to pass away—its history is written on their portals and towers. You Native sons and daughters of the golden west, who pride so much in the glories of your beautiful land and would persuade that there is no greater commonwealth than California on earth (and this is so if half you claim were true) why have you so soon forgotten your past, forgotten those who brought the light of Christianity and civilization to your shores—why have you ceased to think of Junipero Serra instead of commemorating him as your greatest benefactor—and why have you permitted your old landmarks, the Missions of the Padres, to crumble into dust. These are your jewels and you have neglected to care for them.

San Xavier Mission at Tucson.

If you are ever "seeing the southwest," it would be well for you to stop at Tucson, Arizona. You will find there besides a very hospitable people, an abundance of sunshine and a great many places of interest. Nine miles from the city you can visit the most beautiful, the richest, and the best equipped Mission of the Padres. To reach the place necessitates a ride over the desert, whose chief scenic features are an uncomfortable amount of sunshine and miles of worthless cactus and monotonous creosote bush, so that when you have about decided you are far beyond the pale of civilization, there looms up before you the white towers and dome of San Xavier del Bac. Buried as it were in the heart of the desert, surrounded by the ancient and crumbling adobes of the Papagos, stands a great Moorish temple altogether surpassing anything you expected to find. It is marvelous, and as you stand in wonderment before the entrance, one of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are in charge of the place, comes forward to welcome you and you eagerly question her regarding its history. You are informed that San Xavier is the oldest Mission in the southwest. Tucsonians are wont to make the assertion that it was established as early as 1590, and some even place it at 1552, but we find in Archbishop Salpointe's works that it was founded by the Jesuits about 1690. At the expulsion of the

Jesuits by the Spanish government, the Franciscans came to Arizona in 1767, the same time they entered California. The present church, however was begun in 1783 and finished in 1797, the builders being the missionaries themselves, with the assistance of the Indians. All these Missions were not erected from the proceeds of fabulously rich mines which the monks are said to have owned in Mexico but from the produce of the fields and the sale of live stock, for the Padres taught the Indians how to turn the soil to profit. The Franciscans were forced to leave by the Secularization act of 1834 and San Xavier was abandoned. The Apache uprising prevented priests from Sonora visiting the Mission and it is only within the last decade that it has been reclaimed. And now you are ready to follow the Sister or Peter, the Indian sexton, through the church. On the front of the building you will notice in relief the coat of arms of the Franciscans. It consists of an escutcheon on which is placed a twisted cord of the community, and a cross on which are nailed one arm of our Lord and one arm of St. Francis, representing the union of disciple and Master. On either side is the monogram of Jesus the Savior, and of Mary. There are several niches from which the statues have long since fallen. Then you pass through the immense doors with their wooden nails and hinges and find yourself on an interior almost as dark and damp as the catacombs. The interior is about 100 by 30 feet, erected in the form of a cross, the transept forming on each side a chapel 20 feet square. Over the transept is the dome and in the nave are six arches resting on pillars. On either wall of the nave is a faded fresco about nine by five feet, the one on the right representing the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, and the one on the left the Last Supper, enough remaining of the pictures to show that the artist was one of no mean ability. In the chapel on the right are two altars, one adorned with the image of Our Lady of Sorrows standing at the foot of a large cross deeply engraved in the wall, and the other with the image of the Immaculate Conception. On the walls over the altars are two frescoes representing Our Lady of the Rosary and the Hidden Life of Christ. Likewise, in the left chapel are two altars dedicated to the Passion of Our Lord and to St. Joseph, and two frescoes representing Our Lady of the Pillar and the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple. There, too, is Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness of the Mexicans, painted on a banner, and in the dark corner is the old confessional where many a red man was shrived. In the dome are the pictures of several notable Franciscan saints. As you turn to the sanctuary you are confronted by two lions that rest on the railing and guard the en-

trance to the holy place. They are the insignia of the House of Castile. The rear wall of the sanctuary and the main altar are adorned with columns and a profusion of arabesques in bas-relief, all gilded and painted with beautiful colors representing the patient labor of years. Over the main altar is the statue of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the church, wearing the garb of the Jesuits. Above the image are those of the Blessed Virgin, Saints Peter and Paul, and that of God the Creator. On the side walls are faded pictures of Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Annunciation. Here and there throughout the church are statues of Franciscan saints. The images are of wood and most of them have Indian features in order to appeal better to the natives. The Blessed Virgin, adorned with the wedding dress of the Indian agent's wife and a profusion of ornaments, resembles a fair Indian princess. A door at the front of the church leads you to the choir loft, the walls of which are decorated with the frescoes representing the Holy Family, St. Francis in a fiery chariot, St. Dominic receiving the rosary from the Blessed Virgin, and the four Evangelists. Strewn about the floor are the remains of statues, particularly those of the twelve apostles which formerly had places in niches about the church. Then you climb a narrow stairway hewn out of the thick wall to the belfry where are the old bells which still are used to call the Indians to services. Ascending an outer stairway you find yourself on the roof seventy-five feet above the ground. From here you have a view of the Indian village on the right. A few score of low adobes, outside which are the native women at work making baskets and "ollas." On the left are the green fields of the Santa Cruz valley from which the Papagos gather a living. As you gaze over the great desert beyond this, at the leagues of waste stretching to the mountains of Old Mexico, you cannot help but marvel at the great faith and perseverance of the Padres that prompted them to journey so far from civilization and erect such a magnificent edifice. Then you ask yourself "Why is it we have not heard of San Xavier before?" It is not strange, for there are many people in Arizona who are unaware of its existence. Missions are so common in the west that people are wont to pass them by without visiting them. Attempts have been made to arouse the people of the territory to take interest and give assistance in restoring the church but all were futile. Bishop Granjon of Tucson has undertaken to repair the Mission from his own purse. Within the past year a great improvement has been made. It is to be hoped that he will obtain assistance from the people of Tucson, who should take pride in San Xavier, for it is their greatest treasure.

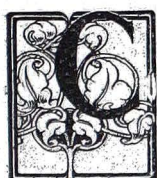
Reluctantly you descend from the tower and follow the dark

stairway to the entrance. Before you depart, the Sisters invite you to visit the school adjoining the church and you are surprised to find nearly a hundred Indian children in the class-rooms. They are delighted to have visitors and are certain to sing for you. If you are fortunate enough to arrive at the noon hour you will enjoy watching them eat their meal of "tortillas" "frijollas" which, judging from the children's healthy appearance, certainly agree with them. The Sisters furnish them with the noon-day meal and very probably this is about all they receive for the day. The Papagos are poor; they are deprived of the support of the Government because they are Catholics. They are the mildest of their race and live in peace among themselves. Their benefactors are the Sisters whom they love and obey. These Indians are faithful to their religion and respond to every call of the Mission bells. I was at San Xavier on the feast of Corpus Christi and was edified to see the old church crowded with Papagos and Mexicans from the ranches miles away. They came before daylight to decorate the repositories in the village and more than six hundred followed the priest in procession. It was an imposing spectacle, these natives with their simple faith following the priest or spreading rich Navajo rugs in front of him and kneeling before the highly decorated tabernacles to receive the benediction on themselves and the fruit of their labors. To reach the outside you must pass through a little room filled with baskets, pottery and curios made by the Papagos. You should purchase a few of them as souvenirs of your visit and to help the Sisters, whose only means of subsistence comes from the sale thereof. Over twenty years they have been laboring among these Indians and have never received the least compensation. They depend on the charity of visitors and on the sale of the little curios but they are laboring not for the earthly reward. Their hearts are in their work, they love the Indians and San Xavier, and their greatest trial would be separation from them. Though they are buried in the desert and seldom see any of their kind, they are contented. It is one of the mysteries of religion. As you return to Tucson, and the towers of the ancient edifice fade in the distance, you feel well repaid for your visit and regret you had not more time to view the wonders of San Xavier del Bac.



THE CATHOLICITY OF PUSEY

J. W. MAGUIRE



CATHOLICS who know of the so-called Oxford or Tractarian movement usually think of the great John Cardinal Newman, as the originator and leader of this great religious revival. It is true that Cardinal Newman was the most prominent of all the religious geniuses who agitated England about the year 1833, but it is quite a mistake to think that he was the originator of the movement. The man who first devised the scheme to arouse England from her disgraceful state of religious apathy, who first saw the weakness of the Anglican church, and tried to build a firm foundation upon which she might stand, upon which foundation most of his followers walked into the one true fold, was Edward Bouverie Pusey. He was the man behind the movement, who organized its forces and imparted energy to it.

Dr. Pusey was born in 1800, one year before the eminent Cardinal Newman. His father, who assumed the name of Pusey, on becoming heir to the large estates of that family, was of Huguenot descent and a strong Protestant. Young Pusey was sent to Eton, the great English school, and after taking every prize went to Christ Church College, Oxford, where in 1822 he took his B. A. with first class honors. He also won the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay, and was elected Fellow of Oriel College. He then went to Germany where he studied philosophy at Heidelberg, and on his return to Oxford took the degrees of Master of Arts, Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, and in 1828 was ordained in the Church of England. The same year he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. From earliest childhood Dr. Pusey seems to have meditated deeply upon religion. In 1827 he met Newman and the two became fast friends. This friendship was so firm that later grave differences could not break it. The condition of the Church of England at this time was, from a religious point of view, extremely bad. The clergy mostly regarded the church as a means of livelihood. The rectors who had good benefices lived as well as they could, and did as little work as possible. Most of them hunted, danced and frequently drank and swore. The curates did the work and received an average salary of fifty pounds a year, and

were generally considered to be little better than genteel beggars. In addition to this, anything that savored of Catholicism was abhorred as the work of the devil. The minister who dared to wear a cassock or surplice invited deposition, or at least a severe reprimand. The Holy Communion was only celebrated about three times a year, and there was a delightful vagueness concerning theological beliefs. All this the new professor of Hebrew saw and much besides, and if it did nothing else, it made him think, and this thinking had fruitful results.

In 1832 Lord Stanley, the prime minister, resolved to suppress several Irish bishoprics and effect other changes, which plainly showed that politicians of the day regarded the church as a creation of the state. This roused Dr. Pusey from his thoughts to action, and gathering around him Newman, Palmer, Keble and others less notable, inaugurated the great Tractarian movement in defense of the doctrine of the church's divine origin, especially the apostolical succession and authority of the bishops. It was hard, however, to arouse much enthusiasm among clergy who looked upon their church as a means to gain an easy livelihood, and among bishops whose highest ambition was to give an air of respectability to a dinner party given by some fast noblemen, and whose knowledge of theology was not nearly as complete as their knowledge of the points of a good horse, or of a brand of wine. The tracts, however, which were published in that greatest of English institutions, "The London Times" roused England from her religious lethargy. She woke up, resurrected old theologies from dusty shelves, began to realize that religion consisted in more than going to church on Sundays and listening to dull sermons, and directed all her eyes and ears towards that great seat of learning—Oxford University.

There were ninety of these tracts, most of which were written by Newman. Dr. Pusey contributed four on fasting and baptism, and one on the "Danger of Ridicule in Religious Matters." The tracts soon attracted the attention of the dignitaries of the Church and State, who looked upon them with universal suspicion, and finally resolved to try and stop them. Accordingly when Newman published "Tract XC," in which he tried to prove that the Thirty-nine Articles could be interpreted in a sense conformable to the Roman Church, the Hebdominal Council promulgated its censure. Pusey defended his friend in a letter to Bishop Wilberforce, but soon after his own sermon on the Real Presence called for the same censure. Several men, among whom was Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, started an agitation for Dr. Pusey's suspension with the result that he was inhibited

from preaching for three years. He then went to the Channel Isles for a time, and introduced into Sark the use of the surplice. The one he wore is still kept there as a relic. When he returned to Oxford he prefaced his first sermon by saying, "God in His infinite wisdom has precluded me from addressing you for three years." Those three years were anxious ones for England. The questions heard on all sides were, "What will Pusey do?" "Will he go to Rome?" "Is the whole of the university going to turn Catholic?" The morning papers were eagerly scanned for any news of Dr. Pusey's doings. During this time, Dr. Newman came out of his temporary obscurity, into which he had retired after the publication of Tract XC, by accepting "the true faith, once for all delivered to the saints." Nothing but the conversion of Dr. Pusey could have shaken England more. One by one, Faber, Oakeley, Morris, the two Wilberforces, Manning and others, the great supporters of the Oxford Movement, became Catholics and Pusey and Keble were left alone. During these years Pusey remained very quiet, but aroused himself once again to stand up for orthodoxy in the celebrated Gorham controversy. Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, refused to institute Dr. Gorham to a rich benefice because he denied baptismal regeneration. It was decided by the Privy Council that this was not a necessary article of belief, despite the fact that the twenty-seventh article of the Thirty-nine Articles strictly lays down the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Dr. Pusey bravely upheld this doctrine, and when it was decided that no one was bound to believe in it, everyone feared that Dr. Pusey would submit to the Pope. Manning became a Catholic at this time, and used all his influence to persuade Pusey to do likewise, but with no avail.

In 1846 Dr. Pusey inaugurated the confessional in the Church of England. His admirers traveled miles to make their confessions to him, and he even used to receive confessions by mail. Hundreds wrote to him for spiritual advice, and he was most careful about answering all these letters. At the request of his daughter Lucy, who died young, he founded the Anglican Order of the Sisters of Charity. After this first convent had been founded, several others rapidly sprang up, all of which were minute copies of similar Catholic institutions. In 1866, when the cholera broke out in London Dr. Pusey took lodgings in the heart of the plague-stricken district and by his example encouraged and helped these noble sisters who were ministering angels in that dreadful scene of squalor and death. Many a dying wretch was cheered and comforted by the learned but kindly, and who will gain say it, holy professor of Hebrew.

In 1828 Dr. Pusey married, but his wife died in 1839, and

after that time he lived a very strict, austere life. He observed the canonical hours, and rigidly kept all fasts and days of abstinence. His appearance was eminently suited to his role. While still a young man he looked old; his countenance attenuated and wrinkled from the austerity of his life and the bent shoulders of a student gave him the appearance of a septuagenarian. He was always grave and serious, and even the under graduates at Oxford never connected a joke with him. He was not an orator, but always drew large audiences. As a scholar he was chiefly eminent, although caring little for literature and art. It was said of him that he knew the writings of the Fathers by heart, and some accused him of thinking in Hebrew. To those who knew him intimately Dr. Pusey's character had a singular charm. He was always kind to those who sought his advice in spiritual difficulties, and was ever ready to sacrifice his own time, comfort and convenience, in order to help those in trouble. His pen was constantly employed, and besides writing many books, found time to look after a large correspondence. His most important works are on "Baptism", "Fasting", and "Sin After Baptism." He also wrote two books on "The Real Presence." None of his books will ever make popular reading, like Cardinal Newman's, as they are too scholarly and interspersed with Latin, Greek and Hebrew quotations. Besides, he did not have the facile and beautiful style of the Oratorian.

Considering the condition of the Church of England in 1830 and what it is today, who will say that Pusey's enterprise was not a noble one? Today the holy communion is celebrated daily in nearly all churches. Vestments are universally worn. No Anglican will deny the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and all the High Church party believes in the Real Presence. Before Pusey's time the Church of England was a church for the rich and elite, but today the Angelican minister works nobly among the poor.

Why Dr. Pusey never became a Catholic is a mystery that will never be solved on this side of the grave. Pius IX once said to him, "Dr. Pusey, you are like the bell that calls people to church, yet never goes inside itself." We cannot accuse him of insincerity or of dishonesty in adhering to the church of his birth. He had no chance of being made a bishop, as he was considered too dangerous a man, and when appointed Professor of Hebrew he had received all the advancement he could hope for. A man of stupendous learning, of great ability and intellect, yet he could not see the light. There was something peculiarly appropriate in the singing of Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," at his funeral. Perhaps when beyond the valley of the shadow of death he saw the light he had been looking for all his

life. It is difficult to think what the full result might have been, if Pusey had become a Catholic, but it is not too much to say that at least a quarter of the people of England would have followed him. Ah! Pusey, what a chance was yours!

Catholics think of Pusey with a little love. He put life into the moribund body of the English Church, and at the same time caused more conversions than any other man. The efforts of his work are felt today in every convert who comes to the true faith from Protestantism. He made Anglican theologians think and pray, and if they only do enough of both they will soon all be Catholics. Protestantism is dying and it will not be long before the Holy Catholic Church will once again be supreme in England. We can not look for the Church of England becoming Catholic in a body, but the number of conversions is rapidly increasing. Protestantism has only lasted about four hundred years and is now in its last gasps.

Catholic Lay Leadership

J. L. O'DONNELL, '08



WE HAVE oft' times heard repeated the old axiom "in union there is strength"; it became a byword with our fore-fathers when they were held beneath the iron heel of a relentless tyrant, its significance was urged upon them by all the mediums of thought; newspapers were wont to depict by adept cartoons their sad ending unless they would unite into one solid mass and as a giant in perfect physical condition, bid defiance to the unjust laws enacted against them and finally break the rod that prodded them on. But of what avail would this unification have been had there been nobody to take the leadership. The Colonies, even though conglomerated into one, would have been as a rudderless ship tossing about on the raging sea, in grave danger of momentarily being dashed to pieces on some treacherous rock. Yes, a leader was necessary, one who could take the helm and guide the ship of state through the storms that threatened her and bring her safely into the port of her destination. The Colonies found such a leader in the person of George Washington. Washington was not only a leader; he was also an organizer, a former. He drew upon all parts of the then settled country for the material for his army.

Various nationalities were represented among the recruits. Their ambitions, customs, language, and manners differed in certain degrees but they were all inspired with a love for liberty and justice. With this foundation to work on Washington, by his perseverance, diligence, and dexterity, moulded this mass of crude material into a well disciplined and formidable army.

My purpose however is not to discourse upon the achievements of military leaders but to show the need today of lay Catholic leadership, the necessity of which we see on all sides of us, especially in the sunny lands of France and Italy. In France, Freemasonry is holding full sway, and dominating by artful devices and crafty means the will of the people. The Masons who today govern France are not in the majority; they do not represent a great part of the people, they are not a large percentage of the population. On the contrary, if number be considered they only make up a meager minority—60,000 Masons out of a population of 40,000,000. But they are thoroughly organized and work harmoniously under competent leadership and hence are able to present a bold front and exercise a powerful control, subjugating hundreds of thousands of Catholics and enacting laws that tend to rob these people of what is nearest and dearest to their hearts—their religion. Conditions in Italy, while not as bad as in France, are rapidly approaching the same stage—the Eternal City itself having for its mayor a Hebrew Freemason. In the last election the Anti-Clericals were elected to office by a number of votes that does not represent even one-fifth of the number of voters. There was absolutely no contest, no resistance, on the part of the Catholic party. Here as in France, the Catholics far outnumber the Anti-Christian element, but they are dormant, they need somebody to arouse them, somebody who can prevail on them to forget the petty and foolish differences that divide them and which in the end will lead both to their own and their country's ruin. "But," to quote the Roman correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal, "the pity of it is that throughout all the length and breadth of the peninsula there is not as far as the eye can see, a single lay man capable of acting as a really competent leader. May God send one soon both to France and Italy."

We have before our eyes palpable examples of what can be accomplished by true lay Catholic leaders, even in the face of the greatest adversity and the strongest opposition. What power, what cunning, what strategy was left unused to obstruct the immortal O'Connell in his fight for Religious Emancipation. All the resources of a wealthy empire, all the intrigues of crafty, shrewd and unscrupulous statesmen were marshalled against

him, but in vain; O'Connell was a consummate leader and he led a people who know how to unite when their religion is at stake. Windthorst in Germany is another Catholic lay-leader to whom Catholicity can look up with pride. If his chief adversary, the Iron Chancellor, has merited world-wide fame, how much more honor and praise are due Windthorst, since it was he who first compelled Bismarck to retreat, and who won for his persecuted brethren in the Fatherland a victory of momentous importance. These men embodied in their lives the highest ideals of virile Catholicity, and they inspired that virility in their fellow-men. By their courage and their zeal no less than by their transcendent genius they have won for the Church freedom of government and worship which is her divine prerogative but of which her enemies are constantly on the alert to deprive her. Such men, I say, are models after which all Catholic laymen should pattern their lives. What a blessing it would be if France and Italy had among their sons of the present time men of this calibre. But not only must we Catholics deplore the lack of sufficient unity and competent leadership in these foreign lands, we must also acknowledge that we ourselves stand in great need of such organization and leadership in our own country. Although things here have not reached the acute stage attained in other parts of the world, and there is little likelihood that they ever will, nevertheless there is growing up among us a spirit of Socialism which in some places has reached the state of anarchy. This has been brought to our notice most strikingly within the last few days when a priest of God was murdered at the altar, struck down by the hand of a blood-thirsty and law hating anarchist, who in all probability had conceived his diabolical idea after reading or listening to the teachings and doctrines of some anarchist organization and hatched the plan of murder and was nerved to its execution within the walls of some socialistic hall, even in the limits of our own city. These clubs and organizations, one of which has chosen for its particular patron that unprincipled wretch, Giordano Bruno, do not confine themselves merely to holding periodical meetings at which they denounce in speech and demonstration our Church and priests, but they have gone so far as to assail our clergy, and all other authority in the most scandalous, approbrious, and denunciatory terms in a red press established by them and we of Chicago have felt the sting of this venomous serpent within the past few days when an attempt was made upon the life of our brave chief of police by a member of one of these clubs. That such conditions should prevail in this country is most lamentable; not only is it a crime against the priest, or a religion or a city, but it is a crime against

society in general and particularly against Catholic society, and it behooves Catholics to be up and doing, to arm themselves with the strength of union and attack and annihilate the enemy of church, state and society. The sword and the bayonet are not necessary to accomplish this; but organizations, clubs and societies under the leadership of patriotic, energetic, competent, and God-fearing Catholic lay men are needed.

It is a belief too prevalent among our Catholic young men who are just out of college, that when they have merely complied with the laws of the church in regard to their spiritual welfare that they have fulfilled their duty. But this is an absolutely false belief; there devolves upon them the duty of taking an active part in upbuilding and protecting the society of which their church is the mother. It is their business to see that efficient means are adopted to eradicate the vice surrounding us; it becomes incumbent upon them to constitute themselves leaders in driving from our midst the disreputable Sunday night dance hall and low saloon with which it is usually connected, and where so many of our young men first learn to feel the enticing temptations of the devil and take their first step on the road to ruin, and what is worse still, where so many of our young women and even girls are taught the first lessons in sin and lose the precious flower of modesty and purity. Of what particular avail will pulpit sermons be in extirpating such evils? Very little indeed. The occasion must be removed and it is the part of your lay Catholics to see that fit laws are enacted and vigorously enforced in order that this may be accomplished.

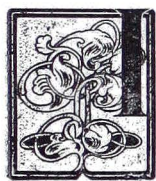
Yes, our Catholic laymen are wont to minimize their duties. They never seem to think that Catholicity should be made a living force in the world, that she should be the prime mover in all social reforms, that her lay sons should be soldiers of Christ in the true sense of the word and fight manfully to uplift the moral, social, and political standard of their country.

But the victory over indifferentism, socialism and anarchy can only be gained by our Catholics living in the world and not by our priests who live out of the world. When we look around us and behold the strength of non-Catholic organizations the truth is brought home to us that we are sadly deficient somewhere, for when we consider the number of lay Catholics in the United States we must acknowledge that our societies and associations are most deplorably undermanned. True, we have some organizations which are growing rapidly and which are doing noble work, among which we find the Knights of Columbus. But there is a crying demand for consolidation of all our organizations. We are in need of energetic leaders to recruit an army capable of con-

quering and subduing the combined forces of vice, graft, and corrupt politics, and of rooting up in its incipency the venomous vine of Socialism ere it entwines itself around the tender lily of true liberty and drag it to the earth.

The High School Fraternity

S. J. MORGAN, '09



IN THESE days of wholesale criticism certain educators have been making use of every effort to rid the high schools and academies of their Greek letter societies, commonly known as "Frats." In their efforts to extirpate this evil, certain of these have even gone so far as to attack the collegiate national fraternity system which forms an inseparable part of American college and university life. These have evidently confounded the college frats with the high school fraternities concerning which it is my purpose to write, for, since the papers are daily teeming with this subject, it will no doubt be of interest to us students, to examine the principles and actions of the high school fraternities and then judge as to whether they should be permitted to exist or ignominiously sink in the slough of public opinion created for the miserable and contemptible. Fraternities undoubtedly have their object in college activity, and although at times their results may be evil, they are wonderfully prolific in yielding good. However, as much may not be said for the high school societies. Their sole proficiency lies in their capacity for absorbing and retaining evil. In the high schools, the societies are an unmistakable annoyance and a nuisance of considerable magnitude. Their sole aim is to ape the college societies, and as most apes they are now suffering the consequences of their monkey-like tactics. I have just said that they desire to ape the college societies but must add that they imitate only their faults.

The high school fraternity is to be condemned for various reasons,—because it has not even a plausible excuse for existence, because it fosters and breeds vicious inclinations in its members, because it subverts the purpose of the high school and tends to develop an ignorant class of men, and last but not least, because it destroys character. It has no good reason for existence. This is a statement which is easily demonstrated. The circumstances in college, which make fraternities essential, do not exist in the

high schools. In the colleges, most of the students are absent from home and naturally seek a congenial place for a boarding house and diversion. The high school pupil does not stand in need of the fraternity house for either of these. The best place for him to seek the gratification of both these wants is under the parental roof. Furthermore, the social functions of fraternity life are better adapted to those in the vigor of lusty manhood than to those progressing from knickerbockers to trousers. In the second place, the high school fraternity tends towards viciousness. Gambling, drinking, and profanity flourish and the houses generally are open all night. The recent decision of the Appellate Court in Chicago, upholding the ruling of the lower court which decided against the societies, stated that the influence of the fraternities is almost totally bad, and that because of their prevailing vitiated condition they should be abolished. Thirdly, it subverts the purpose of the high schools. Anyone would be thought to be foolish, or at least in a state of mental aberration, if he would assert that a student attends high school to idle away his time, making insulting remarks about passersby, and incidentally to tear up the character of everyone in the school. But the high school fraternity members are adepts at these things, as their scholastic and moral records testify. They have the lowest grades in classes and generally try to make things miserable for the sons of poor parents who can not afford to belong to their fraternities. Thus, they are not only fostering idle habits; they are acquiring superficial and supercilious habits which if carried far enough will destroy our American principles of Democracy. Lastly, they destroy character. Mr. Chas. N. French, for fourteen years, principal of Hyde Park High school which embraces seven fraternities, says: "Surely if there is anything that our schools should cherish and upbuild it is manly character, pure, self-sacrificing, and aspiring to the highest things. Yet who that has seen the chapter house, open day and night, with its tobacco and profanity, and too often orgies lasting into the small hours, can fail to see a vicious influence which tends to ruin those who participate, and just as certainly to spread its contagion through the body of the school, which cannot avoid moral deterioration as long as it cherished such plague spots in its midst. Evil as is their influence upon the school as an institution, their influence upon their individual members is more marked and more quickly eventuated into a moral and intellectual decline. I have seen pureminded, earnest, and promising boys transformed into shallow, disreputable loafers, with their only bright promise gone and the morning of their lives hopelessly eclipsed."

Having viewed these fraternities from a social and moral standpoint, it would no doubt be well to cite an instance in reference to their religious tendencies. Two years or so ago the O. K. Pi fraternity of Hyde Park High School were preparing a play which was a lampoon and burlesque on the Irish race. One of their number, who was supposed to be a clever cartoonist, was directed to arrange a caricature which was to be copied and placed on placards. To the intense indignation of the Catholics of the district, who procured an injunction to stop it, a picture of an Irish woman standing by a wash-board, beneath a portrait of the Madonna and child, was printed. This so-called clever cartoon had been the talk of the 'frat' members for the preceding week and the delight with which they received it only shows the vitiated and tarnished state of their moral faculties, if they possessed any.

In view of all these things the Board of Education of the City of Chicago, in its meeting of January 10th, of this year, voted to abolish secret societies in the high schools of Chicago. Besides abolishing the societies, it was decided that all members of the fraternities be suspended, which is equivalent to expulsion, the former term being used only as a matter of safety in future legal cases. This vote, however, was not unanimous. One member voted against it, saying: "In my opinion there will be a re-organization independent of the high schools." And this is exactly what has occurred at Hyde Park and several other schools. They are taking the fight to the Supreme Court and it is their intention to organize independently if defeated there. In making this fight they will have the sympathy of none save themselves. The college fraternities have, through their refusal to accept high school frat men as members, gone on record against these eyesores. It may be that the board can successfully combat and conquer this growing evil and exercise a new influence, through the formation of democratically organized clubs, and indeed, this plan has been found feasible. One thing however looms through all these facts. The fraternity members are in need of sharp and strong discipline. When this is given, it will be found that the cities which have administered the antidote will possess the best schools; they will have a better and more democratic class of men; the moral proclivities of its students will incline toward the right; in general, it will be found, that both the students and schools will each year grow better and better, producing good results, until at some not far distant date the citizens of each city will have some excellent products to show as the effect of their present exorbitant taxation.

A BRAINSTORM EXPLOIT

F. RYAN, '11



IMPSON sat smoking a clear Havana in his elaborate rooms at the Waldorf. He had a great reputation among the fashionable people of New York for his collection of rare and priceless gems. It was his hobby to travel the world over gathering these glittering fortunes regardless of their cost.

Whenever any famous person visited New York he always visited Simpson's gem collection. On this particular day while Simpson sat smoking, there came a hurried knock on his door. Simpson opened the door to confront a wild-eyed stranger, who tried to talk so fast that he could not be understood. Simpson was about to ring for the house attendants, when the stranger fell onto the sofa as if he had fainted. Simpson immediately dashed water into his face, which revived him. This fainting spell seemed to calm him, for he began to talk more intelligently. "Your life is in great danger," gasped this stranger, "for a body of anarchists are going to kill you; you being the heir to the English throne."

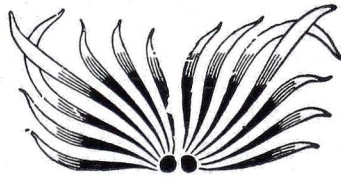
Simpson was at once convinced that this man must be crazy and he was about to call for assistance when he was interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps in the hall and then his door was opened by several excited men, dressed in the garb of asylum keepers. At the sight of these men the stranger made a lunge at Simpson and would have grabbed him by the throat had not the other men interfered. "Be quiet, George," said their leader, who was dressed as a doctor, "and you shall have all the gems in the world."

"This man has just escaped from my private sanitarium on Thirty-first street and we have arrived just in time to save you from being injured," he whispered to Simpson.

The wild-eyed individual made another attempt to reach Simpson, and it seemed as if he would succeed, for he was possessed of superhuman strength, but his guards finally handcuffed him. The one who appeared to be the doctor then turned to Simpson and said, "You had better go into the adjoining room while we manage to get this fellow quiet, for your presence seems to agitate him."

Simpson wanted to thank the doctor for his timely assistance, but the latter bade him hurry into the next room. As soon as Simpson passed into the next room the one who looked like a doctor quickly slipped a key from his pocket into the door of the room into which Simpson had just passed and turned the lock. The rest of the men, after removing the handcuffs from the one who had appeared to be insane, began to collect all the valuables in the room, among these Simpson's priceless gems. They went about so methodically that the once glittering room was bare in a few minutes. The contents of the room were then placed in several large suit cases which one of the men magically brought forth. The one who had assumed the role of doctor then spoke to Simpson through the keyhole. "You had better wait until we have the lunatic outside before you come into this room for he may feel your presence at a great distance and become irrational again." Simpson consented to wait, but when he finally succeeded in getting out he found that he had been very cleverly robbed.

This account never reached the police, for Simpson had a dread of being laughed at.



THE VIATORIAN

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

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Locals—D. McAULIFFE, '09.

Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed. Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIALS.

Although liberty and license, freedom and the abuse thereof, are as antithetical as black and white, or truth and falsehood, there seems to be a great tendency to confound them. Freedom is now interpreted by many, as the right to do anything and everything we please regardless of the rights of others. This is the kind of freedom that the anarchists are clamoring for, and because they do not get it they think that they are being denied the rights accorded them by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Poor deluded fools. Do they imagine that the government should furnish them fire-brands wherewith they may burn everything that meets their gaze? They say that our government is a tyrannical oppressor, because they are not allowed to disseminate their venomous doctrines of free thought, free love, free robbery, and even free murder. As a sample of what could be heard on every side, could the

anarchists obtain what they called freedom of speech, we take the following from a diabolical utterance of E. McIntosh, delivered in Chicago. Among other things he said: "My mother was a liar when she taught me to be honest and not to steal and rob. The preacher was a ——— liar when he told me to believe in God. They are all liars. The whole of society is a mass of liars." And this is what they call liberty of speech, this unnatural and blasphemous abuse of everything human and divine. We all love freedom; it is in the air, but let us not allow our pure American atmosphere to be poisoned by allowing such demons as McIntosh, Goldman and the rest, to exhale upon it their noxious breath.



The ever-onward triumphal march of Catholicity seems to be a matter of some apprehension for our protestant friends.

**Cause for
Alarm.**

They are becoming alarmed at the number that is abandoning the ranks of protestantism to embrace the saving doctrines of God's true Church. Protestant leaders openly proclaim that their religions have failed to perform their missions. Bishop Vincent of Indianapolis, lately addressing his brother-Methodists, said: "We need keep a sharp lookout for the Church of Rome. The most acute, the most persistent, the most ingenious, the most faithful set of men and women in this country today are the priests and nuns of the Roman Catholic Church. They are busy every day and everywhere with the purpose of bringing up a race of loyal Catholics." He sounds this as a note of warning, but does he think that he can in anyway retard the progress of the Church, by giving this alarm? If so, he is sadly mistaken and doomed to bitter disappointment. Each succeeding day strengthens the ranks of Catholicism, while it weakens those of protestantism. Let us not forget the duties that we owe to these converts that daily increase our number. We owe them the benefit of our good example; we must be for them the living examples of the doctrines of our holy religion; we must show them what Catholicism really means, and what its mem-

bers really are. If we have the interest of our holy mother Church at heart, we will do what we can to edify our new allies, and to lead others to the one true fold.



The New World is to be congratulated on its good fortune of once more having as its editor Mr. Chas. O'Malley. As a writer of editorials Mr. O'Malley is a peer among peers, and he is also a poet of well-known ability. In obtaining Mr. O'Malley as its editor, the New World is fortunate in securing a man of unswerving fidelity to principles of the loftiest species. He will stand unflinchingly for the truth, and let those whose bigotry and narrow scope of mind get the better of them, beware of his just vengeance. What Catholics in America, in France, in fact all over the world, need today are hundreds of just such men as Mr. O'Malley; men who will firmly stand for their convictions, come what will; men who will not be guided by what other people will say, but who will listen only to that inner voice which will surely guide them aright. Catholicity is at present advancing with a rapid stride, but with such men as these her pace will be doubly fast. We students, whose opportunities are many, should not be satisfied to follow; we should prepare ourselves to lead. There are many who will follow, but Catholic leaders are first needed.

PERSONALS.

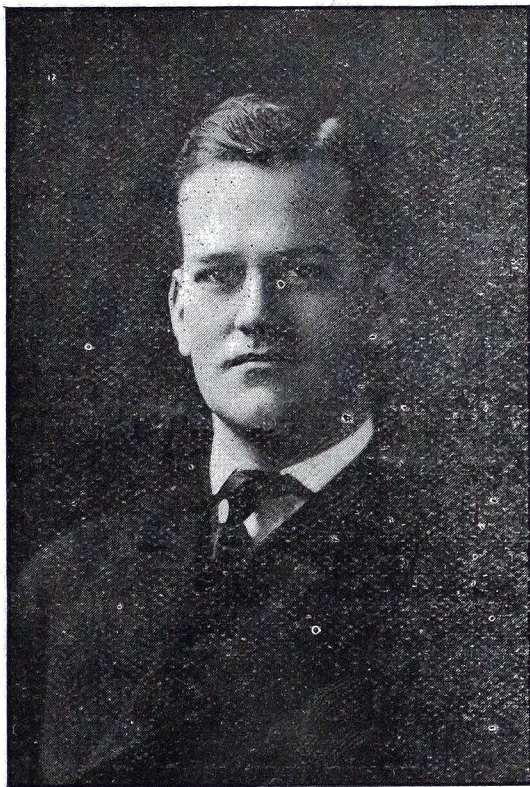
Revs. J. H. Nawn, E. Bourget and J. Lamarre are spending their furlough in Europe. During the holy week the Rev. Fathers expect to be present at the services in St. Peter's, Rome.

P. Murphy was among the K. of C. visitors at the college recently.

On Wednesday, April 22, Mr. Bernard O'Connor and Miss Martha Cozeneuve were united in marriage in St. Claire's Chapel, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.

It is always a source of great pleasure for Alma Mater to hear of the achievements of her sons, especially along intellec-

tual lines. The latest alumnus to display his talents to the people of Kankakee was Mr. Terrence B. Cosgrove B. A., '04., M. A., '06. now an attorney in Danville, Ill. It was at the banquet in Kankakee, on March 29, given by the Knights of Columbus of St. Viateur's Council, that Mr. Cosgrove delighted his audience. In the absence of Hon. T F. Donovan, who was to respond to a toast, Mr. Cosgrove was called upon to give a talk and amid the applause of a number of former schoolmates and professors he



Terrence B. Cosgrove B. A., '04, M. A., '06.

rose to his task. To say that he succeeded would be putting it mildly. He immediately claimed the attention of every person in the huge hall and treated them to the finest impromptu speech heard in Kankakee in years. His words of enthusiastic admiration for Catholic colleges, and especially for St. Viateur's, were sincere and forceful, coming as they did from one who has had the privilege of studying at different institutions. His sentiments were noble and inspiring, his words simple and appropriate, while the pleasing force and energy of his delivery recalled the days when "Terry" was our foremost debater. He spent the next day pleasantly at the college. We need not wish Mr. Cosgrove success; we feel that we need only wait awhile and then we will be kept busy recording his achievements.



Exchanges



One of the striking innovations of the March exchanges, and one which calls forth our admiration, is the controversy waged between **Niagara Index** and the erratic and abusive **Spectator** of Columbus, Ohio. To even the casual reader, who is not in sympathy with either cause, it is at once apparent that the attempts of the **Spectator** to prove the charges it prefers against the Catholic Church are palpably weak and lack the strong, clear and forceful logic which characterizes the reply of the **Index**. Its "proofs" consist mostly in gratuitous assertions or in quotations from some obscure writer, hence they have little weight. To some it may seem regrettable that such controversies enter into these journals and that practically the entire **Index** of March 15th was of necessity utilized in the answer, but it seems that such encounters are inevitable, and will continue to arise until certain non-Catholic magazines acquire a more wholesome regard for the truth. It is pleasing to note that the **Index** more than held its ground; for which offense it will probably "suffer" the same fate as did the **Viatorian** some three years ago in a similar controversy with the **Spectator**—the latter will probably scratch it off the list as an "undesirable exchange." We congratulate the **Index** upon its victory and particularly upon the fair, square and gentlemanly treatment accorded to its opponent.

The chief attraction offered in the **S. V. C. Index** for March is the second installment of "The Dragon," begun in the February number. Although devoid of all dialogue it nevertheless holds the reader's attention through the rich display of imagination and the clever narration of the tale. It is unusually long for a college paper and would have gained much through the introduction of conversation, but as it is, Mr. Kiley is to be congratulated on his effort. "Some Facts of Irish Literature" is true to its name and serves very well for reference but contains little of literary excellence. The same might be said of the "Life of William Shakespeare," which is merely a compendium of prominent dates in the immortal bard's life with a surmise as to the dates on which his plays were written. To say the least, the article is of little value, since it contains nothing more than may be found on the shelves of every library of any pretensions; It

is as trite as its name implies and fails to make known or develop the interesting phases in the playwright's life. But this is not all. The article abounds in puerile passages more suitable to the high school journals than to a college or university production, as the following passage testifies: "While in the country, Shakespeare studied birds, flowers and trees, and he also had a little knowledge of horses and dogs." Which statement proves conclusively that the illustrious William S. was not lacking in versatility but adds little to the excellence of the essay. We hope the next number of the **Index** will show great improvement and make amends for the mediocre number at hand.

From personal experience we are acquainted with the difficulty of procuring worthy or even presentable stories for publication and our greatest efforts to arouse the dormant novelists have reaped little reward. But the March **Fleur De Lis** has evidently discovered a happy plan for filling its pages with clever and interesting fiction by introducing the "Apollinaris Club." Despite its name, this club is in no way affiliated with the "local option" party (the **Fleur De Lis** is published in St. Louis) but is composed of a number of congenial fellows who make merry over Apollinaris and euchre. The story is the joint production of four writers whose combined work gives an interesting account of the history and happenings of the club. We found the story very interesting and hope the young men will continue to present these characters to us in future issues. "A Labyrinthine Way," which gives the impressions the "Scarlet Letter" made upon the writer, shows diligent research and much greater ability for criticising than is commonly found in college journals. The writer enthusiastically pronounces the Scarlet Letter, "the masterpiece of American fiction," and though at first we might refuse to agree with him, still a careful perusal of the reasons he sets forth, together with his presentation of the traits of the different characters and the great moral the book inculcates, cause us to alter our opinion and perceive the hidden value of the work. The entire **Fleur De Lis** speaks well for the energy and originality of the editors.

The old adage that looks are often deceiving is forcibly impressed upon the reader who first looks * through and then reads the **St. John's Record**. We have always been somewhat awed by the unattractive and solemn appearance of the **Record** but after diligently reading the March issue we pronounce it an excellent journal, worthy of a better makeup than it now receives. "The Root of our Present Evils" bewails the prevalence of crime in the United States and with the aid of statistics proves that through

a comparison of the number of homicides in our country and Germany, the latter is "twenty-five times more civilized than the United States." It is an exceedingly well-written essay which portrays the disastrous effects of the Reformation and private judgment, while on the other hand it shows the great powers of the Catholic Church for preserving and increasing morality. Those who delight in ridiculing the spring poets and other species of lovers of the muse should read the article entitled, "On the Value of Poetry in Everyday Life." "Truly," as one of our editors remarked after examining the **Record** and the names enrolled on its staff, "the **Record** reads like a page from Schiller."

***St. John's Record** and **The Loretto Crescent** spell it "thru."

MUSINGS OF DADDY DAN.

—The milk of human kindness is frequently condensed.

—Whilst poets take in the beauties of nature frequently their wives take in washing.

—Truth is stranger than fiction, but some people are stranger than both.

—As in bowling, so in the game of life, many roll in the gutter.

—Set your expectations at naught and you will be agreeably surprised.

—Many a student who claims to be looking for knowledge, looks the other way.

—It isn't the hen that cackles the loudest that lays the largest egg.

—To many youths the greatest heroes dwell between the covers of dime novels.

—Collars and cuffs may keep you in fashion but not in refinement.

—To walk correctly one must sometimes be out of step with a large company.

—Where everyone minds his own business and keeps his mouth shut—the graveyard.

—Some people are born miserable, some have misery thrust upon them, and some are students in the spring time.



Athletic Notes



Baseball.

The long awaited opening of the baseball season is now at hand and within the next two weeks Capt. Conway's bunch of stars will be well on the way to mid-season form. The long, wearied grind in the cage has tired them and it was with great satisfaction that early in the month the work was transferred to Bergin Field. There is no letup in the daily two hours of practice and the men are rapidly arising to the scratch and coming around in fine mettle. It is safe to say that the team this year is composed of the best of college material in the country. Hard, consecutive work by Bachant has cinched the catching position for him. His work so far proclaims him equal to anything St. Viateur's has produced for the pivotal position in recent years. He is a handy man with the stick, and his work as catcher shows coolness, brains and baseball ability. Stack and Shiel will do stunts in the twirling line. "Eddie" has added some new breakers to his already big repertoire and claims his "knuckle-ball" will tease every aspiring batter. Shiel also has a few benders of his own and expects to fool the batters as of yore. O'Connell has cinched the initial sack and it is safe to predict that the big boy will make an ideal first sacker. Berry at second continues to improve. He has picked up in his batting and manages to keep all grounders from getting by. He is expected by all to constellate around that sack. Mahoney is a fixture at short. He knows the game from A to Z and has demonstrated his ability in former years. "Al" McCarthy is doing active work at the far corner. He is an old hand at the game and his work can scarcely be improved upon. In the field there is little question of positions. Capt. Conway will occupy his chair in left garden as formerly. "Pat" Legris, by his past work, has placed an indisputable claim to the center pasture. "Sol" McCarthy, last year's back-stop, is gathering in the balls in the right demesne with all the brilliancy that won for him the title of "Sol." He is the Hoffman of the team. For the substitute position Slattery, Coss, and Nourie, are all displaying good form and at this date the writer is unable to do the Columbus stunt in naming the lucky man. The team as chosen contains nine veterans who have all earned their V through stellar work on the diamond. Manager Kelly has planned an extensive schedule for the team. It embraces all the teams of any ability in the Central states. Handicapped as he

was through the refusal of the "Big Eight" to play any but conference teams, he has displayed enough executive talent to enable him to announce the best schedule ever afforded local fans. Besides the pre-season games with Kankakee and Momence, and several games for which he is at present dickering, the schedule is as follows:

April 25—Armour Institute at Bergin Field. **S.V.C. 6 - A. I. 5.**
 May 2—Lake Forest University at Bergin Field.
 May 8—Knox College at Bergin Field. **S.V.C. 6 - Knox 4.**
 May 15—Monmouth College at Monmouth.
 May 16—Knox College at Galesburg.
 May 18—DePaul University at Chicago.
 May 19—Monmouth College at Bergin Field.
 May 22—Minnesota University at Bergin Field.
 May 25—Beloit College at Beloit, Wis.
 May 26—Armour Institute at Chicago.
 May 27—Lake Forest University at Lake Forest.
 May 28—St. Ignatius' College at Chicago.
 May 29—St. Louis University at Bergin Field.
 May 30—St. Louis University at Bergin Field.
April 30 ~~June 1~~—St. Ignatius' College at Bergin Field. **How 10 - 3**

As this is about the best treat ever offered in the baseball line in these regions, the rooters should show their encouragement and loyalty to the team and Alma Mater by putting the "Kibosh" on the anvil chorus, by offering as good goods in the rooting line as "Kell" has shown in the managerial function. This can only be done by consistent and organized rooting, by thorough moral support and by a vigorous appreciation of the efforts of the nine. If this is done the team of 1908 will be all to the violet in the race for Western College baseball honors.

Although the basketball is under key, and the suits in the hands of the cleaners, any inference as to violation of a rule, technical or otherwise, by St Viateur's, is justly resented. Hence the desire to correct a statement in the athletic column of the "Purple and White". St. Viateur's, it is true, used nine men in the game against Spalding (which is nobody's business as the captain reserves the right to place his men), but it is a vile canard to state that a man had to re-enter the game in order to continue play. Time was taken out for a man (which is in accordance with the rules) but no sharp eyes were needed to see that the same man minus the claret entered the game. St. Viateur's is

not accustomed to violate any rule or the spirit of the rules, and this hyperbolic vision of a double seeing scorer is to be regretted. Hence this explanation.

The second team is rapidly rounding into form, and a series of games is being arranged with surrounding towns, such as St. Mary's, Black Rocks, Kankakee, Bradley Greys, St. Anne, St. George, Manteno and other teams of like caliber. As yet no captain has been chosen, nor has the team been selected, but the middle of the month should doubtless witness the Reserves attempting to lower the Varsity colors. Last year's Varsity suits have been tendered to the Reserves' manager and a hot struggle between the candidates ought to result for the honor of wearing them.

The Junior and Minim teams have reorganized and exciting games are a daily occurrence on their respective athletic fields. The Junior team opened their season auspiciously on March 29th by defeating a team from Kankakee, 10 to 8, after eleven innings of exciting play. Harrison and Legris were in the points for the Juniors.

Minims Against Champions.

It was with the deepest interest that a large crowd of students gathered to see the final struggle of the Minims as they played their last scheduled game for championship. The victims were the Hamilton Park boys of Chicago, who went down in an overwhelming defeat by a score of 30 to 13. However, we must give them the credit of being exceedingly speedy and tricky players, but they were unfortunate in throwing baskets. The Minims, on the other hand, besides speed and team work, had the great faculty of dropping the ball in the basket at almost every attempt. If the Minims have made themselves a champion team, it is greatly due to the clever coaching of Bro. St. Aubin, as well as to their own untiring and constant efforts. The same spirit and pluck that animated them last fall when they carried off the football honors, were exhibited throughout the basketball season. They were possessed with that ambitious spirit that told them never to give up until the whistle in the last half had bade them desist. Scarcely a day passed that did not see them practicing. We congratulate them on their success, and we hope that their baseball team will not fall short of the glory with which they have already crowned themselves. The squad was composed of the following men: C. Parker and L. Jacobi, forwards; A. Ralston, J. Schaefer and J. Williams, centers; G. Lyons, J. Boyle, A. Gunderlach and H. Tiffany, guards. Space will not permit us to

give an individual appreciation of the players; suffice it to say they all exhibited that gameness that characterizes a winning team. Besides their scheduled games, several others were played which will not be mentioned here. It is hardly necessary to add that these latter were all victories. The scores of the scheduled games are as follows:

Dec.	16,	at College,	Minims	18;	Ex-Minims.....	6
"	19,	" Kankakee,	"	16;	Y. M. C. A.....	19
Jan.	9,	" College,	"	24;	Small Juniors.....	9
"	11,	" "	"	14;	Y. M. C. A.....	9
"	16,	" Kankakee,	"	17;	"	16
"	21,	" College,	"	14;	Small Juniors.....	9
"	23,	" Kankakee,	"	19;	Y. M. C. A.....	10
Feb.	1,	" College,	"	18;	"	16
"	8,	" Kankakee,	"	19;	"	20
"	10,	" Kankakee,	"	10;	"	12
"	19,	" College	"	12,	"	10
"	22,	" "	"	22,	"	14
Mar.	26,	" Chicago	"	21,	Hamilton Pk.....	31
Apr.	4,	" College	"	30,	"	13
Total - - - - -				254		194

Alumni.

Arthur Pepin, student '05, of Escanaba, Mich., cannot remain away from the enticing charms of Illinois. He is now in Chicago, where he has obtained a good position with the Commonwealth Edison Co. We hope that Arthur may be in line when the promotions are "dished out."

Patrick Connor, student '99, was on the college premises a few days ago admiring the improvements of Alma Mater. He skilfully avoided an interview, but we learned that he is employed in the offices of the Rock Island railroad in Chicago.

Phillip Collette, student '05, is poring over the tomes of Blackstone, in the law school connected with Valparaiso University.

Michael McGinnis, Com. '05, of Union Hill, was recently elected president of the A. O. H. of Reddick, Ill. Since leaving St. Viateur's "Mike" has proved himself to be a school teacher of no mean ability.

Another one of our boys, James Maher, was present at the K. of C. initiation and took a prominent part in the exemplification of the third degree, as those who went in from here, expecting and hoping for leniency on the part of our old Alumnus, can

testify. Mr. Maher also spoke at the banquet in the evening. His subject was: "The Catholic Knight as an American Citizen." We would be delighted to see more of Mr. Maher and extend him an invitation to call oftener.

Joe Finnegan, student '05, was down lately and is looking fine. Joe is traveling for a Chicago clothing house.

Pete Wahl, student '05, was another one of our boys who put in an appearance lately. "Foxy" is loyal in attending Alma Mater when there is any thing doing.

Arthur Slattery, '07, recently employed in Milwaukee, has returned to his home in Clarksville, Tenn., to take charge of his father's business during the latter's illness.

John Sweeney, student '05, has been promoted on the Chicago police force. He is now patrol driver and promises to take good care of any of our boys should they "get in wrong."

The Alumni Editor would be pleased to receive communications from any of our old students.

Wm. McKenna, '07, student at Kent College of Law, writes that he is trying to get some of "our" old boys interested in a scheme of his. It is a novel idea of Bill's, that of giving the Varsity a reception on their arrival at Chicago during the present season. It will be something new, but with such a tireless worker as Bill pushing it along, we know it will be successful.

Obituary.

We chronicle with sorrow the death of Mrs. Kelly of Ashland, Ky., and we extend sincere condolences to Mr. John Brady, a grandson, and all the bereaved relatives.

The death of Mr. Joseph Turk occurred on March 29th, and the funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of the Lake. Rev. Joseph Casey celebrated the requiem mass over the remains. Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., represented the college faculty at the obsequies.

LOCALS.

—Stunk again.

—So long; I'll see myself later.

—Mawgan, you unholy liaw.

—Then they met the Sallies from Jerusalem.

—Queer isn't it, that a horse eats best when there is not a bit in his mouth?

—The parents of many of the juniors should be thankful because the bowling alley managers furnish their sons with pin money.

—He makes a noise like a whangdoodle howling in the umberous shade of a utilis syllabub tree.

—Ryan—(to Bill, who sits down immediately after reaching the table): "Say, ain't you going to wait for grace?"

Bill: "Don't be so smart. I don't know no girls around this country."

—Country Cousin: "Come and visit us during the husking bees."

City Cousin: "Quit you'r kiddin'. I'm wise; they never husk bees."

—Shorty: "I saw a very touching tragedy today."

Con: "Impossible."

Shorty: "Yes, Bunk tried to borrow a dollar, but didn't get it."

—Poet: "Here's a poem entitled 'Amid the Fire'—"

Editor: "Well, just leave it there, and shut the door."

—Whom you do, do well, or they may recover and well—.

—Teacher: "Who were the Minute Men?"

Junior: "They must have been soldiers without sweethearts to bid good-bye."

—A Grouch: "You said you'd sure give me a fit with this suit."

Tailor: "Judging from your looks I think you have it."

—Jim: "Somethin' the matter with the machine?"

Bill: (under the auto) "No I just got under to keep out of the rain."

—Sadone: "Poor man, he done many good things in his life."

Goldbrick: "Evidently, I was one of them."

—Turky: "Have you another cigar, like the one you gave me yesterday?"

Berry: "Did you like it?"

Turky: "No, but it will help me to swear off."

—Taylor: "What is considered most essential in writing a book?"

Rohdy: "A publisher."

—I remember, I remember
The town where I was born,
The little city where the bars
Were open night and morn';
The hangers-on around the door
A red-nosed, thirsty tribe
They tell me now that they are gone
The town has voted dry.
The preachers forced a vote and knocked
Them higher than the sky;
They tell me that the hangers-on
Are scattered and forlorn
And that I wouldn't know the town
The town where I was born.

—A fellow whose front name was Dinny
Got sweet on a fairy named Minnie.
When he asked for her mit
Her dad on him lit—
On his tombstone there's now written "Ninny."

—There once was a lad named Ledoux
Who thought that from school he'd skidoux
Then a freight he did hop
But was caught by a cop
And he started to cry boo houx. P. J. C.

Epitaph.

A leg of Con's lies buried here.
Pause stranger; pause and shed a tear,
We're waiting for the rest to light
He tried to thaw some dynamite.

—The spring poetry bug will get you if you don't watch out. We have evidence that he is working in this locality at present, from the following which was picked up in the yard and must have been blown from somebody's window:

Her eyes are like the dawn of day,
Her smile would daze the sanest man,
Her teeth like pearls from Oyster Bay,
Her style the best in Michigan.
To learn her name I'll go the limit,
Her friend from Kank will not be in it,
I'll make her love me too, gol-ding it,
The old church bell will loudly ring it.

Widermans!

What is it makes the man feel good?
What pierces through his pate of wood?
What itches underneath his hood?
What thoughts help make his merry mood?

Widermans!

What is it fills his brain with joy
And helps rejuvenate the boy?
What is it swells the "hoy polloy?"
Who was it said "L'Etat c'est moi"?

Widermans!

What brew is made in Ohio,
That makes a certain student blow
Its virtuous tonic, high and low,
To men who hail from Chicago?

Widermans!

Try These on the Piano.

There was a young lad at So. Haven
Who thought he'd go in a bathin'
A crab caught his toe,
Nor wouldn't let go
And set the poor fellow a ravin.'

To school came a lad from Perew,
When he arrived he felt kinda' blew;
"The boys tease me so"
He said, "Guess I'll blo'"
So back to Perew then he flew.

There was a young lad called O'Rourke,
Who haled from the county of Courke;
He grew rather tall,
Six and a half feet in all;
He was given the cognomen "Stourke."

P. J. CURLEY.

Spring.

D. McAuliffe 'og.

The day is warm and passing fair,
The sky is blue and deep,
The smell of spring is in the air,
The roomers are asleep.
The pupils they their work will shirk
Their books they cast aloft,
The prefect's wearing every day
The frown that won't come off.
To tell the truth 'tis passing strange
What subtle poisons lurk
In joyous spring to disarrange
The strict routine of work.
It is as if the world had ceased
Its mad pursuit for fame,
And finds in "dolce far niente's" bower
The simple life that's tame.

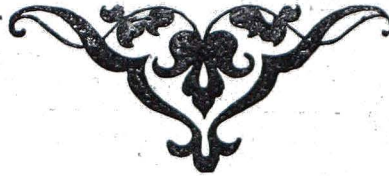


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