

XXII
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FAC ET SPERA.

TO VERY REVEREND M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

One light keeps many mariners from the shoals—
So does thy useful life full many guide
That they may struggle on and breast the tide,
Doing the right with firm and fearless souls.

Thus gauged thy useful years by deeds, not days,
And hence immeasurable; every deed
A light some wandering voyager will need
To guide him home, by safe and surest ways.

Thy work then to inspire young minds to know,
With wills to seek, and lips to speak the truth;
To grace the times with honest, active youth,
To spread thy influence in bright careers
And bless the world. God grant thee many years,
And may each year with happiness o'erflow.

W. J. C. '07.

FATHER MARSILE AS PRIEST.

When I was asked to write a sketch of Father Marsile as priest I experienced the contrary feelings of pleasure and pain. To pay my tribute of respect, however feeble or inadequate, to this high-minded, great-souled, enlightened and zealous priest, who has exercised such a profound and far reaching influence upon thousands of young men, is a privilege which I would not deny myself. But the consciousness of my utter inability to treat such a theme worthily was a source of painful anxiety and shrinking dread. I am fully persuaded that no man, below the first order of genius, can rightly unfold the beauty of character, the nobility of purpose, the uplifting power and lasting influence of a great priest like Father Marsile. It cannot be difficult then, to imagine what my feelings were upon undertaking this agreeable but difficult task.

I shall pass over the early life of Father Marsile with the single reflection that it was a worthy and fitting preparation for the great life-work to which he was destined. He was surrounded by the sweetest home influences. His young mind was attuned to the beauties of nature by the pastoral scenes of his childhood, and his young heart was early made to feel the sweet charming and winning power of righteous conduct by the fostering care of a devoted, christian mother. It is here we find the elements out of which the poet-priest was fashioned. The immense forests of his native Canada sang solemn anthems to the awakening soul of the young Marsile; the majestic St. Lawrence, as it rolled its mighty flood of waters to the sea, had a message of power and grandeur for him; the gigantic Rockies, towering into azure blue, filled his young soul with awe and reverence. Wherever he turned his eyes, nature spread before him her inspiring pages.

While the manifestation of nature's power and beauty charmed the mind and warmed the heart of the young Marsile, the display of beauty and power, the traces of ruin and destruction in the moral order drew him irresistibly to consecrate his whole being to the momentous interests of the moral life. Therefore he became a priest.

Although men differ widely in their opinions and hold convictions which are irreconcilable, yet there are certain fundamental

principles upon which all are agreed. No matter what scientific school men may follow or what theories they may adopt to explain physical phenomena, they are all agreed that the material elements of the universe are held together by the great laws of nature. No one doubts that if these important laws were seriously impaired in their operation, some great catastrophe would occur. It is conceded that it can never be well with us physically unless we harmonize our lives with the laws of our material being; that any wide departure from these laws means death.

The same thing is equally true in the moral order. No matter what a man's religious convictions may be: no matter what system of doctrine he may embrace, he cannot fail to recognize that the social, civic and religious elements of the world are held together by the great, underlying, moral forces; that it can never be well with us socially, politically, or religiously unless our lives are ordered in accordance with the laws of our moral being. No form of government, however excellent; no social organization, however praiseworthy; can save a nation which is not moral, from inevitable ruin.

It is because Father Marsile has such a clear and vivid apprehension of these great moral truths that he is such a powerful moral teacher. In fact I have been merely restating a few of the principles which I have frequently heard him enunciate and develop in their bearing upon the individual and society. It always appeared to me that one of the remarkable features of his preaching was the striking analogies he pointed out, existing between the moral and physical orders. It was a frequent reflection of his that as both orders have God for their author and man for their immediate end, they must have stamped upon them the traces of this two-fold identity. There can be no antagonism between the various works of God. Infinite wisdom knew how to harmonize the physical and moral, the material and the supernatural, nature and grace.

How far Father Marsile would accept these views which I am ascribing to him I cannot say. I am merely relating the impressions he produced upon my own mind during the years I was privileged to hear his instructions. He seemed to have ever present to his mind the solemn warning of St. Paul— "The wages of sin is death." He labored to impress upon our youthful minds that the death of which

St. Paul spoke, comprehended the whole man. It meant especially the everlasting death of the soul in the life to come, but it meant also the death and destruction of all that is best and sweetest in this present life. Holy scripture, theology, philosophy, history and experience were made to elucidate the great truth he was trying to bring home to us.

I have never known a man who had, in a more eminent degree, what Cardinal Newman calls a "real apprehension" of the moral world. It always seemed to me that the physical universe was not more palpable to his bodily senses than was the moral world to his heart and mind. It was not merely a set of abstract principles about which one might speculate or theorize, but an ever present reality which he saw clearly and felt deeply. Hence his preaching was always characterized by warmth, and at times, vehemence of utterance, by a sincerity and intensity of conviction which were irresistible in their grandeur and power. When Father Marsile was at his best, I have always regarded him as one of the most eloquent and persuasive preachers I have ever heard. I have listened to him on many special occasions when he was engaged to preach, but never have I heard him do himself complete justice except when he was addressing his "dear boys" in the college chapel. Those who have never been privileged to hear him when addressing that cherished audience can form but a very imperfect idea of the man's commanding power and storm-like eloquence. To them he has consecrated the best energies of his life, and they seem to inspire in him a depth and energy of thought, a power and ardor of utterance which he attains at no other time.

Another feature of his preaching was, what I may call, a generous confidence in the intelligence of his hearers. No truth was so profound, no train of thought so lofty that he feared to present it to the consideration of his students. He seemed to have an undoubting confidence that he could elevate their minds to his own plane of ideas. The thought never occurred to him apparently, that he might be "talking over the heads" of his young audience. I believe this confidence sprang from his innate power to elucidate the highest truths with such a wealth of illustration from nature, history and experience that it could not fail to be clear and easy of apprehen-

sion. So far as my own experience extends, I can bear him the testimony that he was rarely mistaken in his judgment.

But Father Marsile was never satisfied with merely inculcating the precepts of morality. He sought to employ the means which would insure the application of these precepts in the daily lives of his students. For, he contended, just as in the natural order there are many forces upon which physical life and growth are dependent, so also in the moral order are there elements of destruction and construction. As the fairest and most fruitful regions of nature are sometimes blasted by the hot breath of scorching simoons, so also may the luxuriant growth of virtue be withered and shrivelled and the soul itself be charred and blackened by the fierce heat of intense passion.

Undoubtedly one of the gravest dangers to which the young are exposed is that of bad companions who poison their minds and corrupt their morals by their licentious words and conduct. And never was Father Marsile more truly eloquent than when denouncing this terrible evil. He sought in every possible manner to guard his students against the destructive influence of evil companions. He warned, he entreated, he exposed the danger to which they would thereby expose themselves. His teaching on this subject could not fail to leave a lasting impression on the young minds to whom he addressed himself.

Another favorite theme with him was obedience. He knew full well how irksome restraint is to the bouyant spirits and animal exuberance of the young, no matter how salutary or useful it may be. He labored to overcome this repugnance which constitutes a real moral danger. He was careful to point out that obedience is at the root of all right human conduct. The good christian is the one who obeys the precepts of Christ. The good citizen is the one who obeys the law of his country. The good son and student must also be distinguished for their obedience. He could be most patient and lenient toward faults, infractions of rules and misdemeanors, but an act of formal disobedience he would never condone.

His frequent earnest and eloquent teaching on these two important subjects I shall never forget. Many of his sermons are still fresh in my memory after the lapse of years. I have consulted the

experience of several old students of my own time and they all bear the same testimony. Of course he did not confine himself to these two themes. I merely mention these to illustrate his care to guard his students against evils to which they were especially exposed. In fact, there is no danger, besetting the pathway of youth which he did not point out and against which he did not seek to arm his "dear boys."

But it is not enough to provide safeguards against the destructive forces which imperil the growth and development of moral life. It is necessary also to supply the aliment by which that life is sustained and nourished. For just as no physical life is possible without light, heat, air, food and the other material elements upon which it is absolutely dependent, so neither can there be any moral life without the elements that sustain it.

Father Marsile realized this fully. It was a common saying of his that what light, heat and food are to the body, prayer and the sacraments are to the soul. I have never heard a more earnest or persistent advocate of frequent confession and communion than Father Marsile. He labored incessantly to promote these two great ends—solid piety and the frequent reception of the sacraments. In this work, he was, in the language of St. Paul, "Instant in season and out of season, (to) reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine." Such labors could not fail to be fruitful and I believe I may say without any presumption, that in no institution in the country are solid piety and the frequent reception of the sacraments more in honor than at St. Viateur's College. At almost any hour of the day, some students may be found paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, whilst nearly every day in the year, a few, at least, receive Holy communion. On the first Friday of every month and on any other special occasions and feast days, the whole student body approaches the holy table. I know of no higher tribute that could be paid a priest than this.

The large number of priestly and religious vocations fostered and developed at St. Viateur's college is another evident sign that Father Marsile's labors are fruitful of good results. I believe it will be difficult to find another institution which numbers amongst its alumni a larger percentage of priests and religious. This fact is

significant. Where there is such a luxuriant growth of piety, we may be sure the soil is fertile and cultivated with care and skill.

It will be observed that I have confined my attention to Father Marsile's priestly labors in the halls of his own college. This was rendered necessary by the brief space at my disposal. But it must not be inferred that his zeal for the cause of religion and the salvation of souls has been restrained within this narrow limit. He has frequently conducted retreats and missions in various parts of the country, from Illinois and Michigan to far off Montana. His eminent success in this field of labor clearly demonstrates that he might have been scarcely less efficient as a missionary than he has been as a guide and instructor of youth

But Father Marsile is not only a great preacher and moral teacher, he is also a consummate master in the direction of souls. I have never known a man who realized more perfectly the precept of St. Paul—"Be all things to all men, that you may gain all to Christ." He is never so preoccupied by his manifold duties that he cannot find time for all who wish to consult him. No matter how weighty the cares that engage his mind, no one, who sought his counsel or advice, ever saw in him the least movement of impatience, or the slightest evidence of unkindness or annoyance. Although he is by no means of a phlegmatic temperament, yet when the interest of souls is at stake, the priest completely dominates the man.

It is the earnest prayer of thousands of men in every walk of life, who have felt the ennobling influence of this zealous, enlightened and kindly priest that he may be spared for many years to carry on the grand work he is doing. And it is as one of these that I place this feeble tribute of love at his feet. If it is wholly inadequate and unworthy of the great theme treated, it is because the writer's power of performance is so far below his desire and conception.

AN ALUMNUS.

Commencement Day is June 19. Alumni day for Jubilee is also June 19.

FATHER MARSILE, THE LITTERATEUR.

It is not unusual to find amongst presidents of colleges literary men of more than ordinary ability. The very nature of their calling, which is to direct others in the pursuit of the polite arts, first requires that they be themselves knowers and lovers of whatever is worthy and excellent in letters, in art, or science, and that they be capable of kindling in the student world over which they rule an eager desire and an appreciative love of all that makes for mental wealth and adornment; and secondly it not infrequently happens that, having the ability to write, and appreciating the value of books, they will feel as it were constrained by their own high-born enthusiasm for that truth and beauty whose kingdom it is their sublime vocation to establish in the world of mind, to consign to undying pages the supreme lessons which their ripened experience and deep learning qualify them to teach to the future as well as to the present.

The literature produced by these savants will bear the stamp of learning. It will be redolent of the college atmosphere which they themselves create round about the homes of knowledge; and this atmosphere itself will be largely the result of their own mental and moral constitution as well as of the savory intellectual viands whereupon they have fed their very souls. A college, no matter what its wealth of splendid material equipments may be, is never worth more as an educational force than its faculty, and the educational powers of the faculty, being collected, organized, and directed by the president, do not rise higher than his own educational ideals. Thus, whatever may be the minor differences of opinion that obtain in a teaching body of men, any literary expression of an important truth emanating from their head may be considered as an index of the esthetic, intellectual and moral life of the corps.

The literary president of St. Viateur's College has long ago

established his reputation as a man of letters. Those who have known him in the early years of his student life and of his educational career are inclined to think that he too "lisped in numbers and the numbers came,"—that nature fashioned him a poet. Gifted with a lively imagination, an exquisite sensibility, and an agile mind and the instinct of the truly beautiful in nature, in art, and in literature, he was well qualified to join the tuneful choir of the muses and to sing youth to the worship of truth and beauty in the sweet accents of poesy. And this he has done during the entire course of his presidency which has been as successful as it has been laborious. Although keenly appreciative of the claims of the more useful branches of learning and a skillful teacher of diverse matters, his specialty in the class-room has been belles-letters. Intimately acquainted with the realm of letters and eager to communicate to others a love for the graces of literary style he has by his judicious insistence upon the value of literature not only brought this study into high favor among the students, but he has produced literature which does him honor, and litterateurs who owe him their inspiration. The ideas which form the substance of Father Marsile's literary productions, while not infrequently bearing the stamp of originality, are culled from the large fields of history and of religion; the sentiments which his poetic hand has woven in the web of his mental tapestries are those of nature's most nobly born; the instrument with which he has most often expressed himself is the French language whose accents he learned at his mother's knee and whose rich resources he freely commands. Again,—and this, a fact which considerably enhances the real merit of a really literary man—the form in which our President has almost always elected as the most fit in which to couch his literary messages has been lyric and dramatic poetry. These styles of French poetry, let me be allowed to remark in passing, are not such as offer promise of success to any except the best naturally gifted men, the most liberally informed scholars and the most patient workers. To say that Father Marsile has achieved work that is admittedly meritorious in these difficult departments of French literary art is to declare that he has all the qualifications of the lyric and dramatic poet. To substantiate our writer's claim to the solid merit which the literary world has

accorded him it will be sufficient to make a review of both his published and unpublished works.

LYRICS.

In the early eighties Father Marsile, who had already for several years been engaged in teaching the higher classes of French literature here, founded a monthly college publication called "Le Cercle Francais," which was the vehicle of the students' most finished productions and also of the master's own frequent and superior contributions both in prose and verse.

In 1889 in view of helping the construction of the Roy Memorial Chapel Father Marsile collected in one volume some fifty of his many fugitive poems, which he published under the title of "Epines et Fleurs," a pretty booklet of 135 pages. These, as the author observes in his modest preface, are not elaborate hot-house plants, but woodland flowers whose perfumed chalices symbolize the joys of the soul, and whose thorns are emblems of the sadness and unrealized dreams of the heart. In his poetically reminiscent moods our author here travels over life's journey and touches upon a large and well selected variety of subjects, which call forth a correspondingly pleasing variety of emotions. There is in these lyrics joy, sadness, love, indignation, hope, and often the religious fervor of sacred hymns. The delicacy, tenderness and vehemence of feeling are sounded in a style which is always appropriately finished and ornate. The lyric "Sur Mes Genoux," which portrays the playful tenderness of brother and sister in such rhythmic flow of verse has been set to music by one of Canada's foremost composers. But as has been noted, his lyre often vibrated at the touch of sorrow. The death of one of his youthful charges will always wring from the soul of the Christian educator prayers and sympathy that are moist with tears. In an Elegy to the memory of Charles O'Reilly, which is dedicated to the mother of this model and talented student, our poet sings feelingly of the void of his absence, his mother's loss, and the enrichment of heaven. The few stanzas here quoted will suffice to convey an idea of his treatment of the elegiac,

Charles, ô Charles bien-aimé!
 Vois, le joyeux printemps est éclos sur la terre.
 Le gazon est tout parfumé,
 Tout fleurit même au cimetière;

Au cimetière, où la douleur
 Dépōsa ton cercueil et sa blanche couronne,
 Quand tu tombas, ô frêle fleur,
 Avec les feuilles de l'automne.

Quel vide depuis ton départ
 Dans les rangs de ceux dont tu fus l'amī, le frère!
 Et quel impitoyable dard
 Dans le coeur aimant de ta mère!

Que le ciel doit être beau!
 Puisqu'il peut retenir captive dans sa sphère,
 Comme en sa cage un faible oiseaux,
 Ton âme qui nous est si chère!

A few years after he had offered to the public his casket of lyrical gems Father Marsile published a romantic poem entitled "Lionel et Liola," which is a poetical narrative of the conversion of an Indian youth and his fiancée. The story teems with thrilling adventures and with beautiful and sometimes sublime descriptions of the scenery along the Niagara. How powerfully the beauty of Christianity appealed to the clear-sighted souls of these ingenuous children of the forest is well portrayed. Their heroic courage and unflagging constancy in the profession of their new faith are the subject of the best passages in the poem.

PLAYS.

Even a brief sketch of Father Marsile's poetical productions would be incomplete without a mention of his finished, though unpublished, "Les Fils de Clodomir." This grand tragedy in four acts was twice enacted on our college stage with splendid success. It is a strong historical play, recalling the barbaric pride, the cruelty and the ingrained prejudices which the church had to struggle against in her attempts to christianize and civilize these haughty Frankish princes. This drama, which it is hoped the author may

yet be induced to publish, is an impressive object lesson of the civilizing power of Christian ideals, a play that teaches a deeper appreciation of the conquering force of religious truth and that deposits in the hearts of all a yearning to become better Christians.

But, still more meritorious work and one which has won for its author wider recognition as a poet-dramatist is his "Levis," which appeared in 1902. The following extract from Father Judge's magazine of Catholic Pedagogy, (April 1903), under the heading "Educational Mission of the Stage," contains a complete review of this French Canadian historical drama.

Of the several poetical and dramatic works of Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., President of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Ill.' "Levis," which was recently published by Beauchemin of Montreal, is the most important and most finished. Long ago his "Epines et Fleurs," a booklet of fugitive poems, and "Liola," a metrical romance, and "Les Fils de Cladimir," a drama in verse, already gave promise of what the author's muse would be able to accomplish in a higher strain. His several successes as a librettist of most graceful and pleasing operettas such as "The Young Martyrs," "The Young Crusaders," "St. Patrick," and "St. Columkill," evidenced undoubted skill in the dramatic treatment of historical and religious themes. Father Marsile has been a student of the Greek, the English and the French drama. He is a believer in the educational mission of the stage and has sought to inculcate into the minds of the students a taste for the masterpieces of dramatic literature. Not a year passes but witnesses at St. Viateurs College the production of a Shakespearean play or of some of the best plays of the French masters. Believing, as he does, in the educative power of the histrionic art, and knowing what a fine vehicle it is for the conveying of the loftiest moral and religious ideas, he uses his own talent as a writer in the preparation of historico-religious plays in which are imparted lessons of Christian zeal and heroism, lessons of high-minded patriotism.

ANALYSIS OF "LEVIS."

"Levis" is one of these intensely patriotic plays; every line vibrates, like the strings of the Jewish harps, with the thought of God and country. It deals with the conquest of Canada by the English. With indignant pen the poet-priest traces the scenes of woe brought upon the Canadian colonists through the rapacity and profligacy of Bigot and the neglect of Louis XV. The Canadian women's appeal for bread, in the first act, and their curse of the odious Bigot and the worthless women around him is a scene that is full of power, which one would call sublimely terrible. One sees here what heroic sacrifice these honest colonists were willing to impose upon themselves in order to save their country from the rule of England, to save their country for beloved France. But in the second act the valiant Levis himself pleads for help in the palace of Versailles and there in presence of La Pompadour and Louis XV., he hears Voltaire triumph with his infamous advice to the King: "What are a few acres of snow to us!"

Levis returns still hopeful. Treason opens Quebec to the English. Montcalm is defeated by Wolfe. In the fourth act is celebrated the victory of the Canadian forces at St. Foye and their eager hope for succor from France. But no, the vessel which is descried in the distance is not a French vessel, but an English war ship.

The final capitulation is witnessed in the fifth act. One of the noblest passages of the play occurs here when Levis, refusing to surrender his standards, orders the soldiers to build a pyre, whereupon he burns the flags of New France, and, kissing his trusty sword, breaks it in twain rather than surrender without the honors of war. The speeches of the standard-bearers as they consign to the cruel flames their loved ensigns are full of soldierly pride and love, beautifully set in vigorous verse. Levis' own adieu to his career, to his sword, to his patriotic dreams and ambitions is full of the grandeur of a great military soul, full of the warmth of an intense patriot.

Throughout this play there is a wealth of imagery and a strength and variety of emotions which one would naturally expect in the poetic treatment of a historical event. The author's live-

ly imagination and his easy command of figurative language are displayed to good advantage and with fine effect. The writer also evinces his ability to strike the various chords of human feeling, placing himself easily in the position of the characters he draws and making them give vent to those strong emotions which must be strongly felt in order to be strongly expressed.

It may appear to some that there is in this play a lack of interest-provoking plot. To those who overly fancy dramatizations of love stories, or plays whose burthen ever is the overworked tender passions, "Levis" may appear dull, in spite of the lights flashed upon La Peant and La Pompadour. One who looks deeply into this drama will, I think, find it in a unifying idea well worked out, viz: the development of the patriot under diverse and mainly adverse circumstances. Should one, however, read the drama superficially its five acts may appear as merely distinct episodes in the life of a great man. When this drama is fittingly staged and handled by capable actors its real dramatic force cannot fail to impress the most phlegmatic.

Its Merits as an Historical Drama.

As an historical drama its merits are undeniable. While one can read in its lines the staunch patriotism of its author, yet there is, too, written in these pages the large-mindedness and farsightedness of an unbiased man who is holding up to the present and to the future a faithful picture of the scenes enacted in that eventful period of the history of Canada. Because of the fervid intensity with which these themes are handled, because of the glow of ideality which the poet-dramatist casts upon these living truths, one cannot help but retain a livelier impression of these great historic facts than if he had learned them from the unadorned pages of a mere chronicler.

Not only will one discover the author of this drama revealing himself as poet, as dramatist, as historian, and patriot, but he will not fail also to recognize the priest. There are in the speeches of these valiant men, and especially of Levis himself, lofty and stirring religious ideas which could have been penned only by one who is a master in the priestly art of preaching.

This fine Canadian drama should meet with a warm welcome

not only in Canada but here in Illinois where there are so many important groups of Canadians, and east and west of us where Canadians have also founded their homes and planted the loved traditions of their dear Canada.

Eulogies from Eminent Writers.

It may be of interest to book lovers to know what is thought of this drama by Canadian writers and critics. The following brief extracts from letters and newspaper articles tell how "Levis" is being received by the Canadian press and by men of letters.

Louis H. Frechette, Canada's poet laureate, in a letter dated from Montreal, Feb. 13, 1903, salutes Father Marsile as his "brother in poesy," offering him his most cordial felicitations upon "the picturesque drama, Levis." "So complex and so cruel," says Mr. Frechette, "are the events crowded into the page of our history which you have dramatized, that it was very difficult to treat this subject successfully in a literary way. But you have succeeded in drawing therefrom a work both solid and strong. And certainly your merit is enhanced by the difficulty of the task which you essayed."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. O. E. Mathieu, rector of Laval University, Canada, acknowledges with thanks Father Marsile's "charming Levis."

Abbe Georges Dugas, author of several important historical works on the Church in the Northwest, says: "'Levis' bespeaks the remarkable talent of Father Marsile, who relates an episode of our history in a way which cannot fail to thrill every Canadian heart with patriotic sentiments. Placing, as it does, before our eyes such clearly defined situations and such deeply stirring scenes the play cannot but make us all realize what sad and at the same time what glorious trials our ancestors had to traverse in those eventful days."

Rev. C. Roy, literary critic of the "Nouvelle France," congratulates Father Marsile upon the selection of his subject, so fecund and so well adapted for dramatic treatment, finds the work interesting by reason of the author's personal appreciation of the events and characters dealt with and applauds the patriotic pride displayed in the vibrating pages of "Levis."

In the same strain write Rev. S. Nantel, Rector of the Seminary

of St. Therese; Rev. C. Carrier, Rector of the College de Levis; Mr. Augustin Leger, professor of the Laval University of Montreal.

"L'Evenement" of Quebec, dated Feb. 28, 1903, devotes four columns to a criticism of "Levis," quoting many of the most dramatic passages of the play. The critic finds certain minor faults in the details, but remarks that even these would likely disappear if the play were seen acted instead of only read. He welcomes the writer as a man of talent and, after commending his choice of such a patriotic subject, says that the dramatist has dressed the historic episode in a poetic garb of incontestable richness.

Operettas.

As already mentioned at the beginning of the rather long extract just quoted Father Marsile is also the author of several English dramatic compositions which partake of the nature of the old morality plays and of the opera. As to their construction these musical dramas are in the dialogue parts prose, interspersed with music, dance, and song, the wording of which is in verse. The music which enters into and enlivens these delightful compositions is frequently the original work of local college talent acting under the inspiration of the play itself and the direction of the author. Largely however, it is selected from classic operas and other available musical sources. Dances and drills are exclusively the work of elocution teachers and masters of tactics who are ever ready to lend the aid of their "fetching" arts in the staging of these complicated theatrical pieces. When presented, as they always have been, with all the helpful appurtenances of the modern stage, their spectacular effect is quite irresistible, for they are nothing less than the artistic dressing of a beautiful idea in such concrete forms as eloquent words, bright colors, graceful motions, and enlivening sounds, which all appeal to the esthetic sense of even the most fastidious. And indeed these delightful plays have been highly relished whenever and wherever enacted, and they were always enacted with the same gratifying artistic and financial results. Of the half dozen operettas which dropped from Fr. Marsiles magic pen, two—"St. Patrick," and "St. Columkill"—were given under the appreciative patronage of Chicago's social elite, and won the enthusiastic applause and critical approval of that city, which enjoys the reputation of being one

of the best musically educated cities in the New World, and while not the least discriminative, the most generous patroness of the drama in both continents.

There have been frequent demands for these musical dramas from many large cities in the United States and from the English speaking portions of Canada, where they have been and are being very successfully presented. It is possible that the increasing popularity of these manuscript plays, in spite of their author's modest shrinking from public notice, may compel him for convenience' sake to body them forth in book form.

As may be seen from the list of these operettas already quoted, their subjects are invariably historico-religious; and it is in the treatment of these themes that Father Marsile has in his literary work sought with most evident and successful effort to give an impressive and lasting expression to what he as a Christian educator considers the supreme lessons of wisdom which teachers should underline and emphasize when the eager and impressionable souls of youth are listening to the life-directing voice of their tutors.

Were it not for the fear of trespassing upon the space of others one would feel tempted to quote some of the many press encomiums bestowed upon the author of these operettas. Suffice it to say that he is commended now for his deep and accurate historical knowledge and literary artistry, now for his intimate acquaintance with stagecraft, now for his delicate and correct taste in costuming, now for his rare ability to train young men and mere boys in the difficult art of dramatic interpretation and impersonation.

Conclusion.

In concluding these remarks upon the literary Father Marsile one cannot fail to call attention to some of the many other ways in which our president's poetical turn of mind so frequently reveals itself. In his conversations, in his letters, in his formal sermons or more familiar addresses to the students, the poet tastfully embroiders those shining gems which one expects to find only in books. His poetically born and poetically nurtured soul ever suggests to his lips the noblest comparisons, the most suggestive allusions or the most awakening apostrophies as both the dignified vehicle of his own refined thoughts and emotions and the means of uplifting his hearers

from the commonplace and the inert to all that is most elevated and vital in the superior realm of truth and moral beauty. The following example is culled from one of his delicious chapel talks to the students on the eve of their departure for a short vacation :

“Birds, those bards of the air, when they visit the earth, walk not in the slimy places, nor drink of marshy waters, but tread upon the golden sands of crystal streams whose pure wave they sip, and even in the manner they tread the earth you can see that they have wings and are ever ready to ascend to the realms of the air, which is their home ; you too, students, descend at times from the lofty heights of study and speculation to the valley where, at a cheery fireside, the family reunion reminds you that you are human, that you are not only mind, but that you have a heart whose flame must be kept alive by that which is best to love. The periodically occurring holidays are the occasions of your descent to the world of earth. Your coming should not be a visitation, a scourge ; but a visit like those of angels. Abide near those crystal fountains of pure joy, your homes. Avoid the mire,—all dangerous places where moral vultures congregate. Birds of fine plumage and of strong self-preserving instincts will not consort with their enemies. Let all who will, read in your department and in your conversation that you are Catholic students on a few day’s vacation, really distinguished youths but for a moment withdrawn from your books, and not ordinary seekers after vulgar pleasures. Bear ever with you the shield of modesty on whose impenetrable surface the poisoned shafts of sin will but blunt their sharp points to fall harmless to the ground.”

When one considers that Father Marsile has not yet reached the fatal sixty and that the almost marvelous rapidity and ease with which he every year plans and writes ever new theatrical pieces defies the ominous prognostications of would-be wise, or perhaps only joking, physicians, it is safe to say that he will yet further enrich the useful as well as ornamental literature which college presidents are contributing to our much reading age. While the old students have been the first to taste the sweetness of his early poetic effusions and to feel the rousing influence of his literary enthusiasm, we of the later generation have been privileged to enjoy the ripened

fruits of his literary leadership. With our elders gladly do we join to crown him with the laurel of high merit and with our plaudits bid him long live to write, since with him to write is to educate, to uplift, to refine, to strengthen and to delight. Jean Paul.

FATHER MARSILE—PRESIDENT.

O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—Shakespeare.

Someone—and he was a wise man, albeit his name slips the memory at present—said not long ago that long experience had demonstrated to him that men, and not buildings or apparatus, make a college. Immediately the words are read, there springs from the inner consciousness of him who has watched the growth of St. Viateur's, an unqualified endorsement of that sentiment. If the reader be one of the grown-ups who has passed beyond the apron-string tether of Alma Mater, his mind's eye sees the figure of one remembered and revered for his association with the chaste ideals of young manhood, and to himself he affirms the truth that at St. Viateur's the principle of "men make colleges" receives its full justification. If he still walk in the ways of a student, and take with him out under the trees, the considerations "men not buildings," "deeds not dollars," those old elms that shade his path will be heard to murmur, as if in response, the name of one who has labored within their shadow these thirty-five years back. Should he go among his fellows and ask, "Whom do we miss most of all college associates while away? The thought of whom quickens our step when are we eager and whose smile most warms our heart after vacation days are gone? The piping tones of minim, the changing tenor of the days of recreation have past for the sight of whose face junior and the new-found bass of senior would respond with the same name. Let that student go among the members of the faculty and ask: "What man of you thinks oftenest of me? What teacher is most solicitous for me? What disciplinarian is most grieved at my infractions, and most gratified in my progress? What guardian of my young years watches most carefully and prays most fervently?" Yet the response would not differ. Pass beyond

flagstones that lead to the door and go among the men who groan or rejoice in the outer world—among men whose edge for testing values has been made razor-like upon the whet-stone of experience and adversity, and ask them to tell you, from among the educators they know, the name of him whose heart is all in his work, who lives, and who in God's own good time, will die, laboring for his charges, and to whom their hats are doffed in recognition of his great merit as an apostle of true education and those who know him will pronounce the same name—Father Marsile.

No man who has been harnessed to the chariot of educational progress for upwards of thirty years, who has stood at the head of an institution of learning for a quarter decade, earning the golden opinions of his peers and patrons, and who is now passing, laurel-crowned, into the "white winter of his age," needs the droppings of student pen to assure himself that he has done his duty well,—but students, in common with other men, feel his influence and with the trust that he will look to their hearts and see "what's written there," they presume to offer their feeble words.

Father Marsile has fashioned of his life a sermon. For his materials at the starting point of his presidency he had a young man's love of high ideals, a vigorous physique, which he thought not of sparing, a solid character, a birth right of untarnished honor and brilliant faculties, and to crown all as a preceptor of the young, a tender heart and nun's love of purity. These were among the materials that he took into his strong young hand and therefrom wove a tapestry to please the eye of God—a sermon to speak to the generations to follow. He chose a text of his own making and it deserves the life that men conspire in conserving for whatever is great and true—"Could I discover new worlds or conquer empires I would leave the glory of it to others. A school is my kingdom; a child's heart my domain; his intellect my sphere." Rightly might he have added, were it not for the modesty that is among his qualities: "love is my sceptre; obedience my only tax; and virtue the reward exceeding great for those within my realm."

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast

was the solemn duty for the performance of which he left his Canadian home. Side by side with the love he bore to parents and kindred left behind, there grew up a sturdy shoot with its roots deep in his warm heart. That was the love of Viateur for God's own created youth and beauty and its first branches extended "to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

I am bidden to speak of Father Marsile as president. The chief difficulty that confronts me is an embarrassment of riches. That I may in some manner compass my allotted end it appears necessary to conform to system and to deal with him first, in his relations with the other members of the faculty and then in his direct relations with the students. That the latter point may receive a certain justice, I must be brief with the first.

Relations with Faculty.

When Poor Richard advised those who wish things attended to, to attend to them in person, he could not have had in mind the president of a growing college. A faculty—well selected, alert, knowing, loyal to the interests of the institution and in sympathy with the needs of the students,—is indispensable. When Father Marsile began to train the marksmanship of the young idea on the Illinois prairie he had not, through force of the circumstances that confront the pioneer, such a faculty about him. But, with all the despatch possible, under the conditions, he set about the task of putting foundations of strength under an edifice which quick growth had thrown some what out of plumb. The endurance of an organization is a tribute to its efficiency. Since Father Marsile's hand first grasped the reins no tradition of the germane ideas of legislation and administration has been materially disturbed. Today we have the same divisions of minm, junior, senior and seminary departments that he inaugurated; the same curriculum, only extended and strengthened, obtains; the same rules of discipline are maintained and the same personal supervision of department heads has its place. At first, teachers were few, and much of the burden fell on the young president. Slowly the faculty was added unto in numbers and learning. With a sacrifice here and a curtailment of expenses there, this member was allowed to specialize, that one

went to a greater institution and returned fortified and more efficient.

When a young man—Father Marsile was barely thirty at the beginning of his presidency, with a tender conscience and lively sense of great obligation, finds himself at the head of an institution of learning he is liable to great fears. To direct a body of teachers properly and to attend to the countless incidentals thereunto attached, may well inspire qualms. In the face of trying conditions the young superior had not the bravery of him who knows not fear, rather he had the fine courage of one who sees and feels the greatest dangers, and who in spite of his sense of the insecurity of all things, marches in the van with trust in God and love for the untutored as his only armor. In his quotidian relations with his assistants he sought to inspire them with a sense of the danger—the awful responsibility—of misdirection. Prudence was his watch word. His efforts towards the end of securing competence seemed to point out

O! let not then unskillful hands attempt
 To play the harp whose tones, whose living tones
 Are left forever in the strings. Better far
 That heaven's lightnings blast his very soul
 And sink it back to Chaos' lowest depths
 Than knowingly by word or deed he send
 A blight upon the trusting mind of youth.

With a keen eye for men and an intuitive conception of values, the young leader carefully drew about him his forces, to make onslaught against the powers of ignorance. Well fitted for his work himself he insisted upon thorough preparation. With a spirit of comradeship, from which his dignity never suffered, he plodded in the rough ways and sang a song of cheer to his fellows. Work was his guiding principle and he inculcated it on all sides. There was no trial that a teacher might have with his classes that the president could not sympathize with—he had been through it all and he jested not at scars. A jarring note in the faculty gamut—those things must happen, one knows—could never have a far-reaching effect under his regime. Instead of causing the slightest breach or strained relation, the mishaps of faculty life only called out the tact of the leader and his words were oil on troubled waters.

The prefects of discipline found in him an adviser and a general who knew the "moving accidents by flood and field" of his subordinates so well that his judgment was a manual of procedure. Prefecture, no matter what the character of the governed, is arduous, and to the vast majority, distasteful. Only those govern well who have themselves obeyed well. As Father Marsile's whole life had been an object lesson in obedience and humility, he was by eminence a prefect and by common consent a proper prefect's prefect. He brought home to his lieutenants the wonderful efficiency of fraternal forces and with his constant aid and unflagging zeal in the cause of good conduct, the prefects brought their charges to a high point of moral restraint—the highest in fact, because through them Father Marsile taught "his boys," that they must be the free servants of organization. But I must hasten on to the point which a student, by grace of position, is qualified to deal with more intimately than "relations with faculty."

Direct Relations With Boys.

When Father Marsile came over the hill from Boyville, he brought with him a boy's heart,—a feat, by the way, which Cicero, even in the days of stoic Rome, loved to commend. Though an old head sat on his young shoulders, a young heart, pure and simple, won for its possessor a way into the hearts of all other men and boys. The winning of hearts is an accomplishment in which he has steadily advanced.

The method which our president has followed is one which only he who is endowed with that mysterious and vital element called personality may pursue with success. The discipline which he causes to be maintained strikes the rare and happy medium that lies between discretion in the governor and honor in the governed. His honor system is based upon personal knowledge of the individual student, a knowledge which, assisted by remarkable powers of divination, he spares nothing to acquire. There is no weak-kneed sentimentality in such a system combined of discretion on the one hand and probity on the other. A long experience has demonstrated to him that until a boy has been elevated to a right appreciation of honor he cannot be reliably placed on that social commodity. His discretion is that of the "better part," also, for he takes cogniz-

ance of the temptations of youth and seeks in all cases to remove the occasions. In short, Father Marsile, while gentle and firm and in all matters of moral significance, severe in his rulings, still has not erected himself into a mere barrier of whims. Rather does he seek to construct of his necessary refusals and corrections, a transparent medium, by means of which may be veiwed immutable realities, laws, limits, and truths, against which action is absurd, when it is not positively destructive. He constantly reminds his charges by word and action, that however great may be the exterior forces from which they must be protected, even more carefully must they be shielded from interior forces, from their own perverse wills, and in this he must be considered an educator of very considerable magnitude. The part exacted from the student is obedience. Without this must the curriculum fail of its proper end. Himself a model of abstemious living, he imposes the obligation of self-restraint co-extensively with his authority. Like the voice of Polonius, his example cries, "Look thou character" and the result cannot fall short of satisfaction. Normal development of solid character has been and is his aim, and to his lasting credit be it said that never, through default of his tireless efforts, has a student completed his course with the thought that he was designed to become a personage, and not a person, or that he had been educated for himself, or for any one else, but for life and its ultimate issues.

A quality which has endeared Father Marsile to the student heart is his approachableness. He has never deceived himself by believing that haughtiness is authority. The smallest minim is treated with the same deference as the senior with his blushing honors falling thick upon him. It is in his nature to be simple, and luckily for those who have had to do with him, he has ever eschewed the foolish ostentation of position. When a student approaches for one of those permissions so cherished by the collegian, he needs but reason on his side to obtain his request, or be he mistakenly arraigned for a fault, he needs but honesty and the manhood of his look to be exculpated.

There is a word to the magic echo of whose dulcet sound the average student's heart swells to a point dangerous for anatomical

reasons. I need not write the word, but because it rests on the tongue like a sweet morsel, and flows unbidden from the pen, I will indulge myself—"conge." Who dreams of Eutopia is but idle—but the student in quest of "conge" pursues a reality, and in his eyes, the men who make the laws and those who write the songs of nations are the pigmies of achievement in the shadow of him who painlessly extracts the burthen from a day of sunshine. These, for instance, are the days of temptation, the spring poets would be at their craft under the open sky, and they are restive in the restraint of study-hall and corridor. Now, indeed, are they beset by the tempter and in his turn is the president beset by the tempted. After dinner the conspiracy is under head, and shortly the lotus-eaters are crowding about that well-known door, each modest and generous youth pushing his fellow well to the fore, with the admonition to "do the talkin'." Betimes they meet with refusal—often in fact—but whatever betide, they are certain to find the president reasonable. If the "conge" be deemed for their present good it is granted, if not, it is withheld—but there is always reason on the side of the dispenser or withholder, as the case may be. A student is necessarily far removed from the mysterious conferences of the faculty and wisely excluded from the processes of the presidential animus, but it is not hazardous to entertain an opinion. Therefore let us meditate upon and appreciate the wisdom of a president who knows when and under just what circumstances "conge" is a mutual benefit to teachers and pupils.

Recreation naturally brings us to a consideration of athletics. In this important matter Father Marsile takes the eminently sane stand that athletics are a means and not an end. From this standpoint he is a warm advocate of sports. Moderation is his rule in this, however as in all else. Frequently he appears on the campus himself, and walks about from group to group, addressing "his boys" as a father who knows them well. And he is the most companionable of fathers, too, melting away, as he does, the frigid restraint that ordinarily obtains in such intercourse. That man was in close touch with a truth, who said, "There is no such aid to understanding one's professor as to have laughed in his company."

A student may contrive to train his mind and hand alone and

with the aid of books, but hearts need teachers and great ones must they be, for the training of the heart is a vastly different task. Only a teacher, a teacher whose own heart is warm and generous, may be entirely successful in that work. For an object lesson in the gentle art of making friends, in the noble practice of acting with generous motives, heart overflowing with kindness and hand outstretched to welcome or assist, there can be only rivalry and no superiority when our president is considered. What student of St. Viateur's does not rejoice in presenting his parents or friends to that great-hearted man? What visitor, travelled though he be, has ever basked in the warmth of more genial companionship or had his spirits raised by an exhibition of more genuine hospitality than within the four walls of old St. Viateur's? "Father Marsile's room!" What memories it holds—what smiles have not stolen there upon faces heavy and dull with care—what tears for a wayward boy have not been dried there by the hopeful words and honest optimism of its tenant! And there have been giants in that room, too. Men of intellect and men of the aristocracy of labor; men of reputation, talent, genius, sterling worth of every order. Again those chairs have been occupied by mothers and fathers and friends of students—and oftenest of all, by the students themselves—but all those who rose to go have done so with similar convictions. Men of the world had met a prince of social intercourse, so they said; men of brains and heart had met a companion and a fellow of their craft; men of almost every degree of the hierarchy had spoken with a brother in the intimacy that real fraternity predicates; parents had held converse with a sincere and interested friend—a guardian of all that the future held for them; the occasional visitor had lingered for a time with a host remarkable for his delicate attentions; the students had sat at the feet of an instructor or had been blessed with the confidence of a father; and all, every one had met a true priest and a Christian gentleman for they had met our president, Chesterfieldian. Oh yes! he has performed and still performs with perennial vigor, the crowning duty of a true educator—the apostolate of training hearts to beat loyally and generously, restraining the Christian youth from selling himself for the porridge of mere material and intellectual advancement. The students of St. Viateur's salute in him united their teacher, their

superior, their model, their president, and this, the fairest of all his names—their father. If I have failed in my purpose of speaking fittingly of him as president it is not because I do not voice the sentiment of the student body but rather because of a defect for the amelioration of which I am what I shall sign myself. As I began so do I end, “O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!”

A Student.

The Minim Columbian Guards have been invited by the Columbia Post of the G. A. R. of Chicago to drill at the Illinois G. A. R. encampment at Rockford, May 24. We understand that our young swordsmen have accepted the invitation and will go to Rockford as the guests of the Columbia Post. Through the good offices of Mr. O. H. Williams, the little soldiers will be conveyed from Kankakee to Rockford and back in a special car provided gratis by the Illinois Central Railway.

JUBILEE CELEBRATION, JUNE 19.

On Monday, June 19, will be celebrated the 25th anniversary of V. Rev. M. J. Marsile's presidency. This joyous event will bring together large numbers of his former pupils and of his many friends in the educational world, secular and religious. Circulars of information and formal invitations will tell in more definite terms the various numbers of the important program which will be carried out on that auspicious day. The morning hours are to be taken up with the corner stone laying of Alumni Hall, followed by sermon. Banquet at 12. Toasts and addresses at 2:30 p. m., the commencement exercises will be held. Business meeting of Alumni at 5 p. m.

THE VIATORIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The Jubilee.

In our April number, from behind the munition of editorial prerogative, we ventured to touch upon the Presidential Jubilee Celebration which then seemed slated for middle May. As a matter of fact our words on that occasion partook of the nature of a quasi-proposal. Since that time, however, an authoritative disposal has been made and June 19, the day itself of our Commencement, has been named. The May number was delayed somewhat, pending ultimate arrangements for our big day, and for that, among other reasons, it was deemed advisable to present a May-June number, combining the Jubilee and Commencement issues—each to be welcomed in its own right and both to be doubly welcomed for the double event which they are intended to celebrate.

Commencement time and its influence bears a resemblance to patriotism. It is general and local. All nations have what, in broad terms, is designated patriotism, yet each has its very own, moulded by circumstances and bearing the tinge of whatever characteristics are distinctive of peoples considered within the zones that nature has made or those of moral influence. In parity stand the colleges. All have commencements, all find joy in the thought of them—still that of each one is absorbing in its interest to that particular one

and wears a badge determined by tradition or what not of local significance. Therefore the exponent of "res collegii"—the college paper—borrows a brush from the powers that make commencement whatever it may be and bedecks itself from the same palette of sentiment. One perforce finds interest in the affairs of another, who, though he be geographically removed, is yet a neighbor in feeling.

Ordinarily then we expect our brethern of the college press and our subscribers at large (all our subscribers not being at large until after June 19) to be interested in our commencement and our commencement number. Not, however, because it is our commencement and our commencement number so much as because it is a commencement and a commencement number. But this is not for us an ordinary year nor are our expectations of the kind which we ordinarily entertain. This year our day of closing comes linked with an event whose recurrence is not reckoned by scholastic months but by the quarter century. Our palette of sentiment, from which we receive the coloring for this number has given to us for exhibition to our readers a Marsilian tinge which upon examination discloses itself to be a painting of the record of twenty-five golden years on a back-ground of true blue.

But upon reflection we repent of having associated the Jubilee of our president with the idea of local interest. So long as there are schools in the land; while culture, refinement and mental and moral advancement of every order find asylum on our continent; until men and women are tired of going forward (which, please God, shall never be); so long as America spells opportunity and Wisdom is Master, just so long will the Silver Jubilee of an educator of the calibre of our president have an interest as broad as the country and as live as its people. For thirty-five years has he worked in the trenches that shall irrigate the land to make it bring forth the blossoms and fruits of enlightenment—for twenty-five years he has directed a very considerable portion of the work. Can education, true education, the dissemination of imperishable truth be local? No—nor can the milestones which the true educator passes and blesses with his passing have merely a local interest. Heard with and rising above the shout of welcome to the day that marks the

period of respite sounds the "ad multos annos" of students, patrons and friends and a cheer that responds to both those shouts reaches us from all those to whom our paper brings the tidings of our twin events.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Commencement Day is June 19. Jubilee Day June 19.

We congratulate Mr. T. Cosgrove upon his oratorical success in the Notre Dame and Oberlin debate.

Father Sullivan, of Pekin, Ill., was recently presented with a purse by his grateful parishioners. He intends taking a trip abroad. Bon voyage.

Mr. Raleigh Hansl is in second year at Princeton University and near the head of the class, a position which he was accustomed to hold here. We wish him success in the prosecution of his studies. Mr. Arthur Hansl finishes his law course in New York this year, and Mr. Proctor Hansl who is on the literary staff of the Delineator speaks of his intention of entering the law fraternity and of establishing a Hansl Brothers' Law Firm.

The Rev. President was the recipient recently of a ten volume edition of the World's Master Orations presented by Miss N. T. Long, of Chicago. These very useful books are to be placed in the students' library for the use of the oratory classes whose members are thankful to the generous donor.

Mr. F. Parker, of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyo., Mr. J. Lynn and Mr. A. Curran, of St. Mary's Seminary, near Cincinnati, are to be ordained in June.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., attended the meeting of the federated colleges of Illinois held in Bloomington, April 29.

Ground for the new Alumni Hall was broken May 8. May the day of its completion soon dawn.

Competitive examinations are the order of the hour. Elocution and oratory contests are booked for May and June.

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COMMENCEMENT.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, will preside. After music by the orchestra there will be presented a saynete, an original dramatic composition by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., which is entitled: "Dreams Realized." The program of addresses is as follows: "The Catholic Press," Mr. J. Munday; "Catholic Literature," Mr. T. Rice; "Why not and Why Patronize Our

Writers," Mr. W. Irish; "Valedictory," Mr. E. J. Shuetz. Distribution of honors and conferring of degrees.

Closing address by Most Rev. J. E. Quigley, D. D.

VIATORIANA.

Owing to the teamsters' strike our poets have had difficulty in sending their work to the eastern publications. They usually send it in bales. The congested condition of traffic accounts for the choked condition of this department.

It vass in Beoria—yess?

"Stupid Renovator" failed to call for his work.

Dinkelspeil says he is not going in until he comes out.

By May 29th the long standing problem of "Buttin', buttin' who got the buttin' " will have been settled.

How history repeats itself! Behold our own Daniel Webster holding forth on the gym roof in quest of high-balls sent thither from the campus!

They may say what they wish but it's going to be an Irish Jubilee any way.

Knock! Knock! Knock!
 On the fellow's who striving you see
 To keep up a true college spirit
 That's not in the likes of thee. —Growler.

Strenuous Student (translating)—"Ex equo pugnabat."—he fought on horseback.

Prof. (suspiciously): Where did you get the translation "on horse back?"

S. S. (bravely)—Why, “ex equo,” of course.

P.—I thought so.

Plunger O’Leary would have gone down celler to hide behind the ax if he had seen Old Sport Kidney pulling wads of the cum quibus out of every pocket.

But it’s nothing to what it would have been if it had looked good to the other fellow.

If you happen to find your hair falling
 And your spirits are down in a rut
 When somebody mentions the barber
 Just say “ ’tis the unkindest cut.”
 ’Tis a way, meet and just, of retorting
 To those who are bothering you.
 For the answer you give, like the torment
 At the Old Folk’s Home’s long overdue.

A. D. Vice.

Correspondence Department.

Anxious Inquirer—No, the village canines are not checked up on Monday mornings. It would be a good idea to have them all accounted for, however. Thank you for the suggestion which is a thought beautiful.

Troubled Timothy—No, there is no pawn shop on the corridor you mention. Undoubtedly you have been misled by the appearance, at the window, of three individuals whose heads have pushed out through their hair.

Nervous Nick—When last seen he was walking west on Sorosis Street taking the census.

Nosey Nan—We have never been let into the signal system but our personal opinion is, that the white handkerchief, about which you are so nose, signifies “surrender.”

Oh! please let us do a little digging.
 Please let the mud and dirt be hurled
 Please give us each a pick and shovel.
 And a chance to make our mark in the world.

Pearly—ah! precious, very precious!

Don't be too anxious to tear away. Wait until the bell rings before you get ready. Otherwise feelings may be hurt as in the case of a class at one of the big universities recently. One of the instructors at the institution in question one balmy spring day, noticed a spirit of uneasiness and an inclination to inattention to the matter of the lesson, in his class. By way of retaliation he decided to detain the students for a few moments after the ringing of the dismissal bell. When the bell sounded, however, there was a general movement in the direction of the door. "Just a moment, gentlemen," quickly intersposed the lecturer, "I have a few more pearls." Right out in school, too, just think of that!

Strategists are born not made. The minims have taken to "playing war," without having in mind, however, Gen. Sherman's definition of that pastime. One embryonic Nogi boasted the other day that his forces had captured the fort of the enemy but that no enemy could capture his fort because he wouldn't tell where it was.

Discovered ! ! !

Second Installment of Great Serial Story by Dr. Lynn C. Doil.

They approached. A tense silence fell upon the watchers. What is that sound which increases as they draw near? Tick, tick, tick. Springlock Homes, for it was he, muttered to himself. "I perceive," he whispered hoarsely, "that one is taller than the other." "Marvelous," declared his companion, "how do you do it? I perceived a difference in their height also but thought that one was shorter than the other." Homes sniffed contemptuously at the thought of such inadequate powers of observation. "Yes," he resumed, "the taller of the two is taller than his companion." Wonderful, wonderful," gasped the awestruck listener. On they came.

The sound increased. Tick, tick, tick. (These increased ticks should be in large type but we just ran out of capital letters. Springlock injected a bicycle pump full of college soup into his rubber boots. "I have it," he said simply. "Great! hang on to it. What is it?" breathlessly asked his admirer. "They are walking, since I perceive they are not riding and still keep on keeping on." This time his companion was non-plussed. It seemed uncanny that a human-being should be so shrewd. Suddenly Springlock turned a double back flip-flop. "Eureka! Banzai!" he shrieked, "by their works do I know them." Alas! it was too true, their works had given them away. Later, when interviewed at the jail they confessed—and the world then learned that one, the taller, had an Elgin and the other, the short one, a Swiss movement.

You have heard of Willie Koehler, Wagner, Casey and the rest,
 If the sluggers who have sal'ries very fat,
 But you haven't seen the leader of the wielders of the stick
 Until you've seen our K. C. at the bat. —Fan.

"Thank you for understanding me!"

THE SCRIBBLER.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE S. V. C. COLUMBIAN GUARDS.

Whereas: We, the members of the S. V. C. Columbian Guards, feel deeply grateful to Mr. O. H. Williams for the kindly interest he has taken in our Squad and especially for the many acts of courtesy and kindness we have received at his hands, and

Whereas: During our recent visit to Chicago he spared neither expense nor personal inconvenience to give us a most enjoyable outing, and, thanks to his generosity, our stay in Chicago is one of the pleasant memories we cherish, and

Whereas: We are informed by our instructor, Rev. Bro. St. Aubin, that he is now actively engaged in arranging another delightful trip for us,

Therefore, be it resolved and it is hereby resolved, That we tender

the pitching for the visitors but our boys took kindly to his twisters and he was succeeded in the fourth inning by Pollard who though he pitched better ball was unable to mix them up enough to stop our batsmen from connecting with them.

Summary:

| St. Viateur | R | H | P | A | E | Northwestern | R | H | P | A | E |
|--------------|---|---|----|---|---|-----------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Hickey ss | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Buee c f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Conway l f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Leisman l f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Martin P | 2 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 1 | Cutting 1 b | 0 | 0 | 12 | 3 | 1 |
| Shiel 3 b | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | DuBois 3 b | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| McDonald 2 b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | McGowan r f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelley 1 b | 2 | 0 | 6 | 1 | 0 | Horn 2 b & C. | 0 | 0 | 8 | 6 | 1 |
| Stack C | 2 | 2 | 15 | 2 | 0 | Wilkinson ss | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 2 |
| Monahan c f | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Boler C | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Devine r f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Scranton P | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Buzick l f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Pollard P | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| | | | | | | Weinberger 2 b. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Total | 9 | 9 | 27 | 6 | 4 | Totals | 1 | 3 | 24 | 25 | 6 |

Stolen bases—St. Viateur's 5; Northwestern 1.

Two base hits—Stack 2. Three base hits—McGowan, Home run—Martin. Bases on balls off Martin—3. Scranton—1. Off Pollard—1. Hit by pitched ball—Wilkinson. Struck out, by Martin—16. By Scranton—4. By Pollard—3. Passed balls—Stack and Boler. Wild pitches—Scranton. Umpire—McKenna.

St. Viateur's 3.—Momence 2.

In a close and hard played game the varsity defeated its old time rivals from Momence April 23 by the score of 2 to 3. The game was hotly contested from beginning to end and though our boys had the better of the hitting they were unable to pile up many scores. To Martin and Hickey is due the credit of winning the game. Martin allowed the Momence sluggers but four hits while in the eighth inning with the score even Kelly hit out a single and was followed by Hickey who drove out a clean home run and cinched the game.

Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| St. Viateur's | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | *—3 |
| Momence | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1—2 |

St. Viateur's 13.—Americans Medics 4.

The American College of Medicine and Surgery which played an eleven inning game with last year's varsity was easily defeated

April 29 by the score of 13 to 4. Shiel pitched a phenomenal game allowing the Medics but one hit while ten of them were retired with three strikes. Other features of the game were the field work of Kelly at first and Hickey at short and the batting of Conway. Zangerle did good field work for the Medics. Joyce and Keeler were on the firing line for the visitors but were hit at will by our batsmen.

Summary:

| St. Viateur | R | H | P | A | E | Medics | R | H | P | A | E |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Hickey ss | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Beckwith ss | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| McCarthy c f | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Zangerle 1 b | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| Martin 3 b | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Stevenson c f | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| McDonald 2 b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Barry 2 b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Kelley 1 b | 1 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 0 | De Vry 3 b | 2 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Stack C | 2 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 | Buanruch rf&C | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Conway 1 f | 3 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Keeler 1 f &p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Monahan r f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | Pfeiffer C | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 2 |
| Shiel P | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Joyce p | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| Berry r f | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|---|----|---|---|--------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Totals | 13 | 9 | 27 | 4 | 4 | Totals | 4 | 1 | 24 | 19 | 8 |
| St. Viateur's |0 1 0 6 2 0 4 0 *—13 | | | | | | | | | | |
| Medics |0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 1—4 | | | | | | | | | | |

Earned runs—Medics 2. St. Viateur's 5. Stolen bases—St. Viateur's 9. Two base hit—Shiel. Three base hit—Martin. Home run—DeVry. Base on balls off Shiel 3; off Joyce 2; off Keeler 3; struck out by Shiel 10; by Joyce 3; by Keeler 3. Hit by pitched ball—Stack. Passed balls—Pfeiffer 4; Baumruch 2; Stack 2. Umpire McKenna.

Illinois Scrubs 11.—St. Viateur's 5.

On May 1 we journeyed to Urbana and were there defeated by the second team of the Illinois University. Our boys being unaccustomed to a grass diamond gave a miserable sample of base-ball and were easily defeated by the Illini team. Martin's arm was weak and the Scrubs piled up seven runs in the first four inings, in the fifth inning Hickey went in the box and pitched an excellent game keeping the few hits well scattered. Neither Martin nor Hickey received proper support from their team mates who did very poor work both in fielding and in batting. Junl and Kays pitched good ball for Illinois, while Byers did excellent work behind the bat.

Summary:

| St. Viateur's | R | H | P | A | E | Illinois | R | H | P | A | E |
|---------------|---|---|----|---|---|------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Hickey ss&p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | Ray c f | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCarthy c f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Cook 2 b | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| Martin p&ss | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | Hester 3 b | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McDonald 2 b | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | Pope 1 b | 4 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 1 |
| Kelly 1 b | 2 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 2 | Byers C | 1 | 0 | 12 | 4 | 0 |
| Stack C | 1 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 2 | Hummel 1 f | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Conway 1 f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Junl P&rf | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Monahan r f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Evans ss | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Shiel C | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | Miller r f | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| St. Viateur's | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Kays P | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Illinois | 3 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 2 | | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |

Earned runs—Illinois 1; St. Viateur's 1. Two base hits—Pope. Base on balls off Martin 3; off Hickey 2; off Junl 1. Struck out by Martin 2; by Hickey 4; by Junl 8; by Kays 4. Passed balls—Stack 7; Byers 2. Hit by pitched ball—McDonald, Stack. Umpire—Carey.

Notre Dame 2.—St. Viateur's 1.

In the fastest and most interesting game ever played on the local diamond we suffered defeat at the hands of Notre Dame University May 5 by the close score of 2 to 1. It was anybody's game until the close of the ninth inning, when base-ball luck cast its lot with the visitors and the game was theirs. Both sides scored in the first inning, the visitors when McNerney drove out a three bagger and reached home shortly after on stopped bunt; Hickey scored our run by sending a hot one to Gamon who threw wild to first, he reached second on McCarthy's bunt, stole third and scored on a misunderstanding between the third baseman and pitcher. The South Bend bunch scored again in the seventh inning when with two men out O'Neil hit to left, reached third on Gamon's hit and scored on Stack's error in handling Hickey's throw home. During the remainder of the game the visitors did not reach third, most of them being thrown out at first. Our boys were unable to score after the first inning, though men reached third several times. The fans were brought to their feet in the ninth when with no outs Monahan hit safe, stole second and reached third on Shiel's hit, he also stealing second. But Monahan was caught at home and the next two batters were unable to hit, thus losing the last chance of

