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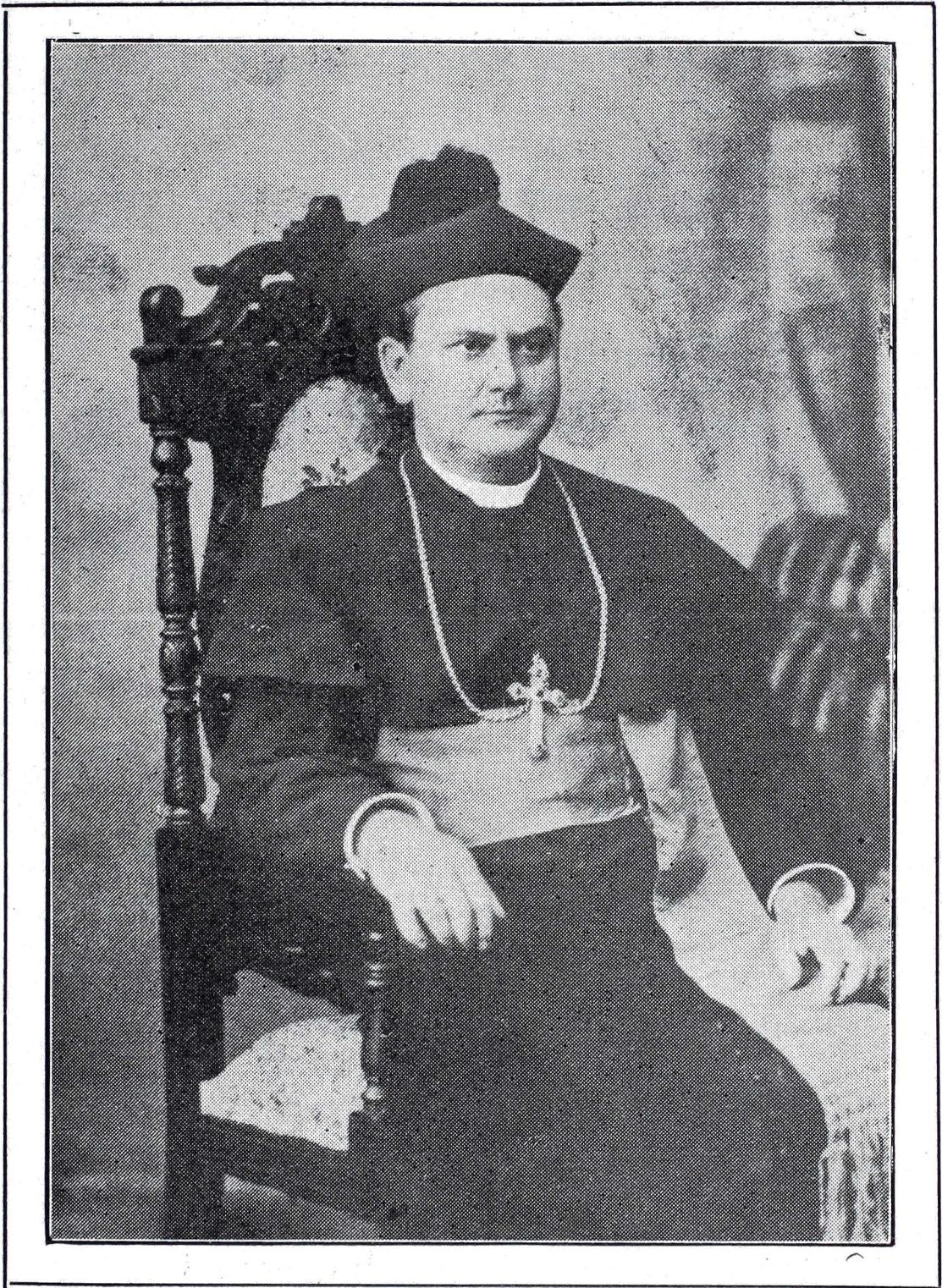


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MOST REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY

Archbishop of Chicago, a patron of learning and a champion of Catholic schools, who presided at the dedication exercises.



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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 25

OCTOBER 1907

NUMBER 1

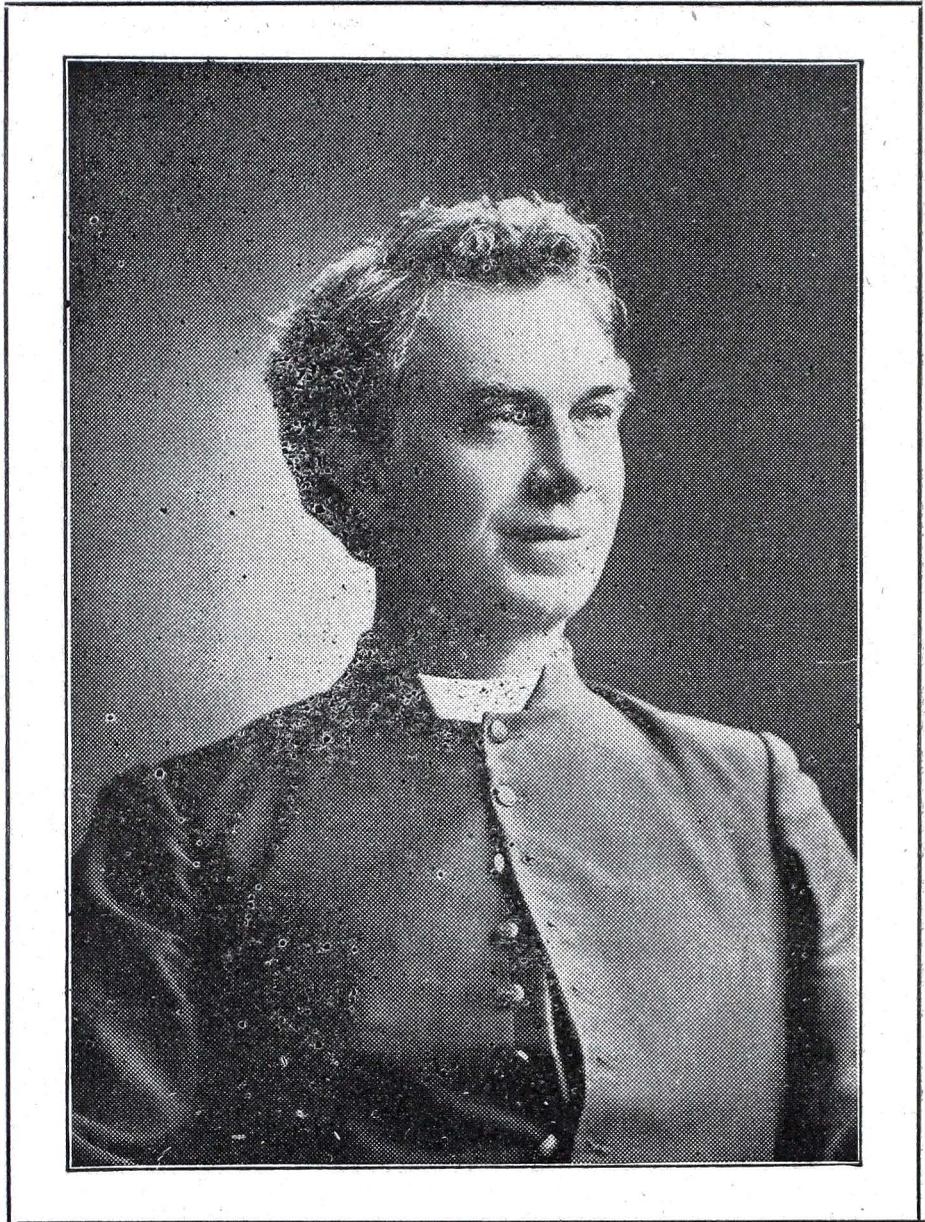
A NEW YEAR.

TO the new student at St. Viateur's there is much for admiration. The massive stone buildings with their sentinel pillars, rising to stalwart height; the vast sweep of open court with its boulevard borders and the extensive campus with its equipment are objects that afford a treat to the eye longing for beauty and grandeur. To the old student these objects awakened a feeling of gratification rather than of wonder for he has seen their growth day after day and he has been partaker in the sacrifice and labor that made their existence possible. They are more than graceful piles of stone or avenues of splendor, they are enduring monuments to one he learned to love, to Father Marsile.

The arduous duties of president for twenty-seven years wrought their claims upon the health of Father Marsile and several times had he tendered his resignation before it could be accepted. When Father Marsile came to Bourbonnais manhood's summer was still sunny in his cheeks and no storms of care had swept his placid brow. All the talents of a gifted mind, every sinew of a vigorous body he at once devoted to the nursling that now stands full grown on old Levasseur hill.

There was no nook or corner of the campus that did not know his hallowed footprint, no hall that did not echo the music of his tongue and no assembly that did not feel the thrill of his inspiring presence. None who have attended St. Viateur's can forget the fragrance of sanctity that fell from Father Marsile in the discharge of his priestly functions; but it is as a potent teacher that he will be chiefly remembered. Conversant with the doctrines of theology, philosophy, and the sciences, versed in the erudition of the saints he was ably fitted to expound the truths of Christianity and lead the young along the resplendent ways of righteousness. manifold as his presidential and priestly duties were they did not rob him of his favorite pursuit, the study of literature. When the college curfew proclaimed the restful slumbers of the students Father Mar-

sile would retire to the illumined chambers of the classics and far into the night he could be found a companion to the great in mind and soul. From this frequent converse with masters he gathered



VERY REV. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

For twenty-seven years the President of St. Viateur's

the material for his plays which have delighted cultured theatre goers in Chicago and the large cities of Canada.

But the noble work of this whole-souled man, this affectionate father, this unselfish priest does not cease for it will be carried along

by the one on whom his mantle of office has fallen, Father O'Mahoney. There is a singular parallelism in the lives of Father Marsile and his successor. Both were about the same age when the appointment of president was assigned to them and both had distinguished themselves in the studies of philosophy and theology. They were alike in their love of the classics and while Father Marsile was professor of literature in French, Father O'Mahoney was acting as instructor in the same branch in English. To Father O'Mahoney belongs the credit of having brought the college curriculum to its present degree of excellence and under his supervision as prefect of studies the classes were resumed almost immediately after the fire and continued in all their vigor with graduation in the different departments of classes yet to be surpassed. The new president was born in Annascaul Co., Kerry, Ireland, in 1877. Shortly after, his parents came to America and at an early age he entered St. Viateur's Normal Institute at Chicago. In 1901 he received his degree of bachelor of arts at St. Viateur's College, winning the gold medal for the highest honors in the department of philosophy. In 1903 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him in recognition of his success in the field of letters and in April 1904 he was elevated to the priesthood.

W. J. K.

HONOR.

M. J. Boland.

TEDIOUS has been the labor and long the search of sages for the discovery of the science that would convert base metal into gold and the fabulous fountain of youth has led innumerable knights to brave the dangers of storm and tempest. Although these problems still defy discovery there is something the possession of which is far better—something in which there is splendor, glory and power, and that is honor.

Honor is not reputation, for as such it is nothing better than a marketable product fluctuating from one extreme to the other; it is something more enduring, something that continues firm and immovable before the withering blasts of scorn or in the quicksands of blandishments and allurements; it is in its noblest, its best, its highest aspect nothing else than fidelity to duty. In honor thus defined I have said there is splendor. Splendor is a grandeur be it physical or moral which arrests our admiration. When the student is found late at night conning over the pages of Shelley's lyrics it

is because of the splendid march of their rhythmic lines, or when he seems loathe to leave aside his Edmund Burke it is because of the splendor of his logic and his diction. Now I claim for the man in whom this principle of honor is found, in whom there breathes this spirit of fidelity to duty a splendor far surpassing any creation of pen or brush. There is scarcely any one of us who has not at some time or other beheld deeds that elicited our admiration. History teems with them; the annals of every nation are replete with them, the chronicler of almost every hamlet has recorded them. At this very hour there is a sun in the eastern sky, a sun of dazzling splendor, a sun to which all Christendom looks for light and hope, a sun in whose glow the Church seems set with all the brilliancy of oriental grandeur, a sun that is rising to its zenith and in its zenith will stay until every cloud of despotism breaks and vanishes into airy vapors and that sun is Pius X. All the intrigues of clever diplomats, all the broadsides of denunciations dealt him from the government stronghold of France, all the volleys of repudiation sent him from infidel infantry the world over have left him unscathed and unscarred with not a crevice in his serene brow for he is firm in his purpose, true to his position and he stands like another Gibraltar defiant to roar of wind or splash of wave.

It is only one who is in close touch with the nature of the present Pontiff's position, one who has felt the mighty pulsation of every heart beat impelling him in the direction of love and his reason and duty in another direction, it is only such a one who can fully appreciate the sublime firmness of the Pontiff. In the kingdom of France, just a step from the threshold of his own native land he sees a mass of wealth slipping away from the hands of those who earned it and which he could restore with a word; he sees his children evicted from their homes, he sees their piteous eyes turned towards him for relief, he hears their heartrending lamentations for bread which he could procure for them with a simple wafture of his sceptre but his duty is in the way. He would welcome the gloom of prison walls, he would sacrifice life itself for his children but he cannot sacrifice his duty.

Besides the element of splendor there is another note in honor no less attractive, that of glory, but here we must make a distinction. Glory is of two kinds, external and internal. One is a Pagan, the other a Christian heritage; one is known by the blasts of trumpets the other the secret voices of the heart. The life of Alexander presents us a good example of the first. To have the world beneath his sway; to step to martial strains in the midst of gorgeous pageants was his glory and ambition but both passed with his death. But the glory that belongs to honor is an internal one; it is the testimony of one's own conscience that he has been faithful to

his trust and no matter what the obstacles were; no matter what consequences follow there is a tranquil satisfaction in the thought that one has done his duty. This was the glory of the martyrs and it was an insoluble problem to the Pagans how the Christians could be peaceful and serene under persecutions. The Lives of the Saints is a variegated garden in which we could cull example after example, from the full blown flower to the tender bud just opening its slender petals to the sunshine of life, of the peace and joy arising from fidelity to duty. Time and space permit only one example. During the reign of Maximian there lived in a fashionable district of Rome a family in which there was a child reared from infancy in the doctrine of the true faith. When she arrived at the age of thirteen there were many Pagan suitors for her hand but to all she returned a refusal. On the accusations of one of these rejected suitors she was apprehended and thrown into prison but the gloom of prison walls in no way disturbed the serenity of her countenance or her soul. On the morrow she was led to execution, and intrepid before a frowning emperor, an array of soldiers and courtiers, unmoved by their threats and entreaties she bowed her head to the executioner and when his sword fell the name of a child, of St. Agnes, was inscribed on the roll of honor.

The third note of honor is power. There is scarcely anyone who has not at some time or other desired to have some power within his possession. Because there is power in money men spare no pains to amass it; because there is power in a fully developed athlete youths of all times have spent long periods in probation. But this power like external glory is subject to the vicissitudes of time and fortune and the imposing tower of one day may be a heap of ruins the next. But the power that belongs to honor is a moral power. It is a power against which the fury of the elements may beat without causing it to waver one jot from its position. With three centuries of prejudice against him; with the door of the English Parliament closed by venomous hatred against him, Daniel O'Connell, armed with nothing except the righteousness of his cause and his manly fidelity to that cause, thrust open the doors of parliament, refused to take the blasphemous oath, demanded a seat, got it and won the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland.

The student whose character remains indelibly imprinted upon the memory of his companions is not the one who has been moved to mean and petty artifices by others. Such a weakling flows with the tide and he is soon lost in the broad sea of humanity; but the one who strives to stem the tide; the one who stands like a rock in the midst of an on-flowing river, this is the one we recall when we open the diary of our college days.

What is the splendor of the sun, the glory of monarchs, the

power of wealth, when compared with honor? Away with the pomp and parade of show, away with the sheen of shekels and let us cling to honor for this will make us splendid, glorious and powerful.

“WHEN REVENGE GROWS COLD.”

C. J. McDonald.

UT in the western part of the State, lying snugly between the great Father of Waters and the peaceful Illinois River, is Pike County. Associated with Pike County, indeed so closely associated with her, as to form a part of her, since it is to be found throughout her entire length, is the well known, often respected, and many more times often feared Sny Levee.

History, Romance, and Fiction hinge upon the Sny Levee and open to all those tales of interest, so wierd, strange and unusual, which for years have thrilled the hearts of the Piker. Often has a mother subdued a restless child, and caused eyes of astonishment to open wide at some wondrous narration. Often has a father caused the little ones to shiver and shake by telling what the Sny Levee might do if little boys and girls would not be good. Thus, children are inclined to hark to the very mention of Sny Levee with a feeling of awe and reverence. Little boys who have the chance to walk upon its summit consider themselves so greatly privileged as to have something of which to boast before the less fortunate lads.

But of course as they grow older they become reconciled to a different view of the subject, and whenever the furious Mississippi begins to heave his proud old breast; when the limpid waters overflow the banks and inch by inch mount the bold staunch wall; when they from below can look up and see the foam from the splashing waves, vault the levee, they zealously rush to guard it!

And it might be well here to state that during seiges of high water a large amount of the danger, and likewise a large percentage of the losses from overflow are due to “levee cutters” who seek to profit at another’s loss. On this account, armed guards are stationed along the levee to prevent such work.

It was during such times of danger that two young men, Frank McQuin and John Tilly took rapid strides into prominence, in and around the Sny Bottom. Both were about the same age and had been close associates from their boyhood days when they went to school together. Although they had always been chums, it was

readily conceded by all that Frank McQuin was Tilly's superior, in every thing that called for knowledge, reason or ability. In a word, Frank was appreciated by all, and especially by Tilly, as the sort of a fellow to fall in with, while Tilly, though admired by some, was more particularly pointed out for his short comings, and principal among these were a fiery temper and his long continued habit of partaking to excess, certain favorite beverages. The great contrast between the habits and characteristics of the two associates gave rise to much discussion and comment among the Sny Bottom gossipers. Reproaches were often hurled at Frank for keeping company with a character of such a low caliber, while friends were wont to advise Tilly to turn over a new leaf and be more like McQuin.

However, Tilly could not see things that way, probably because he was better acquainted with the true relation between himself and Frank. At any rate, no improvement did Tilly give signs of, and one day the neighborhood was thrown into astonishment by the report that up along the Levee McQuin and Tilly were seen, "both drunk." Then to their great chagrin, the many admirers of Frank saw that instead of his turning Tilly, as they had hoped, Tilly had influenced him.

Sny Bottom had centered its fondest hopes in Frank and awaited in eager expectation for the day when Success should open her golden gates and bid him enter. But that fond hope was shattered, and disappointment loomed up in its place. To all it was plain that Frank was fast getting the habit and that ere long, like Tilly, the habit would fast have him. However, while this news was yet battling with the hearer's disbelief, there occurred an accident that severed the association of Frank with John, and put a climax to the disgusts and disappointments of former friends.

The Mississippi was high and the Levee was nobly doing its work. McQuin and Tilly were walking down the Levee on their return from Clarkshill where evidently both had gone through those preliminaries which generally are followed by a "good drunk." Of the two, Tilly was decidedly in the worse condition. They were walking side by side, Tilly next to the river's edge. A watchman, attracted by their talk, hid to await their coming.

When opposite the watchman, Frank exclaimed, "How long and how well has this old levee kept the water out!"

"Methinks it keeps the water in," blurted out Tilly.

"All depends from which side you look at the question, but 'tis plain that a levee is built to keep the water out," said Frank.

"And 'tis no less plain, it is to keep the water in," shouted Tilly, as his interest arose to excitement over the matter.

"Any fool knows that this levee was built to keep the water out," persisted Frank.

Excitement waxed strong on both sides of the argument and especially was this true of Tilly, who in accordance with his disposition, became furiously angry and after pulling something out of his coat pocket, he ordered, "Look here, take this bottle of Sunny Brook. Is that cork there to keep the whiskey in or out?"

"But a cork is not a levee," shouted Frank, who was getting disgusted about the matter.

Tilly lost all self control, and diving into his pocket he brought out his knife and turning quickly, drove it deeply into his old pal's side, who fell, unconscious, to the ground. With a malicious smile Tilly viewed the gushing blood as it formed a little pool near the fallen body. "There's a cut in your side, maybe you'd better tie it up to keep the blood in, or out, whichever you think. Lay there and think it over," said he, and he turned to move on. In another moment he was in the watchman's grasp. Frank was taken home and another month found him slowly recovering from the wound, while Tilly, vowing vengeance, was speeding on a train for a ten years' stay in the "pen."

During his recovery Frank realized the rash step that he had taken and shortly after he got well he was even more keenly impressed regarding his error, when by the bedside of his dying father he received his father's blessing and heard his earnest prayer that in the future his son might be as a man.

Let it suffice to say that Frank was a changed man and that after his father's departure from this world he again arose in the esteem of former friends. As, when the river was high, the Levee protected his home, so too, when temptation was near did he guard his honor. For eleven years he did this without interruption. But eleven years creates a new scene. Again we find the water mounted high on the Levee's side. From various sources danger is imminent, so Frank McQuin now guards along the Levee.

The moon is shining brightly on the river's broad expanse and silvery rays reflect from every little ripple as they travel to the shore. A breeze breaks through the willows and cools the sultry night. The frogs down in the marshes, the crickets in the trees, the lonely hoot of the distant owl, with now and then a flopping fish, are all that break the silence of the night. The river still is rising and to the guard it seems that every little rolling wave splashes nearer to his feet. Ere one more sun has disappeared behind the distant hills, he fancies all Sny Bottom sunk beneath the flooding waters. Long anxious hours thus he spends and though danger threatens near, he guards the Levee, watches closely, listens for the softest step, but though no sound breaks on

the breeze, though no human being does he see, yet some are near, deftly hiding, waiting like the crouching tiger, ere he springs upon his prey.

As the watchman lingered at the crossing on the Levee, a muffled voice ordering "Hands up," struck terror to his heart. But in his hand he held his weapon, and though apparently he was speedily obeying the command, he found it convenient to let fire into the dense shade of the willows, whence the sound came. A flash of a rifle, groans and a crash told him that he had made a lucky shot and instantly he rushed for shelter, but he felt a twinge of pain in his shoulder and stumbled to the ground on the river's side of the Levee. Another lucky shot had been made. Two men rushed out of the shadow, bent over the form of their companion, then over the wounded watchman, and then hastened down the Levee.

Ten minutes later Frank opened his eyes upon a kneeling form above him. He gave a sudden start as the thought of duty flashed through him, but a keen pain in his shoulder made him sink back with a groan. Then he said, "Closer stranger, listen, then though you must defy danger and face death, for the sake of your home, for the love of dear ones, at honor's price and duty's bidding, act. Levee cutters are at work, most likely below the crossing. Make haste, for even now it may be late."

The stranger tarried, and the watchman, exhausted, closed his eyes. The stranger asked a question, but the watchman fainting away, heard only these last few words, "To keep the water in or out?" He placed his hand to the bleeding wound and faintly replied, "In." It was sufficient. The stranger did his bidding. The two men stood beside the levee cut, watching the water rush through. In ten minutes more nothing could stop it. Two quick, accurate shots and both men fell across the fast widening aqueduct, and instantly the stranger was above them refilling the breach, while they kept the water in check.

He had aimed to kill, and never for a moment did he doubt but that they were dead. Nor was he wrong, for after he had made the Levee as strong as ever, he removed the bodies from their watery bed and found that they must have met death instantly. "Well, I killed a couple of bad ones, but I guess I saved more good ones," said he to himself, as he returned to the side of the wounded man. With a feeling of regret, he gazed upon the silent form, lying there just as it did eleven years past. Then, revenge lived in his heart; now, compassion had taken its place. At day-break came another watch, and he said the river was falling, so the two took the unconscious form home. When Frank again awoke, he was lying on a soft bed and a physician was sitting

near. He awoke as if from a reverie and as the doctor bent over him, he faintly whispered, "It must have been John."

Later when he was told all, he smiled and said, "No one else could have done it so well."

Today, Frank McQuin and John Tilly are fast friends. In the eyes of each other they are brothers. In the eyes of Sny Bottom they are heroes. Frank is the same as of old, but Tilly has changed. For eleven years the fire of revenge was kindled and flourished in his heart, only to be cooled and extinguished by a tear which gushed from the fountain of love.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

S. McMahon, '09.

DAILY observation in the great centers of American civilization brings before our eyes magnificent edifices, erected for the worship of God, models of architectural art, interiorly adorned with splendid paintings, marble altars and richly-carved furnishings; we also see imposing schools and colleges, consecrated to the inculcation of Catholic doctrine and the principles of Christian living and again do we view beautiful parsonages and convents, the homes of the ministers of God and the teachers of His divine word. These external evidences of the material prosperity and success of the Catholic Church in this country are befitting the sovereign majesty of her Divine Founder and a proper recognition of His supreme dominion over all creatures and things of earth; for nothing is too good; nothing too expensive; nothing too magnificent for Him who is the Author of our existence. But in the outward appearances of the wealth and power of the Church, we see something greater nobler and far more pleasing to God; we see the devotion and zeal of the Catholic people, and we perceive that this external magnificence, the manifestation of her earthly glory, is but the symbol, the mere sensible representation of a more sublime and lasting glory, the spiritual condition of her children, for it reflects a pious, well educated and flourishing priesthood, zealous for the salvation of the souls confided to their charge, numerous devoted communities and bands of brothers and nuns, dedicating their lives to the great work of Catholic education and Christian charity; and a faithful laity, obedient and submissive to the decrees of properly constituted authority and eager for the onward march of Catholicity.

The remarkable progress and rapid growth of the true Church of Christ in recent years is the marvel and wonder of our non-Cath-

olic brethren. But our great numerical strength and material prosperity is not so much a cause of admiration to them as is the marked devotion and adherence of our people to their faith, their unswerving loyalty and attachment to the visible head of the Church, the Vicar of Christ, their strict and ready compliance with the doctrines of Catholicism. However, in the midst of this splendor and magnificence, we too often forget or fail to realize that even in our own land there are many of the Catholic faith who are denied these advantages and who are unable to assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass or to hear the divine word preached. In our prosperity, we lose sight of those who, on account of their remoteness from centers of civilization, the scarcity of their numbers as well as their poverty, are unable to obtain for themselves and their posterity the blessings of religion. In the Western and Southwestern States and Territories where towns and villages are few and far apart and where the refinements of modern American culture have not penetrated, the need of Catholic priests and churches is sadly felt. Here dioceses extending over thousands of miles of territory are administered by one bishop and a few priests. A noteworthy instance is that of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, in New Mexico, presided over by the Most Rev. Archbishop Bourgade, where the spiritual necessities of one hundred and thirty-three thousand Catholics residing in a district one hundred and four thousand square miles in area are ministered to by one archbishop, one bishop and fifty-five priests. Just think of a diocesan territory ten times the size of the Archdiocese of Chicago with only fifty-five priests. The Archdiocese of Santa Fe is so poor that Archbishop Bourgade and his auxiliary, Bishop Pitaval, have been compelled to visit outside dioceses and there take up collections to maintain the parishes already in existence and to attempt in a small way to build up their diocese. Nor is this an isolated example of conditions in the Southwest and the West. I could mention other dioceses in these parts of the country where conditions are as deplorable and where the spread of Catholicity is impeded through lack of priests and funds. In these dioceses priests have traveled sometimes for two or three months at a time to visit the various stations and missions of their parishes under the most unfavorable circumstances and suffering from the intense heat of a torrid sun. These priests and their bishops are doing marvelous work and enduring the hardships, the discomforts and inconveniences of this religious pioneering with the spirit of the missionaries who first planted the seed of Catholicity on these American shores. The bishops and priests of the West and Southwest are too few in numbers, their dioceses and parishes too large to enable them to cope in any adequate manner

with the situation. Again, the people are too poor and they are not compactly enough settled to warrant them in undertaking the construction of churches and chapels, not to speak of schools and colleges for the Catholic training of the young. Hence it is that children go for long periods of time without the regenerating waters of baptism, their parents are not offered an opportunity of assisting at the holy sacrifice of the mass, and the sick and infirm many times die without the consolation of the last sacraments and are buried without the solemn and impressive rites of the Church. It is people, circumstanced such as these and especially their offspring who fall easy prey to the proselytizing efforts of Protestant religious societies. Unable themselves to provide the suitable accompaniments of Catholicity, the priest and the chapel, many of them lose the faith or turn to that creed which offers them a church and religious service, having been previously allured to its folds through entertainments, and in many instances, through financial assistance. Despite opinions to the contrary, it has been asserted and maintained that the American people are of a religious temperament and that deprived of the ministrations of one church, they will turn to another. This saying seems to have been sufficiently verified in different parts of the United States, where the Catholic service and the instruction of the people have been neglected through their poverty or through some other apparently good reason. Here they have affiliated themselves to other creeds for the spiritual solace they seek, and hence it is that we now have not a few families whose fathers only a generation or two back were good Catholics at the present day enrolled on the parish sheets of Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian congregations. The evil has been done and it is very hard to repair it especially among the children of such families who have been brought up in the tenets of Protestantism and entirely ignorant of the truths and principles of the Catholic faith.

For many years we have been sending missionaries into the jungles of Africa and India, into the hills of China and Japan, to convert the heathen and the Pagan to Christianity. Much money has been spent in procuring literature and articles of religious signification, to carry instructions to these misguided people, and many saintly men have laid down their lives to preach the true gospel to them. It is truly a great work and one deserving of every commendation, but although granting that the preaching of the gospel to the heathen and Pagan is one of great merit, still it seems to me that it would be a better policy for the Church in America to exert her fullest endeavors to the retention of her own children, to the preservation of the Catholic faith to the Catholic people scattered in sparsely settled portions of our own country, and who have

not the means to maintain a priest, before seeking the conversion of other peoples. It is preferable, in my opinion, to maintain one's own before stretching out for that of others. Well ordered charity begins at home. Again the progress of the faith in all parts of this country is retarded by the practice of assisting Catholics of some European countries to erect magnificent cathedrals and colleges, often more magnificent and costly than our own. The money which is annually contributed by the faithful in the United States for this purpose could be applied more beneficially in the building of small mission chapels here at home in towns and villages where none exist.

The leading Protestant denominations have for many years conducted, in addition to their Foreign Mission Societies, Church Extension Boards, whose function it is to look after the spread of the respective creeds in this country. The Methodist Board has a standing offer of two hundred and fifty dollars to aid in the erection of a church of their denomination in any of the frontier states. According to the annual report of this Board we learn that to the close of the year 1904, it had assisted thirteen thousand nine hundred and fourteen churches, and that in 1904 from various sources—collections, bequests and individual contributions, etc., this board had received for the work of extension alone the sum of \$429,150.81. Pause a moment and consider the work this religious society is doing with a strength numerically several times inferior to ours in this country and cease to wonder why it is becoming strong. Think what an immense amount of good, how many churches and chapels erected, how many poor congregations assisted, and how many worthy priests enabled to push on in their struggle for the eternal salvation of souls if a sum equal to this were at the disposal of a similarly constituted board for the work of Catholic extension, and ask yourselves if it is not time that the Catholics of this country became conscious of their duty in this respect. Yes, the time has arrived when the Catholics of this country shall make an effort to cope in an adequate manner with the situation, and moreover, the work has already been commenced, for two years ago there was brought into existence at the residence of His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, an organization to be henceforth known as "The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States," a society incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan. At this meeting were gathered representative Catholics from all parts of the country, leading church dignitaries and laymen who, by their very presence testified their sincere love for the Church, and who recognized clearly that the struggle of the Catholic Church in the United States is not passed, but that the base of operations has been transferred from the large cities and populous districts to the

poorly settled portions of the land and particularly to the great West and Southwest. They realize fully the duty of Catholics to claim this vast territory for Catholicism and they energetically set about to accomplish it. In the words of the constitution of the society its purpose is set forth, "To assist in the erection of parish buildings for poor and needy places; to support priests for the poverty stricken districts; to send the comfort of religion to pioneer localities; in a word to preserve the faith of Jesus Christ to thousands of scattered Catholics in every portion of our land, especially in the country districts and amongst immigrants."

These men realized the necessity of counteracting the missionary work being done by Protestant denominations amongst Catholics; of abating the great evil which arises from our permitting the children of Catholic parents to grow up in ignorance of the faith of their fathers, or to fall into the hands of the zealots of Protestantism. Moreover, they observed the danger of immigrants from Catholic countries being drawn into the folds of these religious societies and they resolved to take steps to prevent it.

The society has received the approval of highest ecclesiastical authority. The hierarchy of the United States has sanctioned it, and in fact, several of the Archbishops are very actively engaged in assisting the society. Recently it has been favored in a signal way with the earnest approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X. The Holy Father, in a letter to Archbishop Quigley says: "We also see that the work is most opportune in a country where owing to the multitude of immigrants of various nationalities, a great and extended field lies open for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God, and more so as the endeavors of associations hostile to the Catholic name are so active and so effective and so widespread. This hostile influence, unless coped with unceasingly and prudently, will do no little harm, especially among the simple folk of rural districts." As a further stamp of his approval and as an encouragement to the Catholics to actively co-operate with the society, His Holiness has decreed numerous and rich indulgences to all who assist in the work, and he has designated St. Philip Neri, the Apostle of Rome, to be the special patron of the Society. Sanctioned by such authority and supported by the active co-operation of the leading archbishops, bishops and Catholic laymen of the country, the Catholic Church Extension Society seems to rest on a solid foundation and to be destined for great things. Its affairs are in charge of men who are known to be thorough business men. The management of affairs is entrusted to a Board of Governors, the chairman of which is the Most Rev. James E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, a prime mover of the organization, a churchman fully conversant with the conditions which the

society was organized to meet and withal a practical up-to-date business man, and the executive work of the society is in the hands of the Rev. Francis C. Kelley, who has studied conditions in the neglected parts of the Lord's vineyard in this country and knows how to best advance the interests of Catholicity in these localities.

Thus far in its short career the Catholic Extension Society has accomplished wonders. It has erected chapels and churches and assisted priests of needy parishes and has responded to nine-tenths of the worthy applications received. Within the past few months through its agency a chapel car, the finest of its kind, donated by Mr. Ambrose Petry, a founder of the society, has been dispatched on its mission of Christian zeal. This car is fitted out with chapel, confessionals, library, living rooms for the priest in charge and his assistants. It was dedicated in Chicago on June 16th, of the present year, by Archbishop Quigley, and was immediately sent to Kansas, where, under the direction of Bishop Hennessy, it has traveled through the Wichita Diocese, stopping every Sunday at some place remote from a Catholic church. Mass is celebrated; the sacraments administered, and Catholic literature disseminated. The society intends in a short time to equip another car of this kind and when the need arises, others. Another feature of the means employed by the society to further the cause of the church extension is the publication of a monthly magazine, "Extension," entertainingly written and treating of the principal subjects of Catholic interest under present day discussion. The proceeds of the magazine over and above expenses is turned into the treasury of the society to further the general purposes of its organization.

Church extension is something which should enlist the hearty support of every Catholic in the United States, for it is a practical work, the necessity of which every true son and daughter of the church must admit, and now since the movement of church extension has been started, let us render it all assistance. Let us not in the prosperity of the church in our own Diocese or Province beguile ourselves into the belief that the church is equally prosperous in all parts of the country, or from our present surroundings, lull ourselves into a false sense of security, begotten in ignorance of conditions not within our immediate vision. But rather, let us look things square in the face, realize the danger of our brethren less fortunately situated than we, losing the faith, and by our support, moral and financial, lend encouragement and impetus to the grand and noble work so auspiciously undertaken by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States "for the greater glory of God."

THE VIATORIAN

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

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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.

EDITORIAL.

Once more there has been given to us opportunities unlimited by the opening of a new scholastic year. Possibilities and opportunities undreamt of now loom up before us and claim our attention and they are fraught with too weighty consequences to be scorned or scoffed at. The road to failure is well paved with unseized opportunities that presented themselves not only once but which returned with each succeeding year.

We should not let our present opportunities be possibilities "in potentia," we should make them actualities, and when we have them within our actual possession we will discover other and higher things and try to realize them. School and opportunity are twin sisters. Where one is, there the other is found and where these two dwell there the land of possibility is most fertile. Have we made the most of the opportunities placed at our disposal? Are we allowing some golden opportunity to slip through our fingers? Let us take heed. We can never reap even a grain, let alone a harvest, from the land of possibilities unless we first grasp the sickle of opportunity. But the seizing of opportunities means work, yea hard and ceaseless work but the success that follows is worth the labor and the gains such as rust can never corrode or defaulters ever pilfer.

THE B. B. FANS OF N'YOLEENS.

ONE day not long ago, while I was lounging in the lobby of the "Rest Hotel," which was situated on the main thoroughfare of a good sized Southern town, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a "bell hop," loudly calling my name. Upon my answering, he came over and informed me that a delegation of "smoky gentlemen" were in the office awaiting my pleasure. Being somewhat surprised and anxious to ascertain the reason why I was disturbed, I told him that he might "show in" the visitors. After a few minutes I heard a hurried trampling outside and a second later a hurried muttering and growling from the soft mellifluous voices of the "sons of night" informed me that my "visitors" were present and besides were making themselves at home. A lull in their conversation ensued, but suddenly one of their number, an ungainly "buck," who seemed to be around the age of 30, and who was a source of admiration to his fellow citizens, through his ambidexterity and skill in "rolling de bones," advanced with a sullen air, and as nearly as I remember, spoke the following words: "We hab been delegated by de members ob de Sweet Potato and Yaller Possum clubs ob dis yere city ob N'Yoleens to protest about de discrimeration ob which yo ah guilty 'fru yo' buildin' a screen in yo' base ball pahk fo' de white folks and fru' yo' refusal to do de same fo' de collud patrons ob yo' nine." A torrent of cries of such nature as "Dat's right, Sam," informed me that I was in the wrong. For a moment I was dumbfounded and all at sea, for to place any additional expense in the park would mean that my labor for the year would be represented by a "negative gain," and that the season, which was just beginning, would be a failure. On the other hand, if I refused them, I would lose a large part of the patronage of the negroes, which amounted to a considerable sum. While pondering over the matter, the gigantic form of "Hi" Robertson passed te door. "Hi" stood six feet and five inches in his stockings, had played through the previous season, in another town, without an error, and had been signed to play first base. On his sudden appearance an idea flashed through my mind, so bestirring myself I resolved upon a bold course. Utilizing what little oratory I possessed, I commenced to speak: "Gentlemen of the Sweet Potato and Yellow Opossum societies and citizens of N'Yoleens," said I, "I have always endeavored to satisfy the base ball needs of the colored citizens of our fair city. Consequently when the white people of this urbane spot petitioned that a screen should be placed on their stand, I hesitated some time before I

granted their request. All this while I was thinking of the means by which the honest wrath which a slight to you would occasion, could be appeased. All day long would I ponder and vainly would I seek rest in the drowsy arms of Morpheus. At last, while the team was on its preliminary trip, the mystery which had caused me many anxious days and sleepless nights, was solved. I signed Robertson to play first base. As you know he made no errors last season, furthermore he allowed no balls to be thrown over his head. Knowing these facts, I signed him, all the time thinking of you. Now why do you complain? The Caucasian element of this city has a wire stop in front of their stand, through which they must gaze. On the other hand the colored citizens have a human screen. They can safely bring their ladies to the park without suffering the inconvenience of gazing through a rusty wire screen. They can proudly boast of their moving human screen. In conclusion, gentlemen, if you will kindly step into the next room you will be able to enjoy a good smoke." With profuse thanks the delegation shuffled into the next room, and that afternoon and on every succeeding day throughout the season, there was not a vacant seat in right field. The colored citizens were happy over the thought that the white people were placed in an inferior position through the lack of a moving human screen.

S. Morgan '09.

A FISH STORY.

"Well sir," began Uncle Ben, "Talking 'bout fishin' reminds me of the day Si Perkins and your old uncle fetched in 'bout a hundred pound in less than half an hour."

We knew a good story was coming, and so the camp group took easier positions and waited. After methodically refilling his pipe, the old fellow assumed a pensive air and continued, "Yes sir, it was down to Horseshoe Lake, back in '83. Si Perkins and I hed been line fishing fer 'bout two hours and hed only caught a couple little fellers 'bout the size of yer hand. We knew the fish was there all right, but the cusses wouldn't bite. Now I allus did say Si was scientifically inclined but boys, I admit Uncle Ben wasn't quite prepared fer what he did. "Ben," sez he, "I got an idee, an if you'll stick by me I guarantee we'll have more fish in an hour than we kin carry." Well sir, I didn't take much stock in his idee, but "Si" sez I, "count me at your commands."

His first orders wuz fer shore, and the next thing I knew he'd raced up ter the house an come down agin with a big paper bag.

"Ben Hedges," sez he handin the bag to me. "You now have in your hands the famous-to-be Perkins Fish Ensnarer." Well Sir, I admit I had ter laugh when I opened that there bag, it was nothing but dried apples straight from the kitchen.

As I said before, I laughed, but Si only looked grand like and quoted something bout laughin last. Now, I never hearn tell of dried apples fer bait, but it being Si's lead I reaches fer the poles an starts fer the boat, but there's where I makes my mistake. "Put them poles down," sez Si, "an get inter this boat." Well sir, I wuz thunderstruck, the idee of fishin 'thout poles. But I obeys an Si after rowin a bit, drops the oars, an reaches fer that bag an then starts throwin them dried apples overboard.

When they were all in the water, he turns to me and takin out his watch sez in a superior way "Well Ben, in five minutes we'll begin takin in the catch." I really felt sorry for Si then, boys, for it sure looked like he was cracked. But would you believe it, in five minutes I hearn a splash, then another, and another and purty soon the water all round us wuz covered with the members of the finny tribe floatin on their backs. All there wuz left to do then wuz to fetch 'em in, which same we did."

"But Uncle Ben," someone asked, "what made the fish act that way?"

"Why yer see" answered the old man, "when the poor cusses et the dried apples, they gulped some water in at the same time and the water swellin the dried apples they eventually burst" and with this explanation, we all turned in.

J. G. K.

PERSONALS.

When the Rév. P. M. Flannigan died the parish of St. Anne, Chicago, suffered a lamentable loss but with the promotion of Rev. Edward Kelley as his successor there came a prompt and wholesome consolation. Like his predecessor the present pastor is a man whose work has left its impress on the Catholic fold of the state's metropolis. The history of the Church's growth in Chicago is the history of the life of its pastors and this is especially so in the parishes of St. Anne and St. Cecelia. These men have done the pioneer's work in the religious field. They have cleared a wilderness, irrigated a barren land and made it a wholesome oasis of Catholic truth. Our congratulations to the parishioners of St. Anne's and our best wishes to their pastor.

"Greater St. Viateur's" is something more than nominal to the Rev. H. Durkin of Rantoul, Ill. When the doors of the new insti-

tution were opened in September, Father Durkin brought for registration a large group of boys from his parish. Unselfish interest in his boys is one of Father Durkin's admirable traits and it is a source of much pleasure to him as well as to St. Viateur's that Bishop Spaulding's choice for Rome fell upon one of his boys, Mr. Frank Walsh '07.

The Viatorian extends its best wishes to Messrs. Marcotte and Lambert who have taken up the hardware business of the Fraser Hardware Co.

Although the visit of Father Fitzpatrick of Elmwood and Father White of Cullom was brief it was pleasant and we will expect a longer stay from them soon.

Announcements are made of the coming nuptials of Dr. E. A. Rach of St. Bernard's hospital Chicago and Miss Mary Boyle whose brothers have been students at the college for several years.

Mr. Murphy of Chicago paid his son of the Junior department a pleasant visit Sunday, Sept. 29th.

Mr. John Rainey of Chicago spent a few pleasant hours with his brother, Frank, Sept. 29.

Rev. Father Vaughan, of oratorical fame, treated Kankakee to some of his eloquence in the presentation of his favorite of the Shakesperian dramas, "The Merchant of Venice." The occasion was the anniversary of the dedication of St. Patrick's church. We hope that the time is not distant when we can again hear the famous orator.

Mr. Frank Walsh '07, Mr. Henry Fitzgerald '07 and Mr. Henry Webber '07, were called upon to complete their studies in Rome, at the American college. They sailed from New York October 10th. The faculty and student body extend their heartfelt wishes for a pleasant voyage and success in their new situation.

Mr. D. Boyle of Chicago spent a pleasant day with his sons recently.

OBITUARY.

Rev. G. P. Mulvaney was summoned home Thursday, Oct. 3rd, because of the dangerous illness of his father. News reached the college faculty and students the following day that Mr. Mulvaney

had passed away. Brother Mulvaney's many friends wish to express their deep condolence and heartfelt sorrow for his late affliction.

Sorrow threw its mournful garb over St. Viateur's when reports came forth that Harold Pugin a late student of the college, had crossed the last earthly threshold. Harold was a graduate of the Valparaiso high school and came to Saint Viateur's with bright hopes of finishing a college course. A short time after his arrival he was stricken with a sudden illness which carried him away quite unexpectedly. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Pugin of Valparaiso, both of whom came to Kankakee when apprised of the serious condition of their boy. His remains were taken to Valparaiso where the funeral ceremonies took place.

We also inscribe with sorrow on the list of departed friends the name of Mr. Joseph Donohoe who died recently at Utica, N. Y. Mr. Donohoe was a brother of Mr. Michael Donohoe of the Seminary Department.



At last the moment, which for some time we have fearfully yet eagerly awaited, has arrived; at last the opportunity is before us, when pen in hand and shrouded in the powerful garb of critic, our fervid brain aglow with the enthusiasm and possibilities of the profession, and conscious of our duties towards our brethren of the editorial world, we may peruse with critical eye the efforts of our contemporaries and with unlimited magnanimity and justice proclaim to the eager and expectant multitude our appreciation or condemnation of their productions. For surely to the young and inexperienced ex-man the world can not appear other than expectant. With his boundless energy and zeal he fondly imagines that his words produce wonderful effects and are weighed and considered with great respect in the world of thought; and who will be so cruel as to dispel these fond fancies? Let him rejoice in his expectations for it is in such enthusiasm that the germs of success are developed.

Like all aspiring ex-men (conscious of their great importance,)

we have adopted resolutions, to which at the present moment, we fondly believe we may adhere. They differ not in the least from those which have been in common use from the very creation of the exchange department; so why enumerate them? They contain the same good wishes and the same determination to receive criticism gratefully which have marked the appearance of so many ex-men; they contain the same desires to do our share to benefit college letters and be worthy representatives of our respective Alma Mater. And thus with the full consciousness of our responsibilities we humbly take our place in the exchange world with the wish that our humble efforts may be of some avail to the young people of our little sphere.

Among the many and various journals which have found their way to our sanctum, one of the most attractive and truly meritorious is the midsummer number of the St. Thomas Collegian. Distinctly classical and well edited from cover to cover, it harmoniously blends the best features of a college journal—choice essays and orations alternating with pleasing verse. The address on "War" is especially novel in its treatment, the writer considering war as a necessity for the uplifting of mankind. "Peace" in the same number falls short of its opposite, "War," the writer contenting himself with picturing the horrors of war while he devotes but a few lines to his side of the question. "The Lost Chord" is a creditable piece of verse that strikes the humorous vein of the reader and leaves a pleasant impression.

Novel, neat and entertaining is the Alumnae number of the Loretto Magazine. Published by the loyal alumnae of the Academy it abounds in stories of travel and interesting reminiscences, interspersed with terms of regard for Alma Mater. The short biography of Mary Jane Lancaster Spalding, mother of the present bishop of Peoria, is an excellent article and well describes an ideal mother. In "The Trend of Modern Literature" the writer bemoans the degrading influence of present day novels as compared with those of former days. To meet with popular approval, the author must be spicy in tone and avoid all moralizing much to the detriment of the young reader; in a word he must adopt the "receipt for modern novels which seems to be, 'Live without love, sin and suffer, then write what you know.'" It is to be regretted that such an inspiring article must be confined to the limited circulation of a college journal.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, always among the first to arrive, has begun its weekly visit and is received with great interest. By a judicious mixture of prose and verse it continues to hold its place among the leaders in college journalism.

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|  | <h1 style="margin: 0;">Athletic Notes</h1> |  |
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Now that the rain-soaked spirit of baseball has retired dripping and unwilling to his winter quarters, the question of football's reception naturally arises. The Athletic Association met, and after mature deliberation and discussion decided to put the rough gentleman on the bench for this season. In other words, the College will have no representative varsity eleven. Of course the boys may do a few fancy stunts on the gridiron against local teams, merely to ward off ennui but in the words of the new manager, "We will not undertake any games with College or University teams that are really in our class" and the association gives many reasons for this step. In the first place the material on hand for even a passable squad is decidedly poor; secondly, new equipment is needed and football togs make great rents in funds—of course we very seldom allow pecuniary reasons to influence our decisions, yet we can't help but feel that with football on the shelf the association treasurer would strongly resemble a Pittsburg millionaire; thirdly many of our football players are also baseball men and—well we're not taking any chances on their getting hurt. Baseball has always been our long suit and as the coming nine promises to be a world beating aggregation, why not save men and money for big games in the spring.



Basket-ball will soon be claiming our attention and as I sit here tapping my teeth with my pen I can't help feeling that a "classy" five will wear the gold stockings this year. The outlook certainly appears good from here. The correct basket-ball "dope" however will, no doubt, be rendered by "Steve" in the near future so we will content ourselves with hoping our expectations are realized.



It may be merely an idle rumor but there has been some talk of going in strongly for indoor baseball this winter. To the old fellows who have seen some rather fancy games in the days of the league this sounds good. They know we have the gentlemen who can handle the padded baseball to perfection, and feel that if the league is again organized with St. Viateur's on the list the season will bring out some interesting games. Let us hope then that the talk materializes and that indoor joins basket-ball in robbing the winter months of their dreariness.

LOCALS.

Again—the simple life.

Roy Hall has its “400”—A real high set too.

Sick relatives may have their drawbacks but they come in mighty handy during the post season series.

Football retired early but as usual left a mark of its affection after it—This time on Jim’s collar-bone.

“Philosophers are all right as Philosophers but they can’t play ball”—Manager Bergin.

Dick—“Gee, I’ll bet that new Singer building in New York is a hummer.”

“Turkey” was overheard humming the following:

The “New Kid.”

His heart has one unchanging theme

One thought away from books,

He wanders ’round as in a dream

With melancholy looks.

In vain we try with lively air

To coax his mind to roam,

That voice of other times is there

And echoes—Home sweet home.

Dinny—“Why do stock farmers like a lot of stair climbing?”

Group (in chorus)—“What’s the answer?”

Dinny—“It develops the calves.” (Exit Dinny.)

Lost—Two rooms, one in Chicago, the other in the village.
Finder please return to “Gus and Jerry.” S. V. C.

Poetry Teacher—“What are feet essentials of?”

Edgar—“Walkin or runnin.”

“Do you take Saltus and Levi?”

Bert—“Whither goe’st thou ‘Davis?’ ”

F. Lynch W. S. (White Sox)—“To Detroit, to represent the Athletic Association.”

Dancing classes to be organized in gymnasium. Apply to Prof. Morgan.

Visitor (passing room 324)—“Is that music I hear?”

Eddy—“Yes, ‘Turkey in the straw.’ It’s Culleton snoring.”

The Freshman class
 Is a real fresh class,
 I have no doubt at all
 But the Caesar class
 Is the banner class,
 When it comes to downright Gaul.

"There is to be a Junior Hop in the gymnasium tonight." So said the Junior class and true to their word, promptly at seven o'clock the class president appeared and amid the plaudits of his fellow-classmen, placed a tiny grasshopper on the gym floor and—departed.

Little Bear—"I shure do want some mo Korn Kinks."

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

A. Wyswun—When was this chicken killed?

Waiter—We don't furnish dates with chickens. Just the gravy.

Lives of football men remind us,
 We can write our names in blood;
 And departing leave behind us,
 Half our faces in the mud.

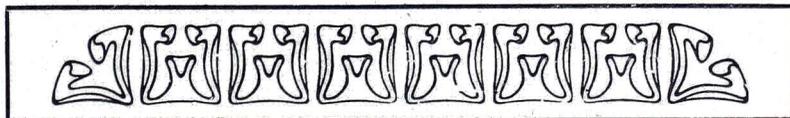
Freshie—Facio, facere, feci, fake it.

Och! said Stack, I'll never be able to put these shoes on until I wear them a day or two.

Poet—Have you read my "Descent to Hades?"

Editor—"No; but I'd like to see it."

The fellow who brags of his college
 And all his great learning 's a bore,
 The man who is proud of his knowledge
 Is badly in need of some more.



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*Medal and Diplomas at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893;
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