

THE LEPER PRIEST.

NO marble shaft stands o'er the grave
Where sleeps the hero-priest,
Who gladly made himself a slave,
An outcast from mankind,
To comfort those poor stricken ones
Who else no friend could find.

Alone in that plague-haunted land!
Shut up as in a tomb,
Where ghastly forms on every hand
The soul with horror strike;
Where death is aye a welcome guest,
The grave and life alike!

He knew full well he soon must fall
A victim to his zeal;
Yet freely at the Master's call
He bade this world farewell;
He severed all the ties of life
With lepers e'er to dwell.

The records of the human race
Can nothing grander show,
And o'er his head we well may place
This epitaph divine—
"No man hath greater love than this
Who could life thus resign."

W. J. B.



MOLIERE.

AMONG all the writers that have immortalized the French literature none are more worthy of our admiration and of a careful study than Molière, the greatest comedian of France, and perhaps the greatest of the world. Surely he is one of the most wonderful men to be found in the history of literature. Like Shakespeare he has left us his greatest monument in his works. We know very little of his early life. However it is generally conceded that he was born in Paris in 1622 and that he was educated there. He studied law for a time and it is even probable that he was admitted to the bar, but he abandoned this for the stage. Then began his great study of human character. As an actor he traveled throughout the whole of France and came in contact with every kind of person from the lowest peasant to the king. He was always studying these different characters, and it is even related that he would spend entire days in barber shops in order to study the characters of those that came there. It was through efforts of this kind that he acquired that wonderful power of portraying real character, that was to make him one of the greatest comedians if not the greatest of all times. He died and was buried in Paris in 1673.

This is about all we need say of Molière as a man, but when we consider him as a writer we are astounded by the greatness of his genius and the magnificence of his production. He will be read and admired as long as man delights to see himself represented as he really is. Molière's greatness lies in the fact that he has not portrayed passing weaknesses but human nature which never changes. As the skillful painter depicts in the features of his creation the sentiments of his heart, so it is with Molière. When he presents a man he takes you into the most secret recesses of his soul and there reveals all the passions and impulses that lead this poor being to act. He represents human beings not as gods or demons but as men and women that we meet every day. In this respect Molière is excelled by no writer, not even by Shakespeare. For my part I know of no leading characters to be

found in any of Molière's great dramas that I have not met at some time or other in my life, but we are compelled to confess that nearly all of Shakespeare's leading characters are so uncommon that we never meet them. Who ever saw such a diabolical villain as Iago? Who ever met such a scoundrel as Macbeth or Shylock? Who ever came in contact with such a man as Falstaff, etc? It is not my intention to say that the characters of Shakespeare are not natural, but I hold that they are uncommon characters, and persons with whom we never come in contact. It is for this: the power of representing on the stage persons that we meet every day, with whom we hold conversation and transact business, it is for this that I claim that Molière excels even Shakespeare. I am fully aware of the fact that such an assertion needs strong proofs, but the comedies of Molière stand there as a proof. Let him who doubts read them. First take "Tartuffe," his masterpiece. He is a man that we have all met at some time or other; a man who assumes the garb of religious piety to impose on the weak-minded and extort from them money, which he spends in idleness and debauchery. Only a few years ago there appeared in this locality a scoundrel dressed as a catholic priest who went from house to house begging money from the people. A short time afterwards they would find him drunk in an alley. Well, this was the Tartuffe of Molière. As for his "Misanthrope," those who hate the world and its pleasure, we meet them every day, and his "Avare" (miser), those whose money is their God, are they not too common in this great country of ours, where the "almighty dollar" rules with an unrestrained sway? If we consider his "Precieuses Ridicules" (Affected Ladies,) every city is full of them. We have our "400," or such organizations whose members consider themselves above others because their fathers may have a few thousand dollars more than the father of that poor girl, who is often superior to them in moral and intellectual endowments. How many of these foolish girls are struggling for a title, even if they marry some drunkards or gamblers to pay their debts? Well, all these young ladies are Molière's "Precieuses Ridicules," and if they read that comedy

they will see a faithful representation of themselves there. Molière's "Femmes Savantes" (Learned Ladies) are as common today as the "Precieuses Ridicules": those women advocates of universal suffrage who devote the time which should be given to their children and household affairs to the discussion of idle questions at club meetings. Whilst many of these women are in the club rooms discussing philosophical and political questions, their children are running around the city doing every kind of deviltry. Well, let them read "les Femmes Savantes," it may possibly do them some good.

I could go on and apply all of Molière's great characters to some class of people but it is not necessary, enough has been said to prove this point. Then we see that the great French actor who has personified many of Shakespeare's and Molière's characters had sufficient reasons to exclaim: "Shakespeare teaches us how to think, but Molière teaches us how to live."

But before going any further it may be well to pause here and examine in a closer manner, "Tartuffe," the masterpiece of the French drama. He is to the French literature what Hamlet is to English literature. Molière has succeeded so well in depicting hypocrisy in this character that the word Tartuffe has now become a synonym for all cant and hypocrisies. Those against whom this comedy had been directed, when they saw that they were so well represented, immediately began to wage a furious war against its author, and they succeeded for a time in preventing Molière from playing it in Paris. Molière himself says, "I have represented on the stage many of the vices and weaknesses of man, and those who were addicted to these vices joined with the other people in laughing, but when I represented hypocrisy all hypocrites rose as one man and began a furious war against me." Tartuffe in plain English was a tramp upon whom an old man took mercy, brought him in his house and supplied all his necessities. Of course Tartuffe succeeded in deceiving the old man under guise of a religious piety. When he goes to church he is so fervent in his prayers that he attracts the attention of the whole congregation. He holds up his hands toward heaven and tears

are streaming down his cheeks. At other times in his humility he prostrates himself to the very floor. When he returns to the home of his benefactor he spends his time in praying, taking disciplines, and eating. If any one of the family say the least thing that may be out of the way, even if there be no venial sin in it, he is immediately scandalized and he informs his kind patron that he must go to his room and take an awful discipline to atone for this great crime. But for all his piety he has certain weaknesses that are almost criminal. He has even the baseness to make love to his benefactor's wife and to insult her. When all his frauds are found out and he is driven from the house in disgrace, he even has the meanness to carry before the king certain secret papers that his benefactor had intrusted to his care, and had him arrested; but when the king finds out everything he pardons the old man and casts Tartuffe into prison. Here is a brief sketch of the character that produced such a sensation in its time and made so many bitter enemies for Molière. There is ample evidence in the play to demonstrate beyond a doubt that this character is not intended to cast odium upon good, pious people. Throughout the whole play Molière always keeps before our eyes the fact that good people are not continually exhibiting their piety, and that they make their devotion and sacrifices hidden from the eyes of men as much as it is possible, while hypocrites do things only to be seen by others. Moreover all the sensible people in the play look upon Tartuffe as an imposter and a hypocrite. There are only two weak heads that consider him as a saintly man. It is the hypocrites of Molière's time that interpreted this character as written in scorn of good religious people in order to screen themselves. But Molière is now justified. These hypocrites have passed from the face of the earth not leaving so much as a shadow behind them, but Tartuffe still lives and is one of the brightest jewels in the crown that now adorns the brow of Molière.

There is another question that demands our serious attention: Is Molière a greater comedian than Shakespeare? This will perhaps seem to be an idle question to the students of Shakespeare who have never studied the French Comedian, but to those who

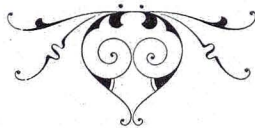
are acquainted with Molière's wonderful dramas it will be considered at least an open question, and I believe that nearly every one will conclude that Molière is a greater comedian and even the greatest that has ever appeared in the world. Before going any further it will be necessary to find a good definition of comedy, and then see how many comedies Molière and Shakespeare have written. A comedy, as defined by the Century Dictionary, is that branch of the drama which addresses itself primarily to the humorous or the ridiculous; opposed to the tragedy which appeals to the more serious and profound emotions of man. According to this definition, which is certainly a reliable one, Shakespeare has written but four comedies: "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love's Labor Lost," "The Taming of the Shrew" and the "Comedy of Errors," while according to the same definition Molière has written at least twenty-five comedies, and many of them may compare favorably with the "Taming of the Shrew" and the "Comedy of Errors," and the greater number of them are superior to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Love's Labors Lost." Now for creating humorous characters Molière is superior to Shakespeare, at least he has given us a greater number of humorous creations. Certainly for wit Falstaff is not excelled by any of Molière's characters. But Shakespeare has produced but one Falstaff, while Molière has created five or six characters that may be compared favorably with Falstaff. It is true that Shakespeare has in many of his plays his fools who are now and then really witty, but they are always vulgar and crude, and their wit is frequently of the coarsest kind. But Molière has, in nearly every one of his comedies, servant girls who are equally as witty and at the same time they are refined. Everybody who reads Molière's comedies admires these servant girls, but who admires Shakespeare's fools? Here it must be remarked also that when Shakespeare tries to be witty he is nearly always gross and sometimes licentious, but Molière, when he is at his best, when he makes us laugh the most, is free from this grossness and licentiousness. This quality alone in a comedian gives him a certain superiority. It may be of interest to compare one of Molière's witty characters

with Falstaff. For this I will take Scapin. In nothing is he Falstaff's inferior and in many things he is his superior. They are both men of wonderful genius who are never at a loss to get out of trouble; who can find an avenue of escape when all other men would be confounded by the obstacles that surround them. But we can push the comparison no further; Shakespeare continually keeps before our eyes, in the person of Falstaff, the man of sin. He is a drunkard, an impure man, a highway robber, a man who ought to be locked up in a cell. Yet Shakespeare obliges us to follow such a man in his career of crime. At times we behold him robbing poor defenceless people; at other times we find him drinking in some low tavern, or again we see him in the company of some immoral woman. It seems to me that such a man instead of amusing should disgust and repel. It is not so with Scapin; he is not a man that Molière took from the slums of Paris. He is represented to us as a man full of humor; a man that likes his jest, but at the same time tender-hearted and ever ready to assist those who are in distress. At no time is he represented as a drunkard and impure man, and his conversation is such that it would not offend the chastest ear. His wit and ingenuity are exercised in behalf of two indigent young men, who have married without their fathers' consent and who are both in narrow straits. Scapin undertakes to get the money from their fathers, both of whom are misers. Though engaged in those innocent and charitable enterprises he is no less witty, humorous, and perhaps even more ingenious than the drunken, licentious, brutal Falstaff. Or again he appears as chastising a man that has wronged him. He is carrying him in a sack and making him believe that hundreds of his enemies are trying to capture him. He always feigns meeting these enemies in mortal conflict, whilst he is raining blow after blow on the sack in which the old man is, when we see that old man put out his head and discover the fraud, and Scapin runs for the woods as fast as he can. While the old man swears to avenge every stroke that he has received, we cannot conceive anything more ludicrous. Shakespeare has nothing like it. Another most amusing scene is when Scapin appears on the stage as a man

mortally wounded, begging pardon, before he dies, of his old master to whom he has given such a thrashing. The old man pardons him, but when he finds that Scapin runs excellent chances of recovering from these wounds he tells him that he has pardoned him only on condition that he dies. Then Scapin falls in a great agony; again he is dying, and he finally succeeds in obtaining an unconditional pardon. Then he immediately recovers, and in less than half an hour all his wounds are cured and he is a sound man again, while the old man is still suffering from the blow he received in that terrible sack.

This shows the contrast between Scapin and Falstaff in such a clear way that there is needed no further comment. Now as I have said before Shakespeare has produced but one Falstaff, and he has no other characters that could in any way compare with him, while Molière has at least five characters, who, although they may not be quite as humorous as Scapin, yet may well compare with him. Then from these proofs the conclusion that Molière is a greater comedian than Shakespeare is unavoidable. It would be of much interest and very useful to make a study of other humorous characters, but as this essay is sufficiently long I will reserve this for a future paper.

P. B. DUFAULT, 03.



PATHOS IN THE INFERNO.

ONE of the virtues which above all others especially bespeaks and reveals the nobler part of man is compassion. Compassion is that virtue which proclaims the tenderness and gentleness of the human heart; it reveals the true value of an unselfish spirit. What is nobler, more inspiring, than to see one man express pity and sympathy at sight of his fellow man in sorrow and affliction, and how much does not the afflicted one value such compassion? What would this life be if there were no such things as pity and sympathy? How could the afflicted endure their sufferings if there were not some kind soul to sympathize with them and soothe their troubles and cares?

Men recognize the beauty of these virtues and it is the realization of their necessity that has caused the erection of asylums, hospitals and schools. It is this same virtue that has impelled the zealous missionary to go to foreign lands and civilize the savage nations; it is this virtue that has impelled the noble self-sacrificing religious to traverse the battle-field and care for the sick and wounded; and alas, too, it was these qualities that caused God to create a hell.

Men not only realize the necessity and value of this virtue but they even complain when they discover its absence. They even go so far as to condemn, to point the finger of scorn at him who shows a lack of this virtue. They declare to the world that he is heartless and cold and deserving of condemnation. And even after he is dead the marble shaft not only marks his last resting place but also stands as a silent accuser of his fault.

Often times it happens that men are unjustly accused of this lack of sympathy. Their small-souled adversaries hold them up to the world as cold-hearted and unsympathetic, when in reality they possess this virtue in a very high

degree. Such is the case with the famous poet, Dante. Although he possessed one of the tenderest and gentlest of souls, a heart which is remarkably sweet, full of love and sympathy, still his small-souled, weak-minded adversaries contend that he is cold and heartless, even unto cruelty, and to prove their assertion they bring before our eyes that grand and masterful work of Dante, the *Inferno*. In this work his adversaries say that he reveals his heartless spirit by placing the damned souls in such torture and punishment. It is my purpose to try as best I can to refute this ignoble and unscrupulous charge against Dante; to show that on the contrary Dante possesses a most tender and sympathetic soul. That his heart was ever afflicted at the torments of the damned is easily shown from his expressions and manner of action throughout the *Inferno*.

In the very first canto where Dante, after imploring Virgil to save him from the ferocious beasts, makes the remark: "He (Virgil), as soon as he saw that I was weeping, answered." In this one line Dante admits that he was weeping, that his heart, described as cold and unsympathetic by his adversaries, was moved even into shedding tears. Again, what loving tenderness and sweetness does Dante not reveal when he speaks of his idolized Beatrice! She who was ever his consolation and his joy, she who was as a beacon light on the stormy sea of life, a bright star guiding him safe through all dangers and troubles. Dante, through the lips of Virgil, thus describes her :

" I was among the tribe
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely, I besought her to command,
Call'd me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day; and she with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tuned her speech addressed :"

In another passage of the second canto Beatrice reveals to us another protectress of Dante, the Madonna, in these words:

“ In high heaven a blessed dame
Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
That God’s stern judgment to her will inclines.”

A few lines farther on St. Lucy, another divine protectress of Dante, thus speaks to Beatrice:

“ Thou true praise of God
Beatrice ! why is not thy succor lent
To him, who so much loved thee as to leave
For thy sake all the multitude admirers ?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death which, in the torrent flood,
Swol’n mightier than a sea, him struggling holds ? ”

Virgil thus describes to Dante the great emotion which seized Beatrice when she had finished her plea to Virgil to rescue Dante:

“ When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
Tearful she turned aside ; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee.”

Is it possible that such emotions and sentiments which Dante expresses through the lips of these heavenly protectress could come from a heart chilled to love and sympathy ; a heart in which pity and tenderness are dead ? No, it is not possible. Such sentiments can come but from a tender sympathetic soul, the soul of Dante.

When Dante had entered inside the gate of hell, over which was written : “All hope abandon ye who enter here,” and the groans and sighs of the damned fell on his ever sensitive ear, he tells us that he wept. Is it characteristic of a callous heart to weep ? But let us follow Dante further. In the second circle of hell, where the carnal sinners are

punished by being blown about on surging hot winds, Dante meets Francesca da Rimini, and says to her :

“ Francesca ! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.”

Francesca had related to Dante the story of her fall, and when she had finished her sad narrative Dante thus speaks :

“ While thus our spirit spake,
The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting seem'd not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.”

Yes, Dante himself tells us that he was so overcome with sorrow that he fainted. How great, how overwhelming must have been his mental anguish ! how greatly afflicted was his tender heart to cause him to faint away at this sad sight ! And yet some say that he was cold and heartless. O shameful injustice, to so wrongly accuse great-souled Dante !

Among those punished for suicide Dante meets Brunetto Latini, his former preceptor. Dante is sad at the sight of his former teacher's plight and his great soul finds vent in the words:

“ Were all my wish fulfill'd, I straight replied
Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
Hadst not been driven forth ; for in my mind
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was when so lately thou didst teach me
The way for man to win eternity :
And how I prized the lesson, it behooves
That long as life endures my tongue should speak.”

Thus Dante speaks of the paternal shade of Brunetto Latini. Thus he reveals his tender feeling for his former preceptor and shows that his noble soul is susceptible to the greatest pity and sadness.

The punishment of the sooth-sayers also caused Dante great sadness. The sooth-sayers, who ever in life sought to

look into the future, to foretell future events, were punished by having their heads reversed on their bodies so that they were ever compelled to look and walk backwards. Dante was so affected at the sight of their distorted bodies that as he says, "I leant against a rock and wept." He was so much affected that Virgil his courteous guide rebuked him saying :

" What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest ?
Here pity most doth show herself alive,
When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,
Who with heaven's judgment in his passion strives ? "

In Italian, " *pieta* " has a two-fold meaning; it means compassion for the misery of others, and also piety or love for God. Now Virgil meant by his expression, " Here pity most dost show herself alive, when she is dead," that Dante would show greater piety for God if he had less pity for the damned souls. Here we see that Dante's pity was excessive, so much so that he had to be reprimanded by Virgil. And this is the Dante that was accused of being without pity or compassion !

In the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno* is described the punishment of betrayers. Here we find Ugolino who had been accused by Archbishop Ruggieri of betraying the city of Pisa and her castles to the city of Florence. As a punishment for his crime the citizens of Pisa put Ugolino and his four children in a tower and there starved them to death. Time and space will permit me to give but a brief quotation of the paternal feelings which Dante expresses through the lips of Ugolino.

" Uttering not a word
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not : so all stone I felt within.
They wept : and one, my little Anselm, cried,
' Thou lookest so ! Father, what ails thee ? ' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day,
Nor the next night, until another sun

Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
 Had to our prison made its way,
 And in four countenances I descried
 The image of my own, on either hand
 Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose
 O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
 Far less if thou wouldst eat of us : thou gavest
 These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
 And do thou strip them off from us again.'
 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
 My spirit in stillness."

O, what a picture has not Dante here portrayed, and how skillfully has he not revealed this terrible tragedy! Who but Dante could have made Ugolino so speak and act? Who but Dante could so portray the feelings of a father in such direful circumstances? Who can read this passage and still think that Dante has no pity or sympathy? Throughout the entire *Inferno* Dante constantly displays his tender, pathetic spirit. Ever as he walks with Virgil through the pits of hell does he reveal his tender feelings and admiration for the famous Virgil. Ever does he address him as "My gentle guide," "Sapient Guide," "Courteous shade," "Revered bard," "Kind teacher," and many other such tender names that strikingly bespeak the tender souled Dante.

You may ask, are there any famous and distinguished writers who favorably comment on the pathetic in Dante's *Inferno*? Two of the brightest stars in the literary firmament, two whose names shall live as long as literature continues to exist, Carlyle and Byron, have naught but praise to offer for Dante's *Divine Comedy*. That their estimates of the pathos in the *Inferno* may lose none of their original grandeur and force, I will quote their own words. Carlyle thus speaks:

“Dante’s painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in dark night; taken on the wider scale, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her lover, what qualities in that! A thing woven as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small flute voice of infinite wail speaks there, into our very hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too, when she speaks ‘of the fair form taken from her in such cruel sort,’ and how even in the pit of woe, it is a solace that he will never part from her! Saddest tragedy in all these deep pits of hell. And the racking winds, in that black air, whirl them away again, to wail forever. Strange to think, Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca’s father. Francesca herself may have sat upon the poet’s knee, as a bright innocent child. Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigour of law. It is so nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his Divine Comedy’s being a poor, splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother’s, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante’s. But a man who does not know rigour cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egotistic—sentimentality or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love: like a child’s young heart; and then that stern, a sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the Paradiso, his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far: one likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest, that ever came out of a human soul.” Such is the praise which Carlyle thinks but due to the

masterwork of Dante, and no less beautiful, no less emphatic is Byron's appreciation of the great work of Dante. Byron had been reading Frederick Schlegel's Lectures on the history of literature, and comes across his judgment on Dante, in which he notes that the poet's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Then follows Byron's comment: "Of gentle feelings! and Francesca of Rimini, and the father's feelings in Ugolino, and Beatrice and the Pia! Why, there is a gentleness in Dante above all gentleness when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades or hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness; but who *but* Dante could have introduced any gentleness at all into hell? Is there any in Milton's? No; and Dante's heaven is all love, and glory and majesty."

What beautiful sentiments of appreciation do not these two great writers, Carlyle and Byron, express, and yet there is no undue praise, no flattering, but pure, impartial judgment; a worthy acknowledgement of the true value of Dante; a well earned laurel placed on his noble brow.

It is hard to understand how Dante should be accused of a lack of gentle feelings. These accusations can only come from a godless person, one whose mind is diseased, whose heart is corrupt; one who wishes to convince his sinful self that there is no God, and hence no punishment for sin. But no matter how much these atheistic individuals find fault with Dante's Inferno, no matter what accusations they may make, he will ever shine forth from his exalted position in the literary world as the greatest Christian poet.

B. J. TARSKEY, '02.



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EDITORIAL—"INCONSISTENCY."

TO tell a man that he is inconsistent is usually considered an offence, because you thereby imply that he is false to his principles, that he is out of harmony with himself, that, in so far as inconsistent, he is weak-minded and foolish, and as there is nothing of which men are more tenacious than of their judgment, the charge of inconsistency is generally resented with warmth, if not with indignation.

" 'Tis with our judgment as our watches,
No two go just alike, yet each believes his own."

But practical inconsistency—inconsistency in act and life—is far more serious than mere logical inconsistency. The former results from a lack of moral rectitude; from weakness of will and instability of character; from a kind of moral cowardice that does not dare face unpleasant duties. It is because Shakespeare had such a clear perception of these truths that he defines consistency in nearly the same terms as honor—

"Consistency, thou art a jewel."

He also calls honor the "jewel of the soul."

No wonder, then, men are so quick to resent the charge of inconsistency, whether it be practical or logical. In the one case it is discreditable to a man's character, in the other to his intellect. Of course I exclude the inconsistency which we sometimes find between bad principles and a good life.

We would naturally suppose then, that inconsistency is something comparatively rare; that what men are so ready to condemn, they avoid with more than ordinary care. But will facts sustain this conclusion? Are there but few men whose conduct is not in harmony with the principles they profess or the character they assume? In fact inconsistency of this kind comes dangerously near the border-land of hypocrisy, since a hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not.

Millions profess the Christian name, pose as disciples of Christ, bind themselves to embody in their lives the sublime teachings of their recognized Master and to conform their conduct to the standard of the gospel. And yet many of the maxims upon which men and women, who call themselves Christians, habitually act, are diametrically opposed to the precepts of the gospel. Christ says, "Blessed are the poor;" these men proclaim the rich blessed and happy. Christ says, "Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake;" innumerable Christians declare by their actions if not in words "Blessed are they who enjoy." Christ says, "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and speak all manner of evil of you unjustly for my name;" millions of nominal Christians act on the contrary principle, "Blessed are you when men shall applaud you and say all manner of pleasant things of you. Rejoice and be glad because your glory and renown is very great." He would indeed be a bold, rash man who should venture to assert that there are few Christians who shape their lives in accordance with these principles, utterly inconsistent though they be with the spirit of Christ. The comparison or rather the contrast between practice and profession might easily be extended, but we have neither the space nor the inclination to push it farther. Sufficient has been said to show that inconsistency is most common.

If this same test be applied to the conduct of students, or at least to many who pass under that name, the unpleasant truth forces itself upon us that large numbers of them are utterly and absolutely inconsistent with the name they bear and the ends they profess to pursue. A student is one who is devoted exclusively or at least chiefly to the acquisition of knowledge; one who applies

his mind intently to the subject on which he is engaged for the purpose of understanding and mastering it; one who is striving to store his mind with knowledge; one who is occupied especially with the mind and the things of the mind.

It requires no lengthy demonstration to convince the most superficial observer that there are hundreds of young men, attending institutions of learning and catalogued as students, who do not satisfy these conditions nor even seriously attempt to satisfy them. How comes it we can find young men who are crude, unenlightened, ignorant, mentally stunted after they have spent five, ten or more years in various schools of learning? If we should ascribe it to inherent and invincible stupidity, they would be the first to resent the implication and besides facts would frequently go against us. That there are some such men can scarcely be denied. They have been leading inconsistent, false, deceitful aimless lives. They have sown the worthless seeds of idleness and they must reap the blasted, mildewed harvest of ignorance. They have not made their mind a sanctuary where truth might dwell as a divinity and it has become a gloomy cavern where ignorance finds a suitable abode.

Man is a compound being; at once a spirit and a brute. He has aspirations as lofty as heaven and instincts, low and base as hell. These two elements of his nature are ever in conflict and it is only by consistent, persevering effort that the higher can be made to predominate over the lower. It is the great aim of education to make the spirit triumph over the brute, the mind over the flesh. The student who is not alive and active, who makes no effort in this direction, will inevitably succumb to the instincts of his lower nature.



OPERA—"ST. PATRICK."

IT is many a day since we have seen anything so artistic, so wholesome and inspiring, presented by college students, as the drama enacted by the students of St. Viator's College on St. Patrick's Day at the Illinois theatre. It was certainly well worth while coming to Chicago to present such a beautiful, elevating, faith-enkindling drama as the opera—St. Patrick. Every part of the production bears the unmistakable marks of careful and finished workmanship and there is in the whole a freshness, an originality and tone which make it stand out in striking contrast to the conventional type of opera to which theatre-goers are accustomed. The drama ranges with commanding ease over a great diversity of emotions from the highly tragic to the deeply pathetic and tender. There are several dramatic situations of power and grandeur, which are worked out with an art begotten of rare dramatic talent. But beyond and above all this is the pure, enobling, soul-inspiring, subtle spirit which permeates the whole opera, making it a real intellectual and spiritual tonic that warms the heart and arouses into vigorous, healthy action the deepest, noblest and holiest emotions of the soul.

We look upon the presentation of this original, beautiful and thoroughly religious drama as an unanswerable demonstration of the magnificent results Catholic schools and colleges are able to achieve notwithstanding the financial disadvantages under which they labor. Here we have an evidence that the men and women who devote their undivided energies to this grand cause, bring to their work a culture, a refinement, an enthusiasm, a whole-souled pursuit of lofty ideals, which no wealth can purchase and which must needs re-act powerfully on the plastic minds of their young disciples. We cannot help applying to such students the words of the apostle—"It is good for *them* to be *there*." What though they have not all the latest athletic appliances! What though they lack a few machines in the laboratory! What though they know less of bugs and fossils and dead, inert matter! They meet men and women who yield to none in purity of soul, nobility of character, breadth of mind and Christ-like life.

But our subject is the opera St. Patrick, and we trust our readers will pardon the digression. At 2.30 Mr. James Condon, a well known lawyer of Chicago and an alumnus of St. Viateur, stepped before the curtain and, in the name of the audience, welcomed the sons of his alma mater to Chicago. He took occasion to pay an eloquent and earnest tribute to the author of the drama, Very Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. He was glad, he said, the opportunity was afforded a Chicago audience of appreciating the worth of St. Viateur's gifted President. "There may, perhaps," said Mr. Condon, "be more profoundly learned men than Father Marsile; there may be men of greater genius, but it would be difficult indeed to find a man of larger soul and warmer heart than the author of the drama about to be presented. I have known Father Marsile from the days of my boyhood, and without any desire to descend to vulgar flattery or the least conscious exaggeration, I can say in all sincerity and candor that in him I have always found most nearly realized the ideal of perfect, Christian manhood. I do not believe a boy ever went to St. Viateur's College who does not entertain for Father Marsile a love and reverence second only to that which he feels for his parents." Mr. Condon closed his address amidst enthusiastic applause.

The Illinois theatre was taxed to its utmost capacity. There were probably not a dozen seats unoccupied, and many who had purchased tickets were prevented from attending by imperative duties.

From the moment the curtain rose on the first scene until the last grand chorus had died away the interest was perfectly sustained. The audience had promised itself a delightful treat and not even the most exacting and fastidious were disappointed.

The opening scene is well adapted to win the attention and good will of the audience. Twenty or thirty small boys, dressed in attractive costumes, tripped lightly about the stage to the sweet strains of music and song. These little fellows produced a picturesque effect throughout the performance which contributes much to the scenic power of the opera, and in this respect it has a richness as surprising as it is delightful.

In the first act we find one of those strikingly dramatic episodes which are suggestive of the masters. The young Patrick finds himself a slave in the hands of a haughty exacting master. The recollection of all he has lost, the hopelessness of his present condition, and the anguish of his dear ones at home, wring from his sensitive soul a passionate and touching outcry of grief and of infinite longing for his sunny France. This part was well sustained by Mr. L'Ecuyer, who proved that he had been well chosen for the role. What characterized the acting of Mr. L'Ecuyer throughout was ease and naturalness and the fidelity with which he interpreted his character. There was nothing stagey about him. He appeared to be entirely unconscious of the audience and to be wholly wrapped up in the part he was taking. His voice is not remarkable, but it is sympathetic and agreeable.

Perhaps the most powerful dramatic scene in the drama is where Miliuc, a leading Irish chieftain, rejects Christianity, defies the God of Patrick and swears eternal fidelity to the gods of his ancestors, though ten thousand hells should await him. Mr. J. M. Kangley, who personated this character, left little to be desired. He has a commanding presence, a dignified, soldierly bearing, in perfect keeping with his role, and a voice that is capable of the wildest outbursts of enraged pride, hate and passion. Patrick's solemn prophecy of the awful fate so soon to overtake Miliuc makes a magnificent climax that is seldom reached except in dramatic productions of the highest order of genius.

A third powerfully dramatic situation is found in the fourth act. Luchat Mael, the Chief Bard, recognizes in Patrick a divine messenger from the wonders which accompany his arrival and from the indistinct traditions which seem to have existed amongst the Druid Bards. He unfolds these traditions to the king and predicts that the fires which Patrick has lighted will burn forever. Mr. M. J. Cotter, who took this part, was every inch a Bard. His long flowing robes, his snow-white, venerable beard and hair, his intense earnestness and inspired attitude and utterance, the prophetic solemnity and majesty of his speech and action, made a

deeply impressive scene not easily effaced. One was reminded of the old Hebrew prophets.

The part of the king, though not affording such scope for dramatic action, was equally well sustained by Mr. D. A. Feeley. It is, however, as a soloist that Mr. Feeley is most remarkable. One scarcely expects to find such a powerful, cultured, rich, melodious voice in the mere college student. All his solos seemed to be perfectly adapted to his vocal powers and the result was a pleasure to the audience.

But the two who most completely captivated the audience and won their enthusiastic admiration were Masters John Monaghan and Albert Birren, the one a young boy and the other no more than a mere child. Rarely has nature gifted a young boy with such a glorious voice as she has bestowed upon this young collegian, Master J. Monaghan. Such marvelous range, such liquid sweetness, such suppleness! The throats of song-birds must be similarly formed. What we might wish to say would sound like extravagance to those who were not present, and for those who were it is unnecessary.

One of the most beautiful scenes in the whole opera, in our judgment, is the apparition of the angel to St. Patrick. Standing on a high rock with folded arms and wings, the little Albert Birren was the very personification of angelic loveliness and beauty. His pure, sweet, childish voice twined itself about the very fibers of the heart. The audience scarcely seemed to breathe so completely were they wrapt in admiration.

All the minor roles in the drama were well rendered. The costumes were historically correct and the temptation to sacrifice something to mere gaudy show was studiously avoided. One cannot help feeling how much more satisfactory a production of this kind is to one of refined taste and Christian sentiments both for heart and mind than the wishy-washy sentimentality now so much in vogue on the professional stage. Here is something pure, spiritual, refining, something which will bring the glow of fervor to the Christian heart, and not, as is only too frequently the case, the blush of shame to the modest cheek. Only the

noblest side of human character is presented and the man who feels no answering echo stirring in his soul is not to be envied. The brief outline we have given of a few of the more striking parts of the Opera gives only a faint idea of the beauty and excellence of the whole. We congratulate the Rev. author on his exquisite composition and the students of St. Viateur of their artistic presentation of the opera, St. Patrick.

Bishop Muldoon, Monsignor Legris and Very Rev. A. J. Corcoran, C. S. V., occupied a box. The Bishop expressed himself as highly gratified with the opera. A large number of prominent clergymen occupied seats in the parquet circle. The alumni of St. Viateur from all parts of Chicago and its suburbs turned out *en masse* to cheer the efforts of their brother collegians.

ALUMNUS.

The following is the program:



PROGRAMME.



Chicago Alumni Welcome, - Mr. J. G. Condon.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Læghaire Mac Niall, King of Tara	D. A. Feeley
Maun—Patrick	R. A. L'Ecuier
Miliuc, Irish Chief	J. M. Kangley
Benen, son of Miliuc	John Monaghan
Luchat Mael, Chief Bard	M. Cotter
Cormac	{ J. Carey W. Maher
Kevin	
Fiachra—Angel	A. Birren
Columba	R. Daly
Dichu	J. Enright
Disciples of Patrick	{ J. McCarthy W. Hickey J. B. Shiel
Sailors	{ W. Burke L. Dailey

Bards, Soldiers, Villagers, Children, Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I—Patrick's Captivity.

ACT II—Deliverance of Patrick.

ACT III—Patrick's Return as Apostle.

ACT IV—Conversion of Erin.



PATRONESSES.

Mrs. John Dadie,	Mrs. J. B. Murphy,
“ Charles Plomondon,	“ John McCarty,
“ Lawrence Reed,	“ Joseph Bidwell,
“ James Sackley,	“ J. J. Morrison,
“ Theodore O'Connell,	“ Owen Fay,
“ John Kehoe,	“ R. J. Piper,
“ Thomas Gallagher,	“ E. J. Dwyer,
“ John O'Connell,	“ M. Benner,
“ John C. McGrath,	“ James Berry,
“ S. MacCarty,	“ J. G. Condor,
“ James Cagney,	“ James Monaghan,
“ Charles Sawyer,	“ J. P. McGoorty,
“ W. P. Henneberry,	“ John Knisely,
“ Chris Mamer,	“ L. J. Ollier,
“ W. J. Moxley, Jr.,	“ C. H. Varnell,
“ J. G. Murphy,	“ Rucazabo.
Dr. Anna Dwyer,	Miss Catharine Powers,
Mrs. Joseph Pomeroy,	“ Nellie McAndrews,
“ C. Legris,	“ Alma Piratzki,
“ P. Rice,	“ Helen Conway,
“ Edward Letourneau,	“ A. Hudson,
“ Susan O'Connell,	“ Grace Pomeroy,
“ J. Z. Bergeron,	“ Nettie Twohy,
“ M. J. Corboy,	“ M. Hudson,
“ Charles Moody,	“ S. Considine,
“ M. J. Labonte,	“ E. Kasper,
“ A. J. Graham,	“ Mary Cushing,
“ Edward Hines,	“ Maude Cushing,
“ Edward Hudson,	“ C. Hudson,
“ Dennis Sattler,	“ Stella King,
“ John McMahon,	“ Mamie O'Connor,
“ Frank A. Moody,	“ Florence Sawyer,
“ J. E. Thorndyke,	“ Mabel Courtney.
“ F. E. Legris,	

The following notices of the opera, St. Patrick, appeared in the Chicago papers :

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Opera "St. Patrick" to be given.

The most pretentious literary entertainment on this St. Patrick's day will be the production of the opera "St. Patrick" by the students of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, at the Illinois Theatre this afternoon. This opera, which is a delightfully melodious and pleasing musical production, is the work of the gifted poet-priest of St. Viateur's College, the Rev. M. J. Marsile.

The production of the opera is a society event, under the patronage of the following society women: Mesdames John B. Murphy, Charles Plomondon, Andrew J. Graham, M. L. LaBounty, Lawrence Reed, James Donohous, William Moxley, Henry L. Hertz and James Monaghan.

CHICAGO AMERICAN.

Critic Reviews Opera "St. Patrick."

For those who are interested in psychological evolution or the transformation of character from naturalism to spiritualism, this drama is like an open book, or rather an object lesson in the silent and, though somewhat secret, yet clear workings of spiritual agencies higher than those of the merely natural order.

This feature of the play is chiefly illustrated in the spiritual growth of the young captive, Maun, who becomes the apostle Patrick; in the pagan youth, Benen, who becomes the first Irish convert, and in King Laeghaire, who is won over from the false beauty of Druidism to the true beauty of Christianity. Its contrast stands out markedly in the proud refusal of the brave, but fanatic chief Miliuc to accept the new faith.

Is a Compound of Beauties.

The play abounds in dramatic beauty and power. It is a thing of beauty woven out of many beauties; beauty of thought and of action, beauty of musical setting, beauty of rhythmic movement, beauty of color shining upon the angel faces of innocent children and in their graceful festive garb; again, the moral beauty

of the natural virtues, as, for instance, the devoted friendship of Benen for Maun and the simple open-mindedness of both Benen and the King, the moral beauty of the supernatural virtues shining forth in the apostolic faith and zeal of Patrick and his disciples.

There are in it, too, lightning flashes of the sublime, as in the Christ-like patience and silence of Patrick; and awful outbursts of thunderous anger, as in the attempts and threats of Miliuc and of the King to kill Patrick.

If it is thus a thing of beauty, this play is also, no doubt, bound to be a joy forever. So the poet hath decreed. It can be safely prophesied that such a thing of beauty is sure to be joy at least for once.

And if we may judge of the genuineness and enduring quality of its beauty by the eagerness with which many flock to see it for the tenth time, we may say that it must possess those characters which old Horace says are needed in order that a play retain its power to please, even when indefinitely repeated.

Appeals to Highest Sentiments.

This opera appeals to the noblest and highest national and religious sentiments alone. It leaves one under a spontaneous wish that if one were not a Frenchman, or an American, or an Englishman, he would be an Irishman. It is full of enthusiasm for national and religious ideals of the highest kind, and can be properly appreciated only by those who think highly of Ireland and her faith. Believers in the higher worth and destinies of Ireland—and they ought to be many—will find in this drama much to admire and much to inspire them.

Only those who delight in vulgar caricatures of the Irish—and may they be few—will feel disappointed.

Many Graceful Dancers.

The deep religious strain that permeates the opera is relieved by the ever joy-inspiring sight of children engaged in Spring-time festivals of song and play, and by the charm they lend even to the pagan worship of the sun-god. Their graceful dances and gleeful

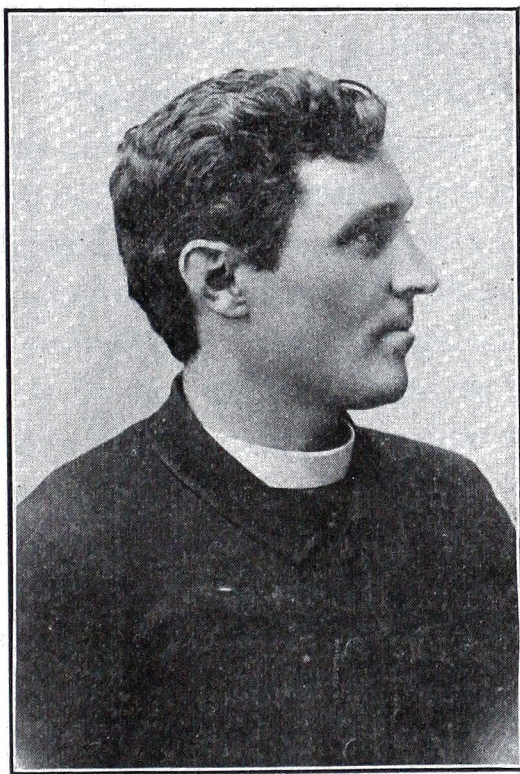
songs are full of the cheerfulness and childish laughter of their sunny years.

If this opera reminds certain ones of the ancient miracle plays, when these were yet in their hallowed simplicity, then it will have for these the merit at least of a modern novelty, for it is in many ways quite unlike anything else in the line of dramatic entertainment now given to the public.



THE following analysis of an essay contributed to Mosher's Magazine appeared in the Literary Digest: "Was Dante a Catholic?" This is one of a series of twenty-four lectures on various aspects of the great Florentine, delivered to the literary criticism class by Rev. Dr. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. It gives us pleasure to know that these Dantean studies are no less interesting to a large number of readers than they were to the members of the Criticism Class. We do not believe that the Literary Digest has brought out the strength of Dr. Rivard's position, but it is welcome anyhow as an evidence that these published lectures are awakening a lively interest in the greatest Catholic poet of the ages. Your Tennysons and Shellys and Keats and Southey's are small indeed when placed by the side of Dante.

Was Dante a Roman Catholic?



REV. DR. E. L. RIVARD, C. S. V., PROFESSOR
OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

An interesting point raised in Dante's "Divine Comedy," and one about which some of its most profound interpreters have differed, relates to the religious views of its author. Was he a schismatic, or a pagan, or a Papist? Or was he, as has been suggested, a combination of all three? As is well known, Dante consigns several of the popes of his day to his hell, and in more than one passage of his poem he challenges the doctrine of the "temporal power"

of the Pope. Rossetti went so far as to say that the allegorical meaning of the whole poem hinged upon the political opinion of Dante on papal sovereignty. According to this interpretation the "Divine Comedy" was intended to show that temporal dominion was the bane of the Papacy and the world; the Ghibelline party was the party of love, of life, of light, of salvation; the Guelph party was naught but darkness, hate and perdition; Rome was hell and the Pope was Satan.

In the opinion of an Italian critic, Foscolo, Dante's purpose was to reconcile Christianity with paganism and to restore to a place of honor the old mythology and the doctrines of ancient philosophy. This purpose, however, he artfully concealed beneath the allegories of the "Divine Comedy," because he feared religious persecution and political violence.

Still other interpreters, including Francowitz, Duplessis-Mornay, and Landino, claim to have discovered a cipher by which it is conclusively shown that Dante was the prophet of the Reformation, and announced the very date (1517) in which Luther was to begin to preach his heretical doctrines. They hail Dante as the precursor of Protestantism and point out that he dubbed the Papacy the "bad women of the Apocalypse," and in this apparent detestation of the Papacy put himself in harmony with the most pronounced anti-Catholics who were to follow him.

Against all these views a protest is entered by an American Roman Catholic student of Dante's life and work—the Rev. E. L. Rivard, of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., who contributes a paper to *Mosher's Magazine* (New York, January), in which he endeavors to clear Dante's memory from what he regards as the aspersions made upon it. Rossetti's interpretation he regards as "untenable, nay,

as an outrageous calumny." "Is it possible," he asks, "that a man with a mind so luminous (as Dante's) and a heart so passionately fond of justice and truth could or would stoop to conventional tricks and wretched artifices of language, to a poetry of prize puzzles devised to conceal truth? Dante would then himself become the most insoluble of enigmas." Foscolo's theory, too, Father Rivard considers hardly worthy of serious notice. "In introducing mythology into his poem," declares the writer, "Dante makes no profession of paganism; he simply avails himself of a liberty generally granted to poets and other artists. . . . Dante's acknowledgment of and admiration for the splendid natural endowments of pagan scholars like Virgil, Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Cato, and others, is the noble tribute of high-born genius to other genius. Ever and far above them does he place the Christian sage and saint." Father Rivard continues:

"There remains the third interpretation, which would make Dante a very poor Catholic, one whose orthodoxy was so shaky, whose allegiance to the Papacy was so doubtful, that Protestants can claim him as their glorious predecessor. It is true that once Dante was summoned to appear before the Inquisitor, who somehow or other has become the veritable bogymen of the Protestant mind. That happened this way: Certain Franciscan friars, being offended because Dante had represented their order as not sending any more representatives to heaven, took him to task for it and demanded that he appear before the tribunal of the Inquisition to give satisfactory evidence of the completeness and genuineness of his faith. Dante asked and was granted the night, during which he drew up in most charming verse a profession of his Catholic belief. This he submitted to the twelve grave judges, who were astonished and delighted at

the beauty of the expression and the unexceptional orthodoxy of the doctrine which the poet professed. That the Inquisitor dismissed Dante with warm congratulations and laughed at the rather suspicious friars is evidence that the Inquisition was not, as it is often represented, the extinguisher of science nor the hinderer of genius."

With regard to Dante's attitude towards the Papacy the writer says:

"Dante professes the highest regard for and pays the highest tribute of veneration to the Papacy, which he considers as the holiest of institutions. . . That he hated some of the Popes on account of their vices, of their simony or nepotism, or of their political intriguing—supposing the Popes guilty of these charges—this would only prove that he loved the Papacy all the more and would not suffer such a holy and dignified office to be thus lowered and disgraced. Indignation, especially when it is conscious of being righteous, is no sin. It is not heresy for you and me to believe the Pope capable of various crimes. The Pope, tho' infallible, is not impeccable. Dante thought he had sufficient evidence to convict certain Popes of certain sins and hence he sends them to hell. He is not therefore a heretic, but he is as thorough a hater of these Popes as he is a faithful lover of the Papacy."

Dante, then, so far from being an enemy of Roman Catholicism, "stands out from among the many splendors of philosophical and theological doctrine in the 'Divine Comedy' as a grand exponent of Catholic verity." Father Rivard concludes:

"The interpretations we have been considering rob Dante himself of all his glory, the glory of a great and noble conception so splendidly executed. This grand conception suffers violence at the hands of those who trim it to

fit their small views of the world and its institutions. These interpretations, lastly, would rob the church of the glory which she rightly claims of having nurtured and inspired such a genius, of having brought forth a son capable of so sweetly and so strongly singing the exalted beauty and sanctity of her doctrines. As Catholic students jealous of our family glories—of which Dante is by no means the least—to all those who would rob us of him in the broad daylight of his radiant Catholicity, we say emphatically and peremptorily: Hands off!"



VIATORIANA.

Rip.

Cupid.

Eyes of blue.

Purty grand.

Thanks awfully.

Peaches? Well I guess.

Larry makes a good soldier.

Joe told the Dago that I got a hand like a feet.

Kiley says O'Brien has a form like a hat-rack.

What do you think of my new Teddy?

Throw out your chest. Here comes the ice-man.

Raymond is an enthusiastic admirer of ten pins, and declares that it is the only game worthy of a serious man's attention. Addison holds a slightly different opinion, and being of a philosophical turn of mind proceeded to demonstrate the fallacy of Raymond's position: "I suppose you will admit that the more strikes you make the better game you play," said Addison, thoughtfully. There was an instant hush in the bowling alley. Even O'Brien was silent for at least two minutes. The eighteen-pound balls were coming down the run at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but they stopped half way in their course, for you must

know that when Addison speaks (sense) all things stop to listen. Orphans wasn't in it with him. Fatty sat down in the basin of shellac and spoiled his seven-dollar trousers. But what matter Addison was speaking. Raymond was compelled to admit that the greater number of strikes one made the better game he played. "Well," Addison continued, after allowing sufficient time to his auditors to catch their breath, "I can make three strikes in a game of base ball in one inning, whilst you can scarcely make one strike in ten innings at ten pins." Since this display of logic and oratory Addison is in imminent danger of becoming bald at an early date. His numerous friends are pressing him for a lock of his hair to preserve as a memento to their dying day. Even his worn out suspenders are gratefully received.

A certain young philosopher recently enjoyed the rare privilege of dining in the city. He resolved to improve the opportunity by treating himself to the best that could be had. After carefully adjusting his glasses he scanned the elaborate bill of fare without finding much to his liking. "You know," he informed the waiter confidentially, "I am from a big city and find the accommodations of small towns rather—well meagre. Do you serve lobsters?" "O yes," said the waiter, "whenever they happen along. What shall I bring you?"

"I never saw a man so fond of boys as our prefect," said Steve. "I don't see what remarkable signs of affection he gives," said Sam. Steve—"Why, man! he even carries kids in his pockets."

"We had an awful flood in the dormitory this morning," said Steve. "It's a wonder we weren't all drowned." Willie—"Did the main water pipe burst?" Steve—"No, but when the boys got up they let over a hundred springs loose."

"Well," said Vivo, "I think my name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors the student world has ever had." O'Brien wanted to know whether he had discovered a method of passing a good examination without any previous study. "No," said Vivo, "that would be a small matter compared to the service I am about to render all students. I have discovered

a method of getting a vacation whenever you want it. Not one of a few paltry days, but for thirty days; and one of the beauties of my discovery is its wonderful simplicity. All you have to do is to go to your calender and take a month off."

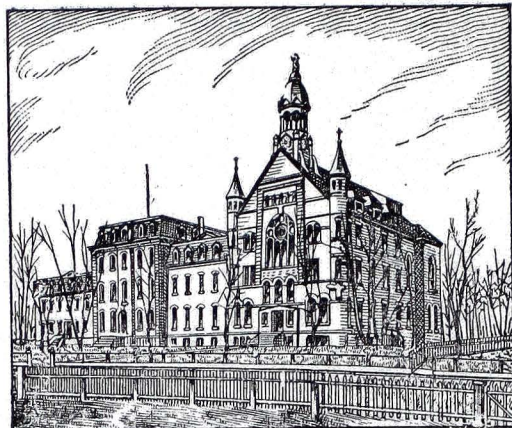
B.—"I know a fellow who got a pearl out of an oyster."
Steve—"I know a professor who frequently gets brass out of a lobster."

Should you ask me where I got it, got this cut, perhaps so stupid,
Got this most abusive shearing, I should answer, I should tell you
That I got it at my neighbor's, one and five around the corner,
With a clipper in a scuffle, tied up, buffeted and shingled,
Shingled by my cruel neighbors.

J. F. C., '02.



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St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Kankakee County, Ill.