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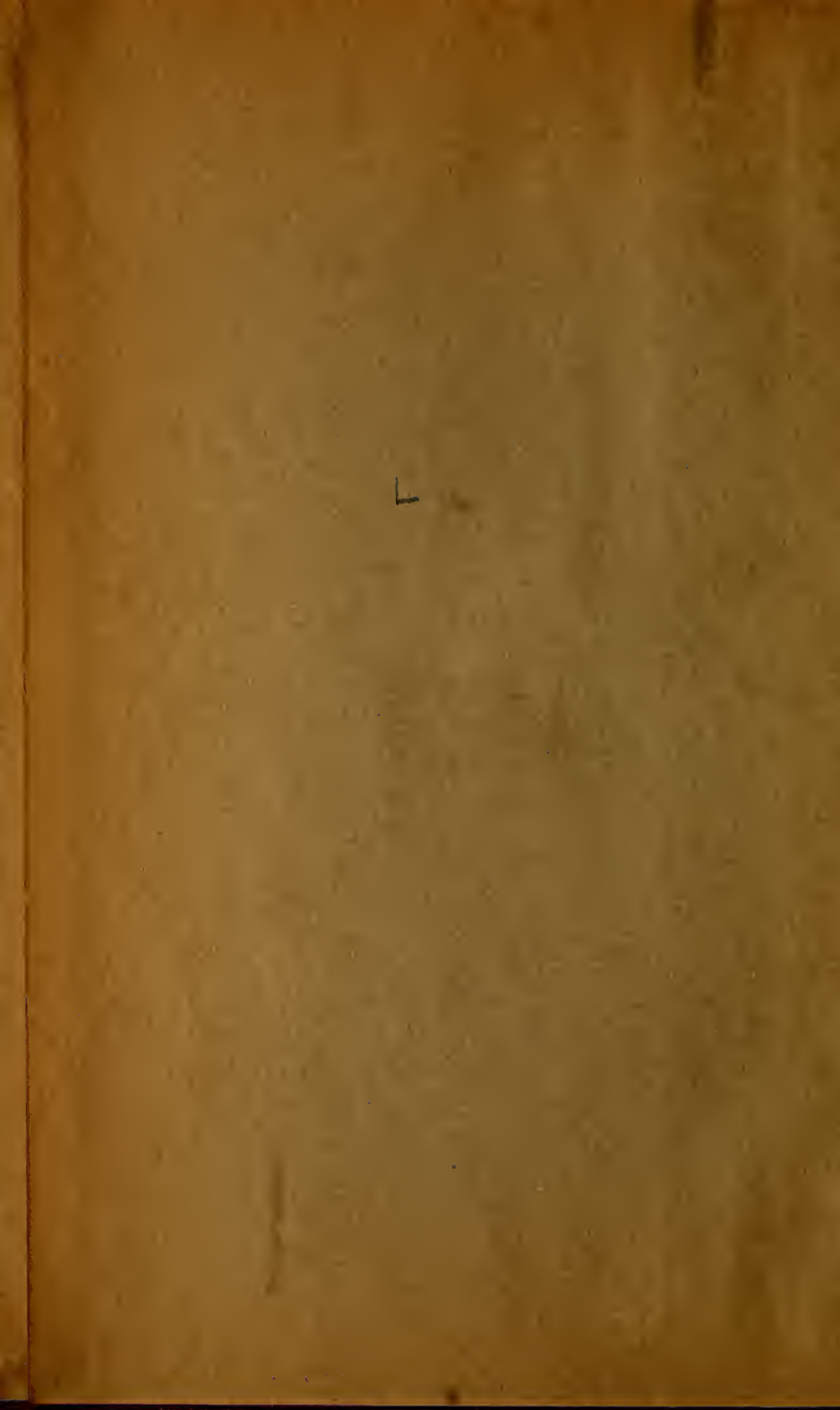
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The St. Ignatius Collegian

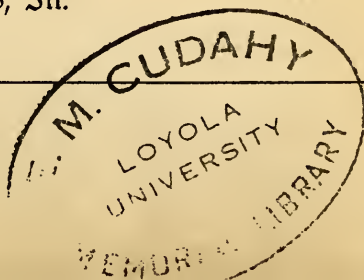
Vol. II

Chicago, Ill., April 1903

No. 1

We Respectfully Dedicate
these our first efforts at Regular Journalism
to
His Grace
the
Most Reverend James Edward Quigley,
D. D.
Archbishop of Chicago
our
father and friend

The Students of St. Ignatius College
Chicago, Ill.



Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, D. D.

The archiepiscopal chair of Chicago is again filled. The crosier, borne so nobly for twenty-two years by our late Most Reverend Patrick A. Feehan, has been entrusted to the faithful keeping of a prelate, worthy to take in charge the spiritual direction of the greatest arch-diocese of the West. Passing out from the flock, which for well nigh a score of years had loved and revered him, both as a priest and a bishop; accompanied on his way by the regrets and good wishes of all creeds and classes, Most Reverend James Edward Quigley has taken up his abode in Chicago, and strong in the power of God, has entered on a wider and more arduous field of labor.

Deep and widespread was the grief, witnessed at his departure from Buffalo: enthusiastic and universal the joy that greeted his arrival in his new sphere of activity.

Strong in the teachings of their faith, the Catholics of Chicago recognized their new Archbishop as an ambassador of God, a priest clothed with the fulness of sacerdotal power, a successor of the Apostles, a link, in fine, binding them with the chair of Peter and the throne of God. To them he was to be henceforth, their divinely appointed guide, empowered to administer the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit, and to ordain those chosen souls, called by God to labor for the salvation and perfection of the faithful.

Born in Canada, in 1855, Archbishop Quigley inherited from his pious parents a strong and vigorous constitution. While yet an infant, his parents moved first to Lima, and afterwards to Rochester, N. Y.

His first instruction was received from the Christian Brothers, whose efforts were ably seconded by the zealous sons of St. Vincent, in their well-known institution, Niagara University. After his course at Niagara the future prelate betook himself to the University of Innsbruck in the Tyrol, where for a time he attended the lectures of Jesuit Professors, and afterwards to the Propaganda at Rome, where he found himself a pupil of Francis Cardinal Satolli, the first Delegate of the Holy Father to the United States. Here his talents and application to study, merited for him a Doctorate in philosophy and theology.

With such a course of study and under the guidance of so many distinguished instructors, we are fully prepared to believe the accounts, that have reached us of His Grace's accomplishments and

attainments. Besides being thoroughly conversant with the classics, Archbishop Quigley can write and converse in French, German and Italian. He is also an able exponent of the various and intricate problems of social and political life, which at present are so much agitated in the press and from the platform.

Physical and mental gifts of a high order are therefore the endowments of his Grace.

For these reasons they honored their new Archbishop; but there were other reasons, inferior in kind it is true, but yet deserving of their appreciation; for he came among them, clothed not merely with the sublime prerogatives of a bishop of the Church, but rich also in the personal gifts of nature and grace.

A spirit of faith and zeal actuated Archbishop Quigley from the day when he received Holy Orders at the hands of Cardinal Lavaletta, the Vicar General of Rome. This was the spirit that influenced his priestly ministrations, first at Attica, N. Y., afterwards, during his twelve years' pastorate of St. Joseph's Cathedral, later still, as irremovable rector of St. Bridget's Church, and finally, during the six years he ruled the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., as its Bishop and spiritual guide.

Herein, too, we can read the secret of his success in the organization and development of the Parochial Schools, which he effected during the twelve years of his administration, as President of the Parochial School Board. To the same source we can trace that tact and diplomacy, which so often came to the rescue of his fellow citizens and made him a public benefactor of Buffalo, and a devoted friend of the toiling masses. We have all heard how in ten days he effected a lasting peace between the contending factions of the Lake Carriers' Association and the Longshoremens' Union; and how, when last year, the cause of the laboring classes became imperilled by the introduction of Socialistic principles into their meetings and unions, he promptly came to their assistance, and with voice and pen purged labor from the dual evils of anarchy and irreligion. Whilst proclaiming himself the advocate of Labor Unions, he warned his listeners of the destructive tendencies of Socialism.

Good, done so effectively in the past, may rightly be taken as an index of greater good to be done in the future.

Therefore we feel confident, that under our new Archbishop's regime, the million Catholics of Chicago, the 500 and more priests, his faithful co-laborers, and the many schools, academies, colleges, and charitable institutions of this vast archdiocese, will all in their turn and in their respective ways, experience his able direction and

parental solicitude; and therefore in the fulness of our hearts, and as his reverent and obedient children, we wish his Grace Most Reverend James Edward Quigley, full measure of success and happiness throughout a long episcopate.

A. M. C.

Our Scope.

TO FIX the wandering gossamer
 Of fancy, where its silken hues
 May wave, a shifting glory, seen
 Near-by, embossed with clearest dews.

And out of all the sunny air
 To draw the scattered light, to be
 One brightness and one centered warmth,
 That men may keenly feel and see;

To loosen thought and let it blush
 Into Rhetoric symmetry,
 To catch a feeling's faintest flush
 And paint its meaning palpably ; ;

To mold the college-mind and wrap
 It round with verbal finery,
 This is the wherefore of these sheets
 Of printed prose and poesy.

S. O.

TRUSTS.

**The Following Speech was Awarded the First Prize
in the "Senior Debate."**

Resolved, That the Trusts are detrimental to our country.
Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Every one knows what marvellous strides the world has made during the past century in every branch of industry. Machines, of which our forefathers never dreamed, are in constant use in all our large manufacturing establishments. Now, if there have been such marvellous changes in our manufacturing methods can anyone doubt that there must be a corresponding change in the commercial sphere? There has been a change and this change has brought into existence those mighty corporations known as the Trusts.

I will endeavor, this evening, to prove to you that the Trusts in themselves are not injurious to our country, by showing that there is nothing harmful in two corporations combining their interests under one head and furthermore that the Trusts, instead of being a detriment will, by proper legislation, prove a benefit.

The Trusts, ladies and gentlemen, are not in themselves an evil. What is there that of itself is an evil in two former rivals in business forming a partnership? Two merchants, seeing that their antagonistic methods have been harmful to themselves instead of beneficial, cast aside all memories of past quarrels and enter into partnership. Is there anything detrimental to our country in this? All admit that there is not. Then, if it is not harmful for two merchants to combine, it is not harmful for two corporations to do so. The formation of a Trust is nothing else than this: Two corporations, seeing that their strife has been gradually undermining their resources, cast aside this strife, combine their interests and thus instead of injuring they benefit each other. The only difference in the formation of a partnership between two merchants and the formation of Trusts is the difference in size and capital. This principle of self-protection is the foundation of all business transactions, it is an effect flowing from the advances in manufacturing and in all modern facilities; and if you are willing to cast aside all these improvements, to call a halt on all further invention and to return to the primitive methods of our forefathers, then you may wisely seek to prevent combination. Yes, union of effort is founded on

man's very business nature and when you can change this nature then you can prevent combination of capital. No one can show that there is any essential evil to our country in the formation of Trusts. And this is what the gentlemen of the affirmative side must prove to you this evening.

Now, how will Trusts prove beneficial to our country? What are their good qualities? I will admit that the object of Trust promoters in forming these mighty combinations is to improve their financial condition. Any proper means conducive to this end they will unhesitatingly use. Now, if they know that advanced methods in manufacture will further that end they will immediately put them into use. What is the consequence of this? Commodities will be produced cheaper and quicker than before. Now who will be benefited by these improvements? Both the consumer and the supplier. The only change that can result in the demand for any commodity is that more will be demanded than before. These methods will enable the manufacturer to produce the goods in a shorter time and will lessen the cost of production and, therefore, the goods can be put upon the market at a lower price. But will the Trust do so? A man in this life can live without certain luxuries which are too dear for him to purchase, but if these same goods reach a lower price, he can and he will purchase them. The manufacturer knows this and consequently the price will be lowered, a greater quantity of the goods will be purchased and this will not only make up for the deficit but will materially increase their profits. This is the way, ladies and gentlemen, in which the consumers are benefited by the Trusts.

Can the smaller individual concerns do this? No they cannot. They have not the capital to establish in their manufactories these improved methods. They cannot afford to cast aside the old methods for the new. The Trusts with their unlimited capital alone can and do so. The large corporations are willing to undergo a small loss for a short time if in the end they can successfully make up for this. Therefore the Trusts alone are able to put into operation those improved methods, the benefits of which you and I and every one enjoy. And in this way they are not only a benefit to the consumer but also a stimulant to all scientific and mechanical investigation.

Before concluding let me impress this upon you, that the only evil flowing from the Trusts is the abuse of their power. But you cannot, in justice, abolish a thing because it is abused. This would be contrary to the rights of every one, to his rights as a man and to his rights as a citizen of the United States. It is in the power of Congress to check any abuses which might arise from the Trusts,

and if Congress does not do so its members are acting contrary to their oath of office in which they swore to support the constitution and to promote the welfare of the American people. If we who claim that this nation is the mightiest in the world, if we the great government of the United States cannot by proper legislation regulate a mere business transaction, then I say it is not time to discuss the merits or demerits of the Trusts but to wipe out our constitution and laws and form better ones. Ladies and gentlemen, are seventy millions of people impotent to check the business irregularities of a few men? Again, I repeat, that the formation of a Trust is only a legitimate business transaction and if we cannot regulate its power then let us form a government which can.

Therefore in conclusion let me repeat that the Trusts in themselves are not detrimental to our country. It is the abuse of their power which everyone is crying out against. Check these abuses, limit their power, but let us, oh let us enjoy the benefits which naturally and legitimately flow from them. J. P. HALL, '03.

To My Mother.

I've stood on the shore when the moonlight
Cast its magical gleam o'er the lake;
I've stood where the sunlight was flashing,
Or the boisterous sea-billows brake;

I rode on the wild roaring waters,
When the demon-waves darted on high,
And tossed my frail boat to the heavens,
But I smiled as their fury rolled by;

I rode in the glow of the sunset,
When the waters were purple and gold,
And my boat kissed the beautiful Beulah
And my oars scattered diamonds untold.

All this did I fling to the breezes,
For there's something I valued above:
'Tis the light in the eyes of my mother,
The smile on the face that I love.

—J. H. L.

The Devil Wagon.

At five minutes past two one Saturday afternoon a loud puffing was heard on one of the boulevards of Evansville, and at that instant there burst into view a huge red automobile. It sped rapidly down the street, leaving far in the distance a cloud of dust, which seemed to envelop the whole thoroughfare in its murky folds. Lolling carelessly on its cushioned seats was a young man in the bloom of health, attired in a loose fitting suit of grey flannel, a picture of well-bred ease and luxury.

Suddenly he closed the throttle, reversed the brake and in a moment his speed slackened and he drew up before the pretentious dwelling of R. Thayer Everet, Mayor of Evansville.

There were two important reasons for Alderman Brisben Thompson's presence there that afternoon; his first, obvious and, as it were, official object was the preservation of automobiling, a recognized sport among the upper "sixty;" the other was known only to Alderman Brisben Thompson himself and Ethel, the pretty daughter of his Honor the Mayor.

The latter gentleman had a deep-rooted prejudice against automobiles, "a perfect horror for the new-fangled contrivances," as he put it; and his antipathy did not end here, but extended itself to the owners and chauffeurs of these machines as well. It was certain that if this unfounded prejudice was not removed, the Mayor with his influence in the city council would kill the sport outright.

But worst of all for Thompson; his suit with Ethel, not progressing any too rapidly as it was, would be rendered simply impossible, if her father remained obdurate on the automobile question.

Perfectly confident that the Mayor, who had been something of a sport himself, could be converted if only he could be induced to take a little trip in one of "the new-fangled contrivances" the "sixty" had pressed him to give the thing a trial before he finally wrought its doom.

Hence Thompson had scarcely drawn up before the official residence, when the door opened and out stepped the Mayor, arrayed in a natty suit of white linen, a blue touring cap settled firmly upon his head. His three hundred pounds seemed to be well managed indeed, as he walked lightly down to the auto and jumped in beside the "chauf," Alderman Brisben Thompson.

"Why this is real comfort, Thompson," said the Mayor, as he

settled heavily into the soft cushions, with a sigh of pleasure and contentment.

"But I don't want you to kill me, so be real careful and take it easy."

"There's not the slightest danger, don't worry, and of course we'll take it easy. Are you ready, Mr. Everet?"

"Yes," he replied, bracing himself tightly against the side. "Let her go."

There was a sudden wheezing and puffing as Thompson turned the brake and opened the throttle, and they shot forward rapidly.

"By the way, Thompson, how is it that you are not in that big automobile race this afternoon? I didn't think any thing under the sun could keep such an enthusiast as you away from that."

"Well—I was entered, but they all thought it was more important to show you around. So I threw the race over. It will be a great affair," he added wistfully, "but it can't be helped."

"Now look here, Mr. Thompson, I wouldn't think for a minute of depriving you of such sport," said the Mayor; "I'll get out at the next corner, and you go and win that race."

"No! No! I would never do that. I'm bound to give you a good time this afternoon. But," he added thoughtfully, "we might at least go and see the race. Of course I can't compete—unless—"

"Unless what?" interposed the Mayor, becoming suddenly interested.

"Unless you will come with me." At these words a look of anxiety and doubt overshadowed the usually serene features of his "Honor."

Seeing this Thompson hurriedly continued: "I assure you that there wouldn't be the slightest risk or danger. I can give you my word for that."

"If that's the case," he answered with some hesitation, "I am almost tempted to enter." He looked suspiciously and very inquiringly at Thompson: "You're sure there is no danger?"

"You have my word for that," was the unhesitating reply.

"First rate, we'll enter," said the Mayor.

"It must be very bracing to fly along at two minutes a mile," mused Mr. Everet.

"Yes! you would be astonished how exhilarating it is; but we go slightly faster. About a mile a minute."

A prolonged whistle of surprise was the only answer.

"The race starts at half past two. The course is eight miles; from the Athletic club to the St. Charles country club. We must hurry."

He opened the throttle a little more and the machine shot along faster, past the gaping crowds that lined the thoroughfare. Their arrival was heralded by cheers, and the applause became deafening when they took their place in line.

A pistol shot announced that the race was on. "They're off!" "They're off!" was the cry that re-echoed on all sides.

Within the city limit the pace set by the leading auto was comparatively slow, but when the outskirts were reached the machines were going at a lively clip. Dust, dark and grimy filled the air. For half a mile back the road was obscured by grey, murky clouds.

Suddenly Thompson heard a grinding, sputtering sound succeeded by a mild explosion. "Pshaw! that's this thing," he said, indicating the automobile with his foot. "It's burned the valve off. Don't move, sir," he said to the Mayor, when that frightened gentleman was about to jump from the machine at that alarming news.

"Don't touch any of those silver knobs, and you will be all right. Don't be nervous," he remarked as the machine came to a stop and he leaped out, "I'll be up again in a second."

About half a minute elapsed when he said: "She's all right, now," and was preparing to jump in. The speed of a passing auto made the Mayor clutch at the sides of the seat and in doing so he touched a lever. Out shot the machine. The sudden jerk unbalanced him. He nearly tumbled from the seat. When he recovered himself he tried to stop the machine but instead it went faster and faster, until he was flying along at a terrific rate.

The Mayor's hair was standing on end in fright. His face became alternately white and red. His hat had been lost long before. His immaculate suit was grimy and dirty with dust.

He desperately clutched the brakes with one hand and the seat with the other. In a few seconds he caught up with the hindmost racer, and left him far behind. Thoughts of an awful death, visions of a mangled body crossed his mind with renewed force.

Now he passed the fourth. The stones and gravel were flying in all directions and at the five-mile point, he left the third buried completely in his trail of dust.

At the sixth mile he was coming up even with the second. His face blanched with terror, his eyes protruded from his head with horror. Instinctively he guided his machine past and in front of him about three hundred yards he saw the first.

Suddenly another look came into his face, a look of determination. When he realized that he could guide his machine in safety his old sporting propensity croppped out, fear gave way

to ambition, ambition to the determination of winning the race.

He now grasped the brake with both hands and bending low waited. He was gaining steadily on his rival, but closer and closer also came the club house.

Would he be able to make it before the other man? Hardly. Time and distance were against him, but yet there was hope.

"Faster, a little faster and I will win," he muttered under his breath with a look of fierce and longing desire.

Two hundred yards from the tape and fifty feet behind. His machine was throbbing and pulsating beneath him, swinging dangerously to and fro in its mad journey. Never had it gone at such a pace. "Could it last?" was the question which he constantly repeated to himself.

Then with a look of fierce determination in his eyes he grasps the throttle more firmly and jerks it wide open. His machine seems inspired, for away it bounds, leaping madly forward. Fifty yards from the tape, fifty from victory, but he is fifteen feet behind. It is impossible to win. But look! What is that? A terrible rush of scorching steam from the auto ahead. It slackens its speed. The Mayor gains rapidly, and goes over the line a winner.

* * * * *

The Mayor has become an enthusiastic chauff. Alderman Thompson it would almost seem is in as great a danger of losing his suit with Ethel now as he was before. He has become the inseparable companion and teacher of her father in the latter's magnificent auto, and can scarcely devote as much time as he would like to the daughter.

But since that eventful evening after the race, when the portly Mayor was found unhurt and happy though a little dazed, seated high up in a barn on the soft hay, rejoicing in his victory; the machine that did it all, a heap of ruins below; since that eventful evening the careworn look has vanished from the face of Alderman Brisben Thompson.

RICHARD PRENDERGAST, '04.



Catholic Emancipation.

This Oration was Awarded the Highest Honors in the Junior-Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When, after crossing the threshold of the twentieth century, we review the history of the preceding hundred years, we are impressed with the fact that the era just past was remarkable for the growth of the spirit of liberty and democracy. The dominant note of the century was one of advancement and freedom, and the ruling passion of the age was that which burst the galling fetters of millions of bondmen and restored them unshackled to the bosom of humanity.

This spirit, the outgrowth to a great extent of the gallant fight of the American patriots against British aggression, inflamed the hearts and fired the zeal of the misguided but liberty-loving French Revolutionists. This spirit it was that struck the bonds of slavery from millions of negroes. And, ladies and gentlemen, this same spirit aided the Irish Catholics in their heroic struggle for emancipation in the British Empire.

Looking upon this glorious victory of Emancipation, won by the long-suffering, but steadfast Irish Catholics, we recognize that the moral and religious power of the people exerted the mightiest influence. The crushed but invincible spirit of liberty burned as fiercely in the souls of the Irish as it did in the hearts of our fathers. Yea, more! their enthusiasm was one born not alone of an Irish and national but also of a world-wide and Catholic impulse to advance the rights of the Church and the cause of God against the most unrelenting foes.

Throughout the whole movement the power of Right against Might, of Catholicism against bigoted Protestantism, of Freedom against slavery, strove in the lists of argumentation.

How we reverence the names of the eloquent, self-sacrificing Irish patriots and fair-minded English statesmen, who poured forth the living streams of their oratory that the Irish Catholic downtrodden and oppressed should rise free, that the Church persecuted should rise triumphant! Shall we follow the martyred Emmet's injunction not to breathe his name until his beloved Erin emerges from her battle against oppression, a free nation? No! For so long as such names live the embers of freedom will be fanned into a consuming flame; so long as such names are spoken men of demo-

cratic ideals will rise and fight and die for the liberties of the people, for equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Let us investigate Erin's position before the Catholic Emancipation. Impoverished, but unconquered, by five centuries of continuous struggles, sometimes led to glorious victories by such generals as Red Hugh and Sarsfield, but oftener driven by their heroic patriotism to the slaughter-house of Cromwell and such disasters as that on the Boyne, the Irish people present a sad spectacle to the student of history. Four million starved, oppressed, down-trodden Irish Catholics were robbed of their native land by the greed of English war lords. The direst of their oppressors ruled the Parliament; their most bigoted foes, Protestant Irishmen, led England's armies, while the poor Irish Catholic was bound hand and foot by that iron code—Landlordism—which Montesquieu truly declared could only have been made by devils and should be registered only in hell. And through all this the noble way in which the children of Erin kept the Faith is a glorious testimonial to the power of our Holy Church, is worthy to be written on History's fairest scrolls.

In Ireland's crisis, her most devoted son entered the lists—the man who organized the Catholic Association, an organization which became so powerful that even Parliament feared and suppressed it. You all know who struggled for thirty years to make Ireland a nation, and whose efforts were crowned with success; the man who denounced the infamous oath of supremacy; the eloquent patriot who forced England to grant Emancipation; the hero, whose high-minded, gigantic endeavors won for him the name—"Liberator"—the immortal Daniel O'Connell.

In all his agitation to free the Catholics, O'Connell was strenuously opposed by the Lords, the pampered aristocrats, grown wealthy at Erin's cost. In 1825, they rejected the Relief Bill; then refused the Catholic Petition. And when Emancipation was proposed, these same Lords debated day after day while Erin anxiously awaited the result. At length, blinded by prejudice, they passed the Bill, inserting an iniquitous amendment excluding the zealous Jesuits from the Isle of Saints. Such was the bigotry against which O'Connell contended, and his glory will go down the ages for his valiant struggle for religion and liberty. But

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

And although the patriots of '29 have passed away, their spirit still lives. It lives in the labors and eloquence of a Redmond and a Dillon; it lives to terrify the Balfour ministry to proffers of Home

Rule. And—ladies and gentlemen—it will live until Ireland becomes a free nation with one flag and one people, as well as one Faith and one God!

We stand at the open door of a new century. The Church, battling even in our enlightened country, is facing Her greatest trials. Her children will be compelled to fight, not only for the republic but for Her. No true Catholic, recognizing the great principle of the brotherhood of man, can bear to see this land despoiled of its honor by gigantic corporations. No true Catholic can stand idly by while monstrous monopolies grind out the liberty of the poor and reduce them to servitude. No true Catholic can impassively witness our Ship of State wrecked upon the shoals of Imperialism and Plutocracy, without raising a hand to save her from destruction. And no true Catholic can allow the Church of his fathers to be maligned by heretical teachers. No! Catholics of the age must rise; like the heroes of the Emancipation, they must assert and defend the rights of Church and Government.

Catholics of America, the Pacific of the Future lies before you. Plunge boldly in and claim it, unfurling the banner of God and Country. Fight on to victory the battle of free conscience and country against infidelity and plutocracy. And when the star of hope pales on the horizon and the laurel wreath of triumph is far from your aching brows, oh! then remember the unflinching faith of Erin's greatest hero—Daniel O'Connell—who, when a heart-broken exile, breathed forth his spirit in those deathless words, "When I am dead, send my heart to Rome; but let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland."

MARTIN L. NEALIS, '04.



A Glimpse of Boyhood.

ON his locks, that once were raven,
Lies the kiss of many a snow;
Kisses like the touch of havoc
'Mid the field the gleaners mow.
In a room of regal splendor,
Sitting in his lonely chair,
Rests an aged man in slumber
'Fore the firelight's gladsome glare.

In that gorgeous home, but lonely,
Shadows deep forever grope;
Children's smiles light not its darkness;
Enters ne'er the ray of hope.
Sweetly smiles the wearied sleeper;
Glow's his face with thrilling joy;
For again he sees before him
Scenes he knew when but a boy.

To his ears are borne the voicings
Of the softly-rolling rills;
Once again he plays in fancy
'Mid the old New England hills.
Images of happy childhood
On the picture creeping fast,
Struggles with a world of sorrows,
All are buried in the past.

Wake him not, O kindly stranger!
Frighten not the dream away;
In the golden realm of boyhood,
Let him glory, while he may.

JAMES F. RICE, '05.

Leo's Silver Jubilee.

(The following letter of B. D. Rogers, a student of St. Ignatius' who is at present studying for the priesthood in the American College, Rome, will be doubly interesting to many of our readers, the subject being such as would appeal to every Catholic heart, and the writer being an old acquaintance and friend. The letter was written to one of the editors of the Collegian):

Rome, March 8th, 1903.

Since my last letter to you Charles O'Hern and myself enjoyed a visit of the Right Rev. Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Texas, and of the Chicago priests who accompanied him. He and Father O'Donnell called for Charles and myself one afternoon and treated us to a most pleasant ride. Both Charles and I think a great deal of the Bishop and so do all the boys of the College. His pleasing countenance and affable ways when he met them walking through Rome took them by storm.

The famous convert from the Episcopalian Church, Dr. De Costa, is now studying in Rome, preparing for the sacred ministry, and is registered as a student of our College. In fact, he loves to style himself our fellow student, although he is in a position to be our professor. He has favored us with a few talks and they have been a real treat to us.

In company with Dr. De Costa came another Anglican minister, a convert also, by the name of Mr. Doran. He too is in our midst, a student for the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church. We have now about six converts with us, two of whom are Jews.

Last Tuesday, March 3rd, all Rome was astir over the final celebration in honor of the Pope's Silver Jubilee. Even up to a few hours before the time scheduled for the ceremonies at St. Peter's visitors kept on arriving to participate in the celebration. Pilgrimages had come from Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and the different parts of Italy. There was also a pilgrimage here from England under the care of the Duke of Norfolk. The city was crowded and hotel rates were, as you may imagine, extremely high for the occasion.

Tickets for admission to St. Peter's were also in great demand and were difficult to obtain. Although given gratui-

JOHN PRENDERGAST.



JOSEPH A. GRABER.



ANDREW W. HELLGETH.



CHAS. F. CONLEY.

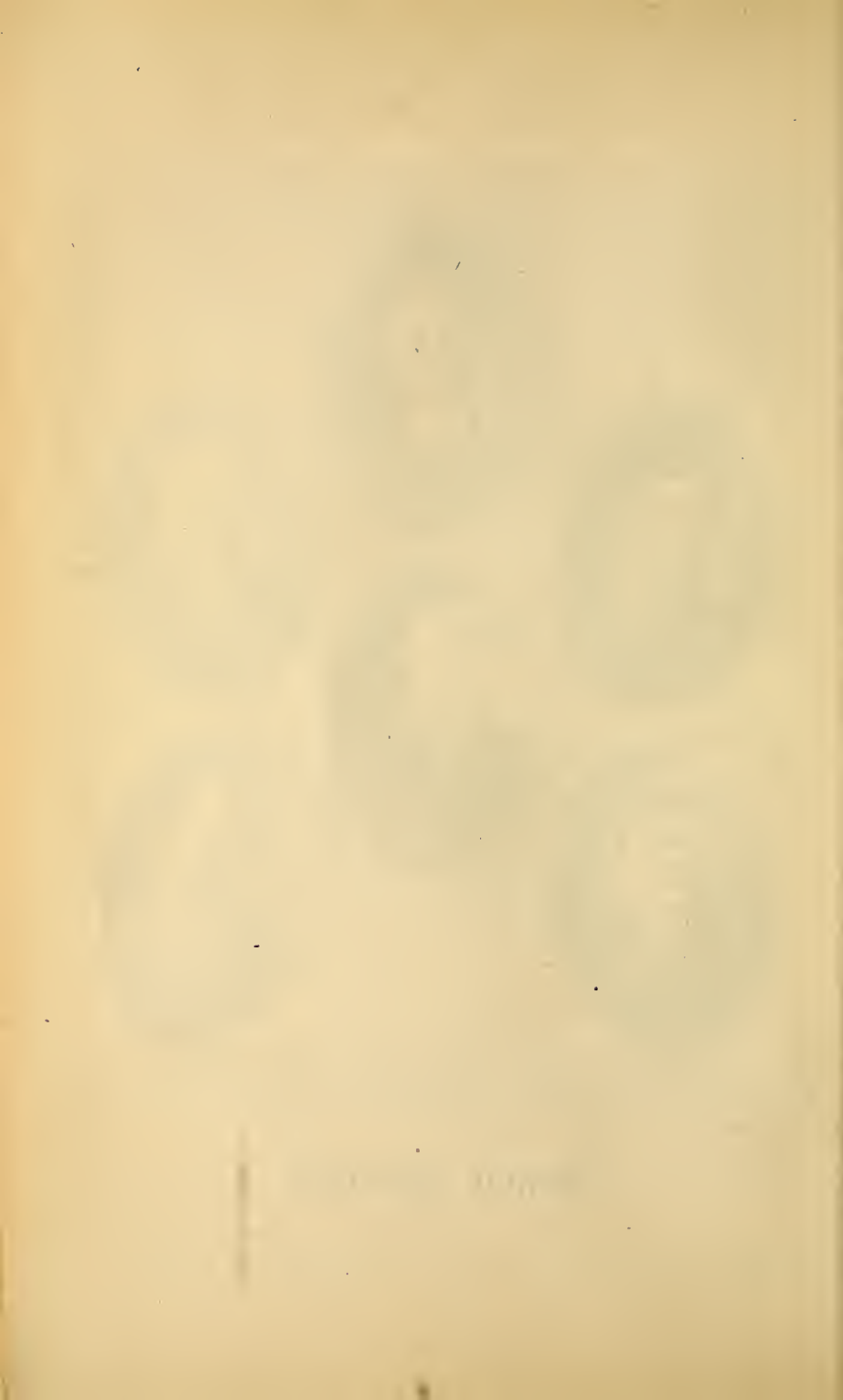


JAMES J. FINNEGAN.



JOHN P. HALL.

Senior Debaters.



tously by the Vatican, they were being sold in the city, especially at the hotels. The reserved seat tickets were selling for 100 and 150 lira, while the more favorably located seats were selling, according to report, for even more. It looked a little desperate for us students, for there were so many pilgrims to be supplied that our chances for getting tickets were rather meager.

On Monday evening, the eve of the celebration, our college was beautifully illuminated with Japanese lanterns, two or three being hung from every window. That same evening our tickets arrived and we were jubilant over the prospect of being among the crowd that would throng St. Peter's and greet the Holy Father when he entered the great Basilica on the morrow.

Until Monday noon we had been enjoying superb weather. It looked as though spring had set in. But after dinner the sky became obscured and it began to rain. It rained all afternoon, and stopped only long enough to give our illuminations a chance.

On Tuesday morning we arose a little earlier, so that we might have an opportunity to select a good position at St. Peter's, but on opening our windows we saw what kind of weather we were going to have that day, for the rain was coming down in a steady pour.

A little before eight o'clock we left the college to go to St. Peter's, although the ceremonies were scheduled for ten. Nobody would bring an umbrella, for no one wanted the trouble it would occasion in the great crush we anticipated in the Cathedral of the Universe. Cabs were difficult to get, so we made the next best move and headed through the rain for a street car. But we found these overcrowded also. So the only thing left was to walk to St. Peter's. We looked like ducks as we trudged on through the rain, but with this difference: that the water, instead of rolling off, soaked in.

On reaching the bridge that crosses the Tiber and leads to St. Peter's it seemed to us as though the whole city was headed towards the scene of the celebration. When we arrived at the square in front of the Basilica the rain was simply pouring down. Two rows of government soldiers, each three or four men deep, were drawn up across the square with the intention of letting only those pass who showed their tickets, but the crowd, pelted by the rain and urged on by their desire of entering the building first, hurried on with such impetuosity

that they simply took the Italian soldiers off their feet. I do not know if the ticket collectors at the doors fared any better, but I think if I had tried I could have passed in without showing my ticket.

Once inside, our concern was to get a good position. We placed ourselves at about the middle of the Basilica and got as near as possible to the aisle along which the procession was to pass on its way to the papal throne. Others had been there before us. We took up our position about eight feet from the benches that fenced off the aisle, there being three or four lines of individuals in front of us. With a little effort, however, on our part and the assistance of those behind us I soon found myself where I could see everything that would occur in the procession.

Hemmed in on all sides, for the building soon began to fill up, and clothed in wet raiment, we stood there waiting for the sound of the silver trumpets and the drawing of the curtains that would herald the approach of Leo XIII.

During the time spent in waiting we had an opportunity of seeing some of the papal soldiers. They were dressed in their finest for the occasion. By far the most attractive uniform was that of the Pope's noble bodyguard. It consisted of white skin-fitting kid breeches, with military boots reaching a little above the knees, a coat of bright scarlet and a magnificent brass helmet. I think it is the handsomest uniform I have ever seen. I do not know how true it is, but I have heard that this is the first time this uniform has been worn since the days of Pope Pius IX, when the temporal power was lost. Of course inside the Basilica order was kept by the papal troops.

A little before eleven o'clock the trumpeters who were to announce the coming of the Sovereign Pontiff took their places in the small gallery above the principal entrance to St. Peter's. The Pope was to enter from the right side, from the Chapel of the Pieta, which is the chapel nearest to the entrance of St. Peter's, and now all eyes were directed thither, on the alert for every movement of the curtains.

Before the procession began a great many dignitaries, both lay and ecclesiastical, passed down the aisle to their reserved places. Some of those who attracted my attention were a Bishop and a Patriarch, I believe, of the Eastern Rite, who wore their peculiar ecclesiastical robes. I noticed three American Bishops: Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., Bishop Hoban

of Scranton, Pa., and Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Texas, all dressed in their episcopal robes.

Shortly after eleven the great procession began. It was headed by representatives of the different religious orders. Then came a long line of canons and domestic prelates of the Pope. Lastly came the Cardinals, nearly forty of whom were present. It would have been a rare opportunity for studying this distinguished body of men, concerning some of whom I have heard so much. Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's Secretary of State; the great Jesuit Cardinal Steinhuber, who was such a prominent figure in the Taft affair at the Vatican; Cardinal Satolli, who was Apostolic Delegate to the United States some years ago and who is perhaps one of the most learned men in the Sacred College; and so I might go on mentioning other Cardinals, every one of whom is deserving of a special study, and some one of whom is most likely destined to become the successor of the great Leo XIII.

But our eyes were simply riveted on the place of entrance. Suddenly the silver trumpets sounded their melodious notes, the choir sang out in sweet and captivating strains and the multitude began to shout. Leo XIII, the aged Pontiff of over ninety-two years, the world-known and world-respected occupant of the Chair of St. Peter, had entered the Basilica of the Holy Apostle. The choir and trumpets could no longer be heard, for the cheers and acclamations of the multitude drowned them out.

Borne along upon the shoulders of men, seated in his chair, clad in cope, the triple-crowned tiara and the two papal fans carried in front of him, the holy old man of the Vatican seemed a spirit from the other world. Every now and then he would attempt to stand up and bless the people, and when he did so the populace simply went wild with enthusiasm. He had not been feeling well for a day or two before the celebration, as he had been suffering from a slight cold and it seemed to me that his marvellous eyes were not as bright as usual. Along he moved, blessing the people to right and to left, his hand resting in a kind of sling to lessen the fatigue.

A throne had been prepared for him in the tribune of the Basilica, right under the place where the chair of the early successors of St. Peter and of St. Peter himself, according to tradition, is encased in bronze. Arriving at this throne, everything was in readiness for the celebration of mass. It was celebrated

on an altar over the tomb of the Apostle St. Peter. Only the Pope himself or some one delegated by him is allowed to say mass at this altar, and for this day the French Cardinal had the honor.

The choir for the occasion was composed of all the best singers of Rome, under the direction of Rev. Mons. Perrone, who has been placed in charge of the Sistine Choir and who is celebrated for his musical compositions. He is a young priest and intends, among other reformations, to abolish the use of men sopranos in the Sistine Choir. He had sixty-three boys, taken from the different schools about Rome, assist in the rendering of the Mass and some pieces that he himself had composed for the occasion. Of course the music was superb.

The most solemn part of the mass, of course, was the consecration. Everything was hushed except the beautiful, clear notes of the silver trumpets. The effect was thrilling and must have produced some good results in that cosmopolitan and heterodox gathering assembled to witness the ceremony.

At the end of the mass the Pope gave his solemn benediction and was then placed in his chair to be carried back to his apartments in the Vatican. As he passed along, blessing the people to the right and left again, the air was filled with the cheers of the multitude. Every attempt he made to stand up was hailed with the shaking of handkerchiefs and loud acclamations and clapping of hands. Soon he passed by me and entering within the curtains was hidden from view. It was a celebration I shall never forget.



IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

What the College Presidents are Saying.

The last report of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College contains the following significant paragraph on page 28: "It (the Faculty of Arts and Sciences) has made it possible for any diligent student to get the degree of Bachelor of Arts in three years." This means that the ordinary college course at Harvard will in future be three years instead of four.

This change, or an equivalent shortening of the course preparatory to college, had become an absolute necessity. The American people are at present experimenting in education. The widening of the field of the natural sciences has introduced a number of new branches into the old curriculum of studies. As a result, the old school and college courses have been lengthened to an unnatural degree.* The ordinary common-school course in the west is eight years, the high-school course four years, and the college course four years—a total of sixteen years preparatory to the Bachelor's degree. Sixteen years added to seven years, the average age of beginning school, makes the ordinary graduate twenty-three years old on Commencement night. As a matter of fact a large proportion of graduates are above that age. A graduate of twenty-three, who wishes to take up a professional career must spend three to five years more at his books. He will then be twenty-six to twenty-eight before he begins his actual career in life. That this is altogether an abnormal age at which to make a start in life is evident, when we consider the shortness of life itself, the disadvantage of a belated entrance on one's life work, the difficulty of parents in supporting their children for so long a period, and the danger of acquiring listless and unpractical habits of life in so procrastinated a school life. A course of study so long drawn out moreover makes so severe a demand on the health of students and so taxes the patience of youth as well as its laudable ambition "to be up and doing," as almost to close the avenues of professional careers to college graduates.

President Eliot has had the practical good sense to perceive the deplorable position into which over-ambitious teachers and college

*President Harper of the Chicago University is also in favor of eliminating a year from the present course of studies. His plan is "to increase the number of years in the secondary school from four to six by adding the present eighth grade of the elementary school and the present freshman and sophomore years of the college, and then condensing the seven years into six."

directors have plunged our floundering American students by overwhelming them with a multitude of studies, and with his accustomed energy of action he has exerted his influence with the Harvard Faculty and Board of Overseers, until after several years of effort he has made them of his way of thinking. Not only has the college course at Harvard been reduced to three years, but the Faculty of that institution, according to Mr. Eliot's report, "has expressed its preference for the age of eighteen as the age for entering college, and its conviction that boys can be well prepared for college life by that age. . . . These two measures combined should enable parents to get their well-trained sons into the learned professions by twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and into business courses much earlier."

The position taken by the Harvard Faculty and President is much to be commended. It is only common sense to say that the ordinary professional man should begin his career at twenty-four or twenty-five, with his bodily strength unimpaired, and with all the fresh vigor and enthusiasm of youth. Of course there can be no objection to professional students who wish to devote themselves to special or recondite studies, or to original research, extending the period of their studies indefinitely. Nor is the professional man to be debarred from all further study immediately on entering professional life. Rather the demands of his profession will require him to live constantly in a literary or scientific atmosphere. But what Mr. Eliot is striving to define is the minimum qualification for a degree.

It may be observed that abbreviating the length of time devoted to academic or collegiate work, need not necessarily diminish the scholarship of the graduate. If more insistence were laid on the culture and mind-training studies, and less on the mere technical or information branches, the time could be materially shortened without lowering the standard. The old adage gives us the sage advice "Non multa sed multum."

St. Ignatius College is to be congratulated on already having approached closely the ideal condition of age toward which Mr. Eliot is striving to bring his college. The course of studies at St. Ignatius requires ordinarily fourteen years to complete, counting from the first reader to the last thesis in ethics; and fourteen years added to seven, the initial school year, will coincide with the twenty-first year, the ideal age of graduation according to Mr. Eliot.

Verily the world moves in circles, and no matter how far astray it seems to go, it gradually gravitates back to its normal course.

VIATOR.

Resignation.

THE dazzling rays of fortune's blaze
May light my princely hall,
Or sorrow's cloud my hut may shroud,
For God disposes all.

If raised on high I touch the sky,
Or if I sadly fall,
In God I'll trust, who's good and just,
For He disposes all.

In want or wealth, in pain or health,
I know on whom to call,
Since ev'ry grief finds sweet relief
From Him who orders all.

If life I spend with foe or friend,
Or if in death I fall,
I humbly vow my head to bow
To Him who orders all.

The world may frown or beat me down;
May give me naught but gall—
The Cross I'll bear, the Crown I'll wear
For Him who orders all.

NAPOLEON.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century "the elder daughter of the church" drank deep of the draughts of infidelity from the alluring cup Voltaire held out to her. Intoxicated with these draughts, she gave to the enemies of the church liberalism and its still more radical ally, anarchy, which developed a friendship that gradually ripened into love and swept from the land her altar and her throne.

From this chaos there rose, phoenix-like, to the view of France and the astonished world the figure of one whose name by common consent is linked with those of Alexander and Julius, and who with them forms the triumvirate of the world's great warriors; there arose the figure of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"All the world," says Shakespeare, "is a stage." Somehow or other men are fond of the unreal and the fictitious. If this were not the case they would recognize in this declaration of the myriad-minded bard of Avon a bald prosaic truth instead of a poetic effusion; if this were not the case they would estimate the career of Napoleon Bonaparte as a drama, always real, often pathetic, sometimes sublime, the career of him who carried to the summit of glory the arms of the fleur de lis, who made a nation morbid in its cravings for liberty bow down to him and love him, yea, love him most when he was the very personification of despotism.

The great masters have seen fit to make the drama consist of a character which is the storm center, as it were, of some overruling passion. Around this character they arrange events so as to approach a climax, which inevitably gives way to a catastrophe, and from all of this some deep lesson is inculcated, some mighty moral drawn.

The hero of our tragedy rushes from behind the scenes of obscurity upon the stage of France while all is commotion and disorder. License, brandishing aloft the bloody dagger of revolution, is standing with his foot on the breast of prostrate Order. Religion, which during that trying hour made common cause with Order, has with her fallen in the struggle and, fettered by the shackles of persecution, is subject to Impiety's relentless rule. Whether sent by a Providence whose ways are inscrutable and whose mind no man hath known, or whether the outcome of a mysterious course of events, it matters not,

but such was the stage at the entrance of Bonaparte, and mark well that scene!

The passion that controlled his every act and swayed his every thought, that urged him to his climax and pressed him to his doom, was a blind and unfaltering devotion to the goddess Ambition. When Napoleon had scarcely crossed the line that separates youth from manhood we see him strike for supremacy in his own native Corsica; but he failed. Nothing daunted, by an extraordinary military genius and talent for leadership, he lays the Italian Peninsula prostrate at his feet. Then, with a mind vast in its projects, he conceives the idea of turning his back forever upon Europe and sailing to far-off India, ostensibly to destroy the British power, but in reality to found there a gigantic empire under the undisputed sovereignty of one master—Napoleon Bonaparte. Foiled again by the elements of nature and the concert of nations, he returns to France and is made her first consul.

The second act begins. It is a scene whose grandeur baffles description—one in which the exaltation of a creature can only be grasped with an effort. Marengo and Hohenlinden are ringing in the ears of Europe. Prussia, Austria and Russia successively lay down their arms. England, who has fought long and well, calls back to her shores her navy, and Napoleon is at peace with the world, a condition necessary in view of the extraordinary event at hand. With one accord France calls on him to assume the sceptre and the Corsican eagerly grasps the dignity. The modern Cæsar is not the politician that was the Cæsar of ancient days. Of him no tongue could say:—

“Thrice I offered him the kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse.”

Europe, which had seen the pomp of pagan Rome and the pageantry of the middle ages, is amazed at the oriental splendor in which Napoleon ascends the throne. The Pontiff leaves the Eternal City to add sacredness to grandeur, and amid the plaudits of all Europe Napoleon is crowned, by the most sacred hand in Christendom, Emperor of all the French.

But the few fleeting moments of the scepter, the crown and the purple were feeble rewards for Napoleon's long and untiring efforts. Remember, he was compelled to give them up. Remember, too, “Tis better to have had and lost than never to have had at all,” is the philosophy of a poet schooled to figures of speech and flights of fancy, and not that of a logician

trained in syllogisms and ruled by reason. Wonderful power of Napoleon! Strange changes in the minds of men! A few short years and a nation is transformed from a mob of howling fiends, bent on destroying monarchy and religion, to an applauding multitude, drunk with enthusiasm for monarchy and morality.

We are now at the third act. Ambition now enters and demands of her devotee a sacrifice. Napoleon must surrender his consort, whom, like the French people, he loved so well. At first he flings defiance at the goddess, but soon his innate devotion to ambition returns and he immolates upon her altar his beloved Josephine. Nor is this all. Another holocaust far more momentous is now demanded. Napoleon can not serve two masters. He must be the child of ambition or the child of God, and, alas! he chooses the first. He is dazed with his own power and sees none but his own. His selfish soul is also an ungrateful soul, and like all slaves of ambition he is blind to his own folly.

Above the waves of Napoleon's supremacy rises a rock strong in a divine foundation and compact with countless years. Against this rock ambition bids him steer his fragile bark with all the force of human pride and arrogance. Napoleon recklessly assails it, unmindful that on this rock empires have been shattered and kings have met their doom.

And here we are full upon the catastrophe of our drama. Napoleon lays violent hands on the Vicar of Christ and leads his legions, heretofore invincible, against the impregnable Church of Rome.

And now we come to the final scene. The curtain is about to fall. Our drama is near its end.

The scene is laid on a little isle far out in the dreary Atlantic. Here the mighty emperor, who found Europe too small a field for his exploits, he who could brook no rival, much less a master, drags out an existence in exile and subjection. Oh! how often must he have lingered on the shore of the waters that severed him from the scenes of his triumphs. How often must there have loomed up before him, like a mirage, visions of glory, but of glory vanished. Oh! how often must he have tried to peer through the haze of his humiliation for a glimpse of what might have been. How often, when the shadows of death hovered around him, must he have murmured, with Wolsey, "Had I but served my God."

Let those who would know the ways of ambition and those who prize the pageantry of power and the wisdom of the world look to the isle of St. Helena. Let them learn of Napoleon Bonaparte, who rose from obscurity, who ruled in majesty, who fell in despair.

WILLIAM A. MURPHY, '04.

KNOX AND THE TRUST.

There was no doubt about it, the trust had invaded the ranks of the hundred newsboys who daily received their papers at Allen's Corner. Two of the largest "routes" had been bought by a "rank" outsider and numerous defalcations of customers were noted on all sides. Surely the cause of such unheard-of evils must be concerted, and who could concert so mightily but the octopus trust?

Counteraction for self preservation was imperative and a meeting of "captains of news" was to be held in Burley's Court to devise ways and means to route the trust. The majority of the boys had already gathered and their going into session was delayed only until the arrival of three leading spirits, who could even now be seen approaching down "the avenue."

Of these three, a wiry, active young fellow seemed to be the leader. He was holding a spirited conversation with his two companions, and, even from a distance, he appeared to be their superior not alone in intelligence but also in dress and cleanliness. "That's Knox, that fellow in the middle," said some one at my elbow. You ought to see 'im fight, he can lick any fellow around this corner, with one hand tied behind his back."

The other two, my informant told me, were Knox's pals, "Leggy" Stubbs and Joe Spatters; and of these two, as I afterwards learned, the former had risen to power more on account of his infirmity (he had his right leg cut off at the knee) than because of any merit of his own, and the latter principally because of his imperturbable sang-froid. Knox, however, was the real leader and had risen to that position by his fighting abilities.

The meeting was now called to order, with Knox on a soap-box, in lieu of a chair. All the evidence was brought forward and sifted and it was solemnly decided that there was a trust and that its purpose was to force them to the wall. But what was to be done? Numerous and original were the remedies

proposed, but finally it was "resolved" that the trust was to be ousted by physical force. Then Knox rose to make the closing speech: "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, but the "gentlemen" was drowned by the shouts of "Come out of it," "Smoke up," and sundry other forcible if not elegant epithets. When the commotion had subsided he began again: "Fellow news-kids, I am non-compulsed when I rise before such a bunch and the gift of gab throws me down good and hard. We are here to-night to settle the case of that hydrant-headed monster, the trust." For five minutes he held forth, and concluding in a grand burst of passion, he said: "Gentlemen (loud applause) Gentlemen, I say again, we'll put this trust to the clear and I'll be the first gazabo to raise my 'mit' against it, and in the words of Grover Cleveland, we'll put those ducks out of the business." Then and there he won his reputation as the equal if not the superior of "Billy Bryan." Five minutes after, the paper wagon came and the meeting had become ancient history.

Monday evening came, and with it the "kids" ready for action. But one of their number was missing. "Where was Knox? Why was he not here? Gee, something awful must have happened to keep him away to-night." Not a thought of his playing the traitor crossed their minds for one moment. Knox a traitor and the sky to fall were to them of like probability.

"There's Knox now," some one shouted. "And say, fellows, dere's de guy what bought up Nycols. I seen him when he was paying Henning for dis week's 'Newsies,' dat's de trust." Another very dirty urchin exclaimed: What is it that makes them rub their eyes? What! Knox on friendly terms with the trust! Impossible! But so it was. Knox, the incorruptible, Knox, their idol, had fallen. And then came a revulsion of feeling and his best friends were now his bitterest enemies. The treachery of Knox was a bitter pill to swallow and when some one suggested that perhaps for some reason or other he was trying to put "the Trust" off his guard a sigh of relief went up from every heart, at this apparent explanation.

But their hope was short-lived, for when some of the boys, acting on this suggestion, attempted to handle the Trust roughly, Knox, without more ado, knocked them down. Whatever hopes were still cherished were shattered by this hostile act. From now on it was war to the death and, if Knox wished to ally himself with the Trust, he must abide by the consequences and with it go down

to ruin. The rest of the evening saw no overt act of hostility by either party. It was the lull before the storm.

Tuesday night came and the newsboys were determined to settle the case of Knox and the Trust, who again had come to the meeting together. From the lowering glances that were darted at him and his new protege, Knox knew that the crowd was plotting injury to them and deciding that, cost what it might, he would tell his story, he boldly pushed his way into their very midst. Astonishment was followed by admiration for such daring.

These sentiments did not last long and soon cries of "Turn-Coat! Traitor!" were heard from all sides. For once in his life Knox did not wish to fight but with head erect and quivering lips, answered his accusers: "Fellows, I ain't no traitor, nor no turn-coat, and I'll tell you why I didn't stick." He gazed around for one sympathizing eye, but in that circle of sullen faces, there was no friendship for a traitor. "You know, fellows," he continued, "that my route ends up at the tracks. Well, when I was coming home, I saved a girl's life. How, it don't matter, and then I 'scorted her home, for she was still skeered. While we wus goin' along, I didn't have anything else to talk about, so I began to tell 'er about the trust, en' how he was runnin' us out, and how we was going to fix his case. 'En then she bust out crying, 'en tole me the trust was her brother 'en that he was the only help of her crippled mother. En that her father and the rest of the family was dead and that Will, that's the trust, was almost stone-blind, en that now we was goin' to kill 'im."

Between each word, the silence was intense. Again Knox began:

"'En then I promised 'er that I wouldn't let nobody touch 'im, en I won't either. And fellows, I promised to fight a trust, not a blind man." For a few minutes not a boy stirred.

"Dere's a strong smell of onions from somewhere," broke in Spatters after the long silence, "en it's makin' my eyes water. But say, kids, let's give three cheers for Knox and for the Trust, too." They were given with a will, and thus vengeance gave way to pity even though the Trust had triumphed.

MICHAEL J. CAPLICE, '04.

DIVORCE IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

To the more than casual observer of American society at present there cannot fail to appear a certain retrograde movement in the religious, political and moral standing of the people. Infidelity, formal or virtual, is on the increase; our politics represent at best a game where money and craft and dishonesty play the winning hand, and the morals of our people for the most part are greatly on the decline.

Not only is this evident to our clergy and to educated Catholic society, but also to the more thoughtful of the different sects, as can be seen from their vain endeavors to check the growing evil. We say their vain endeavors, because they are working on a false and erroneous basis.

The evil, to a clear Christian mind, evidently arises from a lack of faith and religion among the generality of men.

We are living in the Christian era; hence the more the people are at variance with the doctrines of the Catholic Church the more must they of necessity depart from Christian practice in social life. This has been most forcibly demonstrated all along during the time which has elapsed since the Reformation.

Since the Church was established for the promotion of the welfare of society, and since the family is the unit of which society is composed, the Church has at all times guarded with the greatest maternal solicitude the unity of the family. Hence when Protestantism granted divorce for the first time, no matter under what pretense; it took the first step in the downward course of Christian civilized society.

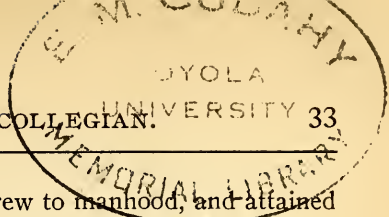
A stable whole is impossible if the parts of which the whole consists are unstable. Divorce, destroying the units of which society is composed, ipso facto destroys society itself.

Marriage is a sacrament. When, therefore, Protestantism denies, by granting divorce, the indissolubility of marriage, it denies a matter of faith, and when man in his passions grasps the chance offered him in divorce he fails to obey the teachings of the Church and the law of God.

The pleas of the promoters of divorce cannot be justified. Trouble unbearable may arise in the family; the husband or wife prove untrue; their former love may be turned to hatred;

but in all this there is a remedy other than divorce. The Church is not unreasonable. She does not compel cohabitation under such difficulties. But grant a divorce she cannot and will not. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." These words from Scripture clearly show her want of power to grant divorce, and that she will not grant divorce "a vinculo" can hardly be doubted if we recall the cases of Henry VIII and Napoleon's brother Jerome. ANDREW W. HELLGETH. '03.





and taught him free. As soon as he grew to manhood, and attained to a position in which he was able to repay his former self-sacrificing teachers, he hastens to pay his debt of gratitude—how, by lavishing favors on his former masters, by endowing their noble school? No, but by exiling his former teachers and their successors from their native land. Noble man! The man who injures the generous teacher who guided and watched over his tender age, can be compared to no one but him who raises his hand to the mother who gave him birth. Base, degenerate Combes! Synonym for Ingratitude, “that worse than serpent’s fang.”

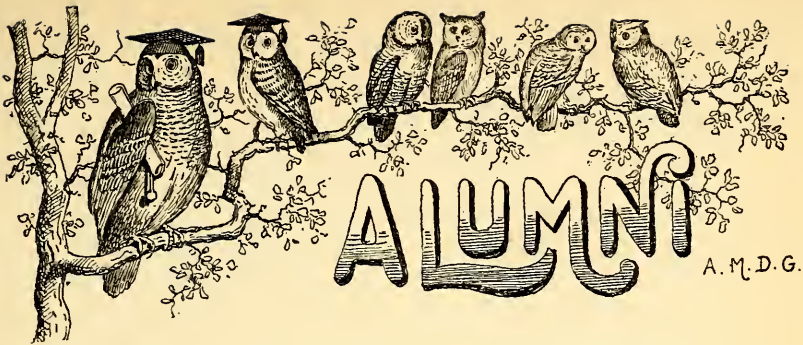
CHICAGO is deeply interested in the personality of our new archbishop. Right minded people of all denominations have come to regard his installation as the beginning of a new period of social reform. Archbishop Quigley is known as a man of extraordinary ability. In the field of his past labors he did much to obliterate racial sentiment from religion and to put into practice the principles advocated in the Pope’s Encyclical on Labor. So it is reasonable to assume that he will become an efficient factor in the general progress of our great city. The utterances which he made at the recent reception tendered to him by the students of St. Ignatius College show that he is an ardent admirer of Christian education and manhood and looks to them as one of the most efficient remedies for the alarming evils which pervade society at the present day.

THE recent introduction of an anti-football bill into the Illinois state legislature by Mr. Underwood may be regarded by some as the initiative of a retrograde movement in college athletics. While ascribing the action of Mr. Underwood to motives more noble than that of a mere desire for notoriety we are unable to see the expediency of such a sweeping measure as that which he has framed and introduced. In modern business and professional life, virility and stamina are almost an essential exponent of success. The battle belongs to the strong; defeat is the lot of the inert and sluggish. The sickly, sallow, aching body cannot long compete with the sound, robust one and no mind that is housed in a miserable, dilapidated tenement will shine forth with its proper effulgence. Vigorous, healthgiving sports ought, therefore, to be recognized as an important factor in college education. But football develops muscle and energy in the youth, as no other exercise can, and teaching him self-

control and self-reliance it may properly be called the king of sports. We admit that it has sometimes been abused—as has liberty and every other good thing—but moderation not annihilation is the true remedy.

It is generally admitted that where physicians abound the town grows thin of people; and it may not be altogether untrue that where papers increase and multiply the readers become less numerous and less appreciative. Our great metropolis is already over-run with such a large number and variety of newspapers and periodicals that the financial success of a new and necessarily self-supporting publication might, under ordinary circumstances, be seriously called into question. But there is some inherent quality in the college journal which obtains for it a public preference over others and which assures for it a good circulation. Assured, therefore, of the business prospects of such an undertaking we respond to the urgent demand for a publication that would serve as a medium for alumni inter-communication and as a stimulus to honest literary effort among the student body. A complacent self-conceit may be natural to growing lads like us, yet we believe we can take an honest pride in offering to our friends Vol. II, No. 1, of the "St. Ignatius Collegian." If it fails to have attained our readers' ideal of a college journal, let them remember that perfection is ordinarily reached only by slow degrees. The man of wisdom is a man of years. Words without thoughts, volubility without depth are likely to characterize the literary productions of the college paper. Very probably, they shall be revealed in this one. But if the speeches seem to lack fire, burn them; if the stories have no "snap," overlook their defects, and if the poems impress you as being dry and insipid, know that we have not yet accumulated a reserve fund sufficient to purchase a waste basket. We feel confident, however, that there will be no occasion for condemning this our first attempt at regular college journalism. So we launch it forth, saying in the words of Longfellow:

"Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"



KNOWING the loyalty of the alumni of St. Ignatius College, we also know that they will greet with delight the quarterly visit of the *Collegian*, for, next to the "facie ad faciem" meeting of the Alumni Association, nothing so effectively strengthens the sweet bonds of college fellowship as a college journal.

In order to give "all the latest and the best news" we invite alumni correspondence, and here and now, thank in advance all who help to make these columns worthy of their theme.

The Alumni Association celebrated Lincoln's birthday by holding on that day its annual banquet. The affair was a success in every way and was thoroughly enjoyed by the host of old boys who sat down to "a feast of plenty and a flow of soul." Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., the Rev. Moderator, Father Gleeson, Hon. John E. Doyle and Prof. Louis Mercier, were among the speakers, while President J. A. Connell made a genial toastmaster. The banquet was served by the caterer of the College Athletic Association cafe.

Numerous subscriptions have already been received from the alumni and friends of the college; one of the latter, Rev. Father Flood, of St. Matthew's Church, sent \$5 for a ten-year subscription. "Go thou and do likewise."

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Alumni Association will take place in the College Hall towards the end of April. Two or more tickets will be in the field and a hot contest is expected.

During the week before Passion Sunday, six Seminarians, old students of St. Ignatius, were in retreat at the college. They made the spiritual exercises in preparation for Ordination. May the Lord bless them in their holy calling.

THE number of students registered this year at St. Ignatius College is the highest in its history.

ONE hundred and sixty-eight degrees in course have been conferred by St. Ignatius College since the beginning. The first graduating class was in 1876, the centennial year, and it contained seven members. Only four of the whole number of graduates are dead. The *St. Ignatius Collegian* hopes to give interesting information concerning former graduates and other students, and for this purpose a regular alumni column will be one of the features of our publication.

Since last year, three deaths of college students have fallen under our notice. On January 2, Charles Friend, of this year's Humanities A, died of consumption. Charles had been confined to his bed for some time, and he died a peaceful and happy death. Richard Trahey, of last year's Second Special A, died on February 20, of heart disease. Richard led a very innocent life, and he faced death without any fear. He was glad to die. He retained consciousness to the very end, and he passed away peacefully, in the deepest sentiments of piety and faith. Cecil A. Fitz Gerald, of last year's Humanities A, died of typhoid fever in Pittsburg last August. He had been at St. Ignatius for about one year, having come here from Detroit.

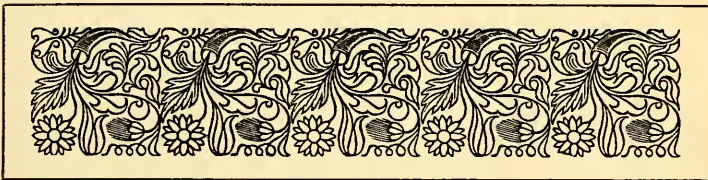
Hon. Carter H. Harrison, '81, is a candidate at the spring elections for his fourth term as Mayor of Chicago. During his tenure of office, for the last six years, no charge of personal dishonesty or corruption has ever been made against him, and that is saying a good deal for one who has had to face the fire of public criticism from political opponents for so long a period.

The present Illinois legislature contains three old college students—Hon. John E. Doyle, Poetry 1890; Francis E. Donoghue, Poetry 1890, and Nicholas Nagel, Commercial 1873-'74.

Last year's graduating class has settled down to the business of life. Thomas R. Collins is in the Seminary at St. Paul; John J. Halligan is in training at the Jesuit novitiate in Florissant; Martin J. McEvoy and Francis Smith are studying for the priesthood at the Sulpician Seminary in Baltimore; William E. O'Neil and John Cronin are preparing for a medical degree; Edgar Cook is devoting his time to Blackstone; Daniel Lilly is with the Lilly Chemical Company; John McCummiskey is a professor in the Immaculate Conception College at Seattle, and Charles G. O'Shea is an instructor at the Holy Family Mission School in Montana.

John M. Daly, of the class of Poetry 1900-01, died last Fall. At the time he was studying medicine.

Dr. J. J. Larkin, a member of the Alumni Association, died suddenly on March 19, at his residence, 277 Ninety-first street. Dr. Larkin was long prominent in South Chicago Catholic circles, and he leaves a fine family of children. May he rest in peace.



EXCHANGES.

AN exchange department is something more than conventional, perhaps, but if only for convention's sake the Collegian has appointed an X-man. We don't know what kind of X-man we shall make but, like all embryo X-men, we promise to be conscientious and to do our best. We do not want to exchange with everybody—only with those who wish to exchange with us. So, if you care to have our little magazine, and think we would like to have yours, put us on your mailing list, and we shall be glad to reciprocate.

We shall give you as much space as the Czar of our print-shop will allow us; but should he, by chance, consign you and your progeny to Siberia, be assured that the more wholesome morsels of your forbidden spread will be given the dessert-place in Ye Editor's own private banquet, where he relisheth much and sayeth little.

The *Georgetown Journal* for January urges its subscribers to "get busy," and write. And so might the editors of all the magazines which we have before us. For we notice in quite a number of them that most of the articles are written by a coterie of editors. This, it seems to us, ought not to be.

A college paper should be the expression of all the students and not the drudgery of an overworked few. It ought to voice the literary ambitions of the students as a whole and be viewed and used, as much as possible, by every student in particular, as a means of improvement.

Nothing but the best should be admitted and all that is most excellent should find a place in its columns. Subjectively it ought to be a literary arena in which the students exercise themselves; objectively it should be a source of pleasure and interest to the patrons and friends of the writers.

The *Journal's* able X-man has been complaining of the superabundance of essays which prevail in his exchanges at the expense of the short story, and he takes advantage of the Washington memorial number to correct a few misconstructions of his position. "We want more of the short story," says he, "and less of the essay." "We did not say," he continues, "that we wanted more of the short story than the essay." Altogether we agree with our friend, the X-man, for we believe in an interesting variety in the literary performances of a college journal. And when we say this we do not mean an interesting variety of "dry, commonplace and

platitudinous" essays, or stories either; for both one and the other, when they fill a paper from cover to cover, are "nauseating."

We like the *Journal* and her X-man, and hope to see more of them. We should be pleased also to hear from Grand'pa of the *Index*.

The first issue of the *Lamp*, which styles itself a "Catholic monthly devoted to church unity," comes to us from the Anglican community at Graymoor, New York. The *Lamp* purposes to light the way to the reunion of the Anglican church with Rome—"Ut omnes unum sint" is its watchword. There is an air of sincerity about it which speaks well for the publication, though in its "credo" it prints, "But we also believe in Anglican orders and the perpetuity of the Anglican church," the Pope's expression relating to them notwithstanding.

"You see, our aim is to show that the present Anglican church is a daughter of the Holy Roman Church. Most Anglicans claim an independence from Rome. They tell us that Rome had nothing to do with founding the Church of England, whereas she had everything to do with it. We are carrying the war into the enemy's country," so writes one of the editors to us.

With the *Lamp* comes the *Rosary League Leaflet*, also issued by Father Paul and the community at Graymoor. On Father Paul and his teachings, the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., has an excellent article in the *March Messenger*, which we hope will do much towards bringing about this return to the true fold which the *Lamp* has singled out for its mission, and which it seems to long for so honestly and ardently.

Book Reviews.

"Harry Russell, A Rockland College Boy." By Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. Benziger Brothers. 85c.

This college story, which is to be issued from the press of Benziger Brothers immediately, is a story after a boy's own heart. For several years those interested in juvenile literature have been waiting for some one to take the "small boy" of Father Finn's stories, and show us his trials and triumphs, his failures and successes, on his way through his college course. This has been successfully accomplished by the writer of "Harry Russell."

The story is full of snap and sparkle, and we can promise our young readers—both boys and girls—a rare treat.

The adventures of Harry Russell were first told in serial form in the pages of the *Ave Maria*. It would not be fair to the future readers of this book to unfold the plot in this review. The best advice is—read it. A real boy, having once taken up this story, will not lay it down until he finishes it.

This is the first of a series of interesting college stories promised by the author. The work will be issued with a highly ornamental cover design, and promises to be a fine specimen of the bookmaker's art.

St. Ignatius boys will be pleased to recognize on the title page the name of one of their college professors.

“The Sheriff of the Beech Fork.” By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Benziger Brothers. 85c.

Those who have read “The Cave by the Beech Fork” will be pleased to know that its author has come out with a sequel to it. Sequels are often the same thing over. Not so this. The characters, it is true, are the same, but the story, in all its parts, is entirely different.

Nothing pleases the young more than outdoor sports. In this volume Father Spalding takes us down a small Kentucky river whose waters glide tortuously beneath overhanging trees, by farm house and log cabin, till they rush into the Ohio, on whose smooth surface our raft sails secure to the Mississippi and to New Orleans.

Through the whole story one is guessing at the outcome of each minor plot, is always deceived but never disagreeably disappointed. In fact, one will wonder at the title itself till he reaches the very last chapter, where he will be more than satisfied. Each deception is a new pleasure.

The descriptions of the bees in the tall poplars, of various birds and their habits, of the flowers and bushes of the woods, show that the author, who is a descendant of ante-colonial ancestors, has spent many an hour in younger days in serious study of nature and her beauties.

SOCIETIES.

In modern institutions of learning the College Society has become an important factor. Though the reasons for such a development are manifold, the chief one is undoubtedly the fact that a well-organized society does much to improve faculties of perception and will, teaches in actual practice those principles of morality of which the Christian young man of today is supposed to be possessed.

We think that a glance at the societies of St. Ignatius College will convince the reader that we are not lagging behind in this field.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN.

This society, now in the twenty-eighth year of its existence, has attained a high degree of efficiency. Its sixty-two earnest members, ever laboring for its advancement, by dint of constant attendance and the zest with which they discuss the historical and political questions of the day, are beginning to reap the fruits of their efforts. A number of the members of the Chrysostomian are ready speakers and are making rapid progress in composition and oratory.

A feature of the meetings is the extempore speaking from the house.

The truth of the foregoing remarks was strikingly illustrated in the late Oratorical Contest, in which some thirty of the society's members took part. Their well-composed orations were delivered in a manner that evoked the praise of all and demonstrated how productive of good an organization of this kind is when its standard is high.

The work done in the Chrysostomian during the past few months is worthy of the heartiest praise; and the Society is furthermore to be congratulated on the excellence of its recent public program, which set off to good effect the skill and versatility of the participants.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Since the organization, a few years ago, this little society has rapidly attained a remarkable degree of excellence. Its object is to prepare its members for admission to the Chrysostomian Society, to give them the preliminary practice necessary to fit them for the maturer work of the latter.

THE STUDENTS' LIBRARY.

The Library, which has lately undergone some important renovations, has been vastly improved. Many new books purchased from the proceeds of the play are delighting the members of this Association. The Magazine Case, containing copies of nearly all the great monthlies, is a center of attraction. But though we glory in our supply of magazines, we would inform our large-hearted patrons that subscriptions to those periodicals which we do not possess would be thankfully received.

THE SENIOR SODALITY.

During the past session, the redecoration of the College Chapel necessitated the postponement of many meetings. This, however, does not seem to have caused any falling off in the attendance. The Students' Retreat too has infused renewed zeal into officers as well as into all the Sodalists.

The late reception was an imposing ceremony and will be remembered as one of the year's notable events.

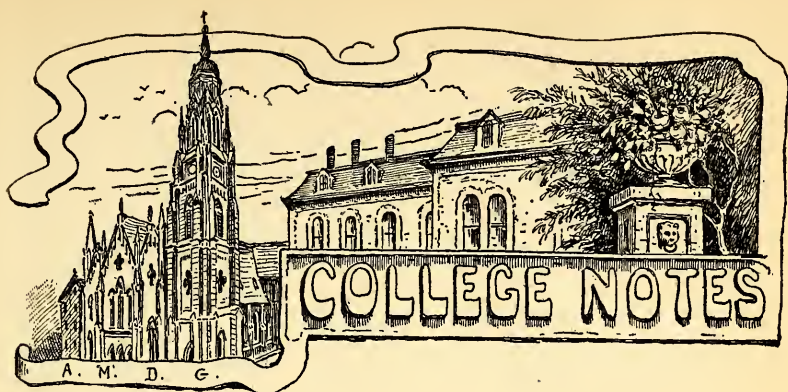
THE JUNIOR SODALITY.

This Sodality of the younger students is progressing favorably. Its members are faithful sodalists, untiring in their devotion to their Patroness.

The eve of the Annunciation on which the Senior Sodality held its annual reception witnessed a like ceremony in this Sodality. A number of candidates, who had successfully passed the period of probation were permitted to make the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The League is very successful. The list of Communions of Reparation, which has been growing steadily during the past few years, is now larger than ever. From the month of March to the end of May, two students will receive Holy Communion daily. During the month of June they will all repeat their Act of Oblation to the Sacred Heart.



When in the depth of their wisdom the management of THE COLLEGIAN decided that the editor of "College Notes" in addition to a chronicler of interesting items, would be expected to assume the role of a newsmonger and dignified gossip, we recognized, at the outset, that all privacy must be disregarded—every confidence abused—nothing held sacred. In this precarious predicament, feeling the necessity of a strong defender to intimidate our foes, we instinctively turned to the Rt. Hon. J. Petit Hall. Nor were we disappointed. That colossal gentleman has gallantly consented to take in hand all affairs of honor so that should any one seek satisfaction—"let him come on." The very "preps" must have seen that the College is not immune from the tendency, in our country today, to ape everything foreign. [Notice the cut of Niles' clothes, the anarchistic sympathies of Stawicki, the airs of the Glee Club, the first name of Carroll, etc.] Consequently after mature deliberation, it was decided that the code of honor adopted in the modern French duel, should be strictly adhered to. Official notice, therefore, is hereby given in this our initial number. To facilitate matters said Mr. Hall shall on all occasions wear a high silk hat. Assailant, approaching with intention of doing any damage shall signify the same by saying, "A bas," never "Raus mit dir," or "Ye A. P. A." Then principals shall right about face, and recede five paces, after which they shall turn and vigorously assail each other.

P. S. Should there be anyone so venomous as to be still unsatisfied, he may, for a slight consideration, prevail upon the scrupulously conscientious Mr. Conley to inveigh against "the injurers" in his popular west-side society journal, "Live Topics."

On March 2, 3 and 4th the annual retreat for the students was held. Silence, so necessary to any one who would "enter into self" and "meditate with his heart," was more generally observed than during any of the preceding years. This, no doubt, was due in

great part to Rev. James Dowling, S. J., who had charge of the Seniors' retreat. Fr. Dowling's style is persuasive and his instructions are always practical. It is to be hoped that he took back with him to Cincinnati, a high regard for the piety of Chicago. That Rev. Eugene Brady, S. J., who conducted the Juniors' retreat made it a success could be plainly seen by any one who took the trouble to note the few inmates "the jug" held on the days following.

Closer relations among the Catholic parochial schools of Chicago were long considered most desirable. No active efforts, however, were made to bring this about until last year when Mr. L. J. Fusz, S. J., organized a league among the Parochial Schools and induced the Daily News to offer a handsome cup to be awarded to the school that would win the largest number of a series of ball-games. The unusual success of the league last year, has prompted its promoters to make it a permanent organization. A meeting was held at St. Ignatius College on Feb. 4 at which representatives of parochial schools were present. Rev. F. E. O'Bryan of St. Pius Church was elected president; Mr. O. J. Kuhnmuensch, S. J., secretary. All the Catholic schools of the city were invited to become members of the league. All communications should be addressed to Mr. O. J. Kuhnmuensch, S. J., by whom all information in regard to the league will be cheerfully given.

During the past session, it was the sad duty of the students to assist at the funeral ceremonies of an esteemed member of the College faculty, Rev. George A. Hoeffler, S. J. Fr. Hoeffler had filled important positions in many of the Jesuit Colleges of the Missouri province; was at one time Vice-Pres. of St. Ignatius and was fulfilling the duties of assistant treasurer at the time of his demise. His brother, the Rev. James F. X. Hoeffler, S. J., was the celebrant at the requiem mass. The final absolutions were pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, D. D. The body was laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery to "sleep the sleep of the just" R I. P.

At the last quarterly distribution, the following were the leaders in their respective class:

Junior Class, Mich., Caplice; Sophomore, John Lyons; Freshman A, Edgar Banks; Freshman B, Benedict Desmond; First Academic, John Guest; First Special, Patrick Mulhern; Second Academic A, Jas. O'Brien; Second Academic B, John Ryan; Second Special A, Daniel Murphy; Second Special B, John Casey and Jos. Heeney;

First Commercial, Frank Conerty; Second Commercial, Francis Tracy; Third Commercial, James Budka; Fourth Commercial, Jeremiah Keating; Third Academic A, Edward Carroll; Third Academic B, William Carroll and William Frill.

Preparatory, Bohumil Pechous and Richard Davis. This reading of marks is the last public one of the year. The results of the April competitions are kept secret but are counted in with the three preceding competitions in awarding the medals and premiums at the end of the year.

The following is the program of a reception tendered His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop James Edward Quigley, by the Rev. President, the Faculty and the students of St. Ignatius College, Tuesday, March 24th.

- Selections From the Opera.....College Orchestra
-
- President's Greeting.....Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J.
 Address of Welcome.....Charles F. Conley
 PoemJames F. Rice
 Pastor Gregis.....Wiliam A. Murphy
 BienvenidaHenry B. Carrington
 Tribute From the Juniors.....J. Pierre Roche

Hail to the Chief.....Adapted.
 Student Body.

The Junior-Sophomore oratorical contest took place in the Sodality Hall, on March, the eleventh. The general theme was: "Modern characters and events, excluding those of the United States." The following were the speakers with their respective subjects: Jas. Griffin, Hildebrand; Jas. Guerin, Napoleon; Urban Killacky, Wolsey and his times; John Murphy, the Suppression of the Jesuits; Wm. Murphy, Napoleon; Martin Nealis, Catholic Emancipation; Jas. Rice, Joan of Arc. The fact that all the contestants handled their subjects in a manner which the chairman of the board of judges characterized as "able and well" only emphasizes the abilities of and the credit due to the winner—Martin Nealis of the Junior class.

The preliminary elocution contests will be held during Easter week. The public Senior Contest will take place Wednesday evening, May 6th. The Junior on Saturday afternoon, May 9th.

An evening class of philosophy for former graduates, advanced and professional students was formed at the College last November. The large number who presented themselves for enrollment—

including a number of the clergymen of the city—showed that this was filling a long-felt want and those who were eager to hear the prevailing errors of the day ably handled were many. The lectures are delivered by Fr. Gleeson, professor of philosophy at St. Ignatius and they will continue till next May.

PASSIM.

Why—did Conley look so serious when the orchestra played “the wedding march”?

Whom—do you prefer? The iceman or the coalman?

If anyone wandering in the back-yard of the college should see a dignified Senior in perfect bliss sliding down the cellar door—let him not be surprised. What’s been practised long becomes a habit and cannot be broken off or discontinued immediately. Spring zephyrs have forced the abandonment of the Lincoln Park toboggan slide and Jimmie Finnegan’s little sleigh is consigned to the attic. Jimmie’s “Pa” must not be surprised on receiving a bill from the procurator with the following item: “Wear and tear on cellar doors, banisters, lightning rods, etc. . . . 9 and 90 cents.

We asked Mr. Carrington what was all this talk about “Rubens” but the gentleman merely shrugged his shoulders. If our memory does not deceive us, we think that there is in the last issue of the official organ of the Salvation Army an article which we recommend to the earnest perusal of Messrs. Carrington, Graber et. al., entitled “Pink teas, debuts, receptions and all social functions incompatible with intellectual development.”

The Junior class and the many friends of Louis Sayre were, last week, grieved by the unexpected announcement that Mr. Sayre would not return next year to don the cap and gown but was all in a rush to rush to Rush and become initiated into the mysteries of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. Go then, Louie, go thou on in thy firm resolve. From thy tenderest years was it evident that in thy bosom burned a flaming wish to do the philanthropic. Though hard the parting, still for mankind’s sake we say: “Go on.”

We’ll miss thee from the Gym, dear Louie

We’ll miss thy care-worn face

When in the “zoo” the “ox” we view—

The more we’ll miss thy solemn grace.

We’ll miss thy chubby little hands,

Thy fuzzy-wuzzy hair

When someone’s due to tell a “pipe,”

We’ll miss thee—Louie Sayre.

Soon we will have him amongst us—the little fly buzzing around our faces—the scorching blast—and the base-ball fan loaded down with statistics. To the courts all things are possible now-a-days. It remains for some energetic person to apply for an injunction restraining the “professional fan” from unloading at any time or place, his store of averages and statistics.

We gladly publish the following letter from the eminent Doctor Niles:

Dear Sir: I desire to call your attention to the practice of the “Freshies” of holding impromptu convivialities around the “jelly bean” counter. A series of experiments (and experience) upon Reinert and my pussy-cat, has convinced me of the injurious effect of these jelly beans upon the system. For my own part, I find “the pop-corn ball” far superior from a nutritive, financial and palatable point of view.

We trust the management of the Lunch Room will not take amiss the following suggestions made with a view to “the eternal fitness of things.”

An important official is the treasurer. We suggest Grab-er; the students are naturally averse to paying a Phee. What? Muench at the pies? Well, leave that to the “preps.” The demand justifies the creation of a pudding master and in this regard we notice a growing sentiment in favor of Rice.

No doubt exists as to the patron’s honesty. Yet it is the unanimous opinion that the cashier should be Wiley. As the guests are exceedingly refined, nobody expects one of the waiters to be Canty.

At present there seems sufficient help; yet Ahearn might come in handy on Fridays.

As for the rest:

Long at table—except on fast days.

Sauce—Short.

Hash—Daley.

Coffee—Merki.

Porkchops—Devine!

A good “all around” man—’Tessie Fahey.

Politeness dictates that there should be no songs while dining. The Carrolls will be always in order at Christmas time.

Moran is no mathematician, but he knows the value of “pie.”

The various musical societies of the College gave a musicale to the students on Mardi Gras. We cannot endorse too strongly, this practice of bringing the student body to an appreciation of the beautiful, especially our friends from the south side whose sense of

“heavenly harmony” is extremely apt to be impaired from the clangor of cable cars, and stockyard whistles; yet “in medio stat virtus” and in expressing our sentiments further, we unconsciously run into verse.

The national air he heard not there,
 Ben Bolt nor Lorry Annie.
 On the wings of “Faust” they’d heavenward soar
 They gave us “roar” from Trovatore
 But penned by the sad Mascagni.

No more is it style at a song to smile,
 I think it’s so pathetic—
 They sang with a shout and rushed about
 Like a bird in a cage—half in, half out
 But then that’s operatic.

However, that reminds us!

The modest reserve and coyness of the following piece by George A. Flanagan, will undoubtedly find favor with all lovers of the spirituelle in Poesy:

JOYS OF EASTER-TIDE.

I.

For six long weeks have I been fasting
 And my body I have scourged.
 I have grown quite thin and haggard.
 A vacation has been urged.

II.

But Oh, the grief that would surround me
 Should a thought like this intrude
 For how could dear old St Ignatius
 Get along without its prude!!

III.

At first I found it very trying
 To abstain from things I like;
 But then I heard the candy-makers
 Would be ordered on a strike.

IV.

“Force”—was brought to me at breakfast,
 “Shredded shingles” served at noon
 Fully pre-digested saw-dust
 Finished up my daily tune.

V.

As this season now is over
And the price of meat is low,
I'll partake of it quite freely,
Like an "alderman" I'll grow.

VI.

Oh! the joy of Easter morning,
When impatiently I wait
For the beef-steak brown and juicy
Served so tempting on my plate.

COLLEGE RESTAURANT.

LAST May a movement was set on foot toward establishing a college restaurant. So strong was the sense of parents and faculty in support of such an undertaking that definite arrangements were made during the summer vacations, and a restaurant was established under the supervision of an expert chef. Plain, hygienic cookery was the object aimed at, and there is no doubt that this aim has been attained. The chef, Mr. Rockett, has filled a similar position in two of the best cafes in Chicago.

The board of management on the part of the college includes a member of the faculty and the following:

Mr. A. J. Moran, manager.

Messrs. J. A. Graber and A. J. Hellgeth, cashiers.

Messrs. L. J. Carroll and M. F. O'Shea, assistant cashiers.

Messrs. Griffin, Farrell, Brady, Phee, Long, Gorman, McMahon, Sayre, O'Brien, Desmond, O'Hearn.

Reception to the Archbishop.

Tuesday, March 24, was an eventful day in the history of St. Ignatius' College.

The occasion was a reception tendered to Archbishop James Edward Quigley, D. D., on his first visit to any educational institution since his installation as Archbishop of Chicago.

Accompanied by his secretary, Dr. Mueller, and all the members of the faculty, His Grace proceeded to the college hall amid the enthusiastic applause of the 500 students gathered in his honor, took his seat on the stage, which was decorated for the occasion with the national and papal colors.

As soon as His Grace was seated the college orchestra, under the direction of Professor Pribyl, rendered selections from "Il Trovatore," "Lohengrin" and "Cavaleria Rusticana." Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., rector of St. Ignatius' College, then advanced to the front of the stage and in brief but expressive words assured His Grace that in the government of the vast diocese committed to his care he could ever rely with confidence upon the faculty and students of St. Ignatius' College.

Mr. Charles F. Conley of the senior class succeeded the reverend president and read an address of welcome. He thanked the Archbishop for leaving aside the weightier duties of his office to visit the faculty and students; assured him that the fame of his services and labors in the cause of religion and education had preceded his arrival in Chicago, and therefore he was no stranger to the college halls, and concluded by declaring that the students of St. Ignatius' would ever regard him as their spiritual guide and would aid and second his efforts to the best of their ability.

His Grace the Archbishop then thanked the faculty and students for the warmth of his reception and paid a well-deserved tribute of praise to the Catholic parents of Chicago, who, by their sacrifices and zeal for God's glory, enabled so many of their children to obtain the benefits of a higher Catholic education. Continuing, he declared that he did not at all consider his visit to St. Ignatius' College an interruption of more important business. Education, he declared, is the real work of the church; no other vocation is of greater importance. But education, to be worthy of the name, must be permeated by religion—that is, by the cultivation of all the moral virtues

which are necessary for the perfection of the whole man. That such was the education imparted by the Jesuit Fathers he knew full well from his own experience in years past as one of their pupils, and also from his frequent visits to Canisius College of Buffalo. In concluding he called upon the students to develop to the full the talents God had given them, so that in later years, when they would pass out into the busy world, they would prove themselves worthy of the opportunities God had given them, worthy of the sacrifices their parents had made for their education, and worthy of the institution that had guided their efforts in the ways of knowledge. At the conclusion of the Archbishop's speech James F. Rice of the sophomore class read a poem composed for the occasion.

William A. Murphy of the junior class followed and in a Latin address assured the Archbishop that he would ever find the clergy and laity of Chicago his devoted followers, and concluded by wishing His Grace many happy years in his new field of labor.

Henry B. Carrington was the next speaker. Spanish, he declared, was the native tongue of Saints Theresa and Ignatius, and he therefore felt sure that the noble language of Catholic and chivalrous Spain would be as pleasing and as welcome to His Grace as the English and Latin of the previous speakers.

J. Pierre Roche, the last speaker, voiced the greetings of the small boys. Christ, he said, the great shepherd, ever loved children, and therefore he felt assured that the greetings and good wishes of the little boys would be welcome to His Grace, the shepherd of the Master's flock in Chicago.

At the conclusion of the small boys' greeting Auguste Beauvais, with a bunch of "American Beauties" bigger than himself, advanced and gave them to the Archbishop.

His Grace then arose for the second time and declared that by virtue of the episcopal power vested in him for the common good, he would without permission of the faculty grant the boys a holiday.

After the cheers which greeted this announcement had subsided the entire audience arose and in unison sang "Hail to the Chief," specially adapted for the occasion. His Grace was then escorted from the hall amid the enthusiastic applause of the entire student body. The Archbishop was entertained at dinner by the faculty.

MUSIC and Song

The title 'MUSIC and Song' is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word 'MUSIC' is in large, bold, serif letters, with 'and' in a smaller, simpler font between 'MUSIC' and 'Song'. 'Song' is also in large, bold, serif letters. The letters are intertwined with illustrations of musical instruments: a trumpet, a trombone, a violin, and a cello. There are also illustrations of musical staves and notes. The entire title is set against a background of stylized foliage, possibly laurel or olive branches. At the bottom right of the title, the initials 'A. M. D. G.' are printed in a small, simple font.

A. M. D. G.

OWING to the interest shown by the students and the ability of the professors, music has become a feature at St. Ignatius. There are three musical societies—the orchestra, junior choir, and glee club.

The orchestra can boast of quite a variety of instruments. There are nine first and seven second violins, two cornets, trombone, violincello, bass violin, bass and snare drums, flute and piano. The players, too, have attained quite a proficiency in the use of their instruments, so much so that difficult compositions are now included in their repertoire. Their selections are so varied that devotees of classic style and lovers of ragtime are equally delighted.

The choir is always ready with a song, and though the register of none of the sopranos is extraordinarily high, songs of moderate pitch are sung by them with mellowness and fullness.

The unnoticed but indispensable altos do much to bring about that richness and firmness of tone, which is essential to good singing.

The glee club, earnest and painstaking at rehearsals, is always original and novel in whatever it undertakes. When those staid seniors with deep bass voices combine their solemn tones with the gay clear notes of the tenors, there is harmony of a thrilling sweetness.

After the college play all work was centered on the Mardi Gras Musicale, held Feb. 24, in the afternoon.

The orchestra in the overture-medley showed strength in the bold, heroic parts, soul and feeling in the soft and swelling movements of the "Intermezzo" from "Cavaleria Rusticana," and such a happy professional mood when the popular "Mr. Dooley" was rendered that the whole student body joined in the chorus.

The glee club made a hit. With all the soul and sweetness pent up in its telling notes the glee men sang "Pale in the Amber

West," and when encored chanted comically "Daniel in the Lion's Den." After resting they sang the weird though melodious selection, "The Goblins," and were encored vociferously.

The choir gave a pleasant rendition of the song "Jolly Winter." Joseph P. Guinane, soprano, and James P. Seery, alto, sang a "Marching Song," and Wm. A. Oink, soprano, and Harry A. Tracy, alto, "The Shower." All these young men were a credit to themselves.

There seemed to be many a virtuoso among the violinists. John Squires, with ease and dexterity, fingered a "Mazurka," and Francis J. Greene rendered an "Il Trovatore" selection with precision and good technique.

Mr. Pribyl's violin orchestra, with Frank Blazek as soloist, gave the intricate and classic "Dancla's Fifth Air Variation." The professor's pupils certainly showed the effects of his teaching. In conclusion we may say that had a certain writer heard our musicale, he would only have been confirmed in his opinion that "Music is the language of Heaven."



DURING the fine weather the boys, large and small, indulge in every kind of healthful exercise. From the beginning of the school year, up to the time of the first snow fall, the campus is a scene of constant bustle and activity. Hand-ball games are in progress wherever there is any available space, and we have counted no less than nine different football teams engaged in practice at the same time.

But after the inclement weather forces the students to seek the friendly shelter of the college halls, the necessity of exercise seems to be forgotten. It is a matter of great surprise to see so great an apathy to physical training manifested particularly by the larger boys during the winter months.

When the new gymnasium was fitted out, all seemed to realize the necessity of constant exercise, but after a time the novelty wore away and now only occasionally do we hear the bars and pulleys squeak and whine when some of the smaller boys essay to disturb the quiet slumbers of the apparatus. Of course, one may tire of the same old routine, and, without a doubt, tumbling on mats and swinging about on rings and bars do not appeal to all, but there are many other forms of indoor sport which would be very beneficial to the student body.

What surprises our track team has in store for us is a matter of conjecture. There are many boys among the student body who would afford excellent material and who would be a tower of strength on the cinder-path, but either through backwardness or a lack of college spirit, they refuse to tender their services. We would exhort those boys to rouse up some genuine spirit and bend all their energies in an effort to make our name as famous in the annals of track events as it is in baseball and football history.

The daily papers inform us that candidates for positions on

the baseball teams of different colleges and universities have, for some time, been taking indoor practice, preparatory to the coming season. As St. Ignatius has at present material which will undoubtedly develop into a very good team, we would like to see every effort taken, in order that the men may be developed to their utmost.

Base-running and stick work have been the lamentably weak points of our teams, and it is to be hoped that these most essential requisites will receive careful attention, as soon as batting practice is permitted.

The net was put up some weeks ago, and every day the baseball aspirants file into the play-room to loosen up their pitching arms, and to tell of the wonderful achievements which will be performed this coming season.

"Larry" Carroll offers to wager anything from an athletic association restaurant toothpick to his Greek grammar, that there will be no errors around third base this year. Rumor has it that Miles Devine has not allowed one warm day to pass during the entire winter without taking two hours' pitching practice behind his barn, and now he assures all that he possesses an assortment of drops, shoots and curves which will make any university man nervous.

Our portly short-stop of last year's team imparted to a group of admiring satellites the fact that most of the two-baggers this year will be labeled "McClellan."

Besides the three mentioned, Long, Graber, Seger, Griffin and Farrell of last year's team are candidates, and with these men as the nucleus, and a host of new men to select from, a very creditable nine ought to represent St. Ignatius during the coming season.

Manager Conley announces the following schedule of ball games:

- April 2—Austin High at Austin, Ill.
- April 4—Chicago Dental College on College Campus.
- April 9—West Division High on College Campus.
- April 13—University of Chicago on Marshall Field.
- April 15—South Side Academy on College Campus.
- April 23—Morgan Park Academy at Morgan Park, Ill.
- April 29—Lewis Institute on College Campus.
- May 2—Rush Medical College on College Campus.

- May 7—Armour Institute at Washington Park.
May 14—Univ. of Chicago "Scrubs" on Marshall Field.
May 23—Armour Institute on College Campus.
June 4—Univ. of Chicago "Scrubs" on Marshall Field.
June 6—St. Joseph's College at Rensselaer, Ind.

Games are also being arranged with Northwestern University, Notre Dame University, St. Viateur's College, Culver Military School, St. Cyril's College and Wheaton College.

The gridiron warriors of the victorious team of 1902 are reminded of the olden days when they see Guthrie and O'Shea kicking goals in practice and in anticipation of greater victories next year.

Dame Rumor hath it that Mr. John Prendergast will be the official umpire of the ball team. Hie thee, Jonathan, unto Spalding, invest thy oboli in a rule book and wrap thee round with the many folded robe of patience.

Who will be the captain of the ball team?

Just as the printer is about to lock his forms, word comes that the first victory of the season was won on the Austin diamond. Score, 7 to 2.



Staff of the St. Ignatius Collegian—June, 1903.



William A. Murphy	Richard J. Finnegan	E. Kenna Niles	Anthony J. Moran	James F. Rice
Charles E. Byrne	Joseph A. Graber	Rev. John H. Lodenkamper, S. J.	Charles F. Conley	James A. Griffin

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No. 2

Benediction

VILLANELLE



Mid glowing tapers, clouds of incense streaming,
The gold Remonstrance flashes on our eyes ;
A breath of melody, like Seraph's seeming,

Adown the nave steals, rich beyond all dreaming;
White as the driven snow-flake from the skies,
Mid glowing tapers, clouds of incense streaming,

The Eucharistic God, above us gleaming,
Sends down His benison. Then softly rise,
A breath of melody, like Seraph's seeming,

The silvery throbbings of sweet bells, and beaming,
God's peace upon the upturned faces lies,
Mid glowing tapers, clouds of incense streaming,

Of thousand worshippers. With rapture teeming,
A glad "laudate" through the temple flies,
A breath of melody, like Seraph's seeming,

To fretted vault and architrave, redeeming
Their solemn silence ere it sobbing dies,
Mid glowing tapers, clouds of incense streaming,
A breath of melody, like Seraph's seeming.

J. H. E.

ANTIGONE.

"I could never think
A mortal's laws of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immutable, eternal; not like these
Of yesterday but made ere time began."

Thus speaks Antigone in one of the sublime passages of the Greek play of that name; and with these words she sounds the keynote of her character—a character which has ever been regarded as one of the grandest creations of a master mind, and nobler than which none has ever graced the ancient realm of the buskin.

In his picture of Antigone, Sophocles has exerted, in no slight a degree, his gigantic powers of character-drawing and we may safely say, that in Antigone he has crystallized the result of a life's labor and experience. Scarcely anyone will deny, that, as a delineation of character, Antigone is perfect, "*facta ad unguem*," pre-eminent in a field in which the greatest intellectual forces of old had expended their efforts.

The story of the Antigone of Sophocles is briefly as follows:

Oedipus, king of Thebes, had died, leaving two sons, Eteocles, and Polyneices, and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene. In their struggle for the throne, Polyneices had been expelled from Thebes by Eteocles, and led an Argive host against his native country. In the night before the play begins the Argives had fled and both the brothers had fallen, killed by one another's hands. Kreon, their uncle, is now king, and he decrees that though Eteocles shall receive all the honors of burial, Polyneices, who had died an enemy to his country, shall be left unentombed, his vile carcass a prey to birds and dogs.

Here we have a conflict between human and divine laws. For the gods wish that all the bodies of the dead be buried. Antigone is quick to perceive this conflict and resolves to obey the gods rather than man. She asks Ismene, her sister, to share the task of burying their brother, is refused, does the work alone, is caught, and condemned by Kreon to be entombed alive. At the last moment Kreon, frightened by the prophesies of the seer Teiresias, revokes his edict, himself buries the body of Polyneices, gives orders to free Antigone from her living tomb. But he comes too late. Antigone has taken her own life. Hæmon, son of Kreon and An-

tigone's betrothed, attempts the life of his father and then takes his own. Kreon's cup of bitterness, however, is not filled, until he hears that Eurydice, his wife, has also perished by her own hand.

And here, in passing, let us call attention to the view Sophocles seems to take of suicide. Though, as a pagan, he used the idea of suicide in the catastrophe of his play, he does not for a moment suggest that it is particularly heroic, or noble, or even courageous, but he seems to look upon it rather as a misfortune, an incubus, an infliction, a visitation, a punishment of the gods. But to return:

The character of Antigone is based primarily on her strict sense of duty, duty to the gods and duty to her kin, and interwoven in this fabric of duty are the more human and womanly attributes of love of life, love of friends and kin, and love, dearer than all, of a man. Hers is a strong and single-minded character, however, and when once she has determined upon a course, her every effort is bent to the fulfillment of that purpose. And just as in her former life, when the burden of caring for her unfortunate, self-blinded father was laid upon her, she took it upon her shoulders with no complaint nor reproach, so now again, when her brother lies dead upon the plain,

"Unburied, his vile carcass to the birds
And hungry dogs a prey,"

she feels that it is her duty to bury him; and unheeding the awful doom that stares her in the face, she never for a moment falters, but does the deed.

From the moment she enters, and addresses Ismene in these words, in which affliction for her sister and sorrow for their common bereavement are mingled;

"O, my own sister, my best-loved Ismene,
Is there any evil, by the wrath of Jove
Reserved for Oedipus' unhappy race,
We have not felt;"

till the closing scenes of her life; when, after bidding farewell to country, home and kin, and bewailing her doom, to go hence unmarried, in those pathetic lines,

"Ne'er shall I taste of Hymen's joy or know
A mother's pleasure in her infant race;"

she departs to her rocky cavern of death, leaving her curse on the unjust agent of her doom; one purpose is ever before her, one beacon light ever guides her on her way; and that is duty—duty to her gods and to her kin. And her last words, as she leaves the

chorus, never to be seen again in life, her last words are in support of her action :

“O, my country’s gods
And thou, my native Thebes! I leave you now.
Look on me, princes; see the last of all
My royal race; see what I suffer; See
From whom I bear it;—from the worst of men—
Only because I did delight in virtue.”

But sense of duty has not driven from Antigone’s bosom her womanly attributes and sensibility; it only outshines them. And though she seems to treat Ismene harshly, when the latter refuses to aid her in burying her brother, this is largely because she regards Ismene’s reluctance as a flagrant violation of the laws of the gods. The coolness of her sister stings her ardent spirit to the quick.

In the end, when the struggle is over, when her doom has been spoken, and she has been to be led away passively to death, her strong human sympathies, and her woman’s nature, come to the surface and she breaks down. While death was at a distance, she knew no fear, but boldly did the deed, attempting no concealment. She offered herself a willing victim to the very embraces of death; for, as the guard tells us, when relating how she was caught red-handed in the very act of burial,

“We saw and straight
Pursued her; unappalled she seemed, and still
As we did question her confessed it all.”

And again, in the very presence of Kreon, she knew no fear but acted as the accuser rather than the accused. But when the heat of excitement had passed and she found herself alone, forsaken by all, on the verge of the precipice, her courage for a moment failed and she became a woman.

Antigone is a character of remarkable strength and beauty. Her sentiments were as elevated as could be expected from a pagan of her day. Had she lived in Christian times, in an atmosphere of Christian love, a follower of the lowly Nazarene, she would undoubtedly have been a martyr, another Catherine, ready to lay down her life for her faith.

Not a little profit might we gain from reading aright the dusty tomes of the ancients. And many a mind of “modern mold” might learn a lesson of noble sacrifice, of fidelity to sacred duty, by reading the pathetic story of the heroine of ancient Greece, “this pearl of the Athenian stage,” the Theban maid Antigone.

MICHAEL J. CAPLICE, '04.

VERSE WRITING.

The subject of verse-writing divides itself naturally into two parts: the disadvantages and the advantages of the practice.

A devotee to the art is liable to withdraw from contact with matter-of-fact proceedings; and in consequence unfit himself for the useful in proportion as the aesthetic element grows within him. Accordingly we have a man of exquisite sensibilities maybe, with a graceful development of fancy, and an imagination at once powerful and keen; but, at the same time, he is averse to commonplace impressions, to thoughts without color, hard-headed reasoning and unimpassioned views. He becomes enamored with a retired life within the circle of his own imaginings, to the prejudice of social instincts and practical tendencies. He is considered a visionary, and no importance is attached to his opinions on practical issues.

Again, the labor and time incident to rhyming seems to have no recompense. For the matching of similar sounds, in itself, promotes no culture, either intellectual or aesthetic. On the contrary, it distracts attention from broader views and prevents the mind from getting beyond the shell of thought into the heart of the kernel. A man matching words is slightly in advance of a child matching blocks: it is little more than an innocent amusement in both cases. It is true that the recurrence of similar sounds has a pleasing effect and adds materially to the general harmony; and, if verse-writing were practiced merely for itself, it might be worth one's while to cultivate rhyme; but as in the majority of cases poetic effusions are encouraged by professors to improve the student's prose, it is hard to see how rhyming obtains. For rhyming has no place in prose. It may be urged that, in these exercises, prose-writing is not so much in view as taste, literary appreciation, general culture. Even if this were true it would be no better argument; for rhyming is a poor means even to this end.

Moreover, verse-writing tends to keep the mind near mere sensation. One of the essential elements of a poetic temperament is an appreciation of color and sound. Add to this, it implies lively feelings, a spirit of enthusiasm, or a sense of the pathetic, or affection in a high degree, and the analysis and utterance of these sentiments, the contemplation of their colors, and the transformation of these sounds, through the medium of imagination, into expressive lan-

guage enter primarily into almost every poetic effort. The "Eve of St. Agnes," for example, is a poem of color and sound and taste. "St. Agnes' Eve" is a vision of white: white snow, white dress, white thoughts, white soul, white abode beyond the sky, all strike us as the predominant feature of the piece. Childe Harold is an ebullition of passionate perception. Morris' poems may be characterized as language-tapestry. What is Tennyson's "Palace of Art" but the same thing?

By writing verse we contract the habit of doing up our thoughts in neat little packages, and tying them with gold cords and rainbow ribbons. They resemble a box of bonbons; for every word is a caramel, a chocolate, or a candied plum. They are like the "candied apples, lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon, and jellies soother than the creamy curd" that Porphyro heaped up for Madeline. The very utmost of our attention is lavished upon a few expressions, a few words, a few images and sentiments. These are exquisite, without doubt; but they are too few. The range of our mental vision is too circumscribed, the objects of our perception too limited in number, too slight in importance; and so the most finished undertakings in effect are liable to be the least comprehensive in scope; and the most delicate, the least substantial.

These disadvantages are outweighed by advantages.

First of all, such a degree of circumspection is required on the writer's part in the selection of words that his mind is stopped in its course and forced back into a reflective mood. His mental activity for the present is confined to the narrow limits of a verse, wherein it produces a concentrated wealth of imagery instead of covering a whole page with a mere veneer. One idea will pervade the whole work and flash out beautifully in every line with marked persistence, but in ever-varying forms.

The natural outcome of versifying is a fine perception of the significance of words. And here is meant not so much the formal objective difference between their meanings. What is meant is rather that inexplicable something, that peculiar fitness, that delicate expressiveness, that individual tint or shade or sound or suggestive power in the word that recommends it to us above all other words, as the only possible jewel here and now suited to the general cast of our language-rosary.

In this selection, one's choice generally falls upon the Saxon; as short words fit best in the limited space of a metrical line. In classical students especially, a predominance of Latin and Greek

derivatives is liable to mark their literary efforts; because in their daily translations they are apt to draw by an easy process of evolution their supply of English out of the Latin text. By the counteracting influence of poetic exercises a pleasant commingling of sonorous and simple sounds is effected; and, in consequence, neither stilted periods on the one hand, nor utter plainness on the other, neither formality nor crudeness, neither the overwrought texture of a classical style nor the primitive cast of Saxon ideals, will deface their prose. Of course, the reading of poetry will bring about these effects in part; but composition can do more in this direction.

The writing of verse prepares us to read poetry with greater appreciation. Even the technicalities of a poem, such as metre and rhyme, appeal to us more after we have learned experimentally the difficulty involved, and the degree of perfection to which these minutiae can be carried. And as to sentiments—the delicate human fibers necessary to experience them and the special gifts requisite for their artistic expression can be set at their proper value only after several futile endeavors on our part to throw our feelings into verse. And imagination, before it has been subjected to the discipline of the pen, changes color and form and position and view momentarily. It is incapable of consistent action without training. It catches partial reflections of a thousand objects, and can scarcely piece these into a recognizable mosaic. But by dint of exercise its vision widens, its gaze steadies, its production is unified, so that instead of fragmentary sketching or haphazard coloring the canvas of imagination displays an artistic whole which only experienced versifiers can estimate at its true value.

If the composition of verse is an excellent preparation for the appreciative reading of poetry, it is likewise an excellent preparation for the writing of prose. Ordinarily, good poets develop into good prose-writers. If they have not become so enamored of their muse as to remain with her entirely apart from the crowd, they have uncommon advantages over literary competitors of plainer mould. For their seasoned imagination, after the severe training of metrical work, finds it easy and pleasant to cast over pages of prose the charm of its presence. The effect is enlivening, interest is sustained; repetitions of important points, and insistence on them, are possible without monotony; variety goes hand in hand with unity; illustrations flow in upon us, and our natural aversion to the work of the pen is at least diminished, if it has not become even a positive pleasure.

More advantages and possibly more disadvantages might be enumerated; but since this does not pretend to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject, we may draw to a close here.

S. O.

Leisure Moments With Kipling.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the world has there been so great a number of writers as at the present day. Of these, comparatively few, however, have attained to any great degree of popularity in the educated world. And it is only natural that it should be so. The age is one of enlightenment, and productions must be gauged according to the consequent high standard.

Of the few literateurs who have won the favor of the masses, Rudyard Kipling, perhaps, stands pre-eminent.

To form an idea of his popularity, we need only to look back to his illness several years ago. The world-wide sympathy manifested on that occasion in all parts of the globe clearly signified the marked impression he has made on the present generation.

When we consider the great obstacles Mr. Kipling had to surmount, this popularity is no more than his due. He has won the leadership among the literateurs in times which demand men of consummate genius. The age, as we have said, is one of enlightenment. Great schemes, industrial, commercial and political, occupy the minds of the people. Everywhere we behold marvelous achievements and yet, until Kipling appeared, people were complaining of the lack of romance. Poetry with them had passed into oblivion, swallowed up as it were in the engulfing surge of inventions. To Kipling, however, the age is far from being prosaic and unromantic; on the contrary to his clear mind, it is full of romance, and with his own McAndrew he cried out:

"I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—
The loves and doves they dream;
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns
To sing the song of steam."

Living up to his resolutions, therefore, Kipling must need be up-to-date; and although he is young in years, he is old in experience; so that we may well say of him with Horace in his version of Homer's lines:

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

Now we find him in Africa and again in mid-ocean.

In considering the many laudable features of Kipling's works, several deserve our special admiration.

The first is the striking resemblance to Shakespeare's chief characteristic—the power to throw himself into the situation and circumstances, into the nature and acquired habits of his characters. This is as someone has put it, "the basis of Kipling's idealism, the very spirit of true romance." This touch of idealism is very prominent in Tomlinson, Gadsby, Mulvaney, Fuzzy Wuzzy, and more or less in all of his other productions.

Again we must admire him as being the exponent of his countrymen. Infused with the spirit of O'Connell who says, "Let me write the ballads of a country and I care not who makes the laws," Kipling has from the very beginning breathed forth from so many of his lines, the spirit of his race—its virility and its propensity to assume responsibilities, its tremendous energy and its unbounded faith in itself.

This spirit is admirably shown in his "English Flag," where he lets the winds of the world act as spokesmen. Every line is pregnant with the glorious achievements and we may say the unsurpassed fame of his nation.

What can be more striking than these lines on the English Flag?

"I have wrenched it free from the halyard,
To hang for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard,
Ribbioned and rolled and torn;
I have spread its folds o'er the dying,
Adrift in a hopeless sea.
I have hurled it swift on the slaver,
And seen the slave set free."

And again:

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake;
But a soul goes out on the east wind, that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid;—
Because on the bones of the English, the English flag is stayed."

In reading the poetical productions of Kipling one cannot fail to notice their sweet cadence and harmony. This is very marked in the lines just quoted. These lines, however, are by no means exceptional. We find this same rhythm and melody a universal feature with him.

Last, but in no wise least, there stands out before us what we consider his greatest merit—his lively faith and trust in God. To illustrate this we can do no better than to refer to his "Recessional."

What a grand work it is! How it touched the soul of England because it sent home to her consciousness the fact that there was great work to be done by God's assistance only! God is its first word; God is its last word. Each stanza ends in a prayer to God. Nay, the whole work breathes humility, submission and avowed dependence on God.

In his Barrack Room Ballads, Mr. Kipling has been somewhat censured for using uncouth words and the slang of men in all the walks of life. But these phrases, considered by some as foibles, may to an extent be justified by the well-known saying of Horace:

"Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum."

Others again complain of his language from a moral point of view and perhaps justly so. Still, Mr. Kipling is only mortal and he lives in a world of men and therefore in a world where cruelty and kindness, wickedness and justice are intermingled. Hence what he sees all goes with the picture, pleasant and unpleasant alike. If in the course of his work he has committed some slight fault, let us judge him with Horace who says:

"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

Let these weaknesses, such as they are, form the matter of the critic. As for us, his faults shall not lead our pen to indulge in a criticism, unjust and depreciative of Kipling's merits. Mr. Kipling has at all times departed himself in a manner deserving true admiration. In an age when so many talented writers have succumbed to the prevalent spirit of wickedness, he has held his ground with the attitude of a hero. Spurning to imitate the conduct of others for whom, like his Tomlinson, there is "no place in heaven or hell," Kipling has shown the world what originality can do when it is seconded by a first-hand knowledge of life, acquired by indefatigable labor.

Although not wishing to be prophetic, we venture to remark in conclusion, that the world has every reason to expect great things from Kipling in the future. He is only thirty-seven years old and yet he has already acquired a lofty place in literature. What may we not hope for if God grants him the years of a Wordsworth or a Longfellow? Some one has said that "the race-consciousness of England has been developed not so much by English statesmen, however eminent, as by three poets: Shakespeare, Tenny-

son and Kipling." If at this time, England can so deservedly boast of Kipling, what will she say when the works of his maturer years shall be produced? Even now there seems to sound in our ears, the overjoyed voice of England as she sings out:

Kipling, my boast and my bulwark art thou,
Dear to my heart as Gibraltar.

ANDREW W. HELLGETH, '03.

Crestfallen Cupid.



MID the sweetly breathing blossoms
 Frolicked Cupid bright as day,
 While his naughty darts and quiver
 Tossed amidst the bushes lay.

As he capered 'round in gladness,
 Where the blushing roses linger,
 Wickedly a rude bee stung him,
 On his ruddy little finger.

Shrieked the little man in anguish,
 As he straight to Venus ran,
 "Dearest mother, I am dying,
 Help your darling if you can!"

"Such a saucy winged reptile,
 Called by swains the busy bee
 On my finger leaping slyly,
 Drove its biting dart in me."

"Ah, my troubled little Cupid,"
 Teasingly his mother said,
 "What think you poor mortals suffer,
 Through whose hearts your shaft has sped?"

JAMES F. RICE '05.

ASTRIDE A SPECTRE.

The night was cold and clear. A chill wind moaned across the snow and seemed to unfold the horror of dark deeds done in the blackness of the gloomy forest near by, whence it came. The bright, full moon was just peeping over the edge of the horizon and its first rays covered the silent night with a ghostly blanket that seemed pinned in its place by the eager gaze of fine-eyed demons, hanging high in the wearying vastness of the blue, vaulted arch.

"Rather a lonesome night for a twelve-mile ride," thought Tom Elliott, as, chattering with cold and almost convinced in his impatience that he had come too late, he caught in the distance the lazy tinkle of a lone sleighbell he had been waiting to hear for nearly an hour. But he consoled himself with anticipations of jolly company on the way, for, when the Greenville County Band gave its annual mid-winter carnival, the stage lines were always taxed to their limit, bringing crowds from the neighboring towns, the youngsters to dance and make merry; their elders to renew old ties, and relish the sport of their more sprightly progeny by that peculiar process of assimilation known as "looking on."

At last the huge sleigh with its four superannuated horses, wheezing great clouds into the frosty air, its rickety runners, and its sphinx-like driver, came into view. But, instead of the merry load Tom was expecting, the sole occupant was a lonely-looking individual, who was bundled up in a rear corner, appearing very much like a large ball of variegated darning-yarn. Tom wondered where the crowd was, for his cousin had written him that Bronsberry was sending more than forty people to the Greenville festivities; and here he had broken one of the most stringent rules of Ronald Hall to join them, only to be thus disappointed. He had half a mind to return to his room and to bed, but something urged him on. He hailed the stage and mechanically climbed in.

He took a seat opposite the lone passenger and again his mind returned to the absence of the Bronsberry crowd. Then an alarming thought came to him. Had he mistaken the date? Was the Greenville carnival Thursday instead of Wednesday evening, and did that account for the almost empty stage? He asked the stranger, but received no response. The man seemed asleep. Again

he asked, but the stranger stirred not. Tom rushed to the front of the sleigh and enquired of Joe, the driver.

"You're all right, chap," drawled Joe in condescending tones.

"But, where are the people from Bronsberry?"

"At Greenville, by this, I 'spect."

"At Greenville! How's that?"

"Oh, there was a lot o' them as wanted to git over fer the skate races, so ole man Jones fixed up two loads and tuke 'em over early." Jones was the "president" of the "Greenville-Bronsberry Stage Co."

"Are they coming back early, too," asked Tom.

"Ain't comin' back tonight, 'tall."

"What, no stage back tonight?" exclaimed Tom.

"Nope, not tonight," said Joe. "They're all goin' to stay fer the hockey game tomorrer."

Tom was dumfounded. He had left the college precincts without official permission, firmly believing in his ability to get back by the midnight stage without detection. Surely he was in a dilemma now. There would be no stage until noon next day. His absence would be discovered, early in the morning, and he pictured to himself his belated return and the disgrace that would follow it. He, who for four years had done his best to merit a good name, now saw his good record vanish like a mist, for his offense was one of the gravest in the Ronald Hall category and was sure to be met with suspension, if not expulsion.

The visions of a good time at Greenville faded and were forgot; and in their stead were dark forebodings and anxious schemings, how to get back to the Hall before daylight. He thought of getting out and starting back immediately, but that was out of the question. The snow was deep and he had no snowshoes; the fall was recent and the roads were not sufficiently packed yet to permit following the sleigh tracks. But get back he must and he would.

At last he decided to ride all the way to Greenville, procure snowshoes there, and, after enjoying as much of the good time as he could, start back by the short road over Dickon's Ridge. He was sure he could make almost as good time as the stage, and thought he should reach the Hall shortly after two.

With the worry about his safe return off his mind, Tom turned his thoughts into more normal and placid channels. He settled back and began to calculate star-distances and make the usual astronomical observations, natural to one of his position—alone on

a sea of snow with a companion whom he did not know, and worse, who would not talk—when suddenly the sleigh slowed up. Tom saw they had reached a little clump of pines, which, together with the fact that here the road forked off in two directions, gave the spot its name of Piney Fork. One branch, which the stage usually traveled, led direct to Greenville; the other, known as the Welling Road, reached Greenville after a rather tortuous circuit through a wild, hilly waste. To Tom's great surprise, Joe turned off on the Welling road and whipped the horses into a furious pace.

Now, Tom had planned on going by the short route, and the possibility of any other way had never occurred to him. He was on the point of demanding an explanation and protesting against going the extra miles, when suddenly a possible reason flashed on him.

The shorter road led over Dickon's Ridge and the Ridge was said to be haunted by the ghost of a lumberman who had been murdered a long time before while cutting ties for a railroad that once was started through the region. As a proof that it was a real ghost the credulous cited the fact that, after the murder, work on the road stopped and finally the railway was abandoned altogether. To be sure, no one was ever found who had actually seen the ghost; no one had ever known the workman's name or circumstances of his death. Indeed, some even denied that anybody had ever died in the vicinity of the ridge; and some were even so bold as to say that a railroad was never started or never even proposed.

Yet, despite the lack of actual knowledge of the ghost, despite the good-natured derision of some and the indulgent indifference of others, there was a well-defined belief in the lumberman's spectre. Especially was its existence credited by the foreign miners of the neighboring country. With the greatest solemnity they would relate the traditions current about the ghost and when you asked for proof, a quizzical, half-compassionate smile was the only response. Neighboring dames discussed the phantom mystery over afternoon tea, and the ghost held his place with the sand-man and the goblins when night came on and the children were loath to leave the pleasures of the day for an early trip to the land of nod.

It was told how the ghost kept guard at the door of the rough cabin that stood by by the road near the top of the ridge; and how every midnight he appeared and with weird shrieks and horrid cries went through most awful performances. As nobody had ever wit-

nessed these nocturnal doings, the many versions were of course as widely different and divergent as were the imaginations of their authors.

Now, there was one person in the ridge region who was thought to know more about this spectre than anybody else. This was Joe Campbell, for thirty years driver of the Greenville stage. It was said that early in his career it was a common occurrence for Joe and his passengers to see the ghost as they whirled by on their midnight journey. The stage came from Greenville on Monday and Thursday nights, and once, the report had it, when Joe was alone, he had had a deadly encounter with the spectre. To be sure no one had witnessed it, but after the experience Joe was a changed man. Formerly jolly, laughing, and an ideal stage driver, he became uncommunicative and reticent. He spoke only when questioned, his answers were monsyllabic and on the subject of ghosts generally evasive and ambiguous. Wild were the conjectures concerning him, but for all these years he had heard them with an unbroken silence.

It was a common belief that, after the encounter, on trips when he had no passengers, Joe would always avoid the ridge and drive to Greenville by the circuitous Welling route. Now, Tom and the boys at the college had never given credence to the story of the ghost or the rumors about Joe, but, when the sleigh swung into the long road, the story of Joe's supposed avoidance of the ridge came to him, and for the first time he asked himself seriously "Is there something in it?"

Assuredly the one person to inform him was Joe; and of all times to learn the truth, Tom felt that this was most opportune, when Joe had actually steered clear of Dickson's Ridge. Tom determined to brave the wall of cold reserve and mental seclusion that forbade confidence with the old driver, and to do his best to get some expression from him.

"Not going straight over tonight," ventured Tom.

"Nope," said Joe, "got 'Cracky' on."

Tom's hopes exploded. For the first time he recognized the strange passenger as 'Cracky' Hall, a half-witted miser, who lived all alone a few miles down on the Welling road. Obviously, Joe was taking him home. Nevertheless he continued:

"How much shorter is the road over the ridge?"

"Oh, nigh onto seven miles," answered Joe.

"I'd like awfully well to know whether there's really a ghost there," said Tom.

"Humbug," returned Joe.

Tom wasn't quite sure whether Joe meant ghosts in general were humbugs or just his desire to know about the certainty of the Dickson's Ridge ghost.

"I don't believe in ghosts and spirits and such things," continued Tom.

A long silence followed.

"Because if there were any, and they could get back here, they'd all want to come back, and everybody on earth 'd have three or four plaguing him to death just for spite."

"I think I'll go up there sometime and make certain," he began. Again no answer.

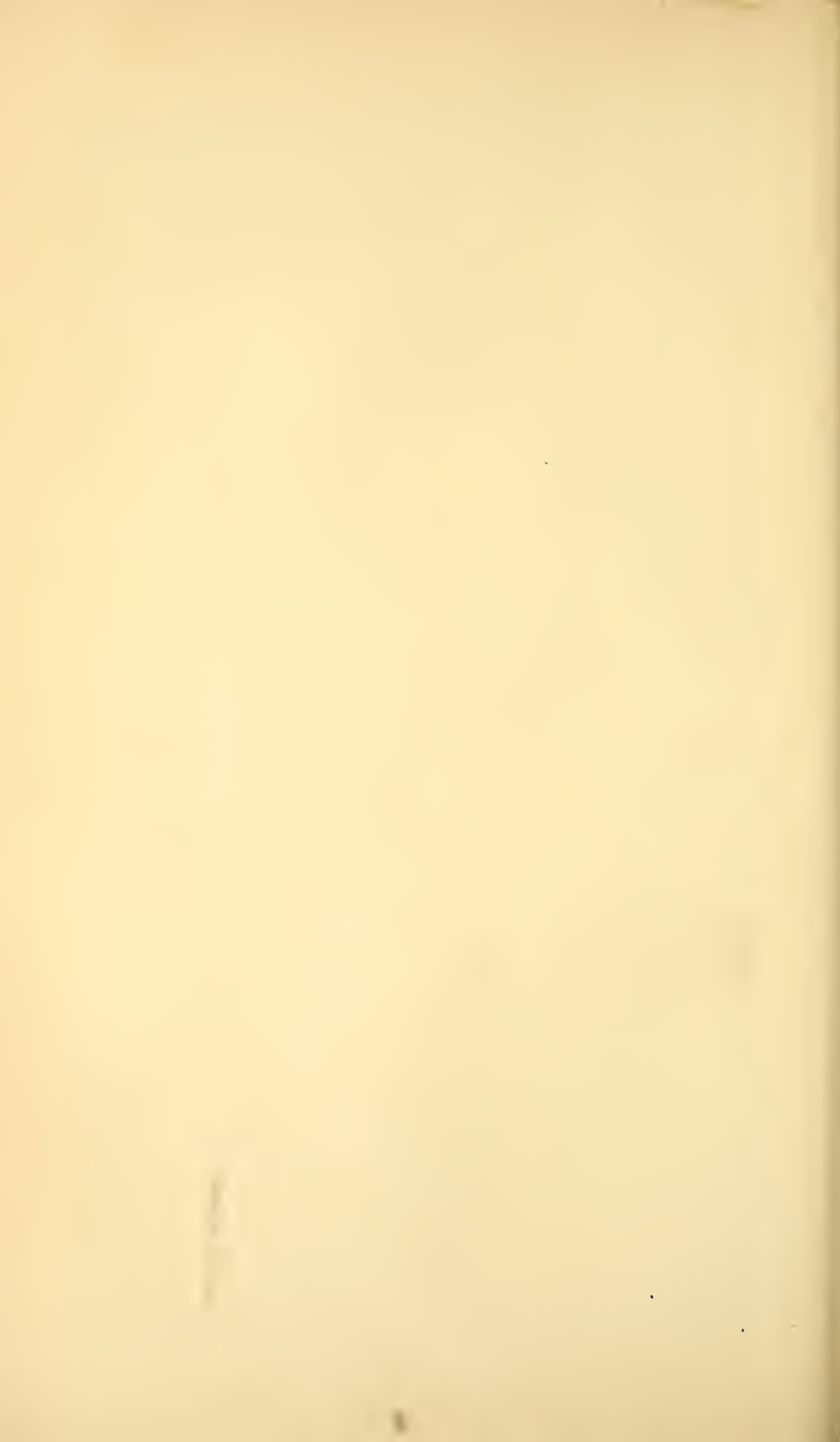
For a long time Joe was silent. Then a half sigh, half chuckle escaped him, and holding the reins in one hand and laying the other on Tom's shoulder, he said:

"Don't go a foolin' with them kind o' things, Tom Elliott. Yez is got the makin's of a saint in yez, if yez can only keep the devil out. But don't go a' foolin' with them things."

Tom wondered what he meant. Surely this was more than Joe was ever known to say on this subject of ghosts, but how was it to be interpreted? Did it mean that Joe had actually seen the lumberman's ghost, or was it meant as a warning against the foolish superstitions which he already knew were at the bottom of it all? Or did it mean both? Tom had to confess that he was as wise as before. But he set the whole story of the ridge ghost down as an idle myth, the wearing of idle tongues. And so, he contented himself and thought of other things.

The stage limped into Greenville more than two hours late, for one of the horses sprained a shoulder on the way which necessitated slow travel. The delay limited Tom's stay at the carnival to less than an hour, for it was now well on to midnight. He used the time to good advantage, however, and as he skimmed back over the snow, he felt better for the faces he had seen and the hands he had wrung.

There had been a heavy fall of snow for three days followed by a day of wintry sunshine which, with a hard freeze, put the surface in ideal condition for snow-shoeing. So good was the crust that Tom was sorry now he had not come on snowshoes, for then he would have avoided the long ride around Welling way and



the delay caused by the lamed horse. Already he could discern in the distance the white top of the ridge, shining bright under the full winter moon. He dreaded the long, tiresome climb up the hill and he wished he were on the top now, with the swift birdlike sail down the opposite side before him.

Suddenly, as he approached the base of the climb, he was startled by a most peculiar noise. It came hurtling over the snow in harrowing tones and then died away in a burst of painful wailing.

Again the sound came. It was frightful, and filled his veins with blood colder than the icy wind that was blowing. It seemed to call for help and pity; Tom could not tell what direction it came from—it seemed all around him.

He was well up the snow-covered ridge now, less than five hundred yards ahead was the old log tool-house. "A ghost is a phantom bred in the sick brains of madmen," thought Tom, "and, besides, no ghost can utter such sounds as that." Not that Tom had ever heard a ghost's cry, but adverse preconception is an enemy to instant belief.

Again the cry. Like that of some fiend in torture. It burst upon the midnight silence with a piercing power and seemed to fill the frosty air with a sting it did not possess before. There was no question of its origin now. It came from the ridge top. With some strange power it drew his whole attention to the old hut and riveted it there.

What was that? Something moving? Yes it was, and it was white. Tom's heart leaped to his mouth. His head swirled. There it was moving up and down with nervous, unsteady motion at the door of the ghost's habitation! There was no mistaking it. He jabbed himself in the side to know he was not dreaming; he looked up at the moon and told himself it was not the sun. Yes, his senses were right.

His faith and self-possession began to leave him now. He thought of old Joe's words, "if yez can only keep the divil out."

He knew not what to do. Should he turn back? No, not for a hundred ghosts. He would brave a graveyard full of them rather than turn back and be expelled from the Hall; and, anyway, if it were a live ghost, it would overtake him should he attempt to flee.

On and on he went. The snow flew from beneath his feet; he was not himself; he moved and acted mechanically. His speed seemed like lightning, although he was going up hill. There was

only one thought in his mind he could not and he would not turn back.

Then everything was confusion. He clinched his fists—set hard his shoulders and teeth—closed his eyes and with a wild, mad shriek sprang forward with superhuman strength—on and on—towards the ghost.

* * *

The next day there was a very strange visitor at Ronald Hall. The janitor found him early in the morning near the east dormitory. He was very long limbed and bony. His hair was white, as donkeys go; and he brayed with all the pathetic impressiveness of his kind. His eyes were bloodshot, and all indications pointed to a long separation from sleep and food.

“Probably strayed from Mueller’s mine,” conjectured the yard prefect.

“I’ll take him down there, if you like,” volunteered Tom Elliott. “I know the barn-boss down there.”

“Well, where’d you get ole Pete,” ejaculated the latter important personage, as Tom approached with the old donkey.

“Oh, I found him up in the old tool-house on Dickson’s Ridge last night. He must have gone in there for shelter when the snow started Saturday and was literally snowed in ever since, for he wasn’t able to get out alone. I heard his bray a few times and when I came up he was peacefully rubbing his neck on the side of the door-sash. He seemed real delighted to see me, and didn’t kick a bit when I rode him back to the Hall.”

“Yes, ole Pete has a weakness for braying and scratching his neck against things. I ’spect that’s how he broke his halter-strap when he got away. Gee, if I’d a’heard him braying up there at night, I’d a thought it was that plagued ghost sure.” But Tom Elliott only laughed.

RICHARD J. FINNEGAN, JR., '05.

The Queen of the May.

AT MORN



WHEN morning lights are creeping
 O'er night's dark silent hours,
 And earth awakes from sleeping;
 When dews unlock the flowers,
 Earth's garb with gems adorning;
 When birds forget their dreams
 And carol in the morning
 Their matins to new beams;
 Then Mary, queen of the May
 We come to thee to pray.

AT NOON

When noon tide's hour is cresting
 The hill, the stream, the vale;
 And flock and herd are resting
 In still and shady dale;
 When zephyrs cease their stirring,
 And mid-day's burning beam
 Morn's balmy tinge is blurring
 By its unfeeling gleam;
 Then Mary, queen of the May
 We haste to thee to pray.

AT EVEN

When twilight dews are showering
 O'er nature lulled to sleep,
 And starry blossoms flowering
 In heaven's arched deep;
 When night's dark veil is closing
 On earth in shadows dressed
 And world worn hearts reposing
 In sweet and hallowed rest,
 Then Mary, queen of the May
 We fly to thee to pray.

KALIN KING.

A Modern Mystery—Radium.

For nearly a year the scientific world has been agitated and mystified by the discovery of an element which seems to defy the first principles of physics. Its actions are a complete mystery, inexplicable as yet on every scientific basis. We know that it exists and that it is responsible for many wonderful phenomena, that is all. This new element is called radium. And thus some scientists and many more who call themselves such, are in spite of themselves and their prejudices, face to face with a modern mystery.

Professor and Madame Curie of Paris never dreamt that they would threaten the whole structure of modern science when they accidentally discovered radium. In 1896 Professor Henri Becquerel discovered that uranium gave forth radiations similar to those of the Roentgen or X-rays and this without the aid of electricity. Further study and research showed these "Becquerel rays," as they were called, to be possessed of other extraordinary properties.

While experimenting with pitchblende, Professor Curie and his wife discovered almost by accident three new elements far more radio-active than uranium and these they named polonium, actinium and radium. The last of these was especially active and wonderful and consequently became the special subject of scientific study. Radium is without doubt a new element, for its spectrum shows three distinct and new lines. In its pure state it is a metal and has an atomic weight of 225. It is very rare, not more than two pounds of it having thus far been produced, and that in various stages of purity. Pure radium is unknown and the nearest approach to it has been a radium chloride associated with barium. One-half gram of this latter was valued by Prof. Curie at \$20,000. An immense amount of pitchblende is required to get a few grains of this eighth wonder of the world. At present salts of active radium can be bought for from five to five hundred dollars per gram. In appearance and chemically radium seems to resemble barium. The paramount property of radium is its radio-activity, which is estimated at one million times that of uranium—the mysterious rays act on a photographic plate in a few seconds while uranium takes hours.

Radium emits three different kinds of rays, namely, deviable, non-deviable, and another kind which can be deflected by a magnet. The deviable rays have like the X-rays the property of penetrating

opaque substances, and like them the Becquerel rays proceed from the negative cathode, but unlike the X-rays they do not need an electric current to bring them into existence.

Professor Becquerel has demonstrated that these self-active rays act like an electric spark and electrify the surrounding space. It is also quite probable that these rays are not ether vibrations like ordinary light, but minute particles, in size perhaps 1-1000 of a hydrogen atom, of the radium itself, which are thrown off from it, at a velocity of over 100,000 miles per second or about two-thirds the speed of light. The color of these rays is a luminous bluish white, and unlike ordinary light, they can not be refracted, reflected or polarized.

Radium is incandescent without previous exposure to light and it has the power of making many bodies phosphorescent. In fact if a piece of radium be held against the forehead, while the eyes are closed, the rays will penetrate to the retina and cause it to phosphoresce, and hence the person will see light.

Two other peculiar effects of radium radiations are that they temporarily induce radio-activity on surrounding bodies, and change oxygen to ozone, yellow phosphorus to red phosphorus and glass under its influence becomes a dark violet.

Marvelous physiological effects are not wanting. The mere presence of radium causes serious eruptions of the skin. It caused a sore which was months in healing, on one of the scientists who was thoughtless enough to carry a piece of it, encased in a glass tube, in his vest pocket.

And now we come to the crucial question—the question which is puzzling the master minds of science. Where does the radium get its energy? Tremendous energy is required to produce those powerful rays. Where does it come from? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—hence there must be a source of energy. Many theories have been advanced.

According to some the energy is picked up from the kinetic energy of the surrounding air molecules. Others say radium absorbs energy from gravitation and not a few say that radium spends itself in energy, which is liberated by the breaking down of the atoms into the minute particles that are radiated. A French professor even contends that it can radiate heat *ad infinitum* without any external source of energy. If this be true we must cast all our boasted science to the winds, and begin again the first lessons in the school of nature.

The possibilities of radium, in theory at least, are beyond the wildest dreams of the most optimistic scientist. It has killed bacteria in three hours; it is being tried for cancer and in medicine much is expected from it. That radium will be a great factor in modern warfare can hardly be doubted—it is the most violent explosive known. It has been estimated that one pound would destroy the city of Chicago, and that ten grams could sink a modern battleship. The great practical objection to the use of radium is that nothing has yet been found which will securely contain it.

Radium is surely an enigma and when its solution is found it will perhaps reveal many of our "scientific facts" to be preconceived fictions.

LOUIS SAYRE, '04.

GREGORY VII.

(HILDEBRAND.)

The successors of St. Peter, the popes of Rome, have been the most commanding figures in the annals of history. No line of temporal *monarchs* can compare in intelligence or moral worth with those who have sat upon the throne of the Fisherman. During a reign of nearly 2000 years, a few may perhaps be found who were not worthy of the stainless purity of the sanctuary, not worthy of the saintly ideals of the triple crown. But the vast majority of the popes were men in whose private lives even the scrutinizing light of a hostile criticism can find no flaw; men who ruled not to satisfy personal ambitions, but to better the social and religious conditions of men—who ruled but for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Gregory Hildebrand, one of the occupants of the papal chair, perpetuated in his life the best traditions of the papacy. Like most of his predecessors, he was not cradled in the laps of Kings. No royal blood coursed through his veins. He who was selected by Divine Providence to be the mortal head of an immortal dynasty, the supreme arbiter of the nations, before whom the imperial successors of Cæsar and Charlemagne were to bend the knee—he had himself sprung from the common people. The son of a Tuscan carpenter, his early days were spent amid suffering and poverty.

He passed his young manhood in solitude, piety and the rigors of a Benedictine Monastery. Here he received that ruggedness of character, that inflexibility of will and that steadiness of purpose which distinguished him in after life. As has been well said, "before starting out to subdue the world, he first learned to subdue himself."

In Rome his profound piety and talents singled him out as a marked man. Priests and prelates sought his counsels, and he guided the policy of the popes. In 1703, Alexander II died: and by unanimous consent of the Cardinals, he who sought but the "Monk's Cowl" received the Crown of Peter.

At this period chaos reigned in Europe, the church was in a critical condition. Governments were little better than legalized anarchy. Feudalism was in its throes of death. The barons were at war amongst themselves. The age was a hotbed of corruption and all respect for liberty and lawful authority had vanished from the earth. In the church, owing to a system of investitures, ecclesiastics were thrust into the sanctuary of God, not by the choice of the church, but by the strong arm of the secular power. Bishoprics were bought and sold to the highest bidder. The German Emperors with unheard of insolence dared to lay their unconsecrated hands upon the tiara of the Popes and claimed the right to name the successors of St. Peter. Truly

"Was disorder made chaos, and gloom, night."

It was time for God to intervene and He did so as He has always done. He raised up a man according to his heart—a man who was to be the Hercules of the Middle Ages. That man was Pope St. Gregory VII.

When Gregory ascended the papal throne he launched the "lightnings of the Vatican" against all of the violators of laws human and divine. Those who trafficked in the offices of the church, were they priest or laymen, cardinals or kings, were anathematized. Investitures were abolished and the church obtained worthy Ministers to carry out her divine mission.

But a new spectre now dims the tranquil horizon. Henry IV, the haughty, licentious monarch of Germany, inflated by his victories, defied the Pope's authority and called the "Diet of Worms" to depose him. Well might Gregory have felt a sinking heart when he surveyed the state of Germany. He could not tolerate its unholy conditions, and silence would have meant consent, so he released Henry's subjects from their allegiance and deprived him of his crown. When the King heard of this, to the surprise of all, he

resolved to cross the Alps and crave the Pope's pardon. What a scene that was,—Henry clad in a penitent's garb, bare-footed crossing in the dead of winter the impassable Alps on his way to Canossa, not as of yore, at the head of a powerful army, but accompanied only by his wife and infant son. When he reached Canossa he was not permitted to enter the Pope's presence, but was compelled to wait three days outside the gate. Henry was then forgiven and the olive again waved over the German Empire.

Gregory knew himself to be the "man of the age" with an eye which no mortal cared to brave; with a heart of granite and an arm of steel he seized the sceptre of Universal Sovereignty and dreamed a dream "loftier than the visions of poetry, bolder than the conquests of ambition." His ideal was a great spiritual autocracy to serve as a counterpoise and a principle of unity which Europe should obey. All things were to be decided upon the highest grounds of equity and morality. The Pope was to be the supreme head; appeals of peace and war should be made to him, courts were to be established and in Peter's city right and wrong were to be decided. Thus did Gregory by 800 years foreshadow the "International Arbitration" at the Hague.

Finally, after a life of three score and ten, in an age that did not appreciate his talents and virtue, he quietly passed from earth, with the words upon his lips: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Worthy words of a worthy man.

From a human point of view his life was a failure. His dream of a universal spiritual empire shattered. The wickedness of men both in and out of the church thwarted his designs. His ideal became a mere shadow, but still it remains the "most magnificent failure in human history."

It is difficult to bestow upon Gregory an exaggerated eulogy, for he laid the foundation of an eternal fame. Well might Byron have said of him:

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

The Rapid Flight of Time.



U P! up! my lad! awake! arise!
 Why dream your life away?
 Would you not grasp God's bounteous prize,
 All firmly while you may?

You little heed the time that's gone,
 Still less the time to come,
 And yet how swift those years speed on,
 That end life's weary sum.

Think not that time awaits your call,
 For, whilst I pen this rhyme,
 How many precious moments fall,
 Those golden grains of Time.

As onward still the seasons roll,
 In majesty sublime,
 Each marks an epoch on that scroll,
 The wondrous scroll of Time.

'Tis thus, with unrelenting flight,
 That knows no stop or stay,
 Time, ever backward from our sight,
 Glides swiftly on its way.

On, on the fleeting moments dart,
 And lo! the day has passed.
 Use every moment ere it part
 As though it were your last.

Then up my lad while yet you may,
 Arise to deeds sublime.
 For where's the mortal who can stay
 The rapid flight of Time?

JOHN J. GEARTY '05.

Hector and Andromache.

Perhaps in the whole range of the Iliad, we venture to say, there is no scene so human in its action, so irresistible in its pathos as that of the parting between Hector and his wife, Andromache. In its conception, in its attention to detail and in its execution it shows the master hand of the great artist and exhibits the incomparable genius of Homer at its best.

The effect is heightened, moreover, by its introduction at that particular stage of the narrative, when our interest is at fever heat, in the raging conflict before the walls of Troy. Our attention has been riveted upon the battling hosts; there is the indefinable dread that we are to witness the destruction of proud old Ilium; when lo! the scene is completely changed. The martial spirits lately roused in our breasts at the sight of conflict are turned to those of most tender solicitude and heartfelt sympathy for desolate Andromache.

So gracefully is the transition accomplished, that before we are fully aware of it, we have entered upon the action of this famous episode.

The scene proper begins with Hector's return to Troy, in order to urge the Trojan matrons to propitiate Minerva and beseech her to remove from the fight Diomede, who is working havoc in the Trojan ranks. On his way through the city Hector stops at the abode of Paris and prevails upon him to join in the combat. Then, having a presentiment that fate may overtake him, he turns his steps homeward to bid his wife farewell.

"I go to my own mansion first, to meet
My household—my dear wife and little child.
Nor know I whether I may come once more
To them, or whether the great gods ordain
That I must perish, by the hands of Greeks."

Arriving at his home, he does not find her within. She, he learns from the house dame, had, in her anxiety, at the first tidings of the disaster, fled to the walls, that she might obtain news of her beloved Hector.

Disappointed in his desire, he loses no time, but wends his way backward, through the well builded streets. He has not proceeded far, however, when he perceives his wife hurrying forward to meet him, followed by a nurse bearing his child, Astyanax.

“She came attended by a maid who bore
 A tender child—a babe too young to speak—
 Upon her bosom—Hector’s only son,
 Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
 Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax—
 The city’s lord—since Hector stood the sole
 Defense of Troy.”

At once, Andromache takes both his hands in hers and begins an appeal at the same time passionate and tender. She sets forth how she has been deprived of her father and brothers by the merciless hand of stern Achilles, how her mother has been slain by Artemis and concludes her pitiful recital in these words:

“Hector, thou
 Art father and dear mother now to me,
 And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
 In pity keep within the fortress here,
 Nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife
 A widow.”

That Hector has been touched and greatly moved is evident from his reply, which betrays the struggle taking place within his breast, between love and duty. In his answer he appeals both to her pride and her love for him, in extenuation of the course his duty prompts him to adopt. He points out to her that she would not wish him to be called a coward by his own countrymen or by the trailing-robed members of her sex.

“All this
 I have in mind, dear wife, but I should stand
 Ashamed, before the men and long-robed dames
 Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
 The conflict, coward-like.”

He tells her in passionate utterances that, though he has his country’s welfare at heart, though concerned for his parents’ safety and his brothers, yet her fate is uppermost in his thoughts; how he dreads to contemplate her abduction into slavery, and ends with the fervent wish, that he may perish ere such a dire event should come to pass:

“O, let the earth
 Be heaped above my head in death before
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away.”

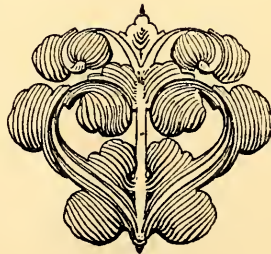
Meanwhile the nurse and child have approached the absorbed couple and Andromache, in her misery, as a last resort to change his strong determination, takes the child from the nurse and gently places him in the outstretched arms of his dear father. And here the masterly touch is again evidenced in the charming and natural man-

ner, in which the tenseness of the scene is momentarily relieved. For, when Hector stretches forth his arms to receive his son, the child draws back, affrighted at the waving plume upon his father's helmet, much to the amusement of his parents, who, for the time being, forget their separate griefs in their mutual love and admiration for their child.

Then laying aside his horse hair crested helmet, Hector takes the infant and playfully fondles him, praying that the blessings of the gods may descend on him and render him a solace and joy to his mother's heart. And then, resolutely putting aside his weakness, he returns the child to his mother, bidding her, in his simplicity, to find solace and forgetfulness in her domestic duties and leave the action of war to men.


So ends the famous episode justly admired, as one of the most natural and pathetic passages ever penned by mortal hand.

JOHN CLIFFORD, '05.



A few Triolets.

A STAR

I


T is the sailor's joy at night
 To watch some brilliant star at sea,
 Some gem on Mary's garment bright,
 It is the sailor's joy at night;
 Like Mary's love, its silvery light
 Gleams through the storm-wrack hopefully;
 It is the sailor's joy at night
 To watch some brilliant star at sea.
William Long '04.

A ROSE

Yestermorn a rosebud red
 Clung fresh upon the bosom of a bride,
 The sweetest flow'r in the garden-bed,
 Yestermorn a rosebud red,
 Today the sweet red rose is dead,
 Its petals crushed the garden-walk beside
 Yestermorn a rosebud red
 Clung fresh upon the bosom of a bride.
Michael Caplice '04.

A VIOLET

Only a modest violet
 On a brooklet's marge,
 Kissed by the purling rivulet,
 Only a modest violet
 Like twinkling star in heaven set
 Like child-eyes deep and large;
 Only a modest violet
 On a brooklet's marge.
Bernard Brady '04.

A CHILD

Clusters of golden hair;
 Sweetness of May;
 Whiteness of lily fair;
 Clusters of golden hair;
 Eyes like the azure air;
 Laughter and play;
 Clusters of golden hair;
 Sweetness of May.

P. R. '04.

WE are pleased to note that the authorities of St. Ignatius College have announced a repetition of last year's offer of ten free scholarships, to be awarded by competitive examination, to boys who, during the past year, have attended the eighth or highest grade in one of the parochial schools of this archdiocese. It is our only regret that the wealthier friends and alumni of the college should not make it possible, by their endowments, for a larger number of our parish school boys to secure the advantages of a college education. There are many deserving boys in this city who are desirous of obtaining a Catholic higher education, but whose parents are unable to meet the expenses of such a course. We can imagine no worthier purpose to which an annual sum of forty or fifty dollars could be devoted than to assisting a poor but ambitious youth to reach one of the higher avocations of life. But even ten free scholarships may effect a great good. Last year sixty-eight candidates from thirty-five parochial schools presented themselves at the competitive examinations. The effect has been the establishment of closer harmony and relationship among our Catholic schools and colleges. Since this must redound to the benefit and improvement of the whole Catholic educational system in Chicago, of which we are so justly proud, we sincerely urge the Reverend Director of each school to send representatives to take part in the competitive examinations to be held in St. Ignatius College at 9 A. M., August 22d, 1903.

To say anything about the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at this time seems like reëchoing what has already been heralded by nearly every leading newspaper and periodical in the land. But a few remarks upon that gigantic real-estate transaction, to which, without doubt, our country owes to a great extent its stability and significance as a world power, can scarcely grow trite with repetition.

Had the vast extent of territory embraced in the Louisiana Purchase remained in the hands of the ambitious Napoleon, it is impossible to conjecture what fierce and prolonged conflicts, what waste of life, destruction of property and retardation of progress would have resulted from the harassing political complications which would be almost certain to arise from our close proximity to a foreign power. And hence we are highly pleased, when we hear Grover Cleveland refer to this purchase as a special act of Providence, in which was clearly discernible His design of founding a mighty nation in the New World. Without recourse, moreover, to

the license for exaggeration to which the superabundant fervor and little experience of the college editor generally entitles him, we may safely say, that, as the Louisiana territory exceeded any ever acquired by purchase, so its centennial celebration, next year, will surpass every exposition, known to history, in extent, magnitude and expenditure. In fact all reports of plans and preparations lead us to believe that the splendor and beauty of its palaces, the dignity and comprehensiveness of its exhibitions, will throw into the shade the most distinctive features of the expositions by which Chicago, Paris and Buffalo endeavored to attract the attention of the world. But the purpose of the promoters of the Louisiana Purchase celebration is not to produce a mere spectacular wonder, but to promote industry, to ameliorate interstate relations and to weld more firmly together the bonds of international union. And while there is little doubt but that its political effects will be salutary and far-reaching we, as students, are chiefly interested in its educational significance. To our young college men who desire to round off their education in a practical manner—to obtain a knowledge of other peoples and customs without submitting to the expense and inconvenience of extensive travel—it will afford rare opportunities for study and comparison; for over thirty different nations have already announced their intentions to participate. And, hence, the observing student, who spends a few days at St. Louis next year, may not only contribute to the success of what promises to be the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, but may secure valuable information in every domain of art, science and manufacture.

At an educational conference recently held in this city several prominent educators from our non-Catholic colleges and universities expressed alarm at the rate at which the modern system of secularized education is drifting toward agnosticism and infidelity. It was the almost unanimous opinion of the conference that "the skepticism resulting from the scientific attitude of mind cultivated in most colleges and universities is liable to pass into infidelity unless the student is brought under proper and appreciative influences." What these influences should be, the delegates neglected to determine; nevertheless, the suggestion that they should not be such as would offend the sensibilities or prejudices of the student, received general and immediate approval. One of the delegates—a college president at whose instigation the convention was held—has since announced to the reading world that "while college men may be

less determined than formerly to support some particular view of God and theology, they will not be content to live in a universe where there is no God." However consoling this beautiful assertion may seem to some, we humbly acknowledge our inability to understand how, with the growing emphasis placed upon branches altogether devoid of religious character and an almost total absence of the actual teaching of Christian truth, our non-sectarian institutions of learning will ever develop in their students either a confidence and truth in God, a belief in the existence and immortality of the soul, or any love for the basic principles of morality and virtue. If the moral and religious training of the young man or woman is neglected, he is extremely liable to disregard entirely his ultimate end and a proper use of the means necessary for attaining it. Nor will the attempt to instill a few fundamental religious principles into the heart of the student prove more than a feeble bulwark against the selfishness and sensuality to which man is naturally inclined. A vague, pliable religion would, of course, fit in well in the curriculum of a university that aims at numbers and popularity; but it could never make a lasting impression, as a rule of action, upon the plastic mind and heart of youth. Though "the scientific attitude of mind," cultivated to-day in the institutions of which we have been speaking, tends toward infidelity, the scientist who really proceeds in search of the truth cannot fail to perceive more closely with each step the wonderful harmony between science and religion. And only prejudice linked with a blind worship of the "ego," or an abnormal love of self-assertiveness, has ever caused men to suppose that the developments of science would explode the idea of God and immortality. Verily, the greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy, prejudice; her constant companion, humility.





Mr. Joseph P. Kannally of the class of 1896 died in Dalhart, Texas, on April 3. Mr. Kannally had been in ill health for some years. His brother Frank died about one year ago. THE COLLEGIAN extends its sympathy to this much-afflicted family, which has had five talented boys at the college. The old home of the family is at Sterling, Ill.

Mr. John A. Schoen of the class of 1886 died in New Mexico last September. At the time of his death he was treasurer of the Columbia Hardwood Company, of which his father is the president.

When the sons of former students begin to attend a college, it gives a flavor of antiquity to the institution. Perhaps the first student of the college to place his sons at St. Ignatius was Mr. Jacob Mehren. His oldest son, Mr. Edward Mehren, graduated in 1899, and since that time he has been on our teaching staff. Judge Richard Prendergast of 1876 has had three sons at the college, the eldest, John, being in the graduating class of the present year. Dr. John J. Thometz of the class of 1878 has three boys at the college, the eldest, Frank, being in the Junior class. The son of Mr. John McVoy, a member of the Poetry class in 1882-83, is now in the Third Academic class. Mr. James McDonough, Philosophy, 1887, is well represented in the present Third Academic class by his son Joseph. William, the son of Mr. James J. Corrigan, Commercial, 1874-75, also attended the college. If there are any other former students whose sons have attended the college, THE COLLEGIAN would like to hear from them.

St. Ignatius always maintains a thriving colony of old students at the Sulpician Seminary in Baltimore. Under date of April 18th, Mr. Philip Furlong, the medal man of 1898, writes an interesting note to THE COLLEGIAN. Mr. Furlong was a fine student during his stay at St. Ignatius, and he has continued to win academic laurels at St. Mary's Seminary. Owing to the fact that he had not yet

reached the canonical age of 22 years and 10 months, Philip could not be ordained with his class-mates during last Lent; but as he is on the eve of that venerable age, he will probably have been raised to the priesthood before this issue of THE COLLEGIAN. Following are the encouraging words from Mr. Furlong:

"Well, I must say that the paper delighted me. It is gotten up in a very handy form, and the contents are a genuine treat. I observe that my pastor (Father Flood) has very generously sent in a subscription for ten years. He is the most loyal Jesuit admirer I have ever known and I have met many of them. So far I have had a monopoly of the paper, but all the other college boys are clamoring for it, and I will soon turn it over to them. Of course I wish THE COLLEGIAN success. It richly deserves it. I think that the college, the students and the alumni will have reason to be proud of it."

Benjamin Tarskey, 1901, who is also at St. Mary's Seminary, sends the following interesting items:

"All the St. Ignatius boys at the Seminary are well and happy. Smith and McEvoy are getting along very well. Quinn and myself, though not leading the Junior Class, still are progressing, I think, as well as circumstances allow. However, I know you will be glad to hear that a Jesuit student from Holy Cross College is leading. As long as the leader is a Jesuit boy it makes little difference what college he comes from. Hoban of St. Ignatius is, I think, leading the Senior class, so St. Ignatius can claim the greater honor inasmuch as the Senior year is more honorable than the mere Junior year. I had the supreme pleasure a few days ago to see the first regular issue of THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN. It was a rare treat to me and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I literally devoured its contents from cover to cover. All the old St. Ignatius students were delighted with it, and all agree that it deserves to be ranked among the first of the college journals."

Mr. Louis Mercier, 1900, has been awarded a fellowship in the Romance Department of Chicago University. His many friends wish him godspeed in his new field of labor.

From the *Live Topics* of April 11th, we take the following:

"Mayor Harrison has received many congratulations for his success in his race for mayor for the fourth term. Many called at his office, while telegrams poured in on him all day Wednesday from eminent Democrats throughout the country. Walter Wellman, writing from Washington, had a lengthy communication in the *Record-Herald* of April 9th, putting him forward as the most eligible candidate the Democrats have for their presidential nomination next year. Good luck seems to go with him."

Mr. George C. Mages has been doing good work on the Citizens' Committee which was organized to aid St. Ann's Sanitarium for the treatment of consumptives. Under the chairmanship of

Mr. Mages, a committee of arrangements got up an entertainment at the Auditorium on May 18th, on which occasion Bishop Muldoon made an address and Mr. Burton Holmes gave one of his charming illustrated lectures.

On the 14th of April, death came to take away an old member of Second Grammar class, George A. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien attended college from 1884-1886. He passed away most peacefully, strengthened with the sacraments of the Church, and his funeral services were performed by the Rev. Edward Hanhauser, S. J.

The Rev. H. G. Van Pelt, '85, of St. Mel's Church is coming out as a lecturer. On May 3rd, he delivered a stereopticon lecture on the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

Rumor says that Mr. William N. Brown, 1886, who on account of ten years spent in teaching both at St. Ignatius and at St. Mary's College, is one of the best known and most popular of the old college boys, has resigned the secretaryship of the Working Boys' Home to take an important position with the W. G. Feeley Co. A very praiseworthy work undertaken at the Home by Mr. Brown was the editing and publishing of a syndicate of Church Calendars. THE COLLEGIAN wishes him all success in his new business venture.

The evening class of philosophy held its last session Tuesday, April 28th. Very interesting and instructive papers were read by Mr. Francis F. Moran, A. B., on "Secret Societies," and by Mr. Francis J. Tschan, A. B., on "Civilization." General discussion of the subjects of the papers and of others treated during the course followed, and after some social features the class adjourned till the fall. All expressed themselves as highly pleased with the course. About thirty-six young men attended during the year and they felt that it gave them the opportunity so desirable at the present day, of studying the fundamental principles of the questions of the hour. The reopening of the class in the fall is earnestly desired.

The annual election of the Alumni Association was held in the College Hall on May 27, with the following results: President, Michael V. Kannally, A. M.; vice-president, Louis J. Mercier, A. M.; honorary vice-presidents, Dr. John J. Thometz, A. M., Joseph A. Connell, LL. D., Vincent J. Walsh, A. M., Francis F. Moran, A. B.; recording secretary, Charles F. McKinley; corresponding secretary, Francis J. Tschan, A. B.; treasurer, Arnold D.

McMahon, A. B.; historian, Rev. James J. Leddy, A. B.; executive committee, William N. Brown, A. M., Hon. John E. Doyle, David F. Bremner, A. M.

Mr. John P. Clifford, Poetry, 1894, died April 19th, at his residence in Lavinia, Ill. Mr. Clifford was 26 years of age, and was employed in the mailing division of the postoffice. Only a few weeks before his death he passed a postoffice examination with a high average. Mr. Clifford left a wife and child. May he rest in peace.

Mr. John K. Moore, 1901, writes from Goodwine, Illinois, where he is filling the position of bridge inspector for the C. & E. I. R. R. Co., that he "only wishes THE COLLEGIAN would come oftener." John was famous in his day for his acrobatic work. He will have a good opportunity now to exercise his acquired skill in climbing over trestles and mounting derricks.

The college catalogue for this year has a complete list of the graduates in course of St. Ignatius College, and the occupations in which they are engaged. Those who wish to obtain a catalogue can do so, by applying to the vice-president of the college, the Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J.

THE COLLEGIAN takes pleasure in inviting correspondence from former students of the college. All items of information concerning yourself and others will be welcome.

In the June elections, the following members of the Alumni Association were re-elected to the bench: Judges Edward F. Dunne, R. W. Clifford, R. S. Tuthill, John Gibbons. Mr. Howard O. Sprogle, a student of the opening year of the college, 1870-71, and at present Assistant State's Attorney, was also a candidate for the judgeship, but he was unable to overcome the majority against his party. Mr. Joseph A. O'Donnell, the father of one of our budding poets, was elected a provisional judge.

Paul J. Devoy, First Commercial, 1888, was buried from St. Jarlath's Church on May 22. Mr. Devoy had been engaged for some years in newspaper work.



We wish to thank the editors of the many papers that so graciously accepted THE COLLEGIAN'S invitation to exchange and added our name to their mailing lists. It is a pleasure to us to note the kind reception extended to our little magazine in all quarters and we are grateful for the words of appreciation and encouragement that our first efforts have brought forth from brother X-men. In so far as we have excelled and merited praise, we rejoice; and as to the parts in which we have fallen short of your, and our own ideal, we shall be careful, and promise vigilance in the future. We shall see that you hear from us regularly and hope your visits will continue.

A notable and characteristic feature of the late exchanges is the comparatively large amount of space given to Shakespearean studies and reviews. An excellent series has been appearing in recent numbers of the *Niagara Index*, and other papers on our table have equally superior endeavors, though none so extensive, numerically, as our New York friend.

This is a healthy, a praiseworthy sign. Aside from the rhetorical and purely literary attractiveness of the great poet, perhaps no other field open to the student is so full of promise, can be more easily cultivated, or yields such great returns. There is before him the whole gamut of human life and human passion—vice and virtue, the ambition of king and kitchen scullion, the wisdom of sages as well as the prattle of fools and the ravings of madmen. Love and desire alone do not rule men's lives. There are many other and perhaps more potent passions written on the pages of the world's history. This did Shakespeare realize and he painted man as he found him. "The proper study of mankind is man," and therein lies Shakespeare's secret.

It is to be regretted that the critical student in his library must almost alone keep Shakespeare alive to-day. The dramatist wrote

for the stage; on the stage he properly belongs; and on the stage he will again take his place. But the groundlings rule to-day and will none of him. So the student must be a modern mediaeval monk, copying, devouring, preserving, until the light of other times break in and relieve him of his task.

The age is not for Shakespeare because Shakespeare is not for the age. And thus the student bears a double load.

Truly is Spring for poets. With ecstatic exultations did they vent the full force of their long-pent ecstasy upon hypnotized editors, who, under the spell of cooing zephyrs, heaven-scented bowers and what not, actually printed columns of their outpourings. With each new arrival, we could tell how much higher the noon-day meridian would attain without consulting our sanctum almanac.

It would be extremely unfair to put all recent verse in the same category; for indeed some was truly laudable and worthy of encouragement. Our esteemed sisters, or cousins, who so kindly sent us their exchanges and other poetical works, were decidedly to the front. Perhaps too truly is it said that girls are more imaginative, more inclined to ride on clouds and play tennis with the stars, than we, their more grovelling brothers. But we confess that, when we lost them in the dizziness of their flights and fell to earth again, we were right glad, as we picked ourselves up and dusted our hands, that their plight was not ours.

Didn't somebody once advise relegating things you write to a cedar casket for nine years?

The young ladies of *Mt. St. Mary's Record* are indeed venturesome and ambitious. The French essay on "Le Cid" is enjoyable and unique. It was whispered to us, though, that "it is not Parisian" and we pass the critique along gratis. The *Record* has agreeably avoided the preponderance of verse which is evident in most girls' papers, and its arrangement and get-up are indeed refreshing to the busy man.

One of the best magazines of April is the *Redwood* from California. Typographically it is almost ideal. We commend the editorial grasp displayed and congratulate the reporter of the proceedings of the "senate" on his entertaining account. None of the stories were far above the mediocre and "Ostracised," indeed, better unprinted. "Aubrey de Vere" is thoughtful, though, perhaps, a little too enthusiastic.

The *Exponent* has started well. More than once, while reading their excellent magazine, did we almost quite forget it came from collegians and not from older heads. The *Louisiana Purchase* in the April number is bright and judicious. The writer had his subject well in hand and did not tire us with too much. We, of Chicago, with railroad tracks and grain elevators instead of "sandy shores" and "rocky banks," wish we could join with the author of *Lake Michigan* in his outbursts. *Thanatopsis* in the May number is truly an "estimate" and very readable. But a word. Have you not a greater number of eligible writers in school to furnish you with "copy"? In the May number one editor has no less than five contributions. This is not fair to readers, to your paper or to him who does so much. Let your paper be the expression of all the college.

The *Niagara Index*, perhaps not always over discreet or conservative, prints in its April number *The Journey Sorrowful*, which no paper, certainly no Catholic paper, should, in our opinion, allow on its pages. In the first place, its metre is entirely inappropriate. Who can contemplate the way of the cross pictured in lines beginning:

"O pray, do you see in your mental eyes' gaze
The sad and so mournfully tragical phase?"

In many places thought, and even common sense, are sacrificed to metre, and there are other defects which we forbear to mention. Let us believe that the editor did not read it and that the author must have stolen it into the forms himself over night. Otherwise, the issue is commendable.

The *Dial's* cover bespeaks its scholarly and conservative interior. Its poetry is to be commended for variety, smoothness and length, or rather shortness.

The *St. Joseph Collegian* for April and May has a well-stocked literary larder, though it falls rather behind on short stories. The oration on Leo XIII is noteworthy.

The following exchanges have also been received: Longwood Alpha Pi Mu, Daily Maroon, St. Mary's Chimes, Young Eagle, Loretto Magazine, Leaflets from Loretto, Ottawa Review, Victorian, Pittsburg Bulletin, St. Mary's Sentinel, Carmelite Review, St. John's Collegian, The Bee, Xavier.



MUSIC and SONG

A. M. D. G.

For the close of the session the musical societies are busy preparing to end their year's work with a grand and elaborate climax and finale.

The orchestra promises a rare treat. And to judge from the interest and hearty spirit shown by the musicians during rehearsals, trying to find the exact expression for every measure and small black oval, we may safely conclude, that if practice makes perfect, something most exquisite will result before commencement.

At the junior elocution contest the orchestra played with zest and a firm touch. Every player showed accuracy and discipline.

Ziegler, the jovial violinist, even now wears his locks a la virtuoso, and after his sojourn in Europe, may we not expect to see him combining the excellent tonal qualities of a Kreisler with the amazing technique of a Kubelik and the warmth and fire of a Kocian.

It was "Hiawatha" that Josephus O'Donnell caroled forth all winter, but now one would think him a walking advertisement of the melodious "Bungaloo."

The glee club is a hard-working society. Every member willingly sacrifices three hours a week of recreation, and practices so earnestly that the success of the club is well merited.

The college favorite, Justin McCarthy, has thus far been "facile princeps" among the funmakers of the glee club, but a new star has leaped into prominence. Although the glee men never fail to make a hit, their success at the senior elocution contest was more pronounced than ever. It was owing mostly to the efforts of Mr. Henry Carrington, '03, who that evening proved himself an inimitable and irresistible comedian, and kept E. Kenna Niles so busy counting the encores, that this latter gentleman nearly "lost his cranium" and also his overcoat.

The glee club intends, in the near future, to bring out two hitherto unknown performers, and it is understood that a slight

deviation from glee club methods will be introduced at the commencement exercises. Together with ability the glee club combines not a little facility and versatility. In sad numbers it has brought the pearly tears to "Teddy" Reinert's eyes, and by some of its comical jingles it has stamped indelibly on Wm. Looney's countenance that peculiar expression known as "the smile that won't come off."

Rumor has it that Maurice O'Shea has been cautioned by "Doc" Lagorio against racing up too fast at 12:29 to glee club rehearsals, lest he injure his heavenly voice.

The piano and violin instructors have offered two gold medals for competition among their respective pupils. The winners' names will appear in the catalogue.

The choir is also training for the closing exercises. They did nobly at the junior elocution contest. Its members always gladly help to brighten an entertainment, when asked.

Such work on the part of the musical societies of the college can only be an earnest of future success and shows how much the members value and encourage the uplifting of art.

SOCIETIES.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

This society, which has just ended one of the most successful years of its existence, deserves great credit for its well-directed efforts and congratulations on the success with which they have been crowned. At the various meetings throughout the year, a spirit of general good-will obtained among the many members, who, now at its close, number over fifty; as is seen by our cut in this issue.

This number is the largest that the society has ever boasted; and it is a remarkable fact that not more than a very few of those who responded to the first roll-call of the year subsequently resigned.

A highly creditable literary program lent dignity to the last gathering, at which honorary diplomas were conferred upon the graduates and the farewells of their fellow-students were extended.

There was also a complete report of the society's financial standing presented on this occasion.

THE SODALITIES.

Both sodalities are to be heartily congratulated on the indefatigable zeal of their many sodalists. The postulants who were lately exalted to the dignity of Sodalists have proven most worthy of that high honor. Truly it speaks well for the students of a Catholic college that the morbid influence of the "spring fever" can have no effect on their devotion to their Patroness.

At the final meeting of the Senior branch honorary certificates were given to the graduates of the classical and commercial courses.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

(Communicated.)

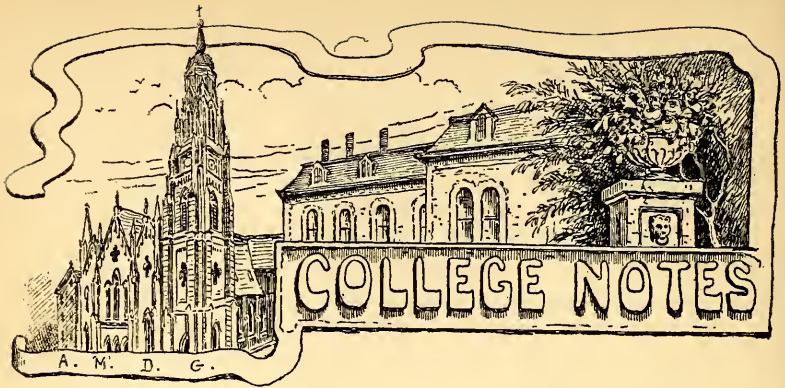
On Wednesday, April 22d, 1903, the Loyola Literary Society held the final meeting of the most successful year it has had since its organization. At a previous meeting a committee had been appointed to select the program, and an invitation was extended to the Classes of Humanities, First Academic and First Special to be present at the public exhibition. The President approved the work of the committee and arranged the various numbers.

Mr. Foley presided at the meeting and made the address to the assembled students and faculty. The program, opened by Mr. Murray with a piano selection, was received throughout by frequent and vigorous applause.

Essays of decided merit by Mr. D. Murray on Lafayette, and by Mr. Cronin on Pope Leo XIII, held the attention of the audience most noticeably. Declamations by Mr. O'Grady, Mr. O'Regan and Mr. Carrick were well received. In a story that provoked broad smiles among the listeners, Mr. Kenney related the escapades of some college boys on a midnight melon "lifting" expedition. Excellent variety was given to the program by two vocal selections from Mr. Wiley, which were so well rendered that the audience insisted on an encore. Mr. Dargan gratified them by a violin solo.

The society, the work it was doing, the good it was accomplishing, and the necessity for every ambitious college boy to join it, were insisted on in a paper by Mr. P. Mulhern.

On the invitation of Mr. Foley for one of the faculty present to address the meeting, Father Cassilly, S. J., responded. He said, in substance, that every Catholic college boy, on going out into the world, should be a force in himself, that he should forge his way to the front, make himself felt in whatever walk of life he should select, and that one of the best means of preparing himself for this effort is the training given in the debating society.



Few events of the scholastic year awaken a more general interest among the student body than the elocution contests. An unusually large number entered the preliminaries this year and as a result the public contests, just held, were more than excellent. The contest for the advanced grades was held in the Sodality Hall on Wednesday evening, May 6. In the first class, John C. Murphy was awarded the medal on his rendition of "Eliakim." The other speakers were Richard J. Finnegan, John J. Clifford, Richard Prendergast and Jas. A. Griffin. Edward F. O'Grady's spirited rendition of "Shamus O'Brien" won for him the applause of the audience and the decision of the judges in the second class. By his humorous interpretation of a selection from "Innocents Abroad," Charles H. Joy merited the medal in the third class. The contest for the elementary grades was held on Saturday, May 9. In announcing the decision of the judges, the Rev. P. C. Conway remarked that were he to follow his inclinations he would have all the contestants cast lots for the coveted prize; but as this was entirely impossible he awarded the medal, in the fourth class, to Ignatius P. Doyle; in the fifth class, to William J. Kelley.

The success of the Parochial School Baseball League has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. The season opened with an increase over last year in the number of schools represented. As the season goes on the enthusiastic interest and rivalry of the different teams is increasing every day and the league is constantly receiving attention from the local dailies. The league has been divided into four divisions, composed of schools on the north, south, east and west sections of the city. The winners of each division will play a series of games to decide the championship of the entire city. The result in the West Division, it appears will be close with St. Agatha, Holy Family and St. Mels in a neck and neck race.

Holy Cross Parochial School won the third annual track meet of the parochial schools of Chicago, given under the auspices of the Athletic Association of St. Ignatius.

Parochial school records were broken in the running high jump by Frank Koko, 722 Fourteenth place, who cleared the bar at 5 feet and 1 inch. He is but 15 years old.

Mayor Harrison gave a medal to the winner of the one-fifth mile run, and Bishop Muldoon presented a medal to the one-tenth mile victor.

Fifteen schools were entered in the events.

Holy Cross captured five first places in the eight events, and in addition won the relay race.

The points won by the different schools were: Holy Cross, 41; St. Pius, 7; Visitation, 9; Holy Name, 5; St. Sylvester, 5; St. Columbkille, 3; Mount Carmel, 2.

PASSIM.

Kiely, we understand, is prominent in temperance circles, but Jim, where did you develop that inordinate taste for "high-balls" of which Captain Long is continually complaining?

Responsive to the suggestions of a certain professor, who deplored the aversion to authorship existing among certain students, the genial Mr. O'Shea has produced an admirable little volume of "gems" of poesy. The volume abounds in short lyrics, more or less personal, such as, "Ode to Halsted Bridge on Rising," or, "When I have full ten minutes to reach my Alma Mater." Another of an elegiac nature is entitled "In Memoriam"—to the resolutions I made during the retreat. Among the gems we find the following, inspired no doubt by the coaching of a prominent member of First Academic Class at the game on Decoration Day:

Did I know that you were sleeping,
 Murray Doyle,
 In some lonely grave's safe-keeping
 'Neath the soil,
 Every earth-quake rumbling under,
 Overhead each clap of thunder,
 Would excite in me no wonder,
 Murray Doyle,

For I'd think that it was your shade,
 Murray Doyle,
 Shouting in the land of pure shade
 As you moil
 On a shadowy diamond, running
 Shadowy players, by your cunning,
 'Long the bases; ever stunning
 Murray Doyle.

Puzzle—If black is no color and if color is the object of vision, why was it that Louie reminded us of the Cyclops the other day?

The owl is notoriously wise. What wonder then that our Philosophers should have at least one owl amongst them. The owl's reputation for wisdom probably rests on the fact that it can see things in the dark. The following veritable history of what happened to Mr. Hellgeth would seem to emphasize his power of seeing things in the dark and therefore the appropriateness of his reputation as the bird of wisdom. He said to a batch of Philosophers and Rhetoricians the other day:

Methought I sat one summer night in June upon a broad porch, wishing that I could draw aside the veil of the future, and, after three-score years should have come and gone, see once again "o3" that on the morrow parts. But as I sat and mused, a great change came over the world. The sun dropped down. The embers in my pipe, once red, were turned to gray (in other words, my pipe was out). The crickets ceased to crick. The bullfrog took in his sign and went to rest and stilly night wrapped me o'er in a silence deep. And then it seemed I was no more a child, but grown quite old. 'Twas the autumn of the year and I stood before a little mound with a marble slab moss-covered and old. I bent and read:

CHARLES F. CONLEY,
 Radical Socialist and General Reformer.

Then it seemed to me that I had wandered on a weary while, until 'twas now quite dark, and I sat me down on a little mound thinking of another soul. In fancy I was in the blue-grass state, at Lebanon. I saw before me the cold gray stone of a Trappist monastery. I saw in a little cell the bended form of an aged man, telling his beads. The moonlight crept slowly in through a little window and lit up the features of a face I knew and loved. "Poor Niles," I murmured, and the night wind murmured back "Poor Niles."

Again I was transported. This time it was to a mighty cemetery in a populous city, and I stood before a monumental mausoleum and I read the following epitaph:

The Mortal Remains of
JAMES J. FINNEGAN
Rest in the vault beneath.
A genius who first invented, arranged and perfected
the "science of easy living."

I looked again and a broken column met my gaze, and the legend it bore was:

Now vanished his glory! the fate of us all!
Here rests the immortal, proud Cardinal Hall.

A little to the rear of this column I noticed a marble figure in statuesque repose, and as I stooped to read the following met my eye:

HENRY B. CARRINGTON.
A voice that won him fortune, thrilled the operatic world and dimmed the
fame of prima donnas—Now is still.

Then I came to a flag of the Union, its staff broken and its colors trailing low, and again I found a name I knew:

Stranger, in your kindness, sometimes pray for Chas. F. McClellan, who departed this life while valiantly fighting in the hopeless cause of "helping to keep Chicago clean."

Next there loomed up before me a veritable pyramid of costly masonry and in the pale moonlight there flashed back to me in gilded splendor the words:

Beneath this marble lies
JOHN PRENDERGAST,
A successful lawyer.
"Let us hope even yet: for the Lord is merciful."

Next I came to a tremendous granite boulder. I knew not whether it was natural or artificial, but when I looked again I saw the following carved in rustic lettering on the rock:

JOSEPH A. GRABER.
Ah! How much did A. B. enter into the life of him who rests below!
In a rustic school, 'neath a master's rule
As mild as summer breeze—
Twixt smiles and tears, and doubting fears,
He got his "A. B." c's.

In a College grand—such as stud our land—
He wrought with class '03.
Years rolled away and at last one day,
In June, he got "A. B."
A call was sent for a president,
For a statesman, he thought, such as he
He turned not from it, with fear. In his bonnet,
Ah me! he got "*a bee*,"
A pin in his "boom"—himself in a tomb,
The White House he never will see;
In earth's cold breast—for a long, long rest,
He's quiet. *He's got-a-be.*

Suddenly there was a great crackling on high. A large dry branch of the tree under which I stood broke off, and before I could move, struck me on the shoulder—but no, it was only Matt. Moroney's hand laid gently on me and his soft voice said: "Andy, what is the psychological essence of an ontological reflex idea?"

This shook my frame. I awoke, and—lit my pipe.





Whatever may have been the fortunes of St. Ignatius College in other branches of athletics, it is well known that her student body has always been able to boast of a good baseball team.

The nine which represented the college during the season of 1903 certainly was no exception to the rule, as will be shown by their record.

On April 2nd the season opened at Austin with the Austin High School as opponents. From the very start the college boys played winning ball and never once was the result in doubt. Devine pitched in good form, striking out twelve men and allowing only four scattered hits. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	3	0	2	0	2	0	*—7	7	7	1
Austin High School.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—2	4	4	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Devine and Graber.

Austin High School: Hagstrom and Gage.

St. Ignatius, 25; Illinois Trust, 4.

On April 18th the team representing Illinois Trust and Savings Bank appeared on our campus to wipe out the defeat of last year. The Bankers were strengthened by the addition of Beckwith, Harkness and Zimmerman, three well-known professionals, and they presented a formidable appearance.

But appearances are deceiving, and when the smoke, occasioned by the numerous bingles of the college boys, cleared away, Mr. Beckwith found it necessary to retire from the pitcher's box at the end of the third inning. At the end of the game the score board ran thus. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	0	2	1	6	5	11	*—25	17	0	
Illinois T. & S. Bank.....	1	0	0	0	0	3	0—4	5	5	

St. Ignatius, 18; West Division High School, 9.

On April 21st West Division were the victims. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	1	0	9	0	0	0	3	5	*—18	10	5	
West Division	2	0	3	0	0	1	2	0	1—9	17	5	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Devine, Graber and Meany.

West Div. H. S.: Semmel, Dodd and Breakstone.

St. Ignatius, 19; Y. M. Sodality, 3.

The Young Men's Sodality of the Holy Family parish have been clamoring for a game with St. Ignatius for the last four years. This year their petitions were answered, but probably in a way unexpected by them. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	7	4	0	0	7	1	0—19	14	1	
Y. M. Sodality.....	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3	3	5	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Devine and Meany.

Y. M. Sodality: Mackey and Lynch.

St. Ignatius, 12; Lewis Institute, 2.

On April 29th Lewis Institute, one of our warmest rivals on the baseball diamond, were clearly outplayed, as the following decisive score will show. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	0	2	3	4	3	0	*—12	14	3	
Lewis Institute	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2	4	3	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Finnegan and Meany.

Lewis Institute: Savage, French and Minor.

Chicago University, 6; St. Ignatius, 5.

On May 5th we met our first defeat, but it was in a game of which we can be justly proud. The following account appeared in the Chicago Inter-Ocean on the day after the game:

"The university narrowly escaped defeat from the team representing St. Ignatius College. The boys from the Jesuit school played the prettiest game seen on Marshall Field this year, making but three errors, which did not figure in the run getting. Up to the time when the Maroons took their last bat the college boys seemed to have the game well in hand. The collegians landed on Tom Howe all in a bunch in the fourth and the rally netted them four runs. They swelled their total to five in the last inning and the game

appeared to be safe until Capt. Harper's long hit in the last inning won the game for his team."

University of Chicago.						St. Ignatius.					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
Sloan c f.....	0	0	1	0	0	O'Shea, 2 b.....	1	0	0	1	1
Smart, r f.....	1	1	0	1	0	Meany, c.....	1	2	4	2	0
Merrifield, 2 b...2	4	1	1	1		Graber, l f.....	1	1	1	0	0
Harper, c.....	0	2	3	0	0	Kiely, 1 b.....	1	0	7	0	0
Stortzman, 1 b..0	0	12	1	0		Seeger, c f.....	0	1	3	1	1
Howe, p.....	1	1	0	5	0	Carroll, 3 b....0	1	2	2	0	
Bezdek, l f.....	0	1	1	3	1	Long, s s.....	0	0	1	1	0
Patrick, s s....1	0	0	1	3		Devine, r f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Baird, 3 b.....	1	1	3	1	0	Finnegan, p1	2	1	3	0	
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Totals.....	6	10	21	13	5	Totals.....	5	7	19	10	3

Stolen bases—Merrifield (2), Kiely, O'Shea, Seeger. Two-base hits—Merrifield, Harper, Meany (2). Three-base hits—Bezdek, Graber. Struck out—By Howe, 2; by Finnegan, 2. Passed ball—Meany. Umpire—Prendergast.

Armour Institute, 19; St. Ignatius, 12.

It is an old saying, that it never rains but it pours, and the adage was verified in our game with Armour Institute when we were defeated by a score of 19 to 12. Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	2	3	0	0	0	2	3	2	0	—12	12	7
Armour Institute	3	9	0	0	0	1	4	2	0	—19	16	4

St. Ignatius, 15; Alumni, 5.

On May 12th the much desired game with the Alumni was played. The team was composed of young secular priests of the city, alumni of the college, and this was one of the features which served to make the game very interesting. St. Ignatius completely outclassed the former stars and when the last man was disposed of the score was St. Ignatius, 15; Alumni, 5. Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	3	2	1	5	1	2	1	—15	13	1
Alumni	0	0	0	2	0	2	1	—5	4	2

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Devine and Meany.

Alumni: Fathers Clancy, Shewbridge and Quill.

The following is an excerpt from the Daily Maroon of May 15 and it tells its own tale: "Coach Smith's threatened shift in the line-up of the Freshman team materialized yesterday and brought with it good results. After seven innings of play the strong St. Ignatius team decided that it had enough and mutually agreed with Captain Hughes to call the game, the score standing 14 to 5 in favor of '06. The Freshman played great ball and Trammel displayed his usual speed."

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Freshman	5	4	0	2	1	2	*—14	13	4	
St. Ignatius	0	1	0	0	1	2	1—5	7	9	

St. Ignatius, 21; St. Cyrils, 2.

On May 16th St. Ignatius College overwhelmed St. Cyrils on the college grounds by a score of 21 to 2. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	3	3	0	2	0	13	*—21	19	3	
St. Cyrils	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2	7	3	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Devine and Meany.

St. Cyrils: Edwards and Hayes.

Lewis Institute, 15; St. Ignatius, 7.

On May 30 Lewis Institute took ample revenge for the defeat which she suffered at our hands earlier in the season. Up to the fifth inning the game was all in favor of St. Ignatius, but after that the balls had become so wet, on account of the rain which was continually falling that the college team went to pieces with disastrous results. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	1	1—7	8	10	
Lewis Institute	0	0	1	0	0	7	0	7	0—15	5	8	

Batteries—St. Ignatius: Gertenrich and Meany.

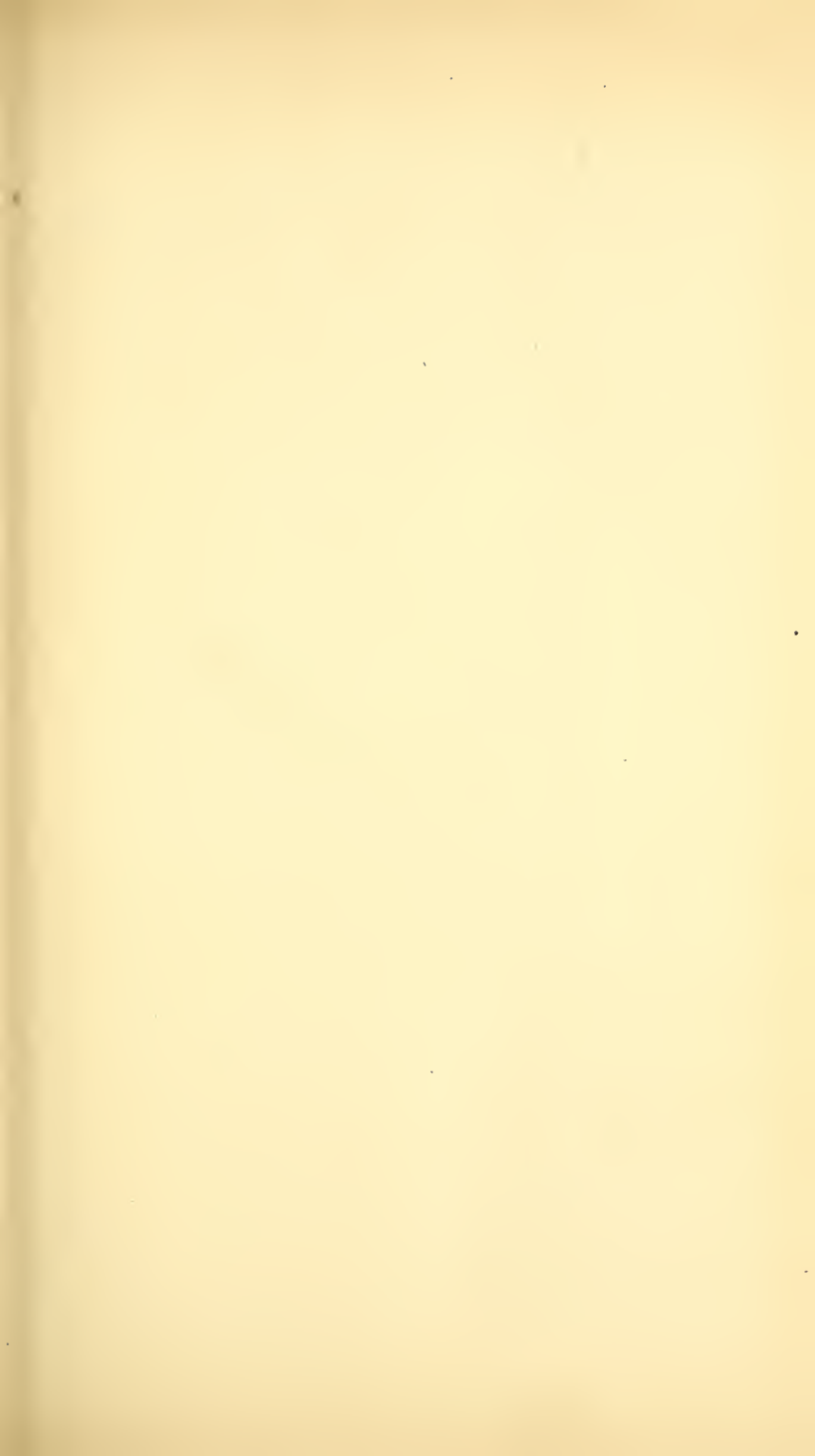
Lewis Institute: French and Minor.

St. Ignatius, 16; Englewood High School, 2.

On June 3rd we cruelly crushed the hopes of Englewood High School team in a one-sided game which was devoid of interesting features. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Ignatius	2	0	6	4	0	0	3	1	*—16	15	4	
Englewood H. S.	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2	3	5	

Batteries—Devine, Meany: Meyers, Reams.





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The Spirit of Autumn.

AN IDYL OF ALL SOULS' DAY.



WHEN the saffron leaves were falling,
Through a woodland wild and sad
Strolled a sage with locks of silver,
And a golden crested lad.
Glowed the sun of happy childhood,
In the boy's refulgent face
Whilst his soul e'er sipped sweet honey
From the font of Nature's grace.

Like a throng of dewdrops blended,
Winds the brook its lucid way,
As the crooning shades of evening,
Shroud the wearied form of day;
And the fleeting wizard Phoebus,
Lifts his magic wand on high
Hues of gold and crimson sprinkling
O'er the dreamy azure sky.

And the brooklet trilling gaily
Secret bits of woodland lore,
Tireless wooes the rosebud blushing
As a gallant knight of yore;
Whilst the echo of his singing
in the sun-kissed sylvan dell,
With the solemn music mingles,
Of the distant cloister bell.

Then, the twain enraptured moving
By the murmuring brook along,
Sings the captious Sprite of Autumn
To the sage its mystic song.

Lo, the moaning gusts of evening
Fingering his faded locks,
Seem a shrieking soul tormented
On perdition's ragged rocks.
And the forest sobs in anguish,
Shrouded in a cloak of gloom,
Whilst the plaintive, piping songster
Chants a dirge o'er Summer's tomb.

And a willow solitary
In the twilight's dying gleam,
Is an ever-pining Helen—
Weeping o'er the leaf-strewn stream
For the fallen in life's battle,
Waiting purging vaults within,
Where a fiery fountain cleanseth
From the sable stains of sin.

But the echo of her weeping,
Like a spent and wandering dart,
Seeks a place of poignant resting
In the sage's troubled heart:
And his footstep falls away;
On his fancy faces creep
Of his loved ones wrapt forever
In embrace of peaceful sleep.

So the man of winters many,
And the youth of summers few,
Strolled the weirdly whispering woodland
At the falling of the dew.

—James F. Rice '05.

Leo XIII.

AFTER a long and glorious campaign Leo has laid down his arms and passed to his reward; and the world has lost a loving father.

He was great in life and great in death. During the time he struggled with death for supremacy, the whole world watched and waited. Men do not thus conduct themselves at the approaching death of every prominent man; only at the death of the truly great. Seldom indeed do all unite in wishing that the life of one man be prolonged.

The world wished him naught but good, because it loved him. His pure and tender heart embraced mankind. He loved all, and all loved him in return. He worked for all, interceded and prayed for all, and it was only natural that for this love and devotion to their interests, men should make some return of love.

But not because of his loving heart alone was Leo dear to men of every race. For, though all may not be great, yet it is easy for all to admire and extol greatness: and Leo was great not only in heart, but in mind and soul. His contemporaries agree in declaring him one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, of his time.

A patron of letters, he wrote volumes of excellent poetry, and gave to the world encyclicals which abound in noble thought and expression. A true diplomat, he achieved many victories, and wrested many concessions from the powerful in the cause of justice. And the nobility of his character is attested by the fact that during all his long pontificate not a single suspicion was breathed against the purity of his motive.

Will the future recognize the high place accorded him by the present? Or, when the effect of his personal charm has worn away and critics, unaffected by that love which he compelled from all men, make their impartial judgment, will he fall from his present position of greatness? This, of course, no living man can foretell. But judgment supported by facts would seem to indicate that the light of Leo's lamp will steadily grow in brightness; for in after years his mighty achievements and noble character, placed beside the dwarfish efforts of other men, shall by contrast grow in greatness, and in their effects, which it is now too soon adequately to measure, will shed an ever new lustre around his name.

MAURICE J. O'SHEA, '04.

Is There to be an Awakening.

IF we assume inquiry, lively interest and agitation as reliable indications, it seems reasonable to conclude that we are on the eve of a satisfactory settlement of the educational question.

To a person given to intemperance and riotous living, you will, so long as health and vigor are his, preach in vain on the benefits of abstemiousness and of regular life. But when the ache and the languor eventually appear, the ear once deaf to reason becomes attentive, the brow once knit in annoyance frowns in earnest thought.

For more than half a century the Catholic Church in America, through her pulpit, press, and organizations, has waged a systematic opposition to the Godless, Christless, pagan system of education that obtains in our state institutions of learning. She has maintained that education divorced from religion is productive of infidelity and agnosticism, with all the evils that follow in their wake. In vain did she beat her tocsin. Not only did the buoyant young nation turn a deaf ear to her warnings, but even impugned her motives. She was branded an enemy to free institutions and an open opponent to the diffusion of education among the masses. Now, however, when public ills are beginning to press heavily on the nation, thoughtful men of every creed are inquiring whether the idea long championed by the Church is not worthy not only of consideration, but even of adoption.

A short time ago, at a conference of those whom we take to be the non-Catholic educational leaders of the country, it was urged that the drift toward infidelity was to be arrested only by bringing the student under "some influence" during the formative period of his life. The leaders neglected to declare openly for religious training, perhaps out of regard for the sensibilities of a few fanatics who lose their equilibrium as soon as one questions the perfection of the present system. We have the authority of Lord Macaulay for it that Oliver Goldsmith was thrown into a violent passion whenever it was insinuated that he did not masticate his food with his upper jaw. Why some should cling so tenaciously to the contraries of evident truths, psychologists may examine; but the serious affairs of life, especially those involving great principles, demand that reasonless sensibilities be overlooked. In the New

York *Sun* there recently appeared a remarkable letter by the Rev. U. Montague Geer, vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, which is affiliated with famous old Trinity. Additional significance is to be given to the statements of a divine who has never courted cheap notoriety, and whose flock is composed of the aristocracy of America—if indeed we have one. Among other things Dr. Geer made the extreme statement that a continuance of our present system of education would play havoc with our republican institutions.

Before proceeding to examine how far he was justified in making this bold assertion, let us recall a very singular fact of history. More nations have passed into history through internal troubles than through foreign foes. Many a nation that laughed to scorn the attacks of a foreign foe has fallen an easy victim to her own domestic broils.

We need not distort facts nor magnify difficulties, to prove that our country, as a result of a lack of religious training of its youth, is laboring under numerous domestic ills, any one of which, if allowed to progress unchecked, could seal our fate. First and foremost we must acknowledge that the thistle of socialism, transplanted from monarchical Europe, has spread and flourished with astounding rapidity in the free soil of America. But how, it may be argued, can the growth of socialism be traced to an absence of religion? It may be safely answered that its spread is due to this cause, not partially, but entirely. Socialism seeks to create on earth a real paradise. If we take away from man the hope of a happier existence in the life beyond the grave, is it at all unnatural for him to seek to create a terrestrial one, and in doing so utterly disregard every principle of right and justice? The ardor of the socialist propagandists is kept aflame by the thought that life is brief and all energies of soul and body must be directed to pursuing the best and most that it is given mortals to enjoy. Teach these fiery idealists that there is a higher and nobler life, and a Being who metes out an infinite justice, and you remove the prop upon which the edifice of socialism rests.

If any trait in the character of the Anglo-Saxon stands out in bolder relief than another, it is his love for home. It is not at all necessary that one should be over sensitive, to blush with shame at the pollution of the sacred hearth of home by what his Eminence Gardinal Gibbons has aptly termed "legalized polygamy." The result of lax divorce statutes has been so revolting in its effects

that public decency must either seclude itself until the atmosphere clarifies, or be shocked into a faint. Down through the long, silent centuries comes the command of Jehovah, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," but the ears of twentieth century sons and daughters are filled with the voice of irreligion and of naturalistic principles, and our nation is in the grasp of the spectre of death—"legalized polygamy" destroyer of homes.

The strength of an empire rests in the power of its armies. A republic's strength rests on moral force—on the regard of its citizens for her laws. When he who devotedly wishes the perpetuity of democratic government and confusion to its enemies reviews the sad spectacle of a howling mob bidding defiance to law and order and the ordinary course of justice, with fiendish barbarity and glee dragging a human being to make him perish a victim at the stake, he is filled not only with horror for the crime, but with fears for the stability of his country, and he asks himself, "Would this be possible were the youth of America impressed with the command, 'Thou shalt not kill'?"

Class hatred, racial prejudice, can be passed over with a mention; for they fade into insignificance when compared with the one great and overpowering evil of the day—the decline of religion. Reliable statistics place the population of the United States at seventy-five millions. Among these there are said to be twenty-three million Protestants, ten million Catholics and about two million divided among the Jewish and various other cults. This leaves the appalling number of forty millions to be classed as infidels, agnostics or indifferentists.

The consensus of thinking men, in all ages, confirmed by examples from history, has been in favor of the theory that some form of religion is indispensable to the healthy existence of a nation. Our Godless system of education is rapidly developing among us a cultured paganism, and bringing on problems whose solution depends on principles inculcated by religion alone. In the face of this, was Dr. Geer very far from correct when he stoutly asserted that our present system of secularized religion would play havoc with our republican institutions? W. A. MURPHY, '04.

The Massacre of Fort Dearborn.



LONE it stood, secluded, on the marshy plain—
 The river at its feet its sluggish course pursued—
 A rough stockade o'er which the wintry blasts in vain
 Were spent. And each succeeding year its strength renewed,
 While time and savage were with equal strength repelled.

A glorious sunset tinged with red the western sky.
 The rays which fell aslant the armed gate and wall,
 The curling smoke, low drifting lazily on high,
 The busy wife, the childish prate, the friendly call—
 All seemed to speak of peace and happiness complete.

And yet a something in the evening breeze's sigh,
 A strange foreboding in the woodbird's distant note,
 Foretold of coming ills. As eventide drew nigh
 A savage host with glittering arms and painted boat,
 Upon the river's tide, with one accord put forth.

The far-off stars alone, that vast array behold.
 The bended forms of painted warriors below
 In silence toil, until the distant lights unfold,
 Low-lying near the broadened river's noisy flow,
 The blackened outline of the peaceful sleeping fort.

The unsuspecting garrison awakes to hear
 A fearful cry resounding through the stilly night;
 They wake to hear the dying groans of loved ones dear,
 To see with startled eyes the work of savage fight,
 To fall at last beneath the war-club's bloody stroke.

The savage butchery is o'er. The dying cry
 Is stilled. Afar the painted warriors have fled.
 In blackened ashes now, the smouldering ruins lie.
 The moon with pitying glance looks down upon the dead
 From whose heroic blood sprang forth a nation's pride.

—*Martin J. Phee '06.*

Nil Desperandum.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. And just as every year has days both gloomy and cheerful, so has a lifetime its days of joy and sadness. Why then should one give way to discouragement, when after all, one's efforts will be crowned with success if only he be persistent and work in the right spirit? Is success something which belongs only to the higher walks of life? Or, rather, since it is but the favorable termination of anything attempted, in other words, a termination which answers to the purpose intended, is it not within the power of all who possess will power?

Burke tells us that "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme Ordinance. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill." These words admit of no questioning. Man is but an imperfect being left to his own discretion in regard to the development of his faculties and the attainment of success. As we all know, labor, in the strict sense of the word, is the necessary complement, the culminating perfection of his nature. Prosperity never made a perfect man, for experience has taught that ease and facility do not afford man an opportunity for developing his powers. He is ever in need of an instructor, and there is none better than that severe instructor "set over him by the Supreme Ordinance,"—the trials and difficulties which beset him in his path through life. As Burns says,—

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons quite severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there
You'll find no other where.

Courage and self-reliance, so necessary in the battle of life, are obtained only by meeting and overcoming adversity. Those who have attained to eminence in the world, have reached their position through the self-taught moral conviction that they could and would accomplish what they undertook. And this conviction they acquired because they had frequent occasion for battle, and conquered. They learned that to succeed, they must try, try again and again, with heart and soul,—that failure in first efforts was

no cause for despair nor for spending the rest of their days in grief over past misfortunes. They learned that failures were but lessons teaching how to change defeat into victory, and to draw sweetness even from a font of bitterness.

There is no station in life, however humble, that has not its difficulties to be overcome by him who strives for success, and only he that wills strongly and decisively, who will not permit his spirit to be carried hither and thither like a bark without an oarsman, will come out victorious in the end. "The battle of life is fought up hill," and there is honor in it only when the battle is gained by hard work. A pathetic thought it is, to dwell upon the sufferings which a humble man combats in struggling for success. And yet he but undergoes a just ordeal; for nothing that is of real value can be achieved without courageous labor.

There is a saying of Lord Brougham's,—“The word ‘impossible’ is the mother tongue of little minds.” How many men of rare intelligence there are reclining among the lotus eaters, and sunning their mortal limbs on the banks of Lethe! Their minds seem broad enough, but their will possesses not the energy for doing or even attempting anything. They at first glance, consider as impossible, opportunities that are only difficult. Theirs are “little minds.” If these easy-going mortals would cast themselves into work with energy and enthusiasm, they would necessarily succeed, for “industry conducts to prosperity.”

He that goes around difficulties, follows the path of least resistance. And woe to him if he acquire the habit! For

We have not wings, we cannot soar,

and to him who walks, the path of least resistance is down hill. God grant that the shirker of difficulties experience not the truth of the poet's words in their literal sense, “Facilis est descensus Averni.”

Struggle therefore manfully ever keeping your head above the wave, nor let “sullen despair and weak inconstancy” drag you under. And, “when one frail human reed after another bends or breaks beneath you, lean upon the Rock of Ages.” You will find that sweetness which comes with the consciousness of duty well performed. Do not attempt lengthy steps toward success, but

rather aim at small and frequent advances. If you duly weigh the lines of our national poet,—

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The lofty summits of our time,—

your determination will be easy and practical and not exhausting, while you keep in mind the true words "Nil Desperandum."

PAUL S. DREVNIAK, '05.

The Chicago Centenary.

FOR centuries after the great cities of Europe had attained renown, and before the sun of European enlightenment had dawned upon the destined site of Chicago, there was nothing here to foretell a mighty city. Miles of soggy, desolate swamps, dotted here and there by clumps of wild cottonwood or stury oak rising high above a murky stream, to which there were no apparent banks, were the only charms to meet the eye of the daring adventurer or detain the weary pioneer. But still in the midst of this waste there was something, that led the unfaltering Marquette and Joliet through the soggy-bottomed Desplaines into the Chicago and thence to the havenless shore of Lake Michigan. Perhaps it was chance, perhaps Providence. Whatever it was, they made the irksome journey and they were soon followed by a small band of Indians, who established a trading-post at the mouth of the river. This was the real beginning of Chicago. However, we date its foundation from the erection of Fort Dearborn in eighteen hundred and three. For years she slumbered in her desolate cradle, as ignorant of the world as the world could be of her. Her neighboring towns and cities were fast increasing their dimensions and had established a considerable reputation through the valley, while she, destined one day to rival and later to surpass them, slept on in peaceful rest.

It is just one hundred years thence, and we celebrate the centennial of one of the most flourishing, and prosperous cities in America—the metropolis of the west, the pre-eminent center of industry and progress.

TIMOTHY QUIGLEY, '04.

Chicago.



HY history, queenly City of the West,
 Thy hardships, strivings, and the wond'rous deeds
 Of thy stout-hearted sons, the world concedes
 To far surpass those tales by fiction drest
 In language Oriental, and their best
 Fades when compared with thine. The nation needs
 Thy industry; continue, let the seeds
 Of greatness, sown in thy productive breast,
 Find ample growth. As thou, unvanquished passed
 From 'neath a fiery ordeal and a cloud
 That black and gloomy o'er thy head long hung;
 So may thy onward march triumphant last,
 With civic virtues graced, with strength endowed,
 While e'er the glories of thy name are sung!

O City Resurrected, can it be
 That thou like Phoenix from thy ashes rise?
 For now thy buildings towering to the skies,
 Proclaim thy signal conquest mightily;
 And far and wide, o'er land and o'er the sea,
 The story marvelous on fleet wings flies,
 That ere the smouldering ember feebly dies
 Already hast thou gained lost liberty.
 Thy star, O City, in its zenith still
 Burns steadily, and shows no sign of wane.
 The world thy progress watches with a thrill
 As thou the brightest leadst the heavenly train.
 Thy motto, let it ever be "I will"
 Nor any dare its sacredness profane.

—B. A. Desmond '06..

A Christian Hero.

A SKETCH

IT is the third century, and fair Rome glitters with all her heathen splendor. Our scene opens in a fashionable avenue where crowds, alive with vivid colors and gaudy attire are leisurely moving to and fro. But it is to a certain Saturinus, a youth of about twenty-five years, that I wish to direct my reader's attention. He is of slight but manly form; his features are delicate and refined; his carriage erect, his step firm. He appears insensible to the passing throng and is exerting all his strength to reach the western suburbs. All the little associations of boyhood, like so many golden cords, bind his heart to a spot without the city. Picture a cozy little nook nestled at the foot of lofty mountains. There is abundance of verdure, with numerous growths of shrubs and trees. The chief attraction is a hurrying streamlet that tumbles down the mountain-side, enters a subterranean course, and suddenly emerging, falls some twenty feet, casting forth ten thousand minute watery globes which are pierced by the golden arrows of the setting sun.

Just as he is entering this favorite spot, in the distance he descries his dear friend Fabius. He pauses until Fabius comes up, and after an affectionate salutation, they engage in confidential conversation.

"You know," continues Fabius, "that his resentment is unjust."

"I know," the other hurriedly replies, "But it is a Christian's part, nay, his duty to forbear."

"I'll try," is the impatient ejaculation; and a dark cloud flits across that passionate face.

Bidding a fond farewell to his friend Fabius is soon lost in the gathering mists of twilight.

Saturinus slowly takes his way up the side of the mountain; and finding a little verdant ledge overlooking the vale below, he throws himself into its grassy embrace. The moon peeping above the eastern hill-tops, the long shadows moving gracefully over the silvered fields, give the scene a dreamy aspect. Wearied from his walk, Saturinus falls into a deep slumber.

"What is that unearthly sound!" cried our hero starting up. "Have I slept here all night?"

Parting the bushes before him, he surveys the surrounding landscape. Something is moving in the darkness. Now the clear light of the moon falls full upon it. It is Fabius, his face in all the agony of terror. Leaping to his feet, Saturnius rushes down the mountain to the scene of action. Concealing himself in a thick clump of shrubs, he watches the movements of a soldier, in rapid pursuit of his terrified victim.

"He will never know me," thought Saturinus, "and will mistake me for poor Fabius." But he shrinks from an action so full of danger. However, mustering all his courage, he rushes into the path of the enraged officer, and is soon locked in his iron grasp.

Twice does the furious Roman strike him with all his strength. Gentle Saturinus recoils from that dark soul gleaming in those burning orbs. But soon recovering his presence of mind, he soothes his captor's raging breast with gentle words, and is light and gay, until the creaking prison-door shuts upon him. Only then do the terrible realities crowd thick upon him. His strength fails him, and faint with sighs and a leaden heart, he falls into a troubled slumber.

A ghastly vision now looms up before him—a coffin draped in black, beside a yawning grave—a gigantic dark figure with one bony hand pointing to the grave and extending the other towards his horrified spectator. Saturinus awakes in gloom and terror, and impatiently paces up and down his cell, panting for his former freedom.

He sleeps again. Now a light of dazzling splendor fills the scene. Before him is a tall cross, and a crown of piercing thorns. Thence a star-lit path leads to a beauteous throne, where a radiant being with flowing garments and angelic countenance holds forth a splendid crown, and gently points to the cross. O, how the sweet sympathetic love of that face thrills his entire frame. "Such joy," thought he, "is insupportable."

He awakes to the commonplace realities of the prison. But there is now a smile of heavenly sweetness on his face, and his eye burns with the mysterious gleam seen only in the countenance of martyrs. "Forgive, O Christ Jesus," he prays, "my momentary faltering, and accept my blood in witness to thy word, and in testimony of my love of Thee."

The cell door flies open, and lo, his captor is at his feet. "What a wretch am I," he cries, "to wrong one so innocent and pure. O happy youth—a vision came to me in my sleep—thou taken from a bleeding cross, to join the company of bright and happy spirits—and I, cast into fire and darkness! Saturinus, thou art convicted of being a Christian and must die. Take me to die with thee, for I long to love the God of the Christians."

The next day as Fabius was passing without the city, he paused to pray beside two rude crosses; and he thought of the tender heart of Saturinus.

FRANCIS J. FOLEY, '06.

Autumn.



MERRY throng of sylvan elves
 Are Autumn's royal knights,
 The rarest fairest following
 Of nymphs and sylphs and sprites.

Such restless, rushing, happy hearts!
 Intent on mischief gay
 Forthwith they romp o'er hill and dale,
 And Autumn guides the way.

The verdant hills by magic touch
 Are colored russet hues,
 The fairies ride the fleeting breeze
 And frolic where they choose.

In fairy boats of wayward twigs
 The elfin brave the brooks,
 Bestowing on the swishing streams
 Their sweetest smiles and looks.

Then Autumn sings a lullaby
 Through roaming woodland winds:
 Each lovely flower in petals tucked
 Soon soothing slumber finds.

A truant song-bird may be seen
 Anent the azure sky;
 He warbles one sweet melody
 And southward starts to fly.

A snow-bird twitters in the beech,
 All hearts of Nature rest.
 Oh, kingly Autumn! Courtiers true!
 Whose gifts could be more blest?

—Charles E. Byrne '06.

The Catholic in Longfellow.

ALTHOUGH Longfellow lived in an age when doctrinal disputes were rife, although he was the friend of such free-thinkers as Channing and Emerson, it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that his poetry reveals trace neither of their influence nor of that of the age in which he lived. When we consider, moreover, the puritanical atmosphere of his New England home, we are surprised to find Longfellow so broad in his treatment of the Catholic, wherever the latter appears in his works. And at the present day, when Catholic subjects and Catholic characters are still receiving unsympathetic treatment at the hands of contemporary writers, it is gratifying to be able to turn to one who in the broadness of his understanding and the generosity of his character, has caught the true Catholic spirit as we see and know it.

To be convinced of the truth of these statements one has only to peruse any of the author's works in which Catholic subjects are touched upon. Take, for instance, his shorter poems, "The Monk Felix," "The Legend Beautiful," "Robert of Sicily"—they all show a sympathy with the subject and an understanding of it, that is truly pleasing to the Catholic heart.

Now, while it is not our intention here to enter upon a glowing eulogy of Longfellow, we wish to record our praise of those characteristics of his nature which have enabled him to recognize and appreciate, where others have sneered and disparaged. And perhaps these qualities are nowhere more evident, than in his "Evangeline," particularly so in the famous church scene, and its aftermath, the desolate picture by the sea-shore.

The church scene, we venture to say, is perhaps the most dramatic in its action that was ever penned by the hand of Longfellow, and hence it is the best adapted to our purpose. It opens in the Village of Grand Pre. The simple Acadian villagers have been summoned to their church to hear read to them the king of England's will in their regard. Scarcely has the last one of them crossed the sacred threshold, when the heavy oaken doors are swung to, barred and bolted. Then from the altar the red-coated captain reads the infamous documents declaring them prisoners and setting forth that they are to be deported from their native land.

Astounded at the intelligence, bereft of the power of action, even of thought, they sit in profound silence staring blankly at one another. This, however, is but the calm before the storm. For in a moment the sacred edifice wherein was wont to arise naught but prayer, words of praise and thanksgiving, is suddenly transformed into a pandemonium by a frantic mob of shouting, cursing and weeping men.

Foremost among them, towering over their heads, with his mighty arms uplifted, is Basil the Blacksmith. Enraged at the injustice of the act and filled with contempt for its perpetrators, he bursts into a fiery denunciation of English tyranny; but scarce have the first few words left his lips when the ruthless hand of a soldier strikes him to the ground. What might have been the climax of this action, what scenes of violence, bloodshed and murder might have resulted are appalling to reflect upon. But fortunately at that moment the door of the chancel opens and Father Felician enters.

With a gesture he awes that seething mob into silence and at once begins to address them. Listen to the words the poet makes him speak—

“What is this ye do, my children, what madness
has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you
and taught you
Not in word alone, but in deed to love one another.
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love
and forgiveness
This is the house of the Prince of Peace,
and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds, and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo, where the crucified Christ from his cross
is gazing upon you!
See in those sorrowful eyes, what meekness
and holy compassion!
Hark how those lips still repeat the prayer,
‘O Father, forgive them!’
Let us repeat that prayer, in the hour
when the wicked assail us—
Let us repeat it now and say, ‘O Father forgive them!’”

Could any words be more beautiful, more tender, more touching than these? Truly the poet has entered into that priest's spirit. Note the personal appeal in the beginning, rising to the grander, the more sublime motive of forgiveness for the crucified Saviour's sake. And note the happy reference to the prayer on our Lord's lips. What could better move their hearts than this; what better soothe their outraged feelings than this recalling of the greater injustice done their Saviour. Then follows a brief description of that sublime service of our Mother Church—the Benediction. The few words devoted to it seem not to emanate from one without the fold, but rather from a faithful heart within. It has always seemed to us that the poet throughout this passage has shown a most marked sympathy and appreciation in his treatment of it. You must admit that the subject was a most delicate one, requiring careful handling. Think of the possibilities that lay in the power of the poet for delineating that one character—the priest—differently. He could have made him a demagogue, urging on his people to further resistance; and under the circumstances we would have sympathized with him. Or, again, he could have made him weak, almost cringing in his attitude to England—and for the sake of what he represents we would have excused and forgiven him.

But no, while our poet shows him as recognizing the injustice done his countrymen and himself, he also represents his Christian manhood triumphing over his outraged feelings, his loyalty spurning to acknowledge an alien yoke, while his sacred character asks forgiveness for the crucified Saviour's sake.

And now to return again to the Acadians. After the conclusion of the church services they are marched to the sea-coast, there to await the ships destined to carry them far from all they might call home—to leave them haunted evermore by the memory of their former peace and bliss, wanderers on this broad continent. Huge fires are lighted, round which the spiritless peasants huddle in dejection,—

“While onward, from fire to fire, as from hearth
to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling, blessing
and cheering
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-shore.”

Of a sudden, however, they are aroused from this lethargy: on the heavens a dark red glow steadily growing brighter and brighter tells its own tale—the village of Grand Pre has been put to the torch.

Sorrow, ruin, despair are all that is left them now. What have they done to deserve this? Why not end it all by casting themselves into the neighboring deep? Such must have been their thoughts; what was there to prevent their execution? Father Felician, who had ever been their refuge in the darkening days of trouble. Thus our poet pays a fitting tribute to that heroic figure which after all is but a type of that class which has yet to be found wanting at such a time.

These, though they are but a few of the many instances that might be brought forward in confirmation, clearly show how sympathetic the poet has been in his delineation of the Catholic. If, however, our modest study of Longfellow in this particular has been unconvincing, we ask no further indulgence for it than that it be regarded as an honest though feeble appreciation of the Catholic ideals of the "people's poet."

JOHN J. CLIFFORD, '05.

The Queen of the West.



HE said " I will," and with her proven skill,
 She speedily ascended Progress' Hill;
 Rose from a quagmire to a bustling town,
 Rose till the fire-fiend pulled her down.
 Then from her ashes with renewed good will
 She sprang, a city that no blaze could kill,
 She sprang, a city set with home and mill,
 And soon she cast aside her girlish gown.
 She said " I will."

She grew in numbers and is growing still,
 She occupies a place none else can fill,
 Pursues her onward path of fair renown,
 Has gained unto herself the western crown,
 And made the golden strings of Progress thrill.
 She said " I will."

—Richard Rooney, '06.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial.

SOME persons attribute their failure in life to "hard luck" or lack of opportunity. But as a rule absolute failure can be attributed only to want of energy and industry. The old saying "perseverance wins success" is true to-day as it ever was. Marked ability and talent are not nearly so necessary in the race of life as industry and a determination to win. There are few obstacles which will not give way to a determined will. Go to work, then, determined to succeed, and whatever your talents may be, whatever your vocation in life, a full measure of success awaits you.

THE CENTENARY.

THE hundredth anniversary of an event as important as the building of the little block-house near the banks of the Chicago river is indeed a time for congratulation. The same indomitable spirit of expansion, which prompted the sending of the little garrison into the wilds of the Indian lands, has manifested itself most notably in the history of Chicago, and today she stands out, one of the marvels of the age.

It is to be regretted, however, that the desire for self-aggrandisement which has erected skyscrapers and done other things equally undreamt of a century ago could not have been held in abeyance by the centennial managers long enough to permit them to realize the full and more patriotic significance of such an event. Chicago, one hundred years old, has something more to show than Chinese pyrotechnics and modern Indian wigwams. There was a certain pathos in the return of the Indian to the scene of his former home; but there was a mocking bathos in the way he bartered his war dance and his profile for his successor's gold. Poor Lo seemed to realize it himself; but the white man has not taught in vain.

There is a lesson in Chicago's centennial for the managers of some features of the St. Louis fair.

R. J. F., '05.

MORE LEVELING.

THE decidedly "leveling" tendencies of the past few decades appear to be bearing their first fruits in no unripened nor mistakable condition. Any movement which has taken up its imaginary cudgel with a "popular" slogan for the defense or advancement of the "common people," no matter what its avowed and ultimate aims, no matter how visionary the dreams and ambitions of its authors, has met with more or less success, the extent of its following varying seemingly with its degree of radicalism and chaotic propaganda. At present in Germany the virus of Herr Bebel is inoculating the Reichstag; in France the ministry is infected; in the United States, unquarantined, the virulent eruptions are appearing in many places, in the "Sociological" schools, the college lecture-rooms, the social settlements, and the misguided labor unions. We have forgotten Czolgosz, but his work remains. Our President must carry a small armament for his personal protection, while an army of secret-service men is constantly employed to keep him from using it. Three of our last seven elected Presidents have fallen by the assassin's hand. Under the emotional lash of socialism, anarchy and abused trades-unionism, thousands of heretofore contented and useful citizens have become a seething menace to themselves and to their neighbors.

But these movements aim directly at our political and economic structures. There is another disease which has been working its

course in a most dangerous quarter and is silently spreading with alarming results. The news has recently come from London that Sir Henry Irving's theater, built a few years ago as a home for all that is best in modern dramatics, has been financially unsuccessful and is to be turned into a music hall. Its fate is but the unfortunate lot of hundreds of high-class houses both in Europe and America, which, during the past few years, have attested the utter fallacy of the idea that, somehow, cheap shows, vulgar literature and yellow journalism are opening the way for a higher universal appreciation of the better forms of art. The drowning man must strive for the shore; he cannot go into deeper water for help. As a fact "vaudeville begets more vaudeville, sensational reading more sensationalism and in general the vulgarization of public taste grows with what it feeds upon." A standard which is placed lower than the highest, always works in the wrong direction.

"Let me write the ballads of a country," said O'Connell, "and I care not who makes the laws." The ballads of a modern nation, with the bards and minstrels of old transformed to foot-light idols must needs include the whole range of dramatic offerings from music-hall to opera house. There is certainly something truly "leveling" in the color and tone which the box-office and the divorce-court impart to the contemporary stage. Taudry "popularity" and blatant "commonness" distinguish it—but where will they end?

R. J. F.

THE COMMON PEOPLE AND EDUCATION.

It seems to us that the question of education engrosses the minds of those only who have chosen education's broad field as the scene of their life's efforts. The common people in whom rests our hope for the future of the Republic, are too wrapt up in their desire for personal gain, to engage in any serious thought upon a subject which appears to them of no immediate concern to themselves.

Indeed they view with perfect equanimity the absorption of the most questionable innovations in the world of education. So rampant has been this indifference during the past decade that it can scarcely be termed an exaggeration to declare that during this period education has undergone more changes than it did in the preceding fifty years.

Now, it is a principle admitted by all that "education should meet the requirements of the times." But is it reasonable to aver that we have undergone changes which justify the use of this maxim in defense of such proceedings as have been witnessed of late years? The question needs no reply.

In the educational field this indifference of the American people has wrought countless crying evils; but none is greater than the banishment of the knowledge of God from the public school. Year after year armies of future citizens emerge from these institutions to take their places in the active streets of life. They have gone through a course of mental discipline; they know the history of their country, and why should we not look up to them with admiration as the pride of the Nation.

Alas! talented, trained mentally, adepts in the arts and sciences they may be; but there is one knowledge which their education has not embraced,—the knowledge of God, their Creator. If fortunately a few do right and work for the preservation of truth and virtue, it is because they have been singularly happy in their domestic environments and blessed in those who were their instructors at the family fireside.

In education this apathy has produced many disorders; but, still more, too numerous to mention, has it brought about in the country at large. And, until the otherwise progressive American people rouse themselves from the sleep of carelessness into which they have fallen, all the vices which now curse our nation will continue to thrive. The disease is deeply imbedded and the remedy must be strong.

Then let our common people, by means of the ballot, secure those who are incorrupt to manage their affairs of state; and let their voice, the voice of public opinion, mould the minds of their legislators to a knowledge of the right. Let them, above all, bring back the banished God to His rightful position in the schools. When this has been done, then, and then alone, shall we secure that blessing of peace and domestic tranquility upon which our very Constitution has been built.

J. F. R. '06.

Book Notices.

A NEW BOOK BY FATHER COPUS.

(TO APPEAR IN NOVEMBER.)

The immediate popularity of "Harry Russell, A Rockland College Boy," has induced the author, Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., to give to the publishers another volume for publication. The first book by this new writer of boys' stories, went through three editions within six months, and the sales are steadily increasing. The new volume bears the title of "St. Cuthbert's" and is the first of a series of three books dealing with the doings and sayings, the fun and occasional troubles of a set of college boys who are placed in an imaginary college which the writer calls St. Cuthbert's.

The forthcoming book is full of life and spirit and will, we are sure, meet with a favorable verdict from those for whom it is intended. The dark as well as the more ideal side of college life is depicted with remarkable fidelity to nature. Of "Harry Russell" it was said by several critics that Father Copus had the power over his readers to produce smiles and tears in rapid succession. In "St. Cuthbert's" this power appears to have been exhibited in a higher degree. There is no preaching in the pages. The story runs smoothly, and the reader finds himself almost unconsciously living over again his own boyhood days with all their charming ideals, and hopes of the future, and intensest enjoyment of the present.

Before long fathers and mothers will be looking around for suitable Christmas books for the young ones. As "Harry Russell" is already on the market, and "St. Cuthbert's" will be issued from the press of Benziger Brothers early in the month of November, parents will thank Father Copus for having relieved them of the anxiety of selecting at least two Christmas books for the children.

Father Copus knows the workings of a boy's mind as few authors know it. There are no long disquisitions of character, yet the reader, while remaining deeply interested in the story, is unconsciously imbibing correct ideas. "St. Cuthbert's" will certainly prove a book after a boy's own heart. The writer makes you live with his boys and feel as they feel. The London (Canada) Free Press in reviewing "Harry Russell," among many other good things says:

"Father Copus has a vivid imagination and a facile pen; his English is colloquial, but not more so than the subject requires. But above and beyond these gifts the writer has an evident love for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, and a desire that if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, his readers shall think on these things and learn of them more surely than by contemplating their antitheses, to avoid the pitfalls of life, and to arrive at an established principle with regard to conduct."

The *Ave Maria*, in writing of "Harry Russell," speaks in the same strain:

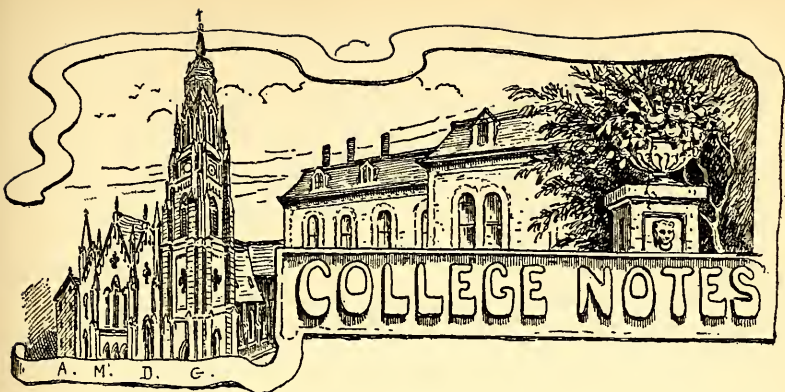
"Such a book is better for boys than a barrelful of sermons."

If the first book of Father Copus can elicit such encomiums what may we not expect of the second?

LA VIDA ES SUENO.

Edited by Staud y Ximenes, professor of Spanish at St. Ignatius College.

This is a handy-volume edition of the famous drama of Calderon, whom many of the best critics rank next to Shakespeare. As there is an ever increasing demand for text-books of Spanish masterpieces, Mr. Ximenes, by editing this work, has done a distinct service both to the schools and the public at large. The volume contains an introduction and notes by the editor.



On September 7th began what bids fair to become the most successful year in the history of the College. The number of students in attendance is far in excess of last year and the enrollment is steadily increasing. The faculty of the College for the ensuing session is as follows:

THE FACULTY

Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J.
President.

Prefect of Studies, Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J.
Prefect of Discipline, Rev. Joseph Kennedy, S. J.

THE COLLEGE.

Professor of Senior Class.....Rev. Edward Gleeson, S. J.
 Professor of Junior Class.....Rev. Edward Slevin, S. J.
 Professor of Freshman Class A.....Rev. Thomas Connors, S. J.
 Professor of Freshman Class B.....James J. Doyle, S. J.
 Professor of Mathematics, Senior and Junior, Senior Science and
 Chemistry.....Rev. J. B. Goesse, S. J.
 Professor of Mathematics, Freshman, Physics and Special
 Science.....P. J. Troy, S. J.

THE ACADEMY.

Humanities A.....Rev. Joseph Hill, S. J.
 Humanities B.....John E. Barlow, S. J.
 First Academic A.....John A. M'Clorey, S. J.
 First Academic B.....I. H. Bosset, S. J.
 First Academic C.....Louis A. Falley, S. J.

Second Academic A.....	Otto J. Kuhnmuensch, S. J.
Second Academic B.....	Joseph P. Fenoughty, S. J.
Third Academic A.....	Rev. Michael Hoferer, S. J.
Third Academic B.....	John A. DeVilbiss, S. J.
Special Classics.....	Rev. J. B. DeShryver, S. J.
	Rev. W. F. Feld, S. J.
Special English.....	Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arnold M'Mahon, Francis Tohan, Joseph Graber, Andrew Hellgeth.

Spanish.....Mr. Staud y Ximenes:

Violin.....Mr. Joseph Pribyl.

Piano and Voice.....Mr. Clemens Hutter.

Rev. John Lodenkamper, S. J., who was instrumental in establishing THE COLLEGIAN, Mr Frederick Siedenbergh and Mr. Grollig of last year's staff are stationed at St. Louis University. Mr. A. Tallmadge is in Cincinnati, and Mr. F. Gosiger in Detroit. Rev. F. Moeller is attached to the pastoral staff of Holy Family Church.

In accordance with a custom of many years, a Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the students assisted, was sung by Rev. Fr. Rector, on Sept. 15th, to implore the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the work of the scholastic year. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Fr. Gleeson. Immediately after this service, the annual reading of the rules took place in the Sodality Hall. In the afternoon the students enjoyed the first holiday of the year.

The evening class of philosophy, which was organized last year, has been resumed this year. As in the preceding session, college graduates, advanced and professional students are eligible for membership. Fr. Gleeson, professor of philosophy at St. Ignatius, will deliver the lectures. The general subject will be Sociology and will be discussed especially as it affects the sociological questions of the present day.

Thomas Maher of the Junior Class was lately called upon to mourn the death of his father. We but re-echo the sentiment of

all the students when we extend him our sincere sympathy and earnestly pray God to grant his father rest eternal.

Charles Conley and Charles McClellan spent an afternoon at their alma-mater before leaving for Rome to pursue their ecclesiastical studies at the American College.

In the scholarship examination, which took place on August 22d, 113 parochial school graduates, representing thirty-four schools, appeared to take the examination. The winners, who are entitled to a free high school and collegiate education at the college are as follows:

The Knights of Columbus scholarship, Damen council 650, was won by George O'Brien of St. Pius school, with an average of 94.77 per cent. Edward Curda of St. Charles school received 93.65 per cent; Joseph Rylands of the Annunciation school, 91.73; Thomas J. Reedy of the Visitation school, 89.3; John W. Murray of All Saints school, 89; Richard Keys of St. James', 85.6; Thomas Kevin of the Holy Family school, 84.4; Charles Marron of the Nativity school, 83.25; Harry Fiesel of St. Mary's school in Evanston, 82.25; Ernest A. Schiedwind of St. Agatha school, 81.75; Frank Furlong of St. Malachi school, 81.4.



It is with pleasure that in a role entirely new to us, we can make our bow before the world of college journalism with words of praise for most of its productions. But lest this method of procedure should lay us open to the charge of flattery, we have, where the occasion warranted, tempered our approbation with less favorable criticism. And not desiring in any case to become too personal, we have adopted a middle course and have made a few general remarks based upon the exchanges that have so far reached our desk.

In the first place what has struck us as most worthy of commendation is the fact that without a single exception all the journals have united in one grand eulogy of the life's work of our late Pontiff Leo. XIII. This is not only a glowing tribute to his memory, but a certain indication of the regard in which he was held by the American youth at large. The malicious remarks which of late years have so often found their way into print concerning the so-called liberalism of the American church and predicting its gradual separation from the Papacy find in this expression of the loyalty of the rising generation to the Vatican, a crushing refutation. But while the spirit thus shown is worthy of the highest encomiums that can be showered upon it, nevertheless, it is to be regretted that many of the articles have not been written by students, but copied wholly or in part from other sources. Now, such a condition of affairs should not be tolerated in college journalism. A college paper is supposed to be the embodiment of the literary efforts of the students whom it represents; and if it is not, then assuredly it is failing to fulfill the end for which it was intended.

Now, not wishing to impute without palliation such a grievous fault to any of our contemporaries we cast about for some explanation of this condition of affairs, and are glad to say that many

extenuating circumstances have been found which may be urged in its defense. In the first place the September issue is the first of the year; so, much is to be condoned that would otherwise be inexcusable. Then as yet we have hardly emerged from the dream-land of summer vacation where the cooling zephyrs scented with the heavy perfumes of summer have left us somewhat drowsy and more prone, as is the case with the small boy, to "copy" than to do our own work. But the chilling blast will soon rouse us from this lethargy and then, Mr. Critic, look out. We'll surprise you or know the reason why.

Apropos of the seasons, we may remark that Autumn is fast becoming a rival of Spring for literary distinction. For while one has traditionally been known as the millennium of the poets, the other is now recognized as the utopia for the literary champion of the king of sports—football. And among the many articles to be found bearing on this subject we think the most ingenious is contained in the September *Redwood*. The author of it has discovered three new rules for that already over-crowded category of youth's duties, making it obligatory upon the student to play football. His proof for the necessity may not be logical, but it is at least convincing. Hence we hope the article may fall into the hands of doting mammas who may thereby be induced to permit their six-foot precious ones to engage in that "really horrid game." The *Redwood* is also to be commended for the poetry contained in this number. The Latin poem on Leo XIII is deserving of special notice. But the short stories—well, the less said the better—how such sentences as these could escape the critical editorial eye is beyond us. "The singers shrieked their peace hymns and the stars came out one by one." "There was a superb light in his eyes and the flames played around his feet."

The first of the October exchanges to reach our sanctum was the "*Longwood Alpha Pi Mu*," Now, wishing to be very gallant we welcomed Miss Alpha with every token of cordiality. But alas on short acquaintance we found what appears like a paradox among things feminine—that "Miss Mu" hadn't any opinions of her own. Of course this may be very commendable in other walks of life, but in journalism it is just the opposite. So, Miss Alpha, we bid you to overcome this shyness of yours, for we are absolutely

certain that you are capable of producing plenty of original matter, deserving to be published, and hence there is no necessity for this wholesale quoting from other sources.

For a good, all around college paper we recommend the October issue of *The St. Joseph's Collegian*. It was so pleasing in its happy admixture of prose, poetry and fiction that we were greatly tempted to appropriate more than our allotted space in pointing out its manifold beauties. We content ourselves by saying a few words about the essay entitled "To the Critic."

The author after reviewing the arguments for and against college papers makes this striking statement which we think eminently true and worthy of quotation: "Had college journalism flourished in Catholic colleges twenty-five years ago as it does today, we venture to say that the Catholic press would be a greater power in the land, that slanders against the church would not go unrebuked, that opportunities to explain Catholic truth would be used to better advantage." This, we think, is the best and greatest argument that could be advanced in favor of college journalism. For what does our Catholic training avail us if through inexperience in public writing we are fearful to use our pen in defense of the Faith, lest ridicule should be heaped upon us. What better means, then, we ask, to overcome this timidity than those offered through the medium of a college paper?

The first greeting from the far off East comes in the shape of the *Niagara Index*. In this case, the "short but sweet" rule does not hold, for besides the regular departments there is scarce anything to interest an outsider. But since this is a "free edition" the editors probably thought it was not worth while to exert themselves.

JOHN J. CLIFFORD, '05.

Societies.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

This society has entered upon the scholastic year under the most favorable auspices. It has a membership of over five hundred and is presided over by Father Copus, who directed it during the past year. The League is especially devoted to the Communion of Reparation, and two students will communicate each day during the school year.

SENIOR SODALITY.

The Senior Sodality held its first meeting September 29. An election was held with the following results:

Prefect, W. Murphy; first assistant, M. O'Shea; second assistant, M. Caplice.

At the following meeting the officers were installed by Father Slevin.

CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

The Chrysostomian Debating Society held its first meeting after the close of a very successful year. The following officers were elected:

Vice-president, W. Murphy; recording secretary, J. Rice; corresponding secretary, J. Clifford; treasurer, J. McCarthy; censors, P. Tuohy and J. Lannon.

LOYOLA SOCIETY.

At a meeting held for the purpose the following officers were elected:

President, Rev. William F. Feld, S. J.; vice-president, Patrick J. Mulhern; recording secretary, James Meskell; corresponding secretary, Michael Carvallo; treasurer, James Keane; censors, Gilbert Buhmann and John Guest.

T. KANE, '06.



THE ORCHESTRA.

A red letter year for the college musical societies has been concluded and a new season begun.

At the Commencement exercises at Studebaker Theater, the orchestra, by its able rendition of classical and light selections in graceful and finished style, excited the admiration and enthusiastic applause of the immense audience. With ten new members it is now intent on surpassing its past triumphs.

By the way, on the fourteenth of October, the director of the orchestra, Mr. Jos. F. Pribyl, was married to Miss Tomec at St. Procopius Church. The orchestra signaling the occasion by presenting their happy leader an ivory and ebony baton with silver mountings.

At the annual election Mr. Jos. D. O'Donnell was chosen vice-president of the orchestra, and Mr. Jas. Carey, treasurer.

A clarinet is now numbered with the many instruments, and it is a very valuable acquisition.

Though some of the uninitiated members may become nervous, and filled with stage fright on their first appearance, it is a certainty that the new and diminutive drummer will not. He can beat up more noise in a minute, than the stock yards' whistles can in an hour. Watch for him!

THE GLEE CLUB.

Last year the Glee Club, under the leadership of Mr. A. Tallmadge, S. J., experienced success after success, and as a climax to its fine record, made a brilliant showing at the Studebaker exercises. As Mr. Tallmadge has gone to Cincinnati, the Glee Club this year will be under the direction of Prof. Clemens Hutter, the well-known glee club instructor and organist at St. Boniface's Church.

Such a large corps of singers have joined the club that surely with the hard-working attributes that characterized last year's aggregation, a superb organization should be formed before the year elapses.

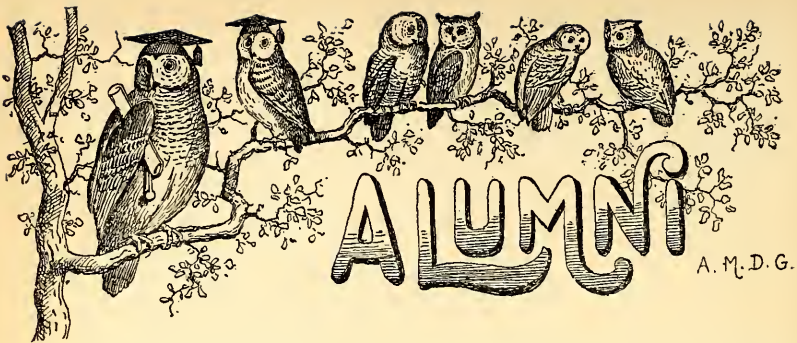
THE JUNIOR CHOIR.

Since Mr. Roy will not teach at the College this year Mr. Hutter will direct the choir also. This organization has a large roster of sopranos and altos, who are now busy practicing their songs. As a result several good soloists should be developed in the course of the year.

Among the latest popular music the following are very pretty and well-written compositions; "Neath Southern Skies," "Peaceful Henry," "Anona," "Bungaloo," "Razzle Dazzle," "In a Shady Nook," "Chocolate Drops," "Maple-Leaf," rag, a clever "characteristique" antique called "In London Town," and an exceptionally beautiful selection, "Hearts Courageous," waltzes.

Now that "Hiawatha" has made such a hit intermezzos are as common as breakfast foods, and few indeed are of any real worth whatever. It is not the cover of a sheet of music that most people buy, as some publishers seem to think. And if as much time were spent on writing the music as is given to making the cover most attractive, there would not be so much worthless paper in the music cabinets.

—C. BYRNE, '06.



No doubt the Alumni of St. Ignatius College will be pleased to see that the boys have resumed the task of quarterly issuing THE COLLEGIAN; for what brings back to mind old college days more vividly, and what more strongly strengthens the bonds of college friendship than a college journal? It is also a source of great pleasure for the present students to hear of the well-doing of those who have pursued the same studies at St. Ignatius.

It is THE COLLEGIAN'S most earnest desire to make this column as interesting as possible and therefore correspondence from former students is solicited. The roster of St. Ignatius students has now become so large, and the "old boys" are so numerous and so widely scattered over the country that it would require a large corps of correspondents to keep track of them. Whenever you meet with or hear of any of the alumni, kindly drop a line to the alumni editor of THE COLLEGIAN and you will receive his hearty thanks.

Mr. Peter C. Murray, a commercial graduate of 1880, paid the college a visit on Sept. 5th. He was accompanied by his interesting little daughter. Mr. Murray gave a discourse on Commercial Enterprise at the Commencement exercises the year of his graduation. At present he is a lawyer in the Office building, Dubuque, Iowa.

Arthur C. Dayton, Commercial, 1900, gave the salutatory this year at the Commencement exercises of the Illinois Law School.

Eugene G. Clancy, 1899, a famous football player in his day, sent us an invitation to his graduation at the Rush Medical College, which took place last June. We understand that Dr. Clancy is now fulfilling the duties of interne in some hospital of New Jersey. On looking over the class-roll of Dr. Clancy we observe that amongst his class mates at Rush were Thomas A. Hogan, John

James, Hugh McShane, Edward Joseph O'Brien and Edward James Rowan, all old St. Ignatius boys.

On the last day of September THE COLLEGIAN had the pleasure of a visit from Celestine McCarren, 3d Commercial, 1901. Celestine and his brother Joseph, Commercial, 1900, are busy managing the Rockford Steam Boiler Works, and supply Rockford and the adjacent country with boilers and steel bridges. Mr. McCarren informs us that George King, who was a classmate of his at St. Ignatius, is engaged in the telephone business at Rockford.

A late caller at the college was Mr. Edmund S. Cavanaugh, Rhetoric, 1895. The Cavanaugh family were staunch upholders of St. Ignatius during the last decade; and it is pleasing to record the success achieved by them in various walks of life. Edmund is in the machinery business at Randolph and Canal Sts., being senior member of the firm, Cavanaugh and Darley. Rev. Clarence Cavanaugh, 1897, is assistant pastor at St. Elizabeth's Church. Clement, 1897, is with the W. P. Rend Coal Co., and John, who left college in 1896, is now in his fourth year at the Rush Medical.

Rumor reaches us that Charles Camp, of Philosophy, 1901, is now a sub-deacon. Charles is studying at the Epiphany College, Baltimore, for the negro mission.

The Rev. John W. Melody, 1885, received the doctor's cap at the Catholic University of Washington on June 10th. Before receiving his degree Doctor Melody had to stand a public examination and write a treatise on "Christian Marriage." Report says that the Doctor is now filling the chair of the late Dr. Bouquillon at the Catholic University, being professor of moral theology.

The Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, Rhetoric, 1890, is doing good work at St. Cyril's College, Chicago. In addition to his collegiate duties he has assumed the editorship of the new Carmelite Review.

Joseph O'Donnell, 1900, lately received the degree of bachelor of sacred theology at the Sulpitian Seminary in Baltimore.

John J. Maloney, 1899, and Emil Geringer, Commercial, 1896, finished their law course at Georgetown University last June; and Alfred Berghoff, 1899, who has completed his law studies at Harvard, has gone back to that institution this year for a graduate

course in law. Mr. Geringer is now in the real estate business with the firm of Geringer and Storkan.

Mr. Edward J. Mehren, 1899, who gained a golden reputation for himself as a commercial instructor at St. Ignatius during the last four years, has taken up an engineering course at the University of Illinois.

The commercial boys on returning to college missed the familiar face of Mr. John C. Gillespie, who has been a favorite instructor for several years. Mr. Gillespie has accepted an important position in the Chicago Custom House.

In addition to two of last year's graduates, two others, Rev. Edward Hoban, Rhetoric, 1898, and Edmund Hanna of Humanities, 1901, have gone to Rome to pursue their ecclesiastical studies.

John C. McCummiskey, 1902, and Joseph Georgen of last year's Rhetoric class are now in the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos. John Lyons of last year's Poetry class, and Thomas Moore and Thomas Egan, students of a few years back, have entered the novitiate at Florissant.

The Chicago American League did not win the pennant this year as we all had hoped and expected. We are so accustomed to see "Charley" Comiskey on top in whatever he undertakes that anything else comes as a surprise to us. By the way Father Corbley has a story that in some very important yard game, away back in the seventies, he was called from left field to replace Charley Comiskey behind the bat, and that this move saved the day. This may be a slander on Mr. Comiskey, but for the sake of history THE COLLEGIAN would like to hear from either him or Father Corbley about this remarkable event.

Speaking of base ball reminds us of something we lately came across in a dusty old scrapbook of the college. The clipping was this: "Down in the shadow of St. Ignatius College which has turned out many ball players in its day from a little diamond in a back yard, a bunch of ball players working in the National league gather once in a while at Johnnie Harding's or some other spot and many a bit of history is spun. Some one said that Hughie Duffy when he first came to Chicago hit a ball from St. Ignatius plate to

Taylor street over the buildings, and that started it." Now, will somebody tell us who this "bunch" of players were, and whether Hughey Duffy ever attended St. Ignatius?

Amongst the new names on the register of Third Academic for this year is that of Wm. T. Delihant. He comes of good stock, and he ought to do well. His father, William T., was a Commercial student from '75 to '77, and his uncle James, who afterwards became a Jesuit priest, was a brilliant student, winning the medal for the English essay while at college. In the same class are two promising sons of Dr. Sullivan. The uncle of these boys, Rev. Maurice Sullivan, was a professor well remembered at St. Ignatius for the long tramps he used to take with his class about the suburbs of Chicago in search of material for his lectures on geology. Father Sullivan afterwards died a missionary in India.

Chester A. Rejch, First Academic, 1900, drops a line from 994 Orleans St., Detroit, to say that his "memory and heart are always with St. Ignatius College, and the sweet remembrance of it will never fade away." Chester and his brother Theophile, after leaving St. Ignatius, spent some time in Notre Dame.

If your memory goes back to 1884 you will remember Joseph Kelly of Humanities and his two brothers, one of whom was drowned in Lake Winnebago. THE COLLEGIAN is glad to record the marriage of Mr. Joseph Kelly to an estimable young lady, Miss O'Hara, whose brother was also once to be found on the roster of St. Ignatius. Mr. Kelly was last year on the teaching staff of the Jesuit College at Fordham, New York. One of his literary labors has been to translate from the Latin an old legal work.

Mr. Joseph Sullivan, quondam student and instructor at St. Ignatius College, is acquiring great fame before the footlights at the Bush Temple Theater. Mr. Sullivan is leading man in the stock company, and he is evidently a great favorite, for Amy Leslie and other stage critics shower lavish praises on him. Mr. Sullivan is ably assisted by George Carroll, Commercial, 1902, who, by bringing a timely message or performing other serviceable duties, foils the villain at critical moments of the play, or helps unravel a thickening plot.

When Rogers O'Neill and Amberg Russell were mining in the wilds of Wyoming last summer, at Riverside, they were delighted

to meet, on the fourth of July, the kindly face of Mr. John W. Winner, a miner and prospector, who sat in the benches of Humanities Class in 1883. By the way THE COLLEGIAN extends its felicitations to Roger's father, Chief O'Neill, for the monumental work he has published on Irish Music. Mr. O'Neill, amidst all the press of business affairs, has found time to collect eighteen hundred Irish airs, many of which have never before been published. This work will be a valuable contribution to the history of music, and at the same time will put in permanent form what is left of the ancient treasury of the Irish bards.

Our readers will be interested in the following extracts from a letter written to one of the fathers of the college by John Hennessy, who spent some time in Mr. McClorey's Third Academic class of 1899-1900. ". . . . as to Spokane, I did not find it the wild western town we hear about in Chicago, but a city which far surpasses Chicago for good street cars at least. It is a large, beautiful, industrious place, with a climate that comes as near to being perfect as can be found. . . . The picture in the catalogue does not do the college justice; it is a much finer-looking building than pictured there, and at present they are building a fine gymnasium, natatorium, etc.

"Joseph Corrigan, who was on the St. Ignatius football team two years ago, and two other boys of Chicago, are here, Venus and Scully; also Mr. James Henaghan, who graduated at St. Ignatius in '01, and who is now one of the instructors in Gonzaga College. Corrigan and Henaghan are looking fine. . . ."

The latest appointee as chaplain of the United States army is the Rev. Andrew C. Murphy, C. M., a native Chicagoan. Father Murphy is at present stationed at Fort Sheridan, but will leave the Fort Nov. 20 with his regiment, which has been ordered to the Philippines. Father Murphy was born on the South Side and served as an acolyte for a number of years at St. James' Church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-Ninth street. He pursued his early studies in the Douglas public school and St. Ignatius College. His theological studies were at Niagara University, and he was ordained a priest of the Lazarist order in St. Vincent's Church, Philadelphia, in 1896. After three years spent in mission work Father Murphy was appointed prefect of discipline at St. John's College, Brooklyn,

a post which he held until appointed chaplain in the army by President Roosevelt. Father Murphy is the first member of a religious community to be appointed to such a post under the United States government. He is not unacquainted with the duties of a chaplain in the army, as he frequently acted in that capacity at the navy yard in Brooklyn for four years.

The graduating class of 1903 have started in earnest on the journey of life. Charles F. Conley and Charles B. McClellan are at Rome preparing for the priesthood. Joseph A. Graber and Andrew H. Helgeth besides being professors at St. Ignatius College are pursuing a law course. Matthew S. Moroney is a professor in the Jesuit school at Kip, Montana. E. Kenna Niles is preparing for a medical degree at the P. and S. John P. Hall is studying electrical engineering at Armour Institute. John Prendergast is studying mining engineering in the Boston Technical School. Henry B. Carrington is occupying a position of importance in an office of Swift & Company. James J. Finnegan is a city salesman for the Franklin McVeagh coffee concern.

William P. Long, of last year's Rhetoric class, is preparing for the priesthood at Niagara University.

James A. Griffin, also of last year's Rhetoric class, is preparing for the priesthood at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis. Edmond Hanna, Humanities, 1901, and Rev. Edward Hoban, Rhetoric, '98, have gone to Rome to prepare for Holy Orders.

HECTOR BROSSAU, '05.



FOOTBALL.

St. Ignatius, 22.

Morgan Park, o.

In all the years in which St. Ignatius has struggled for supremacy and glory on the gridiron, she never witnessed prospects more gloomy than those which confronted the team of '03 at the beginning of the present season. Of all last year's victorious squad, Captain O'Shea was the only one to report for practice. The scarcity of suitable material, and the lack of enthusiasm among the students had never been more noticeable. But as the season advanced the prospects for a successful eleven grew brighter and brighter. A few of the veterans of '02 gradually returned to the college, and the hopes of coach Byrnes and of the students were correspondingly raised.

From this time the effect was almost magical. New material began to pour in and the new men of '03, with the veterans of last year as a nucleus, began to assume a somewhat tangible form. With the efficient management of Coach Byrnes, every day contributed toward the formation of a team strong and skilled in the finer and more scientific points of the game.

The first real game to test the ability of the St. Ignatius squad took place on October 22d, at Morgan Park. The reputation which Morgan Park Academy had made this year, for hard, fast play, caused the St. Ignatius contingent many minutes of doubt as to what would be the final score. But out-classed in every feature of the contest, Morgan Park was unable to stop the determined onslaughts of Graber, O'Shea and Devine. Five and ten yards at a plunge was the pace set by the backfield. The contest was too one-sided to keep the interest of the spectators at a

fever heat, but the spurts of real, determined football which time and again distinguished the playing of our opponents, kept the game from developing into what might otherwise have appeared a foot-race.

In spite of the determined work of Morgan Park, their goal line was crossed three times in the first half, while in the second half, after eight minutes of play, in which another touchdown was registered, the game was called on account of darkness.

Graber, Devine and E. Prendergast played the star game for St. Ignatius, while for the Academy, the work of Captain Wrigley was especially noteworthy. In the words of the *Tribune*, "The result was a surprise, considering the scores of Morgan Park; but the College boys put up the better game, and deserved to win."

THE SCORE.

Morgan Park (0).		St. Ignatius (22).	
R. E.	Garrett	McCarthy.....	L. E.
R. T.	Newburn.	Johnson.....	L. T.
R. G.	Thier Faulk	Doyle.....	L. G.
C.	Zeiks	Prendergast	C
L. G.	Donnaly	Congheim.....	R. G.
L. T.	Phillips	Helgeth.....	R. T.
L. E.	A. Strauss	Meiney.....	R. E.
Q. B.	Smith	Siger	Q. B.
R. H. B.....	Wrigley	O'Shea.....	L. H. B.
L. H. B.....	Rixner	Graber.....	R. H. B.
F. B.	H. Strauss	Devine.....	F. B.

Score—St. Ignatius, 22; Morgan Park, 0. Place and date—Morgan Park, Ill., Oct. 22, 1903. Touchdowns—O'Shea, Devine (2), Graver. Goals—Graver (2). Referee—Oberg. Umpire—Prendergast. Linesmen—Carter, Lagario. Timekeeper—Felsen-ther. Time of halves—15 minutes.

St. Ignatius, 0.

Rush Medical, 5.

October the 24th was the day fated to see the College eleven go down in defeat before the bulk and brawn of much heavier opponents from the Rush Medical College.

Though our backs were time and again hurled at the opposing line, they were unable to make those consistent gains which had been so characteristic of their former playing. For the first half, the team work and the determined playing of St. Ignatius proved

too much for the "Docs" to overcome; but in the latter part of the game the grinding, over-powering force of the medics began to tell. The energy of our men seemed to become exhausted, their resistance to be ineffectual. Little by little, straight buck after straight buck, the enemy approached our fifteen-yard line. Here Dondanville, breaking through our tired and weakened line, shook off the first two men that tackled him, dodged the next, and with a clear field, sped swiftly toward the goal line.

The touchdown seemed to fill our men with new energy. Every fiber of their bodies was strained to cross the Medic line. But unfortunately their efforts came to naught, for time was called.

The tackling of M'Carthy and O'Shea were the features of the game for St. Ignatius. In line plunging and beautiful tackling Dondanville played the star game for Rush.

THE SCORE.

Rush Medics (5).		St. Ignatius (0).	
R. E.	Laird	McCarthy.....	L. E.
R. T.	Leete	Johnson.....	L. T.
R. G.	Nickerson	Helgeth.....	L. G.
C.	McKenna	E. Prendergast.....	C
L. G.	Harnes	Coughlin.....	R. G.
L. T.	Pierson	Mulvihill	R. T.
L. E.	Garrity	Devine, Meaney.....	R. E.
Q. B.	King Underwood	Seger, O'Shea.....	Q. B.
R. H. B.....	Dondanville	O'Shea, Devine.....	L. H. B.
L. H. B.....	Senn	Graber	R. H. B.
F. B.	Kenwick	J. Garrity.....	F. B.

Score—Rush, 5; St. Ignatius, 0. Touchdown—Dondanville. Referee—Byrnes. Umpire—McDonald. Linesmen—Troutman and Buchanan. Timekeepers—Morgan, Cunningham. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Academic Department.

For the sake of new students, be the following announced: That, according to old and tried laws of college life, no clapping should be indulged in, unless a day of recreation be given. For when applause is heard all naturally suspect that school will adjourn for a day or so, and some students are likely to grow sick from very joy.

The signals had been muddled, and, in consequence, both right and left ends were sprawling on the ground. "Ah," said the seedy little coach of Wayback College, with a sigh of relief, "at last we have found a way to make both ends meet."

A Young Fox, wandering about Daly for Weeks in search of a Guest, at last found a porcupine with a Keane in his hand and a Quill behind each ear. Under his arm he Carey-ed a package of Fish. The Fox attempted to slay him, but the Wiley porcupine exclaimed: "Remember, thou must not kill. I, an old porcupine, have not Moles-ted thee." The Fox, softened by these words, merely took Ahearn from the package and, letting go the old fellow, went on-Ward to renew his search.

Mrs. Hayrick was reading her son's account of his football prowess. "Hiram sez that he is half-back by this time." "Wal," said the head of the house (?), "I didn't think he'd get tired of collige so sudden like."

With the kindest of apologies to Edmund V. Cooke, we wish to offer the following parody on his original poem:

PLUG.

If you're back in all your studies
And you wish to get along,

Plug.

If you want to see things righted
When everything goes wrong,

Plug.

For school-life is a hard one,
That no one will deny,

So mark the word, I tell you,
And its meaning don't belie,
The only proper watch-word
On which you can relie,
Is plug.

If you wish to make the ball team,
And it isn't such a snap,
Why, plug.

Don't mind every kick, and bump,
And knock, and bruise, and rap,
Just plug.

For there are some men on that team,
Who don't know how to play,
And the best of them, no matter who,
Shall some time see his day,

So if you see the coach with disapproval look your way,
Then's your time
To plug.

—J. MURRAY, HUMANITIES.



The First Christmas.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. II

Chicago, Ill., January, 1904

No. 4

The First Christmas.

SECOND PRIZE.

A

ALL din had ceased, and Bethlehem deeply slumbered,
Wrapt in a soft thin haze of misty gray;
Fallen through Heaven's azure vault moonbeams unnumbered
On the moist roofs in silvery showers lay.

The air was still,
Save on the hill,

Where restless herds anon stirred to and fro
And voices of the shepherds, deep and low,
Chanting the night away, fell on the ear.

↳

But see! a dazzling lustre floods the skies,
All mortal eyes are blinded by the sight;—
From the celestial court an angel flies,
And glad hosannas thrill the ear of night.
The shepherds fall
In sudden thrall,

While o'er their heads the angel's voice is ringing,
And thro' Heaven's dome angel choirs are singing
"Glory to God on high, and peace to men!"

" Go, follow yonder brightly shining star,"
 The words were deep and rich with melody:
 " Seek where its silvered glances thickest are,
 The Christ-child, in a manger there will be.
 Ye shall adore
 Whom Mary bore,
 The Long Expected of the chosed race,
 Ye shall behold the Infant Jesus' face,
 Luminous with love and mercy towards mankind.



The simple peasants listened to the words,
 Which Israel had for ages longed to hear;
 Then, with a childlike faith, they left their herds,
 And sought the star-lit stable, standing near.
 On bed of straw
 A Child they saw,
 Warmed by the gentle breath of soft-eyed kine;
 Silent they knelt before this primal shrine
 Of the weak Babe who came the world to save.



Drawn is Time's dusky shroud about that night,
 Yet, in our minds its loved traditions stay;
 Year after year, as milestones in our flight,
 Joyous, we celebrate the Christmas day,
 All lands rejoice,
 All men find voice
 To pour out heartfelt thanks unto their Lord,
 And, when their echoes fall, is ever heard
 " Glory to God on high, and peace to men! "

B. A. DESMOND, '06.

The Feast of Christmas.

THIRD PRIZE.

DO not for an instant, gentle reader, imagine that it is our intention to force upon you a tedious collection of abstract ideas on this subject. That is not our object. We intend merely to place before your mental view some simple and evident reasons why every true Christian feels his heart glow with rapture at the approach of this beautiful feast.

For a few moments only, we will beg of you to forget the realities of the present and accompany us back into the primitive ages of the world. In fancy let us soar aloft into the blue dome of heaven and take a bird's-eye view of the entire globe. Far below us, we behold this tremendous sphere. We are charmed with the variety and magnificence of the picture which bursts upon our view. Far and wide lands are seen, rich in verdure and clothed in all the variegated colors of the rainbow. Here and there the snowy crest of a lofty mountain glistens in the golden sunlight. Little vales endued with nature's fairest gifts nestle modestly in some grand mountain range's lofty bosom.

We notice, moreover, that while some countries are basking in all the beauty and loveliness of summer, others are decked in the crystal charms of winter. Here and there placid rivers flow through the landscape and join the ocean. The latter in one vast expanse of shimmering water surrounds all the land and stretches away as far as the eye can reach. Finally, to the extreme north and south a perpetual crown of glittering ice reflects back the slanting rays of the sun.

At first we descry very few human beings moving about the scene. Gradually the number increases, so much so, that they can no longer dwell in the same spot. Hence forming separate bodies they begin to live apart. Time rolls on and each of these communities becomes more strikingly individual. In fact, in a short time almost every man is ready to preserve with his blood the individuality of the nation of which he is a member.

Soon the number of nations as well as the magnitude and power of each is vastly increased. Cities spring up in every quarter of the globe. Brilliant metropolises stand on majestic riv-

ers, and little hamlets nestle in the deep verdure of mountains. Domes and palaces glisten in the rays of the noonday sun. Everywhere we behold the intellect of man exerting its influence and conforming to the mighty intellect of God. Mighty battles rock empires to their foundations; and one country after another rising from the very dust and surmounting the crystal throne, places the banner most dear to its heart before the eyes of the admiring world.

Well-disciplined bodies of Assyrians and Babylonians are anxious to lay down their lives to uphold their national glory. The patriotic Greeks and the noble Romans each rally about an ideal of their own, and when we view the mighty achievements which they have wrought and sealed with their blood, we feel our own bosom heave with pride and admiration.

Deeply imbedded in the heart of the ancient is the spirit of religion. Behold the various gods and goddesses, each representing some beautiful ideal, either strong and manly or delicate and sympathetic, and tell me not that the ancients were an irreligious people. Yes, in the darkness and mist into which all men had been precipitated, with tears of sorrow these unhappy mortals sought their God.

Lofty towers spring into the azure dome of heaven, and in these solitary abodes, high above the noise of the world, the champions of science take delight in unfolding knowledge which was hidden from the rest of their fellow-men.

The gloom of war darkens the landscape, and again the bright sun of peace appears. We see a generation frantic over some dazzling theme of the hour. Fiery orations rend the air. Thousands of minds are wrapped in this phantom. Then in a short time we see only their tombs. These men have enjoyed themselves for a time and again returned to the dust from which they came.

The poets, frenzied with the topics of the hour, and a certain imaginary happiness, have described paradises of bliss, bathed in all the glowing charms of fancy. But be not dazzled by the apparent and startling glory of their drama. These ardent spirits have purged away all the pain and sorrow of the reality and have left us simply the glittering beauty of their dream.

But let us take courage, gentle reader, and view the reality in all its ugliness and horror. Study their literature closely and try to think and feel as they did. Despite their haughty mien, we feel their hearts throbbing for something they know none can give. Try to conjure up all their thoughts, their aspirations, their sorrows,

their joys. How miserable must have been an existence which they knew must sooner or later terminate! And what then? Nothing was held up to their terrified gaze but the cold grave. The poor, helpless creature, as weak as a babe in its mother's arms, must brave alone all the chilling horrors of the tomb! Oh, how inexpressibly sad must have been that long, cold night of sorrow!

But, to add to their misery, the vast majority of men were slaves! Yes, slaves of the meanest and most servile nature. Their inhuman masters possessed the power of life and death over their numerous unhappy victims whom they treated as the very beasts of the field. Only the few were free, and they were the powerful, the rich,—the so-called noble. Talents, virtue, and all that is sublime in man's nature, was made to cringe before the frightful visage of might,—brutal might.

It is true, a Lycurgus, a Solon, and many others were champions of the people. But in reality their feeble efforts were like the sun struggling through the dense mists of early Autumn.

So we see that while the unhappy ancient easily recognized the beauty of the more striking and more sensible virtues, on the other hand he could not understand those finer shades of virtue which distinguish spirituality. As often, over the fairest landscape there hangs a threatening cloud, and all gaze in terror at the gloomy forebodings of an impending storm, so then, all men looked from one to another for a gleam of hope, but found on every countenance only the dark image of despair, while passions like fiery demons stalked abroad in this vast scene of intellectual darkness, spreading destruction far and wide.

But, lo, a hush suddenly falls upon the noisy world! And behold, there is a faint blush of dawn in the east. Yes, this long night of sorrow is drawing to a close. God, all-wise and good, sees with a sigh the sufferings and agonies of his poor creatures, in reality so weak and helpless, but in their own opinion, alas! so great and self-sufficient!

But even when the very day was dawning so hardened were men from trials and suffering, that they saw it not, but continued in their same unhappy state. The very angelic choirs—those grand spiritual natures endowed with all the powers of the keenest intellectuality which in a flash traverses the whole of creation, and with the sublimest emotions of the noblest hearts, deeply felt for man's unhappy state, and afar in their heavenly abode, wept with him during that long night of sorrow.

But imagine the boundless joy which swelled their hearts when the great Lord of creation determined, out of pure love and sympathy for man, to come down and partake of his very sufferings in their keenest and most poignant form. Imagine, I repeat, if you can, what that joy must have been, when on that holy night, amid a flood of golden light, they appeared in the clouds of heaven, singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and descending, unburdened, to the simple-hearted shepherds, a portion of that joy which, it would seem, they could no longer bear alone. What joy it must impart to every true Christian to call to mind, at this happy season of the year, that beautiful starry night, when in the simple manger of Bethlehem was born the Saviour of the world—the King of kings—the Conqueror of conquerors.

Witness His whole life,—one simple tale of boundless love. He was so truly great and noble and yet so humble and lovable, so self-sacrificing, so lonely and sorrowful, so immaculate and yet so human. We can scarcely conceive how such a link could have been made to join man and God. For while on the one hand He possessed the inconceivable greatness of God, on the other he had all the characteristics of man, save one,—sin. A nature so sensitive was His, that the very least slight thrilled Him to the heart. See how throughout His whole life He pines and longs for man's love. Despite all the hardships and coldness with which He is received, His heart is so rich in warmth and sympathy that after He has exhausted every means of showing His love for man, He lays down His very life for the good of humanity. We appeal to History, and we defy her to show one other hero so noble, so sublime; nay, we appeal to Fiction, to Fancy, and defy them to produce a character so truly beautiful. Verily, truth is more wonderful than fiction.

A hush falls upon the throng as His beautiful words fall from His lips. The consoling truths of redemption, never heard before, are at last revealed to men. But they are mute with wonder. The revelations are so far removed from all that is human, coming fresh from the bosom of God, that men cannot begin to conceive them. The ancient pagan could understand the beauty of honor, of integrity. But from the idea of loving and befriending his enemy he shrank in disgust. What an unmanly act, so repugnant to his whole nature! And yet this is what this heavenly Messenger declared.

But by the almighty power of God, in the face of all opposi-

tion, Christ's Church sprang rapidly into being and flourished. But what torrents of pure Christian blood were spilt during those cruel and deadly persecutions of our early brethren. The Church was enshrouded in the densest gloom; but she continued ever advising her children and teaching them by word and deed to be constantly loyal to their divine Saviour.

At last this terrible probation came to an end, and during the reign of the great Constantine, under the banner of the Cross, she triumphed over the mighty empire of Rome. The pure light of faith now began to diffuse itself over the whole earth. Its warm rays began to melt away the long frozen fields and waters of that vast empire, and to convert them into verdant plains and sweetly flowing streams. The landscape is more charming in its new condition. All the monarchs of the earth came and laid down their crowns and sceptres at the feet of the holy Pontiff, the visible head of the true Church. All the feasts were celebrated, but none with more fervor and with more touching ceremony than the lovely feast of Christmas.

Christmas became a season of love, when the hearts of all men were softened by the glowing fire of charity. Little legends, like garlands, were entwined about this feast by fancy's delicate fingers. Thus, the jolly northman came with gifts for the little ones, making them rejoice in their sleep, and in the happy land of dreams gladdening their hearts with the bright anticipations and expectations so characteristic of childhood.

While the snow was softly glistening under the twinkling stars, how cozy seemed the little church at the midnight dawn of Christmas! It was a very paradise of love. The variegated shades of light shone softly through large collections of the fairest and most delicate flowers, while the little sanctuary lamp burned softly before the tabernacle. I will not, gentle reader, introduce you into the realms of spiritual beauty,—the aspirations and the expressions of love which ten thousand hearts are laying at the feet of the Infant Jesus.

So our mother the Church has ever continued, like a beautiful angel, to point to the cross as the only means for unhappy man's salvation.

And yet we find degenerate men who scoff at our simple adoration and love for the feast of Christmas. For shame! How can a man who deserves the name be guilty of such meanness. The very Man who freed him from the slavery of the brute, he now reviles.

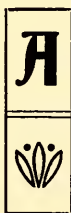
If ever you should meet such a monster, tell him, reader, that Jesus has sealed his love for us with His blood, and that torrents of our Christian blood have flowed for Him in the past and will again in the future, if He requires it. Tell him that we have chosen the cross, formerly the emblem of shame, and painting it in gold bear it aloft in the clear dome of heaven! and that it is the greatest pride of our hearts to live and die Christians.

Lo, His feast returns again! Then fall on your knees, oh Christians, and prepare to welcome your King. As the Conqueror of conquerors, Christ Jesus, we salute Thee! Gloria in excelsis Deo!

FRANCIS J. FOLEY, '06.

New Year's Eve.

THIRD PRIZE.



As loath as Summer's pining rose
To heed the call of Time,
The old year leaves the smiling world
To enter Death's drear clime.

The tidings glad the chime essays,
With silver voice and loud,
To murmur in the waiting ear
Of lowly folk and proud.

The echo of its music creeps
The mortal's soul within,
Forgetful slumber casting o'er
The lurking cares therein.

Make haste to flee, ye shades of woe!
A new year now is born;
And in Life's book a spotless page
Will catch the smiles of morn!

—J. F. RICE, '05.

The Deluge of the Snow.

FIRST PRIZE.

A



T eve, I slept; and in my sleep, I dreamed
 An angel came, and stirred my slumb'ring couch,
 And bade me rise and listen while he spake:
 " Hast heard thou of the Deluge of the Snow?
 Be patient, then, and thou shalt know it well,
 When all the earth was saturated through
 With dreaded darkness; and the golden sun
 Lay still unborn, within the womb of Night;
 And yon fair moon, begotten of the sun,
 Was yet to be; and every shining star,
 That walks the night, stood waiting for the word;
 And all that was, was matter nebulous;
 A mighty battle shook the walls of heaven.
 'Tis known, how fell proud Satan from his seat;
 Of hell's creation, and the birth of Light;
 Then, how the earth was fashioned, and the sky;
 And how, when all was finished, order reigned.
 'Twas then, fair creature, that the Master spake,
 Unto his faithful clients, this command:—
 " Go ope the gates, and let the first snow fall,
 Upon my Earth, and make it beautiful !"
 Then, straightway, from the skies, the myriads fell,
 A countless milk-white host, a crystall'd rain,
 Which burned the verdure of the verdant mead,
 And robed the earth, as with a nuptial gown.
 Then vastly, hills and mountains were devoured;
 And wilds, and darkened forests were consumed;
 Then, valleys rose until they met the plain,
 And risings, too, fast wasted to the earth.
 Nor ceased it, till it covered all the land.
 Until the high-peaked mountain disappeared.
 Then, stood the mighty Master on a star
 That shone the brightest in the stellar field;
 And gazed, with pleased vision,—all below
 Upon the world entombed,—and turning spake:

‘Behold, my loves, the Deluge of the Snow,
Which I have sent, wherewith to purify
This new created offspring, of my hand!’ ’

Thus far I heard; no more; for, as He spoke,
Fair Morpheus touched me, and I fell asleep.

URBAN KILLACKY, '05.

The Unequal Distribution of Wealth.

FIRST PRIZE.

IN a time like the present century when our country is teeming with prosperity, when capital and labor have formed and are forming their gigantic combinations and are locked in a death-struggle, when the lock-out of the employer and the strike of the employe, the injunction against the worker, and the boycott of the manufacturer are being bandied from side to side, it is no wonder that socialism and socialistic doctrines fill the press, and that their propagators find ready listeners to their street-corner tirades against law and order.

And once again is heard through the length and breadth of our land the trite, time-worn slogan of socialism, the same cry that has echoed and re-echoed through the dim halls of the ages from the time the Gracchi gathered their first audience in the shadows of Rome's Seven Hills, till today when the eloquent thunder of a Herron is ringing in our ears.

The unequal distribution of wealth! It is a cry every age has heard and of which the eighteenth century especially can give bloody testimony in the dark days which France, ill-starred, liberty-loving France, saw during the dominancy of Marat, Robespierre and Barere. Full many a head then dyed to crimson the axe of the guillotine, in a futile attempt to rectify this inequality. And so we could turn page after page of history and cite instance after instance where nations have tried, and tried in vain, to equalize and mollify this apparent injustice.

To the superficial and especially to the penurious superficial observer, this apparent injustice is real and pertinent; for to him the argument of these glib and voluble demagogues is sound and flawless. "All men are created equal, and as such should have

an equal share in the world's good." "Certainly," says he, "that's plain." But is it true, my worthy friend, did He make all men equal? Look around in the buzzing hive of humanity. See that skillful mechanic and this poor digger in the ditch,—that talented lawyer and polished rhetorician, and this poor automaton at a machine. Tell me could that poor digger take the place of that skillful mechanic, or that factory-hand the position of the lawyer? "Absurd," instantly rises to your lips; and in nine cases out of ten you would speak the truth and the reason is an evident one. That God has made us all equal is plainly disproved by Christ's parables, especially that of the talents, in which God is represented as giving five talents to one, three to the second and one to the third. What further proof can you demand than the testimony of your senses and of your God?

And then the socialist, or socialistic advocate, will unmask his last, his heaviest battery and clear for action. "We may not be equal in quality or talents, but we have equal rights." All men have equal rights and that very fact which you bring forward to substantiate your position, and to clinch your argument is itself the strongest factor that militates against your doctrine.

All men have equal rights; equal rights to a livelihood, equal rights to the fruits of their toil and the sweat of their brow, equal rights to the achievements of their genius and industry, equal rights to the results due their prudence and frugality. And the very right the socialist preaches would war against the other rights, the primary rights of every God-fearing, industrious and energetic man. And in whose favor? In favor of that gentleman of leisure who frequents our gilded palaces of vice, of that pleasure-seeking youth, that fleeced, impoverished gambler, and that work-fearing advocate of rest and idleness, the tramp.

Should the honest artisan who works ten hours a day in a stuffy shop, or outside when the mercury woos the zero mark, in a nerve-wrecking attempt to lay aside a few dollars for the rainy day; should the energetic business man who sits at his desk from dawn "till twilight falls," whose every sinew is strained toward the goal of his ambition, success in his avocation; should the wealthy capitalist, who began his business career with nothing save the clothes he wore, but by indomitable perseverance, body-rending parsimony and prudent foresight rose in wealth and fortune; should the son of that capitalist, who won because he toiled, al-

though he earned not a cent of his wealth, should he, should all these men, the successful, the prosperous, be expected to share with the flotsam and jetsam, floating aimlessly on the high sea of human existence?

And if such a division were made, though any sane man can discern its impracticability, how long would the equality of wealth last? The very causes which have created, are creating and will prevent its destruction in years to come, would soon tend to restore the wealth whence it came. Men's nature and divers inclinations would induce some to save and many to save as they are doing today. In one year, and only one year, there would go up a renewed clamor for a new division. And if ye are consistent, ye ministers of this new regime, you would have to grant it and with what results? It would cause a stoppage, an instant, immediate stoppage in the moral, physical and financial growth of our nation. Work would cease on this globe; crops would rot in the fields, machines would rust and fall away, and man's mind, like the offspring of his intellect, would rust and decay into early senility. For who would toil and sweat at his work, when the only incentive to work was taken away? Would you pull and toil? Would I? Not by any means. When my money was spent I could ask for a new division, and it could not be refused. Thus the ideal state you so fondly and glowingly picture, looms up in the distance like the dream of some Utopia, or like the chimera of a pain-stricken soul.

But even with man's nature excluded from consideration, nature itself would soon change the equality. Could a man with a stony plot of almost sterile soil, beneath the bleak climate of New England, hope to store in his granaries as abundant a crop as his compatriot of the Dakotas with his fertile loam and glorious climate? Can one man cope against droughts and floods, against blights of bird and insect pest, and reap the same harvests as he who has nought to fight against, and is blessed with all the favors a bounteous nature can bestow? It would be absurd to think so, and yet we have only to look to our own country for countless originals of the pictures I have tried to paint for your better discernment.

It is not for man to change what God has ordained—a God of wisdom and foresight, into whose depths man, mortal man, can never hope to peer. And as we hope for life eternal, glory and a crown, we must deal during this, our time of probation, with the

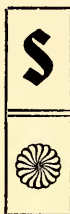
problems He sets before us. His every deed and word bespeak this fact. He has openly declared it in his parables; He has shown it just as clearly when nature, the offspring and instrument of his infinite mind, levels with a thunder-bolt one man's fields and home, and when it only refreshes with a pleasing rain another's crops.

No, it is not for man, humble, lowly man, to change what God has disposed. We are creatures of His will, creatures whose probation is not for long, and it is for us only to adopt the sentiments of our Saviour, "God's will not ours be done."

M. J. CAPLICE, '04.

The First Christmas Morn.

THIRD PRIZE.



SHEPHERDS sleeping,
 Justly reaping
 Honest labors guerdon sweet,
 Dream a vision,
 Strange, elysian,
 With celestial bliss replete.

Luna's tresses,
 Sweet caresses
 Of the Zephyr humming low,
 Bless their somber
 Placid slumber
 Full of dreamland's tender flow.

Music swelling,
 Sorrow quelling
 Breaks upon the midnight breeze;
 Shepherds waken,—
 Flocks forsaken,—
 Hark to Heaven's sweet decrees.

As they listen,
 Their eyes glisten
 With the joys of Paradise;
 Angels voicing
 News rejoicing,
 "Wake, near by the Infant lies!"

“ Not in splendor,
That Love tender,
But He sleeps in manger-bed.
Cold cruel stone
His royal throne,
Arrowed wind, his purple spread.”

“ Honor Him
In Bethlehem!”
Then the vision, heavenward fled.
They in fear,
But faith sincere
To the infant Saviour sped.

Grecian art,
Poet's heart,
Never breathed of charms so rare,
As the peasants
When in presence
Of that infant Cherub fair.

Fly afflictions,
Benedictions
Warm their simple faithful hearts;
Grace supernal,
Peace eternal
Through each throbbing channel darts.

—J. G. MULCAREK, '06.

American Free Thought.

SECOND PRIZE.

PREDOMINANT among the many characteristics of the American people has ever been an inherent love of liberty. It was this principle, during the weary years of the Revolution, that animated our forefathers to do battle in defense of their rights as men with the injustice of tyranny. This same principle it is that today inspires in the very nature of the American citizen a hatred of such governments as that of the unenlightened Russian and of the intolerant, blood-craving Ottoman. Truly our beloved nation's greatest boast is the desire of its people to witness always and everywhere toleration and fair play.

To any nation the love of such a boon would be a credit; to ours it is something infinitely higher. True liberty is to the American a precious heirloom bequeathed to him by men who have shed their life's blood in its defense. In its sacred form he perceives at once all that the aristocratic Roman beheld in the military renown of his country, and all that the cultured Grecian beheld in the cherished artistic supremacy of his people.

But true liberty, it must be understood, is not, as some have conceived it to be, absolute freedom from all restraint, lawful or unlawful, physical or moral. This fallacious idea or interpretation of liberty has wrought countless disorders throughout the entire universe. In fact, it is, so to speak, the very hot-bed of all discontent.

Now, we may well ask, has liberty thus degenerated in America, where, before the astonished eyes of Europe it was cradled and nursed to maturity? Ah! to know the reply we have but to look about us in the busy streets of life. In our journals, which demand their civil rights only to violate true moral liberty, free-thought, implied or expressed, is the topic of the hour. In the province of true religion we observe myriads of people, American people, imbibing the poisonous theories of the religious fanatic. Honor, justice, religion, the boasted American manliness, all have been sacrificed on the altar of so-called scientific research and commercialism. And, as a climax, we gaze with amazement upon the

slumbering embers of anarchy, which await only the passionate eloquence of some mentally-diseased malcontent to fan their feeble spark of life into a fire of demoniac frenzy.

The ghastly form of this reptile, when it breaks forth, excites in our people only helpless horror, as it grapples with the might of the law. They stand aghast at the survival of the foul weed which they have fondly thought annihilated. That such a curse should baffle the efforts of staid, undemocratic Europe to suppress it, appears quite in the natural order of events. But the fact that, in an existence of little more than a century, a nation, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," should have seen three of its rulers fall victims to the vengeful assassin, is nothing more than a stern, bewildering actuality. "Why are things so?" they ask, as did the indolent people of Athens, centuries ago, when Philip of Macedon, taking advantage of their lethargy, stripped them of their possessions.

Yet, the cause of anarchy and similar ulcers, together with the most available remedy, is constantly brought to the notice of our deluded people. Freedom can be and has been abused in our country. By free-thought and indifference to religion we have cast aside all the opposing barriers of true liberty; and delight in doing aught that savors of what might well be termed, "latter-day liberty." So blind indeed are we, exulting in the indulgence of our cravings, that even a striking event on the stage of life produces no more impression upon our minds than one enacted on the unreal stage of the theatre. When the illustrious Leo XIII entered into the vale of death, the rulers of the world, from the Orient to the Occident, the most uncompromising monarch, as well as our own democratic President, sent to the Vatican messages of condolence expressive of a sorrow too obviously genuine to be impugned. And why this consideration to a Roman Pontiff? It was, we make bold to say, because the rulers recognized in the venerable Leo the head of the greatest existing kingdom, the spiritual realm of Christianity, the sole barrier between themselves and the assassin's thirsting dagger! The world indeed acknowledges the fact, but on account of a bigoted love of false liberty, turns a deaf ear to the appeals of truth and morality.

So must it be till there comes an awakening. As long as this veil of indifference blinds our eyes to a sense of right, as long as the deified dollar engrosses our homage, and as long as the youth of the country are kept in ignorance of those moral principles

without which there can be no incentive to virtue, so long will anarchy, socialism and the various evils now gnawing at the vitals of the Nation, continue their deadly work. Legislation, isolation and other measures, more or less infantile, are worthy of the minds to which they owe their origin. To take official cognizance of the anarchist is to make a martyr of one who is now a mere slave to an unbridled passion, and, furthermore, would be an effort to destroy the weather-worn oak by pruning away its foliage.

No! To overcome this curse there is but one champion to do battle with this Goliath, one David—Christian Education!

J. F. RICE, '05.

A New Leaf.

Again I turn a new year's leaf,
 And make full many brave resolves,
 Each to fulfill, to be in chief
 My aim while time again revolves.
 Ah! many a leaf I've turned before
 To make life's record full and true:—
 Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
 Proved much I dared, but little knew!

—PAUL DREVNIAC, '05.

The First Encyclical of Pius the Tenth.

SINCE his election to the Papacy, Pius X, the humble successor of the glorious Pontiff Leo XIII, has been the cynosure of the eyes of the world. The reluctance with which the saintly patriarch of Venice accepted the nomination to the throne of Peter, has confirmed the impression that, as he appreciates the awful responsibility devolving upon the occupant of the Papal chair, he will safeguard the best interests of the Church. His sympathy with the efforts of the laboring classes in their struggles for ameliorated conditions, and his love of democratic simplicity, have won for him the admiration and devotion of all peoples. But despite the reverence shown His Holiness, there has been among the nations unrepressed anxiety and unbridled curiosity with regard to the policy to be declared in his first public communication to the world.

Would his first message to mankind be one of political import, respecting his relations with the Italian government? Or would it deal solely with religious topics, and if such were the case, would the plans outlined be practicable? Pius has replied to these inquiries, and, at the present time, after the publication of his first encyclical, there can be no reason for doubting either his executive ability or the efficacy of his proposed methods for the remedy of a crying evil of the age.

"We find all respect for the eternal God," reads the message, "extinguished among the majority of men, and no regard paid in the manifestations of public and private life to the Supreme Will; nay, every effort and every artifice are used to destroy utterly the memory and the knowledge of God." True words, these! Society has torn herself away from the moorings of religion, and is even now drifting far out into the sea of infidelity and godlessness. She has renounced her allegiance to the Most High, and has set other gods before Him. False Liberty is her watchword, freedom from restriction both human and divine. Her sense of pride is offended by restraint, and therefore she has cast aside responsibility to her Creator, and has lost all respect for the principles of religion.

Sensuality, the outgrowth of materialistic ideals, has destroyed utterly the sense of obligation. Society has worshipped money, jewels, horses, dinners, social pre-eminence; in short, has worshipped everything except God. The home has been neglected, the sanctity of the marriage tie has been disputed and even denied,

and men and women have bartered away all real happiness for riotous living and for devotion to false gods.

In this way, Pride and Sensuality, the two fundamental deadly sins, have estranged God and man:—Pride, causing man to refuse to bend the suppliant knee before his Maker, and Sensuality, leading man to surrender himself to the basest passions which can rule the human heart. These two heinous crimes against God's law are also a fruitful source of danger to government, by destroying all respect for the institutions of the state, by dissolving the sacred bonds of matrimony, and by making "home," the very foundation of nations, a word unknown in the vocabulary of Society.

Pius understands the danger in this state of affairs, and his soul is filled with the holy desire, first to check the growth of the evil, and afterwards to destroy the cockle of vice. To perform this duty he prepares "to restore all things in Christ," to establish God's reign over the world. With the earnest co-operation of the Catholic clergy, he proposes to reorganize Society under Christian ideals. His priests must possess the missionary spirit, the industrious application of mind and heart to their sacred work, the zeal for salvation of souls, which characterized the noble efforts of the Apostles.

But not to the clergy alone is delegated the work of regenerating Society. Laymen, also, must interest themselves and wage war against the evils, by faithful, zealous observance of the laws of God and of the Church, by the open profession of religion. They must unite in performing deeds of Christian charity, whose flame "may dispel darkness and bring to man the light and peace of God." They must lead model lives in order that the "luminous examples given by the great army of the soldiers of Christ" may avail in moving and drawing men to the fold. And the struggle between infidelity and religion, immorality and purity, must never cease, not even for an instant, until society is renewed, and restored to the bosom of the Church.

Such is the mission of the Catholic Church during the present era. Pius, the "Ignis Ardens," commands Her to contend, until victorious, against the powers of darkness. He exhorts her children in the words of the Apostle Paul to "take unto themselves the armor of God, that they may resist the evil day; to stand with their loins girt about with truth and having the breastplate of justice; to take the shield of faith wherewith they may extinguish the fiery darts of evil; and wearing the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, to restore all things in Christ."

The Valor of Mucius Scaevola.

IT was at Rome, some five hundred years before Christ, that an incident occurred, which, though eliciting but faint praise in those stirring days, cannot fail to be a source of admiration in our modern times.

The infamous Tarquin had just fallen, and seeking to regain his crown, he had sought as an ally, Porsenna, the king of the Etrurians.

The allies had forced the Roman army back to its city, and were only prevented from entering it by the brave conduct of Horatius Cocles. Yet, a subsequent engagement turned the tide of fortune, and far-seeing Porsenna perceived that the surest way to victory lay in blockading Rome; in reducing to famine the city of the seven hills.

The populace had already devoured the greater part of the scanty provisions, and starvation seemed imminent, when Rome was once again snatched from the cruel hands of fate, by one of her valiant sons.

Mucius Scaevola, a mere youth, eagerly petitioned the Consul to allow him secretly to enter the Etrurian camp and slay Porsenna. The Consul sadly shook his head, when he had heard the young man's desire.

"Thou hast a brave heart," he said, "and this alone commends thee to the love of the people; but thou hast little or no experience. Seek glory elsewhere, not in certain death."

"But, my lord," replied Mucius, "give me at least thy permission, if not thy command. What is my poor life compared to the lives of all the citizens of Rome? I would gladly sacrifice my life for the salvation of my country!"

"Go, and may the gods be with thee. Thy attempt is a rash one, yet mayhap good may come of it; go, with my permission."

* * * * *

Darkness now shrouds the eternal city, shielding alike, with its sable cloak, the foes outside and the friends within. The Etrurians are already celebrating the capture of the city, so sure are they of their prey; and now and then the derisive taunts of their well-fed soldiery are borne by the night-breeze to the stinging ears of the hungry Roman sentries.

The west gate is now opened; a man dressed in the garb of

an Etrurian stealthily passes out, and the gate is quickly closed behind him. By his side hangs a short sword or dagger, and from time to time he nervously grasps its hilt; but the mind that controls that hand is cool and self-possessed.

By a circuitous route he reaches the outskirts of the Etrurian army, and avoiding the vigilance of the wine-benumbed guards, he walks quickly towards the center of the camp.

How long it seems; how he wishes that, at that moment, he could cleave in twain the heart of Porsenna! Ah, at last, here is the king's tent! He lifts the lap and gazes within.

There sits the king, with some noble beside him. The noble rises and goes outside the tent. Here is his chance; the king is alone! That is better fortune than he had hoped for. He stealthily enters the tent and, unheard, stands at the back of his unsuspecting victim. Suddenly he raises the fateful blade and plunges its length into the back of his foe. Then terrified by the dying shriek of the murdered man, he runs blindly out of the tent, past the royal guards, but is stopped by the aroused sentries.

He is conducted to the king's tent and when confronted with his crime, his self-possession returns.

"Men of Etruria," looking calmly about, he thus addresses them, "men of Etruria, you have all felt the fire of patriotism burn in your heart, and you have swelled with pride at the recital of your ancestors' deeds of glory and renown. Behold, then, in me a heart consumed with passions not less strong than yours. I have forfeited my life, yet I do not regret it; aye, and I would do it again if occasion demanded it. Sufficient glory is it for me to know that by my hand your king has fallen, and by that deed my country is saved!"

"Our king dead! What mean you, man? 'Tis not the king, but his secretary you have killed."

"The king not dead!" said Mucius amazed. "O, fickle fate! so favorable to me at first, and now so unfavorable! Etrurians, take my life and spare me my disgrace!"

"Not so, brave sir," a voice interposed, "Porsenna pardons thee in the name of the valor thou hast shown. Go, Mucius Scaevola, and tell thy comrades no braver man exists among thy enemies."

But Mucius served his purpose. Porsenna, seeing the danger of his position and disheartened by the resistance of the Romans, concluded a treaty of peace, and the siege was raised.

EDGAR BANKS, '06.

The Old Church Bell.



ARK, as o'er the meadows, soft and clear,
 The old church-bell its silvery anthem sends!
 The watching shepherd in the lowland near,
 His prayer to God with its hallowed music blends.

List, oh stranger, while its pealing notes
 Are borne upon the scented evening breeze!
 How sweetly calm, through our souls its music floats,
 And sadness grim, at its welcome entrance flees!

Ofttimes in solemn, deeptoned, dirgeful knell
 It chants the parting prayer for a wearied soul.
 What memories spring from the voice of the old
 church bell,
 Of loved ones dead, asleep in the green church knoll

But oft its lighter, gayer melody
 Seems changed into a benediction sweet,
 As then to happy smiles and hearts all free
 Its notes ring forth, a bridal train to greet.

Again in grand, triumphant strains it sings
 On Christmas morn, to praise our earth-born King.
 Like a clarion's peal from heaven's dome it rings,
 And rivals, sweet, the songs the angels sings.

And thus through life, its darkness and its light,
 That old church bell, a dear companion stands.
 And though our ways be dark, its music bright
 Disarms our cares, our saddest thoughts disbands.

MARTIN J. PHEE, '06.

Art in America.

IN his "Psalm of Life," the American poet Longfellow has written that "Art is long, and Time is fleeting." The truth of these words has been strikingly exemplified in the lectures on Art, which are being delivered to the students of Philosophy and Rhetoric. M. A. Borel, the eminent French critic of painting and sculpture, has been interrupted in two of his three discourses, by that nuisance which he has been pleased to call his arch-enemy, Time. Nevertheless, in the short space allotted him for his lectures, our distinguished visitor has endeavored, and it is to be hoped, succeeded in his effort, to lead his listeners to appreciate truly the masters and masterpieces of American art.

Previous to the entry into the arena of Copley and West, Art in America had been restricted to portrait painting and imitation of Van Dyke. But at the advent of these two illustrious pioneers, into the hitherto unexplored domain of historical and allegorical description, Art in America received such an impetus that the influence of the two masters has extended even into our own times. Benjamin West, the shining light of our colonial artists, was a painter deficient in coloring powers, but he so excelled at outline and composition, that the Royal Academy of England deemed him worthy to occupy the throne of leadership—West being the only American ever so honored. His "Death of Wolfe," and Copley's "Death of Chatham," are two of the best productions from colonial brushes, and a severe critic in France pronounced Copley's painting the most matter of fact composition in existence.

Following in the footsteps of the two colonial painters, came Gilbert Stuart, the pupil of Benjamin West, and the acknowledged master of American artists. His portraits, among which is the head of Washington, are remarkable for purity and brilliancy of color, but defective on account of his idealization of the features, and neglect of the figure. Stuart was not appreciated in his own day, since he was nearly a century before his time; but in our age, when men recognize the virtues of his artistic work, he is esteemed the dean of the Revolutionary period in American Art.

During both the Colonial and Revolutionary times, Art in America was under English domination, but our country, after severing the bonds connecting her with Britain, determined to broaden her artistic vision and pursue the study of the masters in other lands.

Thereupon American Art turned away gradually from portraiture—and lanscape, homely incidents of life and history became the favorite subjects of our painters. Two of the most notable names in this period of inner development are those of Inman, who belonged to the Hudson River School, which adhered strictly to nature, and of Cole, whose landscapes of the Kaatskill Mountains earned for him the sobriquet of the "Walter Scott of Colors," and whose allegorical series, the "Voyage of Life," has been held up to the admiration of many peoples since its production.

After this period, which was controlled by Italian and German influence, sprang forth the present, under the domination partly of France and partly of America. Of our masters of the present, the lecturer selected as the foremost representatives of that Art in America which is fast becoming American Art, Chase, Homer Martin, one of the best landscapists in America, remarkable for his intimacy with nature and for his quiet and effective color—George Inness, whose pictured idealisms appeal to high culture and exert a tremendous influence on American Art, and William Hunt, whose allegorical and lanscape productions rank among the best.

The power which we in America have exercised in lanscape, and the ways in which the Impressionistic School works harm upon portraiture, the wonderful natural advantages American artists possess in being able to choose lanscape subjects from their Niagara, their Mammoth Cave, their Arizona canon, their Yellowstone and Yosemite, were all mentioned by the speaker as conducive to the progress of a national art.

The authority which Monsieur Borel possesses, because of his training and his careful study of American artists and their masterpieces, as well as the pleasing style of the lecturer, has served to increase the healthy desire of the students for more of his instructive lectures and to strengthen their love for American Art, viewed through the spectacles of a friend of our country.

M. L. NEALIS, '04.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"Peace on earth to men of good will!"

May the joys of a Christmas morn be yours, kind reader, and may all its blessings be showered upon you! May the infant God, the God of Bethlehem's manger, visit your heart, and fill it with joy and love!

A DONATION.

The reader in all probability will have noticed the new feature in this number—the prize essays and poems found in the preceding pages. This new feature in the journal's policy is one for which we can be thankful to "an old student of St. Ignatius", who still holds his alma-mater in high regard, and who has donated a comfortable sum to THE COLLEGIAN, as a mark of his appreciation. This sum has been offered in prize-money, to give a relish to the arduous work of the contributors. The generous gentleman, to whom we offer our sincerest thanks, is a secular priest, at present engaged in ministerial work in Chicago. Owing to the wish of the modest donor to remain unknown, we regret that we are unable to give expression to him, personally, of our gratitude. We offer him our heart's sincerest wishes for all the joys of Christmas, and of our infant King.

OUR FIRST YEAR.

As with this issue of THE COLLEGIAN, our first year in the ranks of college journals comes to an end, we cannot refrain from considering how this offspring of our efforts has fared in the microcosm of college journalism. It is not for us, its partial parents, to judge of its success or failure. That is the task for an impartial critic. If the encomiums which have greeted our work are candid, carefully-weighed criticism, prompted by recognition of merit, and not the lightly spoken words of flippant flattery, then we may gladly say that ours has not been a hopeless, thankless task. Aye, we may even say with the poet,

Our rhymes are only leaves
 We cast adrift upon the tide;
 If all are lost, nobody grieves,
 And oh, the sea is very wide!
 But leaves may float when ships are lost,
 And maybe on some shore apart,
 Some vagrant, tempest-tossed,
 May find a haven in a heart.

We have many to thank for the meed of success we have attained. The college-world which seconded our efforts, and gave us their moral and intellectual support, our co-workers in the field of college journalism who cheered us on to further effort, by their earnest and hearty words of encouragement, and most of all, our friends in the outside world, who lent us their financial aid, and who were ultimately the cause of our success,—all these deserve our thanks, and to one and all the staff of THE COLLEGIAN offer their heartfelt gratitude.

But besides giving thanks for the past, we crave indulgence and assistance for the future. The Rubicon is passed; the work is begun. It lies with our friends whether we shall continue our past successes. Our friends in the past, you rallied bravely to our support. We do not doubt that you will accord us the same encouragement and assistance in the future.—M. J. Caplice, '04.

THE CAR-BARN MURDERERS.

ALTHOUGH as a rule the delineation of crime should find no place in college journalism, we think that in the present instance our few remarks will scarcely need an apology. Indeed, our reason for entering into a discussion of outlawry is not, primarily, to vivify

the incidents which so recently engrossed the attention of this community, but, rather, to criticize the editorials of some of our papers on this subject.

When the little band of desperadoes who are now languishing in the Cook County jail were first apprehended, the editorial pages of our dailies contained little else than a discussion of the various crimes laid at their door, and suggestions for measures which would guard against a repetition of such monstrosities.

As is usual in such cases, the editors paid their respects in glowing terms to the frequentation of the saloon and the carrying of weapons, and declared that if the law would take steps against these abuses crime would be suppressed.

That such a movement would result in great good may be quite true. But can we reasonably suppose that so noxious a weed, as crime in Chicago has ever been, can be uprooted by measures as superficial as those advocated? We think not.

The "mighty arm of the law" becomes a puny thing indeed when it has to deal with characters such as those who lately terrorized this part of the country. Something stronger than mere law is required, something that will control the spiritual actions of men, a knowledge of the simple principles laid down by an almighty and omniscient God, religious training in the home and in the school.

J. F. R., '05.

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

It is a time-honored custom, when an irrepressible accusation springs into life, as if to confound those who have been rejoicing at its death, to compare it to Banquo's ghost. "It will not down."

Of nothing, we think, can this be more aptly said than of the charge that the Jesuits instituted the maxim quoted in our headline.

We are pleased to call attention to the fact that a well-known Catholic journal, not long ago, printed the statement of a Jewish writer, who declared that nowhere in the writings of the Jesuits can such an expression be discovered.

We are not so presumptuous as to think that this fossilized allegation will now rest in peace. Were we to do so, it would reflect little credit on the teachings of tradition and experience. No; we merely wish to lift our voice in exultation because those who are so idiotic as to insist upon reiterating this groundless assertion have received, so to speak, another slap in the face, and that from a non-Catholic.

J. F. R., '05.

A LESSON OF CHRISTMAS.

To the poor, Christmas is truly the happiest season of the year. It is at this time that the man who has had his share of this world's goods, willingly, joyfully, and most generously assists his needy neighbor, so that the latter may also taste of the season's joys. The almost helpless poor are remembered kindly by their more fortunate brethren. And the noble-hearted, untiring workers for a great Christian cause are bringing untold happiness to hearts that rarely, if ever, at other times of the year, hear even a kind word. The hungry are fed, their wants are looked after, and they rejoice. The ragged are warmly clad, and they are thankful. The sick are cared for, and they ask God's favors for those who have toiled so unceasingly to better the condition of the poor. We all have seen more or less of the sufferings of the poorer classes, and no doubt all have tried to be of some service in bringing relief to them. That man is truly happy, who, at this season, causes a fellow-being to be happy.

T. J. REINERT, '04.

PLAGIARISM.

There is a great temptation for youthful writers to borrow the words and ideas of great men who have written before them. And especially is this true of those who wish to see the result of their efforts on the pages of their college journal.

This practice is to be condemned as unworthy of a gentleman, and, in fact, as dishonest. We do not mean to say that it is not allowable for a writer to quote a sentence, here and there, from a work which he admires; but let him give the originator credit for his ideas and the offspring of his pen.

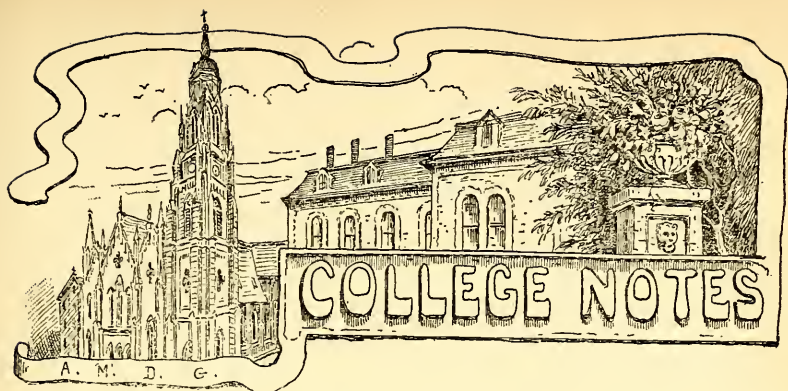
In essays on subjects which have been already ably treated, it is sometimes well-nigh impossible to refrain from making use of the ideas of men whose works have been published before. But if the young essayist is unable to express the thoughts of his elders in a different manner, and thus impart novelty to a time-worn subject, it were better to stop at the beginning of his essay and refer his readers to authors who have treated the subject better than he can. It is useless to fill the journals and periodicals of today with subjects which have long been laid to rest and were well discussed in their time. Let us take new subjects,—every day furnishes us material for thought and the exercise of our pens,—and thus we will not be so much exposed to temptation. In writing stories, let the author invent a plot of his own and develop it in

his own style. He must not steal another man's story and tell it in his own words. No one cares to read a story which has already been related by other and probably better writers.

Last, but not least, we wish to call attention to the fact that plagiarism is an injustice to the person who has written the words, or conceived the notions which the paltry imitator places before the public as his own. It is human nature to demand, and no more than justice to receive, credit from the public, for that which one has invented. Now if a sentence or an idea is worthy of imitation, it certainly deserves credit from him, at least, who borrows it.

Let us hope, then, that the youthful aspirants to literary fame whose works are published between the covers of THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN may not feel compelled to have recourse to other authors, but that in the fertility of their own imagination, and the soundness of their intellects they may write stories and essays worthy of the most famous writers of English.

J. GUERIN, '04.



At the first quarterly reading of marks, the following students were awarded the highest honors of their respective classes:—

Junior.	Hector D. Brosseau.
Freshman A.	Francis Foley.
Freshman B.	Edgar Banks.
Humanities A.	Harry Thometz.
Humanities B.	Walter Fox.
First Academic A.	Joseph Sehnke.
First Ac. Spec. A.	Harry Tracy.
First Ac. Spec. B.	Emmet Royce.
Second Academic A.	Jas. Foley-Ed. Carroll.
Second Academic B.	Wm. Carroll-Wm. Frill.
Second Ac. Spec. A.	John Murray.
Second Ac. Spec. B.	Daniel Lord.
Third Academic A.	Raymond Costello.
Third Academic B.	Francis Furlong.
First Commercial.	Francis Tracy.
Second Commercial.	Fred. O'Donnell.
Third Commercial.	Antony Galonsky.
Fourth Commercial.	John Shanley.
Preparatory.	Edward Scott.

On Nov. 2 the students were treated to an illustrated lecture on Japan by the Rev. Thos. Burke, of Evanston. Father Burke's travels brought him in close contact with the inhabitants of the progressive little empire, and consequently he was able to describe in detail their home life and quaint customs and incidentally to note the progress of Christianity among the "Yankees of the East." The reverend lecturer's pleasing delivery and frequent humorous sallies were features making interesting a subject which of itself could not prove otherwise.

The annual mass of requiem for the deceased professors and students of the college was sung in the Holy Family Church, on Nov. 17, in the presence of the students and the members of the faculty. Rev. Fr. Rector preached the sermon and dwelt on the importance of discharging the sweet debt of charity owed to those who in life were connected with the College and are now sojourning in the life beyond the grave.

A series of lectures on American art is being delivered at the College by Mr. Borel, an art critic from Paris. Mr. Borel does not come to St. Ignatius an entire stranger, having spent eight years in the Jesuit College at Rome. The lecturer is endeavoring to give, as far as possible, a comprehensive view of the whole field of American art, together with a brief critique of our principal artists. The lectures are delivered in the students' library and are attended by the members of the Senior and Junior classes.

Preparatory to the celebration of the feast, there was a public novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The exercises of the novena, consisting of the recitation of the litany and a short prayer, were conducted by the director of the Senior Sodality, Father Slevin, and took place in the college every morning immediately after the students' mass.

The evening class of philosophy which began its second session last October is steadily increasing in membership, and promises to enjoy as much success as in the preceding term.

During the months in which out-door sports are impossible, athletics will be allowed to lag. A physical culture class has been organized in the gymnasium and is being liberally patronized by the smaller boys.

Recognizing that it argues well for the vitality of an institution to outgrow its facilities, it may be of interest to the old students of St. Ignatius to know that their alma-mater has been compelled to seek a new assembly-hall in the Sodality building. If St. Ignatius continues to enjoy the prosperity it has had during the last few years, the time is not far distant when even the new hall will have reached its capacity; but by that time no doubt some alumnus anxious to perpetuate his memory and benefit his alma-mater, will erect one worthy of the leading Catholic college of Chicago.

WM. A. MURPHY, '04.



It is rather difficult for the ex-man of a quarterly, since he has not the advantage of a monthly outlet for his "effusion" possessed by his more fortunate brother ex-men, to keep up with the times. For during the weeks he is constrained to silence, many an opportunity for sharpening his critical sensibilities at the grindstone of constant practice, is perforce lost to him. Then while he lies low, preparing to launch something startling, that he has been keeping "dark"—lo, some bright day he is rudely awakened to the fact that some more fortunate ex-man has put fire to his carefully prepared powder, thereby blasting his little sensation. Necessarily he must subside, having lost his opportunity for fame, since he would never dare, especially if he hailed from Chicago, to print a rehash of any article, and thus lay himself open to the charge of unprogressiveness.

On account of this handicap, then, we claim the privilege of your indulgence for making a few general remarks, before proceeding to a review of what attracted our attention during the weeks of our enforced silence.

In glancing over the numerous journals that have found their way into our sanctum during the last quarter, we have found much to commend and but little to find fault with. What perhaps struck us as most worthy of remark was the decided improvement both in style and thought of the essay (the standby of college journalism).

Scarcely a monthly was opened by us in which we did not find essays which it was a pleasure to peruse. For a long time, before we came into our present "berth," we had heard on all sides complaints about the "dry platitudes," trite similes, etc., of the college essay of the day. But those of the last quarter were not of this character; indeed, they were quite original, and fresh.

When reviewing a journal of real literary merit, it is our opinion that sectional and civic pride should for the moment be held in abeyance. So we congratulate the *Fleur de Lis* on its excellent issue for November, even if in so doing we disregard the precedent set by humorists of the day, who picture the average Chicagoan as smiling indulgently upon whatever emanates from St. Louis. The issue is decidedly interesting even to outsiders, though it seems to have been designed for its immediate coterie of friends. "Alone" is certainly deserving of especial notice for the masterly though rather weird way it brings home to us the utter loneliness of our departed friends. The only fault we have to find is that some parts were nothing more nor less than a catalogue. However, this is readily pardoned, this publishing of the faculties of the different departments, because of the giant strides the university has made in those directions,—so our best wishes for success, St. L. U.

To the mass of piecemeal or "letter literature" which has created such a furore in literary circles of the day, the letters of "Allen" in November *Columbiad*, from far-off Oregon, come as a pleasing exception. Pleasing, inasmuch as their author has revived the sprightly humorous trend, characteristic of the originator of this innovation; an exception in so far as they are quite readable. We call special attention to what we might term their unconscious humor, which alone will render this class of literature acceptable reading. We congratulate their author, and hope to hear more from the interesting, if somewhat conceited, Allen. Don't for a moment think this is the only article of interest in the *Columbiad*,—it isn't; indeed, we admire her "get up" on the short article plan, as it affords an opportunity for more of the student-body to engage in college journalism. But we missed the exchange column, and wonder why it is omitted.

We are inclined to take exception to the severe arraignment of college journalism by our brother ex-man of the St. Vincent's *Student*, Cal. His remarks, we think, are entirely out of place, particularly those concerning the "puerility" displayed within the domain of "ex-dom." Of course our experience in this department hasn't been of long duration, but nevertheless we have had occasion for much observation and have yet to find any such exhibition of "puerility" as he complains of. We are disposed to

reward this officious critic with an honored place among the "knockers." As a matter of fact this "knocking" practice is altogether too prevalent, and it is high time that it should be discontinued. For if the college student, especially an ex-man, is continually to "knock," who, pray, is going to "boost." Perhaps this self-constituted critic will show how to run an ex-department so as to avoid "puerility."

A very readable number, indeed, is the November *Xavier* of New York. A happy blending of fiction, essays and poems contributes to make it a journal of exceptional interest. While we would give the premier place for essays to "Virgil's Idea of Hell," we must remark, that "A Chat With a Pedagogue" is a close second. We commend both for their originality of treatment, and their manner of creating interest and sustaining it to the end. As for the poetry, "A Tale of Wexford" is an ambitious attempt, but rather crude in style and finish. "Captain Landry's Cowardice" displays a clever faculty for fiction. We are glad to welcome the *College Spokesman*.

JNO. J. CLIFFORD, '05.

Book Notices.

"ST. CUTHBERT'S"—J. E. COPUS, S. J. BENZIGER BROS., 85 CTS.

This latest work by Father Copus has just passed through our hands. To say that we enjoyed reading it would be far too mild an expression, as it fairly teems with lively incidents which hold the attention from first to last.

The plots, though not by any means intricate, are as exciting as even the small boy who delights in tales of the "wild and woolly west" could desire. By this we do not mean to say that St. Cuthbert's is in any way akin to these "penny terribles," but that it possesses qualities well suited to render it an excellent substitute for them. The style is eloquently described by the simple adjective, vivacious. The animated dialogue, in which, it seems to us, lies the chief merit of Father Copus, has the happy quality of being at once elegant and characteristic of the boy.

If space would permit, we would like to enter into a prolonged discussion of the benefit which such a book is bound to have on its youthful reader. It is from such a book that the first principles of English expression, an appreciation of the beauty of our much-abused language, and especially, and above all, a love of manly, Christian character, are imbibed. "St. Cuthbert's" deserves, and we venture to prophesy that it will attain, a high position in Catholic juvenile literature.

Boys and girls, those of you who have read "Harry Russell," should bear in mind the old maxim, "A word to the wise is sufficient." To those of you who have not had that pleasure, THE COLLEGIAN says: "Give 'St. Cuthbert's' a trial. It's only fault is its brevity."

J. F. RICE, '05.



THE ORCHESTRA.

On Saturday, December 12th, Father Cassilly gave the orchestra a much appreciated treat at the Auditorium. Theodore Thomas and his musicians never had more interested hearers. Some day, perhaps, we shall see some of our own talent in Chicago's representative orchestra, and let us picture Mr. Jos. Pribyl as its proud director.

At the Alumni banquet on the 19th of November, the orchestra, after entertaining all the old-timers was vigorously applauded by them.

THE THANKSGIVING CONCERT.

"With a graceful sweep of the baton, and a glorious answer from the musicians, the director of the orchestra began a new season; and at the conclusion of the first selection was encored enthusiastically by all the members of the exclusive 'five hundred and eighteen.'"

In such a manner one of our contemporary "golden" journals might have aptly described the opening of the Thanksgiving concert. Whatever is said of it, it certainly was a success. And not only the sage philosophers, but also the studious preps seemed to enjoy it. The orchestra was well encored, which in itself speaks for the music. The violins were even in tonal effect, and both in the *maestoso* and light movements showed depth and accuracy. Though the drums were occasionally too much in evidence, the cornet and clarinet were never before heard to better advantage.

Mr. Clemens Hutter rendered the melodious "Rustling of Spring" on the piano, and as an encore played a pleasing number. In the difficult runs his excellent touch and fingering were evident, together with a correct use of the pedal.

De Beriot's "Scene de Ballet" was executed on the violin by Mr. Arthur Zeigler. His fingering was splendid, but the rendition, as a whole, lacked strength and color.

GLEE CLUB.

But the greatest Romans of them all were there also. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Hutter, sang "Evening." Of course they were encored. They sang a comical composition as an encore, and somebody jumped two verses ahead of the others. It was quite unexpected, and nearly precipitated the whole aggregation into a frightful mix-up of words, notes and measures. Altogether, there was not as much vim and life in the piece as usual; nevertheless it was as funny as ever.

Such a beginning presages a very successful year for this earnest and hard-working society.

Masters Wm. Oink, Harold McClintock, and Harry Tracy, of the Choir, sang "Speed Away." The Choir gave the "Evening Bell," and only once did the sopranos find any difficulty with a high note. Some of the new talent have not a few sweet notes stored up in their throats. It was noticed that some of the members tried to sing, so to speak, through their teeth. If they would open their mouths and sing out, much more pleasing would be the result.

PUBLIC CONCERT.

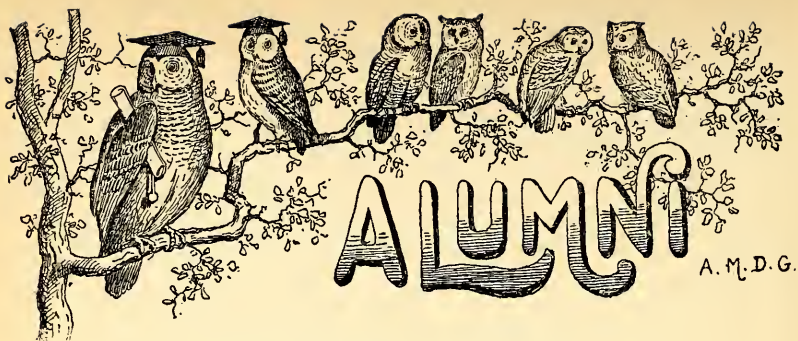
Sometime before Lent, instead of the annual play, a public concert is to be given at one of the down-town theaters. It will be a chance for the friends of the college to see what progress the students have made in music. Work has already been begun, in preparation for the concert, and after many painstaking rehearsals a splendid showing may be expected of all the musical societies.

LATE MUSIC.

Popular music is made up of many different classes of music. There is the catchy two-step, the waltz, the semi-classic composition, the ragtime oddity, the sentimental song—generally trash—the so-called comic song, and every novelty imaginable. Some of the prettiest numbers now being played are: "The Jumping Jack's

Jubilee," "On Emancipation Day," march, a real lively march; "Hot Scotch," and a novelty two-step called "Skyrockets." "A New Year's Dream" is a pretty and well-written waltz; and a well-named descriptive melody is entitled "On the Mississippi." To judge from the way that several enthusiastic pianists "assassinated" "The Goo-Goo Man" in the music room the other day, the selection is very well liked. A well composed and beautiful ballad with a swinging waltz chorus is "If You Were I, and I Were You," whose composer has evidently noted that many people buy the words of a song as well as the music. "Incandescent Eyes" is a charming serio-comic of the first order, and a catchy military march-song is called "While the Band Was Playing—Dixie." But a jingle that is fairly brimming with melody is the scintillating and latest two-step, "The Policy King," by the composer of "Bungaloo." The whole town is whistling the Irish song "Bedelia," and every one is buying the new minstrel curtain-raiser "Hallelujah."

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.



THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

Look where you may, nowhere will you find a gathering more sociable than that of college alumni. Each greets the other with that heartfelt cordiality which is manifest at the meeting of close relatives after long years of separation. They meet to commemorate, or, rather, to perpetuate the old days of sunshine so dear to the heart of every alumnus.

This fact was exemplified November 19th, when the Alumni Association of St. Ignatius held its ninth annual banquet at the College. The joy of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of the Chicago contingent of St. Mary's Alumni Association.

Choice music was furnished by the College orchestra of twenty-five members, directed by Prof. Joseph Pribyl, an alumnus.

Pres. M. V. Kannally welcomed all most heartily, and introduced as toastmaster Hon. Jno. E. Doyle. Hon. Richard S. Tut-hill addressed the association on "Our Debt to Future Generations." Mr. Louis J. Mercier spoke on "The Young Man in Active Life."

The other speakers were Mr. Morris, St. P. Thomas, Mr. Geo. E. Clarkson of St. Mary's Alumni Association, Mr. Geo. T. Mulligan, an alumnus of St. Louis University, Mr. P. H. O'Donnell, an alumnus of Georgetown University. The evening was concluded with a few fitting remarks by the Rev. Moderator.

On Wednesday, December 2d, was held a meeting of the Executive Committee, at which was appointed a special committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year. The regular business meeting, and election of officers, will be held in January.

Fred Clark, Commercial 1903, is a stenographer with the Rock Island.

Joseph Waterloo of the Second Academic, 1899, is studying pharmacy.

Cornelius Crowley, Commercial 1902, is working in the general offices of the C. B. & Q. R. R.

The Rev. James Leddy '98 has been transferred from Corpus Christi Church to the position of assistant pastor at Amboy, Illinois.

Frank Davis, who was a member of Father James McCarthy's First Academic, of 1900, has gone into business in Tampa, Florida.

Ralph McCarthy of last year's First Academic is sailing in Uncle Sam's navy. His brother Perley is working at Marshall Field's.

Professor James Henaghan, of Gonzaga College, Spokane, dropped into the sanctum of THE COLLEGIAN about Thanksgiving time. He looks well.

John Ryan, the brilliant little actor of Father Kuhlman's Humanities Class, 1899, has been elected president of the graduating class in the Georgetown Law School.

Joseph Jeranek, First Commercial, 1900, has just returned from an extended visit to the mining camps of Colorado, where he fell in with Joseph Fleming, who was in the Third Commercial, of '96-'97.

In a late number of the Fordham Monthly, we notice that Dave Guthrie, our old foot-ball captain, was one of the stars on the Fordham team this year. John C. King is also mentioned as a formidable player.

John R. Phelan, '99, has gone to El Paso for his health. James, who was in last year's Poetry, can be found drawing a salary at the Western Electric Company. Jerry is giving a helping hand in his father's business.

Oliver Walls, who ornamented the Second Academic of Mr. Eugene Daly in 1901, wandered into the college precincts lately, searching for a certificate which would admit him to a dental college. Oliver is tall as a sycamore, and his grip is that of a motor-man's.

John F. Carmody, of the Humanities, 1900, is devoting his evenings to the study of law. Michael Dolan, of the Second Special, in the same year, is also a disciple of Blackstone. Paul Dunne, of last year's Rhetoric, has been licensed to practice law by the State Board of Illinois.

Mr. Eugene E. Bermingham, of last year's Rhetoric Class, sends word that the following old St. I. boys are now attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons: John Algernon Cavanaugh, John J. Cronin, John P. O'Neil, Wm. E. O'Neil, Wm. Cannon, Edward Niles and Eugene Bermingham.

Clarence E. Mercer, 1901, has returned from the east. He says he prefers the scents of the Chicago stock-yards to the sweetest odors of Cathay, not to mention the smoke of Pittsburg. Clarence is planning to combine all the stock-yard firms into one great trust, of which he will soon be sole manager and owner. Macte, virtute! Clarence.

Stephen A. Teda, First Academic, 1893-94, has a position in the stock office of Mandel Bros. He has been applying himself to law in the evenings, and lately passed the state examination before the board at Springfield. Charles O'Shea, 1902, is also with Mandel Bros., and likewise Michael Brady, Commercial, 1902, who taught at St. Mary's College last year.

The following newspaper clipping gives some information about our noted tenor of Mr. Tallmadge's Glee Club.

"Y. M. I. Sherman council of the Holy Name cathedral—Third annual minstrel show at the North Side Turner Hall Dec. 4. The chorus consists of the Y. M. I. Glee Club with a boy choir directed by Prof. William A. Looney, a member of the club."

Mr. Edward Mehren writes from the University of Illinois: "It may interest you to know that there are five St. I. boys studying here, Cox, Schniedwind, Linde, Donoghue and myself. The last two are in the civil engineering course, while the others are in the preparatory school." James Cox and John Schniedwind were in the Second Special, 1899-1900; Chas. A. Linde was in the Second Academic in 1893-94. Donoghue probably is the famous "Jeff." We learn from "The Illini", the organ of the university, that Mr. Mehren has been chosen to represent Illinois in their coming debate with Iowa University.

"His health becoming impaired five years ago necessitated him spending his winters in Texas and New Mexico. Last year he was assigned as pastor to St. Patrick's congregation, Kankakee. A cold contracted two weeks ago brought on his final illness. Father Whelan is survived by one sister, Sister Emily of the Sisters of Charity of Dubuque, Iowa, who is at present in the city."

The following belated note will be of interest to many readers. Mr. Morrison sent the correction in April, 1901, but as THE COLLEGIAN was not regularly established then, the proper rectification could not be made at the time:

Prescott, Arizona.

Editor ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN.

Dear Sir:—A marked copy of the Easter number, 1901, of your valuable magazine addressed to A. L. Morrison, Jr., reached me to-day. I note in the personal items on the last page that "A. L. Morrison, Jr., is United District Attorney, at Prescott, Arizona." Owing to the number of Morrisons belonging to our family, you are to be excused for making this mistake, as the undersigned is United States Attorney for Arizona, my residence being at Prescott.

You will probably find my name on the register of the College away back in the early seventies. I attended the College for part of the year 1874. I have many a pleasant recollection of the old College and the Jesuit Church, in which parish we lived for years before the fire. I have been living in Arizona since 1883, in the practice of my profession as a lawyer, and was very much pleased to receive a copy of your magazine. It will be my pleasure to subscribe for it and to remit a year's subscription if you will advise me of the amount.

Respectfully,

ROBT. E. MORRISON.

It is the sad duty of THE COLLEGIAN to chronicle the death of the Rev. Thomas J. Whelan, S. T. L., a cherished alumnus of St. Ignatius, and a graduate of 1886. The following notice is from the Inter-Ocean of Nov. 21:

"The Rev. Thomas J. Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, died of heart failure yesterday morning at Mercy hospital, after an illness of two weeks. The remains will be taken to Kankakee today, where they will lie in state in the parish church until Monday, when the funeral will be held, after which the body will be brought to Chicago and interred in the family lot in Calvary cemetery.

"Father Whelan was born in this city thirty-seven years ago. He made his early studies in the Sacred Heart parish school and at St. Ignatius' college. His theological studies were made at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore.

"After his ordination to the priesthood Father Whelan took a two years' course at the Catholic university, Washington, and his

first assignment to clerical work was at All Saints' Church, Twenty-Sixth and Wallace streets. During the twelve years Father Whelan labored in All Saints' his leisure time was devoted to literary work. He was a contributor to a number of secular and religious periodicals, and was on the editorial staff of a number of Eastern magazines.

Concerning the Rev. John Haddad a student of Father De Shryver's class, last year, a recent issue of the *New World* has this to say:

"Heretofore the *New World* has frequently mentioned the number of Catholic literary people in this city. If one may judge from the number of books which he has written, Father Haddad would take high place in any list of the same. Though young, he is author of twelve small volumes. Some in French and Syriac, but most in Syriac. One of these is entitled "Albaviih," a treatise on literature in Syriac; another is a work on poetry; another "A Standard of Letters"; another "Synonyms"; another "Conversation Book," in French and Syriac, followed by a "Logic" in Syriac, and six volumes on philosophy and theology. It can be seen that his pen has a wide range. His work at least evinces that he is a scholar of considerable attainments.

"And yet he is a young man. He was born at Lebanon, Syria, March 19, 1874, and was educated in the Catholic high school, college and seminary of that city. On the completion of his studies he was ordained by the archbishop of Beyrout. Shortly afterward he was appointed professor in the seminary of St. John and later was made director of the Oriental College and superior of the schools of the Jesuit Fathers in the archdiocese of Yabroud, and vicar Patriarchal of Homs and Hama, archdiocese of Yasbroud. Later he received the title of Exarch and the decoration of Lawyer of St. Peter from the saintly Leo. XIII., and is now a member of the *Societe des Avocats de St. Pierre*. During his service in Syria he was respected according to his distinction. From the foregoing it can be seen that quiet and unpretentious though he is, Father Haddad is entitled to high rank in Chicago Catholic literary circles."

CLERGY ALUMNI.

In the college catalogue of June, 1902, there appeared a complete list of all the priests and ecclesiastical students who were at one time students of St. Ignatius College. As a number of changes

have since taken place in this list, it will be interesting to all and useful for the future college historian to note them here. Accordingly we have gone to some pains to learn the names of priests who have been ordained since June, 1902, as well as to find out who are now preparing for the priesthood. It is possible or rather probable that some names have been omitted from our list. Our readers will confer a much appreciated favor by informing us of all errors and omissions.

In connection with this list, THE COLLEGIAN purposes to give in the near future the names of former students who have taken up the professions of law or medicine.

RECENTLY ORDAINED.

The following have been ordained: the Revs. Philip P. Furlong, '93-'98; James M. Doran, '90-'97; James M. Leddy, '92-'98; Edward A. Kowalewski, '90-'98; John V. Malley, '91-'95; Peter H. Pyterek, '93-'94; Edward F. Hoban, '93-'98; Clarence E. Cavanaugh, '93-'97; Joseph E. Phelan, '96-'97; William D. Noonan, '96-'97; Thomas R. Shewbridge, '91-'97; Wm. D. O'Brien, '97-'98; Philip C. Dunne, S. J., '83-'89; James L. McGearry, S. J., '84-'88.

To this list must be added the Rev. John Haddad, 1902-'03. The Rev. Thomas Whalen has died.

The following young men are now studying for the priesthood in various seminaries and novitiates:

American College.

Rome.

Charles A. O'Hern, '99-'01.
Charles F. Conley, '99-'03.
Charles A. McClellan, '97-'03.
Edmond C. Hanna, '99-'01.

Polish College,

Rome.

John M. A. Lange, '91-'98.

St. Mary's Seminary,

Baltimore.

Henry T. Sheridan, '96-'99.
John L. Kelly, '93-'99.
Bernard E. Naughton, '95-'00.
Joseph T. O'Donnell, '95-'00.
Charles H. Quinn, '96-'01.
Benjamin J. Tarskey, '96-'01.

Martin J. McEvoy, '97-'02.

Francis M. Smith, '93-'02.

Patrick J. Burke, '93-'96.

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore.

Charles M. Camp, '94-'01.

Kenrick Seminary,

St. Louis.

John E. Foley, '97-'98.

Thomas Lawlor, '96-'99.

Sidney Morrison, '96-'02.

William R. Griffin, '95-'00.

James L. Kearns, '95-'96.

James A. Griffin, '01-'03.

George T. M. Pierson, '96-'00.

Francis B. Serafinas, '97-'99.

S. Joseph Wisniewski, '97-'99.

Michael G. French, '93-'01.
Francis J. Wojciechowski,
'95-'97.

St. Viateur's.

Bourbonnais, Ill.
Joseph M. Kangley, '94-'98.
Daniel A. Feeley, '93-'97.
Anthony S. Nawrocki, '90-'93.
John A. McCarthy, '93-'98.

St. Francis Seminary,

Milwaukee.
Leo F. Zuchola, '93-'00.
George L. Scharck, '96-'01.
Raymond J. Fox, '99-'03.

Niagara University.

Raymond I. Cook, '94-'01.
William P. Long, '98-'03.

St. Meinrad's,

Indiana.
Albert Gastka, '96-'01.
Lambert Weishaar, '89-'90.

San Antonio,

Texas.
Bernard D. Rogers, '99-'00.

St. Bonaventure's Seminary,

Allegany, N. Y.
Paul Szulerecki, '94-'97.

Paulist Novitiate.

Charles E. Bradley, '97-'01.

Vincentian Novitiate,

Perryville, Mo.
Thomas F. Gorman, '97-'98.

St. Paul's Seminary,

St. Paul.
Thomas R. Collins, '99-'02.

St. Charles College,

Ellicott City, Md.

Edward B. McNally, '97-'00.
Harry E. Walsh, '98-'02.

Jesuit Scholastics,

Missouri Province.

Francis X. Breen, '83-'89.
Paul M. Breen, '85-'91.
William J. Corboy, '93-'97.
Walter G. Cornell, '82-'89.
James J. Daly, '84-'90.
William F. Dooley, '86-'91.
Thomas A. Egan, '94-'00.
John B. Esmaker, '91-'98.
Bernard A. Foote, '95-'00.
Gilbert J. Garraghan, '82-'89.
Michael H. Gorman, '86-'90.
John J. Halligan, '94-'02.
Ignatius A. Hamill, '90-'91.
Daniel D. Henry, '87-'94.
Edward A. Jones, '94-'99.
William T. Kane, '93-'98.
James L. Kelly, '92-'96.
Thomas A. Kelly, '96-'01.
Patrick J. Lomasney, '95-'98.
John J. Lyons, '96-'03.
Aloysius McCormick, '88-'93.
John F. McCormick, '86-'91.
Thomas A. McCourt, '92-'97.
Joseph A. McLaughlin, '92-'98.
Charles A. Meehan, '94-'00.
Thomas J. Moore, '96-'01.
John T. Mortell, '92-'96.
Paul Muehlmann, '98-'01.
Joseph B. Murphy, '84-'92.
John J. Nash, '91-'97.
William T. Nash, '89-'95.
Simon J. Nicolas, '85-'88.
John S. Rager, '84-'91.
Charles J. Scott, '93-'00.
George P. Shanley, '91-'97.
Arthur D. Spillard, '96-'01.
William D. Tierney, '91-'98.
John H. Whelan, '88-'92.
Samuel K. Wilson, '00-'01.

Rocky Mt. Mission.

Timothy A. Driscoll, '96-'98.

Joseph M. Georgen, '97-'03.

John Hayes, '94-'00.

James J. Kiely, '95-'98.

Jno. H. McCummiskey, '96-'02.

Buffalo Mission.

Joseph S. Eireiner, '94-'95.

Up to the present 126 former students of St. Ignatius College have become priests, and 89 are now preparing for the priesthood—making a grand total of 215.



Academic Department.

"Heads I win, tails you lose"—who got the pop-corn fritters?

George says, that two hundred and twenty-nine students sat down to luncheon in his cozy restaurant on December 14th. We know where the good things are.

The wood-Turners and the black-Smiths had a nice little party last week by courtesy of Professor Fenoughty. Some of the guests were dressed in Frills and some in Sacks. They all took Quills with them to take down notes; for they were Phelan in fine spirits. Unfortunately some were O'Hollerin, and to keep them quiet, the professor put them in Cellars, where they trembled like Asping leaves, and felt Crawley-like. But fortunately they made one of their number King of the Carols, so that he could Rouleau-ver all. And all went merry as a marriage bell.

The officials of the dining-room held a session with closed doors in early December. No one knows what happened, but there was a suspicious odor of juicy turkey and cranberry sauce.

"*Maria habuit parvum agnum, cujus lana sicut nix.*" Every body wondered whence the melodious strains proceeded until they were finally traced to Second Special B. It was found that they were only practising for the specimen. By the way, this class is said to have a pretty spindle. Sh! or you will be stuck on it.

The two Third Academics have had two contests in Latin,—one written and one oral. Each class has a victory to its credit.

Is the feminine of goat, nanny-goat? Ask Curran.

1st Prep. "Why is it that our foot-ball teams played so well on the college grounds this past season?"

2d Prep. "Because there they had the sand."

Humanities A, mourns the absence of one of its most honored members. Fred Weeks is at present detained at home on account of illness.

Now that the foot-ball season is over, nothing is left to us but the discussion of its various happenings. The All-Stars of the Third League made a very creditable showing indeed. Their initial game with the Senhoffs resulted in a tie. Soon after this they met

and defeated the Dragons by the score of 10 to 0. Flushed with victory they next attempted to add to their list of victims the Lytles, but they received instead the bitter pill of defeat—Lytles 6—All Stars 0.

The St. Agnes team, after a hotly contested match, was held to a tie score—All Stars 0, St. Agnes 0.

Three forfeited games were also declared in their favor. The team lined up as follows:

Madigan	Right End
Sackley	Right Tackle
Delihant	Right Guard
Moran	Center
Shea	Left Guard
Fiesel	Left Tackle
Francis	Left End
Sheridan	Quarter Back
Doyle	Right Half Back
Corboy	Left Half Back
Keeler	Full Back

“Why is Humanities the most courteous class in the college?”

“Give it up.”

“Because they are continually entertaining a ‘Guest.’”

Now that the new rule of tardiness has been established, many of our south-side friends wish the car strike were still at its height.

J. MURRAY, Hum.

PASSIM.

Much has been said on both sides, but the question still remains, "Who stuffed the white owl?"

Ha! ha! Fair Louie, on undertaking to coach the Eagles, did we not all hear thy proud boast "I will cover myself with glory"? Thou are not a large man, Louie. Neither are the days so cold, and yet thou hast invested thy oboli in a cozy reefer. Ah, Fate, Naughty Boy! what didst thou with the glory?

Dear Mr. Editor: Could you tell me the author of the famous sentiment, "When the line wavers, your cheers will make it a stone wall"?

Yours respectfully,

O. Joy.

Ans.—The author of the beautiful line is one Richard Prendergast, a famous orator who flourished in the latter part of the football period. The controversy regarding the author of the now famous saying arose on the appearance of a little volume by the Hon. Fess. E. Maher, entitled "It is to smile," in which he attributes the quotation to Johnnie Seger, a famous whistler and a contemporary of Mr. Prendergast. The utter unreliability and bias of the author may be seen in his critique of the gentleman's oratory, in which we find the preposterous statement—"that when excited, his oratory was such as to make the windows in John Murphy's glasses tremble violently."

"It's an ill wind that blows no one good," and, though the late street-car strike occasioned our friends from the southern extremities no slight inconvenience, is it not possible that the enforced physical culture (and Doc. Dugdale tells us "steppin' it some" is the best) may result in our having a fine track team this spring? However, in other respects it seems to have had a demoralizing effect. This excessive strenuousness was productive of pugnacity, a foolish trait which prompts some folk—especially unsophisticated Juniors—to keep their little hands elsewhere than burrowed deep in their warm pockets. Nay, more. Strange to say, it was productive of egotism. For instance, who ever charged Mr. Kiely with being egotistical? Yet lately, when in our company, we could not help noticing the prominent visibility of the "eye."

Society Note—Messrs. Tuohy and Clifford took lunch together on last Monday.

Also Note—That there was a lunch taken by somebody from the lunch room on last Monday.

Mr. Moran has abandoned bazaars and taken to skating. The gentleman, we understand, undertook to perform a few fancy steps on the ice for the edification of some admiring "friends," with the result that he made quite an impression. (We ourselves saw the impression the next day, and considering Mr. Moran's weight, we are satisfied that it was his.)

With characteristic enterprise THE COLLEGIAN has obtained a few interviews on the New Year with some of our prominent "citizens," which it gives us pleasure to publish:

Mr. Kiely—"All should endeavor to cultivate 'peace and brotherhood.'"

Mr. Devine—"All should endeavor to cultivate 'brotherhood and peace.'"

Mr. Lagorio—"I look for a very prosperous year. I see a night in June, a brilliantly lighted hall. I hear amid intense silence the words, 'The degree of A. B. was conferred on Francis Lagorio.' I hear vociferous cheers, I, etc., etc. (For want of space we must close the interesting interview, remarking, however, that Santos Dumont is not the only one who "floats.")

Mr. John Murphy—"I shall continue to develop my prowess. Notwithstanding the opinions of experts, I have not yet reached the maximum of physical development."

Mr. McCarthy—"I am no 'laudator temporis acti'; but I would have a return to the good old days when a man could sing a song at a concert without an accumulation of decayed fruit, tin cans, and other useless articles."

AN EPIC.

Slowly, sadly stole the sunshine,
Tender in its every ray,
O'er the crowd at Gaelic Ball Park
On a cold Thanksgiving day.

Hushed the college yells; the breezes
Through the air no snow-flake whirled;—
There had come a solemn moment
In the history of the world.

As the passing of a great soul
From this little mundane sphere,
As pathetic is the closing
Of a long and great career.

Bowed in sadness walks one veteran,
 Down his cheek two tearlets stray;
 For the thought was full upon him
 Of a glory passed away.

Low in Meany's ear is murmured—
 "I am one of dear '04,
 This the last game of the season,
 And my football days are o'er."

Cease the crashing of those cymbals,
 Tune the lute and gentle lyre!
 Ah, O'Shea—* * * * *
 * * * * *

Like Tennyson, we have chosen a subject beyond us, and our tongue refuses utterance. Achilles found a Homer; Aeneas, a Virgil; perhaps one day there will be found some son of Adam whose genius will be worthy of the illustrious subject of our unfinished Epic. However, in connection with this we take occasion to denounce the fiendish relic-hunter. When we hear that the tomb of Napoleon is slowly vanishing under the knife of the relic-hunter, that the helmet of Peter the Great has been purloined, we are justly indignant. Yet the vandal has invaded our ranks. The lining of Mr. O'Shea's overcoat has mysteriously disappeared. A few gentlemen's handkerchiefs, carelessly laid aside, suddenly vanished. The same, we understand, have been offered for sale to the officials of the Field Columbian Museum. Mr. O'Shea has graciously condescended to give his autograph to all who flock to him. Be satisfied. Would you make his life unhappy like that of the ordinary mortal?

If you had determined to get on the right side of the professor and had remained up till the lonely hours, to complete your exercises, and had risen at 6 a. m., so as to be in time for mass, and finding no cars running, boldly set out on foot for your alma mater, then discovered your watch was an hour slow and that the doors had just been locked—"wouldn't it jar you"?

And now, fellow-students, we will close with fondest hopes for universal prosperity during the coming year. When we greet you again, the little blades will be peeping above the cold ground; "Teddy" will be putting 'em over home plate like a Trojan; your Christmas toys, like mere New Year's resolutions, shall have been long broken; but who can forecast the future? By that time, perhaps, we shall make known what is the nature of radium, and—"Who stuffed that white owl."
 W.M. A. MURPHY, '04.



A CORNER OF THE PHYSICS CABINET.



PHYSICS LECTURE.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. III

Chicago, Ill., April, 1904

No. 1

The Awakening.



PERFUME-freighted, laughing fairies,
Courtiers sweet of lovely Spring,
Loud triumphant peans chanting,
Gaily to their ruler sing.

Sweeter far than luscious honey
Hid in flow'rets' waxen folds,
Happy live they, ever smiling,
Gay as wind-tossed marigolds.

Onward led by playful Mischief,
Glassy rivulets they free,
Watching them, with swirl and ripple
Dance and bubble gratefully.

In the woods bedight with treasure,
Pearly snow of sparkling sheen;
They transmute the frosted jewels,
Mantling them with cloth of green.

Lavish gems in earth deep studded,
Touched by sylph and elfin bold,
Blossoming in graceful figures,
Spring from out the wondrous mold.

Songsters tucked in cozy feathers,
Wakened by the vernal breeze,
Thrill the woods and vaulted heavens
With their gladsome melodies,

Dropping on the wayward breezes
Rarest notes of harmony;—
All the world becomes attuned
By the vagrant symphony.

Hearing such bewitching music
In their leafy cradles green,
Pale snug-folded rose-bud petals,
Peep from out the verdant screen;

Opening their emerald curtains,
Blushing deeply come without
And unite their fragrant breathings
With the harmony about.

Like a root to life awakened,
Like a blushing, scented bloom,
Was the sudden Resurrection
Of the Saviour in the tomb.

Lifeless lay He, all enshrouded
In the power of somber Death,
When His body lightly quivered
'Neath the spirit's moving breath.

Through its channels leaped the life-blood,
Strong pulsations thrilled the heart,
Mind renewed its active labors,
Bosom heaved with sudden start.

Roseate the body glistened
New life kissed the holy clay,
Forthwith rose He 'mid the sunshine
Of that joyous Easter day.

Charles E. Byre, '06.

Homer's Description of Helen.

WHAT a wonderful scene is that in Homer where for the first time we come face to face with Helen!—that woman of surpassing beauty whose abduction from the court of Sparta brought on the Trojan war.

The scene occurs in the third book of the Iliad. A truce has been agreed upon, and Greek and Trojan, casting aside their armor, with their long lances fixed in the ground beside them, are resting on their shields. A solemn covenant is in progress between the rival forces and the issue of the war is at last to be decided in single combat between Menelaus, the outraged husband, and Paris, the gay offender.

Heralds have been dispatched to Troy and to the ships of the Greeks to summon the aged king, that he himself in person may represent his Trojan subjects and secure the observance of the treaty, as also to procure the victims needed for the coming sacrifice. At this juncture Iris, goddess of the rainbow, in the guise of Laodica, Priam's fairest daughter, enters Helen's apartments and graciously invites her to witness the coming conflict from the city's walls.

“Approach and view the wondrous scene below!
Each hardy Greek and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive and thy charms the prize.”

Helen pauses in her work, for she has been writing her sad story, not in verse or prose but in the delicate meshes of a piece of purple tapestry; and with tears suffusing her bright, clear eyes, casts aside her loom, puts on her robes of flowing linen, and with Aethra and Clymene, her two noble attendants, makes her way in haste from the palace to the Scæan gates.

Here in a tower which was one of the defenses of the gate below, sat Priam and his aged councilors, with their suites. Too old to fight, they yet retained a strength of mind and judgment

which the ravages of time upon their feeble bodies had been powerless to destroy. Here they sat, perched like balm crickets that in the tree tops of the forest send forth their delicate voices. Their words sped to and fro in rippling murmurs like the gentle south wind sougling through the trees.

Helen approaches; quickly their eyes turn from the field of conflict; all thoughts of battle, all reminiscences of the past are hastily swept aside. One thought, one subject engrosses their attention. Softly speak they winged words one to the other—

“No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms:
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess and she looks a queen!”

Who are they who thus bear testimony to the peerless beauty of the Spartan Queen? The young, whose youthful fancy “lightly turns to thoughts of love?” or Paris, “white-breasted like a star fronting the dawn,” gayly attired, unthinking youth who has trampled on his honor and country’s interests to indulge a wicked prompting of his heart? No, not the young, nor Paris either; but old men, “grave and reverend signiors,” staid councilors of state, whose “days are in the yellow leaf,” men whose hearts no longer thrill with the glow and warmth of youth, whose sons have fallen low in battle, men whose fortunes, whose lives, nay, whose very country itself are now endangered, and all on account of that woman of fascinating beauty now walking in the shadow of the tower beneath them.

Priam himself, whose gray hairs were being quickly hurried to the grave by the sorrows brought upon him by the fair enchantress, is the first to accost her in words as affectionate as ever father addressed to loving daughter,—

“Approach, my child, and grace thy father’s side.
See, on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present suffering draws,
Not thou, but Heaven’s disposing will, the cause;
The gods, these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.”

Helen in words replete with remorse, yet full of respect and affection, answers the kind invitation of the aged monarch and seats herself beside him. At his request she points out the leaders of the Greeks, giving at the same time a brief description of each.

There, she says, is Agamemnon, a good kind and valiant warrior; there, too, Ulysses, skilled in strategy and prudent counsel; Ajax, yonder, the bulwark of the Achæans and Idomeneus the godlike, standing in close converse with his Cretan leaders.

Antenor in turn, addresses Helen and tells some pleasant reminiscences of a visit he had received in former years from Menelaus and Ulysses, when they came as legates from Greece to Troy.

Helen again looks out upon the Trojan plain and her quick eye scans the Grecian ranks. But look as she will, she cannot discover among the Grecian host her own two brothers, Castor and Pollux. With sisterly anxiety and affection she conjures up several fond surmises to explain away their absence,—

“Perhaps the chiefs from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas;
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Ashamed to combat in their sister’s cause.”

Not so; far different was the fate of Helen’s brothers, for already, as the poet tells us, in far off Lacedæmon, amid the cold embrace and silence of the tomb, they had long since forgotten in the sleep of death, their sister’s crime and shameful escapade.

What more pathetic ending could the poet have put to a scene of such surpassing beauty! Need we, therefore, wonder that the blind old bard prolongs it no further, but hurries away his reader with the occupants of the tower to further scenes of action and of strife?

T. KANE, '06.

To a Dove.

ANACREON.



W HITHER, whither errant dove,
 Whither fliest, bird of love,
 Blithesome winging through the air,
 Wafting odors, bland and rare,
 Bearing Cupid's arrow bright,
 Breeze distilling in thy flight?
 Tell me, dove!—who sendeth thee?—
 Say what may thine errand be.

At Anacreon's bidding I
 To the boy Bathyllus fly,
 To Bathyllus loving sprite,
 Tyrant merry, heart's delight.
 Venus for a hymn of praise
 Gave the bard to rule my ways.
 Now I serve the master kind,
 On his errand breast the wind,
 Sprinkled with Arabic myrrh
 Bear his message, gentle sir.

Late my kindly master said,—
 "Soon I'll rive thy serfdom's thread."
 I, in sooth, were freedom mine
 For my liege would ever pine;
 Now, I need not soar o'er hills,
 Quench my thirst in turbid rills,
 Nor, escaping angry breeze,
 Shelter seek in groaning trees.
 Nor while thousand lances prick
 Food in thorny bushes pick.

In my master's cheerful home
 I 'mid joyance ever roam.
 Good Anacreon knows my needs,—
 His own hand my hunger feeds;
 For my thirst, his goblet fills
 Mellow wine from Lesbian hills.

I in frolic o'er his head
 Oft my reckless pinions spread;
 Or when Morpheus bids repose
 On his amorous lyre I doze.
 Thus 'mid pleasure's brightest rays
 Gaily pass my menial days;—

But unconscious of delay
 I have prated like a jay.
 So, good stranger, fare thee well!
 I in haste must seek yon dell.

J. G. Mielcarek, '06.

To the Grasshopper.

(AFTER ANACREON).



IMID songster of the meadow,
 Prophet of the blushing spring,
 Cherished darling of the Muses,
 In thy praise I fain would sing!

On thy tiny brow, the sorrows
 Thro' a fretful world that roam
 Will never dare, Apollo's pride,
 To seek a furrowed home.

From Aurora's bounty sipping
 Drops of dew, thy voice to feed,
 What a wealth of song thou blendest
 With the shepherd's plaintive reed!

Dear to sailors is the murmur
 Of the ever restless sea;
 But the sound cannot be sweeter
 Than thy simple lay to me.

Blessings on thee, little songster,
 With thy rain of kindly cheer,
 Long may echoes of thy carols
 In my soul gay musings rear!

J. F. Rice, '05.

The Sensational Press.

(Prize Oration.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

THE subject on which I propose to speak is of utmost importance, as I might say that within the balance hangs the moral decline or progress of the world; within the balance hangs the peace of our country, the happiness of the poor, the comfort of mankind; yea, the fortune of a coming generation. I speak, as you know of the sensational press. Thus, my friends, if the sensational press is for the best interests of mankind we should encourage its publication; but it is not for the best interests of man as I will show by the evil effects it produces. Therefore its publication should either be checked or put under proper legislation.

One of the obvious characteristics of the "yellow" journal in its relation to law-making is that it ordinarily prefers to obtain its ends by use of intimidation rather than by persuasion. Its ideal is to direct rather than to persuade and in this it succeeds to a great degree. Take the monstrous petition scheme which the newspapers bring into action when they wish a public official to do some particular act in some certain way. Do they spend any time in attempting to show the logical propriety or necessity of the action desired? No! But instead they make the official see that the eyes of the people are upon him and that any action by him contrary to the wish of the newspaper would bring about serious personal consequences. If any official has ideas contrary to the printed voice of the people, he becomes the target of sensational attacks calculated to destroy any reputation he may previously have had for intelligence, sobriety of judgment and public efficiency. An amusing illustration of this kind of warfare occurred in New York some years ago, when for several weeks one of the newspapers of that city made daily sensational attacks upon the president of the police commissioners, because said commissioner would not follow the newspaper theories of enforcing the law. The yellow press took the stand that saloon-keepers were given more attention than crime. The commissioner informed the press that to check crime the saloons must be watched. The newspaper paid no attention to this and finally, in one of its issues, it published a list of thirty distinct criminal offenses of the most serious character—murder, robbery, grand larceny, and the like—all alleged to have been committed within a week, and in none of said cases was

a criminal captured or any property recovered. A few days later, after due investigation, Mr. Roosevelt, the commissioner, published in all the New York papers the facts, namely, that twenty-eight of the crimes were fictitious purely and simply and in the other two instances the police had brought about results of a most satisfactory nature—thus showing that the paper was in error. The editor of the journal seeing his cause lost ceased the attack upon the commissioner, instantly.

Now, my friends from the case just cited you can readily see that these newspapers will not stop at forgery or lying or at turning public sentiment against the innocent if by so doing they can obtain a desired or looked for end.

But to proceed. What is it, ladies and gentlemen, the sensational press pours into the minds of the working class by its deceptive influence, into the minds of the poor, who constitute the greater part of its readers. It leads them to believe that justice is not impartial, but bought, that the great corporations own the judges, body and soul, that the American constitution is rotten to the core, that the legislative halls and courts of justice exist as instruments of oppression, denying or destroying the rights of man. No greater injury can be done the working class than to create in their minds this false and groundless suspicion concerning the integrity of the executive body. In a country like ours, whose political existence depends both on the integrity of the judge and the trust the people have in him; when, my friends, the yellow press will lead weak minds to believe that nothing but corruption exists in our legislative and judiciary halls, then it is that our country is in danger. And if the press of this nation is allowed much longer to mislead the working class and print lies of the grossest order, this land of liberty and freedom will come face to face with a catastrophe greater than the one that befell this city but a few months ago. Yes, and it will sweep down upon our nation with wings of fire, in the form of another Revolutionary War, upon this the United States of America, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Again, ladies and gentlemen, the sensational press not only deceives the poor and blinds the minds of the masses in general, but it has also been the chief promoter of crime. In this aspect therefore, it requires a few moments consideration, if indeed such filthy pitch can be touched without defilement. It searches the lowest foreign publications and extracts from them the vilest pictures of depravity, broadens their outline and deepens their tints. It dives into the

loathsome crime of our city, and, fishing up its reeking filthiness, spreads it openly before a public who snuff up with distended nostrils the savor, as that of a feast. These papers, in short, are clothed in every species of moral decline that can not find sewerage through other channels. No wonder that so much butchery and crime exist, when so many demoralized red sheets are allowed to throw their editions broadcast upon a weak public. No wonder that we hear daily of elopements, when the elopers are lauded as heroes. No wonder the honest man fears, while the criminal admires the sensational press, whose tendency is to excite the public mind and to present the bandit, the highwayman, as a cast-iron god. No wonder so many youths become thieves, when principles are laid down which lead to the disrespect of law and all forms of decency. In speaking of crime J. M. Hamilton, ex-governor of Illinois, said: "Chicago owes her crime, filth and corruption chiefly to the sensational press." Father Cox said: "Newspaper accounts have taught the details of crime to susceptible aspirants." Visit the county jail today and you will find that out of one hundred criminals, ninety-five are youths averaging from the ages of sixteen to twenty-two. Ask them what was the cause of their downfall and they will tell you either the dime novel or the sensational press.

Let me ask you, my friends, what was the real cause of our late president Wm. McKinley's death? At whose door does the death of our late mayor, Carter H. Harrison, lie? What was the ultimate cause of the Spanish war? In all these cases the real cause was the yellow journal. What a great loss these disasters have been to our country! And these are only a few of the many evils brought down upon our nation by the sensational press. Are we going to allow this to continue, or are we going to demand our rights? Shall we allow a corrupt press to continue teaching its criminal doctrines? No! A thousand times, No! But what is to be done to prevent this licentiousness? Bar your doors against the red-lettered press until it turns its efforts to the betterment of society. Then, and not till then, will the press be what Jefferson advocated—and he advocated a freedom of the press that would work in the interest of civilization and the moral advance of man.

Can any one, ladies and gentlemen, reflect a moment and fail to see the vast influence of the newspapers in America to-day, an influence already almost unlimited and still growing; an influence that knows no principle; an influence that promotes socialistic and anarchistic principles all at the same time. Such a press is a menace

to society and an encouragement to bad government. My friends, we have a good example of an unprincipled journal here in our own city, which, to gain the public eye, stops at nothing. Today it dabbles in religion or politics, tomorrow it exploits some sensational divorce or murder case, the next day it pits the labor unions against the manufacturers, until finally we find it teaching doctrines of anarchy. It does this in its cartoons, by representing the Trust overbalancing the Judge. What alternative but anarchy is offered, when wealth is represented as poisoning justice?

But why should I go further? You know what has been the cause of all our hardships and misery experienced in the last few years through the strikes; what has driven the poor into darkness and starvation. Yea and has even caused the cold sweat of death to creep over the bodies of many of our countrymen. Oh, my friends, you know well the story of our thralldom! Are we slaves, slaves born to bow before a petty tyrant? No! Then let us force the sensational press to print what is true, to give less prominence to the darker, and more to the bright sides of life, and to refrain from dragging the family skeleton into the light. In doing so the press of this country will work in union with the pulpit of God, for the betterment of government and man. When this comes to pass this nation will finally become the country founded by our Revolutionary fathers, the country Washington nurtured in its infancy, the country Lincoln freed to men; with equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, '05.

Horace.

WHEN the young student of Latin sets out on his up-hill journey towards the acquirement of the knowledge which will enable him to read and readily understand the master-minds of that language, he generally marks as the goal of his ambition the intelligent comprehension of Cicero. And this is but natural; for he has ever heard of Cicero as the prince of Latin authors, and naturally infers, that as such, his works offer the greatest difficulties to the student world.

However, as he advances, this opinion gradually undergoes a change, and in the place of Cicero he will probably substitute Horace. Now this is not so surprising as might appear at first glance; for, have we not an analogy to this in our own language? How many there are who can, with comparative ease, read and understand our princes of prose, Ruskin and Newman, yet when they come to Shakespeare, find in him a stumbling-block. What, if not this, signifies the vast array of commentaries illuminating the text of Shakespeare, and so few bearing upon that of our prose writers? Exceptional as it may seem, difficulty but gives an additional charm to the study of Horace; for it is natural with us that the desire to possess grows with the difficulty of attainment.

However, before the student finds the charm of Horace, he is usually disappointed in him. During some years he has been looking forward to the time when he will study this master. But there has been a vagueness in his ideas,—perhaps he expects something grand and sublime far removed from the thoughts and actions of every-day life. On first meeting, however, he is disillusioned by the informal, matter-of-fact manner of the author's greeting. For where he expected the sublime, he finds the humorous, where he looked for superiority he sees equality, where he anticipated lofty disdain and anger he meets playful satire and indifference.

Nevertheless, disappointment soon gives way to devout worship of the fallen idol. Rhetoricians in discussing oratory, mention what they call the "insinuating" exordium,—one that creeps in upon the hostile feelings of an audience "insensibly winning their favor and confidence." The term might in justice be applied to the works of Horace. The young student with his enthusiasm chilled at his introduction, is perfectly willing to ignore our dear friend. But

the power of a non-elective course now comes into play, compelling him willing or not to pursue the work he has begun, and thus he obtains the fruits which the study of Horace brings. Almost before he is aware of it, his reserve is broken down in the presence of the varied moods and fancies which his author conjures up before his view. Now he is the gentle lyrist, singing sweet love-songs to his Lelage, now, the plaintive elegist mourning the loss of a dear friend, now the stern teacher of morals, now the humorous satirist and finally the elegant instructor of his own art.

Throughout these various moods there is such a human strain, such a feeling of good-fellowship visible, that it, more than anything else perhaps, has made Horace immortal. It is like the melody which, ever and anon repeated throughout some complicated opus in music, we learn to recognize and eagerly await. Thus it is that Horace more than any other ancient writer is so well known and so frequently quoted. His pithy sayings, condensing in themselves the wisdom of ages, have become almost proverbial. Who indeed has not heard his "*Virtus stat in medio*" almost as often as "Honesty is the best policy?" And is this not the best test of the endurance of an author's fame and popularity?

Yet, notwithstanding this acknowledged pre-eminence of Horace, there are many who deny to him the title of poet. A poet, they argue, should be more sublime, should carry us on wings of fancy out of our own sphere to something higher and grander than that to which Horace does. Hence he is altogether too mundane for their æsthetic taste. But the generality of men are content to accept a less exalted definition of the term poet; and when such a one strikes a human chord in Horace, he will not have his heart-strings tuned so high that they will not vibrate to his note.

Thus, though pedants bicker on this question, we will be content to take Horace as he is, and like the discerning bees draw forth the proffered honey, whether or not we know the name of the flower from which it comes.

JOHN CLIFFORD, '05.

From King to King.

SAD yet inspiring was the scene enacted some eight centuries ago in one of those smiling valleys that nestle tranquilly amid the hills and barren wastes of Palestine. The battle of Ascalon had been fought and won, ninety thousand men had fallen low in death, but the cause of God had triumphed, the scenes ennobled by the life and death of Christ were rescued from the Saracen, and once again became the heritage of Christian nations. Stillness reigned around the blood-stained field and where once the buzz of countless bees had filled the air with music, naught could now be heard but the occasional, mournful moan of some expiring soldier in the throes of death.

Godfrey, the tall, dark king of the first Crusaders, with blood-stained armor and haggard face, withdrew in silence from the battle. As it was now late, he deferred until morning his intention of holding a solemn convocation of the noble knights whose prowess had brought such glory to his arms.

Early next morning they assembled, anxiously awaiting an explanation of their summons by the king. Godfrey's entrance quickly silenced all surmises. After rendering fitting thanks to God for the victory of the preceding day and thanking his noble followers for their personal devotion and prowess, he called upon some knight to go as courier to Henry, king of England, with tidings of the battle.

Such an errand, replete with adventure, suited the chivalrous spirits of his knights. Godfrey therefore wisely decided that one and all should draw for it by lot, and the chance fell to Louis Vigneau, a knight who had spent his youthful days among the vine-clad hills of southern France. Brave and virtuous, broad-shouldered and tall, of grave mien and olive complexion, skilled in feats of arms, a lover of books, of art and song, none better than he could have been chosen for such an enterprise.

Losing no time he mounted his black horse and amid the tumultuous cheering of the army departed on his journey. A warm September sun shone high in the heavens and his soul thrilled with exultation at the prospect of the many adventures awaiting him. Occasionally an insolent braggart crossed his way, but a few passes and thrusts of his sword quickly discomfited the aggressor. Late

one evening he knocked at the door of an odd-looking house in a little village of the Tyrol and was greeted by a friendly Austrian. Our traveler gave his name and told his errand. Instantly the fat round face of the Austrian lit up with smiles, his little eyes sank almost out of view beneath the folds of flesh that closed around them, his mouth opened, disclosing faultless rows of pearly teeth, and while the rest of his face went through a series of comical contortions, his nose alone, large and aquiline, like some self-conscious general in battle, retained a composure all its own. Soon, however, he resumed his wonted gravity and in a different way gave expression to the joy he felt at entertaining such a noble guest. High in air he threw the cap that concealed a pate as smooth as any billiard ball, then with arms extended clasped the knight, introduced him to his best apartment and left him comfortably and safely ensconced in an old-fashioned arm-chair.

Casimir Neven—for such was his name—immediately left the room to break his good fortune to his wife and honest villagers. Shortly after, Louis heard loud shouting all about the inn, and amid the noise and turmoil caught the words, “Hail, Crusader! Hail!” He threw open the door and immediately a number of odd-looking villagers surged in, some sleepily rubbing their eyes, others nudging forward and shouting “Hail, Crusader!” “Hail, O Knight!”

Amid this motley yet enthusiastic throng, Louis was quick to recognize the homely features and bald pate of Casimir, owner of the inn, and with kindly words invited one and all to join him at his evening’s meal. Instantly Casimir and the villagers ranged themselves around the spacious table. Once more the door grated on its hinges and Casimir’s wife, a plump and kindly matron, entered the room bearing on her head large platters of meat, cake and fruit. The conversation soon experienced the genial effect of her presence as well as of the viands she bore. Supper over, Casimir diverted the conversation into new channels by a thrilling ghost-story which he ever kept in readiness for such occasions. Other villagers followed him in a similar strain, and so the hours wore on. At last an old crone, an intimate friend of Casimir’s and a firm believer in ghosts and nightly phantoms, told of a certain cave, situated at the base of a mountain some thirty miles from the village, where groans and shrieks were heard at almost every hour, and where odd, fantastic beings, clad in costly garments, held nocturnal revels. So strange an occurrence kindled Louis’ curiosity

and he there and then made up his mind to stop there, and learn if possible the causes of such strange phenomena.

Early next morning after a refreshing sleep he bade farewell to the landlord and again proceeded on his journey. Late towards evening he reached the mountain, tethered his horse to a tree and aided by the light of the moon walked slowly towards the opening in the mountain's side. The entrance was large enough to permit of a man entering on horseback, but the interior proved to be much larger still.

Louis sat down upon a rock projecting from the wall near the ground, leaned forward on his sword and gazed intently at the cloudless sky. Perceiving a feeling of drowsiness creeping upon him, he stood up, doffed his armor, fastened all the joints together, arranged it carefully over a rock until it seemed the effigy of some Crusader stretched upon his tomb, and then with his trusty sword beside him lay down to sleep. He had scarcely dozed off into a quiet slumber when a gruff, loud voice broke rudely on his ears. He jumped up, and was about to give battle, but realizing the danger of his position, he immediately fell back, intending to await further developments. The sounds which roused him from his dreams proceeded from two richly, but oddly attired men who in the darkness passed him by unnoticed. Louis followed at some distance.

As soon as the men caught sight of the armor, with mock solemnity one addressed the other.

"Cast thine eyes thither, brother. By my halidom, we have a fine guest this time, a real knight, a Crusader!"

"Yea," whispered his companion, "by my last penny I never saw such goodly armor on a king. It is so dainty, too nice even, to lay hands upon. However let us bring it to our stately ball-room."

"What, ho! no sword? Well, all the better, then."

With these words, they picked up the armor and carrying it between them, walked forward through a narrow passage-way. Louis followed closely. Soon they reached a hall, hewn out of the solid rock, and pulling back a curtain entered a brilliantly illuminated apartment, where richly furnished tables with costly rugs and paintings burst suddenly upon the view. Here they set down their burden, loosened all the fastenings and after a thorough examination of each part, one suggested to the other, that since they had the armor, they might as well have the knight also. This proposal met the instant approval of the other, and both prepared to retrace their steps along the hallway by which they came.

Louis was now in a quandary what to do. To retreat through the long passage-way without being seen was entirely out of the question. To remain where he was, was to court destruction. Luckily, just then his practiced eye detected a rather wide opening in the wall, a little distance from where he stood. With a few bounds he made for that protection, and a minute later the men rushed by him. As soon as they had passed from sight, he leaped out and entered the apartment they had just vacated. His first thought was to don his armor, but deeming this indiscreet he began to examine carefully everything around him.

Soon he noticed two other apartments, one that served as kitchen and dining-room, where some eight men were drinking, gambling and telling tales, the other a dungeon, dimly lighted by a few flickering candles where several prisoners were confined in cells. Making his way thither, he went among them to learn their respective stories. They explained that their guards were brigands and that by reason of their wealth and noble birth they had these many years been held as captives.

Of these unfortunates, one there was who more than all the rest elicited the sympathy of Louis. She was a young princess, second daughter of Henry, King of England, whom the brigands feared to set at liberty, lest their deeds of blood and plunder should come under the notice of the king, her father. There she sat pensive and lonely, her cheeks pale, her eyes swollen, braiding and unbraiding the luxuriant hair that streamed about her shoulders. At sight of one so beautiful, yet so sad, feelings of deep love and sympathy rushed through Vigneau's heart, and there and then by his trusty sword he swore to rescue her or perish in the effort. She in turn admired his polished demeanor and noble bearing. There was something so grand, so good in him, that his desire to aid her called forth the deepest sympathy and interest of her heart.

Hearing the distant footfalls of the guard whose duty it was to extinguish the lights above the dungeon, the princess pointed out a place where her knight might escape his notice. Louis, however, remained close by the entrance, and as the guard approached jingling his keys, sprang out upon him. With a stern "defend yourself" the fight was on. In a trice, Louis deprived him of his sword and keys, locked him in an empty cell and unbarred the dungeon's prison doors.

From the cell in which the disarmed guard was now confined a shrill cry echoed and re-echoed through the halls. Louis, not

knowing what would happen next, slipped the warden's sword and keys to the princess, his own he handed to a stalwart noble seated by her side. Scarcely had he done so when the brigands, nine in number, came rushing in. Louis was instantly seized, bound hand and foot and given in charge to two of their number for the night. Not having any keys with which to free the other guard they both sat down with Louis in their midst, directly in front of the dungeon's gates.

Long and hard they tried to discover in whose keeping were the prison keys. First they jested with their prisoner, then scoffed at him and beat him. Seeing at last the utter futility of all their efforts, one of them, raising a sword above his head, said with scornful mockery:

"Speak, fool, tell where the keys are, or before I count three you shall find your way to paradise. Wherefore, one—two—"

The "three" was never uttered, for the princess, deftly pushing aside the gate, struck hard and fast the uplifted arm of the brigand. Quickly the noble by her side, sprang wildly on the other, seized both their swords, cut loose the thongs from Vigneau's arms and legs, and with the latter's help, placed both the brigands behind the prison bars.

They were now in a position to defend themselves against all further attack, and so they resolutely awaited the onset of the remaining bandits, who presently, with drawn swords, rushed down the stairs leading to the dungeon. Louis tripped the first, who fell forward, striking heavily against his sword. Several of those who followed stumbled and fell over the lifeless body. At the same time a shower of blows fell like hail upon their heads, and it was only a matter of few moments when all but one were disarmed and thrust behind the prison doors.

This one exception was a young lad whom the knight and rescued nobles purposely retained, to furnish horses and provisions for the journey homewards.

The next morning as the lad had procured horses sufficient for all, Louis, accompanied by his nobles and brigand captives, set forth once more upon his journey. Everything went pleasantly until the little party reached the frontiers of Belgium, where the nobles with expressions of unbounded generosity were forced to take leave of their brave defender. Louis, leaving his prisoners in the hands of those whom they had once enslaved, proceeded on his way attended only by the princess.

It was a great festal day in England. King Henry was about to review for the last time his brave troops destined for the rescue of the Holy Land. Pennons by thousands fluttered in the breeze, flags waved, the sun shone brightly overhead, the whole uniting to form a scene of inimitable splendor and beauty. On an improvised balcony resplendent with gold and rich tapestry were seated the king and his courtiers. While the soldiers were maneuvering, Louis and the princess entered the field unnoticed, by an arched entrance at the side. Hand in hand they advanced till they reached the front of the reviewing stand. The king not recognizing them, wondered at their boldness. Just then the princess lifted her veil, and with eyes that shone like jewels looked directly towards her father and the members of his court.

This single glance sufficed. The king's cheeks flushed with surprise, his heart beat loud with emotion, his hands twitched nervously. Then thrusting aside all regal gravity and decorum, with a bound he cleared the steps between his daughter and himself and with a cry well nigh hysterical embraced his child. Lovingly, passionately, he clung to her until the tears streamed down his cheeks. In simple words the princess told the story of her capture, introduced Louis as Godfrey's courier, and as the knight whose valiant sword and dauntless spirit had effected her release.

Having read Godfrey's letter, the king summoned a herald to proclaim at once to his army and faithful subjects the safe return of his daughter and the victory that had crowned the arms of the Crusaders. The people went wild in their enthusiasm. Louis was made the recipient of countless honors, and a few weeks later received in marriage the hand of the princess he had rescued.

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.

Spring.

3



ULL softer than the fall of snowy flake
 That through the silent air, its way doth wing
 Unto the placid bosom of a lake,
 Is the first mild, caressing breath of Spring.

Fragrant the breezes, that from southern clime
 The balmy odors of Arabia bring,
 Rich is the perfume of the rose and thyme
 But all in one is the soft breath of Spring.

When the chill chains of Winter melt away,
 And to the sunny air the song-birds sing,
 List to the note that dominates each lay,
 And hear the joyous, warbling voice of Spring!

Echoed from hill to field, from field to hill,
 That voice finds cheery welcome in the mind
 Of the observant subject of that Will,
 Whose laws this universal frame still bind.

The Presence that 'mid ever changing views,
 Sits changeless, waiting for His creature's love,
 E'en the persuasive joys of spring may use
 To draw His erring children's thoughts above.

B. A. Desmond, '06.

Liberty.

IN the early ages of the world's history tyranny existed triumphant and supreme. With the powers of those days, might made right. Unchecked by the sense of wrong, prompted by ungoverned cupidity, the primitive nations crushed one another with war and slavery.

Chaldea, Assyria and Babylon rose successively in the regions watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, became all powerful, bound heavy chains upon their subject states, yet today all their pomp and glory lie in ruins. Two centuries after the fall of Babylon Alexander the Great, with his dread Macedonian Phalanx, swept over the known world, conquered and drew together the greatest empire time had ever seen, and even then, in the thirst for glory and power, wept that there were no more worlds to conquer. But Alexander's death left no man able to maintain this abnormal condition; this empire, torn by internal strife, this bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe, down sank and spread its ruin round. Rome, with her broader empire, mightier power, greater glory, is but a thing of the past. The dream and ambition of Napoleon, vast as the world itself, perished with him on the wave-lashed island of St. Helena.

Thus, from the day on which the Red Sea opened, and Moses led Israel from slavery, to the day on which Lincoln proclaimed the negro free, ever in the heart of man, prompting him to burst his bonds, and to break the powers which enslave him, has been a spirit, not "Anarchy which is red ruin, and the breaking up of laws; not Tyranny which is injustice and oppression to mankind," but God-given liberty, man's priceless heritage.

Opposed, but never vanquished, down-trodden, but never subdued, sore-smitten, but never unto death, the spirit of liberty, that bright angel with the flaming sword of justice, ever battles with dark tyranny. When Persia, with her mighty legions, darkened the smiling plains of Greece, Xerxes and his army paused before a narrow pass, famed Thermopylae, the gateway of all Hellas. Three hundred Spartans beat them back, as the rugged cliff dashes from its rocky walls the waves that beat against it. But betrayed, surrounded by foes, they died fighting for honor and for liberty.

As in ancient history, so in modern. Was it merely for the principle of no "Taxation without representation" that the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world? Was

it for this that Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington poured forth treasures of heart and mind? Was it for this that Bunker Hill, Lexington, Saratoga and Brandywine were fought? Was it for this that France sent Lafayette, and that Poland, not deaf to a sister cause, commissioned Kosciusko and Pulaski to battle? No, but for liberty.

In a foreign land, a traveler perceives with wonder, a tombstone, bearing no inscription. "Why," asks he, is "nothing carved to waken memory of him who sleeps beneath?" The answer is written upon one of the saddest, and yet withal, upon one of the most glorious pages in the annals of the human race. Who lies here? A patriot, a patriot if to love one's native land and to die for it, merits the name. He saw his country suffer poverty, oppression, cruelty, a cruelty greater than that felt by our Christian fathers in the bloody arena of pagan Rome. He knew of a time when the trees of his native land rustled their soft leaves to the joyous tones of Tara's harp, when freedom blessed her sons, and smiling plenty crowned her hills. He saw poverty, he knew of plenty. He saw cruelty, he knew of happiness. He saw oppression, and he knew, ere England came, of freedom, and his heart rebelled; he rose to strike off the goading chains of tyranny.

They called him before justice, brought him to trial, nay, the semblance of trial. Accused of treachery; stamped as selling his country, he stood alone, misjudged, in the power of his enemies, guilty in the sight of man, but innocent before all-seeing heaven, condemned to die—the hero of posterity, the martyr of Ireland—Robert Emmet. His heart they can silence; his spirit, they cannot subdue, and ere death he cries "When my country shall take her place among the nations of the world, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

Thus, that stranger in a foreign land, who wonders to see a tombstone uncarved, a grave unmarked, is answered—here lies a man who forbade all words of praise above his dust until his well-beloved Erin should be free.

While the bones of Emmet mingle with the dust a larger hope now dawning upon our world, bright with the promise of an ampler day will, in years to come, shine in full noon, and liberty triumphant and supreme will be granted to every land, wherein the heart of manhood beating high, demands the blessings of freedom for itself and its posterity.

WILLIAM M. MAGEE, '06.

The Vestibule of Hell.



VERGIL'S ÆNEID, VI, 264-281.

I



IMMORTAL Gods whose sceptered sway
 The silent shades 'neath earth obey,
 Wide-stretching chaos still and deep
 Where Phleg'thon's floods impetuous sweep,
 Athwart whose realms, sable Night
 And dreadful Silence rule with might,
 Permission due I crave, to tell
 The secrets dark and deep that dwell
 'Mid depths and fastnesses of Hell.
 Through night's vast solitary gloom
 They went, and Pluto's realms of doom—
 'Mid lurid shades where countless dead
 The void and sunless regions tread—
 As travellers oft their tiresome way,
 Wend through the woods when night holds sway,
 'Neath Luna's pale uncertain light
 When Jove enshrouds the heavens from sight
 And Nature's face is screened by night.
 Within the very mouth of Hell
 Avenging Care and Anguish dwell,
 And wan Disease and sullen Age
 With endless plaint and frenzy rage.
 Foul Want and Fear due places fill
 With Famine counsellor of ill;
 In sooth, shapes ghastly to behold,
 Suffering and Death the porches hold,
 And Sleep grim Death's blood-brother bold.
 Here shameful Lusts that warp the mind,
 Full spacious halls and mansions find,
 And deadly War couched in the gates
 Unending strife and feud creates.
 The Furies next 'mid dungeons deep,
 Within their iron chambers sleep;
 Last, Discord wild, stands near the door
 With forked-tongue's harsh, discordant roar,
 And viper-locks suffused with gore.

S. T. Czapelske, '06.

The Mission of the United States.

WE are told that the Roman Empire, pagan as it was, shameless and cruel as it was, though the land of savage tyrants, of dark intrigue and inhuman murder, nevertheless was intended by God to be the haven and the cradle of Christianity. And we, the people of today, have accepted this view, sprung as it is from the pens and voices of so many Christian writers and men of eminence, concerning the mission of the most powerful government of antiquity.

But after many ages have followed one another down into the misty valley of forgetfulness, after thousands of good and evil monarchs have lived and died, and are remembered only in history's pages, the Creator has blessed the universe with another and a willing teacher of nations. He has brought into existence and nourished to the full growth of its manhood, a true republic, a republic which gives light to all who grope in darkness, a republic which will never degenerate into an empire, a republic in which every citizen is a king uncrowned and whose people bear a title grander than that of any emperor—the title of a citizen of the United States of America.

This honor is ours. And it is our duty to consider our country's mission as a factor, a mighty factor in the world's government. We as citizens, or future citizens, should consider what the United States has taught in the past, what it is teaching today, and what ideals of today we may hope to see realized in the expanse of time before us.

When this government's foundation was announced by the old state house bell of liberty, and when it had first begun to thrive, we invited the "old world" to take up the march toward the rich but undeveloped Western Continent, and to share as equals with us in our newly found prosperity. How quickly did they see our signal light of freedom! How quickly did they flee from their oppression abroad! How quickly did they accept our offer of a new home and the blessings of citizenship, which embraced rights and privileges of which they had never even dared to dream! They came by thousands, aye, by millions. They came with their strength and manhood and assisted us to make the country we have today. Yes, they came to us and gave up all foreign allegiance and pledged

themselves to us as they stood under the protecting canopy of the stars and stripes.

And as a nation, what did we give to them in return? We failed not, when our National Constitution, our honor and our freedom cried out to us saying: "Give them liberty!" Give them protection here and elsewhere which differs in no way from that enjoyed by those born within our boundaries, and thus teach the monarchs, whom they have forsaken, and the people they have left behind them, what it means to be a citizen of free, independent America. Then was the crowning glory of our American institutions wafted throughout the universe; then did we teach the world the meaning of governmental happiness, the meaning of justice and of freedom.

The mission of the United States is clearly outlined in its every principle of law and in its very form of government.

The honored framers of the constitution never intended this nation's hands to grasp terror and death, but to hold aloft the light which illumines the path of liberty to man. Instead of having the largest standing army and the most thoroughly equipped navy, they aimed with all their might and main to make our government the best on earth—a government which would teach by its every act justice between man and man, between nation and nation. They have left us this sacred legacy, this great rule of conduct. It has descended to us through generations of our countrymen and we must give to it the most patriotic and loving care afforded by true Americanism; for this alone can forever preserve it to guard the minds of a free and happy people, protecting all, defending all, and blessing all.

History tells us how the great Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer; it tells us how Napoleon, the imperial impersonation of force and murder, covered Europe with blood and tears. Both of these slaughtering followers of ambition have gone down into the noiseless silence of an eternal night, and for them America has no eulogy; for if she truly performs her mission of an international teacher, when these military prodigies shall have been forgotten in the cycles sweep of years, the mere mention of America's justice will still thrill the hearts of men, and little children with their tiny voices will be taught to lisp the names of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

On the other hand let us not be blinded by our own power and prosperity, but let us remember that our nation is like the youth who has reached the age of twenty-one years—it can do as it

pleases. And lately it has become so great that it feels the burden of the Colonial policy which now exists in the Philippine Islands, a policy which shows too many traces of English ideas of expansion, a policy which arraigns the wisdom of God himself when it affirms that He has created human beings so helpless that they are not able to govern themselves, but are to be the prey of that fallacious doctrine which held America in bondage until the spirit of liberty cut her fetters and made her a nation on the face of the earth.

But if our country has erred, her mistakes are not vital. We have the vast unknown future to hope in. And it remains with the people and the government of the people to decide whether they shall bring glory or dishonor to the fair name of the "Ocean's Gem." Let all remember that it is the duty of every American citizen to do all in his power to keep our nation removed, as far in fact as is the expanse of waters, from the customs and quarrels and avaricious conquests which have besmirched the flags of so many of the old world's powerful governments. It is our duty to preserve the land of our birth alone in its grandeur as an immortal monument to Washington, whom God gave to us to teach the world the value of honesty and of justice, and to prove to it that the spirit of the Saviour never dies.

Then can we say with pride that the United States of America is nobly fulfilling its mission. And then when in fancy we penetrate the vista of years before us we will see a nation, God's fairest gift to the race of man. A nation accepted as the just arbiter of every dispute, a nation which receives the oppressed of every land and whose flag is loved while other flags are only feared.

JOHN C. MURPHY, '05.

An Evil and its Remedy.

THIS century is the period of educational development. On every side, throughout the length and breadth of our nation, colleges and universities endowed with every advantage spring up like mushrooms in the night. The public schools are enlarging their sphere of influence. Webster's plea for the diffusion of knowledge among the people is being answered, and Washington's injunction to the nation "that educational institutions should be established" is being obeyed. But why does immorality stalk through our streets, and vice establish its filthy dens upon our greatest thoroughfares? Why is open polygamy permitted by laws, which are rotten to the core, and upon whose abolition depends the security of the family and the safety of the state? Is there no sense of decency remaining in the American people? What is the cause of these evils?

Religion's purity of thought, word and deed has been neglected. The still, small voice of conscience has been stifled. The cross of Christ has been profaned and mocked; the banner of morality has been trampled in the dust. And all this has occurred because the schools impart mere material secular knowledge, and because the reputed leaders of education are agnostics, or cannot teach the words of God. Even in training-schools for public school teachers, pamphlets are distributed in which the name of God is enclosed in quotation marks, and Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice" is esteemed as a more genuine personage than St. Thomas Aquinas. And such is the training our rising generation will receive unless heroic measures are adopted to check the onslaughts of infidelity and irreligion against our future prosperity.

Dionysius, the historian, has said, and his sentiment is emblazoned in mosaic in the Library of Congress, that the "true foundation of a state rests in the education of its youth." To be more explicit the wording might have been changed to this reading, "The foundation of every state rests in the true education of its youth," true education being religious as well as secular. In the opinion of Samuel Parr, who was recognized as the ablest educator of his time, "Wherever education is improperly managed, we find the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway." Our late Holy Father recognized the unchanging truth of

this statement, and, in his appreciation of the unsatisfactory conditions existing in America, bestowed his benediction upon an educational institution, whose fame shall spread far and wide over our broad land, and which in league with our colleges shall assist in placing the true idea of education before our nation.

The Catholic University of America, as the keystone of our national Catholic educational system, is destined to become the foremost home of learning in the United States. Its noble purpose is to "afford to the youth of our country an opportunity for pursuing higher studies in the most important branches of knowledge under the inspiration of Catholic truth." Her theologians will confute the arguments of infidel college presidents; her graduates in pedagogy will conquer the forces of agnostics and irreligion in education; her scientists will prove conclusively the conformity of the laws of Nature to the laws of God; her economists will combat successfully with the armies of Socialism; her lawyers will assist in the abolition of the lax divorce laws, which sap the life blood of our people and ruin our sacred homes.

Such is the glorious future planned for her, in union with all our Catholic educational institutions. The Church, with all that threatens, faces the century with fortitude. Why need she fear? Her sword—the sword of Right—is bared for the conflict. Her quiver is filled with the darts of Truth, whose shafts will sink deep into the souls of the foes of morality and will put to flight the enemies of religion. And year after year, to do battle unto victory upon the field of education, thousands of young men will rush forth from the armories of our Catholic colleges—colleges, which shall, in the inspired words of the poet,

" Our scattered knowledges together bind;
 Our freedom consecrate to noble arms,
 To music set the visions of the mind;
 Give utterance to the truth pure faith proclaims:
 Lead where the perfect beauty lies enshrined,
 Whose sight the blood of low-born passion tames."

MARTIN L. NEALIS, '04.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial.

MUCH as we are disinclined to speak of the financial side of our venture, still, as "a stitch in time saves nine," and as our existence depends largely upon the mite of the subscriber, we beg leave to remind our friends that many subscriptions have run out. Our finances are hardly such as to afford us the opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of the giver but rather those of the receiver. If any of our subscribers have not received THE COLLEGIAN regularly our business manager will be glad to hear from them, that he may rectify the error, and insure future delivery.—M. CAPLICE, '04.

At last the statue of Father Marquette has been accepted by our Congress. After years of bickering marked by bigoted anti-Catholic opposition the offering of Wisconsin is allowed a place among the gifts of our states to the national gallery in Washington. Seventeen years have elapsed since the legislature of Wisconsin decided to present to Statuary Hall the chiselled figure of one who during his career of discovery and missionary enterprise in America did more to spread Christianity and civilization than the rapid-fire Maxim guns and standing armies. The spirit of blind hatred of Catholicity has passed and a healthier tolerance has grown up in America, a tolerance which we may sincerely hope and con-

fidently expect will characterize this century as an age of peace between all men, and which will lead to a practical recognition of universal brotherhood.

MARTIN L. NEALIS, '04

To an American accustomed to have his rights religiously safeguarded by the Constitution and Supreme Court against legislative encroachments, the whole course of action, pursued by the notorious Combes ministry of France in its war upon religion is anything but intelligible. The latest phase of the persecution is by far the most high-handed yet taken by Combes. The so-called republic has just enacted a law which aims at throttling free speech as successfully as ever did the enactments of Cromwell or Nero. It seems that the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris and Rheims were "indiscreet" enough to exercise their natural prerogative of citizenship by appealing in an open letter to the President of France, soliciting his assistance in opposing the anti-religious war now being waged by the government.

Combes, who, by the way, should be in no wise concerned in this correspondence, immediately had a bill passed in the French Assembly whereby the government will have the power to imprison or exile any prelate who dares raise a voice in behalf of his flock in criticism of the persecution.

How far the law will be effective in silencing the French hierarchy, who are united in condemning the action of the government, and how long the French electorate which is preponderantly Catholic will allow itself to be imposed upon by a Masonic, socialistic, atheistic government are matters of absorbing interest to lovers of liberty throughout the civilized world.

WILLIAM A. MURPHY, '04.

OCCASIONS are rare when the action of any college brings up such an amount of discussion both pro and con as has the radical action taken by Brown University in regard to the membership of its baseball teams. The movement amounted in brief to something like this: "We do not believe that any real student of our university should be excluded from membership on our baseball teams, for the sole reason that he has played summer ball during his vacation and received an emolument for his services." What argumentation this provoked is well known. Many advocated the action, alleging as supporting reasons that summer ball playing was the means by which

many a deserving student attained an education, and that the rule of amateurism was so often violated that it was practically a dead letter. Their opponents, in force, declared that this would be the destruction of college athletics by staining its purity and making the already largely unrepresentative college strictly unrepresentative.

For our part, we admire the athletic board of Brown University for the courage of their convictions; yet we deplore the abruptness of their action. Reform is not brought about by hasty action; it is a result which requires a gradual process. Still, though the general trend of opinion is against the board's decision, we cannot but feel that the latter will in the end have a salutary effect. Today we can expect nothing from it, but on the morrow, by affecting the course of thought in the athletic world it will lead to the amelioration of much in college athletics which now calls for our pity and regret.—
M. CAPLICE, '04.

“An interval of a few months will again bring round that most happy day on which, fifty years ago, our predecessor, Pius IX., Pontiff of holy memory, surrounded by a noble crown of Cardinals and Bishops, pronounced and promulgated, with the authority of the infallible magisterium, that it was revealed by God that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, was free from all stain of original sin. . . . And venerable brothers, why should we not hope that today, after the lapse of half a century, when we renew the remembrance of the Immaculate Virgin, that an echo of that holy joy will be awakened in our minds, and those magnificent scenes of former times of faith and of love toward the August Mother of God will be repeated?”

It is thus, in part, that Our Holy Father, Pius X pleads with the faithful throughout the world, through the medium of his Bishops and Priests, for a renewal of former ardent devotion to the Mother of Christ. Has that love for her cooled? Has our devotion become so lukewarm that we need such a fervent appeal? Far from it; it but slumbers, like the coal upon the hearth, when the fire is low. As the glowing coal is covered by the ashes, so is the heart smothered by the dross of the every-day hurry and turmoil of a wealth-seeking world, and, like the coal, needs but the gentle fanning of a devoted breath to burst into the brilliant flame of sincere love and devotion. That breath is now upon us. Let us take advantage of it while we may! Heap on fresh fuel lest the single coal be wasted, and our hearts left cold and barren!

What bond of union between God and man is so strong as the Blessed Virgin. She it is, indeed, to whom we may be truly thankful for God's manifold graces and blessings. Through her intercession have we received innumerable favors. It is she who, when sin casts its evil shadow around us and blindfolds our eyes, leads us with a loving hand, away from the pitfalls of everlasting death, and opens our eyes to the dangers which beset us. To whom may we turn, when our sins have become so hideous as to render us fearful even of God's mercy, if not to Mary Immaculate, His Divine Mother! To her He refuses no boon, nor does she refuse to hear her children.

Next to God Himself then we should honor Mary; first because she is the Mother of Christ; secondly because she is our own Mother, given to us at the foot of the cross by Christ, through the beloved apostle John, and lastly, we should honor her because she is the model of all that is pure and holy. Born without the stain of original sin upon her soul, God so ordained that she should preserve to the end her spotless innocence. "In His Holy Spirit He created her, and exalted her above all His works."

"Let us unite, therefore, to show due honor and reverence to our Immaculate Mother in this her Jubilee year. Let us heed the warning of our Holy Father, and do all that lies in our power to renew "those magnificent scenes of former times," uniting as one grand chorus in singing: "Regina sine labe concepta; Ora pro nobis."—JOHN J. GEARTY, '05.



Apropos of an article that appeared in one of our recent exchanges condemning public taste as shown in its choice of literature, we desire to say a few words.

It seems to be the tendency—to put it in the “expressive phraseology of the twentieth century”—to knock the public taste whenever the least opportunity is offered. Thus we hear of the decadence of literature and the degeneracy of the stage, both ascribed to the decline in public taste. The cry is, that the public craves the amusing and not the serious—a cry which has been so frequently repeated, that it has gained credence. And young writers, ambitious to be in the advance guard of modern thought, often set forth singular statements concerning this so-called decline in public taste, without sufficient grounds for so doing, taking it for granted that there is a decline in public taste in the matter of literature.

But is this true? We answer in the words of Mr. Hamilton Mabie, the eminent critic of one of our most conservative magazines, “The general impression among those best informed, seems to be that there is no falling off in the habit of what may be called *solid* reading in this country; that on the contrary the number of those who read *serious* literature is increasing. * * * This impression is certainly borne out by the great sale of standard works of all kinds. New editions of *classic* English and American authors would not come constantly from the press if they were not absorbed by the reading public.”

This, coming from such a man and at such a time, would seem to offset the assertions of any decline in public taste, and as for the future of literature itself, for which the writer of the article in question held out small hope, we are rather inclined to agree with the *St. Joseph's College Spokesman*—“Development is a law of the universe, and on this principle we feel justified in predicting that

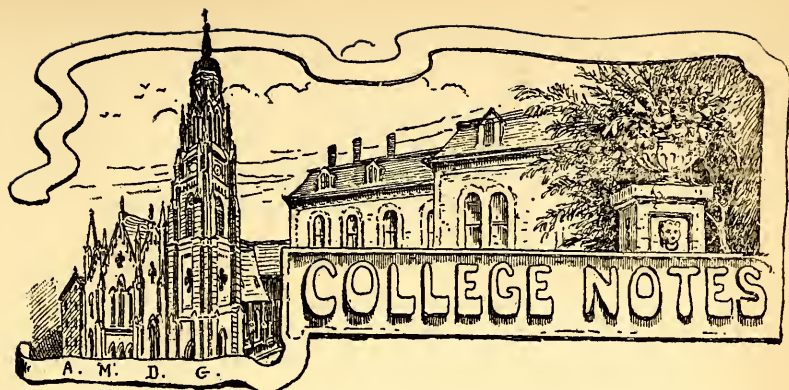
the literature of the future will attain to heights that, hitherto, have not been reached."

Should anyone desire to read a clever short story—and who does not?—let him peruse "Dot's Birthday" in the *Mt. St. Mary's Record* for March. Natural, animated dialogue, an atmosphere of jollity and exceptional facility in prolonging the denouement, all combine to make it the most enjoyable story we have thus far read. And we have little hesitancy in awarding it the first place for the month of March. The essay entitled Father Faber, poet, while it is a sincere appreciation of his work would, we think, be much improved if there were less of the personal relations between Father Faber and Wordsworth discussed, and more attention given to a critical estimate of his poetry. We congratulate the *Record* on the excellent photograph of its staff published in this issue. A good plan, this publishing of staff pictures. It helps to give some idea of the personality of the writers, whose efforts we so often read.

In looking over the editorials of our exchanges, those of the *Holy Cross Purple* for March certainly deserve credit for their aptness, strength and thoughtfulness. They convey the impression that the editor is a wide-awake student of contemporary American history, who can tell what he knows in a straightforward, manly way that arrests attention. The departments—"Briefs" and "Under the Rose"—are unique in their way and written in an easy, natural style that becomes their character.

We extend our congratulations to the *Bee* on its fifth anniversary, which it commemorates by an excellent edition. Indeed the *Bee*, true to its name, has been a diligent worker and has gathered unto its hive the best and sweetest honey that the flowers of conscientious effort and perseverance yield.

JOHN J. CLIFFORD, '05.



The annual retreat for the students was held on Jan. 18, 19, 20, an earlier date than has been customary in preceding years. The exercises of the retreat were conducted by the well known missionaries, Fathers Boarman, S. J. and McKeough, S. J. An earnest spirit of devoutness characterized the three days, and the number of students who approached Holy Communion in the College Chapel at the close of the retreat was larger than in any former year.

On February 13th the members of the Junior Class were called upon to mourn the death of an esteemed classmate, Rogers F. O'Neil, son of Chicago's Chief of Police. After a short illness in which he struggled bravely with death, he passed to his reward in peace and resignation. The funeral services, at which the Junior Class attended in a body, were held in the church of St. Thomas. The Rev. Archbishop of Chicago was present and pronounced the final absolution. Rev. Fr. Kennedy, S. J., assistant vice-president of the College, preached the sermon, which was an eloquent tribute to the character and worth of the deceased. In a neat little memorial drawn up by the Junior Class appear the following resolutions and poem:

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His wisdom and love, has taken from our midst, in the flower of his youth, our cherished fellow-student and class-mate, Rogers F. O'Neill; and

WHEREAS, His life among us was one of goodness and simple virtue; and

WHEREAS, In his death our class has suffered the loss of a worthy student and genial associate; be it

Resolved, That while bowing in humble resignation to the holy will of God, we express to his honored parents our united sympathy with them in their bereavement; and be it further

SPEECHES IN REBUTTAL.

"The Chimes" *Theo. Westman*

GLEE CLUB.

DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

The Board of Trustees of St. Ignatius has decided to award again this year a number of scholarships. The following is the substance of a circular letter mailed to the Reverend Directors and Teachers of Chicago Parochial Schools:

"In the past two years the trustees of St. Ignatius College have been enabled, through the generosity of friends, to offer a number of free scholarships to the parochial schools of the Chicago archdiocese. The first year, 68 candidates from 35 parochial schools presented themselves at the competitive examination, and last year there were 113 candidates for the honor.

"The following schools have thus far carried off the prizes: St. Charles', St. James', St. Jarlath's, St. Pius', St. Brendan's, St. Mel's, Holy Family, Cathedral, St. Bernard's, St. Margaret's, Annunciation, Visitation, All Saints', Nativity, St. Agatha's, St. Malachi's, St. Mary's of Evanston and St. Mary's of Joliet.

"Many pupils who failed to secure the coveted prize passed very creditable examinations, and afterwards secured a higher standing in the High School course, than some who won scholarships.

"Such good results have been produced in the schools which entered the contest, by inciting emulation amongst the pupils, and in other ways, that the college authorities have decided to yield to the wishes of many school directors and teachers, and award again this year ten free scholarships.

"All the scholarships will be allotted by competitive examination.

"The pupil who makes the highest average will receive the scholarship generously donated by the De Soto Council, Knights of Columbus, Chicago. This scholarship will cover the whole High School and Collegiate courses; the other nine scholarships will extend over the High School course.

"A board composed of priests of the city will be asked to preside at the examination, and precautions will be taken that those who mark the pupils' papers will not know by whom the papers are written.

"Teachers are urged to send not only the best boy in their school but as many as possible of the leaders, since merely entering the contest often gives a boy higher ambitions, and besides it not infre-

quently happens that boys who are considered leaders, fail to make as good a showing in examination as others.

"Moreover, since whatever tends to bring our Catholic schools and colleges into closer harmony and relation, must redound to the benefit and improvement of our whole Catholic educational system in Chicago of which we are all so justly proud, the Reverend School Directors and Teachers are requested to bring this announcement to the notice of the pupils under their charge, and to encourage them to take part in it."

Recent investigation on the part of Rev. Fr. Rector has disclosed the fact that St. Ignatius is richer in pictorial art than the authorities heretofore seemed aware, not a few of its paintings being considered by connoisseurs as rare masterpieces. All the pictures, some of which are thought to be the work of the old masters, have been removed and after being subjected to a restoration process by skillful artists will be re-arranged in the parlors of the college.

The college orchestra and musical societies gave two concerts on the evenings of February 12th and 13th. For an account of them we refer our readers to the column of "Music and Song."

WM. MURPHY, '04.



Matt. Hoffman, Commercial '99, is bookkeeper for Hannah & Hogg.

John B. Donnellan, Poetry, '98, is engaged in the lumber business.

Albert V. Gastka, 1901, was ordained for the Pittsburg diocese on Dec. 27th.

Sidney Blanc, Poetry 1902, is doing stenographic work in the Burlington legal department.

Thomas A. Carey and his brother Joseph G. may be seen any day amongst the brokers of S. Water St.

Leo J. Doyle, '98, who is a worthy scion of the law, has a bright little brother in the second special class.

Steve Minter, '96, who is a bookkeeper with the American Hominy Co., has married and settled down in Indianapolis.

Genial George Zimmer, of last year's Commercial class, has the maroon and gold colors prominently displayed in his room at the University of Indiana.

Dr. Lionel Charbonneau, Poetry 1885, is a prominent physician of Brooklyn, New York, his name being frequently appended to articles in medical journals.

Mr. Thos. Collins, 1902, dropped into our sanctum when on his semi-annual vacation. Needless to say, Mr. Collins is at the top of his class in the St. Paul Seminary.

Arthur Williams, Commercial 1901, and his brother Clarence are with the firm of A. L. Williams & Co., manufacturing jewelers in the Powers Building, Wabash Ave. and Monroe St.

John J. Phelan, Commercial '80, is the real estate agent of Bartholomae & Roesing. Mr. Phelan's deep voice has lost none of its old-time resonance, if we may judge of his work at the concert.

Frank M. C. Smith, 1902, writes a cordial letter from the Sulpitian Seminary in Baltimore, incidentally stating that he entered St. Ignatius in 1894, and not in 1893, as was stated in the last number of THE COLLEGIAN.

Edward White and John Shannon, both of Commercial 1901, are filling important positions in the American Trust & Savings Bank. Chas. McNellis, of the same class, is running a commercial credit collection agency.

The many friends of Nic. Britz, 1900, will be pleased to learn that he has gone to housekeeping. Whatever time Nic. can spare from the duties of the household he devotes to supplying the city with the best quality of varnish.

From the list of clerical students in our last number the name of Francis J. Lang was omitted. Mr. Lang was in the First Academic, '97-'98, and he is now making his second year of theology in the St. Paul Seminary. He is attached to the St. Paul diocese.

Thomas A. Hogan, '99, remembered us by sending an invitation to his graduation at Rush Medical College, in January. It is said that Dr. Cosmas Garvy, another young physician amongst the alumni, acquired considerable fame lately, by cutting a man's throat to save his life. The man was strangling to death from a neglected polypus, and without any knowledge of the case, Dr. Garvy was forced to act instantly, as the patient was already black in the face. He quickly slit the windpipe and inserted a rubber tube to enable the man to breathe. This operation, done on the spur of the moment, and without any assistance, saved the patient's life.

During January Frank Hopkins, who used to blow the slide trombone in 1901, came in from Colo, Iowa, where he is engaged in raising cattle, to bring a couple of carloads of plump steers to market. Frank stands six feet four inches high, and he looks hearty and strong. Speaking of cattle, reminds us that if any one has more cattle on his hands than he can use, Wm. Russell, Commercial 1900, will be glad to buy them from him at the Stockyards. Those who saw Will's famous drive in the Chicago University ball game on Marshall Field in 1900, are prepared to believe that Will can "drive" anything from a base ball to a Texan steer.

We clip the following item concerning an old student from the New World:

Charles Comiskey, one of the foremost leaders in the American baseball world of today, and manager of the Chicago Club of the American League, is one of Chicago's best known Catholic citizens. Ted Sullivan, the well known authority on baseball, in writing of Comiskey, says:

"His force is silent and hidden, without a semblance of spectacular display. His manner of listening is a language in itself, but when he replies he tears the citadel of fallacy and sophistry to pieces with convincing logic that is clothed in words of the most burning sarcasm and wit. I first met Charles at St. Mary's College, Kan. It was his Freshman year and my Senior. If I remember right, he took more to the bat than to books, but nevertheless he stands today pretty nearly a finished man of the world. He acquired a literary taste after he left college (which he inherited from his father) which places any man above the ordinary. This trait, with his constant travel of twenty years, makes him a formidable man to cope with in general information. His scope of travel has not been of the provincial order, but in the largest cities of the United States, which makes him a cosmopolitan in ideas and tastes.

"Charles Comiskey today is one of the most aggressive and combative forces in baseball. The invasion of Chicago and the final development of the American League is solely due to his aggressiveness and fearless spirit. The National League could have crushed the American on the threshold of Chicago. It was then without players or finance. The Lion today was then only a cub, but Comiskey, who was ever daring on the bases in a crisis of a game for the Browns, stole to the plate on National League territory and scored. Financial allies then came to the aid of the American and by a combination of brain and aggressiveness it looks as if they have come to stay.

"The question of Comiskey's extraction has often been asked. He is an Irish-American of excellent Irish stock."

A NEVADA GOLD MINE

BY AN OLD S. J. STUDENT.

The aspect of a gold-mining camp is apt to be gaunt and bare. The only things of interest are the mines and mills. Those two things are the town's body and mind; are talked about, feed the people and give them work, and after that, swallow up their earnings; for a miner frequently puts his money back into the mine by buying stocks in the big companies.

A mine is known by its hoisting works, in which the engines for running the "cages" are housed. The "cage" is the miner's elevator, but it drops down distances which make the Masonic Temple seem like a low, one-storied cottage. For a trip down the mine visitors have to be prepared. They take off their walking suits and every one—even the ladies—puts on rough coats and trousers and old hats or caps. It is best to take a candle or lantern, for to be without a light in a mine is a near approach to losing sight and common sense at the same time. You are lost for certain.

As the cages are nothing more than small platforms hung on iron rods and have no protection around them, all the passengers stand facing one way and grip a bar above their heads. Then the engineer lets go, and in a wink of an eye the cage drops down one hundred and seventy yards past the five hundred-foot level. Away it flies, as if it were going to drop through the globe, and passes in a moment the one thousand-foot level. On again, the greased "guides" fly past from the depths of the earth and the 1500-foot level is left high above. At each level is a station or mine depot, where men are taken on board and ore packed on the cage to be rushed to the surface. Now a gleam of light flashes out from the 1600-foot level; again from the 1700-foot level, and a glimpse of a miner is seen as the 1800-foot level goes by. Then more rock gleams as it flies past the light of the lanterns hung in the cage, and the 1900-foot level is reached. The cage and its six occupants are now suspended from 1900 feet of wire cable; but though this is four inches wide and one-third inch thick, it seems a thread to hang by when the cage rushes down again and the engineer registers two thousand feet. But down dives the cage once more and comes to a sudden halt at two thousand one hundred and fifty feet from the floor of the engine house. Of course, there is still more mine below, but it has become too hot for the visitors. They step out on the 2150-foot level of the "C. and C." mine, which pierces the great Nevada vein, the Comstock Lode.

They are in a large cave, called a "stope," cut out of the rock, against the walls of which stand picks and shovels and lunch buckets, while over the floor the little ore cars are rattling along the railroad tracks which come to this station. From this point there is easy traveling along the tracks to one of the great triumphs of deep mining in the west. This is the famous Reidler pump, which throws a river from this immense depth up to a height of five hundred feet, at which level it is hurled through a tunnel cut for eight miles one thousand feet beneath the mountains, and is at last flung

out into Carson Valley beyond the eastern range. The "stope" in which the pump is built is cut in hard rock two thousand one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ground, and measures one hundred and twenty feet long, twenty feet high and twenty feet wide. The machinery fills every cubic foot of this chamber except room enough to squeeze around. At one corner huge pipes run down and end in the rushing hot water which comes hissing up from depths below. The pump room is very hot, but not so hot as where the men are mining. That is the "face," and there the heat is so great that after working for ten minutes the miner comes out to cool off by having buckets of iced water thrown over him. A visitor simply cannot go into that part of the mine because the intense heat makes it almost impossible to catch the breath. Yet the men get used to it, and drill and blast and shovel the cars full, day and night, working in eight-hour shifts, at fifty cents an hour. Of course the work is dangerous and unhealthy. Deaths occur from fire and from flooding water.

In one of the mines on this same Comstock Lode some years ago, a fire broke out and imprisoned several miners, and all were finally burned to death. In another, a flood of hot water burst out and drove a gang of men further and further into the mine, but did not quite rise up to the slope where they took refuge. Here they kept themselves alive by taking turns at putting their mouths to the compressed air pipe which brought fresh air into the workings. When their water barrel boiled they cooled it off by passing the air pipe through it. They were at last rescued, but in the effort to reach them a horrible incident occurred. As they lay on the ground panting, at the edge of the hot water river, they noticed the water being agitated, and watched carefully, thinking a boat was coming. But, instead of a boat, the drowned body of one of the rescuers floated to them. This happened twice before the first rescuer could get through. The water was cooling off when he came, but he had to wear a huge helmet like a box, filled with chunks of ice, so that he could breathe air that was not fire. He had holes cut through the box sides and with this contrivance was able to live until he reached the imprisoned men. But he was as much a wreck when he reached them as they themselves were. All finally escaped.

So the miners work in heat and danger, whether by day or night, eight hours on and sixteen hours off, all the year round. The conditions of the mines vary. Some are cool and dry, others cool and wet; some cold and dry, some hot and wet. Nor can a miner usually tell whether the rock he is working on is valuable

or not. The gold is hardly ever "free," i. e., visible. All the rock, whether yellow or gray or brown or somewhat green, keeps the gold hidden until the ore is crushed into powder and chemically treated. The miner has only his wages, whether he turns out "pay rock" or waste. In this way the work is monotonous, no matter if it be in the deep mines or near the surface, a couple of hundred feet under ground, as at the "Andes" mine, or at the end of a surface tunnel driven into the mountain side on the "Flowery" ridge.

Nevada is not now a country for "placer" mining, in which method a man can get gold with a pick and shovel and pan, and wash out the "dirt" for himself. In Nevada deep shafts have to be sunk before anything is done, such work costing thousands of dollars without any immediate return. It is only when machinery has been put in place that the ore can be taken out, and even then stamp mills or amalgamation processes are necessary to work the rock for the values.

To make anything of the mining business a college course at a mining school, such as can be had at Nevada University, or at universities in Colorado and California, Utah and other western states, give the surest start, and after that there are years of hard work applying and increasing what has been learned.

Though there are always some who find rich mines without all this trouble, it is generally agreed that mining for gold must, like all other pursuits, be carried on scientifically, and that the best prospects are open to the best prepared men. The Sunday press tells of a woman teacher who put her holidays to use as times for gold seeking in Arizona and farther south, but even she studied the subject thoroughly, had particularly good luck, and she remains very much the exception. When one has once taken up the business, there is always a chance of striking a good mine and becoming rich in a short time, and this is a fact that attracts many people to the mining districts of Nevada, California and Alaska. Whether they are glad when they get there—and back—is best known to those who go and try.

DOINGS IN ROME.

LETTER FROM MR. CHAS. CONLEY.

The following personal letter written to one of the fathers of the college by ye old editor of THE COLLEGIAN, is so interesting that we feel sure Mr. Conley will pardon us for laying it before our readers:

Rome, Dec. 24, 1903.

DEAR FATHER :—When the November issue of the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN reached me, a couple of weeks ago, I considered myself the possessor of as clever a bit of college journalism as ever found its way into the outside world. I hope you will express to its business manager my appreciation of his kindness in forwarding a copy, and to the editors my congratulations at the success of their latest effort with best wishes for the future prosperity of their paper.

When I promised so cheerfully, last fall, to write you something about my trip and about Rome, I imagined that, after arriving here, it would be a comparatively easy task to sit down and record some of the most interesting facts concerning my voyage and life at the Eternal City. But alas, so many things suggest themselves to me as worth writing about that I feel like the traveler wandering in a tangled but luxuriant forest, or (if the comparison be not carried too far) like the donkey which, as philosophers tell us, is compelled to hesitate between the two or more articles of food that simultaneously make exactly equal impressions upon his mind.

By resorting to chronological order, however, I recall that after a delightful voyage of twelve days on the "Rolling Billy" (strictly speaking, the Hohenzollern of the North German Lloyd Line) McClellan, Hanna and myself landed at Naples on the 22nd of October. We immediately became the center of attraction for a large number of hotel solicitors and cab drivers who shouted and gesticulated with such unremitting vigor that we could easily have fancied ourselves in a position somewhat similar to that of a quantity of corn on market at the Chicago Board of Trade. Finally we yielded to the entreaties of one of them who succeeded in making himself understood and enjoyed the novelty of a ride over the stony streets of Naples to the Hotel Metropole. On the way we had ample time to acquaint ourselves with many of the strange manners and customs of the people, for the mule attached to our cab refused to move faster than a slow walk, although severely chastised from time to time by the driver, for his slothfulness. The next few days were spent in strolling about the Neapolitan streets, attending some of the leading operas and visiting the very interesting excavations of Pompeii, and Mt. Vesuvius which, being unusually active at that time, afforded a grand spectacle. Then we started for Rome.

If the Italian railways are all like that between Naples and Rome I do them no injustice when I say that some of the oldest specimens of engines and coaches on exhibition at the Chicago Field

Columbian Museum would not compare unfavorably with those which they utilize daily for the transportation of their passengers. Having taken even the Fast Express we found ourselves nearing our destination—a distance of sixty miles—only toward the end of the fourth hour after starting. But I am unable to recall having felt any physical discomforts or impatience. The magnificence of the Italian scenery and the historical associations of the ruins which one passes, render the stranger temporarily immune to selfishness and enable him to enjoy nature at her best or to contemplate the glories of past ages. And when at last he beholds, spread out before him, the Eternal City with all the majesty of her buildings and history, he cannot fail to experience a thrill of emotion, feeling that he is entering upon one of the great events of his life—a realization, perhaps, of the dreams and longings of many years. It needs no explanation, therefore, that as we sped (?) past the ruins of the ancient aqueduct and came within sight of the city's walls and the Coliseum, names and events which had made Rome the great metropolis of the mediaeval world were spoken of enthusiastically. Nor can it be wondered at that after our arrival we found ourselves among scenes new and yet most familiar, strange and yet so well known.

But I must now tell you something about the American college, the headquarters of nearly all the American seminarians who are pursuing their ecclesiastical studies in Rome.

The building is located in one of the oldest and most interesting sections of the city, about a block from the Quirinal Palace. Built in 1602 as a community house for the Dominican Sisters, it continued to serve its original purpose until 1822, when it was sold to the Pontifical government and handed over to the Visitation Sisters. Finally in 1859, at the behest of Pope Pius IX., the entire property was purchased by the Propaganda and converted into a seminary for American students.

The general appearance of the college building is that common to most Roman structures—solidity of construction with scant attempt at external decoration. The interior, however, is neat and pleasing, and contains ample accommodations for one hundred and twenty-five students. Its halls and corridors are hung with so many paintings and portraits of American church dignitaries as to make me sometimes entirely forget that I am living in a strange land. The college church—or Sunday chapel, as we sometimes call it—is considered one of the most attractive in Rome. Some of its specimens of statuary and marble pillars are exceedingly rare.

One valuable factor in the training afforded at the American College is the discipline and regularity of the life to which its students must submit. We arise at 5:30 in the morning, and at 6 repair to the chapel where the next hour is spent in meditation and attendance at Mass.

From 8 o'clock until 10 we attend lecture work at the Propaganda. The remainder of the forenoon is devoted to study. The noonday meal is preceded by a ten-minute examen of conscience and followed by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and an hour's recreation in the garden. Two or three hours more are then spent in class work and the rest of the time till Ave is set apart for a walk to some interesting church or art gallery, or to the Borghese Villa, where we may indulge in baseball and other athletic sports. After the Angelus—which now rings at 5—the time is given chiefly to study and prayer.

During the lectures at the Propaganda we find ourselves sitting side by side with students from nearly every other civilized nation on earth. And it is no very uncommon sight, after class, to see a Greek discussing some philosophical or religious question with a Chinaman; an American with an Armenian, or an Irishman with a negro. Race prejudice seems to have yielded before the religious precept of brotherly love.

The total number of students at the American College this year is ninety-six. This does not include the five Chicago priests who are pursuing post-graduate studies in Rome, as they are staying at Holy Cross College. Two of them, Fathers Purcell and Dunn, attend the Propaganda, the others—Fathers Hoban, Gaffney and Walsh—take their work at the Gregorian University. I am told that John M. Lange, a St. Ignatius graduate of '98, will probably get the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the Gregorian this year. You may have already been informed that Dr. De Costa, the distinguished Anglican convert, who has been registered as a student at our college, was recently ordained and will soon return to New York.

I feel that a letter from Rome is hardly complete without some special reference being made to St. Peter's, the Catacombs and the ruins of the Coliseum and Forum. But with several pages of philosophy before me to be assimilated, I can already hear the voice of conscience crying out—like Macbeth in the play—"Hold! Enough!" so I shall not dare to continue.

In concluding, therefore, I wish to say that I realize more and more every day what a great truth you expressed last year when

you told me that Rome was an ideal place for the student. He may find schools as thorough and professors as proficient in other parts of the world, but nowhere else can he surround himself by so much that is ennobling and ascetic in its influence. As Chateaubriand has well said, "he will here find for society a land which will nourish his reflections and walks which will always tell him something new." It is not to the traveler in his rapid inspection that Rome unfolds her marvelous store of beauties, but to him who makes a long and patient study of the ancient cloister and sculptured fountain, or mouldering fresco and mediaeval tomb, of mosaic—crowned gateway and palm-shadowed garden. It is the gradually acquired knowledge of the wondrous story that clings around each of these ancient things and tells how each has a motive and a meaning entirely unseen or unsuspected by the passing eye.

Yours,

C. F. CONLEY, '03.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN LANGE, '98.

ROME, Jan. 14, 1904.

REVEREND FATHER:—I thank you for the January number of the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN. Scanning its pages I noticed my name on the list of those alumni who are preparing for the priesthood. I am sorry I did not inform you sooner that I was ordained priest on October 28, 1903, at the hands of Cardinal Respighi, Vicar-General of Rome.

My theological course finishes this year. I would like to spend another year in Europe for the sake of studying either the Polish language or church music.

Our new Pope is all heart and will. His fatherly love, which aims "*omnia instaurare in Christo*," embraces all and make him a real "*Holy Father*." At the same time when he needs be, he is uncompromising. His "*motu proprio*" on the social question, and the other on the reform of church music, are sufficient proof of this. Especially resolute is his letter on the reform of church music, written to the Cardinal Vicar-General of Rome, in which he urges him to put into effect his "*motu proprio*" on the same subject. Foreseeing the many difficulties with which this "*motu proprio*" will meet, he says: "You Signor Cardinal, grant neither indulgence nor delay. Procrastination will not diminish but rather augment the difficulty, and since the blow is to be struck, let it be struck immediately and from the shoulder."

He seems to be very anxious to instill into the hearts of the young clergy a spirit of piety. Judging from what he said in his first encyclical letter, and what he is constantly repeating under different words and form at the frequent audiences accorded to various ecclesiastical colleges of the different nationalities at Rome, he is ever laying much stress on piety, which he regards as a prime factor of social reform. His words make a deep impression on all who hear him. He is an orator, and not an ordinary one either; but one who has mastered the art of inflaming the hearts of others with the same flame that is aglow in his own heart. He may (independently of the apocryphal prophecy) well be styled a true "*ignis ardens*" of apostolic zeal, without need of recourse to far-fetched accommodations of facts, etc. (such as the fact that he was elected Pope in the hottest month of Italian summer, or the other, that his election took place on the feast of St. Dominic, who has in his coat of arms a dog carrying a lighted torch).

Yours sincerely,

JOHN M. A. LANGE.

To a Weeping Willow.

SADLY drooping, lowly stooping,
To the brooklets chastened kiss,
Arch, coquetting, grief forgetting,
Dreams of sorrow yet of bliss.

Sympathizing, love disguising,
Rippling wavelets whisper low,
Murmur sweetly, fondly greet thee
With their gallant, courtly flow.
Blithely dashing, gaily flashing
In the sunbeam's genial glow,
'Round they hover, near thy cover,
Victims of the tyrant's bow.

Why thy pining? Love enshrining,
Thrills thy tender grieving heart.
Love betrays thee, Cupid sways thee
With his playful piquant dart.

Edgar C. Banks, '06.



THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL ON CHURCH MUSIC.

Startling indeed has been the effect of the "*motu proprio*" or encyclical on church music lately issued from the Vatican. Wide discussion in magazines and newspapers has followed in its wake and various have been the interpretations and opinions expressed.

Not alone because it was a message from the new Pope was it so widely commented on, but because it concerns every Catholic, is of vital interest to the whole musical world, puts forth with such vigor the object it has in view and promises so many changes and reforms in that very prominent factor of solemn ceremony—Sacred Music.

A number of American writers hold that the encyclical is not intended for us, and in very nice words claim that there is no need for reform here. In this assertion they err. First of all, because the encyclical emphatically states its scope in the words "for the city of Rome, and the whole world." Secondly, since the reforms advocated are for the elevation of the sanctity and solemnity of God's holy temple it is well that we accept the obligations prescribed for us.

But let us note some of our deficiencies. The class of music in use in our churches today is largely either of that style which, although termed sacred, is not of any real religious depth, or is reminiscent of the outer world and theater, or is worthless as art.

It may be a great shock to hear that among the many compositions termed "generally unsuitable, are the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Dvorak, Weber and Gounod, except such as are in the catalogue of the synod of Dublin," not to mention the thousands of other compositions which are unsuitable. The Holy Father sets forth the standard of church music to be upheld when, after citing the general principles of sacred music, he says: "These qualities are to be found in the highest degree in the Gre-

gorian chant, which is consequently the chant proper to the Roman church, the only chant she has inherited from the ancient fathers, which she has jealously guarded for centuries in her liturgical codices. On these grounds the Gregorian chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music." And concerning sacred compositions in particular he adds: "The more closely a composition for church use approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model the less worthy it is of the temple."

To define more clearly the sacred music in general use, a writer in the *Messenger* says: "The greatest contemporary composers have written church compositions which are unquestionably of great artistic merit, but, to be pure art, are better adapted for spiritual concerts."

Professor W. F. P. Stockly, in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, in giving a brief and concise summary of the reforms urged by the Pope, says: (a) He orders the Proper of the Mass to be sung, or at least recited aloud. After the Offertory proper, a short piece of suitable music may be sung. (b) He forbids the priest to be kept waiting. The Sanctus, for instance, must be over before the Elevation. (c) Solos are forbidden, except such as grow out of Choral music and form part of it. (d) Organ prelude and intermezzo also are forbidden. (e) No music with reminiscences of the theater or of the world is to be sung. (f) Women are not to be in the choir. The soprano and contralto parts are to be taken by boys. (g) The singers, men of character and piety, should wear the cossack and surplice and sit screened from the congregation. (h) Each diocese is to have a commission of experts. They are to pass judgment on any music before it is sung or played in church."

Already Chicago, as the greatest Catholic center in the country, has responded. Everywhere boy choirs are being instituted and prepared, and although the loss of fine women singers will be keenly felt, many rich throats of boys will be developed and brought forth.

The rules laid down may be rigid, the change may be great, but the law, it is hoped, will be enforced, for the sooner a complete revolution in church music is felt the more edifying and dignified will be the divine worship.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Between busy rehearsals, splendid concerts and a hundred of other state affairs, the orchestra has been very busy of late. But it was at Handel Hall that the greatest success was achieved.

The great concert of 1904 was a success from start to finish. Never before had the orchestra director wielded his baton more dexterously, and never before had he received such an enthusiastic answer from his musicians. They opened with the "Ivanhoe Overture," followed with an encore. For it was an appreciative audience that greeted the young musicians, and encores were the order of the evening. In the middle of the program the orchestra gave a medley of "Southern Plantation Songs," and the various themes were correctly and prettily rendered. Of course an encore was called for and "Bedelia" had to be presented. It seems that the Celtic lass had even more friends on the second evening, for by way of a double encore the catchy selection had to be given twice.

The orchestra director, Mr. Jos. F. Pribyl, executed on the violin the difficult "Airs Hongroises," by Ernst. His technique and shading were excellent, and the long and terrific runs were made with marked facility.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club opened with Haeser's "The Forest," and as usual, glided into an encore. "Evening" by Parks, was also given. The singing was of a high order and merited the applause of the listeners. Both the Glee Club and choir as a grand chorus sang the beautiful "Recessional," and although the interpretation was correct and the singing melodious, the piece as a whole lacked spirit. The choir, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Hutter, gave Abt's "Adieu to the Woodlands," and Masters Harry A. Tracy, William A. Oink, James E. Cagney and Harold McClintock warbled through Reyer's "Invocation to Harmony."

Mr. Hutter executed Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6." His technique was amazing, his phrasing even and every tone measured.

The Alumni Quartette, Messrs. Thos. C. S. Nolan, Wm. A. Barron, Frank M. Dunford, John J. Phelan, sang in splendid harmony and with considerable sweetness, "Annie Laurie," and followed it up with a comical song.

The first evening Mr. Justin McCarthy introduced, by way of a huge basket with a curly head protruding from it, a celebrated professor from the Berlin Conservatory. The professor, a five-year-old cherub, the brother of Mr. Pribyl, bowed, played "Yankee Doodle," bowed again and scampered off with a large bouquet of roses.

On the second evening, however, the vaudeville team of Magee and McCarthy entertained with an Alphonse and Gaston sketch.

Rumor has it that Theodore Thomas noted a much smaller audience on the days of the college concerts.

POPULAR MUSIC.

Some of the prettiest selections now played are: "Upon a Cocoanut Tree," "Navajo," an Indian song; a pretty two-step, "The Gondolier," "Where the Gambia meets the Sea," and the "Bugaboo Man." Even if you have not heard the orchestra play "He Was a Sailor," it will surely please you. A very catchy march by the composer of "Alagazam" is entitled "Uncle Sammy."

It may have been noticed that out of respect, all orchestras and bands have eliminated the Iroquois Theater music from their repertoire. Two Irish songs of rare beauty are "In Old Ireland, Meet Me There," and "Ireland, I Love You." But an instrumental selection that has a far more taking strain than that which "Hiawatha" once had, is called "By a Shady Brook." Those whom the Chinese "Fan Tan" pleases, will certainly like the "Dolly Song" from "Miyosam." A pretty waltz-song is entitled "In the Evening Time," and an American intermezzo is called "Mrs. Sippi." "Ragology" or the "Policy King" will soon make its debut, and to the lovers of ragtime this should be a "hot tip."

Many Indian songs are being sung, and amongst them "Laughing Water," "My Little Kokomo," "Ki-Yo" and "Kickapoo." Among those songs of the "Bamboo Tree" variety are "My Zulu Lu" and "Palm Leaf Maid." Few selections have more puzzling or clever words than the "Woodchuck Song." A sweet waltz song is entitled "Clarinda," and among the serenades are "Celia," "Hannah," and the intermezzo "Lovey Mary." Among those best suited for minstrel shows are the tuneful composition "Under the Mistletoe Bough," "Hannah, Won't You Open that Door," "As the Cuckoo Struck Two, Two," and the ditty with the laconic title "You." "The Ragtime Chimes" combines both sparkle and melody, but what seems to be one of the season's hits is the crisp ragtime song and two-step "Funny Folks."

CHAS. BYRNE, '06.



BASE BALL.

"Candidates for spring practice please report to Mr. McClorey as soon as possible." The call has been nobly responded to. There are more candidates for the team of '04 than there were for the famous team of '02. In fact the prospects for a successful season were never better. Seven of the members of last year's team are on hand to fight for their positions. But that should not deter any of the new men from trying. In our opinion, if "coming events cast their shadows before," the old men will have to hustle to keep their positions. As Miles Devine graduated last year, there will be an opportunity for somebody, perhaps Reinert, to distinguish himself as a slab artist. Meaney, of last year's fame, declares his intention of meeting all comers for catcher. Kiely says it will take a good one to get first away from him. As to O'Shea and Larry Carroll, we all know their ability to hold down second and third. To all appearance, "Doc" Lagorio and J. Seger will again be seen in left and center. Besides these members of last year's team the most noteworthy players who have declared their intention to try for the team are Keane, O'Grady, Killian.

Mr. Caplice has been appointed manager. He has written to all the leading colleges and high schools in and about the city. The following have so far answered: St. Cyril's, P. and S., St. Viateur's.

Mr. DeVilbiss promises the students a treat in the way of gymnastics. An exhibition will take place while we are in press. We all know the ability of Prof. Moore and expect a pleasing surprise. Among those who will take part are: Kiley, Lahey, Lally, LaVoi, Sayre, Scimaca, Adamson, Bradley, J. Costello, R. Costello, Doyle, F. Furlong, T. Furlong, Cordair, Howard, Hartney, Kevin, Kenney, Liptke, Moran, Oink, O'Grady, Sullivan, Ward, E. Coughlin.

L. SAYRE, '04.

Academic Department.

No serious cases of spring fever have as yet been announced to the college faculty.

The preliminaries of the elocution contests will most probably be held in Easter week.

Owing to the illness of Fr. Feld, Mr. Bosset has replaced him as president of the Loyola Debating Society.

Are you a member of the Big Four? If not, why not? For further particulars apply to G. A. Anderson, business manager and chauffeur.

Pop corn fritters, union made, can still be obtained at a moderate cost in the restaurant. First there, first served. So come early and avoid the rush.

Speaking about violating the city ordinance, why, at the daily boxing exhibitions given in the gym standing room seems to be about the only accommodation. Where are all our far-famed, eagle-eyed, gum shoe inspectors?

Now that the Humanities classes have become infused with poetic inspirations and wrapped up completely in the supernatural and the sublime, we must not be surprised to hear many of our city barbers complain of a lack of customers.

O, the luck of the members of the Academic Department! When first they heard of the specimens for the St. Louis Exposition they thanked their lucky stars, but when the news arrived that the Collegiate Department were excused from all competitions they wondered what had struck them.

If you chance to hear any noise or other unlooked for commotion coming from First Special don't grab your coat and hat and think of fire, but sit and await developments, for it's only some backward students wrestling with the Greek verb.

Can the Eagle soar higher than the Sun? This is the question which just at present is worrying several members of First Academic. Some time ago two energetic young gentlemen of the above class (future lights in the editorial firmament, mayhap), organized a com-

pany and started a class journal. They called it the "Eagle," and hoped to see it rise high in public opinion and soar away through the clouds of journalistic repute. But they had bargained without their host. Others thought differently and boldly expressed their several opinions. When the storm had passed the "Sun" arose. The latter was ably edited by other aspiring writers and a fight for supremacy immediately ensued. Which shall in the end conquer time alone can tell. Therefore the above question and its consequent puzzling result.

Father Kennedy to Latecomer—What makes you so late?

Latecomer—A wagon broke down on the elevated road, Father.

The Junior Sodality is now in a high state of prosperity, registering about two hundred members. The only trouble, and that is enough, is the inability of the members to recite the office in common. Some say it so fast that we are sure that they have numerous duties to perform before supper, and others go to the other extreme, and seem to be waiting for an "invite" to partake of that meal at the college. The result is that we wonder "What the wild waves are saying."

The elocution preliminaries will be held some time soon, and once more the voice of James O'Brien will thrill thousands, by exclaiming in dulcet tones that "Curfew shall not ring tonight."

Between spasms at the concert that grand musical body, the Junior Choir, were down in Schupam's drug store, and though some were not able to reach the top of the counter to lisp the name of the beverage they desired, they were relating to each other their experiences behind the footlights. "What fools these mortals be!"

Since the concert Harold McClintock absolutely refuses to have anything to do with a chap that is not the possessor of an evening suit.

Professor—"Now Cicero was a very great orator—and still he had great difficulties to contend with."

Student—"Yes, sir. He had to speak Latin, didn't he?"

Those boys who are so interested in the debate to abolish Latin and Greek from our colleges should think of the old preacher who once said: "Well, my brethering, whenever a man wants to preach nowadays he takes himself off to college and learns a whole lot of Greek and Latin—all nonsense! What did Peter and Paul know about Latin? Not one word, my brethering. Peter and Paul preached in the plain old English, and so will I."

Our co-eds are already making quite a showing at the contests. Bring them along, boys.

There is a strange rumor afloat that our esteemed friend, Mr. Jas. J. Gaughan, has donned long trousers. Who's next?

A few days ago while I was walking along the street I met an old "Son of Ignatius" who, after introducing himself, fired at me the following volley of interrogations:

????

"Pray, whom did John P. Hollowed?
 What stream did Edward Ford?
 Tell me, why is James A. Fox?
 And why is John A. Ward?
 Why is Robert Madigan?
 And what has poor John Dunne?
 Is Joseph Young and Leo Younger?
 And where has James J. Gaughan?
 I ask you whom did J. J. Lynch?
 Did Raymond Turnerway?
 Whom did Roger Hayes? And why does
 Bohumil Pechous every day?
 O'er whom was William King?
 Has Raymond Payne at night?
 And, lastly, why is Francis Greene?
 And why is Arthur White?"

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

JAS. MURRAY, '07.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



J. GUERIN H. BROUSSEAU W. MURPHY J. RICE
P. MULHERN L. SAYRE M. NEALIS J. CLIFFORD
F. FOLEY

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 2

The Passing of the Night.

A FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF '04.

NOW casts the smiling sun of fellowship
Upon a garden's gems its cheering ray,
Ane each glad bud a smile responsive gives,
As leaps each heart in winged ecstasy;
And wafted on the breeze of friendly trust,
The hopes of youth, in timid breasts long pent,
Escaped, light music bring to waiting souls,
A harmony of virgin thought begot,
As nigh as e'er the note of earthly lyre
Essayed to touch the strains Elysian-sprung.
The breath of vesper, sweet with treasured grace
To comely ripeness grown, a throng convokes
Of fairy dewdrops, kindly words returned
From rovings wide, the lips to kiss that gave
Them birth when wooed the sun the maiden day.
A joy celestial sways the tiny world,
While ebon night in silence steals within.

* * *

Lo! Into lands unknown the dark with wings
Of fancy fleets, and in its saddened wake,
Aurora leaves to chant an elegy;
And blossoms doffing cloaks of dreamy sleep,
Expectant heads erect, from cherished lips
So catch the whispered greetings floating round
Like filmy clouds in summer's scented air.

But silence reigns and vacancy where fell
 The twilight's gleam upon a flower's form.
 And, on the visage late by rapture's light
 Illumed, the shades of latent sorrow sit
 Enthroned ; for naught endures where even-tide
 A brother's soulful murmur overheard;
 But to the scene, undying memories
 A fragrance lend with blessings yet unborn.

J. F. Rice, '05.

Vox Populi.

IN this era of intellectual prowess there is a force, invisible by the force called "public opinion." It is a giant, a Goliath, be- its very nature and yet the more potent because of this fact— fore which the most uncompromising autocrats of the world, be they civilized or savage, must bend their haughty heads. Like the law, it is typified by a machine of massive proportions, but there all resemblance comes to an end; for in their mode of operation the two powers are as opposite as night and day.

The law, representative of brute force, is constantly before the most inconspicuous citizen. The chronicle of court proceedings in the daily paper, the execution of legal mandates, the omnipresent guardian of the peace, all cling as tenaciously as a weird dream to his understanding. On the other hand, the "vox populi," widespread as the ether, pursues, almost unknown, its insinuating course. Indeed, its wondrous workings are understood, in their fullest measure, only by the luckless one who has fallen within its toils.

In many parts of the Old World, but more especially here in our own country, public opinion has been the most prominent factor in the inauguration of nearly every important national action or enterprise. In looking over the records of our past, we observe that to its agency we must trace the war that gave us freedom, the emancipation of the negro and his enfranchisement, and countless achievements scarcely less noteworthy. And, in viewing the actions of the present, we must ascribe to it, among other things, the Panama Canal project, and the Reciprocity Treaty with our sister republic, Cuba.

These few examples of its worth proclaim more eloquently than words that a nation of the people sustained by such a force is ever a foe to tyranny, a benefactor to humanity and a keeper of its plighted word. And surely we of America could have no higher aim than to keep the handmaid of our liberty unspotted, our most formidable weapon undulled.

How shameful then that such a power for good should tend to degenerate into a morbid sentimentality; for such is the state of affairs today, as is attested by the most stubborn of all arguments, self-evident facts. But a few years have elapsed since this nation, departing from what was fondly believed to be an inviolable precedent, essayed the absorption of foreign territory. And what was the action of the American people? Intoxicated with that greed for empire which, according to history, has ever been the bane of peace and industrial progress, they gladly threw themselves into the ranks of a ring of "progressive politicians." Aroused by the sentimental slogan: "Trade follows the flag," and others more or less childish, they forgot the fundamental principles of true democracy. They failed, too, to foresee that such a departure would bring only misery to themselves and wealth beyond measure to the coffers of the magnates to whom the highest compliment now paid is the curse of honest men. A mere flaunting of the Stars and Stripes, a base appeal to their animal nature was sufficient to make them saddle upon themselves a burden of monopolies and to lay open their posterity to the mercy of a robber of their individuality and ambition. This is but one specific example of what perverted public opinion has done, but it is sufficient for our purpose.

What this perversion has already done, however, is but a poor criterion upon which to base an estimate of what it can do. If so mighty an influence perverted in a single instance, or, if such a perversion protracted for a few brief years, is such a stimulant, not only to the accomplishment of detrimental actions, but even to the origination of evil designs, who can prophesy the outcome of an absolute degeneration?

A bold politician, working for his own selfish ends, pecuniary or other, captures an office of responsibility. He has attained the goal of his nefarious ambition. Henceforth he is to work, body and soul, to satisfy his cravings, to stop at naught that will build up for him a petty fame; perhaps, to squander the funds that represent the blood and sweat of a laboring class already murmuring beneath their burden. Or, perchance, an honest public official of

misguided opinions, occupies the same position. What a cloud of danger threatens. Have the people a resource? There is the law. Ah! The craftiness of the former can evade it; the latter is not within its pale. We must, then, fall back upon our former champion. Alas! its life has departed. It lies a victim to our folly!

"But," the sentimentalist will exclaim, "this is but a foolish dream born of pessimism. It is the 'calamity-cry' of the defeated political partisan." Thus reasoned the nonchalant epicure of antiquity as the turbulent storm of years swept down upon him. To-day, his proud empires are enveloped in the silence of the tomb, and the description of his folly forms the most realistic, the saddest picture to be found in the pages of history.

But we still have the future before us; and, without our consent, such a picture can never be burned on our spotless escutcheon. So, may we guard the "vox populi" as we cherish our sacred liberty, and fight, while the breath of our manhood endures, against this accursed perversion. Let those who are now at the helm of the ship of state and those of the generation just crossing the threshold of our country's political arena join hands in the holy cause of regeneration. Let them inaugurate a crusade that will be as noble in the realm of thought and education as were those of old in the realm of militarism; and, wresting the "vox populi" from the unholy hands now striving to effect a desecration let them bequeath it, with the precious heirloom of civil liberty, to the future American citizen; so that he, in times of national depression, may say with Daniel O'Connell: "Let me write the ballads of a country and I care not who makes its laws!"

Then will the murmurs of outraged labor cease to be heard, the proverbial fickleness of a self-governing people become a thing of the past, and the choicest blessing of life be secured to ourselves and a grateful and admiring posterity.

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

J. F. RICE, '05.

The Legend of Montblain.



PROLOGUE.

AS e'en upon the Gothic wall
 The mellow shades of twilight fall,
 Soft through the ancient Abbey hall,
 In echoes comes the Abbot's call
 To hallowed evening prayer.
 Then slowly winding to his place
 While boundless love illumines his face,
 Each monk devoutly begs for grace
 His lowly cross to bear.

From ardent hearts with love aglow
 Ecstatic praises heaven-ward flow
 In clear-toned anthems, sweet and low,
 That through the solemn vaults bestow
 Their dulcet melody.
 The silvery anthems filty blend
 With soothing censer's curling trend,
 In spiral fragrance they ascend
 With perfect harmony.

Then by the waning sun is shed
 A golden halo 'round each head,
 And when their fervent prayers are said,
 Some tale of sacred lore is read
 In quaint, yet simple strain.
 They oft upon the martyr dwell,
 The blood-stained Moor, or infidel,
 Yet wond'rous tale could ne'er excel
 The Legend of Montblain.

I.

The night is dark, the sheeted rain,
 Impassioned, vents its spite in vain
 Against the Abbey of Montblain,
 And weirdly shrieks as if in pain
 The fierce infuriate gale.
 But hark! above the deafening roar
 Ere yet the evening prayers are o'er,
 Loud, anguished voices help implore,
 The gentle friars hail.

II.

The portals ope, a flood of light
 Now penetrates the moonless night
 And braving there the tempest's might
 Two acolytes in robes of white
 Upon the threshold stand.
 Each cheek a deeper color shows
 Than crimson of the blushing rose
 When South-wind gently wooeing, blows
 Endearments soft and bland.

III.

And to their straying ringlets cling
 The crystallised jewels glistening
 And from their blue eyes quivering
 Unbidden teardrops pleading spring;
 Their trembling bosoms heave.
 Their mastering grief they scarce allay,
 Than thrice in faltering tones essay
 The purpose of their desolate way
 On such a dreary eve.

IV.

" Our mother heaven s will defies,
 Bereft of holy aid she dies !
 Oh hear her suppliant children's cries !
 Haste, haste, Oh Abbot ! Sympathize,
 Our grieving hearts console !
 Oh, rescue her from sinner's fate !
 Oh, raise her from her abject state,
 And lead her to the heavenly gate,
 To her celestial goal ! "

V.

The acolytes the Abbot guide
 In silence, tripping at his side.
 The hooting owls in blinking pride
 Ope wide their startled eyes and hide
 Within the tree's embrace.
 And ever mystic phantoms seem,
 Now clear defined, now as a dream,
 To mock the torche's magic gleam
 And leer with ghastly face.

VI.

Thus through the chafing rain they speed
 And towards their parent's home proceed,
 " Here mother dwells: may you succeed !
 Before a higher Judge we'll plead
 For her immortal life ! "

And lo ! upon its fleecy breast
 A dreamy cloud lulls both to rest
 And brings them to those regions blest
 To wage their sacred strife !

VII.

The Abbot watched them disappear,
 And sweet, upon his raptured ear
 There fell the sound of seraph's cheer
 Celestial pæans, thrilling, clear,

That faded in the night.

He entered then, their mother's hut
 And from the wretched woman cut
 The blinding seal of sin that shut
 Her from supernal light.

VIII.

Amid the pomp of regal sway,
 That night, cherubic courtiers gay,
 With grateful hearts their cherished lay,
 The gladsome pæan, loud essay

In joyous jubilee.

Celestial chimes, triumphant ring!
 Those angel sons rejoicing bring
 Their mother to the Infant King
 Who reigns eternally!

—*Edgar C. Banks, '06.*

The Labor Unions.

John Naghten Debate—Second Affirmative.

WHEN we examine the records of the past, we discover that one increasing purpose has run through the ages. From remote antiquity even to the present day men have waged a ceaseless battle to check the growth of despotism and to stimulate the development of that increasing purpose, popular government. Never in the history of the world has that democratic idea exerted so powerful an influence over man as in the century of brilliant achievement lately passed into eternity. The invincible spirit of liberty pervaded the entire period; it inspired the French revolutionists to their disastrous revolt; it led the heroes of Poland to rise against their Muscovite oppressors; it aided the Irish Catholics in their glorious Parliamentary victories. But the highest billow in the sea of progress upon whose breast is borne the bark of freedom, the nation upon which God has showered His choicest gifts is the one which leads the world as an ideal democracy—the United States of America.

In our fair land, at present, two gigantic forces stand in battle array—United Labor, branded a most serious menace to our free institutions, and United Capital, heralded as the very foundation of future prosperity. No one can deny that the merging of control of Capital has facilitated production. No one can deny that industrial progress has advanced simultaneously with those phenomenal mechanical improvements characteristic of our times. No one can deny that centralization in industry has established our trade supremacy over the very "Mistress of the Seas." But who can declare the present order an unalloyed advantage to our land when the cardinal principle of Capitalism asserts that whatever increases profits is right? What defender of unrestrained competition can prove that it does not result in prolonged hours of labor, in violation of sanitary laws, in overproduction, lower wages, physical and moral ruin? Investigate the factory system, that outgrowth of modern conditions. See children of tender years slaving in filthy dens for starvation wages. See frail women toiling unceasingly at unhealthful occupations, and then know that this anarchical industry, this Inferno—a mass of torturing fiends and tortured vic-

tims—coins fortunes out of the bodies, yea, the very souls of the workers.

Labor unions strive to counteract these crying evils and to improve the financial, physical and moral conditions of the toilers. They inculcate that democratic spirit upon which rests our future progress. They aim to educate their members to a true appreciation of their rights and duties, to teach them that an American citizen is nobler than a king. They believe that the interests of the workingman are primary while those of Capital are but secondary; that the happiness of the majority must not be subservient to the luxury of the few; they declare that "when the interests of trade involve the degradation of millions of our fellow citizens, we should cry out that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." And yet despite their glorious principles upholding the rights of man they are called undemocratic and un-American.

In their struggles for social justice, a fair wage and a fair day, for sanitary conditions and the abolition of industrial slavery, unions have fought to a victorious culmination against head-strong employers who persistently reject arbitration. When they have contracted trade-agreements they have proved conclusively that union-labor is reliable and have placed business on a secure foundation while by moral and legal endeavors they have obtained their rights.

But above all, their successful struggles have increased wages and shortened the hours of labor and have elevated the standard of life among members of unions. Leisure has presented the long-desired opportunity for self improvement and has converted the passion for drink into love for the home—the cradle of civilization. The children are not doomed to slavery but are educated and are developing into an intelligent rising generation—all except 168,000 of them who are sacrificing their young lives on the altar of Mammon. Our future statesmen upon whose wisdom and patriotism depends our national destiny, are the fruit of that crystallized democracy—United Labor—whose victorious struggles for ideal industrial liberty against monstrous corporations have made the unionist a sovereign crowned with the dignity of toil, and presaged the advent of the golden age in which blind Justice shall lift aloft her scale in the "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

In this enlightened era our land faces problems which only time can solve. Our national future depends upon our attitude toward democracy. To preserve our pre-eminence among the

world's republics we must return to the ideals of our forefathers. Those gallant patriots dedicated this country to freedom; they preferred liberty and intelligence to wealth and sordid greed for gold; they consecrated this fair shrine of Columbia to American manhood. But can these noble ideals be preserved when Capital destroys the prosperity of our citizens—when employers, by fair means and foul, crush the workingman and strive “to press a crown of thorns on labor’s brow, to crucify mankind upon a cross of gold?” Three millions of unionists who believe that there is a God in Israel who dethrones the mighty and exalts the humble, and that, if they fight for justice, He will overthrow their enemies, stand armed in the holy cause of liberty, ready to crush the tyrants who despoil our citizens of their inalienable rights and our country of her honor. Even now the pall of slavery is lifting and there dawns a brighter day of industrial liberty. Through the night of battle against oppression, the labor unions—those bulwarks of modern democracy—have shielded us from harm, and now in the golden light of a glorious morn behold a land hastening the coming of an universal brotherhood, a republic which as the supreme moral factor in the world’s progress will lead mankind to freedom.

MARTIN L. NEALIS, '04.

The Labor Unions.

John Naghten Debate—First Negative.

BORN of a hatred for kingship and of the nobler aspirations of true-souled men, nurtured on liberty, equality and the ideals of democracy, Columbia has seen more than one hundred years. A narrow strip along the Atlantic, she leaped from her cradle over the Alleghanies, pushed on through the broad valley of the Mississippi, across the Rockies to the Pacific shore—aye, and past it she journeyed on to the distant isles of the Orient and the frozen lands of the North. Surely, to-day, she can raise her head above her sister nations and say: "I am happy."

Can she or can she not? If not, why not? Need I give you the answer? The National Civic Federation, by its existence, reveals it. The pulpit, in its notes of warning and counsel asserts it. The press, in lengthy reviews, proclaims it. The very Congress of the United States, by drafting legislation on industrial conditions fairly thunders it. She cannot. And why? Because, fostered by a misdirected sympathy on the part of the public, by the cheap demogogy of a vicious yellow journalism and a timidity which induced the employer to refrain from taking active measures against the storm now broken forth around him in all its fury, there has grown up in our land a revolutionary organization which measures the length and breadth of the land and whose baneful influences extend to every village and hamlet of the republic—an organization that is nothing more nor less than conservative socialism, that maintains on salary the thug, plug-ugly and wrecking crew; an organization that sets at defiance all law and order and more than once has caused our municipal thoroughfares to run red with blood; an organization that on its merest whim can paralyze the entire business industry of the country; an organization which this very night is making common cause with an avowed English anarchist against the officials of the United States and her laws; the same organization which we of the negative side have, this evening, the very pleasant task of denying "is a great advantage to our country"

Those who defend unionism must defend the principles of unionism, its ends and history. First, then, can union principles, carried to their logical conclusion, be made conformable to the spirit and

letter of the constitution? The cardinal principle of unionism is the elimination of individualism and the substitution of collectivism. True to this principle, the labor union denies the right of existence to all beyond its pale. "You shall work by the sweat of your brow," said the Lord. The injunction was complete, but this latter day organization has endeavored to add the amendment, "provided, of course, you belong to the labor union," an organization, by the way, whose officials, from the testimony of experience and the criminal record have not yet attained to that degree of moral development which would place them beyond the influence which our "medium of exchange" is said to possess. Labor unions deny the American workman the right to sell his product—that is, his labor—in the market he chooses. Nay, in as far as a labor union exacts of its members a fee, and refuses employment to all not its members, it demands payment to a private organization for the privilege of procuring a livelihood. The principles of unionism conformable to the constitution? Bah! They have made Old Glory a by-word and our vaunted democracy a farce.

So much for the principles of unionism. What of its ends and history? The chief end of trades unions (the basis of the argument chiefly insisted upon by the second affirmative, the rob-Peter-to-pay-Paul argument) is increased wages. An increase in wage means an increase in the cost of production. An increase in the cost of production means only a higher price. This burden is eventually borne by the consumer; but as the laborer is in every instance a consumer, wherein lies the advantage of increased wages?

The history of unionism is a history of disturbance. Instituted for reasons that were in some cases trivial, in most unjust, strikes have become the order of the day. Consequently industry is paralyzed, business uncertain. Capital lies idle waiting investment in happier days. Even during the few just strikes, have the means used in their prosecution been only such as are legitimate? How can our opponents reconcile murder, dynamite and destruction of private property with the word legitimate? If they do, we will be encouraged to seek a justification for the action of the unionists when in our own city they harassed the mourner as he stood bowed in grief at the bier of his loved one, and when they carried their blasphemous tactics within the doors of the house of God. So arrogant have these harmless organizations become that with increasing power they see no reason why they should not usurp the functions of the employer, protesting all the while that they are concerned only with defending

themselves against "oppressive" capitalism; oppressive, you know, for labor agitators will invariably associate the two words. Now they boldly demand the right to say whom he shall employ. This is the principle of the much talked of "closed shop" policy,—merely a surrender on the part of the employer of his most sacred right. Is there any one with a spark of genuine American manhood in his breast who does not thrill with an honest pride when he hears now and then of some employer more courageous than the rest rising up and defying the vampires; for in refusing to discriminate against the independent workman for having the courage of his convictions or for his advocacy of decency, he is fighting not only his own battle but the battle of the many thousands who remain outside its pale.

To undertake a complete exposition of the follies of unionism in ten minutes is impossible. I have endeavored to touch briefly on a few of the more important arguments derived from its own ends, history and principles—practical arguments which no amount of theoretical reasoning can explain away.

There are those who profess to believe that in inaugurating certain policies we have cut loose from our ancient mooring and are drifting on the sea of events towards imperialism, despotism and ruin. I heartily agree with this view, assigning, however, a very different cause. There is an imperialism threatening us—the imperialism of unrestrained unionism whose principles, if carried to their logical conclusion, would fetter us hand and foot. There is a despotism—the despotism of his royal American majesty, the walking delegate. There is ruin, socialism and class-hatred, inevitable evils that follow in the wake of a triumphant unionism. If these be advantages then we of the negative side have been fighting a lost cause and trades unions, as the resolution reads, "Are a great advantage to our country," with tremendous emphasis on the great.

WILLIAM A. MURPHY, '04.

To a Lyre.



(ANACREON)

IN my heart an epic fire
Themes heroic would inspire.
While my willing thoughts recall
Grecian heroes, Trojan fall,
Learned Cadmus, Theban sage,
Combats bold, Achilles' rage,
Lo, my gently trembling strings
Laud not heroes, strifes, nor kings !
Only Cupid's whisperings fond,
Throbbing do the chords respond !
Late I changed the shell entire,
Strung anew the loving lyre,
Tried to praise Alcides bold,
Herald labors, vast, untold;
But my lute's rebelling strings
Whispered but of Cupid's stings.
Farewell heroes ! vanish strife,
War triumphant, toilsome life !
For my love-resounding lyre
Only Cupid shall inspire.

—*Jno. G. Mielcarek '06.*

A Visit to an Irish Graveyard.

IT was evening, and all sound had now died away in that silent city of the dead, save, here and there, the sweet notes of a few feathered songsters caroling forth their vesper hymn. Even these ceased for a time and all was silent. The quiet, the loneliness and the obscurity that were slowly gathering around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

“For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father’s counsel, nothing’s heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and endless darkness.”

Suddenly, like the merry burst of a tremolo on the high treble of an organ, the blithe song of the birds fell upon the ear; now sinking to the mellow cadence of a minor key, now swelling forth in the noble tones of the major. Higher and higher, as though in triumph over death swell their exultant notes. How aptly suited to the mystic grandeur of the place are those sweet-toned notes! What feelings enter the soul unbidden, as, with rapt attention, we hear the awful harmony breathe itself throughout those “caves of death,” and give to every tomb a voice, and every stone a tongue.

Soothed by the sweetness of their gentle notes, I sat for a long time, lost in contemplation of the mystic, marveling at the incongruity of cheerful life and sombre death so closely linked and yet so widely separated. Here stands the stately oak whose giant roots, piercing deep into the bosom of Mother Earth, mingles with the bones of men long since forgotten. Why then should man be proud when the very trees and shrubs may toss about his bones, and use his fast decaying flesh for nourishment? Gradually the shades of evening fell around me; the shafts and pillars cast a deeper gloom, and the setting sun, as it glinted through the tree-tops, warned me that the day was fast departing.

I rose and prepared to leave the graveyard. As I wended my way toward the gate, my attention was attracted by a large, flat stone set over the top of an old-fashioned tomb a little to the right of the gravel walk. It was but a simple thing, not much to be admired; but there was some unaccountable magnetism about it

which drew one unconsciously toward it. It bore the marks of long years of exposure to wind and weather, and was now cracked across. Most of the inscription, which it had at one time borne, had now yielded to the corrosive hand of time. But by careful scrutiny I deciphered the following: "Rev. Patrick Donahue," "Died in the discharge of his priestly duties during the 'Penal Days.'" Ah! what a history of pain, of torment, and privation those simple words recall. Once more we hear the clash of hostile arms ring in that unhappy isle. We hear the bloodhound's melancholy bay as he follows, with nose almost upon the ground, the trail of the poor, hunted outlawed minister of God, whose only crime is his zeal in the service of God, whose only fault is the love of his faith and his flock. As I stood beside this mute reminder of true Irish heroism, I saw about me noble shafts and pillars side by side with simple little crosses and head-stones, the monuments of God's poor. Here, truly, was Death the Leveler, for rich and poor alike mouldered to dust in their beds of darkness.

In the center of the grave-yard stand the ruins of what was once a noble church built by St. Barry during the early dawn of Christianity in Ireland, but now fallen to decay, ruined by the sacrilegious hands of the priest-hunting Cromwell. The ruined church, the broken tombs, together with the stately monuments of our modern day bear silent testimony, not only to the cruelty, hatred and oppression of a foreign despot, but to a people and a religion triumphant throughout.

The last faint rays of the setting sun streamed through the tree-tops above me, tinging each leaf with gold; beneath, all was wrapped in the sombre obscurity of twilight. The place grew darker and darker; the small head-stones and crosses faded and melted away from sight, and the shafts and pillars took on uncouth forms in the uncertain light. The cool evening breeze, wafted through the trees, fell upon the cheek like a breath from the tomb, and no sound was heard save the dismal chirp of some belated bird, winging its homeward flight. Slowly I retraced my steps along the gravel walk to the gate and thence out upon the high-road, glad to be once more in the land of the living.

JOHN J. GEARTY, '05.

The Repining Rose.

3

THROUGH the garden tangle spying,
Said a daisy to a rose :

“Kindly mistress, though art sighing,
What the reason of thy woes ?

“Why art thou thus sadly reigning
O'er the balmy-scented bed,
Of thy fortune e'er complaining,
Of thy beauty that is fled ?

“All thy fragrance is departing,
Velvet petals fall away,
While the wanton zephyrs darting,
All thy wasted vigor sway.”

Thus the gentle daisy queried,
Answering tearful said the rose :

“All about me love unwearied
Happiness each floweret shows.

“Every nation, all creation,
Every offspring of the sod
Tribute pays of veneration
To the Mother of our God.”

“To the Virgin pure as azure,
Primrose, aster, daffodil
Mutely zealous for her pleasure
Earth and sky with perfume fill.

“Thus my every prayer's impeded
By their fervor's ecstasy
And my heart in love defeated
Dies of pious jealousy.”

J. G. MIELCAREK, '06

Ideals.

TWO thousand years ago the nascent stream of Christianity, swollen by the mountain torrents of martyrs' blood, burst asunder the restraining banks of persecution and, rushing headlong over the opposing barriers of paganism, swept aside, with its raging torrents, the false gods, the false ideals of heathen Rome. No power of man could stem the impetuosity of its advance. On and on it rushed and whirled until at length it deluged the earth.

But these were the waters of regeneration. Soon they dried and left the earth happy and smiling, sweet-scented, like fair Egypt after the waters of the Nile have receded—a garden wherein there bloomed the choicest of flowers, true ideals.

Tenderly guarded and faithfully watched, this garden, century by century, continued to grow in beauty and loveliness. But care and watchfulness were at length defeated. The wanton winds blew thither the seeds of discord, selfishness, greed, mercenary ambition. Like nauseous weeds they multiplied and multiplied, until at length that garden, surrounded and crowded back as it now was, became but as an oasis in the desert of a mercenary world.

But now the dawn of the twentieth century discloses well beaten tracks leading to this garden through the weeds. Man, after centuries of neglect, is beginning to realize that life devoid of ideals is sordid, narrow, cramped. And to bring this realization even nearer home, who amongst us is without ideals; ideals, as they have been truly styled, the soul of life. Sordid and narrow indeed is the existence devoid of ideals. Picture to yourself this earthly form without its spiritual companion the soul; the plant without the blossom; the spacious heavens without the sparkling stars, and, reader, you have a fair representation of life devoid of ideals.

But do you believe this? Or do you cry out with the materialist and realist: "Very pretty, but all sentiment! Ideals! ideals forsooth, the nebulous, dreams, the fanciful offspring of a heated imagination, to be driven and dissipated before the storms of practicality and utility, like clouds before the raging winds!" And with him do you demand the strong, sturdy, grasping individual who permits not such a flimsy thing as an ideal to stand in the way of a desired end? Ah no! You are not of this class, for this is the type of man who refuses to look upon our garden. Contented is he with

the weeds that grow about it. These are strong, sturdy, grasping. But to whom do they appeal? Of a certainty not to you nor to me. Can you imagine, for a moment, these vile weeds to twine about your heart like the tendrils of a frightened vine, finding a refuge there, sending the warm, generous blood through your cold, unsympathetic heart by their mere presence, ennobling your actions by the knowledge that an unworthy act on your part would loosen their hold and leave you desolate and alone? Why, the thought is ridiculous! Yet, that tender vine represents ideals, those coarse weeds life devoid of ideals.

"Oh, that's all very well," another objects, "but what could I do with ideals in my business? Why, they would be an unnecessary encumbrance and prevent development. Would what now passes as shrewd business be compatible with ideal business, or rather would it not loosen the hold of those 'tendrils'—and so, why be bothered with them at all?"

Folly, greed, ambition, these and these alone prevent ideals from entering into business life. The rest is mere excuse, calculated to bring into disrepute and destroy the power exerted by a true ideal. But this attempt must and shall fail; for the power exerted by a true ideal is immeasurable. What wonderful deeds the man who clings to his ideals can accomplish is marvellous to think of. Reflect what we, we who live in this broad, happy land of ours, owe to the ideal of one man. "What?" you ask. The discovery of our continent. Yes, Columbus was no doubt regarded as the greatest idealist of his time. Did this daunt him? We glory and are grateful that it did not.

But even in our own time, and often in our very midst we see this power of the ideal exemplified. Have you not often read of some struggling genius starving to death in one of the hovels of our great art centers? Have you ever realized the significance of this?—that invariably this poor soul preferred to starve rather than prostitute to any mercenary object his art, his ideal? And what of the thousands who have given up their lives for the faith, who have spread it throughout the world, despite the gravest hardships, who are continuing the work to-day right in our very midst? They worked and are working for the love of God. And is not this the result of an ideal,—the best and truest of all ideals?

How account for the prevalent want of true ideals? It is during the time of youth that ideals are implanted. Look, then, to the education of the youth of our land. There lies the difficulty in a

nut-shell. The majority of them are educated in the public schools where they are, indeed, taught to form to themselves ideals, but to found them on nothing better than mere natural principles. But ideals must be based on something deeper, broader, firmer than this.

We all know that human nature is weak, and at a crisis is prone to seek its own interests. Hence, when the young idealist who has been taught what, on purely natural grounds, human nature ought to be, meets the reality, the shock is too great, his ideals come tumbling down with the result that a new worldling is formed.

But with Catholic youth in general it is different; trained, as they are, in an atmosphere redolent with the perfume of the bloom of true ideals, by a staff of gardeners whose solicitude for the inherent bloom planted by nature is an ideal in itself. Here lies the hope that the tendency of our generation may be guided aright. Will that hope be realized? Will those strong foundations laid by loving hands withstand the floodtide of worldly inducements or the undermining stream of disenchantment? We cannot see the future, but judging from the past they will. Each year beholds a new stream rising in some Catholic college of our land, and sees it flowing onward to join that ancient stream which, during two thousand years has nourished the garden of ideals. That it may swell its waters until in their mighty rush they guide aright the tendency of our age,—this is the consummation; this the ideal we hope to realize.

JOHN J. CLIFFORD, '05.

The Boatman of the Styx.

(VERGIL, AEN. VI, 292-315.)



THUS the sapient guide advised :
 " Flitting ghosts nor dread nor feel
 Thy unconquered, frenzied steel."'
 Hence the gloomy pathway led
 Where the sluggish Acheron sped
 With its flood of fetid mire,
 Guarding Hades' regions dire,
 While the billows seething, grand,
 Gorged Cocytus' course with sand.
 Boatman squalid, Charon named,
 Ruled the raging spume untamed;
 Frightful visaged, brutish, grim.
 On the shades he wreaked his whim.
 Hair unkempt his face enframed,
 Wolfish eyes with hatred flamed,
 While his limbs begrimed, debased,
 Clotted, knotted garb embraced.
 Though unaided in his age,
 Braved the boatman, Stygian rage,
 Unassisted tended sails,
 Swayed the rudder, breasted gales.
 In his barge he bore the shades
 To the thither silent glades;
 For the god in life's unrest
 Had autumnal, sturdy zest.
 Hosts of spirits thronged the banks,
 Rich and poor abreast in ranks.
 Boy and maiden, husband, wife,
 Haughty warrior famed in strife,
 Hopeful youths in vigor's boast
 Joined the unsubstantia host,
 Souls, whose bodies ruthless fire

Burned upon the fragrant pyre,—
 As the chill of winnowing blades
 Drives autumnal leaves to glades,
 When with wealth of amber leaves
 Tasteful raiments Nature weaves,
 Or, as flocks of birds migrating,
 Seeking climes for winter mating,
 When the north-wind moaning, ruthless
 Prunes all growth and makes earth fruitless.
 Stood the spectres sadly swaying,
 Palms uplifting, groaning, praying,
 Eager in their sole desire
 To o'erspan the watery mire.

—*J. G. Mielcarek '06.*

Influence of Greece and Rome.

FOREMOST among the peoples whose combined influence worked side by side to prepare the world for the coming of Christ, must be reckoned the two great nations of the ancient world, Greece and Rome.

Rome devoted all her energies to the training of communities; Greece with no less ardor sought to perfect individuals. Rome influenced nations by subjecting the masses to her law, Greece not less powerfully by the mental and æsthetic culture she imparted to the framers and protectors of the law. Roman civilization moved forward in columns, breaking roads but not changing opinions, Grecian followed with loose ranks, heedless of material triumph, solicitous only of intellectual and moral conquest. Rome was like a powerful water-flood sweeping through the country, altering land-marks, filling up valleys and opening channels through which further currents of her conquests were to run, Greece through her scholars and traders diffused an influence gentle as the dew of heaven or the quiet summer rain, and whilst apparently losing herself in others, she drew, in reality, all nations powerfully and irresistibly to herself. When Rome sent forth her conquering legions, and her plough-share furrowed up the ground, Greece had her scholars and artists hovering near to drop into the soil the seeds of thought and wisdom.

But Greece alas, the country of so much refinement and knowledge, owing to the discord which armed its different states one against the other, was at length, like every other part of the world, absorbed into the Roman Empire. Still, though subjected to the iron hand of Roman power, she continued to exercise her divinely appointed mission as moulder of the human mind, and was in slavery as in freedom the exponent of all that was best in science, art, philosophy and literature. Nor was this great achievement accomplished by force of arms, but merely by the refinement and culture which the Greeks so eminently and so exclusively possessed.

Through the influence of Greece and by the study of Greek models, the Romans became sculptors, painters, renowned artists, and the several advantages they themselves had gained from Greece they in turn imparted with unstinting hand to the many peoples whom they gradually subdued by the untiring conquest of their arms. The architecture of Rome imitated that of Greece, and finally it was to an assiduous study of the Greek language and Greek literature that Rome was indebted for the many accomplished orators, historians and poets, whose writings shed so much lustre upon the Roman name, and even still to-day, continue to be the standards of correct taste in literature and art.

WILLIAM G. EPSTEIN, '06.

Andromache's Prayer to Hector.



NID tears thus spake his spouse : “ My daring lord,
 No solace does my poignant grief afford,
 Since thou, my all, wilt seek destructive throes
 And plunge my pining soul in countless woes.
 Compassionate thy infant son and me;
 Repress thy valor, check thy mad decree
 Ere yet the mail-clad Greeks in dread array
 With thundering charge shall crush thee in the fray !
 O grant, ye gods, ere I'm a widow made,
 That 'neath the fertile earth I may be laid !
 For now no loving sire can share my grief
 Nor now can tender mother give relief.
 What shall remain for wretched, hapless me
 If by thy death I am bereft of thee ?

“ My warlike father, swift Achilles slew,
 Yet he despoiled him not, for well he knew
 The mandates of the gods, and justly feared
 Their wrath. A great protecting mound he reared
 Above the fleshless bones, and placed around
 The king his glistening arms. Upon the mound
 The sorrowing woodland nymphs in chastened glee
 Have placed the verdant,-princely cypress tree.

“ My brothers seven bled by that fell hand,
 Among their fleecy sheep in pasture-land.
 That fateful day beheld our house decline,
 Beheld the shameful ending of our line.
 For they, the hope of Thebes, upon that day
 As spirit shades pursued their dismal way.

“ When from the cruel victor she was free,—
 For ransoms snatched her from the fates' decree—
 My mother, Hippoplacia's virtuous queen,
 Had scarce her realms, her joyful subjects seen,
 Than, brooding o'er her lot, with saddened heart
 She quickly fell by chaste Diana's dart.

" O Hector, leave me not my loyal knight!
 A father's, mother's, brother's love requite!
 Make not a weeping widow thy dear wife!
 O shield thy son; withdraw thou from the strife!
 Place thou thy dauntless hosts by yon fig-tree
 So near to sacred Troy, so near to me!
 For there the Greeks Troy's battlements can scale
 And Hector will succeed where others fail!"

—*Edgar C. Banks, '06.*

Evolution.

SOME years ago so generally accepted was the theory of evolution, that in order to get even a hearing on science or philosophy, it was necessary to profess implicit faith in it. The observance of a beautiful gradation running all through nature, in which the highest individual of a lower species and the lowest individual of a higher species seemed to touch, gave foundation to the theory that transition from one form to another took place in the past and is now perhaps imperceptibly going on.

This theory of evolution was little known among the common people until the advent of Darwin's "Natural Selection." Discovering no new phenomena himself, his interpretation of phenomena already known was popularly thought to have discovered the missing link and completed the chain of evolution. But further investigations have revealed objections and difficulties so serious that evolution has fallen below even the range of a hypothesis. Instead of attempting to establish evolution from the beautiful gradation and harmony of nature, would it not be more reasonable to regard them as manifestations of the wisdom of the Creator?

If by evolution were meant the mere development of the oak from the acorn, or of the man from the child, it were nothing new or very scientific. It is a common-place fact observed from the beginning of time. But if it mean the development of all things from original matter in an ever ascending scale, it is either very doubtful or absurd.

Theistic Evolution may be passed over briefly. It holds that God created matter and endowed it with power to perfect itself. With the lapse of time it developed from lower forms to higher until it reached its present perfection. In this theory there is nothing contrary to reason or revelation until we arrive at the origin of man. To say that man also is produced in this way is in direct conflict with revelation and right reason. But if we except man, it cannot be denied that such could have been the origin of things, though it has not been proved by reason, fact or revelation that such actually was their origin.

Atheistic or Materialistic Evolution is the theory of Darwin and others. With this particular form we are especially concerned. With a brief explanation and refutation we hope to expose the partially hidden absurdities which it contains and to strip it of the appearance of truth with which it is so ingeniously clothed.

This theory abounds in postulates and assumptions. Its advocates cannot account for the origin of matter. But since it exists, they take for granted that it is eternal and unproduced. According to the nebular hypothesis all space was filled with minute particles of matter. Perceiving that without motion progress was impossible its advocates assume that these particles are in motion. Flying hither and thither these tiny atoms collided and adhered to each other. Thus the process of combination and development began. Chemical action originated life. Its first form, protoplasm, was a jelly-like substance endowed with the principle of life. From this the development of the living species progressed until finally the highest species, man, was reached. This development must have required myriads of years and so imperceptible is the change from form to form that for all we know it may be going on at the present day.

Such a theory is interesting and amusing, but to say the least unscientific. To the superficial observer it may appear faultless and convincing, but when subjected to examination, so many assumptions and inconsistencies appear, that we must of necessity withhold our assent.

Examination discloses the fact that this theory assumes both the existence of eternal, uncreated matter and force and consequently relinquishes all claim to the title of scientific. For the first principles of a science should not be assumed, but must be either self-evident or proved. Neither is here the case. On the contrary, all

the properties of matter, limitation, inertia, mutability, show its dependence on an extrinsic cause for existence.

In every stage of evolution a higher species is developed from a lower, by natural selection, that is, the survival of the fittest, or by environment or both. But this is an effect without an adequate cause and hence inadmissible. This absurdity is more apparent in the origin of life from inanimate matter.

Evolutionists like all materialistic scientists are ever appealing to facts. Their motto is "give us facts." Yet they cannot furnish one established fact in the present nor from the geological past to substantiate their theory. They seek safety by appealing to the prehistoric past whose dim obscurity protects assertion from any other answer than mere denial. Their reasoning is unsound. Their conclusions are most positive, though their premises are clogged with, "might, could, would, maybe, no doubt, perhaps."

A theory whose first principles or premises are assumed, whose progress violates the principle of causality, whose assertions are unsubstantiated by reason or fact, whose conclusions are not justified by its premises, can hardly arrogate to itself the name of science. The evident eagerness of these philosophers to arrive at conclusions at variance with religion and revelation betrays their animus and disqualifies them for fair investigation and logical reasoning. Assumptions of superiority and boasts of science and progress may impose on the unreflecting for a time but will never convince the world.

MAURICE J. O'SHEA, '04.

Glances at the World's Progress.

IT is gratifying to observe that all the discoveries and inventions of modern times tend mainly to economize labor, and to alleviate the sufferings of human kind. Pests, scourges of village and town, diseases that heretofore baffled every effort of the medical student, contagions that depopulated busy cities and smiling kingdoms, have all been carefully studied and well nigh subdued. Death, that before raged and raved, ever woefully unrestful, ever reaping richer harvests, now yields a portion of its former conquests and finds its power much restricted by the careful research and tireless energy of the medical profession. All this, our age has done and is still doing, in order to banish suffering and introduce a regime of comparative happiness.

In manufacture our rapid strides are a subject of pride and amazement even to ourselves. The thrasher alone, accomplishing, as it does, the work of many men in one-fourth the time and that too, more thoroughly, more satisfactorily, and more economically, saves immense expense, and with the other machines, decreases the often felt dearth of labor. Agriculture, in fact, has been divested of its most arduous and repulsive features by the reaper, the binder, and the electric plow, all of which have been thoroughly tested, and are used everywhere with the greatest success, not only in our own country, but in almost every part of the civilized world.

Side by side with this advance in machinery has been our development in every kind of architecture. True enough, our builders do not excel in massive pyramids and giddy obelisks or magnificent temples; yet how safe, how comfortable, how homelike are our theaters, our stores, our railroad stations and our "skyscrapers." Fire-proof constructions, electric illumination, steam-heat and elevators, all excite the amazement and pride of the progressive modern world.

In our times, again, the two hemispheres have been brought more closely together by the ocean-liner, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the press. The telegraph is unquestionably the closest link that binds America with her sister continents. Every happening, every stir is sparked across the seas, until all the world is aware of every detail of importance. The press too is a powerful factor in this progressive evolution. It is the great ruler of nations, a

liberal educator, and a mighty scandalizer: In its columns we may peruse the praises of good life and the details of every crime, no matter how base, how detestable.

The literary field of the age has been crowded and overcrowded with material of every kind. The novel, made to serve various purposes, and the magazines containing contributions by all the celebrities of the time, come out in thousands, exhibiting work of critics that would rival Jeffrey and his review, efforts of poets that play on every chord of the feeling heart, opinions of essayists, instructive and agreeable, and creations of novelists that feast the willing mind with scenes of real life and pathos, as well as with blood-curdling escapades or heart-rending sufferings.

History, too, has made great strides towards perfection. The modern historian is no longer satisfied by the mere stating of opinions and outpouring of sympathies. He demands the data, for otherwise the history is worthless.

But the age in which we live, glorious and unrivaled in so many respects, bears one dark blot upon its fair escutcheon; its false and infidel philosophy and its disregard of religion. The modern thinker, disdainful to be led by the light of revelation, and yet hoping to attain his end by his own limited intellect, blunders sadly and draws numberless followers to the standard of materialism, or total disbelief in an Eternal Power. This perverted philosophy is no doubt one of the most potent causes of the prevailing spirit of irreligion, throughout the modern world. Strange to say, progressive countries are the most irreligious.

Blinded by the splendor of their achievements, dazzled by their unobstructed success, they fail to see God, and they worship licentiousness, nourish anarchy, kindling in their foolhardiness the flames that are bound to destroy them. To-day every white-bearded idler is a prophet; every stiff-necked, discontented, conceited religionist preaches the only true, reformed, soul-saving doctrine, and many an empty-pated woman will offer to bring you face to face with the ghosts of the departed that you may thus learn the secrets of the future or commune with the spirits of the dead. This onset on religion is, unfortunately too apparent and too widespread. It is the only blot on the magnificent record of our century and the epidemic, we fear, will probably spread with increasing power, until some scourge or great misfortune will turn the nations once again to the shrine of all truth and happiness—Christ Jesus our Lord.

JOHN G. MIELCAREK, '06.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial.

"THU SURVIVEL UV A MIKEROBE."

PERHAPS MOST of our readers will recall the phonetic spelling fad which swept over the country several years ago. If so, they will remember, among other things connected with it, how Chicago's superintendent of education endeavored to initiate its adoption by the public in general through the very convenient medium of the public school; and, incidentally, how his suggestion met a natural death. Most of us doubtless suppose that the idea itself eventually met with the same fate, since nothing has been heard of it for some time; but that such is not the case was lately made evident.

A recent press item quoted a professor in one of the universities in this vicinity as having openly championed phonetic spelling before his class. To what extent the learned gentleman advocated its adoption we have no means of knowing, and, indeed, it makes not the slightest difference. That such a movement has been set on foot at all, by a man whose opinion carries any weight, is sufficient to point out the need of watchfulness on the part of all lovers of the English language. When the idea first came into prominence, the list of words slated for revision was a very brief one, consisting mostly of adverbs and conjunctions. For this rea-

son, the people who saw fit to advocate it probably thought that a reconstruction of these needlessly lengthy words would be of incalculable benefit to any one engaged in business pursuits. Supposing that, for the sake of argument, we admit the truth of their reasoning, is there nothing else to be considered? We shall see.

The English, as even the average child is aware, is a language which derives many of its beauties from the classical tongues; for on them largely it is founded. Many of its most comprehensive words and expressions have been taken from the Greek and the Latin; and, because of this fact, our English and American masterminds have been able to demonstrate, to skeptical foreign people, that our mother tongue is one of undeniable possibilities. Now, as we have remarked, the changes in orthography originally proposed, by the faddists, might, objectively considered, be productive of good. But history tells us that very few of the various revolutions witnessed by the world have, for any great length of time, been held within prescribed bounds. Is it not, then, only natural to suppose that a revolution in spelling methods would soon break through all the barriers which common sense would place to oppose a promiscuous spreading? We could not even hope that affairs would pursue their course otherwise. The next generation would behold so thorough a prostitution of English that, not only would classical derivatives lose their significance, but the printed language, little better in appearance than a jargon, would provoke a contempt well calculated to discourage our budding literary talent. A living language is only too prone to abuse which can be neither foreseen nor warded off; and requires no assistance such as that volunteered by this phonetic spelling microbe.—J. F. RICE, '05.

DO NEWSPAPERS THINK?

A FEW DAYS previous to the recent gubernatorial convention, Governor Yates, of this state, in the course of a public speech, gave utterance to a remark which everyone, regardless of political ties, can profitably take to heart. In defending his administration, the Governor declared, in effect, that whatever unpopularity is now attached to his name can be traced to the newspapers, which effectually control the intellectual faculties of the average voter of to-day.

Now, we may attribute this statement to a politician who possesses no other excuse, to personal spite, or to any other conceivable motive, but the stubborn truth contained in it still confronts us. The modern newspaper does control the mind of the ordinary voter and even

of the supposedly intelligent, ordinary person. An insinuating editorial embodying a discourse on any timely topic, political, commercial, or religious, is literally swallowed without mastication, by people who have forgotten the use of their reasoning powers. Shallow arguments, which if propounded orally the least intelligent man would disdain to notice, gather enormous weight from the fact that they appear in print and are supported by the "say so" of some editor or other. This individual, of course, could have no motive for deceiving a gullible public, and besides, he is endowed with a mystic infallibility calculated to insure a sound opinion regarding any question which he may deem worthy for the exercise of his superior talents.

Is it for this that we have established schools and colleges throughout the land? Are we to instruct the nation's youth to accept the ancient theory that the mind is man's noblest faculty, only to teach them that in practice they must let others do their thinking? Assuredly, such a state of affairs will overcome all the ills ever likely to threaten our Republic. It will tend to develop American talent; and increase our prestige among the civilized peoples of the world! It is one of those "good things." By all means let it continue to thrive.

And let us remember, especially when we are enjoying the choice literary outpourings of the sensational press, that, in giving blind credence to these mighty editorials, we are imbibing "the wisdom of the wise."—J. F. R., '05.

THE SMALL PARK QUESTION.

THE JUNE poet is now at his zenith, and on all sides we hear his soulful strain of "Blow balmy zephyrs while the June roses bloom." However, we greatly fear that those "balmy zephyrs" exist in his imagination alone; for what with smoke and grime from innumerable factories, locomotives and riverboats, hemmed in as we are on all sides by the towering walls of our skyscrapers, we receive but little of "God's pure air." With this stern reality staring us in the face, together with a dread of the summer's heat, we think that the small park question should be brought to a settlement as speedily as possible. Why should there be any hesitation in this matter? Is the plan feasible? Would the small parks be advantageous to the people or not? Certainly, if we are to judge by the example of older cities, we are compelled to admit that they are not only an advantage but an absolute necessity.

Look at Europe. In all her over-crowded cities we find, here and there, those bright, green spots in a wilderness of tenements. Centered in those cheerful spots we find the life of Europe. Men congregate here to discuss religion, politics, the drama and music. Here we find the Bohemian artist with his pencils and canvas, using as his model the bare-foot denizen of the Ghetto. All classes meet here in harmony and on terms of equality. Where in this vast city of ours, whose boast is her magnificent chain of parks, do we find such delightful spots as the Piazza San Marco at Venice, the Piazza San Pietro, or the Place de la Concorde at Paris? Of what value to the populace is our grand park system if they are beyond the reach of the majority? Take the case of the day laborer who lives in the congested districts situated many miles from the nearest park. He is unable to furnish carfare for four or five children, for he earns scarcely enough to keep their bodies and souls together. He is unable to live near the parks on account of high rents and the value of property, yet he must pay his full quota of taxes for sustaining them as well as those who enjoy them most. Why should the wealthy monopolize the parks? Surely they are not so selfish as to wish to see the poor deprived of a little pleasure. We do not think this is possible; for wealthy Chicago has too often proved itself the friend of the poor. Yet the poor are deprived of parks. The small parks, judiciously situated, will afford both pleasure and comfort, and provide for a long-felt want. Picture to yourself the children of the poor as they romp and play in the glorious sunshine, enjoying the hitherto unheard of pleasure of seeing genuine green grass and trees, of inhaling a breath of pure air. Picture the father as, after a hard day of toil, accompanied by his faithful wife, he sits in one of those pleasant breathing spots, placidly smoking his pipe of peace, while the cool evening air fans his faded and toil worn face. The odor of sweet clover brings up memories of days long past and he becomes lost in the vista of bygone days. Is this ideal? It is, to be sure; but it is also practical, as has been demonstrated in large cities throughout the world. Why should Europe, which we have already so far outstripped in commercial and industrial affairs, surpass us in the care of the poor laborer who is the prop and mainstay of our republic? If we wish to have "Young America" a strong, sturdy, honest citizen who will love the light of day, let us have the small parks which will attract him from the alleys and gutters where he learns nothing but crime and vice. It is from those vile spots that the "gutter-snipe" and the "alley-rat" emerges as a full-developed criminal.

Let there be no further delay then with this matter. If our city fathers wish to do something worthy of recognition, something to immortalize their names, let them immediately set to work on this matter, and render the small park question not a matter of debate but a reality. By doing this they will earn the unceasing praise and gratitude of the poor man and his family.—JOHN J. GEARTY, '05.



A suggestion offered some time ago, that the ex-men name some of the best journals that have appeared on their tables during the year, has found favor, we see, with at least one of the fraternity of ex-men. To say the least, we regret that this suggestion should have been acted upon. Why? Simply because it will have the tendency to create useless recrimination among the brotherhood. And if there is anything in College Journalism to be abhorred it is, in our judgment, recrimination.

For it has been our experience, during a year's occupancy of this office, that recrimination has ever been fraught with ill will and infused with bitter, even vulgar personalities. It is but a step from recrimination to vulgarity. This statement is made on the authority of personal experience; for we have seen, in the heat of recrimination, gentlemanly conduct forgotten, or rather, buried in language of such a nature that the need of an expurgator's hand was much in evidence.

It is on this account, then, that we think such suggestions as the above should be ignored and if a review of the year's journals is desirable, why not put it in more general form? For example, the ex-men who have had more than a year's experience in their positions might give a general resume of the year's work, comparing it with that of previous years, indicating wherein it has fallen short or surpassed former efforts of a like nature. This would afford both an instructive paper and at the same time an outlet for the display of much critical ability.

Yet after all is said, we are inclined secretly to admire the courage of the Viatorian ex-man, who has voluntarily taken upon himself the position of Paris, as arbiter between the rival claims of our fair contemporaries. What the result will be we venture not to say, but

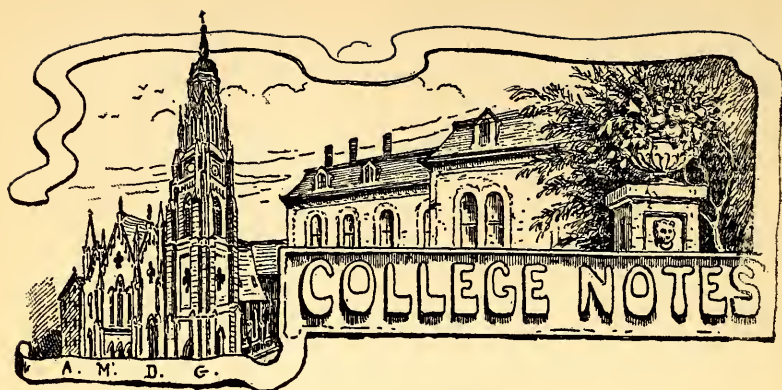
hope he may not be overwhelmed by misfortune, as was his famed predecessor in that delicate position.

Our sincerest congratulations to the *Ottawa Review*. You have emerged from your recent misfortune, better and brighter than ever. That's the true American spirit. The many Celtic articles which grace your April number prompt us to say "more power to you."

That Shakespeare and his plays are a fount of enduring literary inspiration is clearly evident from a number of our May exchanges, which contain exceptionally interesting articles dealing with the Bard of Avon. Both the *Xavier* and the *Exponent* are deserving of mention in this respect.

In this our last issue of the present year, we desire to thank our many friends for their kindness and promptness in sending us exchange copies of their publication. And it is a pleasure for us to say of all of them, without a single exception, that they have afforded us many a pleasant and instructive hour, for which we are truly grateful.

JOHN CLIFFORD, '05.



We are in receipt of the following note from the secretary of the St. Louis University Alumni Association:

“To the College Editor:

“Dear Sir:—The Alumni Association of the St. Louis University has fitted up a room in the University buildings as an information bureau. Will you please announce in your paper that all students and alumni of your college are most cordially invited to make free use of the same. We will be on hand at all times to answer questions in regard to the Fair, rooms, hotels, places of interest, etc. Sincerely”—etc.

Just as we are about to go to press the glad news arrives from across the water that our esteemed ex-man Mr. John J. Clifford, of the Junior class is among the three eligibles from the state of Illinois for the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University, England. Additional credit is due Mr. Clifford in view of the fact that he had no previous preparation, whereas his competitors from the Chicago and Northwestern universities had acquainted themselves thoroughly with the subject-matter of the examination. The intention of the late Cecil Rhodes in founding these scholarships was to secure a better understanding between the two great English-speaking nations of the world by bringing among the leaders of English thought and ideas, individuals that were the best and most representative of America. Should the committee who are to select one of the three eligibles see fit to choose Mr. Clifford, we can congratulate Illinois on having contributed as its representative one who, as a companionship of five years has taught us, possesses the requisite qualities in a high degree.

On May 4th the Senior Elocution Contest was held in Association Hall. In the first class the gold medal was awarded to Mr. William Magee; in the second class to Clemens Demes, and in the third class to William Oink. The following was the program:

Piano—"Staccato Caprice"Vogrich

William A. Looney.

FIRST CLASS.

Damon and PythiasWilliam G. Epstein
 The StowawayWilliam M. Magee
 The Honor of the Woods.....Robert J. Hoffman
 InkermanUrban H. Killacky
 Roger and I.....Edward F. O'Grady
 Violin Solo—"The Mazourka"Musini

Arthur Ziegler.

SECOND CLASS.

Back in War Days.....G. Gilbert Buhmann
 The Green Mountain JusticeSimon McDonnell
 Edinburg After FloddenHarry M. Thometz
 The One-Legged GooseClemens J. Demes
 Glee Club—"On the Water".....Abt
 Solo Edw. O'Grady

THIRD CLASS.

Whispering BillJames E. O'Brien
 Here She Goes and There She Goes.....William A. Oink
 The Rival BravesLouis J. Devereux
 Glee Club—"The Forest"Haeser

DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

The Junior Contest was held on Saturday, May 7th, in the Sodality Hall. The winners of the gold medals in the fourth and fifth classes were Edmund Curda and Walter Watts. The relation to the College of the Parochial school system of Chicago was evidenced from the presence at this contest of about 200 nuns, representing nearly all of the religious orders engaged in educational work in this city.

A novena was made preparatory to the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the exercises consisting of the Litany of the Sacred Heart and a short prayer said every morning after the students' mass, which was well attended.

W. A. MURPHY, '04.

The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is on the left, with a large, ornate "M" that incorporates a violin and its bow. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is on the right, with a large, ornate "S" that incorporates a lyre. The entire title is embellished with various musical instruments like a trumpet and a drum, and sprigs of foliage. Below the word "Song" is the signature "A. M. D. G.".

Music and Song

A. M. D. G.

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair,"

is the music of the different musical societies at the end of a year of hard practice. The close of the season is at hand, as we go to press, and the last long pipings of the clarinet are wafted over the transom, the strings are droning their "Last Farewell," the drummers are tearfully preparing to place their "traps" on the dust-covered shelves, and when the sad and careworn musicians march out of the studio to slow music, and thirty pairs of feet go slowly around the corner of the corridor, old Frank, the janitor, will betake himself to the solitude of the steam pipes and weep in silence. The members of the orchestra play with great proficiency. Since our last issue they have distinguished themselves at the elocution and oratorical contests. Their work during the past year has been most satisfactory, and a harder working organization can be found nowhere. The preparations for the Commencement Exercises necessitated much activity in the music department. The orchestra helped to create excitement by the rehearsal of marches, waltzes, overtures and a melody, "The Magic Spring," which is to be sung by the choir and Glee Club as a grand ensemble song. The commencement exercises certainly promise to be a treat to lovers of music.

Mr. Jas. E. Carey, violinist and treasurer of the College Orchestra, is now with the orchestra of Marquette College, Milwaukee. As treasurer he has been succeeded by Mr. Richard Rooney.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club during the past year has advanced rapidly. Handicapped as it was at the beginning of the year by the loss of many sweet-voiced graduates, it has made up by the addition of many new

voices and rendered some exceptionally good music. These merry singers are in demand for all occasions. That Mr. Edward O'Grady has a voice "like Tamagno," was made strikingly evident at the senior elocution contest. All the singers supported him admirably. But commencement evening is the time when these bold knights of the dress suit and white shirt will eclipse all past successes, and gain new bay-leaves for themselves.

The piano and violin pupils contested for gold medals on the 25th and 27th of May. The winners will be announced at commencement.

POPULAR MUSIC.

Among the best selections now in the public eye are: "The March of the Eagles," "Dance of the 29," "In the Days of Old," and of course the "Gondolier." But no less catchy than these is the rollicking topical song "The Man Behind," or the reigning hit, "Funny Folks." "Under Southern Skies" is a pleasing selection, suggestive of the banjo and the cottonfield. A laughable song soon to be published is "Old King Cole," and a neat summer ditty is styled "It's a Beautiful Night for a Walk."

Among the minstrel songs are "Honey Boy," "The Man on the End," "Susan Van Dusen," and the exceptionally well-written and tuneful "Sweetest Girl in Dixie." "In a Nutshell" is a quaint "characteristic," and two equally good instrumental selections are "The King's Fool," a march, and "Polly Prim," an excellent two-step.

A bass song of great power and beauty is headed "The Guard at the Gate," and a pretty waltz is called "In the Fall, Fall, Fall."

"Arrapahoe," an Indian song, will soon be out, by the composer of "Navahoe."

"I'm Going to Leave," "Stella," and "Nancy Lee," are all clever tunes, and a dainty Jap song is entitled "My Lady from Japan." Of the numberless summer songs "Follow the Merry Crowd" is a neat selection, and a sacred song which bids fair to rival "The Holy City" is dedicated (with permission) to Cardinal Gibbons and is entitled, "The Resurrection."

CHAS. BYRNE, '06.



James J. Kennedy, of last year's First Commercial, is stenographer for the Empire Line.

Thomas B. Lynch, First Academic, 1895, is preparing for the state bar examination.

Frank Martin, Commercial 1897, is playing ball on the Minneapolis professional base ball team.

Louis J. Mercier, 1900, has been awarded a fellowship in the Romance department of Columbia University.

Michael D. Dolan, Second Special, 1900, is a candidate for state representative in the 13th Senatorial District.

Frank Von Tesmar, Humanities, 1897, and Albert Merki, Third Commercial, 1900, are with Gage Bros., wholesale milliners.

Frederick Scholer, of the Preparatory Class, 1887-88, has opened a jewelry store opposite the college at 424 W. 12th St.

Joseph Merki, of last year's First Commercial Class, expects to go into the printing business with his father in Cleveland, Ohio.

The attention of the alumni is called to the propriety of a fair representation at the fall convention of Alumni Associations of Jesuit colleges to be held in St. Louis.

The association congratulate their fellow-member, Mr. Austin Schager, of Joliet, Ill., on his election as secretary-treasurer of the Federation of German Catholic Societies.

Mr. Thomas Hoy who attended the Commercial Course from 1877 to 1880 has a position with Durand & Kasper. In the evening he teaches elocution at the Chicago Auditorium Conservatory. His son, Edward J., is in the Second Special A. class.

We refer the readers of this column to the College Notes for a letter addressed to us by the St. Louis Alumni Association inviting the old students of St. Ignatius, who intend to visit the Fair, to the free use of the bureau of information which they have established in the University.

Mr. Jacob Mehren, formerly president of the Alumni Association, celebrated, on May 14th, the silver jubilee of his married life. Mr. Mehren has twelve children living, six of whom have attended St Ignatius College. His well-deserved popularity was well shown by the host of friends who attended the High Mass coram Episcopo, and the two days' reception at his home. He had work to find room for the 125 presents which found their way to him on this occasion. Mr. Mehren's son, Edward, took part on April 29, in the Illinois-Missouri debate at Champaign.

On June 6th the Alumni Association held its quarterly meeting. The business of the evening included the donation of the college graduate-medal, action regarding the convention of alumni associations of Jesuit colleges to be held in St. Louis in the fall, and discussion of the question of federation of alumni associations of Catholic colleges in general, after which Messrs. Thomas Hoy, John Ponc and James Halle furnished agreeable entertainment by recitations and music. A highly intellectual treat was the lecture on Radium, by Rev. James P. Monaghan, S. J.

Mr. Thomas Brennan, a member of the Alumni Association, passed away from this life during the month of May, to the great sorrow of the community. Mr. Brennan had been a member of the Chicago School Board for a quarter of a century, and out of respect for his memory, the public schools of Chicago were closed on the day of his funeral. In 1895 the board of managers of St. Ignatius College voted to honor him with the honorary degree of doctor of laws on account of his eminent worth and great service to the church and state. The last letter that Mr. Brennan wrote was to St. Ignatius College, the day before his death, enclosing his annual donation for a gold medal. May he rest in peace.

Mr. George W. Lyon, Jr., A. B., 1897, A. M., 1899, was elected state secretary of the Knights of Columbus at the state convention on May 3. According to the *New World*, "Mr. George W. Lyon is one of the most popular young men in Chicago, cultured, retiring in manner, but self-reliant; prudent but not egotistical. He is

an elegant speaker, witty, a good conversationalist, and a highly intellectual gentleman." This is high praise, but the Collegian has no doubt it is deserved.

The daily papers had this to say of Nicholas Finn, 1888, during the campaign for the spring election at which he was elected alderman for the third successive time:

"Ald. Nicholas R. Finn, democratic candidate for alderman in the 20th ward, is finishing his second term in that capacity. In both his previous campaigns he has the support of the best element of the ward. The good predictions, freely made in his behalf, in each instance have been fulfilled. Ald. Finn was born in Oswego, N. Y., in 1867. His education was acquired in the public schools, St. Ignatius College and the Northwestern University law school. He was graduated from the latter in 1890. He has since that time practiced law. When the council was organized on a nonpartisan basis three years ago Ald. Finn was a member of the committee that had that work in hand. He introduced the order responsible for the appointment of the committee that settled the recent Chicago City Railway strike and served upon that committee. He was conspicuously identified in the agitation that brought about the passage of the Mueller law. He is an active alderman, both in the affairs of the ward and the city at large. He is well fitted to take part in the important municipal legislation at hand in the near future. Ald. Finn resides at 571 West Adams street."

Away out in Arizona is a little lumber town of 1,200 inhabitants called Flagstaff. A tasty programme entitled "First Annual Banquet of the Arizona Alumni of Jesuit Colleges" lately reached us from that town. Amongst the dishes of the menu which made our mouth water were Consomme Xavier, Fordham punch, Santa Clara punch, Roast Turkey a la Ignatius, Apple Salad a la Georgetown, Potatoes a la St. Mary's. The programme of toasts and speeches was very imposing. We were surprised to see the names of so many well-known alumni of Jesuit colleges. There are twenty-nine names all told in the roster. A few of them were slipped in from other colleges; but no matter, we all belong to the same family. We append the whole roster of the Arizona association for the encouragement and gratification of our sister colleges who may not see the programme. From St. Ignatius, Chicago, are Messrs. T. A. Riordan and M. J. Riordan, respectively president and secretary of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Co. From St. Xavier's, Cincinnati,

are Edgar A. Brown, Geo. Babbitt, David Babbitt, Chas. Babbitt, Wm. Babbitt, Harrison Conrard, Julius Conrard, John Conrard, Thos. A. Flynn, C. F. Flynn, Eugene A. Sliker, John Verkamp, Leo. Verkamp. From St. Mary's, Kansas, James L. Byrnes, E. T. McGonigle, A. J. MacKay, A. J. Mess, Edw. O'Farrell, John Steinmetz. From Georgetown, J. A. Falvey. From Fordham, Dr. F. E. Coudert. From St. Francis, Rev. T. M. Connolly. From St. Mary's, Rev. Cyprian Vabre. From St. Joseph's, (N. B.) Rev. F. D. Babineau. From St. Xavier's, Louisville, J. A. Broadrick. From U. I., Dr. D. J. Brannen.

If the editor of these notes ever gets stranded out west, he knows one town where he will be sure of a welcome.

We take from the *New World* the following lines written in memory of Dr. Larkin by the Rev. George J. Blatter, Poetry, 1880. Dr. Larkin was a member of the Alumni Association at the time of his death:

"IN MEMORIA AETERNA ERIT JUSTUS!"

Full oft in pensive hour our spirits turn
Where memory-lights of former friendsihp burn;
Then, cherished friend, 'midst duty's daily round,
As from afar, we heard thy voice resound.

 Though years may swiftly glide

 Thy memory will abide!

Since "in eternal memory is the just!"

Though only twelve the changes of the moon
Since funeral flowers o'er thy grave were strewn,
Yet do they seem but lengthened years to all
Who knew thy kind response to urgent call

 Of lingering ill and pain,

 Or poverty's doleful strain.

Yet, "in eternal memory is the just!"

O mournful loss to friends, who to thee clung,
Thy trusty spouse and those who from thee sprung—
Thy sunshine turned for them to deepest gloom,
Too deep for ray of comfort to illumine;

 God's holy word alone

 Could for such loss atone.

That "in eternal memory is the just!"

No, never shall thy cherished memory flee
From us, thy friends, who lived and walked with thee,
If blessed vision yet thy part is not,
We'll pray for thee; if happiness thy lot

 E'er since from earth thy flight,

 Then help us do the right.

Let "in eternal memory be the just!"

(REV.) GEORGE J. BLATTER.



The gymnasium exhibition, announced in our last issue, took place at Easter. It was evident from the applause of the students that it was a success. Besides the musical numbers rendered between the performances, La Voie executed a clog dance, which was very much appreciated by the audience. The exhibition was repeated for the parochial school children. The participants fairly surpassed themselves, and they were loudly applauded by the interested and delighted spectators. The unique performances of Mr. Moore, the college instructor in gymnastics, met with repeated encores.

On Monday, May 16, took place the annual field day, which has been neglected for the last few years. In order to encourage the younger students, those who were to take part in the meet were divided into two classes. Those under sixteen years of age were placed among the Juniors; all above that age were listed as Seniors. The meet brought out excellent material in both classes. Next year we expect to see this material develop into a successful track team. The summaries follow:

SENIORS.

40-Yard Dash—First heat: 1st, Murphy, 1 ft.; 2nd, Kenney, 2 ft. Second heat: 1st, Zimmerman, 1 ft.; 2nd, Watts, 1 ft. Third heat: 1st, Seger, scr.; 2nd, Devine, 5 ft. Finals: 1st, Seger; 2nd, Murphy.

75-Yard Dash—First heat: 1st, Murphy, 1 ft.; 2nd, Watts, 1 ft. Second heat: 1st, Seger, scr.; 2nd, Guerin, 1 ft. Finals: 1st, Seger; 2nd, Watts.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Zimmerman; 2nd, Gehant, 9 ft.

440-Yard Dash—1st, Zimmerman; 2nd, Gehant, 21 ft.

Half-mile Run—1st, Sayre; 2nd, Devine, 40 ft.



J. SEGER

F. LAGORIO

H. LA VOIE

L. CARROLL

J. KEANE

M. O'SHEA

D. MEANY

M. CAPLICE

J. KIELY

E. O'GRADY



120-Yard Hurdles—First heat: 1st, Kiely, 3 ft.; 2nd, Sayre, scr.;
Second heat: 1st, Seger, scr.; 2nd, McHale, 8 ft. Finals: 1st, Seger;
2nd, McHale.

Broad Jump—1st, Zimmerman; 2nd, Reinert, 12 ft.

Shot Put—1st, Sayre, scr.; 2nd, Zimmerman.

High Jump—1st, Guerin, scr.; 2nd, Kenney, 3 ft.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Zimmerman; 2nd, Reinert.

Pole Vault—1st, Seger; 2nd, Auchue.

JUNIORS.

40-Yard Dash—First heat: 1st, Furlong, 1 yd.; 2nd, Ward, scr.;
Second heat: 1st, L. Devine, scr.; 2d, Adamson, 1 yd. Finals: 1st,
Adamson; 2d, Furlong.

75-Yard Dash—First heat: 1st, Furlong, 5 ft.; 2nd, Oink, 6 ft.
Second heat: Adamson, 5 ft.; L. Devine, scr. Finals: 1st, Furlong;
2nd, L. Devine.

220-Yard Dash—1st, Ward; 2nd, T. Devine.

440-Yard Dash—1st, Bell, 5 yd.; 2nd, Thometz.

120-Yard Hurdles—1st, Moran; 2d, Ward.

Half-mile Run—1st, Bell; 2nd, Lynch.

Broad Jump—1st, Moran; 2nd, Ward, scr.

High Jump—1st, Thometz; 2nd, Adamson.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Moran; 2nd, Ward, 1 ft.

BASE-BALL.

One of the most successful seasons the College has ever had in base-ball is now drawing to a close. We have played nearly every team of any prominence in and about the city, and have come out victorious in all but two of the games. The managers of the base-ball team, Messrs. Caplice and La Voie, endeavored to schedule games with Northwestern University and with the University of Chicago. The cause of their failure to obtain games with these institutions was due to the fact that the season of the latter closed a month earlier than usual.

The team opened its campaign by defeating, in a close game, the Armour Institute of Technology. In this game our star pitcher, Keane, made his debut in the college base-ball world. The result was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Armour	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0—3
St. Ignatius	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—4

On April 20th Austin High School fell before our victorious onslaught, but not without giving us a great fright. The score:

ST. IGNATIUS, 2; AUSTIN, 1.

St. I.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	A. H. S.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Keane, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Dowse, ss	0	0	3	2	
Killian, 1b	0	0	7	0	1	Snow, 2b	2	2	0	2	
Meany, c	0	1	10	0	0	Meyers, c	0	3	0	0	
Lagorio, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Hammel, 3b	0	1	0	1	
Seger, cf	0	0	2	0	0	Hegstrom, p	1	1	3	0	
Reinert, p	1	1	0	10	0	Pierce, lf	0	4	0	0	
O'Grady, 2b.	1	1	1	2	1	Gage, cf	0	0	0	0	
Quigley, ss	0	0	0	1	0	Dunne, 1b.	1	8	0	0	
Carroll, 3b	0	0	1	0	0	Ross, rf	0	0	0	0	

Total 2 4 21 13 2 Total 1 4 *19 6 6

*One out when winning run came in.

St. Ignatius 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2

Austin 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

First base on balls—Off Reinert, 2; off Hegstrom, 4. Struck out—By Reinert, 10; by Hegstrom, 3. Stolen bases—Reinert, O'Grady. Passed balls—Meany, 2. Umpires—Tuohy and Jones.

Morgan Park failed to make its appearance on April 23rd, but as we did not wish to disappoint the crowd, Carroll and Keane chose up sides and soon a hot game was in progress.

On April 27th, West Division High School went down to defeat in a vain struggle to knock Keane out of the box.

ST. IGNATIUS, 6; WEST DIVISION, 4.

Ignatius.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	W. Divis.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Meany, c	1	1	11	1	0	Dodd, 3b	1	1	2	1	0
Lagorio, lf	1	2	4	0	0	Finneg'n, ss	0	0	1	1	0
O'Shea, ss.	3	2	1	2	2	Oioski, rf	0	1	1	1	0
Killian, rf	1	3	0	0	0	Junl, 2b	0	0	3	5	3
O'Grady, 3b	0	1	1	2	1	Geringer, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Keane, p	0	0	0	2	0	Br'kstone, c	0	0	2	0	0
Seger, cf	0	0	0	1	0	Bowen, lf	2	0	3	0	0
Kiely, 1b	0	1	8	1	0	Brennan, cf	0	1	2	0	0
Carroll, 3b	0	0	2	3	2	Davis, 1b	1	0	10	0	0

Total 6 10 27 12 5 Total 4 3 24 12 3

St. Ignatius 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 *—6

West Division . . . 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2—4

First base on balls—Off Keane, 5; off Geringer, 4. Struck out—By Keane, 11; by Geringer, 2. Stolen bases—Carroll, Kiely (2), Lagoreo (2), Seger, Brennan (2). Hit by pitcher—By Keane, 2. Umpires—Tuohy and Baer.

On April 30th the College played the future Docs from P. & S. The game resulted in a tie, which could not be played off because the Docs had to hurry back to class after the game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
P. & S.	1	0	2	4	0	0	0	4	—11
St. Ignatius	2	0	4	0	0	1	1	3	—11

Oak Park was defeated by a narrow margin, May 4th, on their home grounds. It was our first game away from home and it showed that the boys could play star ball on any diamond.

ST. IGNATIUS, 5; OAK PARK, 4.

St. Ignat.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	Oak Park.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Meany, c	1	1	12	0	0	Cooley, lf	0	0	2	0	1
Keane, p	1	1	1	3	0	F. T'mps'n, ss.	0	0	2	3	1
O'Shea, ss	0	1	0	2	0	S. T'mps'n, rf.	0	0	2	1	1
Lagorio, lf	1	1	1	0	0	Buck, 3b	1	0	1	2	0
Quigley, cf	0	1	2	1	0	Skillen, p	0	0	1	0	0
O'Grady, 2b	0	1	1	1	0	M'Pherson, c	1	0	9	0	0
Killian, rf	0	1	1	1	0	Skillen, 2b	1	0	0	2	1
Keily, 1b	0	1	8	0	0	Arnold, 2b	1	1	0	0	0
Carroll, 3b	2	1	1	0	1	Bye, 1b	1	1	8	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	O'Leary, cf	0	1	2	0	1
Total	5	9	27	8	1		—	—	—	—	—
						Total	4	4	27	9	5
St. Ignatius	1	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—5
Oak Park	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	—4	

Bases on balls—Off Keane, 3; off Skillen, 2. Struck out—By Keane, 1; by Skillen, 9. Three-base hit—Kiely. Two-base hit—Keane. Stolen base—Buck. Double plays—O'Shea to O'Grady to Kiely; Keane to Kiely. Umpire—Tuohy.

May 14, Capt. Keeley of the Corn Exchange Bank brought his undefeated team to the College yard. They were forced to lower their colors.

ST. IGNATIUS, 7; CORN EXCHANGE, 6.

St. Ignat.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	Corn Ex.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Meany, c	1	1	6	1	0	Conrad, 3b	2	3	2	1	2
Keane, p	1	2	1	4	0	Keeley, 2b	0	0	3	0	0
O'Shea, ss	0	1	3	0	1	Johnson, c	0	0	3	4	0
Lagorio, lf	1	2	0	1	0	Redmond, 1b	0	0	9	0	0
Quigley, cf	1	1	2	0	0	Murphy, ss	0	0	1	1	1
O'Grady, 2b	0	1	3	1	0	Christian, p	0	0	0	3	0
Killian, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Wagner, lf	1	1	0	2	0
Kiely, 1b	2	1	9	0	0	Schultz, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Carroll, 3b	1	2	3	3	3	Seger, cf	2	0	0	2	0
Total	7	11	27	10	4	Total	6	5	24	13	3

St. Ignatius 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 *—7
 Corn Exchange . . . 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 3—6

After class on May 18 we played the long-looked-for game with St. Vincents. It resulted in a complete victory for us.

ST. IGNATIUS, 14; ST. VINCENT, 1.

St. Igna.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	St. Vinc.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Meany, c	2	3	7	3	0	Case, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Keane, p	1	1	1	2	0	Schwartz, c	0	0	7	1	2
O'Shea, 2b	2	1	3	1	0	Mead, 3b	0	0	1	4	1
Lagorio, lf	3	2	0	0	0	McMahon, p	1	2	0	2	2
Quigley, cf	1	2	4	0	0	O'Brien, ss	0	2	1	2	4
O'Grady, ss	0	2	1	1	0	Burke, 1b	0	1	10	0	0
Killian, rf	0	1	1	0	0	Kerns, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Kiely, 1b	3	3	7	0	0	Rose, 2b	0	1	2	1	1
Carroll, 3b	2	1	3	6	0	Schaus, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Total	14	13	27	13	0	Total	1	8	24	10	10
St. Ignatius	2	0	0	4	1	5	1	1	*—14		
St. Vincent	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1	

On May 24th we received our first defeat at the hands of St. Viateur's star aggregation. The defeat was owing, in a part, to the unfamiliarity of our players with the Kankakee diamond. Score, 6 to 3.

The game scheduled with Lake Forest, on June 2nd, was cancelled by Coach Herchberger.

LOUIS SAYRE, '04.



**NON
CIRCULATING**

