

# To Patrons of The Viatorian

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¶ We earnestly request our readers to consider our list of advertisements. Those who advertise with us deserve the patronage of every friend of *St. Viators*.

¶ Our list comprises firms whose reputations for reliability, integrity and promptitude are unquestionable.

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## The McLaughlin-Mateer Co.

CRUSHED STONE, CEMENT WALKS  
AND CURBS, PORTLAND CEMENT  
AND ALL KINDS of MASON'S SUPPLIES

North Schuyler Avenue and City Limits, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS  
Both Phones No. 277

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## DR. Z. J. PAYAN

*Dentist*

Crown and Bridge Work  
Popular Prices

Excellent Work

Gold Fillings a Specialty  
Prompt Execution

175 Court St., KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

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## The New World Church Goods Store

We have a large selection of Prayer Books, Scapulars, Candlesticks, Rosaries, Medals, Crucifixes, Sanctuary Lamps, Holy Water Fonts, Cards, Statues, Pictures, Gold and Silver Crosses, Sick Call Outfits, etc., at very moderate prices. Mail orders given prompt attention.

1122 S. Water St. (Near 12th Street) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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## D. J. O'Loughlin, M. D.

Practice Limited to

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Ind. Phone 704

191 Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

# PAULISSEN MANUFACTURING CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

*Sash, Doors and Mouldings*

*Interior Finish a Specialty*

Plate and Window Glass Always on Hand

143 Washington Avenue, Cor. Bourbonnais Street, Kankakee, Illinois  
Central Union Telephone, Main 276w - Independent Telephone No. 160

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*Fine Stationery, Popular Copyright  
Alger and Henty Books, Post Cards  
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**The Gift Store**

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H. Handorf

**Mrs. D. H. Kammann & Co.**

Manufacturers of

*Mineral Water, Champagne  
Cider, Belfast Ginger Ale*

Kankakee, Illinois

**ALCIDE L'ECUYER & COMPANY**

Mercantile Jobbers

*Confectionery and Cigars a Specialty*

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Both Phones 601 Kankakee, Ill.

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Sells it  
for less

**KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS**

**GAS**

**ELECTRICITY**

**AND**

**ACCESSORIES**

**STUDENT LAMPS**

Our Specialty

**K K K GAS & ELEC. CO.**

**NORRIS & FRITH**

Hardware  
and  
Sporting Goods

**PATRICK and BETOURNE**

**DRUGGISTS**

Prescriptions filled correctly.

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Kankakee, Illinois

**LUMBER H. H. TROUP & CO. LUMBER**

**KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS**



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William M. Byrne, *Secretary*

# The Standard Roofing Co.

Established 1866



## ROOFERS

692 N. HALSTED STREET  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Phone Monroe 430

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Medal and Diplomas at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893;  
American Institute of Architect's Exhibit, Chicago, 1894

ESTABLISHED 1884

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MOSAICS

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Chicago, Illinois

Telephone:  
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*are supplied by*

The Hotel Department

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MORRIS & COMPANY  
CHICAGO

Kansas City

E. St. Louis

Oklahoma City

St. Joseph

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ORR & LOCKETT  
HARDWARE CO.

— ESTABLISHED 1872 —

The leading dealers in Manual Training Equipment. Everything necessary for Woodwork, Machine, Foundry or Forge Shops.

Send for our "**Red Book**," the most complete catalogue of Manual Training Supplies ever compiled.

GENERAL HARDWARE SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

WRITE US WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING

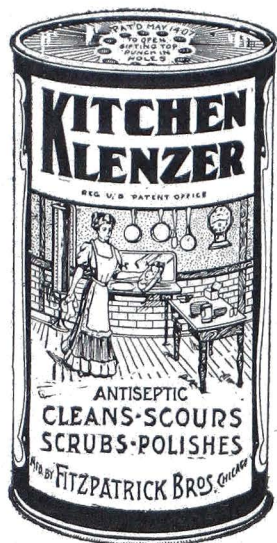
Orr & Lockett Hardware Co.

Established 1872

14-16 W. Randolph St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephones — Yard, 607; Private Ex.



**FITZPATRICK BROS.**

INCORPORATED

**Kitchen Klenzer**

Guaranteed equal to the 10c kinds. The best Klenzer known for cleaning Pots, Pans, Kettles, Bath Tubs.

Makes Kitchen Floors look like new.

At all grocers, 5c.

32 Pl. and Benson St.

CHICAGO

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**Domestic Palace Steam Laundry**

Telephone No. 178

311 Schuyler Avenue

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

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**KANKAKEE PURE MILK CO.**

Delicious Ice Cream

Either Phone 91

391 Schuyler Ave.

KANKAKEE

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**PANTAGRAPH  
PRINTING & STATIONERY CO.  
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.**

Ind. Tel. 472

We do repairing

**F. A. Lottinville**

Shoe Dealer

All New Ideas in Fashionable  
Footwear

188 Court St. KANKAKEE, ILL.

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**Distilled Water**

**Ice** { The Family Ice  
Absolutely Pure

F. D. RADEKE, BRG. CO.

Both Phones 132 Kankakee, Ill.

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**Legris Brothers**

*Bankers*

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Ind. Phone 130

Bell 228-R

**W. Arthur Latham**

Mitchell Autos  
Oldsmobile

Garage--269 Schuyler Ave,  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

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**Roy's Pharmacy**

193 Court Street

Drugs, Stationery, Cigars, Paints,  
Oils and Varnishes

*Prescriptions a Specialty*

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**STITH BROS.**

*Restaurant and  
Lunch Room*

182 Merchant St., Kankakee, Ill.

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## Invitation

This is a card inviting you to visit our store today to  
view the new suits, hats and overcoats that you and the  
other best citizens will wear the coming season. :: ::

194 Court St., Kankakee, Ill.

**B. B. Ferris**

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**Farquhar & Albrecht Co.**

Wholesale

**School Books**

378-388 Wabash Ave.

Chicago



# GALLAHER & SPECK

## POWER PLANTS

HEATING APPARATUS

REPAIR WORK

215-219 W. Congress St.

CHICAGO

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## INSTITUTIONS

### JOHN A. TOLMAN & COMPANY

The oldest Wholesale Grocery House in Chicago with  
the reputation for the quality and honest weight

*Our Famous*

### TOPMOST BRAND

absolutely as represented

We Guarantee the Goods  
Enough Said

The Standard Grocer, our large price-list, is sent free to  
all Institutions who will notify

**JAMES J. MANION,**

Manager of the

INSTITUTION DEPT.

# THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

VOLUME 29

MAY, 1912

NUMBER 8

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN QUEEN OF MAY

O Glorious Virgin Queen of May,  
About thy shrine thy children sing;  
Hear thou our prayers upon this day,  
And to our hearts thy graces bring.

O Mary wondrous maiden fair,  
Chaste Mother of the Lord divine;  
To thee our hearts are raised in prayer,  
O hear us, make them pure as thine.

E'er be our guide, sweet Star of Hope,  
E'er keep thy children safe from harm;  
When Satan's foes against us cope,  
His allies, then sweet Maid disarm.

O thou through whom the Christ was given,  
Help us our many burdens bear;  
And through thee may we enter Heaven,  
And dwell with thee and Jesus there.

O Virgin pure give us thy love,  
As round thy humble shrine we pray;  
O hear us from thy throne above,  
Sweet Mary blessed Queen of May.

*J. A. W.*

ST. VIATOR SEMINARY  
LIBRARY  
BOURBONNAIS  
ILL.



## THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

J. I. DRAIN '15

**I**T is a happy day for the student when his Alma Mater sends him forth from her halls, prepared to fight his battles in the world. She has invested him with the armor of knowledge and taught him how to wield its weapon for honor and truth. She sends him forth not as the common soldier, but as a leader, one who must guide and urge his followers on to triumph and glory, in the intellectual world.

This should be the ambition of every true student, when he leaves his Alma Mater with his parchment in his hand. He should feel that whatever his occupation may be, his duty is to help others to improve their minds and form their character. He has been blessed with the good which has been denied to many; he has been taught to know and hold sweet commune not only with the best there is but also the best that ever has been. He must uplift his associates by his words, and sway them by his influence. In times of darkness, he should be a light.

He must know what other great minds have known, love what they have loved, and do what they have done. He must be ever mindful of the voice of wisdom, which has commanded him so eloquently through his books, to advance, leading his associates on the march of civilization. And having drunk deep draughts of knowledge from their fountains of pure and noble thoughts, refreshed, he must continue to ascend until he reaches the summit of knowledge, whereon dwell those men who have merited for themselves well-nigh undying fame. And here he must take his stand against bad literature.

For the greater part of the many books that are written to-day and labelled literature, are indeed nothing more than scum floating on the stream of thought, written for the purpose of pleasing the senses, and have no regard for truth and morals. These are read and devoured by the young mind and change the true view of life and present to their young and fruitful imaginations the mock heroism and sham manhood which appeal to the lawless and unprincipled spirit of the world. And thus the seed planted in the spring time of life, instead of bringing forth a crop of virtue, honor, and manliness, brings forth



a harvest of vice, infamy and error. And certainly nothing is more lamentable than to behold man thus led astray by that which should be his best guide. Here is work for the true college graduate. Let his guiding principle be, that his labor is for an intellectual end, either in this life or in the next. He who has lived in a higher and better world, taught to know the few real books, should teach others to love them that they may be enlightened, uplifted and inspired. It is he who carries the weapons of knowledge and truth; it is he who has the power to enlighten; and it is to the college graduate that the public turns, pleading to be freed from the chains of ignorance; and it is he who should teach them to know and love that fairer, better and more beautiful world, the world of books. It is he who has strolled in avenues of knowledge, basked in the sunshine of pure thought, and roamed in the fragrant gardens, full of all that is good and beautiful; it is he who should carry the sweet odoriferous flowers of refinement into the public thoroughfares, and thus mingling with the busy sons of traffic, he will turn his whole force of talents and influence to promote culture and refinement in our country. The public thus inspired will begin to understand that no labor is too great or too long and tedious, which results in the cultivation and enlightenment of the mind. And when the sunlight of knowledge penetrates and dispels with its rays the dark clouds of ignorance and prejudice, the people of America will see the havoc, the torrent which bad and light literature has wrought.

They will rise up and protest against it; they will see it in its true light and color as an asp in the brambles, see it to be false in principle, false in sentiment, false in facts, but genuine in its poison. They will see that it is a public evil, a seducer of men, and those who write bad literature will rightly be branded agents of Satan.

Now a young man cannot live without recreation. He works in a factory or office; his day's work is over at five or six o'clock. This young man has had no education; or at best a grammar school education, and naturally he has never acquired that taste for good literature, which has the power to cultivate, elevate and recreate the mind. Therefore he must search abroad for relaxation. Where will he find it? He finds it in the vaudeville, wherein are displayed under the most insidious and fascinating forms, the lurking demons of vice and dishonesty. It is here that the youth's hungry mind is filled not with noble



thoughts or high ideals, but with low, mean, and contemptible impressions. And thus the passions of his youth are developed before his reason; and the flower of youth is contaminated before it has blossomed forth into manhood. Again he associates with evil companions and hears language which at first causes him to shudder, but after repeated efforts these enemies of pure thoughts break down the ramparts of his mind, and entering, extinguish its sanctuary lamp, leaving him in darkness, remorse and despair. And thus being blinded, he sees not that he is being carried down the stream of vice over the precipice of eternal ruin. But where can he go? Very necessity obliges him to plunge into the midst of such companionship. Here is this young man without education, embarked on this torrent, wrecked by its surging waves, drifting down life's stream, to the eternal sea of perdition, to the whirlpool of the miserable. Are there no life-saving crews for such as these?

These things should appeal to the college graduate. If he is to be a leader, let him begin by introducing higher aims into the ordinary life, and true refinement into the lower classes. One of the best means of accomplishing this is a love for good, substantial literature. If the student would only point the sweet companionship there is in good books, these young men, instead of seeking pleasure abroad, after their hard day's work is over, would remain at their fireside, in company, not with evil companions, but with kings, princes and statesmen, not listening to vulgar conversations, but the best expressions and the deepest thoughts of the wise, found in the vehicle of literature. And when they read of the trials and triumphs of individuals like themselves, they will become pure of thought, noble in ambition, and mighty of heart. These books—silent yet eloquent friends—tell them what they need to know, and relate to them what has really happened under certain circumstances and will help them to form an idea of what to expect. And yet, how few ever take the trouble to consult them? Many know not their value. How few take the pains to listen to these great statesmen, to learn what these sound thinkers thought, and how they expressed their ideas. The college graduate knows that but few make use of these suggestions. Very often college graduates have a false idea of education. They think that all that is required of them is to become learned, to be able to secure a prominent position in the world. They apparently forget they owe something to their fellow-men, using their learning for their own selfish ambition,



to gain authority and prominence in the social world. They want to be spoken of and admired as great men. But the truly educated hold altogether different views. They realize that, what is to be "a joy forever, must be a joy for all," and realizing this, they desire to do something that will benefit both their neighbor and their country. They understand that the youths of to-day will be the men of to-morrow, and well they know, that if this country is to become a great nation intellectually and commercially, a great deal depends upon the youth. If youth is the springtime of life, and if on the youth of to-day depends the America of to-morrow, what is to become of our glorious country, if this same youth is permitted to read bad books, corrupt literature—books which fill the young mind with deceit, disrespect for all laws, and sneer for religion? If this be allowed to continue, instead of libraries, the American people will be building reform schools and prisons. Now this is exactly the state of our country to-day. The young man who has merely received the elements of education, knows not that these books are robbing him of true manhood. He has not the knowledge to perceive this. And here is the noble work for true, honest, and upright students. Let them show these young men how and what to read. And when he learns how dear are these silent, yet eloquent companions of pure thought, how to share their sweet converse, they will lighten his toil and turn his tedious hours into moments of happiness. When his friends grow cold, and he is cast down by the frowns of adversity, then will he turn to his books,—his unalterable friends, and find a soothing balm for ailing souls, and reading of the trials and triumphs of individuals like himself, will be spurred on to nobler efforts and deeds. What young man can read "Adam Bede" as represented by George Eliot without learning a lesson of true manhood? Or what young lady will not be moved by the honor, truth and virtue of Maggie Tulliver, as painted in the "Mill on the Floss?" Place books of this kind into the hands of our American youths, and you will have no need for reform schools and prisons.

That good literature has the power to eliminate evil and help to mould the public opinion, is illustrated by Cervantes, when he wrote "Don Quixote." The author's own words are, that he wrote the book with the intention of demolishing the whole machinery of chevalresque romances; and that if he were to succeed his would be no small achievement. Cervantes accomplished this by holding knight errantry up to ridicule. At that



time knight errantry was a menace to the Spanish nation. The books on knight errantry were so much read by the Spanish people, that for years they became their guides, and their predominating spirit was false gallantry. There was so much harm done by this kind of spirit, that the laws of Spain were powerless. Indeed, the passion for such fiction was so great and dangerous that books of this kind were forbidden to be printed, sold or read in the American Colonies. But Cervantes conceived the idea, and that this was the only cure for the public distress, namely, get at the people by means of public education through literature. In this he was successful and knight errantry soon vanished.

Now America is threatened with a greater evil, namely, corrupt and sensational literature, and it is against these books that the college graduate must protest. He may not be able to write like a Cervantes, but like the Crusaders of old, who took up arms and rushed to the battlefield, urged by motives of honor, humanity and religion, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the barbarous Turks, he should carry on a crusade against the debasing and pernicious literature which is flooding the reading market of America. And when the people of America have learned to love the real good books of the world, and learned to despise those which are false, frivolous and vulgar, then we will breathe in an atmosphere of intellectual life, and America will become another Eden; then will the college graduate have performed his duty and true work; then will he have fulfilled the hopes, the ambition of his Alma Mater.



## A BLASTED LIFE

W. AZUKAS '13

ONE evening a group of men were sitting in a room of a large private hotel, situated in the town of Creek, telling tales, smoking, and drinking. The moon was just peeping over the horizon; the day was past and the shades of night were falling. The trees stood like so many silent specters casting their long, lean shadows here or there, according to the dictate of the wind. The men were talking merrily and their joyful and happy laugh re-echoed from the heights above at a sally made by one of their number. In time, however, the exchanging of wits began to die down and one of the number called upon John Murray for a story. After having made some vain excuses to the effect that he could not relate a tale he finally said:

"Ever since I have been with you in this town you may have noticed—as indeed, I know some of you have by your remarks—that I have not accepted your invitations time and again to indulge in injurious drinks. It may be interesting for you to know and learn how I, who was considered as a man that could hold his own in any drinking bout, so suddenly reformed. But as you have asked me to relate to you a story, I will tell you how this change was brought about.

"One day while at Venice I met a few old-time friends and we repaired to the Companion Cafe and proceeded to refresh ourselves by drinking, smoking and recounting the events which befell us since we left the States. In the midst of our discourse we were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who came towards us with a quick, nervous stride. He was a man of medium height, with a sandy mustache, high forehead and an aquiline nose. His face had the appearance of once being refined and cultured, but now heavy lines of care, despair and intoxication were visible. His clothes were well-nigh shabby and looked as if they were the cast-off garments of someone else, as they hung loosely about him. His hat, which he had removed upon his entrance, was bespattered with mud and was old and worn. He drew near to the table at which we were sitting and earnestly asked for a drink. Frank Harris, one of my companions, in a jocose mood, agreed to grant his request if in return the stranger would tell us a good story. This he agreed to do



and after receiving a drink, he sat down, refilled the glass and told us the following story:

“‘Young men, I am sorry to have interrupted your joyous conversation, but I have not always been thus. You have asked me to tell you a story and I will favor you by telling you the events of my own life. You see sitting before you the son of a proud and happy father. You may wonder and say that the statement I am making is rash, but you shall see hereafter that I am not lying to you. When I was of age my parents sent me to college to follow out any profession that would most appeal to me. I chose to be an attorney and succeeded.’ At this point a look of surprise came upon the face of Harris, and he exclaimed, with astonishment, ‘What, you an attorney?’ ‘Yes, indeed,’ the man answered, ‘and am one now; but restrain your curiosity and you will hear what brought me to the position in which you now see me.’ Frank was silent and the toper proceeded.

“‘During my career at college I began to follow the road to destruction. There it was that I first learned what the taste of poison was, just because I had not enough will power to say ‘no’ to my tempters and companions. At first the poison, like every other kind of obnoxious material, tasted bitter, but by repeated efforts and the advice of my comrades the drink began to lose that rank taste and instead of creating pain, caused exhilarating joy and pleasure. Those were the days which I, at that time, called glorious, but which afterwards I found out gave me a habit which will live with me until my death. Besides, while indulging in this pastime I began to slowly fall below in my studies, till at the end of my four years at college I barely made a mark high enough to permit my admittance to the bar of justice.

“‘Upon arriving home I found a banquet prepared by my parents in honor of my successful return from college. They were, indeed, happy that their only son succeeded so well, and when they inquired as to the cause of the low notes and I replied, ‘a sickness,’ they were proud that I was able to have enough will power to keep up in my studies.

“‘A few weeks after my arrival home I was admitted to the practice of law, and my father being a well-known, well-liked and highly respected man, my practice increased to such an extent that I had to hire assistants to help me handle the cases that came to me. During those prosperous days I also met a girl who became my wife. She was the one who took me away from the road of drink, for her influence was the greatest that I ever



felt exercised over me. At the time she became my wife there were a great many suitors for her hand, the chief one of these being Harold Quince, my former classmate and friend. But then my cup of happiness was full with my wife and children about me; my father and mother living a retired life, and I respected by all men.

“‘One summer’s day, however, as I was walking along the banks of the turbulent and noisy river towards my office I suddenly heard my name called out, and looking across the street I saw my old school friend and rival. After shaking hands I asked him where he had kept himself for the last ten years and he replied, ‘Most everywhere.’ He had traveled all over Europe, but somehow success would not cling to his purse. He seemed downcast and morose and his furtive eye seemed to indicate that there was something upon his mind. He being an old friend I invited him to come up to my home, and this invitation he accepted with alacrity. That evening we spent in an enjoyable conversation, talking of the various students who went to college during our days, of the old buildings, professors, games, and our battling for the same girl’s hand, namely, my wife.

“‘Upon the mentioning of my wife’s name I noticed that he would become confused and that his eyes would give a fiery stare, but thinking that this was caused by the pain of his old-time love for her I did not think anything evil would follow as a consequence of those symptoms. He remained that night as our guest, and the next morning, I being an early riser, thought I would go down and see how the affairs stood at the office. I was not in the office for more than an hour when the ‘phone rang and I was informed that murder had been committed at my house. I was amazed, really stunned, so I blindly rushed forth from the office, jumped into a cab that was standing nearby, and was rapidly driven to my home, where a sight which will always live in my memory confronted me. As I entered the parlor I saw my wife lying upon the floor with upturned face, as if pleading for mercy. I quickly stooped down to see if she still lived, but her body was beginning to turn cold. On the other side of the table there sat Harold Quince, with a placid smile upon his countenance and his lips making some unintelligible sounds. I asked him the meaning of the deed, but with a demoniacal laugh the only answer he gave, was, ‘I killed her, and we can both have her now equally.’ I, with the help of the servants, seized and bound him, and he is now occupying a cell in a lunatic asylum.

“‘Then came the last honors to the dead, and three days afterwards my wife was lying in the grave from which she will



not rise again until the blowing of the last trumpet and the calling together of all nations. The rest of that day and week I hardly knew what I was doing. I went to visit my parents, but their consolations had little effect upon my bleeding heart. I went down to the office and for a time found a little relief in the solving of the great case that I had in my hands.

“ ‘One night, however, as I was going home with a friend we stepped into a hotel and there it was that I tried to drown my sorrow, and from this time on I began to fall. I began to neglect my clients and children, for my ideal was gone and I had no one that could keep me upon the path of virtue and uprightness, so that I took to drink in order to ease my sorrow. Whilst in this condition I committed all kinds of errors and my once great memory became a wreck. With the decline of my memory and influence my once prosperous trade fell off to such an extent that I had to dismiss the help which I had hired. During this part of my life I sent my children over to my parents and did not see them for months. My friends, neighbors and enemies began to label me as an unsound and untrustworthy man, and the public soon recognized me as such.

“ ‘A few years after this my mother died from grief, shame and remorse at seeing her only son treading the path to destruction. Shortly afterwards my father followed her, having lost on my account a great deal of prestige and honor. My children, I do not know where they are, but even at that time I had heard them labeled as ‘the children of that miserable wretch.’ The curse of that insatiable thirst followed me everywhere, and soon afterwards I lost the last of my clients. Then my talents completely went to ruin and you now see me sitting before you a wreck of humanity. Yes, a sot; one who has no place to put his head, no place where to look for his next meal, but whatever money he may happen to earn he will spend for drink. And what will be my end? I will die somewhere in the gutter unloved, unrespected and unpitied by anyone, and in the end will be buried in a toper’s grave.’ ”

“He then arose, took another drink of the poisonous fluid and went out into the night. We all sat silent and no one said a word, but soon we silently picked up our hats and coats and left the place, the words of the drunkard, ‘And what will be my end? A death in the gutter and a toper’s grave,’ ringing in our ears for many days and nights.”

John Murray finished, then arose and went away. The rest of the men sat still for a few moments and then each, without bidding one another good-night, went out into the night, thinking of the drunkard’s story about his ruined life.



# THE VIATORIAN

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. VIATOR COLLEGE, BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF—GERALD T. BERGAN '12

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Athletics—GILBERT T. FLYNN '13

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With the present number of the Viatorian, the editorial staff lays aside its burdens and draws a deep sigh, at the completion of a year's endeavor in the field of scholastic journalism. For one long year they have labored zealously in order to uphold the Viatorian as it has been in the past. Looking backward, the year has been one of pleasure as well as of labor. Running a school paper is not one of the easiest tasks that may be assigned to a person. When the paper is issued, everything may appear to be lovely and beautiful as if nothing but talent and ease were needed to make a paper a success. But under it all is written good hard work and ceaseless energy. Many a night has been spent in racking one's brains and many a weary finger has pushed a pencil to bring forth an article which in print may not have seemed to be of any effort. Things have not all been rosy for this year's staff. Chief of all the difficulties was the tardiness of the publications. It is also a hard problem to get the students interested as contributors. Students like to read the Viatorian, they value it highly as the college paper but when asked to write something for it, they are almost stunned as if some calamity had visited them; and as a necessary consequence, the staff must write their columns and the articles as well. Realizing all these and many other obstacles that spring up, the Viatorian adopted as its motto "*Fac et Spera*"—"Do and Hope." Do and Hope has been our slogan,



our shibboleth, our rallying cry. When clouds enveloped us, when the road was rough and steep, when burdens were cast upon us, when despair faced us we looked at our banner and with our rallying cry deep down in our hearts we did "Do and Hope," and sought the best. We are not looking for praise, far from it. All we can say is that we did the best we could and we hoped for the great things. We have been weak and frail and our work was weighty; we have faltered and stumbled, we have often felt that the burden was a trifle too ponderous for our youthful shoulders, but we kept up our spirits, we perserved and we have completed our task, poor tho it may be. As a parting word, the Viatorian sincerely thanks all who have by any manner helped us to bring this work to a fitting close. A cheery word, a note of pleasure, a smile has brought results of which the giver never dreamed. The staff especially thanks those who have lightened the burden by contributing the results of their sincere honest labor. And the Editor-in-Chief, from the bottom of his heart, with candor and truth, deeply thanks the other members of the staff. Never has he been connected with a more gentlemanly gathering, nor has he ever met a more pleasant, earnest or self-sacrificing sextette than his fellow laborers on the Viatorian. They were always ready, they were always willing to do their part and it is his hope that after he has left the Viatorian to enter the worldly battles, he may be always surrounded by a sextette as good, as helpful, and as encouraging as the little crowd who have aided him this year. Here is the end of our work, "Do and Hope" has been our motto.

Of all the societies and organizations in the college, by far the most important and the one whose results are more far reaching is the society of The Holy Name. The Society was organized last year at St. Viators and in its full bloom of youth bids fair to take its place as leader in society activities. The Society is very strong in the East and is gradually working its way westward and will in the near future be world wide. The object of this society is one that appears to every gentleman, namely: cleanness of speech. If there is any characteristic by which we know a man best of all it is his conversation. We do not judge a man by his appearance or by his outward show, but let one converse with him and at that very

### ***The Holy Name***

moment we place our estimate upon him. Besides being characteristic of a gentleman it is a mark of a Christian and especially a Catholic. If there is anything that causes one to blush and to burn with indignation, it is to hear rotten, stinking conversation. Some of the verbal vomit that issues from the mouths of some of our young men reminds us so tellingly of the gutter that our ears must be sealed for fear of contamination. There is no exaggeration of this evil, it is prevalent everywhere alas, too often where we should not expect it. One cannot walk along the streets without hearing the foulest and most blasphemous words that Satan himself could utter, and it seems the only cessation of it is in the presence of a lady. We do not intend this for a sermon, but the evil is so widespread that we deem it a sacred duty to pen it. Our tongues were given us to be used rightly and it would be a blessing if the tongues of some men would rot and decay. Civil decency, the respect for the hearing of others should cause men to refrain from such a vicious and demoralizing habit. Moderate your speech, speak gently and politely. The Holy Name Society has been organized to combat this evil, and is meeting with tremendous success. We have it here. Let each student be a zealous member of that great body. Attend the meetings, wear the badge, live up to its principles and you will be doing a grand and noble work, and we sincerely hope that the Holy Name Society will continue its good work and will make America, a country of clean thinkers and clean talkers; a country where purity of thought and word will flourish and that it will go on forever in its noble mission.







It is with the greatest reluctance that the editor takes up his pen to jot down his last criticisms of the year. Yes, the work of the 1912 staff of the Viatorian is finished. From continued association with the brilliant galaxy of gay, yet entertaining and instructive visitors which have been dropping into our Sanctum for the past nine months, we have come to feel strongly attached to them. But now the time has come when we must say farewell to the cozy Sanctum and the comfortable editorial chairs. Our period of tenure is at an end. Sad-eyed, long-faced, dignified, learned, awe-inspiring seniors are already at the doors clamoring for admittance. 'Tis now their task to edit; 'tis now their ambition to excel. Welcome Seniors! No, not cheerfully, but at least with good grace, we step down from our editorial dignities, hailing you as our successors and wishing you Godspeed.

And now in closing the exchange column for the year of 1912, we cannot be so unkind as to fail to thank the various exchanges for the many compliments which they paid us during the year. All along the line the Viatorian has been coming in for much praise on the general excellence of its matter. Many of our budding young writers have received warm encouragement to continue their literary labors and many of the older knights of the pen have been praised and admired. Of course we have met with criticism too, and for those we are equally grateful. Taking them in the spirit in which we know they were given, we will surely profit by them.



*Veritas*, a neat and attractive magazine, issued from Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, Illinois, speaks well for the young ladies of the Academy. The journal teems with sense, some of which is by no means amateurish in character. "Gleanings" is a beautiful exposition of the life and works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The writer in a short paragraph sums up the characteristics of the poet which have endeared him to American hearts. These traits are simplicity, grace and refinement, with a marked absence of passion; and the unaffected presentation of every-day sentiments of human nature clothed in new language. The only fault we find with the composition is in the introduction which is too long and somewhat irrelevant.

We extend our congratulations to one of the latest arrivals, *The Nazarene*, from Nazareth Academy, Kalamazoo, Michigan. The young ladies who edit the *Nazarene* apparently aim to maintain a high literary standard. Articles on Thomas Wolsey and Charles Dickens and a criticism of Shakespeares character, Jacques, in "As You Like It" make up the heavy matter of the magazine. The Exchange and Editorial departments are in keeping with the general tone of the *Nazarene*. The *Nazarene* cannot be considered as a first-class exchange, it is nevertheless one for which the editors need make no apologies. We sincerely wish the *Nazarene* success and hope to see it develop into a top notcher in College Journalism.

*The Xavier Athenaeum*. The initial edition of this journal, which we are informed perpetuates the name of the first educational institution in Cincinnati, *The Athenaeum*, is published by the students of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and is really a republication of the old St. Xavier *Collegian* which ceased publication some years ago. "A Family in Name Only," is deceiving title but a good essay; for contrary to our first conjecture it is not a short story, but a convincing argument against Socialism, showing that Socialism makes for the destruction of the family, the nucleus around which society is built.

"The Grand Canyon" is a peculiar species of composition. It begins with narration of the early exploration of what the authors style America's most sublime evidence of nature's handiwork. From this the work is transformed into a description of the approaches to the canyon, the canyon itself and the surrounding country. At the conclusion the authors attempt a



scientific explanation of the phenomenon. While there clearly appears to be a lack of unity in the essay, it is nevertheless nicely worked, and presented in an interesting manner. The *Xavier* saves the best treat for the last. The oration "Jeanne D. Arc," reflects most favorably on the author. It possesses all the qualifications of an oration, especially persuasion. The editor read it aloud to two fortunate companions and was pleased to note that it roused them to a high pitch of enthusiasm, which was manifested by sincere applause.

With the editors of the *Athenaeum* we hope that next time will come the excellence for which they strive. This goal, however, must be a lofty one if they are not satisfied with this first effort.

*The University Archive*, of Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, a paper by the students and for the students is another new visitor. Each of the six departments has a page devoted to it. Now, while this plan has, no doubt, many admirable features, the space allotted to each department, in proportion to the size of the entire paper, is too large. We would suggest that the principal part of the magazine be made general, with a suitable position of the other space, set aside for the use of the department in chronicling their activities. With so many branches to draw from Valparaiso University ought to put forth an excellent journal.

As a fitting conclusion to the work, the editor feels it is but just that he write a few lines on that gay, little messenger which has been for the past year the most frequent and most welcome visitor to the Sanctum. Each visit of the *S. C. Calumet* has brought joy not only to the Ex. man, but also to each one of the many intellectual lights of the college who haunt the Sanctum. Every page of the *Calumet* teems with well written matter. Literary department, editorial column and even the lowly back page locals are all the objects of our close scrutiny. Many times the editor wishing to spend an evening in the most pleasant possible manner, brought his favorite exchange to his humble abode in Roy Hall, but as many times as he did this he suffered keen disappointment, for the sharer of his joys, sorrows and room, being also of a decided literary bent contracted a violent attachment for the *Calumet*, at first sight. Ever since, whenever the much beloved journal, found its way into the

otherwise peaceful domicile, there was war for possession.

The days on which the *Calumet* arrives have been carefully noted by a host of admirers, and on those day an early morning throng lays siege to the Sanctum and the *Calumet* is read and re-read a great many times. Before the Easter holidays, the editor happened into the room of a fellow student, noted for his erudition and loquaciousness. The erudite gentleman was in the act of packing his suit case and to his surprise and almost indignation the editor discovered a late edition of the *Calumet* about to be carried to the home of the erudite gentleman as a holiday companion.

These things show in what high esteem the *S. C. Calumet* is held at St. Viator's College. It has certainly helped to make the year pleasant to the editor, and has driven away many a threatening attack of blues. But this of all things associated with the Ex. table, is the only thing which does not pass away ; for the editor has become a permanent subscriber.

Greeting to all and farewell.



## THE EARLY MAY MOON

The bright May-Moon is like a silver host  
Exposed upon the altar of the skies,  
While round about are lit the taper-stars  
And all creation calm in worship lies.

The hazy heavy perfume-laden mist  
From beauteous Nature's censor doth arise,  
While music which ascends from terrene orb  
By heavenly spheres, is echoed till it dies.

The fleecy clouds adorn the altar fair,  
All lend their foamy beauty to the view ;  
A fairer holier sight there cannot be  
Than lunar host on altar-skies of blue.

J. A. W.





# Societies.

## "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

On April 28, the Walsh Scientific Society entered upon a new kind of endeavor by presenting "The Old Homestead," a rural comedy in three acts. To be frank the play was a "hit" with enough seriousness and comedy to be relished by the large audience. The acting was of a classy caliber; the aspirants for stellar celebrities having been under the skillful tutelage of Rev. P. E. Brown, C.S.V., and showed forth the result of his clever work and place him as a stage director of no mean ability. The plot was cleverly executed, several amusing scenes enlivening the details, notably the presence of ducks, chickens and other farmyard chancicleers, and the supper scene, at Reuben Rodney's. Pre-eminent among the cast stands Francis A. Cleary as Reuben Rodney, his past work on the elevated platform being surpassed by this recent achievement. Ably supporting Mr. Cleary were Emil Kekich and Daniel Sullivan, as dude and rube; both were house favorites. The other members of the cast were also up to expectations. Mr. Wm. Roy as the constable, tho' suffering from poor underpinning, did remarkably well. Another point worthy of observation was the speed and promptness the men behind the scenes used in changing the properties and scenery. It has been the best run off play given at the college in quite a while and reflects great credit on the stage manager.

### THE CAST.

Reuben Rodney .....	F. A. Cleary
Deacon Smiley .....	J. A. Daley
Mort .....	E. J. Unruh

Gordan Gray .....	C. B. Jacobs
Upson Asterbilt .....	E. A. Kekich
Ike .....	D. Sullivan
Bub Green .....	O. Merz
Bill Tappan .....	W. Roy
Millicent Lee.....	P. J. McCaffrey
Maria Bunn .....	F. Carter
Taggs .....	J. Warren

### "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

Among the peers in English fiction, Dickens enjoys the exclusive honor of being the most popular and extensively read. The fame of this unique genius is as fresh now, as it was when he lived and wrote, as is proven by the many tributes paid him throughout the English speaking world on this, the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth. St. Viator's, through the medium of its zealous Thespians, contributed its mite to this well-deserved and monster tribute, in the form of a play taken from Dickens' masterpiece—"David Copperfield." To those who have read and studied Dickens this was an unprecedented treat. To see enacted before our eyes the numerous scenes—pathetic and humorous—by characters which "many a time and oft" laughed, schemed, cried, and lived in our imagination; to behold them in the concrete, as real men and women certainly must have furnished delightful intellectual pleasure to the many lovers of this popular and beloved Englishman.

Considering the fact that "David Copperfield" contains three distinct and well-developed plots, ingeniously joined together through the aid of David, it was in the first place very difficult to stage it, and secondly even more difficult to act, even for experienced Thespians. But the splendid work of the Thespians, as a whole, accomplished a success deserving no mean commendation. From "Micawber" down to his pretty babe, all acted with unprecedented naturalness, which would have made the famous author himself laugh and weep at his well-imitated characters.

Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and family proved to be the hit of the evening. Realistic home life in the second act, would be putting it mildly. "Mrs. Micawber," not being a suffragette, conceded first laurels to her loving husband, which he won and carried away without a sharer. His closest rival was old and broken-hearted "Peggotty," who always had the sincere sympathy of the audience. This part was interpreted with such rare



skill as to do full justice to the deep and touching pathos of Dickens. The fawning and detestable "Uriah" was cleverly acted by Mr. W. Lawler, who sustained this difficult role throughout the entire performance in a manner worthy of commendation. Mr. D. Quinn added another jewel to his recently acquired reputation, as a budding Thespian, by his clever interpretation of "David Copperfield." To mention the respective successes of the remainder of the cast, which was the largest in years, is unnecessary. "Barkis" and the "Bailiff" furnished unique comedy. The women were all so natural as to almost deceive even their intimates. In fact, all played their respective roles in a manner which reflects much credit on the "man behind the scenes"—Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V.

The Cast of Characters is as follows:

Wilkins Micawber .....	F. A. Cleary
Uriah Heep .....	W. J. Lawler
Peggotty .....	E. J. Unruh
David Copperfield .....	D. D. Quinn
Wickfield .....	J. J. Daley
Barkis .....	C. E. Waters
Ham .....	E. S. Dunn
Mr. Dick .....	T. L. Welch
Bailiff .....	B. C. McGann
Steerforth .....	T. D. Sullivan
Agnes Wickfield .....	E. J. Kennedy
Betsy Trotwood .....	G. T. Bergan
Clara Peggotty .....	R. G. Berry
Emily .....	F. W. Carter
Mrs. Micawber .....	W. A. Sammon
Micawber Twins .....	Donald and Catherine Kirley
The Baby .....	Frances Kirley
Mrs. Gummidge .....	J. W. Warren

#### COLUMBIAN GUARDS.

The Apostle of Ireland was duly remembered and fittingly honored by the active minims in the Columbian Guards. Their splendid drill bade fare to excel all previous preformances. The special features recently added by Instructor, A. N. St. Aubin, C.S.V., proved intensely interesting. The monster pyramid, especially, held the audience in surprised suspense during its con-

struction, until, Master Kirley mounted to the top and proudly unfurled the green, when everyone burst forth in loud and thrilling applause. Probably no other form of entertainment at St. Viator's is more replete with thrills than this drill. Never did a general direct his troops in a more orderly and snappy manner than Captain W. McGann. So with everyone—Minims, Juniors and Seniors—proud of the "Guards" and full of just praise for their splendid work, the Viatorian extends to them in unanimous praise a sincere wish for a brilliant future.

#### LAJOIE SOCIETY.

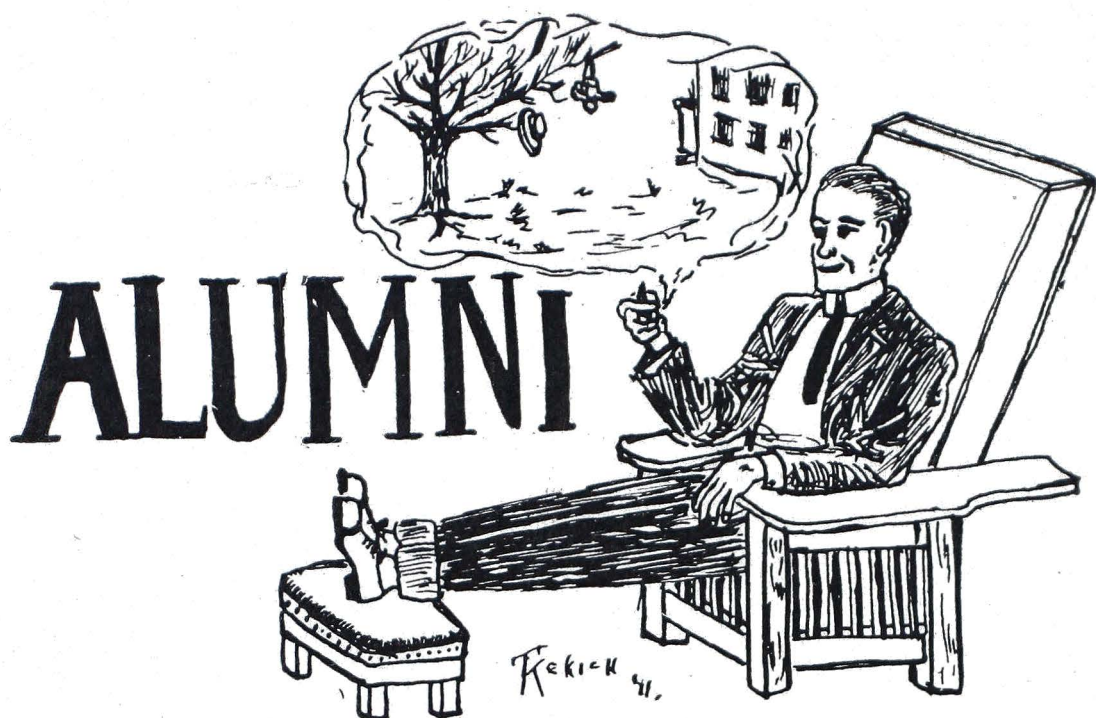
On Tuesday evening, May 21, this society completed one of its most successful years by a banquet and entertainment in honor of its President, Mr. Harris Darche, and one of its most esteemed members, Mr. Adhemar Savary, both of whom are about to become priests "of God forever." We sincerely congratulate this society on the unique and exclusive honor of its possessing such a leader and such a member. We know that it realizes this honor as is evinced by the banquet and entertainment held in their honor.

The following select programme shows how earnestly the society worked to crown this successful year as they ought.

#### PROGRAMME.

Matre de Cérémonie .....	J. A. Lareau
Souvenirs de Classe .....	J. F. Legris
Le Grain qui leve.....	Rev. J. E. Belair, C.S.V.
Morceau de Piana.....	G. C. Picard
Ma Mère.....	Rev. M. T. Dugas, C.S.V.; R.D.
Souvenirs de Belles Lettres.....	A. J. Landroche
"Blanc et Jaune".....	L. J. Rivard
Chanson Choisie .....	W. F. Roy
Notre Ami .....	J. A. Lareau
Réponse.....	Rev. A. J. Savary
Notre Président.....	R. J. Legris
Réponse.....	Rev. H. A. Darche





Rev. C. F. Cremin, Professor of Apologetics at St. Paul Seminary, was the guest of our President, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney on May 10th. This was Father Cremin's first visit to St. Viator and he seemed to be very much delighted with the place. He will soon leave for Ireland where he will visit relatives and old friends. Father Cremin is a graduate of Maynooth University, and no doubt his Alma Mater will extend to him a warm welcome as he has not been back there for several years.

On Thursday, May 16, Rev. P. J. McGuire, of St. Marks parish, Chicago, accompanied his altar boys to St. Viator for an outing. His altar boys have a fast little base ball team, and they crossed bats with the minims while here.

Among the clergy that visited here during the past month were Rev. P. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill., Rev. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill., Rev. J. A. Rimmels, Ashkum, Ill., Rev. H. Bennet, Kankakee, Ill., Rev. J. D. Landreth, Rantoul, Ill., and Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Chicago, Ill.

Ordinations for the priesthood will take place in Chicago, June 1. Among those to be ordained from here are Bro. T. J. Rice and Messrs. A. Savary, H. Darche, J. Schenke, and F. Helta. May all the graces and blessings of this great Sacrament, be freely bestowed upon them.

Mr. Dudley Warner and Charles McBride of Chicago, attended the St. Viator and St. Joseph base ball game here on May 27. They remained over Sunday and attended the play given by the Walsh Scientific Society.

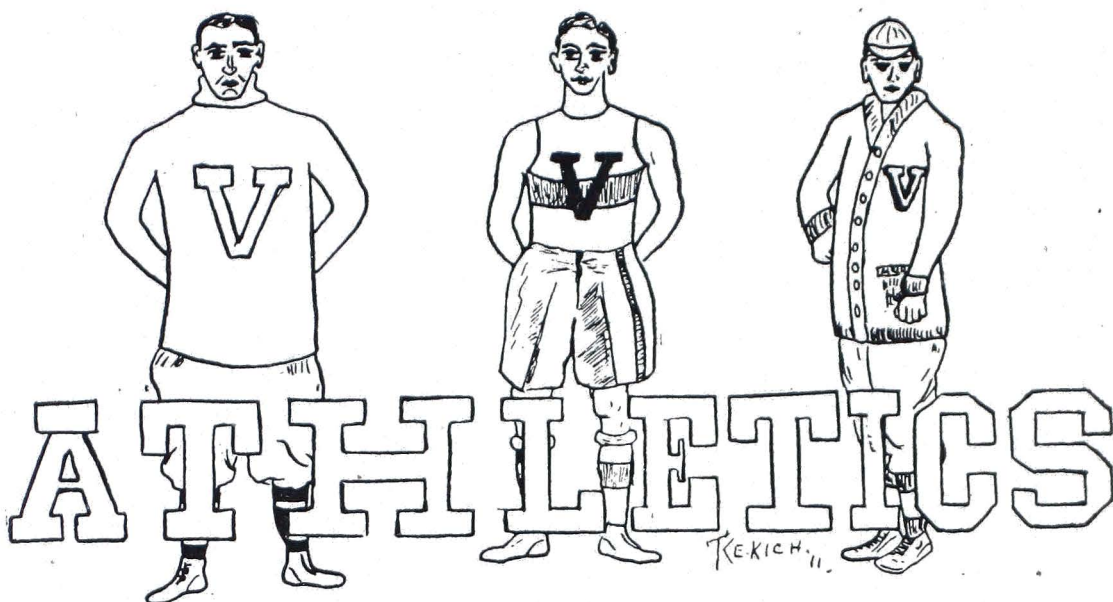
Mr. Dan Keliher visited old friends May 16. "Dannie" has now joined the throng of workmen.

The recent visitors were, Mr. T. J. Murphy, Springfield, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. J. Hennessy, Chicago, Ill., Miss M. Lenahan and Miss G. Kennedy, Waukegan, Ill., Mr. L. Fisher, Champaign, Ill., Mr. T. Maloney Chicago, Ill., Mr. H. B. McGann, and Miss M. McGann, Peoria, Ill., Miss Josephine Barret, Chicago, Ill., Mr. C. Gibbons, Minonk, Ill., Mrs. J. Brundage, Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. D. Healy, Chicago, Ill., and Mr. W. McGann, Chicago, Ill.

A postal card from Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., now studying at Oxford reached this Sanctum recently.







## BASE BALL

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE 3.—ST. VIATOR COLLEGE 10.

What from first appearances promised to be a real game, wound up in a decidedly one man game, on April 27, 1912.

The first three innings were fast and neither side were able to get a man past second. Leinen for St. Viator and Lill for St. Joseph did the twirling. The score was tied one to one in the fourth and remained so until the 6th, when St. Joe's mainstay, the pitcher, was completely deserted by his supposed loyal supporters. The home crew found their weakest spot in McCordle, the shortstop, who was kept busy during the last two innings, when through his three errors seven runs were tallied. Butler on second also fumbled two chances and added his mite to the error column. Lill, of St. Joseph, is easily the best slab artist that has visited here so far this season, and their defeat can in no way be layed to his work. St. Joseph's crew were taught two important requisites in the national pastime; that the bases are on the diamond to be tagged, and that stealing bases in broad daylight is an inexcusable offence.

Coach Connelley's squad have shown a wonderful improvement and the way they are piling up hits, looks as though they are equal to most any twirler that appears. Lienen the newly developed pitcher, with Bergan behind the bat and his never failing bunch of scrappers at his back, is surprising everybody with his brand of pitching. Bergan, Lynch, and Kekich are dividing honors with their hitting and position work.

ST. JOSEPH	R	H	P	A	E	ST. VIATOR	R	H	P	A	E
McArdle, ss	1	1	1	0	4	Kelly, 2nd	1	0	3	2	1
Butler, 2nd	0	1	4	4	2	Woods, 3rd	1	2	4	2	0
Petzold, 3rd	1	2	1	0	0	Lawler, lf	0	2	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Lynch, cf	3	2	1	1	2
Whitcomb, cf	1	2	0	0	0	Bergan, c	2	0	6	5	0
Sindelar, 1st	0	2	9	0	1	Kekich, 1st	1	2	9	1	1
Reed, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Sammon, rf	0	0	1	1	0
Bechman, c	0	2	9	5	1	Reichert, ss	1	0	3	4	0
Lill, p	0	1	0	4	0	Leinen, p	0	0	0	2	0
						McKenna, rf	1	1	0	0	1
	3	12	24	13	8		10	9	27	18	5

St. Joseph	.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—	3
St. Viator	.....	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	5	x—	10

Stolen bases—St. Viator (7).

Double plays—Lynch-Kekich.

Struck out by Leinen (5).—Lill (9).

Bases on balls—Off Leinen (6).

Bases on balls—Off Lill (2).

Umpire—Johnson.

#### NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE 6.—ST. VIATOR, 13.

The Purple and Gold won their third victory of the season from Northwestern College of Naperville, on May 4, 1912. Ryan was chosen to toe the slab, while Kluck of strike-out fame did the twirling for Northwestern. The first two innings dampened the spirits of the home crew, but with Coach Connelley on the bench, their fighting blood was aroused in the sixth inning and they pulled out with a lucky 13 scalp on their belt.

Ryan pitching the first game of his career was somewhat uneasy in facing the visitors, and his first opportunity was somewhat clouded by two errors from his much needed supporters. Ryan was replaced in the second inning by Leinen after the score stood 6 to 0. The balance of the game was a complete shutout for the Naperville crowd, and a hit and run game for St. Viator. Leinen, with six runs chalked against St. Viator, pulled out of a hole in a manner that brought great credit to his pitching name. In the balance of the game he allowed only three hits and pitched like a leaguer. Starting the sixth inning with a hit, Lynch began the slugging which ended with four runs. Two more were added in the seventh, while the eighth was a complete slaughter of Kluck, the pitcher with twenty-two



strikeouts for this season's record. He was replaced too late by Weiss in the eight inning.

Bergan and Lynch proved the bright stars of the game. Bergan raising his batting average with four hits, Lynch following with three hits and an average of .495. Richert followed with two hits to his record. Owing to sickness Kelly was replaced at second by McCaffrey who played a remarkable game for an opener. The home crew under Coach Connelley are hitting and stealing bases in a manner that is surpassed by no other minor college team in the state, having twenty-two hits and sixteen stolen bases to their credit.

NORTHWESTERN	R	H	P	A	E	ST. VIATOR	R	H	P	A	E
Blumer, 3rd	2	0	2	0	1	McCaffrey, 2nd	2	1	1	5	1
Spitler, ss	2	1	2	1	2	Woods, 3rd	2	1	2	1	1
Griesmer, lf	0	0	1	1	0	Lawler, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Quilling, 1st	0	0	2	1	0	Lynch, cf	2	3	1	0	0
Geister, c	0	1	1	11	2	Bergan, c	1	4	9	2	2
Grisell, 2nd	0	1	1	2	0	Kekich, 1st	1	0	12	0	0
Oberhelman, cf	0	1	3	0	0	Richert, ss	1	2	1	2	0
Seder, rf	1	0	1	0	0	Sammon, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Kluck, p	1	2	1	0	0	Ryan, p	0	0	0	0	0
Weiss, p	0	0	0	0	0	Leinen, p	1	1	0	3	0
						McKenna, rf	1	1	0	0	0
						Murphy, lf	2	0	0	0	0
	6	6	24	6	3		13	13	27	13	4

Northwestern	.....	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—6
St. Viator	.....	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	7	x—13

Stolen bases—St. Viator (9).—Northwestern (2).

Two base hits.—McCaffrey, Woods, Lynch, Bergan.

Hits off Leinen (3).—Ryan (3).

Double plays—Woods-Kekich.

Struck out by Ryan (1).—Leinen (8). By Kluck (9).

Bases on balls off Ryan (2), Kluck (6).

Umpire—Reading.

### JUNIORS.

The Junior nine is doing remarkably well. In practice they show up splendidly, always executing their plays with speed and ability. On May 5 the Juniors met and defeated the Lourdes team, from Chicago, by a score of 10 to 3. The game was interesting and well played. Walsh pitched for Lourdes and allowed nine hits and struck out ten men, while Ostrowski pitched for the Juniors, allowing five hits and striking out nine men.

A feature of the game was a brilliant steal home by Brunner of Lourdes. Gearin and Warren each secured two hits apiece and proved to be the day's clouters. The Junior team is considerably handicapped by the loss of players, and Coach Carey is working earnestly to overcome this. There are about six more games on the schedule and Coach Carey hopes to pull through every one victoriously. Judging his well known ability and from his hard, zealous effort we can judge that he will.

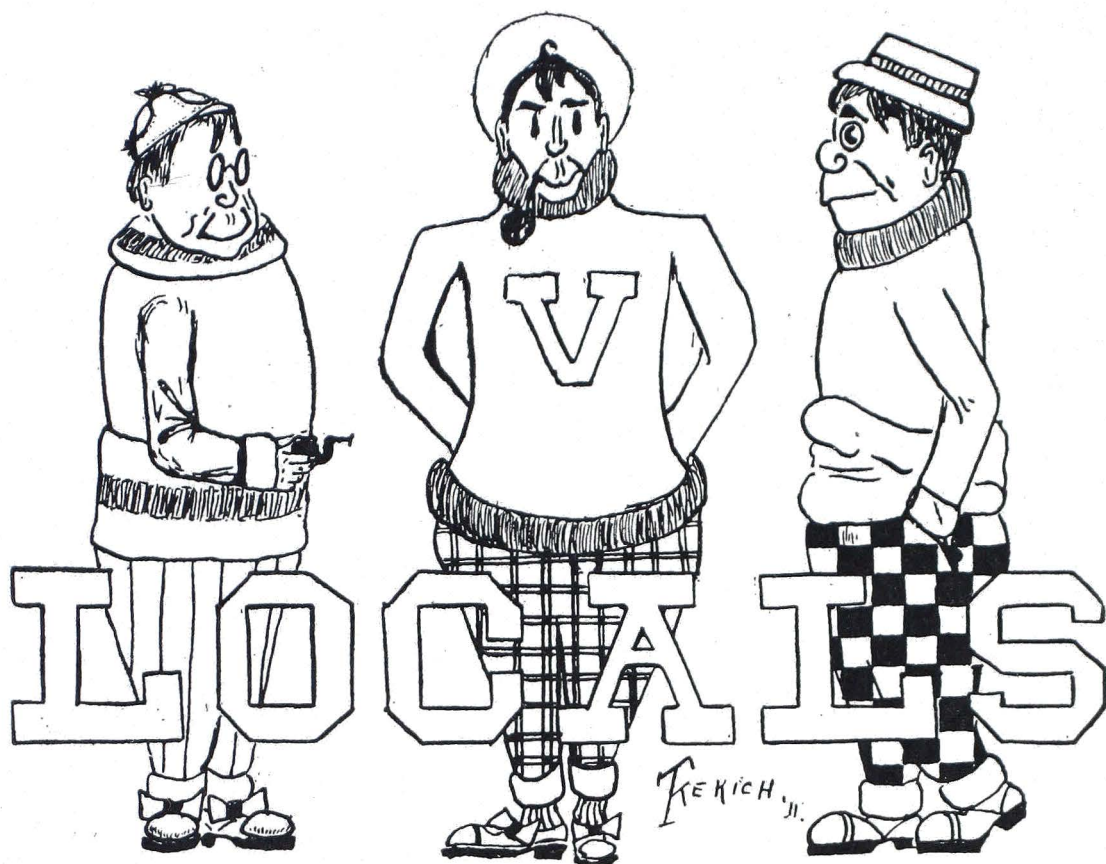
#### BASEBALL LEAGUE.

In response to the editorial appearing in last month's VIATORIAN, baseball bugs formed a baseball league, and at present a bitter struggle is in progress for the bunting. The Carroll Colts, a bunch of wagon tongue twisters from Marsile Hall, are playing an unbeatable game and loom up as pennant winners. The third, fourth and second Corridor are playing good ball and from the interest manifested and the cheering and crabbing the league looks good and we are looking out for bloodshed.

#### TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

Tennis enthusiasts met on May 6 for the purpose of re-electing officers for the present season. The contest closed with the following officers elected for the 1912 season: J. Kalt, president; F. O'Brien, secretary, and G. T. Bergan, manager. Considerable time and hard work has been spent on the court, which is now in excellent condition. Rivalry is keen and the contenders for honors are arranging a series of match games to be played early in June.





Oh, I am a College Guy.

Tommie G., the old kiddo.

What's her name Bill? Goodnight.

Echoes from the grandstand: "What's the matter with Wheeler?"

We're willing to bet a nickel that you can't tell who will be next to get the mumps.

Signs of Commencement:

Fellows getting used to white collars.

Selling pennants and posters.

Dick trying to collect pool money.

Joe Gordon practicing his speech.

Jake—What kind of meat is this? Goat meat?

P. McCaffery—Yes, I can smell the butter.

Another Famous Ultimatum—"There will be no more congés, etc., etc.

Don't you wish that your Uncle were President so that you could shine a looking glass in his eyes and not get into trouble?

Playing Mammy's Shuffling Dance on Blanche's Victrola.

#### New Books:

"How to Boss a Bungalow." By Dick B.

"Shadow boxing." By O'Hara. Illustrations by Lynch.

"Love Lyrics of a Bashful Boy." By J. O'Brien.

"Calling Them as I See Them." By Not Silk O'Loughlin.

#### Answers to Queries:

Yes, I was asleep in self field.

No, Dan Bergan doesn't play ball.

Red Leinen and J. Duffy were secured from the Farmers' League.

Yes, Jake had the scurvy.

McCaffery was stung, but not by a Bee.



**MY OFFERING**

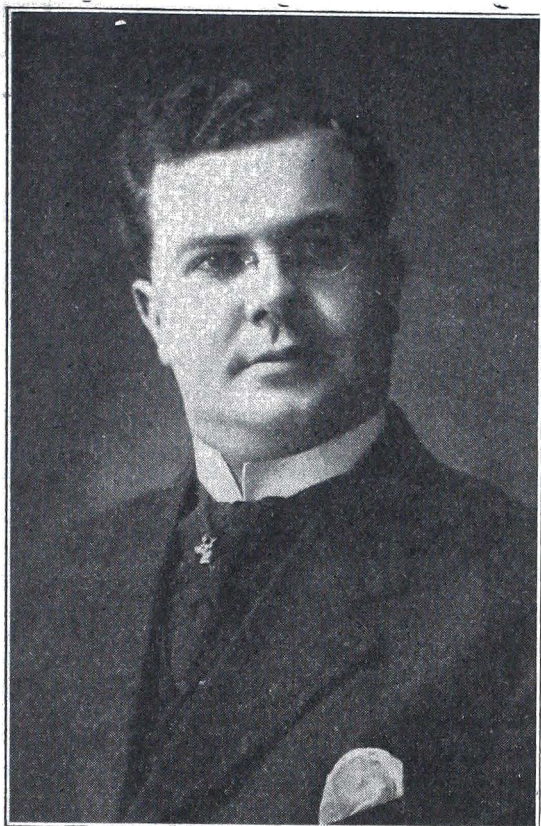
O Lord, had I a thousand hearts  
I'd give them all to Thee,  
An offering for the graces sweet  
That Thou hast given me.

If I possessed a thousand lives  
O Lord they would be Thine,  
I'd make of each an offering  
To Thy dear Heart divine.

And if I had a thousand tongues  
All would Thy praises sing,  
And shout Thy name in thankfulness  
And make creation ring.

But since dear Lord I but possess  
One life, one heart, one voice,  
I bring them as my offering  
For Thou art my soul's choice.

*J. A. W.*



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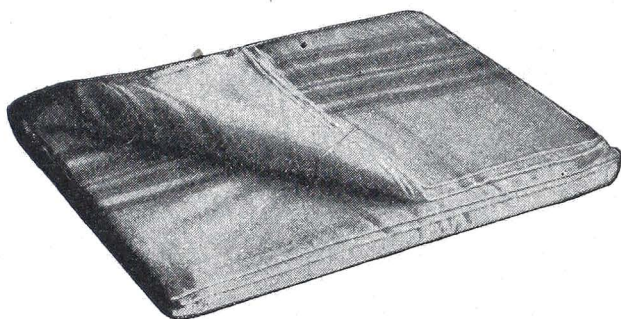
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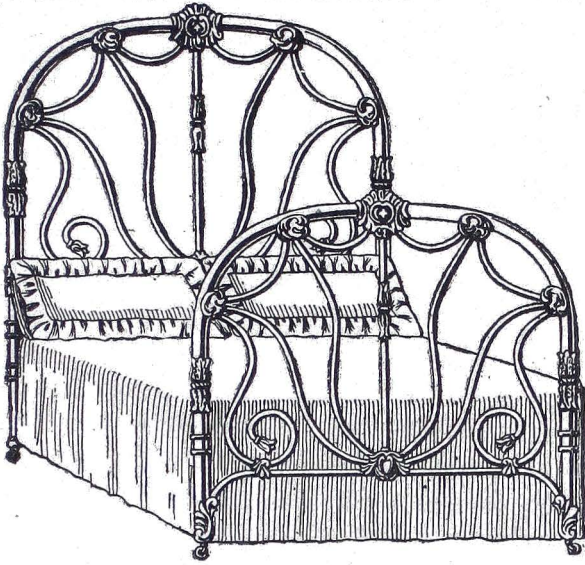
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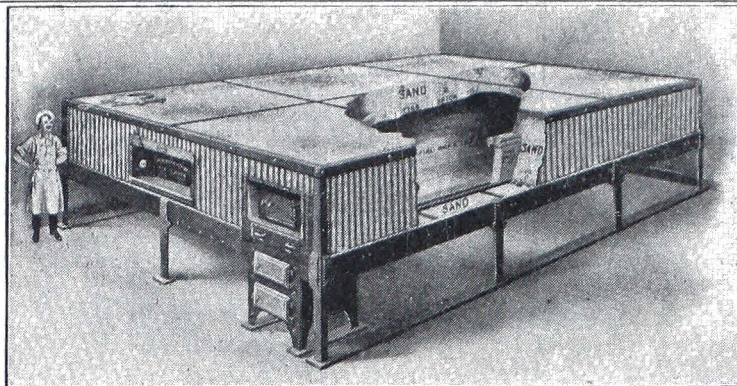
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