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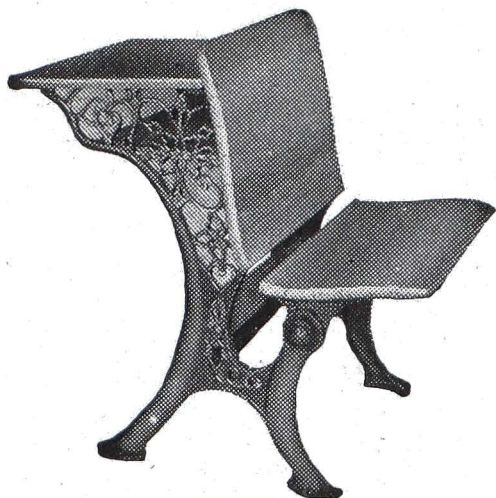
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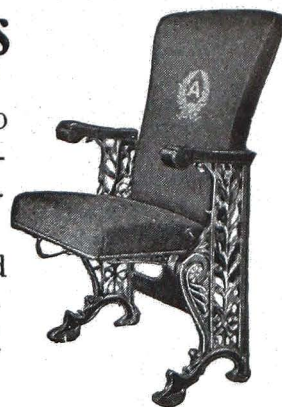


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THE MAIN BUILDING—EAST VIEW

*Destroyed by Fire February 21, 1906*



# THE VIATORIAN

“FAC ET SPERA”

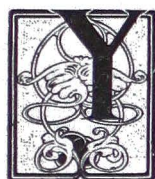
VOLUME 28

FEBRUARY, 1911

NUMBER 5

## LIFE IN THE GYM.

Speech Delivered on Anniversary of the Fire February 21st



YOU are probably aware by now, that once upon a time, St. Viator's was visited by the destructive fire-fiend; that it was a proud fire, which left nothing but the grim, bare walls and a pile of smouldering ruins, besides a few hundred orphans; and that St. Viators rose Phoenix-like from its ashes. If you have not already learned these things you will be informed of them before the evening's program is concluded. You will recoil in horror at the vivid description of the fiendish flames, fighting their way heavenward, leaving in their trail a shower of sparks like the tail of Halley's comet; you will be moved to tears by the eloquent portrayal of the dismal ruins as they appeared the morning after, and you will instinctively reach for your pocket-books, when you are told of the numerous refugees wandering about in search of a handout.

My purpose however, is to pass over those three weeks immediately succeeding the disaster, to transport you from this hall as it appears tonight, to the gym as it was five years ago, to give you a glimpse of life, as lived by the survivors of the event commemorated this evening.

Some methodical housekeeper has advanced the maxim, "Have a place for everything," and never was a precept more faithfully executed than in this building during the remaining month of that year. This was the place and everything was put here. Within these four walls a stranger might spend a fair-sized vacation on a sight-seeing tour, and without ever doubling on his course, enjoy a variety of scenery equal to that of Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was a little city in itself, like ancient Rome, surrounded by high, massive walls which defied at once the invader and the deserter; it contained within its limits the usual proportion of plain citi-



zens, lawmakers and law-breakers, students profane and ecclesiastical and athletes of somewhat similar inclinations; there were men and boys of different size, age, temperament and accomplishments, thrown promiscuously into this melting pot, who shared each other's bloody noses and sugar plums with equal willingness and with the freedom of a perfect democracy; in a word, this was St. Viator's college, with all the different phases of college life much as they are today, though not so distinct, one from another.

Upon entering the building by the main door, the soonest sight that greeted one's vision was that of about one hundred odd beds, arranged over the entire main floor and odd beds they undoubtedly were for the first few nights. It seems the full number of bed springs ordered had not yet arrived, and in their place nice soft wood boards were substituted. These insisted upon dropping to the floor with monotonous regularity and as a consequence the stillness of the midnight air in Bourbonnais became a myth attributed to poetic license, and one never knew in what position or locality he would find himself in the morning.

The services of a physician and a steam-roller were constantly in demand, to remove a figure eight from some unfortunate's spine, caused by hanging over night to both sides of the single bedslat that remained where it belonged. It is an historic and significant fact that the military drill so dear to all who never took part in it, was abolished for the perfectly good reason that the cadets could not be formed into a straight line, but resembled somewhat one of those old time picket fences which had seen better days.

But although these were some slight inconveniences connected with life in the gym, there were also many advantages. We were never put to the trouble of turning the lights on or off, no prefect knocked on the door to disturb our morning slumber, there were no musical waterpipes to make one regret his sensitive and artistic temperament, no barber shop quartette next door, no Alpine Yodler with the family upstairs. We didn't need to go out into the sharp, icy blasts of winter, nor into the drenching rains of spring. I said we didn't need to go out into the inclement weather; it came in after us, to such an extent, that occasionally one was forced to swim out after his trunk as it floated down the aisle, while his more fortunate neighbor, who didn't have a trunk and



whose bed was nailed to the floor, slept serenely in the shelter of an umbrella.

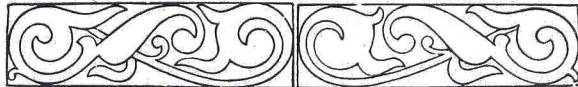
You may think from what I have said that the real purpose of our attendance at college was forgotten or only occasionally remembered, but I assure you, this was not true. We had our classrooms and study periods just as you have now, and whether or not all the world is a stage, it is certain that all the study hall was. As you have often been told the stage is capable of exerting a powerful influence upon society, and this was just as true five years ago as it is today. We had the opportunity of seeing and of living the life behind the footlights, and we will confirm what they all say: "We stage people have no cinch." There was a difference however, in this case, for in our company, the stars generally played the minor parts, when the curtain was raised, while those of less experience were invariably caught in the leading roles, with the spotlight turned full upon them.

Here upon this stage were enacted all the comedy, near tragedy and opera, sometimes musical and grand, and sometimes neither, as well as the farces, problem-plays and specialties which always accompany college life, which play such a vital part in shaping the characters of those involved, and which indicate almost unerringly what kind of men they will become. Thus the boy who could apply himself diligently to his Xenophon, when he knew his neighbor was sawing a leg off his chair, displayed a power of concentration that was bound to make a mark for him, if not of him; likewise when a student could listen with pleasure to the strains of Virgil's immortal song of arms and the man, as rendered (literally) by the class from the corner bed, close his ears to the thundering of a thousand yellowhammers trying to pound their way through the tin roof, and at the same time wear a broad expansive smile as he converted his trunk into a desk to write home for money, he gave the most unquestionable evidence that he was financially embarrassed, and that he meant to overcome it as cheerfully and as speedily as possible. Here was a sonny disposition, which pierced through all the clouds of gloom, to search for the silvery lining underneath, here was a boy who could see a bright side to a total eclipse of the sun.

It was the presence of that cheerful give and take spirit that robbed alike the winter months of their dreariness, and the unwary youth of the last shipment from home; it made



life in the gym a novelty and a pleasure under conditions which would otherwise have made it unendurable; it threw a charm and a glamor over the incidents and routine of each day, which impressed them indelibly upon our minds, and I am confident, there is not one of the "old guard" who does not cherish the memory of those months and place them foremost among the "happiest days of his life." S. C. '08.



### IN ABSENCE.

---

Alone I stroll among the fields  
Of flowers bathed in dew,  
And each sweet blossom sparkling bright,  
Brings memories fond, of you.

Each well-known path, each favorite nook  
Which happily we sought,  
Still echoes back our boyhood's joy,  
And brings of you sweet thought.

Each little bud now peeping forth  
To catch the sun's bright gleam,  
But seems to call you back to me  
As in some pleasing dream.

And while I walk amid the scenes  
So loved by you and me,  
A feeling sad steals o'er my soul  
That we should parted be.

Through youth's bright days of joy and peace  
You were my friend, so true,  
May I through all the coming years  
Be faithful ay, to you.

C. A., '11.



# COLLEGE JOURNALISM

SPEECH DELIVERED AT SOPHOMORE  
& FRESHMAN BANQUET FEBRUARY 14



GLANCE at history will reveal the great difference there is between ancient and modern methods of warfare. War is no longer a hand to hand fight in which strength of arm is needed to swing the battle-ax, nor helmet, coat of mail or buckler to break its blow. Warships do not grapple each other in iron claws, nor do their decks become the stage of the melee. Invention has changed all this. Nations can now fight at longer range both on land and sea. So too modes of political and religious warfare have undergone change. Of old Demosthenes harangued the multitude, stirred them up against Phillip of Macedon, his words reached but those present. St. Bernard fought Abelard but this battle was confined to its theatre, and only the audience heard the brilliant disquisition of the Cistercian. Today their words would be carried across the seas, and reach the ears of the whole world transmitted thus by that powerful agency, the press.

The press has indeed become the modern method of political as well as religious controversy. It is difficult to exaggerate its power for either good or evil. And if it is such a powerful instrument in the hands of the enemies of truth and of the church, it must be used with equal efficiency by the defenders of truth—and by the Church. And surely there is need of such defense. We need not make long journeys to rescue the sepulchre from the Turks. "Battle grounds lie nearer home." The sepulchre of truth is violated by an enemy who is within our midst, at our very doors, the propagators of irreligion. Their weapon is the press, ours must be likewise and a skillful and enlightened use of it is demanded if the contest is to remain equal. The coming generation, the youth of the country, must be taught the use of this firearm, and it is within the schools and colleges that this weapon is to be forged and its use learned. If the glorious work of the Church is to be carried on it must be done largely through the medium of the press, it is imperative that it should be. Some one has



said that if St. Paul were living today he would publish a paper and become its editor which but illustrates the growing importance and influence of the press. Catholic journalism is then one of the Church's best modes of attack and defense, and college journalism is a stepping stone to it. It is college journalism that schools and prepares minds to enter later the field of Catholic journalism and literature. Here the latent talent is brought forth, nurtured and cultivated which subsequently ripens into the mature mind of the well seasoned journalist.

To give a taste for literature, to teach the art of expression, of writing, of wielding knowledge, this is the *raison d'être* of the college journal. To be able to write, to have a mastery over one's native tongue is after all the perfect rounding out, the completion as it were, of one's education. He is not properly educated or even schooled who though he should be a veritable encyclopedia yet, is not able to write a readable paper on a given subject. His erudition is an encumbrance. Lord Bolingbroke tells of an acquaintance of his that, "He joined to a more than athletic strength of body a prodigious memory and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly for five and twenty years, and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into one head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. When you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms of your question called to his memory and omitted the very thing to which the sense of the question should have led him or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on in confused noise till its force was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed."

Now if this man had taken time to write, and to write means to think, to reflect, to reason, the power of his knowledge or rather learning, would have been unlimited.

This then I find to be the immediate and chief reason of a college paper to induce students to write to make them skilled users of the pen. Catholic weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies exist in every section of the country doing noble work. Contributors and editors are in constant demand, but who will swell their ranks? Where are they to be recruited from



if not from the Catholic college? And only those who take to heart this branch of their education, namely: fidelity and indefatigable work in preparing essays, compositions, etc., for class, and for the college paper will be able to fill the chairs of editors, journalists, publicists and deserve to be placed with the Brownsons, O'Reilleys, Lamberts, O'Malleys, men, an honor to their country, the boast of their profession staunch defenders of their faith that is in them. F. E. M., '08.



### THE FRIEND.

---

Give me the handclasp of the friend  
Whose grip starts tingling dormant thrills;  
Whose earnest welcome, sincere smile,  
Is panacea for life's ills.

The ceremonial doff of hat,  
The wave of hand, the smirk of cheer,  
Vouchsafed me by the multitude,  
By contrast is an echo drear.

When sorrow, worry, discontent,  
Engrave their furrows on my face,  
When life's perspective ends in gloom,  
The clasp of friendship is my brace.

Throughout life's journey, short or long,  
Clear roads or trials, unto the end  
I'll trudge the pilgrimage content,  
If, to the goal, I have a friend.

Robt. Ross.

# FIRST STEPS IN PHILOSOPHY

Speech Delivered at Sophomore and Freshman Banquet

G. T. BERGAN '12



IN THE name of the Junior Class, I desire to thank the Sophomores and Freshmen very sincerely for the kind invitation they have extended to us and also for the enjoyment they have given us this evening by their generous hospitality. I have no doubt that when our worthy hosts assigned me the weighty subject, "First Steps in Philosophy," they thought they would get a vivid description of the mighty strides which the young philosopherling makes when he enters that strange new world. In all probability they expected to learn of the many supremacies of the youthful highbrow in that odd land of mystery and vagueness. That country where no familiar sights greet us and make us feel at home. That land in which we are totally a stranger. For in the regions of Philosophy no well known localities are presented to us.

Here no beautiful sun or twinkling stars shine down on us in all their splendor to shed even a glimmer upon this orb but all is darkness, utter darkness. Here there is no haven of rest, no oasis in the desert, not even a mirage to refresh the weary way farer. The very vegetation seems clothed in obscurity, the animals mostly monsters are threatening, the rivers are fathomless, the inhabitants serious, the rules stern and majestic, and we with our eyes wide open and our ears alert, watch and wait for some inspiration to come to us from other lands save that of Philosophy.

This is the land beloved Sophomores and Freshmen, of which you wish me to relate my first experiences and my many conquests. This is the land which you as the mariners of old have peered at through your telescopes and shaded your eyes from the dazzling rays of the resplendent sun. This is the land you have so long waited to discover. But your concepts of the primal philosophic movements in this weird region, I, from experience assure you, are far from the correct ones.



You have all no doubt admired the majestic sweeping stride of a certain Junior on the football field last fall, when with dash and daring he carried the oval over Loyola's goal line for his first touchdown in a real game of football. Now you are applauding the graceful runs of another of my classmates on the basketball floor, and always you have held in the highest esteem the push and bustle of our champion billiard shark and manager, as he hurries down the poolroom after some belated individual who was unfortunate enough to come out second in a game of pool.

This may seem all right on the outside, but transfer yourself from this world to that of Philosophy and you will see a far different stride altogether. For our first movements in the regions of Philosophy are much the same as our first movements in this world. When starting your journey in the Philosophic territory you do not run, you do not walk, you do not even take a few steps, you crawl. So you see that crawling is the proper mode of locomotion in this land, and naturally when you crawl you do not see much of the surrounding territory. Your nose is always kept toward the ground, and your head full of weighty and cumbersome propositions cannot stand erect.

With our bedimmed gaze, we looked around us to see if this region reminded us of anything on earth and the closest I could make out was that Joliet was a counterpart of the courtyard of Philosophy. There were "Walls to the right of us, walls to the left of us, walls before, walls behind us." High gray walls surrounded us on all sides, so lofty and thick that it seemed impossible to surmount them. But we, not the "brave five hundred," but the valiant five journeyed on bravely till one day we stopped, and I tell you we stopped short. We felt our heads, there was a large bump on them; we had run into that terrifying wall of Innate Ideas.

We traveled around the courtyard, nursing this bump, and we were beginning to lose hope, for we were not impressed by the dreadful "*species intelligibilis impressa*," save only for another impression on our poor craniums. At our right was the awful mate to the "*impressa*" the species "*expressa*" which actually scared us more than it hurt us.

But the worst wall of all, Free Will was behind us. This monster would not even wait for us to come and bump our



heads, but it came toward us. We were in the middle of our course, the January examinations, and hardly expected to be bothered by this wall. But it came and came fast, it ran right over us, bumping time and time again. Inquiring into the cause of this strange phenomenon we gazed behind the wall and saw to our sorrow that it was being propelled by our beloved President, the Champion Questioner on the Free Will.

But one day, when we were on the verge of despair and our hands and knees were calloused and sore, we heard a loud noise like that of a battering ram. We all crawled to some shelter. The noise grew louder till the thought struck us that perhaps Halley's comet had strayed from its course. The wall creaked, it wavered and a large opening was made in it. Terror stricken we lifted up our gaze, and instead of seeing the comet our eyes fell upon Father Rivard with a hammer and chisel in one hand and Hickey's Philosophy in the other.

Then we took hope and tried to place ourselves on our pedal extremities, but it was no use, for the force of Natural Theology proved very many times stronger than the forces of this world and we are on all fours again. We are still crawling, groping around for some anchorage to stay us, yet until now we have been unsuccessful. We are tired and weary, our bones are sore, our heads full of bumps, but not of Philosophy, we are in despair and we watch and pray if the time will ever come for us to take our "First Steps in Philosophy."





## PHRONEMATA.

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Language contains few more eloquent and expressive words than friendship, for it implies love, admiration, respect, equality, joy, companionship. Nothing perhaps is more desired and less attained by man than friendship. Nothing is commoner than apparent friendship, nothing rarer than real friendship. We turn with delight to the beautiful story of Jonathan and David, so intensely human but worthy to be chronicled in God's own Book; and we envy Newman, his great friendship with Ambrose St. John which was the solace of his wonderfully noble but sad and persecuted life. Like love, friendship suffers long and is kind, it is blind to faults, and like innocence sees and thinks no evil. May not friendship be said to be love multiplied by two, for love of one person for another with no return is not friendship, but merely unrequited love? It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than a great friendship between man and man, where mutual love, respect and admiration level away the difference between them, where mutual trust and confidence are felt, where soul can speak to soul. The man who has one true friend in the world is never much to be pitied no matter what misfortunes befall him, for he has a priceless treasure only vouchsafed to a few, and more valuable than anything else he can acquire. But, it is bitterly sad to be without a friend, for one that is friendless is as lonely as a traveller lost in the desert, though he may live in a populous city and be surrounded with acquaintances. The joy of Heaven will be friendship, and the solace of the friendless here on earth is communing with the Man of Sorrows, who, though the friend of all men, hung friendless on the Cross.

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It is idle to speculate on whether the world is getting better. Let every one make himself better; and he is doing his share towards making the world better.

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"*Ceteris enim semper bene gesta, mihi uni conservata republica, gratulationem decrevistis,*" said Cicero of himself, and the same words could be applied with two-fold force to Lincoln. It is worthy of note that, though there have been few presidents who have been more criticized during life



than Lincoln, posterity has united in giving to him the "gratulationem" he so richly deserved. Washington brought the republic to life, but Lincoln saved it when it was well nigh in its death agony, and for this the praise of the world lingers around his memory. I say, "the world," for there is hardly a country, not excepting England, that does not acknowledge his greatness and confess that he was right when most of the world thought he was wrong. It is one of the strange things in this world that great men have, as a rule, been so acknowledged by posterity and not by their contemporaries. Is it because the good that men do lives after them and that the evil is forgotten, or is it because envy and jealousy are passions that rule men more than they are prone to admit?

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Some English historians call Washington a land robber and falsifier of maps and records; American historians say he never told a lie and canonize him as Father of his country. The point of view makes a great difference in this as in other matters.

S. U. N.

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### SUNSHINE'S CHILD.

A child he roamed in wanton play,  
 Among the fields and flowers bright.  
 His cheerful heart with gay delight,  
 Beheld new joys each passing day.

Then ere those days were scarcely o'er,  
 The little child to manhood grew.  
 Enduring cares with strength anew,  
 Ever rejoicing as of yore.

And now beneath his aged brow  
 Glad smiles among the wrinkles play.  
 For Sunshine drove all care away,  
 And is his Queen forever now.

C. A., '11.



# THE VIATORIAN

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

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Editor in Chief—FRANCIS A. CLEARY, '11.

Exchanges—J. P. O'MAHONEY, '11. Societies—FRED CONNOR, '13.

Athletics—GERALD BERGAN, '12. Personals—RALPH LEGRIS, '11.

Alumni—TIMOTHY A. ROWAN, '13. Locals—PETER J. CURLEY, '14.

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## EDITORIAL.

The month of February is especially notable for its presidential anniversaries. February the twelfth we honor and recall the memory of slavery's great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. The negro South bending low under the strain of brutal servitude could not have long withstood the awful yoke of oppression, had not this unassuming man came to her rescue. Behind his command to the Southern oppressors, the whole North took up the cause in his behalf, and though the nation was divided against itself, justice conquered in the end. Lincoln characterized the true embodiment of justice and man's equal rights. No nation on earth can boast of a nobler son, a truer patriot or a greater statesman. Standing firm and unmoved as the giant oak of the forest, this champion of man's rights stood boldly through four years of awful agony. Then, just as the dove of peace, the emblem of strife's end, was about to float over our nation's head, martyrdom came to steal him from



this world. We cannot all be Lincolns but we can all be true sons of truth and justice, defenders of the right.



Following the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, comes the twenty-second of the month, which marks the anniversary of another of our national heads,

*Our* George Washington, first president of this  
*National* nation. As our thoughts return once  
*Holiday.* more to the early scenes of strife and struggle, we cannot but be filled with lofty sentiments

of patriotism and filial devotion. The great lesson that is brought so strikingly to our minds, must surely have evidence in our actions by a great love and devotion for our country. Moulded and fashioned by the skillful hands of far-seeing statesmen this great nation of ours stands as a living memory of their predestined hopes. For her destinies have been well accomplished, her hopes more than realized. Young America must not be unmindful of the greatness that lies hidden in the memory of her fathers. The name of George Washington shall each year become more and more sacred to the heart of every true-born American. Let us always live in the memory of our nation by upholding her great standard.



Five years have passed since the terrible demon of fire swept over our College halls leaving ruin and desolation in its tracks. Like a thunderbolt suddenly sweeping down from a clear sky, the blazing tongues of fire came streaming into our midst, tearing away the labor of years in a moment's brief duration. But just as suddenly as all

*The Fifth*  
*Anniversary*

this, there sprang up new halls and a new home. Out of the smouldering ruins of crumbled masonry, the rejuvenated spirit of an old and glorious past, has once more assumed the form of a magnificent temple of learning. This spirit never fled and indeed it is more manifestly present than ever before. The anniversary of the fire is yearly becoming a greater feast



day in the annals of our history. We love to bring back the memory of the past and link the past and present together. God grant that St. Viator will ever grow and increase in the abundance of her wisdom, the spirit of her faith.



The warring factions are at it again and this time, the struggle is greater than ever. The cry of political graft and corruption can be heard on all sides. It is well that students take heed at this timely warning of dire calamity to their country and to their state. The future is open to us, the country awaits our coming, the nation is beckoning for help. Let us hurry on to her assistance. We can do this now by influencing others in the right. Beware of the predominating disease called corruption. We can influence our elders by good example and so preserve their honor and good name. "Help them, for they perish" should be our war cry, whether for better politicians or for better students. Keep up the name of our forefathers in all, thus perpetuating the honor of our nation.



The Catholic Church has indeed lost a most noble son. With the passing of the great and venerable archbishop of Philadelphia, not only Catholic America but even the entire Christian world is bowed down in reverent sorrow. Rich in the graces of God and overflowing with an abundance of well spent and pious years he has passed away leaving to the world a much honored dowry of noble acts and deeds. Archbishop Ryan was one of the truly great men of which this age can boast, and although his soul has fled into the great beyond, the sweet influence of his, nearly eighty years of life, shall never depart from our midst. May there be many more such noble sons of Christianity and may the rising generation of Catholic truths, defend as bravely their precepts, as has this valiant knight of God's standard. May he now be reigning in the bishopric of heaven.

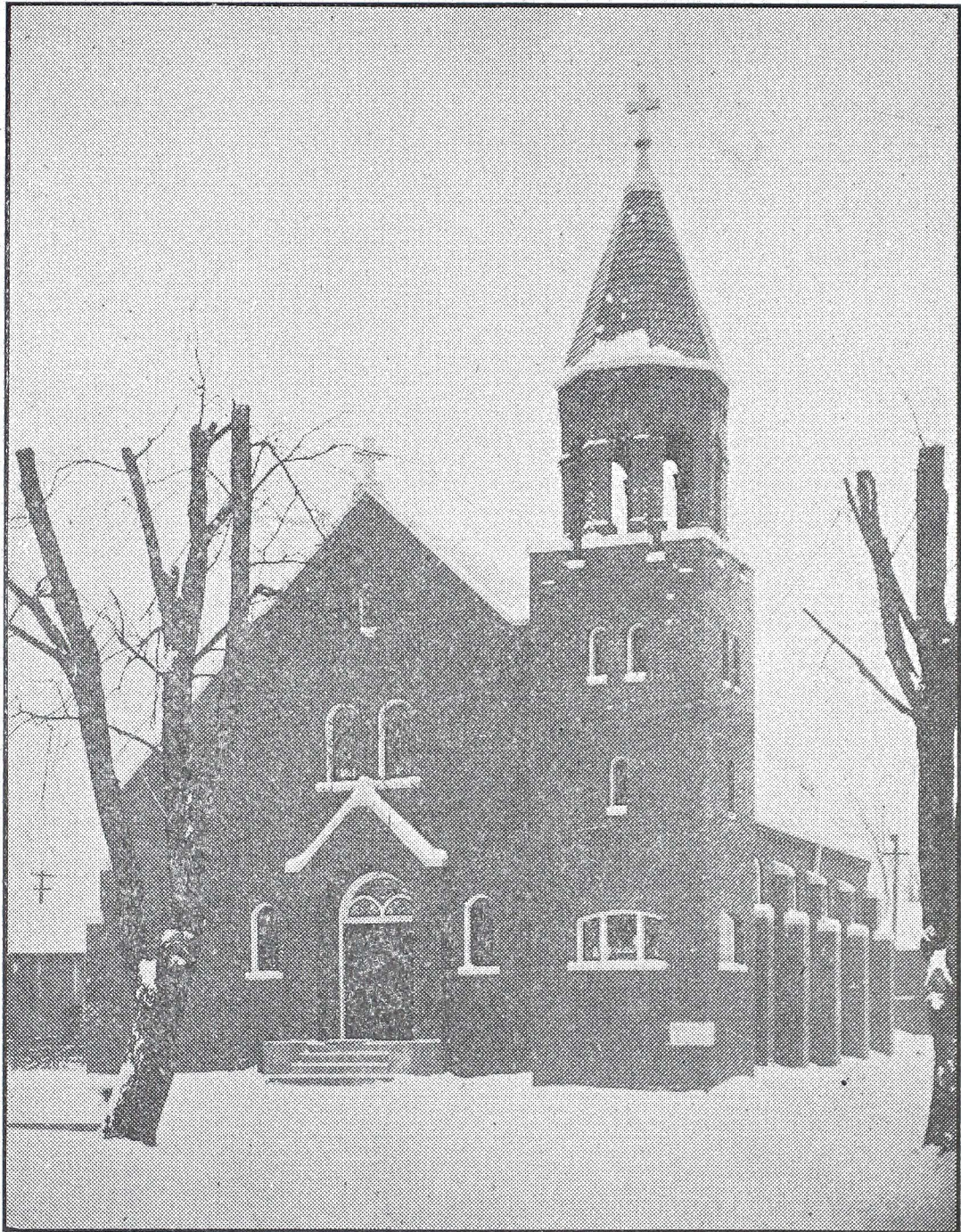
*The  
Passing  
of a  
Noble Son.*



## THE VIATORIAN

## ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PAXTON, ILL.

Another of our alumni has given concrete proof of his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Rev. P. H. Durkin has recently built a beautiful church in the little town of Paxton, which has hitherto been merely an out mis-



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PAXTON, ILLINOIS



sion, and which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies Jan. 19 by Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria. When Father Durkin who is pastor of the important parish of Rantoul took charge of Paxton, he found this little mission in a most neglected condition, but with determined zeal and in face of much opposition began to build a church. In this he has been gloriously successful, and THE VIATORIAN extends Father Durkin the warmest congratulations. Father Durkin devised the novel scheme of collecting a mile of pennies to-



REV. P. H. DURKIN

wards paying the debt on his new church. Revs. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V. J. R. Plante, C. S. V., V. U. Leclaire, C. S. V., J. F. Koelzer, C. S. V., and E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Ph. D. D. D., represented the college at the dedication of the church and rendered the music of the Mass. Rev. J. Shannon, V. G., another of our distinguished alumni, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion, and a number of visiting clergy were present to congratulate Father Durkin. A picture of the new church will be found in the present issue.





## SOCIETY NOTES



The Walsh Scientific Society is at last permanently housed, as a large room on the first floor of Roy Hall has been secured and will be fitted up as a club room. Books, magazines and papers will be added for the use of the members, while preparations are under way to establish a Scientific Library. The room is being fitted up, decorated and painted, and it is expected that it will be ready for the use of members within a few weeks. The room when decorated with the many varieties of specimens and mounted animals will be a most desirable retreat. The regular meetings of the Society will be held there, and during certain hours of the day it will be open.

Father Brown, the Moderator of the Society is preparing a few sketches which will be produced by members in the College Auditorium in the near future.

The following letter was recently received by Rev. P. Brown, C. S. V., from Dr. Walsh, whereupon the Walsh Scientific Society passed the appended resolutions:

Jas. J. Walsh, M. D.

110 West Seventy-Fourth St.

New York, Jan. 25, 1911.

Rev. and dear Father Brown,

I shall feel honored to have you call your scientific society at St. Viator's by my name. I should like to think indeed that the little I have done, seeing how much there is to do, deserves such an honor.

Not only do I willingly give you permission to use my name, but if the society is to have a little library or alcove of its own, I shall be glad to help found it by sending some of my books.

With all good wishes I am then

Yours very respectfully,

JAS. J. WALSH.

### RESOLUTIONS.

We, the members of the Scientific Society of St. Viator's College, assembled in special session, take this means of ten-



dering to our gracious benefactor, Dr. James J. Walsh, our sincere esteem and appreciation for the singular honor conferred upon us in allowing us to use his name for our society, and

WHEREAS, Our society is signally honored in bearing the name of a leading educator and most eminent scientist of our country, Dr. James J. Walsh, and

WHEREAS, From henceforth our society shall be known as the Walsh Scientific Society of St. Viator's College, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Walsh Scientific Society, extend our hearty thanks to Dr. James J. Walsh, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our esteemed patron and that they be inserted in the minutes of the Society and published in the "VIATORIAN," the official organ of St. Viator's College.

REV. P. E. BROWN, C. S. V., Moderator.

REV. J. V. RHEAMS, C. S. V., Assistant Moderator.

JEREMIAH P. O'MAHONEY, President.

PETER J. CURLEY, Vice-President.

JNO. B. KISSANE, Treasurer.

TIMOTHY ROWAN, Secretary.

WM. SAMMON, Sergeant-at-arms.

LUKE WALL, Librarian.

RALPH J. LEGRIS, Curator.

JAMES J. DALEY and PETER J. CURLEY, Editors.

FRED F. CONNOR, Chairman Entertainment Com.

Mr. F. F. Connor, Chairman of the Committee on Entertainments, is busy making out a schedule for a series of entertainments of an informal character, which will be given in the Society club room.

The Science Society is to be congratulated on the fact that Dr. James J. Walsh has consented to allow it to use his name; and we now hail this Society, which has forged ahead until it has become one of the foremost of our College, as the Walsh Scientific Society.

G. Bergan is "sporting" a brand new ten-dollar gold-piece to the delight of all the members of the Walsh Scientific Society.



## THE VIATORIAN

After a brief recess during the Semi-Annual Examinations, the Rivard Literary and Debating Club and the Freshman and Sophomore Oratory Club are making preparations to resume the "word wars." The debates during the coming Semester will without doubt prove more interesting than those already held. A debate between these two clubs should result in an interesting and hard-fought struggle. Perhaps the lovers of "forensic art" may arrange such an encounter. Best wishes to the youngsters in such an event.

The members of St. Viator's Acolythical Society are wearing neat little pins which they procured recently. The business of the society has been suspended during the recent illness of its Moderator, Brother Marzano, and his recovery has been awaited very anxiously by the members of the society. Brother Marzano has recovered and is again able to assume his duties toward the society.

On Thursday evening, February 9th, the Junior class entertained the Collegiate department in the College Banquet hall. The room was tastily decorated with the colors of each class in the collegiate department as well as the loyal Old Gold and Purple. An interesting program consisting of many speeches and musical numbers was rendered after which all enjoyed the "meagre spread" which proved most substantial. Toast after toast then followed until all were unanimous in the one word "rest." The program for the evening was as follows:

Opening Address .....	G. L. Bergan
Piano Solo .....	R. Legris
"Near Goal".....	F. Cleary
Vocal Solo .....	E. Unruh
"Spare Moments".....	J. Lareau
Violin Solo .....	F. Carter
"Lucky Thirteen".....	F. Connor
Vocal Solo .....	J. Kissane
"Trailing in The Rear" .....	T. G. Flynn
Address .....	Rev. W. J. Bergin

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society expects to do very active work during the next two months. In their last meeting it was decided that a Requiem Mass would be offered up once a year for the deceased members of the soci-



ety. If during the scholastic year one of its members should be stricken by death's unmerciful hand, a special mass will be said for the repose of his soul.

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"Fire day," Tuesday, February 21, 1911, recalls many sad memories of that eventful day five years ago when the beautiful College buildings were rendered one mass of ruins by the ravages of a fire which broke out in the main building of the College and never ceased its havoc until the College was no more. This is indeed a sad event to recollect, but we have many reasons for celebrating the anniversary of that disaster. Out of the ruins of the old College rose a newer, larger and better St. Viator's, nourished and built up by a remarkable spirit of perseverance on the part of the officers of the College and of loyalty on the part of the students, which is unprecedented in the history of any College.

The celebration this year will take place Tuesday evening, February 21st. As the Senior class has charge of the affair, it promises to be the most complete recognition of the day as yet observed. The following program has been prepared:

Part I—"Overture," selected, College Orchestra; "Address of Welcome," Francis A. Cleary, '11; "Our Relics," Rev. James A. Hayden, '06; Life in the Gym," Clarence P. Conway '08; "The Minims of '06," Thomas C. Harrison '13; "Vocal Solo," Selected, Harry P. Keeley; "New Life," Rev. F. X. Hazen, '07; "Juniors of '06," Ralph J. Legris '11; "Selection," College Orchestra;

Part II—"College Days," Adhemar J. Savary, '09; "Class Organization," William C. McKenna, '06; "Violin Duet," Selected, F. F. Connor, F. W. Carter; "Our National Holiday," Rev. E. L. Rivard; "The Spirit of Viator," Gerald T. Bergan, '12; "Duet," Selected, El. J. Leinen, E. Waters; "Greetings," Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, '11; "Response," Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney; "Finale," College Orchestra.

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The most brilliant of the many entertainments already given this year under the auspices of Class Organization, was the banquet tendered to the Collegiate Department by the Sophomore and Freshmen classes, on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 14. The refectory was handsomely decorated with the colors of the various classes and the pennants of the leading



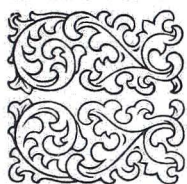
## THE VIATORIAN

colleges of the country lent variety to the scene. A sumptuous course dinner was served, after which many speeches were delivered. Mr. F. F. Connor, president of the Sophomore class discharged the onerous duties of toastmaster in an able and witty manner. It is a difficult task from a program of such excellence to select the best speeches, but truth demands that it be said that Mr. Gerald T. Bergan's witty and humorous toast to "First Steps in Philosophy" took the house by storm, and that the able speech of Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V. on College Journalism gave all present, plenty of food for thought. Both speeches will be found elsewhere in this issue. All those who had the good fortune to be present agreed that this banquet was one of the most successful ever given in the history of class organization and congratulated the lower classmen upon their maiden effort. Program:

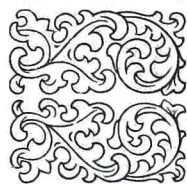
Toastmaster .....	F. F. Connor, '13
Address of Welcome .....	T. G. Flynn, '14
Toast, "First Steps in Philosophy".....	G. L. Bergan, '12
Toast, "The Symmetrical Man".....	J. J. Fitzgerald, '11
Vocal Solo, Selected.....	E. J. Unruh, '13
Toast, "College Journalism" .....	F. E. Munsch, '08
Piano Solo, Selected.. ..	R. J. Legris, '11
Toast, "Four Years of Class Organization" .....	F. A. Cleary, '11
Vocal Solo, Selected.. ..	H. P. Keeley, '13
Toast, "Social Side of Education".....	J. W. Maguire, '09
Closing Remarks .....	Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney

The Lajoie Society held its regular bi-monthly meeting on Wednesday the fifteenth of February. A short but interesting program was rendered. Mr. G. Picard gave a reading entitled "The Grievs of a Student." The youthful Mr. Maurice Godin read a very interesting piece of prose. Mr. Wm. Roy was the third on the program. The business matters of the society were then discussed. Elder Souligne, the secretary, tendered his resignation which was accepted, and J. Lareau was elected to fill the vacancy; and G. Picard was elected sergeant at arms. A motion was then made by Ralph Legris to have an entertainment of some kind to be given to all the members of the society some Sunday in March; this motion was seconded and passed. It was decided that this entertainment should consist of different addresses and of refreshments.





# Exchanges



The first issue of the *Antidote* from Umbarger, Texas, has reached us. [Father Campbell, the zealous Missionary of the Southland is its editor. The object of this little publication is the spreading of the true knowledge by reverting to principles. The articles are condensed for the people.

*The Bulletin of the Missionaries* of La Salette, Hartford, Conn., deserves mention for the well written short stories, tales of missionary life and helpful thoughts.

The January *Laurel*, among many good things, has a particularly well written theme on "National Greatness." The writer shows that true greatness is a conformity of a nation to a strict standard of morality and good citizenship. This is true. Rome ruled the world, Rome fell for it lacked these basic elements. Shelley is the subject of a critical essay. Shelley the amiable and gentle man is portrayed and Shelley the true poet is fully developed.

*The Mountaineer*, always staid and dignified, has an exceptionally well written, historically correct article on pre-Christian Ireland. The much agitated question of Adrian the Fourth's bill consigning Erin to English rule is proved to be purely the work of an English writer. The conclusions reached by the writer of the article. Coventry Patmore's poetry, while of a superior finish might be treated at greater length.

We welcome the advent of the *Catholic Bulletin*, the official organ of the archdiocese of St. Paul, and the medium of the great Archbishop Ireland.

*The Schoolman* of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont., treats us in its January issue to a long, yet new phase of King Lear. "Society" is a comprehensive article and deals with its relation to the nation, individuals and the Church. "A Vocation" breathes a spiritual fragrance not found in many



poems now-a-days. The thoughts are elevating. King of Twilight contains much in a few words.

*The Indian Sentinel* is beautifully illustrated and the tales of the missionaries, in their zeal for the spreading of the Gospel, are heart-rending. Father Ketchum, director, Washington, D. C., receives subscriptions for the work of the Indian Missions.

*The Pittsburg College Bulletin* has twenty-one editors on its staff. Yet *The Bulletin* could be improved. The articles, though well written, have not that real literary taste that one would expect. The First Convention is the leader.

*The Notre Dame Scholastic* is always the favorite, so much so that the editor-in-chief rushes into the private sanctum of the Exchange Editor the moment it arrives and "exit" *The Scholastic*. A "safety valve" is in course of erection in the Ex. Ed. sanctum in which *The Scholastic* will be housed for the future on its arrival.

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## BOOK REVIEW.

*Jesus All Great*: by Alexander Gallerani, S. J. translated by F. Langhnan—Imprematur John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York. Beginning with Jesus Great in the Symbols which preceded Him, this unctuous book runs through some sixteen chapters of most excellent spiritual reading and closes with a touching conclusion Submission to Jesus Christ. Jesus Great, in his Incarnation, Life, Death, Resurrection, in His Mother, His Martyrs, and Saints clearly indicates the scope and contents of this admirable book. Each chapter is an eloquent and fervent sermon, rich in scriptural quotations and illustrations. The work should commend itself both to clerics and laymen.

P. J. Kenedy and Son, New York and Philadelphia. 256 pages, price, cloth binding 50 cents and in leatherette, gilt edges, \$1.00 by mail postpaid.



ALUMNI NOTES

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During the past month there has been a steady stream of former students, visiting the college. Through these we have learned much concerning their fellow alumni, but we are still anxious to hear from some. We will deeply appreciate any items you may wish to send us, Dear Alumni, and we hope that it will be unnecessary to make any further requests.

Mr. William McGuire, '08 is making a brilliant course in medicine at Northwestern University. In a few months we will have the pleasure of calling "Bill," Doctor McGuire.

Mr. John Canovan, Lena, Ia., who was here from 91-93 recently spent a few days at the college with his brother Joseph.

Mr. John Cosgrove, Odell, Ill., president of the Freshmen class, 08-09 was among the recent visitors. Mr. Cosgrove spent several pleasant days, between terms with old friends and classmates. "Johnnie" is now in second philosophy at Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. Jas. Hayden, '06, St. Charles Church, Chicago, delivered an interesting talk at St. Viator's on the anniversary of the fire which destroyed the college in 1906.

Mr. Edward Stack, '09, Chicago, Ill., one of the mainstays of the pitching staff of the Philadelphia Nationals, after spending several months in training at St. Viator's, left on Feb. 18th to join his teammates on their training trip. During his stay at the college Mr. Stack added a host of friends and admirers to his already long list. Needless to say all join in wishing boundless success to our "Dear Old Hoss."

Mr. William McKenna, '06, Chicago, Ill., is now one of the leading lights of the Chicago bar. Attorney McKenna was with us on Fire Day and delivered a very pleasing address.

The Rev. P. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill., is to be congratulated on the successful manner in which he undertook the establishment of a mission at Paxton, Ill. Recognizing the need of a church at Paxton, Fr. Durkin bent every effort to



the establishing of one and his work was fittingly crowned on Jan. 19th when the new church was formally dedicated. A picked quartette from St. Viator college rendered several of the musical numbers at the ceremonies. A part of the building fund was collected in the unique way of gathering from various sources, a mile of pennies.

Mr. Joseph Hunter, 08-11, Chicago, Ill., who recently left the college has already secured an important position with one of the large mercantile houses of Chicago.

Mr. Frank Ryan, 07-09, Chicago, Ill., is now studying electrical engineering at the University of Illinois. Mr. Ryan spent several days at St. Viator's before the opening of the present term.

The Rev. J. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill., celebrated the anniversary of the dedication of his church on Sunday, Jan. 22nd. A number of the clergy of the college attended the ceremonies.

Mr. John O'Neil, 07-09, Chicago, Ill., was a recent visitor at Bourbonnais. "Jack" is now a prosperous business man, being associated with his father in an extensive retail grocery trade.

The new St. Francis De Sales Church, So. Chicago, Ill., was recently dedicated with imposing ceremonies. Solemn high mass was celebrated by the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Suerth, assisted by the Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., as deacon and the Rev. J. Gallagher of St. Meinrod's College as sub-deacon. The new building is one of the most improved of the combination type and is a beautiful monument to the untiring zeal of Fr. Suerth.

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#### OBITUARY.

In the death of Rev. C. P. Foster late pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Manhattan, Ill., St. Viator's loses a faithful alumnus and warm friend. Father Foster was well known for his intellectual attainments and was a noted English scholar. He was beloved by his people and all those among whom he labored will sincerely mourn his loss.

*Requiescat in Pace.*





# Athletic Notes



Although King Winter has us in his icy grasp, nevertheless the students are not letting him have a strangle hold. The gymnasium is certainly a busy place these days, and every spot is crowded to its fullest capacity. While basketball is naturally leading the others, baseball, handball, bowling and track are in close pursuit. This is the way things should be and in this manner the coming athletes and the athletes of today are benefited. Practice makes perfect and from the time spent in preparation in the college gym we can say that St. Viator's have athletes of whom they are and will be proud.

## Basket Ball.

St. Viator, 91; Onarga, 11.

In a game that closely resembled a landslide the Varsity completely smothered the Grand Prairie Seminary Five 91-11. At no stage of the contest did Onarga have a chance to peep from beneath the blankets, and only the whistle saved them from complete suffocation under the weighty century mark. The Varsity were in perfect working order and hardly a flaw could be found in the mechanism. Fitzgerald at center gave the onlookers a splendid exhibition of basket shooting by tossing the spheroid to the extent of 54 points. Fischer also showed class by caging ten goals, while Weishaar tried hardest to stay the defeat. Lineup:

### St. Viator 91.

Moynihan  
Fischer  
Fitzgerald (Capt.)  
Gordon, Kissane  
Cleary

R. F.  
L. F.  
C.  
R. G.  
L. G.

### Onarga 11.

Weishaar (Capt.)  
Crumbaker  
Whiteside  
Johnson  
Hixon, Truby

Field goals, Moynihan (5), Fischer (10), Fitzgerald (27), Kissane (1), Weishaar (4), Whiteside (1). Free throws, Fischer (5), Weishaar (1). Referee, Green. Umpire, Jacobs. Timers, Legris and Lee. Scorer, Regan. Time halves, 20 min.

St. Viator, 30; Morgan Park, 14.

On January 25 the Varsity tackled the husky cadets from Morgan Park academy and in an exciting and interesting contest defeated them 30-14. The cadets played a variety of



basketball bordering very closely on the gridiron battle, but the locals by splendid team work and excellent basket shooting by plucky Moynihan won the fray. St. Viator's started off with a rush and caged 5 points in quick succession. The first half ended 17-5. At the beginning of the second period Morgan Park took a brace, but they couldn't score on the excellent guarding of Gordon, Cleary and Kissane who would not tip the lid, but kept the cover on tight. Hazlett played brilliantly for Morgan Park. Lineup:

St. Viator 30.

Morgan Park 14.

Moynihan	R. F.	Rickitts
Fischer	L. F.	Fecke
Fitzgerald (Capt.)	C.	Wade, Shaw
Gordon	R. G.	Hazlett
Cleary, Kissane	L. G.	Marr, (Capt.)

Field goals, Moynihan (6), Fischer (2), Fitzgerald (2), Rickitts (3), Fecke (1), Wade (1), Hazlett (1), Free throws, Fischer (10), Rickitts (1), Fecke (1). Referee, Stephenson. Umpire, Jacobs. Timers, Legris and Young. Scorer, Regan. Time of halves, 20 min.

### Lewis Institute, 45; St. Viator, 15.

Coming from the Windy City with the best basketball team ever seen on the local floor, the champion Lewis Institute quintet defeated St. Viator 45-15. Excellent team work and sensational work by Dempsey and Pardee won the battle by large odds. Lewis started like a whirlwind and it seemed impossible to put a damper on their flight. The second half found the Varsity fighting hard, and holding Lewis to a standstill, but it came too late. The whole Lewis team were stars while Gordon showed up in "Tanglefoot" style by holding the famous Wathier to one lone basket. Kissane also played a speedy game. Hoffman from Chicago U. refereed to the satisfaction of all. Lineup:

St. Viator 15.

Lewis Inst. 45.

Moynihan	R. F.	Pardee
Fischer	L. F.	Wathier
Fitzgerald (Capt.)	C.	Dempsey (Capt.)
Gordon	R. G.	McKee, Burke
Cleary, Kissane	L. G.	Kemnitz

Field goals, Moynihan (2), Fischer (1), Fitzgerald (3), Wathier (1), Pardee (8), Dempsey (11), Kemnitz (1). Free throws, Fischer (3), Pardee (3). Referee, Hoffman. Timers, Legris and Wheeler. Scorer, Regan. Time of halves, 20 min.



## St. Viator, 39; St. Joseph, 26.

With a patched lineup due to the illness of Moynihan the Varsity journeyed to the quiet burg of Rensselaer, Ind., and defeated St. Joseph's College 39-26. The Varsity played excellently considering the strange floor, Fitzgerald and Fischer fairly captivating the natives by their stellar performances. Cleary and Kissane kept the speedy Moran from garnering more than one basket. Weber and Fischer had a great duel on foul throwing. Lineup:

St. Viator 39.		St. Joseph 26.	
Fischer	R. F.		Moran
Doemling, Warner	L. F.		Weber
Fitzgerald	C.		Fiely
Gordon	R. G.		Harrison
Cleary, Kissane	L. G.		Rothwell, Carmady

Field goals, Fischer (6), Doemling (1), Fitzgerald (7), Weber (2), Moran (1), Fiely (2), Harrison (2). Free throws, Fischer (11), Weber (12). Referee, Reed. Umpire, Quille. Timers, Carter and Whitcomb. Scorer, Regan. Time of halves, 20 min.

## St. Viator, 34; DePaul, 19.

On February 18th the team representing DePaul University met defeat at the hands of the Varsity by a sum total of 34-19. The game was fast though exceedingly rough at times, due to the rules, the contest being played under College rules. For St. Viator Cleary was the brilliant satellite holding the pugnacious Leffert to no goals during the contest, besides scoring a basket himself. For DePaul O'Donnell suffered fewest optical illusions. Lineup:

St. Viator 34.		DePaul 19.	
Moynihan	R. F.		Leffert
Fischer	L. F.		O'Donnell
Fitzgerald	C.		Potter
Kissane	R. G.		Ward, Miller
Cleary	L. G.		Kolb

Field goals, Moynihan (2), Fischer (5), Fitzgerald (6), Cleary (1), O'Donnell (4), Potter (4). Free throws, Fischer (6), Leffert (3). Referee, Withers. Umpire, Jacobs. Timers, Legris and McCarthy. Scorer, Regan. Time of halves, 20 min.

## Baseball.

The candidates for the baseball team have been clouting the pellet with the greatest precision and frequency during the past month. It is intended to have all the players on



the .300 roll of honor during the season and the work thus far promises it. "Eddie" Stack has had all the twirlers under his wing and taught them many things which will be of advantage during the season which surely will be a strenuous one. At present no forecasts can be issued as to whom the various positions will be assigned, and the team will surely be a fast though light aggregation. Mgr. Cleary is busy on the schedule and has arranged games with Notre Dame, Marquette, Beloit, DePaul, Loyola, Millikin, Knox, Armour, St. Josephs, Lincoln, Rose "Poly" and others, giving St. Viators one of the best schedules they ever enjoyed. The weeding process will soon commence, and from the fifty candidates about twenty will have a chance for outdoor service. The team since Stack's departure has been put into the hands of Coach Conway the star of 07-08-09-10, who will surely make the recruits and veterans hustle to produce a winner.

#### The Juniors.

Basketball is proving a very successful adventure with the Juniors. Although they have had the misfortune to have to play teams much larger than themselves, they nearly always came out on top. The contest with Armour Square will certainly be long remembered in Junior circles. Starting the second half 15 points behind they gradually crept up and nosed out a victory 28-26. McGee and Kekich with five baskets each were the most prominent factors in the win. Then came the West Side Tigers from Chicago and with a whirlwind team took the Juniors into camp 34-17. The last game against Franklin Squares of Chicago resulted in a victory for the Juniors 19-4. Besides the first team, the team styled Shea's Athletes are giving a good account of themselves. They defeated the exceedingly clever Kelly Twins by a score of 14-7. The Twins had been primed for the struggle by Coach Dougherty but fell before the mighty onslaught of the Athletes. Shea and Gearen played hardest and won for the Athletes and Zorilla guarded the speedy Kelly to a standstill. Manager Gearen is looking for all aspiring bowling teams to play the Juniors, and thus far has beaten nearly everything that came near.

#### The Minims.

The Minims are following in the footsteps of the Varsity so far as winning basketball games are concerned. The speedy



Armour Squares of Chicago left Bourbonnais to the tune of a defeat 20-10. On the Y. M. C. A. floor in Kankakee they ran away from the Y. M. C. A. by a score of 29-4. Edgar playing a marvelous game with 6 baskets. The Palmer Parks with a reputation of being the fastest team of its size in Chicago fell before the Minims 32-19 in the best game of the season, Edgar again starring, with Pepin a close second. On Feb. 11 the Minims journeyed to the Windy City for a return game with the Armour Squares and instead of meeting the same team they defeated earlier in the season had to buck up against a quintet that was more of the Junior variety and lost 43-26. Fitzpatrick played his usual steady game at the pivot. And the last game the Minims had an easy time with the Bourbonnais Terrors walloping them 48-3. The Minims lineup: Pepin and Edgar, forwards; Fitzpatrick, center; Senesac, Kissane and Kane, guards.

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### THRU A KNOTHOLE.

The following games have yet to be won by the Varsity basketball tossers: St. Bedes, St. Josephs, Millikin and De-Paul.

On Feb. 18 "Eddie" Stack left to join the Phillies at Birmingham, Ala., for spring training. Eddie has been conditioning himself the last month at the college and will not take much exertion to be in midseason form. On his departure the whole student body escorted him to the car and yelled themselves hoarse for Eddie, with a wish for the rag to float in the Quaker City.

Did you ever believe that 13 was unlucky for St. Viators? If you did erase that thought from your mind by glancing at the St. Joseph contest. The game was played on Feb. 13. Thirteen men were used as participants, the Varsity scored 3x13, St. Joseph 2x13 and won by 13 points. Never again will we be superstitious.

There is a movement on foot to start a "Chess and Checker Club". Several students have shown a marked interest in the games and Messrs. Gordon, Daley and Garrity have been appointed to draw up some kind of a constitution. This will surely be a winner, in the line of amusements.



Lend your support to the members who are trying out for the track team. They are deserving of your applause and if real interest is shown we are sure to have a representative track team on the cinder path this spring.

The record of 27 baskets which Capt. Fitzgerald chalked up for himself is one which will remain as an event of note in athletic circles at St. Viators. Never exerting himself and never appearing flashy, "Fitz" shot from all angles and his visual organs worked to perfection. The scorer's pencil had to be sharpened twice marking the crosses.

The Roy Hall basketball team have developed into a winner. Twice they defeated the Cabery Athletic Club by large scores, and have only suffered one defeat this season, by the Y. M. C. A. of Kankakee. They are surely worthy of much praise both for their outside games and their contests against the Varsity. Lineup: Cashin and Warner, forwards; Sherman, center; Trainer and Storr, guards.

The rapidity and spirit with which the basketball games have been conducted on the local floor is due to the work of Mr. C. B. Jacobs. Besides knowing the game from A to Z "Jake" calls his decisions with absolute fairness and firmness and never has a visiting team complained of partiality. We are indeed to be congratulated on Umpire Jacobs.

The bowling team is keeping up the good work which has characterized it from the beginning. One of the closest games ever witnessed was played on the Y. M. C. A. alleys with Kankakee and the final score read St. Viator 2343, Y. M. C. A. 2339 giving us the set by 4 pins. McCauley is still the king of the aggregation, bowling in magnificent style.

Four games, with the Varsity on the winning end would satisfy the most ardent rooter, so all pull together and give vent to your feelings for a glorious close of the basketball season.





## LOCALS

—Measles!

—Oscar has went.

—“Oh Frank, got the mornin’ paper?”

—Pat—“Are they going to play basketball in that cage?”

—Flynn “shelled” out for the shotgun raffle.

—“A very striking affair occurred in the gym last night.”

“What happened?”

“A bowling tournament.”

! ? ! “Spare me!”

—Lev.—“Oh Danny, why dost thou weep so?

Thy salty tears control.

Remove that dreadful look of woe,

Unburden then thy soul.”

Danny—“Oh Lev, these tears that I do weep

Will long keep rolling on

My heart is touched with sorrow deep

For Fritz, our Fritz is gone.”

—Kidder Klub Candidates will kindly apply to “King Kidders” Kwarters. Room 312.—W. A. S.

—Doc:—“As old Bill Shakespeare says in “Paradise Lost”

—‘A man’s a man for a’ that’.”

—“Was He or Was He Not” a mystery of the Milburn Horse Show—by Lev.

—To my Valentine—

If roses were blue,

And violets pink,

Would shamrocks be yellow?

Well, I don’t think!

H. U. N. K.



—Oh sweet, and beautiful is night  
 When the clock is striking two,  
 And the countless snores their thunderings raise  
 When Morpheus, you would woo.  
 While the m'lodious bark of the neighbor's dogs  
 Greets your tired ears now and then  
 And you lie awake till morning's light,  
 Oh, night is lovely then!

—There's many a slip twixt the poney and the exam.

—Dear H.—With Ma's permission I send this card. Hoping  
 to hear from you soon, I am Little Danny.

*Poet's Examination.*

- I. Breathes there a man with soul so dead?
- II. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star, in his steep course?
- III. Fair pledges of a fruitful tree. Why do ye fall so fast?

—“Did you hear about them breaking out?”  
 “Who?”  
 “The measles.”

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