

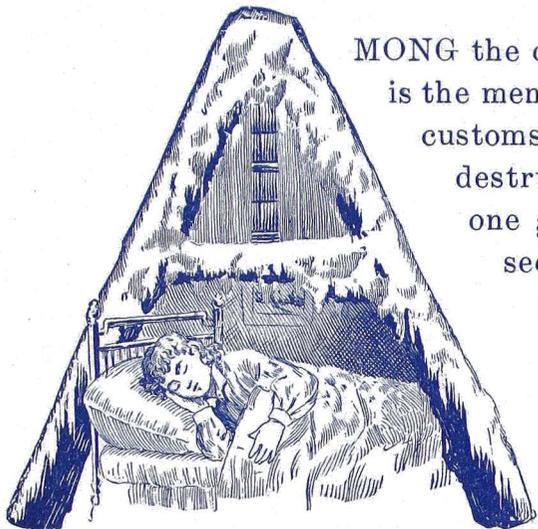
No. 3



## CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS.

“Above our heads the joy-bells ring,  
Without the happy children sing,  
And all God’s creatures hail the morn  
On which the holy Christ was born.”

—Whittier.



AMONG the chief delights in the celebration of any feast is the memory that clings around certain time-hallowed customs—the omission of which would seem like the destruction of the day itself. Christmas is the one great day of the year on which everyone seems inclined to celebrate. To some it is by excellence a religious festival, and the midnight mass is the feature of the occasion.

There is always something profoundly solemn in mass, but its solemnity is greatly enhanced by the unusual surroundings of Christmas morning, the darkness without, the beautiful illuminations within the church; the “Crib,” strong reminder of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, and the beautiful though simple strains of the “*Adeste Fideles*,” that does more to recall the glories and happy memories of Christmas than all the flights of the great musicians whose best selections are produced by the best choirs in every church on Christmas morning.

But to many Christmas is simply a day for social pleasures. These meet and rejoice with friends. Each vies with the other in the giving of costly gifts—for the very laudable desire of rewarding goodness or of cementing friendship. So Christmas is really a great day for the larger number of men. It differs in this, that to some its memories are all spiritual, supernatural, while to others it brings no thought save of the purely natural. This is the difference, but it is a very great one.

But we may say that to all people Christmas brings a deal of natural joy, and no one can help feeling this, just as no one would wish to neglect the cultivation of those legitimate pleasures that are so very necessary to relieve the strains of life’s many burdens.

The celebration of Christmas differs greatly with time and in different countries. In England the people have always made much of sports as a part of the Christmas rejoicing. The tales of these old celebrations are good reading, even today, and one can almost feel the joy that circled the bending boards

when Englishmen with their own appetites, gathered around tables even too profusely loaded for them. Then the young people had such a frolicking good time. They would hang up the mistletoe and collect toll under its shadow as at no other time of the year. Still young ladies who are not in England and at other times than Christmas do not seem to lack the ingenuity of keeping this custom perpetually.

Then there was the bringing home of the "yule log," which in former times was burned to the god Thor by the Scandinavians, who brought this custom to England on their coming there. The custom was kept at Juul-Tid (Yule Tide) corresponding to our Christmas. Like many other pagan rites, it was changed in its signification, and was soon identified with some Christian feast. The ceremony of getting the "log" was attended with great pleasure, and the log itself was carried home in great state. Then on Christmas eve it was lighted in the large, open grate, and if it burned constantly during the night it was an omen of good fortune for the ensuing year. The remnant of one year's log was faithfully kept to enkindle the one on the following year.

In France the keeping of Christmas is attended chiefly by religious ceremonies. A suave and graceful wishing of the joys of the season and many other little ceremonies that mark the staid and refined manners of this people are noticeable.

In Germany the day is kept very religiously, and with all the solemnity the Teutons can assume. The day, however, is not devoid of its social features, and when the religious part has been attended to, joy is not unknown.

In Ireland the greatest preparations are made to keep Christmas, which for this people is preeminently their greatest day. All that can help to make the day a happy one both socially and religiously is considered long before its coming. Whatever have been the hardships of the year there must be no stint now, and if ever men and women generous to a fault make an effort to outdo themselves it is at Christmas, and they generally succeed. Here Christmas is kept for twelve days. A time-honored custom is the hunting of the wren or St. Stephen's day, which must, by those who know it, be considered a great circumstance attended with small results. But it is connected with the time, and borrows whatever dignity it has from a long standing.

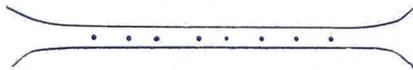
For us in America, Christmas, like the Fourth of July, is a day of agony. We can not find anything rich enough to give as a present or a point far enough distant where we might go and celebrate the day. But these little whims are gratified to some extent. A man can give a girl a set of diamonds that will cost only three months' wages—(she takes the rest in candy)—or he may go, say from Chicago to Kansas City, Mo., for his Christmas dinner. If he start Christmas eve about 5 p. m. he will get there next day about 9 a. m. He will have ample time to return that night and be at his post the following

day. The distance is only five hundred miles. In about two weeks he feels just as good as if nothing happened.

But time and circumstances settle all these things. In the old times people got a great deal of real pleasure with a small expenditure of energy, and the quality they obtained was of a sort quite near the genuine.

But it is certain that Christmas tide is as filled with tender memories as ever. If we fail to be impressed by them the fault is ours, and we ought to correct it. There are too few days on which we lay down the cares of the world—we need many more; but Christmas ought to be the first in rank and the fullest in its returns.

SANTA.



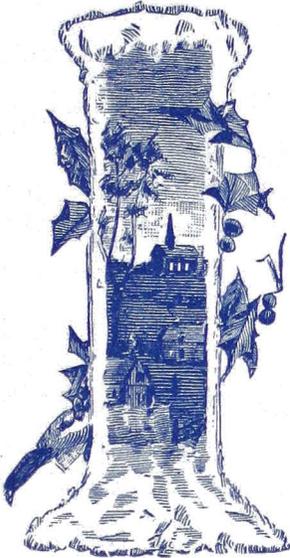
### An Acrostic.

**C**hristmas eve: heaven glows with light  
**H**ails man the time, nor elf, nor sprite,  
**R**oams 'round, the timid one to fright.  
**I**nto the night the snowflakes fall,  
**S**anta Claus scales the frosty wall,  
**T**empting many a chimney tall.  
**M**erry the time, but short its stay,  
**A**ngels of peace, speed fast away!  
**S**pread wide the joys of Christmas day.

W. S. K.

## THE LEGEND OF BENTLEY'S GLEN.

In Bentley's Glen, looking on the Suir,  
Whose waters flow so sweet and pure;  
'Tis thus on Christmas eve we're told,  
Assemble youths in black and gold.



IN THE south of Ireland, between the old historical cities of Waterford and Clonmel lies a lovely valley watered by the silvery Suir. This delightful spot is well known throughout the "Green Isle" as the "Golden Vale." D deservedly, indeed, it merits the poetical appellation which it bears, for its rich and fertile lands teem with a luxuriance of vegetation. Even the relentless Cromwell was struck by its beauty. Coming there one evening just as the setting sun was filling the valley with a "burnished sheet of living gold," he cried out to his soldiers gathered near the mountains, "Boys, there's a land worth fighting for."

Two mountains lock in the valley on the north and south; below stretches out green and smiling fields whereon graze the flocks and herds of the hardy mountaineers. Like all romantic places, it has its legends, and the old people of C—— love to relate "The Scene in Bentley's Glen on Christmas Eve."

Down the mountain side dashes along over rocks and steep precipices a foaming torrent, which has cut for itself a deep ravine in the mountain known as the "Glen." As you ascend the hill the romantic spot breaks full in view from the road, which is about one hundred feet above. Here your eyes meet one of the most romantic scenes in Ireland.

A little towards the north of the glen the bank begins to slope gradually to the water's edge, and on this slope stands a venerable old oak, near which is a gloomy cave, wherein, it is said, one Christmas eve in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a priest was saying mass, when suddenly it was announced that the English soldiers were coming at a great speed up the valley. In their hurry to escape, the poor people who were assisting at the holy sacrifice, buried the chalice (since found), altar cloths, and vestments so that if overtaken by the soldiers nothing relating to divine service might be found.

Ever since then there has been held in good repute amongst the peasants the following legend:

Every Christmas eve, between the hours of 10 and 12, the low sweet strains of a lute are heard floating on the still air, and gradually swelling, is

heard coming from the direction of the old oak. Then a loud blast of a hunter's horn rings and reverberates through the glen and dies away down the dark ravine. No sooner has the blast died out than the place around the oak is illuminated by many torches borne by strange looking beings, who march around the royal tree three times, followed by a procession of lovely maidens chanting psalms in an unknown tongue. At the end of the third round the horn again rings out a commanding peal, and the procession descends slowly toward the surging waters below. As they proceed strains of delightful music fill the slumbering valley. As the procession reaches the boiling waters, one by one the specters rise in air, and then return to earth like snowflakes from on high. The procession moves on towards the center of the glen, which is always green and fresh, and has been called the "Specter Music Room."

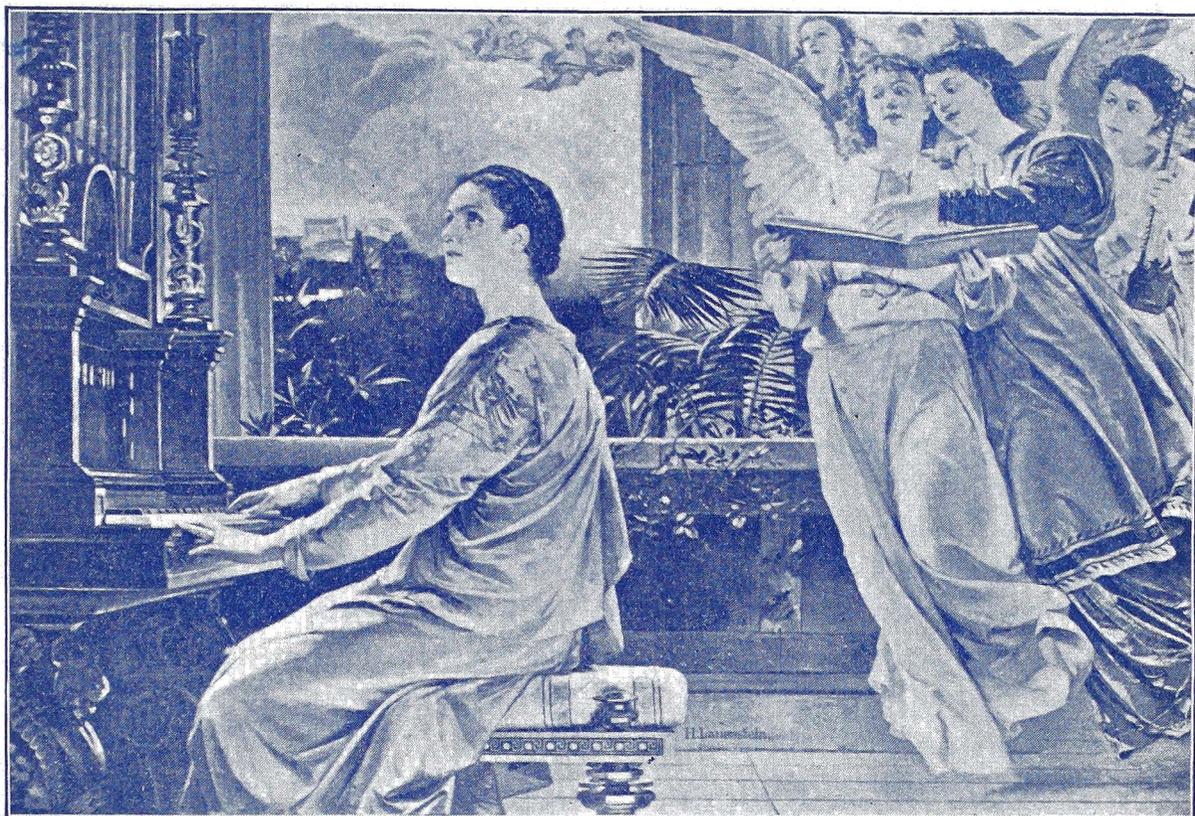
When this latter site is reached the torch-bearers form themselves into two lines, and the maidens drawn up in the middle in two opposing rows, where they join in music and song, giving forth the most exquisite strains of ethereal music for some time, then bowing to each other fall back respectively to the right and left.

Away up the glen is heard the sweet, rich tones of many flutes, and after a little appear venerable-looking men, with long, snowy beards, carrying torches, too, whilst immediately follow comely youths attired in costumes of black and gold, whom the peasants have called "Princes of the Glen." As they approach the "Hall," one end of the maiden's guards gives way, and the venerable patriarchs step to the right and left, whilst the noble youths advance into the inner court and bow as they pass in front of the maidens. After a little a loud blast from yonder oak is heard, and solemnly towards the assembly marches a company of musicians, who are to play for the royal gathering in the Glen below. When they reach the great assembly they ascend to a magnificent gallery in the northeast corner of the rural hall, and then the solemn festival begins.

The youths and noble ladies unite song to the music of more than earthly composition. Steadily for an hour the music continues, at the end of which each division gives selections of its own. Finally all rise up and join in wild and passionate strains, and sing "Farewell Till We Meet Again." Just as the last notes are dying away a loud and shrilling note resounds through the whole ravine from the oak, and they vanish as they came, the mysterious beings who rejoice in "Bentley's Glen" every Christmas eve. W.

Still in mutual sufferance lies  
 The secret of true living;  
 Love scarce is love that never knows  
 The sweetness of forgiving.

—John G. Whittier.



ST. CECILIA.  
Patroness of Music.

“He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.”

—Dryden.



THE fullness of the church's love for man and her power to awaken and foster his gifts is well exemplified in the beautiful virgin and martyr whose feast is kept November 22, viz., St. Cecilia.

As the church has given the greatest inspiration to the poet and the painter, so likewise she has inspired the sweet-voiced singers, carrying them beyond earth into the very realms of divine harmony.

Cecilia, whom we venerate as a virgin and martyr, was born in Rome, during the third century, though there seems some doubt as to the exact time. Her parents were Christians, but being of high distinction in Rome, practiced their faith in secret. Cecilia was thus early instructed in the saving faith by a pious mother, and her own sweetness of soul and gentleness of disposition led on in the practice of virtue which she attained in a high degree.

From her earliest years she manifested a great love of music, as she soon gave evidence of extraordinary skill in its execution. Blessed with a voice of the richest melody and of the greatest power, she joined both vocal and instrumental music in the praise of her Creator.

The fame of her gifts was known far and near, and coupled with her surpassing beauty made her a favorite with all classes, and ranked her as perhaps the most charming young woman in Rome.

But with full consciousness of her superior advantages—with the full promise of a life of ease and social triumph—she nevertheless spurned all these, and as all her music was directed toward God, so also her words tended ever to His praise, and were most plentiful in prayer. She loved not the gay assemblages of the amphitheater nor the sensuous gayety of the "baths." She sought not the admiration of Rome's gallant warriors, nor would it delight her to display her charms before less fortunate but more aspiring maids and matrons. Hers was from choice a hidden life, where she nourished far from surging throngs the gifts of God, and daily grew in that strength of soul that later on enabled her to lay down her angelic soul on the altar of love—a proof that the highest love of which humanity is capable filled her pure soul to the fullest.

She had early vowed her virginity to God, though this fact was unknown to her parents. They had their projects for her future life, and desired that she should marry Valerian—then one of Rome's most promising young men.

She complied with her parents' wishes, but on the revelation of her secret to Valerian, not only succeeding in winning his consent to keep her vow but also converted him to Christianity. He was told by Cecilia that an angel guarded her night and day. He desired to see that being, but was told that he could not now, but would later on. He hastened to Pope Urban, the then ruling pontiff, who convinced him of the truth of what his spouse had told him, and after some instruction in the truths of Christianity, Valerian was baptized, and returning saw, as he was told, the angel standing guard over his beloved bride. Kneeling down beside her, the angel crowned both with roses, and promised Valerian that he should also see his brother converted, which happened later. Both afterwards suffered martyrdom for the faith.

The scenes witnessed at her death were most extraordinary. She was first partly dipped in boiling oil, but came out uninjured. She was then wholly plunged into the boiling vat, and again taken out without any visible sign of injury. Later she was beheaded, and sweet prayers voiced in angelic song ascended heavenward during all the tortures a barbarous executioner could invent.

Thus ended, at the age of twenty, a life whose tender sweetness still fills the world—whose melodious voice seems still to ring out amidst the chaos of men's discordant strife—a life whose every note is so dear to posterity that

men justly proclaim St. Cecilia the patron of music—the patron of that art whose power Timotheus could use only to play on men's hearts and there excite passions that but slumbered—but whose influence under the hand of the divine Cecilia tended to lift men to ethereal regions, to soothe the tortured souls of men, to refine and thus lead them to that realm whence music comes. Men knew that music was heaven-born when at the advent of the Savior's coming angels sang their world-filling "Glorias" on the night that heaven gave earth its treasure and its angel choirs announced the fact in a song whose notes still reverberate through the world, announcing that Christ would again establish the harmony of creation's morn and inspire others to sing His victories when He had gone. The greatest of these is Cecilia, whose feast comes in cold and cheerless November days, when earth seems to have lost its music or confined itself to the weird dirges played on the forest's leafless boughs.

M.

### ..The Voice of Heaven...

O'er the weary, untilled meadows,  
O'er the fields of uncut grain,  
Through the dells and mossy shadows,  
Comes a tone of love and pain;  
Like a breath from out the blue,  
Hear it calling, calling you.

Yea, Incarnate Love is sighing,  
Soul, be swift and meek to hear!  
In its tenderness undying  
Like an angel's pitying tear;  
Flute-like, stealing from the blue,  
Hear it calling, calling you.

Few the reapers, worn and weary,  
Singing in the twilight dim;  
"In the Christ-light naught is dreary;  
Sweet is labor—done for Him!"  
Through the quivering crystal blue  
Hear him calling, calling you!

You He needs, and you He seeketh;  
Yours the heart-warmth He would win;  
Yours to hasten when He speaketh,  
Yours to feel His peace within.  
Nearer bends the tender blue;  
He is calling, calling you.

Sweet among the dewy grasses  
Morning songs arise to Him;  
Leave the wearisome morasses,  
Leave the sunken swamps of sin!  
Seek His grace, who, through the blue,  
Still is calling, calling you.

Light of heaven, incessant drifting  
Down upon the golden grain!  
Brings a solemn, sweet uplifting;  
Whose the labor, his the gain.  
Christ repayeth! Seek the blue,  
Answer Him who calleth you.

--Caroline D. Swan, in *Portland (Me.) Transcript*.

### ....SLEEP....

At night I board my boat  
On a still and darksome sea,  
Ah! well-a-day for me!  
'Tis wondrous we safe float.  
And the silv'ry, sailing moon  
Lights up that pleasant sea,  
Ah! well-a-day for me!  
Then gentle dreams come soon.

But we like this silv'ry moon  
And this soothing, silent sea,  
Ah! well-a-day for me!  
For 'tis nature's blessed boon,  
Though we toss restlessly  
Rocked by dream's waves with glee  
Ah! well-a-day for me!  
How sweet is dreamland's tune!

W. S. K.

## THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

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### EDITORIAL.

THE VIATORIAN extends to the students, readers, and friends, its best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

The Christmas holidays commence December 22, and end January 5. Students not returning on the day of re-opening forfeit their rights to compete for medals and honors at the end of the year.

The merry season of Christmas is again with us, a season which awakens in our hearts sentiments of true love, a season fraught with joys to both young and old, bringing pleasure and gifts to cheer the hearts of the little ones, and recollections of happy by-gone days to the old, who grow young again in their remembrance. A season when the chiming church bells seem to sprinkle, in their sweet sounds, congratulatory messages, proclaiming as did the angels on that eventful night,

nearly nineteen hundred years ago, the birth of a God-made Man to lift mankind out of their misery and corruption, a time when the choirs in Christendom join their hearts and voices to send forth His praises, and to sing as did the angelic choir to the shepherds, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Who is it that remains insensible to these acts of praise and thanksgiving, who does not feel himself moved with sentiments of gratitude and love for Him whose birth is thus celebrated.

But apart from the religious commemoration of the day, the festival of Christmas more than any other feast of the year lays claim to the warmest and deepest spot in the students' affections. This is the time for which he so patiently waited, and as the days, which to him seem so long, roll swiftly down the stream of time, he looks forward with a loving gaze, strengthened by the separation of a few months to Christmas time, when he will be united with his father, mother, brothers, and sisters under the paternal roof, there to spend a few weeks in loving companionship, renewing affections which absence has not severed. But in the happiness and joy which our reunion with loved ones bring, the student should not ignore the character of the feast day, but he should prostrate himself in spirit at the feet of the Child Jesus and embrace Him in all tenderness, entreating Him not only for the sweets of earthly peace, but for the possession of that spiritual joy which He alone can give.

It is customary for the students to have separate musical entertainments on the feast of St Cecilia's as well as on Thanksgiving day. This year, owing to the proximity of the days, the programs were combined, and an excellent musical and literary entertainment was given in the college hall Thanksgiving eve, under the able direction of Brother Desjardin.

Patrick Daniher recited "The Irish Captive" in a very effective manner. He was perhaps too affected at times but on the whole his effort was exceedingly good. The "Stringed Trio," Messrs. King, Lamarre, and Marteno, favored the audience with several beautiful selections, which drew forth great applause. Philip Dube rendered "The Old Folks at Home" with variations, on the piano, in a manner that was very captivating. John St. Cerny, of Lincoln, Ill., who was visiting his brother James, treated the students to some of his old-time melodies on the piano, and that his playing is as acceptable as of yore to the students, was clearly evinced by the bursts of applause which followed the various renditions. Mr. W. J. Burke's beautiful solo on the autoharp was very much enjoyed. Mr. Nawn sang a song entitled, "Take a Seat, Old Lady," in his own inimitable manner, and afterwards, he spoke "The Maniac" a very difficult piece to render; in this last he fairly eclipsed himself and the applause which followed was fairly deafening. Messrs. Daniher and Rainey gave a burlesque on "Trilby," the former as Svengali and the latter as the sockless cherub pro-

duced an article that DuMaurier never dreamed of.

On the whole all those who so kindly lent their aid to the little entertainment not only showed their good spirit but brought to their work all the requirements necessary to success viz, a thorough knowledge of their art and a most graceful display of the same.

#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

We have received from the American Book Company, "Stories of New Jersey," by Frank P. Stockton. The book is composed of historical incidents extending from the earliest times of Indian tradition down to the present day. It is intended to supplement the text book, and contains many excellent stories that might be read to the class with profit and pleasure. Every teacher of history realizes how dry and uninteresting to young pupils, are mere facts, considered separately and abstractly. Make a whole of them, and immediately they become interesting and intelligent. The judgment of a pupil will always depend upon his ability to generalize, and as he can form no judgment from isolated facts, he should not be allowed or compelled to memorize them. "Stories of New of New Jersey" has connected many important facts in the form of stories, which cannot fail to arouse or increase the interest in the history class. (American Book Company, Chicago, Ill., 1896.)

*The Rosary Magazine*, published by the Dominican fathers, ranks among

the best magazines published. The November number opens with the conclusion of a very interesting article on "The International Catholic University of Friburg, Switzerland. "The Month

Feast of All Saints." *The Rosary Magazine* is superb in illustration and matter, and is always deserving of the liberal patronage bestowed upon it by the Catholic public.



of the Holy Souls," is a very beautiful poem by Harriet M. Skidmore, as is also Edith Wilson's poem, "For the

The November number of the *Catholic World* contains several interesting and instructive articles. Among them

might be mentioned, "Institutes for Parochial School;" "Teachers;" "Anton Rubenstein;" "Shakspeare and the New Woman;" "Genoa and its Campo Santo,, (Illustrated.) "Two Days at La Verna;" "Among the Orange Lilies," by Rev. Father Elliott, shows the success which always attends the mission work of the Paulist fathers. Rev. A. P. Doyle discusses "The Future of Catholicity in America, With Reference to Mission Work to non-Catholics."

No magazine is better known or more highly appreciated among Catholics than the *Ave Maria*. It is one of the oldest magazines published, and its merits are recognized by thousands of readers in almost every part of the world. Its contributors include a large number of the very best literary talent to be found in this country, and in consequence the articles are always timely and well written.

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#### EXCHANGES.

One of the most pleasant features of college journalism is the arrival of exchanges. They are like so many congenial friends who, on account of their uniformity of taste and purpose, delight in one another's conversation. Again these literary friends have honored our sanctum and we are glad to welcome not only our old acquaintances but also several new arrivals.

On the first page of *The Stylus* for November there is a beautiful little poem entitled "The Priestly Hand," and so inviting are its opening lines that one instinctively turns to them

and finds his attention enlisted at once. The music of its rhythm, the simplicity of expression, and especially the spirit of devotion which pervades it all, unite to make it a work of art.

In perusing the pages of *The Owl* we notice so many articles equally worthy of commendation, that we are at a loss to decide which is really the best. "Literature," says Professor Egan, "is the personal expression of thought," and with this definition in view we do not hesitate to pronounce the *Owl's* productions real literary treats.

In the *Niagara Index* for November there are two excellent articles, namely: "The Humorous in Shakespeare" and "Ecclesiastical Music." Broadness of view and exhaustive study is plainly evinced in these themes, and we naturally conclude that the writers must be most companionable, one being as appreciative of a good joke as the other of good music.

Among our many literary friends are the *Abbey Student* of Atchison, and *The Dial* of St. Mary's, Kansas. Why there exists among Easterners such an inadequate notion of the culture of the West is, indeed, a mystery, when such able exponents of her colleges are circulated among them.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the *Transylvanian*, the exponent of the Kentucky University. It is an illustrated monthly magazine, and contains several well written articles. The verse is also of a high order. However, the real mission of college

journalism is to develop the literary faculties of the students, to give them an opportunity to express themselves in an interesting manner. In a word, to think with the pen. The *Transylvanian* is lacking in this respect for very few articles illustrate the work done by the students.

In the *Peddle Chronicle* the only fault we find, is its paucity of real literary articles. The few there are, however, are good.

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#### PERSONAL.

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—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., will assist Rev. D. O'Dwyer, at Merna, Ill., on Christmas day.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., will lend his aid to the Rev. W. Hackett, at St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Ill.

—Mr. W. P. Burke, of the seminary department, was called home on account of the serious illness of a relative, but at his return a few days later he left his friend quite recovered.

—Messrs. O'Toole and Mette, of Chicago, visited their sons at the college during the month.

—Mr. J. Sullivan, '93, New Orleans, La., spent several days at the college renewing old friendship. He is at present making a tour of the northern lines of the Illinois Central Railroad, on which road he holds a very responsible position.

—Rev. W. Kearney, assistant pastor of St. Charles Barremeo's church,

Chicago, spent Thanksgiving day at the college, with his brother Joseph, of the senior department.

—Rev. Father Lewis, superior of the Trappist Monastery, at Dubuque, Iowa, and Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Lemont, Ill., guests of Rev. W. Hackett, Kankakee, Ill., were welcome visitors at the college last month.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., spent a day in Chicago, recently, procuring many necessities for the college gymnasium.

—Mr. John St. Cerney, '96, Lincoln, Ill., was among the visitors on Thanksgiving day. John is employed at his father's hotel in Lincoln, and is also organist at the Catholic church.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., has under way a fine drama, of his own composing, which he will present at the college hall during the Christmas holidays. The play is entitled, "The Sons of Clodimir," and is in four acts. A strong cast has been chosen, and a good entertainment is promised.

—Dr. Phillip Le Sage, '86, has removed from Chicago, where he spent the last five years in hospital and private practice, to Joliet, Ill. He is located at 200 Jefferson street. Dr. Le Sage has been very successful, and we predict for him a very prosperous career in his new field of usefulness.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., went to Clinton, Ill., the 26th ult., where he delivered a lecture on "Rome, Past and Present," to a large and cultured audience, chiefly members of Rev. M. A. Dooling's parish. Dr. Ri-

vard, will also lecture in Gilman, Ill., the 8th inst.

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### FOOTBALL.

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#### KANKAKEE ATHLETICS VS. ST. VIATEURS'.

The college team played the Kankakee Athletics November 6 at the Kankakee Fair Grounds and were victorious by a score of 14 to 0. The game was well played, and very interesting except in a few instances, where Hollenbeck, and others in the Kankakee line commenced their slugging tactics, they continued their dirty playing so long, and with the seeming approbation of their umpire, that they drew upon themselves the indignation of the unprejudiced spectators. Umpire Deselm seemed to have an off day and his rank decisions caused many a wrangle. An admission fee was charged, and this had the effect of drawing a very small crowd, for although many people in Kankakee enjoy a game of football or baseball, they are very slow to attend if an admission fee is charged, but abolish the fee and you will always have crowds.

The Kankakee team was reinforced by Jones, of Momence, as half-back, but still put up a very weak game against our boys, seeming at times to be lost. For the College boys, O'Dwyer, Moore, Daniher, Corcoran, and Denault, carried off the honors. Moore made the most sensational play of the game, a 43-yard run for a touch-down. O'Dwyer and Daniher did great tackling, and as interferers they were irresistible, mowing down every-

thing in their paths. Denault and Corcoran were frequently called from the line for good gains. The center and guards as usual were as impregnable as Gibraltar, and attempts by the Kankakees to pierce the line resulted in a loss every trial.

The game in detail:

Play started at 3:00 o'clock. Captain Snyder won the toss and chose the east goal. St. Viateur kicked off, 40 yards. Peck returned the ball 8 yards, and Kankakee immediately lost on downs. Denault immediately circled Kankakee end to 25 yard line. O'Dwyer tried kick from the field and failed, ball returned to 10-yard line. For Kankakee Jones went around end for 19 yards where they lost on downs. O'Dwyer then, without any interference, broke through the line of Kankakee players and by dodging and knocking men aside made a great run of 29 yards for a touch-down, but failed on goal; 4 to 0; time, 9.00.

Deselm kicked 25 yards to Corcoran who returned ball 15 yards. At this juncture Kankakee took a brace and captured the ball on downs, then not moving three yards either way the ball passed back and fourth three times, St Viateur's finally taking the pigskin. Then came the play of the day. The signal was given for a criss-cross from Hunt to Moore and so cleverly was it worked that the entire Kankakee eleven presumably followed Hunt with the ball leaving Moore to scamper to goal over a free field. O'Dwyer again failed on goal; 8 to 0; time, 18 minutes.

Only two minutes of play remained

for the first half, and at the call of time St. Viateur had the ball on their opponents' 25-yard line. After ten minutes intermission, the Athletes again lined up for a last struggle. Peck kicked off to Hunt on the 45-yard line. Hunt was downed after a 5-yard return, then with the ball nearly in the center of the field there commenced a struggle that was waged fiercely for fifteen minutes, the ball in the meantime going from one side to the other with surprising rapidity, finally, by a series of end rushes, O'Dwyer, Moore, and hunt covered the ball to the 5-yard line, and then it was an easy matter to push O'Dwyer over the goal line. In the scrimmage O'Dwyer lost the ball, but Denault immediately fell on it scoring the last touch down of the game. O'Dwyer kicked goal. Score 14 to 0; time 17 minutes.

Deselm kicked off to Devane who was downed after a 3-yards gain. St. Viateur's lost on downs, and aided by the approaching darkness, Jones and Peck were able to elude our men and soon the ball was on our 5-yard line. A touchdown seemed inevitable, but after two attempts to pierce the line, and just as they were attempting a kick from field, the referee's whistle sounded, the contest was over, and Kankakee was again blanked. The line up:

## KANKAKEE.

Taylor.....Right End.....Denault  
Brosseau.....Right Guard.....Harkins  
Hollenbeck...Right Tackle.....Corcoran  
Snyder.....Center.....Armstrong  
Durham.....Left Tackle.....Devane

Matthew.....Left Guard.....Legris  
Bonfield.....Left End.....Kennedy  
Wilber.....Quarter-Back.....Daniher  
Peck.....Right Half-back.....Hunt  
Jones.....Left Half-back.....Moore  
Deselm.....Full-back.....O'Dwyer

Umpire, Deselm; linesman, St. Cerny; referee, Kenoga; touchdown, O'Dwyer, Moore, Denault; goals, O'Dwyer, 1; time of halves, 20 minutes.

## THANKSGIVING DAY'S GAME.

## KANKAKEE A. C. VS. ST. VIATEUR'S.

After vainly trying to arrange a game with Momence for Thanksgiving Day, our manager, in order to fill the date, again played the team from Kankakee, and as usual the college team won, 10 to 0.

Manager Deselm, of the Kankakees, smarting under the two former defeats put forth extraordinary efforts to capture this contest, to retrieve some of Kankakee's lost glory. For this end he imported Dixon, a regular substitute from the University of Illinois team, for left end, and played Turner, a strong local player, behind the line instead of Jones; but all his arrangements came to naught; the college team were as invincible as ever, and the condition of the gridiron was all that prevented a much larger score. Owing to the threatening weather a very small crowd was present, but enthusiasm ran high among Kankakee's supporters when the first half ended without either side having scored. The grounds were a veritable swamp, and consequently fine plays were impossible. Both sides relied mostly on bucking the line, and St. Viateur's, though much the lighter team, held

the heavy weights from our neighboring city from making any great gains. Special mention must be made of the individual playing on Daniher and O'Dwyer, especially the former, who time and again threw himself in front of the tottering line, with no regard whatever for his own safety. Goal kicking was out of the question considering the slimy condition of the ball, and the driving wind and rain.

Two halves of 15 minutes were played, owing to the lateness in starting. The game in detail:

Captain Harkins won the toss and chose the north goal, giving Kankakee the ball. Deselm kicked off 15 yards to Denault who returned 5 yards before being downed, then up and down the field surged the mass of players, St. Viateurs gaining and losing and Kankakee doing the same. On the Kankakee 25-yard line O'Dwyer was called upon to punt, but slipped and Peck fell on the ball; at this moment a blinding rain storm burst with all its fury over the field and both teams sought shelter; when the rain had abated somewhat the field was covered with water to the depth of two inches. Our boys were in favor of postponing the game, but Kankakee, in possession of the ball on their 20-yard line, naturally were anxious to play and to secure, if possible (what they have been vainly trying for two months to get, viz, a touchdown). Our team lined up determined to prevent this, and they succeeded admirably. Two attempts at center were repulsed without a gain and Deselm was forced to kick, Hunt grabbed the ball but was immediately

downed, then St. Viateur's gradually forced the pigskin to the center of the field where it remained in their possession when the referee's whistle announced the end of the first half.

After a few minutes intermission they again faced each other, Sammon taking Moore's place at right half-back. Dixon kicked off to Sammon who ran until the Kankakees were nearly upon him and then passed the ball to Hunt who made a good gain before being brought down. Then the college team with an energy born of desperation carried the ball to within 5 yards of the goal, and when a mighty push sent O'Dwyer over for a touchdown, twenty-two men lay in a heap, to clinch as it were the victory. A mighty shout went up from the students at this time, which seemed to invigorate the college team, and take all the confidence out of their opponents. O'Dwyer kicked a difficult goal; score, 6 to 0; time 6 minutes.

Peck kicked off to Denault and St. Viateur's retained the ball until O'Dwyer in three minutes play was again pushed through the now thoroughly demoralized Kankakee team, for another touchdown; he failed on goal; score, 10 to 0; time, 9 minutes.

Peck's kick was returned by Devane 10 yards. Kankakee then took a brace and secured the ball on downs, they were given 25 yards for holding in the lines and piling on, and again visions of a goal floated before eyes, but time was lacking for this, and the ball was left on their 5-yard line where the referee's whistle called all from the field, and the Kankakees for the third

successive time were compelled to swallow a bitter defeat.

The Kankakees defeated Momence by a score of 6 to 0, and as St. Viateur's have demonstrated on three occasions that they are Kankakee's superiors on the gridiron, there can be no doubt left as to the championship of the county belonging to us. All the success which the team has attained is in a great measure due to the abilities of Captain Harkins, who, by faithful training and continuous practice has made from a squad of players with but little knowledge of the scientific parts of the game, a team that can creditably represent our institution against any of the minor colleges of the state. The line-up:

KANKAKEE.	ST. VIATEUR'S.	
Hollenbeck.....	Right Guard.....	Harkins
Durham.....	Right Tackle.....	Devan
Matthew.....	Right End.....	Denault
Snyder.....	Center.....	Armstrong
Dixon.....	Left End.....	Kennedy
Brosseau.....	Left Tackle.....	Devane
Bonfield.....	Left Guard.....	Legriss
Wilber.....	Quarter-back.....	Daniher
Peck.....	Right Half-back.....	Hunt
Turner.....	Left Half-back.....	Moore
Deselm.....	Full Back.....	O'Dwyer

Goals—O'Dwyer, 1; touchdowns, O'Dwyer, 2; substitutes, Sammon for Moore; referee, Griffin; umpire, Hawkins; linesman, Kenoga. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

A gymnasium has been started in the room formerly occupied as the students' billiard room. All the modern apparatus, such as turning poles, parallel bars, rings, punching bags, Indian clubs, dumb bells, boxing gloves, etc., have been secured and fitted in the room in first class shape, and now the students whom the weather

prevents from outdoor play can exercise to their heart's content. They are arranging an athletic program for the near future.

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#### VIATORIANA.

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—1896.

—Adieu.

—Home.

—Stock.

—Luney.

—Christmas.

—Stockings.

—Ring the bell.

—Bro. Hermit.

—You are bias.

—Thanksgiving.

—Say, gentlemen.

—Just because its K.

—Watch me, I can do it.

—He talked the light out.

—I got it up in my trunk.

—They had a No. 2 concert.

—That's a purty long square.

—That was a big iron glass tube.

—Who said Mr. Casey struck out?

—They are conspiring against me.

—Mr. K. is quite a football player.

—A little more gentlemanly manners.

—Who hit the dog, what with, and where?

—Kill the moth—a butterfly.

—*De fistibus non explicandum.*

—Ain't I good, look at *me* do it?

—You ruffians, I'll equilibriize ye.

—He gets an hallucination once a day.

—U-u-u-umph? I was under a pile.

—My friends, why are we assembled here?

—I wish I could run away from my shirt.

—Why, we have six saints in *our* family.

—Look out where you put your foot, Dominie.

—Who said there wasn't a lunatic in Chicago?

—It was just copper caps made out of metals.

—Are them there square things pumpkins?

—Say, what time is it? Just up to the minute.

—Give me a pill for my knee, will you please?

—I do not do care for fifty-three-cent dollars.

—Everyone in Joliet wants my uncle to be mayor.

—Go down in your yard. I'm tired, so is my wheel.

—“Capt. O'Bryan told me to go out into the office and get some Scott's Emulsion to practice football with.”

—Who said that Mr. Parallelopipe-don is a sciolist?

—This thing is broke up here whatever you call it.

—Are the comicalities of your cerebrum exhausted?

—In what direction is the balloon flying in Squedum?

—“Say, how many men will stand in 767 English feet?”

—Pickles, ginger-snaps, and milk; what a combination!

—Wait until you are in your second year before you speak to me.

—He appeared like a vision and disappeared like an apparition.

—R.—you'r an extrinsic contradiction of outward externalities.

—Mr. Sciolist says he has forgotten more than Dominie ever knew.

—Next to the “unspeakable Turk” is the indomitable R.—so he says.

—St. Cecilia's day brought out as usual some excellent musical talent.

—Who answered that question in church history? Why, I did, of course.

—“How old do you think she is? 16”  
“Get out, she's been shaving 20 years.”

—Tell that runaway asylum to come here and get his tissue papered nose-guard.

—Soon we will leave a mother to embrace a mother and leave a mother to come to a mother.

—Don't fail to come back on the appointed date if you would be a contestant for June laurels.

—We hope that after your merry Christmas and happy New Year, you will all come back in the brightest cheer.

—I almost nearly fainted when I seen that terrible and awe-stricken calamity and collision between a knowledge box and a smell-case.

—Why does a student smile whilst nature weeps, and why does his heart grow warm with love whilst the air becomes cold and bitter?

—Take home with you this lesson of the dying year: death comes in the midst of joy; and also bring back the lesson of the infant year, joy comes in the midst of death.

—On Sunday evening, November 30, there was opened a novena, in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8. Exercises were held each evening.

—On Sunday, December 6, Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., lectured on "Rome: Its Past and Present," to a large audience in All Saints parish, Chicago. The doctor made more than a temporary use of his stay in Rome, and is well qualified to treat interestingly and instructively of its many works and wonders, both ancient and modern.

—St. Patrick's Literary and Debating society will celebrate its twenty-

fourth anniversary December 12. A fitting program has been made out, and the best talent of the society will be enlisted in music (vocal and instrumental), as well as in essays and debate. The feature of the entertainment will be a debate on foot-ball, "*Resolved, That Foot-ball Promotes the Best Interests of Colleges.*" The time and study given to this question by those concerned warrants us in saying that the subject will be thoroughly canvassed and the debate will be hotly fought.

—"The Sons of Clodomer," an original drama, by Rev. M. J. Marsile, will be presented by the students during Christmas week. It is replete with life and incident, and runs in the classic French, of which Father Marsile is a master. Those who witness this play will have a treat, both in the play itself and in its presentation. New costumes have been procured, and all that will tend to help the staging effects has been procured. The exact day of its presentation has not yet been announced, but will be later in the local papers.

—A few days' good skating were enjoyed by the students the last week of November. The boys made three trips to the quarry pond, near Kankakee, and there found the ice in good condition and the fun plentiful.

G. M. PHELPS,  
M.D., D.D.S.

F. S. TINSLAR,  
D.D.S.

DRS. PHELPS & TINSLAR  
DENTISTS.

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