

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 25

JANUARY 1908

NUMBER 4

WHERE MAN RISES AND FALLS

D. J. McAuliffe '09.



MAN is the noblest work of God. Nowhere upon the earth shall we find a specimen of the Creator's handiwork fairer and more enrapturing to the sight, for he is endowed with mighty faculties, a spiritual excellence, and a perfection greater than can be found in the whole material universe. To him the material world, with its variety of living beings, is subservient and whenever brute creation yields to his demands and needs, it proclaims him lord. Were man fully conscious of the dignity he possesses, of the grandeur encompassed within the precincts of his mortality, he would strive to live in keeping with his honor, to garnish what he has of splendor, to nourish what is lasting; but sad to say, he is often forgetful of these and so far so as to give himself to practices that tarnish his honor, endanger his excellence, and that leave him no distinctive mark to separate him from the rest of brute creation.

In no practice does he guard more carefully the excellencies of soul and body than in that of temperance, and in none does he so divest himself of all his grandeur than in its opposite, intemperance. The virtue of temperance consists in the exercise, which may become a fixed habit, of moderating and restraining the appetite. No virtue is more difficult to acquire; none more essential for that higher attainment of man; none contributes more to preserve, strengthen, purify and illumine human life. This golden mean of moderation in what pertains to the sensible appetite cannot be kept perfectly without constant checks upon the cravings of the passions—that is, without sometimes practicing mortification by denying ourselves allowable pleasures. Concupiscence is like a fiery steed, which must be early broken in and controlled ever afterwards with a firm hand. Especially is this virtue of temperance commendable and necessary to us young men who are now in the morn of manhood, a time when the vista of the future, with all its possibilities of fame or disgrace, looms up before us; a time when

we must cultivate a high regard for rectitude; when our future hangs in the balance of either moral life or moral death; when the sovereignty of our choice will either seek the high ideals, or rest content with the yearnings of the brute. If we are desirous of attaining true success in this strenuous world of today we must ever restrain our sensible appetites, training them to follow the guidance of our reason and thus, and thus only, will we assure both our temporal success and our higher spiritual perfection. We should vigorously exclude those things from our scheme of life which tend to weaken our will, and disintegrate our character.

There are many things which we young men indulge in, which, though not sinful when used in moderation, yet they are injurious and pernicious to us, for they are too apt to become a second nature. One of these is indulging in intoxicants. This habit is evil in itself for a young man whose character is in the formation period, but it is worse still in that it leads to other and still grosser habits. Around the habit of drinking clusters a host of vices ruinous to soul and body. Now, to value the greatness of this virtue of temperance one has only to observe and know the baneful effects of the opposite vice. In this boasted age of wisdom and improvement, in this land eulogized as the home of all that is pure, all that is noble, and all that is virtuous, what a vast number do we not see degraded to the level of a brute by intemperance. No matter where we may look, this demon drink is ever present. It is found in every corner of every state's metropolis; it is found in every quaint and modest village; it is found both in the home of the poor and the rich. Estimate if you can, this awful tragedy of sin, and of soul misery, and of intellectual and moral degradation, attendant upon this vice. Estimate if you can the havoc wrought upon society and upon man himself by the cup that inebriates.

Intemperance strikes at the very foundation of society. At its door is laid ninety per cent of all the crimes of the present day. It is the cause of a majority of defalcations and murders which are filling our jails and almshouses full to overflowing. It is the cause of the tearing asunder of a great many marriage ties. It is the cruel demon that has made many homes a hell upon earth by robbing loving wives of their dreams of happiness, joy and peace in this world, and bringing upon them poverty of the direst form, blighted beauty, premature old age, and a broken heart. Sad indeed is the life of a drunkard's wife. Death, with all its horror, is sweet to her; the touch of its skeleton hand is warm and soft to her and as welcome as the hand of a deliverer. The sepulcher in a mid-winter's night is a queen's palace compared to her home. Painful indeed is the blow, not upon

her head, but upon her tender heart, and terribly shall the anger of God be visited upon him, who had caused such undeserved misery. The criminal class in our country are generally the offspring of drunkards; and is it any great wonder? For what can be learned at the house of a drunkard, who is degraded in body and mind, a home where disorder, poverty and strife are ever in the ascendant? Or, how can neglected children, associated with none superior to themselves, acquire a single good habit, or experience a single train of wholesome ideas, in the absence of parental care, in their desolate homes? What patriotic, generous, or virtuous sentiments can be expected from such homes.

Consider next the baneful effects of this vice upon man himself. First, it is one of the most terrible plagues to the individual health. It produces the most varied and fatal diseases of the body and mind—paralysis, dropsy and madness. It aggravates and intensifies all acute diseases, which attack a temperate man only in a mild degree, but quickly overcome the intemperate. Drink is an enemy of every perfection of man. It benefits him neither physically nor spiritually. It robs him of his reputation, of his friends, of his wife, of his family, and of domestic happiness; in fact, of everything. Besides it brings upon him a slavery from which there is scarcely any liberation; a slavery so horrifying that we are unable to picture to our imagination anything more appalling. Where shall we find a more heart-rending sight than that of a young man overcome by his cravings for strong drink? But a few years ago he possessed the attributes of an angel, now he is possessed of the very devil. What a change comes over him, who had hoped to bring honor upon his family name! What sorrow does he not bring to his mother as he staggers home in the early hours of the morning—drunk! Deprived of his reason, he will sometimes strike that mother, and heap upon her the most vile curses. Yes upon her, his only true friend now, who had waited and watched for his return, through the long hours of night. Harkening to his footsteps she opens the door for him and helps him in every way possible, hoping against hope that by her tenderness she will be able to turn him from his erring way. But alas, the fiend drink drags him down, down; at times he makes spasmodic efforts at reform, where for every step he was raised by the efforts of himself and loyal friends, he slips back two. Gradually he settles into the mire of despondency and his friends and his own family despair of his rehabilitation. He absents himself now for weeks at a time, during which his life is worse than a pariah dog. Finally there appear a few lines in a newspaper about how a tramp had died in the filth of a farmer's barn—the same poor wretch who had begged pennies to keep him in drinks, who

had haunted the free lunch end of the bar until driven away with kicks and curses, snatching what scraps of food he might while the bartender's back was turned. Could anything be sadder than this? Yet such pitiful cases occur every day. Thousands and thousands of young men are marching towards a drunkard's death. We see them all around us.

Despite the horrors of this prevailing vice of intemperance it still grinds on. To liberate the race from its grasp baffles philosophy, confounds theories, mocks at woman's tears, and paralyzes childhood's pleadings. The evil has been fought by well meant prohibition laws, high license and local option, all of which have signally failed to modify the evil. To young men of today there is a great danger lurking in the treating habit to which we Americans are addicted, in our desire of showing our good-fellowship. To avoid the many evils which lurk about the drinking of intoxicants it would be most beneficial for us to practice total abstinence. Even when used in moderation stimulants cost some money; their use involves loss of some time, and besides they are injurious to the health. The odor of whiskey in these days cheapens a man in the business world and makes it hard for him to get or retain a good position. Look at the men who attain success in the professions and in the business world; do they waste their time in a bar-room? Study the "cocktail brigade" and see if they are the men who get or accomplish things. Total abstinence is a term we young men seem not to fancy; it smacks of "puritanism" of "sumptuary laws," of prohibition and even intolerance. We even have a prejudice against the total abstainer and think he must be a narrow, ascetic individual. In college life he is scoffed at, and many a college student has taken his first drink against his conscience and early training because he wanted to make good with his companions; he wanted to be considered a "good fellow." To students the practice of temperance is indispensable, for without it we cannot hope to build up either a great mind or a strong body. Moderation is to the mind and character as regular exercise is to an athlete. Therefore, if we inure ourselves to daily habits of self sacrifice, to consecrated efforts and energetic action, we shall stand firm like a house built upon a rock, though the storms and blasts of temptation rage around, whilst our jelly-fish, timid and softer companions are carried along with the winds.



A Defense of Immigration

J. A. WILLIAMS '09



IN WRITING upon the subject of immigration we touch upon an issue that has for several years absorbed the attention of great men, who have taken an active part in the affairs of the country; and which still remains one of the most vital, the most important questions of our fair land. By saying that immigration is of vital importance, I mean that it is necessary and that it is expedient to the country. Immigration is an immense gain to the United States in many ways. In fact, America itself has been made possible only through immigration. Immigration is a source of strength to our nation; it is an important factor in our industrial and commercial world; it is helpful to religion; in fact, it is a numerical, it is an industrial, it is a physical, it is a moral and it is a religious gain to both the state and the church. If it had not been such, immigration would have been restricted many years ago, for our forefathers, the past political heroes, the builders of our nation, far excelled in justice, in law and in politics, our petty plotters, our intriguing power-seeking, graft-mongers of the present day.

As the abundant rain that falls upon our verdant earth refreshes the vari-colored flowers of the fields, revives the beautiful foliage of the forest, nourishes the arid plains and swells the mountain streamlets that flow in rippling swiftness to the sea—so immigration strengthens the arm of national power, it revives and nourishes the vitality of the nation, it increases industrial and commercial pursuits and acts as a stimulant to our holy religion.

Ever since that bright October morning in 1492, when first Columbus came in sight of the New World, immigrants have been pouring into our country, from the east and from the west. This tide of human beings has become swollen year by year with people from many nations and has reached such gigantic proportions that in a single month the number of immigrants has been so great that it exceeds the population of some of our western states. Has the incoming of these numerous bands of human beings been detrimental to our national, industrial and commercial interests, to religion, and to the nation. No. Who among us cannot boast of an Irish, a French, a German or other foreign ancestry? Very few. I dare say. And yet you would ask that the opportunity by which it was possible that you are today what you are, be denied

to others, who seek a home in this our native land. Was it not our immigrant forefathers who built our flourishing cities. Built them out of the primeval forest, on mountain slopes, or on the almost endless stretch of prairie? Who was it that fought our nation's battles? Who was it that built our universities and colleges? Was it the aboriginal tribes that inhabited this continent, when first Lief Ericson saw its verdant shores or when the great Italian navigator for the first time stood on American soil? No. It was the offspring of a heterogeneous race that has made America what it is today—for America has been made possible only through immigration. Without it the New World would have remained the wild abode of nomadic savages; it would have remained that extensive maze of tangled forests, of lofty, unexplored mountains, of myriad unknown lakes and streams and of endless wastes of prairie land that it was when first it became known. I say that America has been made possible only through immigration.

Taking a retrospective glance over the history of our country we see the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers struggling against and surmounting the many hardships and trials in a strange unknown land; we see clearly depicted before us the sufferings and miseries of the early Virginian settlers at Jamestown; further on we see the Spanish and French in Florida, and again we see such men as Juniper Serra, Marquette, Joques, Joliet and a host of other saintly men, going to the north, to the south and to the west, spreading the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and carrying civilization into the unknown regions of this unexplored new hemisphere. It is to these early settlers upon our shores, who sought freedom and religious liberty and also to preach the gospel, that is ascribed the laying of the foundation of what was to be the grandest and fairest country under heaven; it was these early settlers, who became the fathers of a future race, whose love of liberty, of justice and of law, has placed America in the front rank of great modern nations; it was they who have made America what it is today.

Immigration is proving every day to be an immense national gain. This constant current of immigration is a source of national strength. Year after year we acquire hundreds of thousands of new and valuable citizens who stimulate the vitality of the government and feed and nourish the nation. These men become patriotic upbuilders of the national strength, the valiant and loyal defenders of the interests of the nation in every field; they become our soldiers and our voters, our artisans, our mechanics, our leaders in the world of letters, our great politicians, and it is needless to say that they are loyal to the land of their adoption. As a general rule these immigrants are full grown men and wo-

men, ready to do service, ready to do battle with the difficulties of life. The United States has not expended a single dollar on their upbringing, nor has it spent vast amounts for their education. It is quite evident that the acquisition of such citizens is as clear a gain to us as their departure is a clear loss to the country whence they came. That their leaving the home country is accounted a great loss is proven from the very fact that European nations, as Ireland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Canada and others are trying to stay the tide of emigration and are taking every possible means to prevent it. In Norway, where the number of emigrants is equivalent to one per cent of the yearly population, King Haakon has arranged a plan by which farmers may take up "homesteads" as in America. In Austria-Hungary, where the majority of productive estates are owned by the nobility, Emperor Francis Joseph is purchasing the most valuable tracts and is imitating the Norwegian king in the distribution of the various lands. In Ireland we have already seen the effect of the Gaelic Revival, which is in some degree simply another method of reviving loyalty and love for the mother country. What emigration has done for Ireland may be clearly shown by this quotation from a prominent author: "In traveling through Ireland, it is a sad thing, indeed, to see the ruins of her once beautiful sanctuaries and her famous seats of learning, but sadder still is the absence of her youth, her young men and women." Spain, to whom we owe the exploration, colonization and civilization of nearly the whole of Central and South America, and also of our glorious west, has prohibited emigration altogether. In Germany the government is perfecting a scheme of better wages and it is this only that has kept many Germans from our shores. The loss to other foreign countries has been so great that special ambassadors have been deputed to visit America and sound the opinions of their fellowmen concerning the conditions and also to bring every inducement to bear upon them in order to persuade them to return to their mother country. Many other examples could be quoted in which we could prove that foreign countries are awakening to the fact that they are losing every year the best of their citizens, and that they are clear gain to the country whither they go. Therefore, it is expedient that America should, in sheer self-interest, welcome the immigrants with open arms. It may be said that America has become the receiving station for Europe—where foreign countries are fast getting rid of their diseased, maimed, deformed and blind citizens, or the place to which Europe is sending its undesirable citizens and criminals, but this is a groundless objection. In all our larger seaports there are government inspection offices, through which each immigrant must pass and undergo a rigorous physical examination

as well as a mental one. If it is found that the individuals are in any way diseased or otherwise unfit, they are not only hindered from remaining on American soil, but deported and sent to their native land, being declared unfit to become American citizens.

Considering this problem of immigration in an industrial or commercial sense, I would say, it is again an immense gain. For the most part our industries are operated by means of skilled and unskilled labor from abroad. Who was it that built our railroads and canals in the thirties and forties? Were they not the sturdy and willing sons of Ireland? And what are these same men today? Why they are the presidents of these railroads, and moreover they are the mayors of a hundred cities. This is not the only instance where immigrants or their offspring are now classed as our highest officials. Such men as President Roosevelt, Secretary Bonaparte, Governor Hughes of New York, ex-Mayor Dunne of Chicago, and hundreds of others could be mentioned. And the history of yesterday is repeated today, for today we rely upon the foreigner to do our hard labor. Go to our mines and factories and see who is doing our unskilled work. Do we find there our native Americans? No, but we find that foreigners of every nationality are performing our menial tasks; and why? Because the average American prefers to do other work; for it is a well-known preference of the native American to do work which demands the exercise of intelligence rather than of muscle. Still, the wheels of industry must be kept in motion, and if we restrict this influx of necessary laborers we must necessarily place in jeopardy the industrial pursuits and commercial enterprises of our country both at home and abroad. These newly-acquired citizens give America a wholesale advertisement in their correspondence with their relations and friends abroad, and this perhaps is the reason that in some countries, American goods are preferred to those which their own country produces. It is a general rule that where there is material plenty, there we find the needy of other lands, and it is for this reason that so many immigrants journey hither, and not for the reason of flying from justice. "A largely increasing population spells affluence in general and in the concrete" and thus it will be seen that it would be detrimental to our industries and commerce, to turn away these human beings from our shores.

From a moral or religious view point, immigration is a priceless advantage to our country. The immigrants may be poor in this world's goods, but they are consequently more attached to their religion, which is a source of great comfort to them, as our venerable Cardinal James Gibbons tells us in one of his recent public utterances. The new-comers in large numbers hale from lands where the Catholic religion is still strong—from such countries as

Poland, Ireland, Italy and Austria, whose very history has been so connected with the affairs of the church that when we speak of one, we must necessarily mention the other. The advent of these new Catholics is a stimulus to the true faith and the interests of the church; they assist in rearing our magnificent cathedrals and churches, in erecting and maintaining our Catholic educational institutions which compare with any in America. They do more; they are the rulers and guides of the Catholic Church itself. Look at the illustrious list of Irish, German and French names that denotes the rulers of the American hierarchy. It is needless to say that the immigrants donate to various charities; they do more. They have hospitals, asylums, orphanages and clubs for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. These are the ones that have the spirit of the true faith. If we were to allow the restriction of immigration we would have many more defections among Catholic Americans, and this would become a menacing danger to our holy religion and perhaps result in such a state of affairs as we have in France today. As a general rule, these people rear large families and are thus a source of numerical strength to both the state and the church. This is considered a very important factor when we consider that race suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent among native Americans. It would be absurd and foolish to declare that the majority of immigrants that come to our shores are the very essence of wickedness and the personification of vice. Let us resent such a vile calumny and let us boldly assert that our country acquires hundreds of thousands of valuable christian citizens every year, who are the mainstay of both church and state. I do not claim that all immigrants are the exemplars of virtue. As in a flock of sheep, it happens that there is a black one, and that sometimes there may be a white crow, so we admit that among immigrants we may have some that are wholly bad. But it is not the foreign quarters of our larger cities that are nests from which come the inmates of our reformatories, our poor houses or asylums, or our prisons, for one-half of the inmates of these various institutions are not the naturalized citizens of the United States, but the offspring of our native born Americans. We see also that irreligion and dishonesty are chiefly found among our native Americans and that this foreign element is one of moral strength to the nation, because of their strong religious convictions and because of the generally upright lives they lead.

America then has good reason to be grateful for immigration and ought to welcome the right kind of immigrants with open arms, for they are the strength and the power of the land; they are the upbuilders and the defenders of the country; they are the vitality and the life of both the church and the state.

BERT COLBURT

J. G. KILEY '11

"The youth who stands about the 'gym' and never tastes of sport;
The lad who's always dreaming of the girl he used to court;
The jay who's left the harvest to come away to school;
The doll who's known to all of us as 'mamma's precious jewel':
Each has some noble trait in him if we could find it out,
Perhaps this college life is soil to make a good plant sprout."

—Mr. Auliffe.



HERE'S no getting around it, fellows; Bert Colburt is a disgrace to the class." and to emphasize his words big Ben Hurton, varsity half-back, star first baseman, and many other things, removed a huge bull dog pipe from between his teeth and shook it menacingly at a roomful of smiling admirers. "Yes sir," he concluded, "Colburt is a sissy for fair and the best thing we can do is to undertake a little cure on our own accounts."

"That's the noise," spoke up Parsons. Parsons was the varsity quarterback and had a right to speak up. "A guy that's as yellow as that fellow-deserves a trimming and if I'm not mistaken we're just the gentlemen to administer said trimming."

Hurton smiled broadly and tilted his chair back a little more. Over in the corner Benton recrossed his feet on the table and looked very serious. "Then again, boys," he corrected, "you forget that the college forbids hazing in any form."

"Hazing!" interposed Curley Jennings. "Preposterous! Far be it from this select little gathering to even contemplate anything so dishonorable. This little affair will merely go down in history as a deplorable accident."

"Oh cut out the big words and get down to business. If we're going to cure our thin friend lets go about it in some order."

"That's the ticket."

"Yes, and the sooner the better."

"Well, who's got any suggestions." This from Hurton, who felt elated at the interest his words had awakened and besides there was a prospect of fun ahead. "For my part, I suggest get-

ting Berty up here some evening and then putting him through a series of stunts."

"Correct, but why put it off. I move we invite his sissified majesty gently, yet firmly, to visit Ben's sanctum right now."

"Second the motion," came from Benton. There are few prefects around this time of the day and if we run things right we could pull it off to perfection."

"Sounds good to Little Willie," volunteered Parsons. "But first we ought to make sure that there will be no painful, not to say embarrassing, interruptions."

"Yes, that's so; Shorty, you run down and see if the victim is on favorable ground and incidentally keep an eye out for prefects." Shorty was mascot and errand boy as occasion demanded, and was only too glad to be of service. He donned the nearest overcoat, took a hat much too big for him and, after receiving several orders of secrecy and caution, went out.

Inside Hurton's room the time went slowly. Tobacco and matches changed hands often and many lit up. Hurton stood by the window staring out at the fast falling snow. "Good tobogganing," Benton called from the corner, and as he spoke the cry of the starter, "Look out below," came plainly up to them. Two or three looked down in time to see the long heavy sled dash down the steep incline. It was early in the winter and the slide was popular.

Three scratches sounded on the door, it was opened, and Shorty stepped quickly in. He was the center of interest now and smiled almost condescendingly. "Easy money," he announced. "Berty's over by the toboggan watching the sleds go down and there's not a prefect in sight. The report was favorable. The "select gathering" rose as one, helped each other laughingly into overcoats, and made for the door.

"Say, boys!" It was Fenton's voice, and all turned toward him. Fenton had a way about him that compelled attention; he was a quiet lad, but when he did speak, somehow or other people generally listened. "Now before we start out on our little reform movement cure, or whatever you want to call it, we want to be sure of our man." Hurton and a few others frowned, but Fenton continued: "Now is everyone here absolutely positive that this new kid needs our parental chastisement?" He paused, but as only a few heads nodded affirmatively, continued in the same strain: "You know, fellows, I came back late this year, and don't know how things have been going, but if all of you think our friend deserves it, why I'm not the one to back down. How about it?"

A shadow skipped across more than one face—a shadow that seemed to say, "I had not thought of that before." It seemed a

shame to lose a chance like this, especially after all the planning. Perhaps it was this then, more than anything else, that turned so many thumbs down. No mercy was the verdict. Somebody helped Fenton into an overcoat. The door opened and closed and the "select gathering" started for the slide.

Over by the toboggan all was excitement; it was great fun, this coasting, and the snowflakes felt so good beating against one's cheeks. True, they blinded you when the sled went fast, but what of that.

"Look out below!" The starter's voice rang out from the top and those below cheered as the long, black sled left the end of the slide to whiz by with a rush of air. How fast it went! Bert Colburt, standing there, could not keep back a little gasp. He had watched the coasting often; watched the long sled gather speed on the chute, and then skim by with the same speed and rush of air, but somehow or other he had not yet become reconciled to it. He still watched each one, fascinated, and seemed much relieved when it had passed safely by. A queer lad, was Colburt, tall, quite good looking in a way, but slow to make friends; in fact, he did not count any one's friendship, but seemed to prefer being alone. Criticism, which is always keen for a "new kid" at college, had perhaps been a trifle unkind to him. He had attempted athletics only once; it was baseball, but at the very start he had ran blushing to his room, the laughs of his schoolmates ringing in his ears. It was then at the suggestion of Ben Hurton that they called him "Sis," and the nick name had stayed with him. Some, more merciful than the rest, said—but never mind what they said. The world said that Colburt was soft, and college life, after all, is not all feathers.

Shorty was walking in front of the others. "There he is, fellows." He pointed a gloved hand and the rest saw Colburt and sauntered toward him.

"Hello, Sis," Hurton said. "Watching the coasting?"

If Colburt was surprised at this unusual friendliness his manner did not show it. He smiled, just a little puzzled, and the others crowded around. Shorty winked broadly as Hurton continued: "You see, Bert, we're having a little social affair in my room this afternoon and the fellows want to know if you would honor us with your company." Several nudged one another, and Colburt turned to look at the "fellows" who were so desirous of his company. They were the same ones who had so often jeered at him in class; the same ones who had so often laughed at him on the campus; the same ones who oftener had completely ignored him. He wondered what this change could mean, and in a flash realized that they were making fun of him. He blushed scarlet

and stammered what was meant to be regrets, but they would not hear of it and laughingly began pulling him away. Hurton and Parsons each had an arm, when Benton called attention to the slide. "Say fellows," he said, waving a hand towards the hood of the toboggan. "How's that for a heavy load?" The others turned and looked upward. A sled had been packed with heavy, smiling lads, ten in all, and as they looked, started on its slippery course. "Look out below," cried the starter, and those below scrambled out of the track. The sled gathered speed on its downward shoot and then something happened.

Nobody knew just how it was; the starter was the first to see it. He pointed, and turned a deathly pale. At the foot of the toboggan, in the very path of the speeding sled, a youngster had slipped and fallen on the ice. "For God's sake," shrieked the starter, "get the kid out of the way." But everyone only stood and stared, they seemed not to realize the little lad's danger or else, like him, were paralyzed with fright. The sled was already half way down, and still he lay there. It was well that the snow blinded ten pair of eyes, for it would do no good for them to see; they would feel the jolt and that would be all. An hour-like second passed and then—well, then something else happened. A few turned their faces away. Hurton did not see it, neither could Parsons; they had landed too heavily in the deep snow. But the rest saw it plainly. A tall form jumped from the center of Hurton's crowd, square into the teeth of the speeding sled. With his foot he pushed the lad out of danger and would have jumped himself to safety, but ice is very slippery. Those on the sled felt the jolt and wondered what it was. He was unconscious when they picked him up, but a sled was quickly brought into commission and in a few moments they had him at the doctor's. Parsons and Benton, pale-faced and panting, carried him in and the rest, a crowd had come over from the gym, waited outside.

There was a long wait. Parsons came to the door once and would have spoken, but he choked up in a queer way and went in again without saying a word. After what seemed an eternity, the doctor appeared. Coatless, perspiring and with shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, he made a queer picture for a winter's day. They crowded around and he passed his handkerchief over his forehead nervously. "Boys," he began, his voice shaking a little, "He's resting well now, but I'm sorry to say that young fellow will never be able to play ball again with you." The doctor paused and the group looked from one to the other, each one knowing what was in the other's mind. He finished weakly: "We were forced to amputate Colburt's leg below the knee."

A murmur went up and then a painful silence, a silence that

no one thought of; their thoughts were elsewhere. Someone climbed on the porch. It was Ben Hurton. "Fellows," he cried, "I've been a mut and no one knows it better than myself, but I'll tell you right now if anyone ever again connects the name of "Sis" to Bert Colburt, I'll knock his block off or know the reason why."

"Nine rahs for Colburt," a Freshie yelled, and they all took it up. Hurton led them, with hat in hand, and the cheers echoed through the quiet village. Three blocks away an old maid put both fingers in her ears and turned to her visitor. "Isn't it awful!" I do wish the boys would celebrate their victories some other way. This awful yelling grates terribly on my ears."

But inside the doctor's house the cheers fell like music on the ears of a pale youth, stretched on a bed in a darkened room.

WHY OKEMI PERISHED

I. RICE '11

SAM TOY, turkey merchant of Market street, was happy; happy only as a true believer can be, and why not? Surely, Fortune had been very good to him; he sold many turkeys and now this long hoped for time had come at last. Okemi, son of Sam Toy, had come to this land where one gets education and money so easily and was now going to the big school around the corner where so many of the little Christians went. All day long in the neat little shop at the corner, Sam Toy would sit and dream of the coming great day, that day when he and Okemi would leave this land of the unbelievers and go back to the land of their ancestors, respected and rich; back to the little mother who waited in the tiny house amid the cherry blossoms. Sam Toy hummed a little tune as he placed the matts and made ready the tea that Okemi liked so well. Each day as Okemi returned from school the two would sip their tea from the painted cups and Okemi would tell of the day at school and Sam Toy would be happy.

A month had passed when one day Okemi returned from school at an unusually early hour, with signs of recent weeping

on his youthful face. Choking with pent up tears, he told Sam Toy that he could go no more to that school where the pretty teacher gave him presents and patted his cheek with hands that were so warm and soft, and called him her little star; but it wasn't her fault, for when the big man that owned the school came in her class room and told all of the little Japanese they could come no more, didn't she cry and kiss him and tell how sorry she was and promise to come and visit him often. But how the little white pigs did laugh and make faces at him when he left. Oh, how he hated them and always would. The spark of hatred that Sam Toy had fostered in his bosom for the whites, ever since the day they had thrown stones at him and jeered, burst forth into a roaring flame when he heard this story from the lips of Okemi, his son, whom he had so fondly hoped to see an educated and honored man in the little village among the mountains that now looked so dear to him when compared to this land that he so hated.

That night Okemi's story was confirmed when Sam Toy saw the leader of the Bo Lungs, who told him that maybe Okemi could never go back to school as the unbelievers had passed laws forbidding it. What a bitterness it was for Sam Toy as he silently trudged homeward, to see the brilliantly lighted stores filled with happy holiday shoppers, who smiled and laughed and seemed to have no care or worry, while he was so filled with grief. How could he ever repay the white dogs for the insults they had heaped on him. They were too many and too strong to fight with, but what a queer look came into his eyes when he remembered that his father had been the village doctor, and when he remembered what was in the old little chest at the shop. That night Okemi was surprised when he saw his father take from a high shelf in the little shop a small box that he knew held some little bottles which his father had told him never to touch for fear of death. But why was his father bringing all of the turkeys from the cellar at this hour of the night? It was too early to arrange them for the crowds of eager purchasers that would come on the morrow to buy them, and he knew that none of the turkeys would be left in the little shop by nightfall, because were not his father's turkeys famous in San Francisco for the delicacy in which they were dressed and flavored. Well he would soon find out what all this preparation meant. But, no; Sam Toy bade him go to bed, as it was past his bed time already.

But Okemi knew how to see what his parent was doing, for peeking through the hole in the floor of their sleeping quarters, he had often seen his father count the little hoard of gold night after night. He robed himself for bed and quietly took up his position at the hole. He could see his father now. There was another man

there too, a man who frowned much and showed his teeth when he talked. What a funny thing to be doing with the turkeys. Okemi was sure his father had never taken so much trouble in dressing the turkeys before. What did it mean? He put his ear to the floor and listened. Ah so, that was it; they were going to get revenge on the cursed whites by putting some of that terrible stuff from the little bottles in the turkeys. Okemi remembered how his little dog acted when his father had given him some of the contents of the little bottles. Well, he was glad, it would serve the white curs right; they had put him out of the school and they deserved to die. He wondered why his father had not told him of the poisoning. Did he fear that Okemi, son of Sam Toy, would be a coward and tell? Okemi laughed to think of it. He got back into bed happy—happy and proud of his father.

Okemi had almost fallen asleep when he thought of her—the teacher, whose hands were so warm and soft. She had told him she would come for one of his father's turkeys. It was strange he did not feel a bit sleepy now, but sick at heart to think that she was coming. No, she must not. But what could he do! He could not tell her, that would be too much; and he dared not tell his father. He lay there thinking long after his father and the man that frowned had gone to bed. He had cried much, but now his mind was made up. There was a way out of it after all. If only the turkeys were destroyed she could not buy one. But he must be careful; he was sure his father would kill him if he were caught being dishonorable. He got out of bed and went slowly down the narrow stairs. He knew where the matches were kept, and he took many of them. It was easy to find some straw. He lit it and crept back to bed. He had intended to wait a few moments, and when it was too late to save the turkeys, wake his father. But the fatigue was too much; his little head fell back on the pillow and in a few moments Okemi was sound asleep. Down stairs the god of his fathers, the fire god that he had awakened, crept slowly but surely up the narrow, punk-like stairs, while Sam Toy, the man who frowned, and Okemi slept on unwarned.

The roof had already fallen when the fire engines arrived. And what a fire it was. The greedy flames seemed to devour everything with a lick; they shot threateningly out of the narrow windows and lit up the street for blocks. Little groups of Japanese gathered around and looked on in awe at the way their god was punishing Sam Toy. It was too late, the firemen said, to save the structure, so they let it burn, and only kept it from spreading to the other queer little houses around it, while inside somewhere in that awful heat Sam Toy, the man who frowned, and Okemi slept never to awaken.

THE VIATORIAN

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief—J. DOUGHERTY, '08.

Alumni—C. MAHONEY, '08.

Exchanges—EMMETT CONWAY, '08

Societies—A. SAVARY, '09.

Athletics—G. KILEY, '11.

Personals—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—D. McAULIFFE, '09.

Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

All business communications should be addressed. Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

EDITORIALS.

There is not a single nation on the face of the globe today that has not some well-defined need; there is something which every country feels is necessary for its well-being, for its very existence. Our own country has its peculiar need, and it is the necessity of honest men; honest statesmen, honest business men, in a word, honest citizens. In foreign lands the words "Yankee" and "grafter" are synonymous. However unpalatable this may be, it is the truth. The corruption of our politics has made even Americans stand aghast. The venality of many of our statesmen is a blot on our fair government, and the downright dishonesty, the wholesale thieveries and daylight robberies committed by great numbers of our financiers and business men foully besmirch the morality of American business enterprise. The recent stringency, whose effects are still felt more or less, was greatly due to the dishonest methods of so called enterprising business men. Think for a moment of the hardship brought on by this vice which seems to be characteristic of Americans, and you will feel your inner self crying for honest Americans. Do not hesitate to voice

these sentiments; the country will be the better if you do, and you will be voicing the sentiments of every honest citizen, every true patriot, for today we need honest men in every walk of American life or our fair nation is doomed.



The answer to the question "Should we read the classics," is so evident, that the making of such a query is apt to provoke a smile. Yet, to this question a negative answer has

What been recently given by two English novelists, and
Should by fallacious arguments it has been seemingly
We Read? proved. They say, "We are of this age and should
 stick to the books of this age." Remembering

though, that these men are novelists of today, we see at once that they are treating us to a blast on their own horns. However, there are at present too many who are of the same mind as these writers; there are at present entirely too many who neglect our classic English works, for the more modern novel. Of the modern novels, nearly ninety per cent record the meeting, courtship, marriage and living happily ever after of the hero and heroine. Is there any profit to be gained from the perusal of these productions? True, these stories are interesting, but do they display that knowledge of human life, that wealth of diction, and that power of expression to be found in Dickens, Scott or Thackeray? Moreover, as much genuine interest will be had from the perusal of these authors because they portray human nature, and that is ever the same. No true scholar is content with confining himself to a knowledge of contemporary events. He wants to know something of the past; he must know the past to shape his own life. This knowledge is to be obtained by reading the classic productions of early authors. In Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," there is combined a tale of love and war which cannot fail to arouse interest. Then, too, there is faithfully recorded the incidents of an immense epoch of history which is highly instructive. The whole story like hundreds of other classic works, is couched in the most classic of English terms. To read nothing but classics would be an error, but to read only the productions of our modern writers is a graver error, since it deprives us of all that inspiration and noble pleasure

to be derived from classical works. He is wise who chooses the middle path.



Inherent in us there is a love of what is good and no season of the year brings out this quality more conspicuously than the present when the stork of time lays at our threshold a new born year. This inherent love of the good

Resolutions. finds expression in our readiness to make resolves, towards repairing the breaches of the past, mending the rents made by our negligence in the duties assigned us, or in setting out upon some new course of action that will be helpful to others as well as profitable to ourselves. This is a season when the spirit is warm and prodigal in lending the tongue resolves, but time is a great crucible and it frequently gives back our resolutions as a composition of breath and airy nothings. Happily for us, if we could weave into the fabric of our resolutions the fibre of a determined will, then we would feel that we did more than love the good; we would feel that we helped to promote it and each closing year would bring us as much happiness as the new.



A FRAGMENT

J. G. KILEY, '11

"All is not gold that glitters,"
There's a golden hue to brass
And often the flashiest diamond
Is merely inferior glass.
The sweetest of flowers is plainest
Rank weeds rear their heads upon high,
The coolest and greenest oasis
Is oft a mirage in the sky.
The tree that is fairest is fruitless
It's usefulness ends on the hearth;
The gems that are richest lie deepest
In undisclosed depths of the earth.



Athletic Notes



Basketball.

Basketball aspirants donned the purple and gold uniforms for the first time December 18, and after five minutes of play we realized that, notwithstanding the lack of experienced players the team would undoubtedly make good.

Basketball's debut awakened a flame of- interest that should be fanned into a fancy blaze after the holidays. Knowing as he does the secondary part the "feminine game" plays in S. V. C. athletics, Captain Rainey does not look forward to a "Great Scott" schedule, but he feels confident that quite a few tussles will be pulled off with local teams without police interference.

St. Viateur's 28; K. H. S. 10.

The High School went down in defeat before the College lads December 18, at the College gymnasium, in the first game of the season. It was a well played contest from the start to the final whistle, despite the fact that the aforesaid whistle sounded just a little too often, sometimes to part wrestling rivals, but oftener for fouls, which happily were about evenly divided.

Of the High School, Healy's work at guard was the most prominent. Deselm tried some of his usual long baskets, but without his usual success. Adams performed well at forward and showed himself a star at dribbling. His basket-throwing, however, was rather poor. Maher, of the College five, showed up well at basket-work in placing four difficult ones from different angles. Carrol played a strong game at guard.

S. V. C.	Line-Up.	K. H. S.
Maher, Rice.....	right forward	Adams
Kiley.....	left forward.....	Deselm
Berry, Palmer.....	Center.....	Lee
Carrol.....	right guard.....	Haslet, Healy
Rainey.....	left guard.....	Hasker, Smith

Baskets—Maher 4, Kiley 5, Rainey 4, Berry 1, Deselm 2, Adams 2, Lee 1. Conway, referee.

St. Viateur's 9; Y. M. C. A. 7.

November 19 brought the Kankakee Y. M. C. A. down to try conclusions with the College squad. Things looked exceedingly dark for us at the beginning of play, as the Association boys proved themselves our superiors at passing the ball, and had much better

team work, but in the end basket -throwing left us victors by a narrow margin. Few fouls were called and the game was free from its usual roughness. Carrol's long basket was the feature of the evening.

S. V. C.	Line-Up.	Y. M. C. A.
Maher..	right forward.....	Snyder
Kiley.....	left forward.....	Senesac
Berry, Rainey.. . . .	center.....	Garrish
Palmer.....	right guard.....	Healy
Carrol..	left guard.....	Nutt
Baskets—Carrol 1, Kiley 3, Snyder 2, Senesac 1. Thrown		
Fouls—Maher 1, Garrish 1. Conway, referee.		

Junior's Football Team.

The Junior's football team, whose picture appears in this issue, was organized late in September, but made a creditable showing despite the fact that they were outweighed by the majority of the teams on their schedule.

They had the necessary "gameness," but were slow in acquiring that "esprit de corps" which is so essential in team work. The coach, P. F. Brown, former athletic director, claims that, had they got an earlier start, they would have won a greater number of games than they did because individually they had several splendid players. The following gives us a line on the different men:

Wright played a star game at center and enjoyed the enviable record of not making a poor pass during the season. He is well built, very aggressive, and particularly strong in defensive work.

Pellisier, guard, while not having all the qualities requisite for the position, played a good game, considering the fact that it was his first year on the team.

Sherman, at guard, is more experienced and puts up a faster game. He is an active man on breaking through to block a kick or spoil a play.

Leonard at tackle, played a steady, consistent game. He showed remarkable speed in getting through the line and breaking up the plays of an opponent. His ability in making good openings for the man with the ball and stalwart defensive playing made him a valuable lineman.

Drake, playing his first year at tackle, did not do all that might be expected of a man in this position, owing to his tendency to play too high, and over-eagerness to break through. He is a hard worker and, with a little more experience, may make a good man in that position.

Delihant at end, was perhaps the hardest worker on the team,



JUNIORS' FOOTBALL TEAM

O'Neil, r. h.	Warner, q.	Brown, coach.	Dwane, f. b. (Capt.)	Corcoran, l. h.
Leonard, r. t.	Pelissier, r. g.	Wright, c.	Sherman, l. g.	Drake, l. t.
Legris, r. e.	Weatherby, sub.	Corcoran, sub.	Delihant, l. e.	

always the first man on the field for practice and the last to leave it. He was good at all-round end work, tackled hard, never drawn in, reliable in giving interference, and very active in getting down the field under a punt, generally retaining the distance gained by his fearless diving tackles. Bobbie's ability to catch the forward pass on a run, while half-way turned and get away with it, made him a valuable man on the offensive.

Legris, while not possessing the aggressiveness of Delihant, played a good game on the other end of the line. He was ever on the alert to secure a fumble, or intercept the forward pass, and in addition to this was a fast man in carrying the ball and in getting down the field under kicks.

Warner at quarter back, is undoubtedly a born player, and with age and experience will give a good account of himself when on the "varsity." Not only does he handle a team well, but is an excellent punter, and executes the forward pass with remarkable accuracy. Roy is a strong and sure open field tackler, brilliant at catching punts and running them back, and a goal kicker of no mean ability. In this department he would have shown up much better if playing behind a stronger line.

Dwane at fullback, is the most experienced player on the squad, having completed his third year in that position. He is a "Stonewall" in backing up the line and the fiercest tackler on the team. This, together with his ability to give splendid interference for the other backs, makes him an ideal man for the position. He is well built, remarkable in keeping his feet and pulling along the man with the ball.

Finally, Capt. "Michael," is always there with the "goods" when it is a question of a few yards to make the required distance.

O'Neil at halfback, was a very consistent ground gainer, clever at diagnosing the plays of opponents, strong on breaking up the interference, a hard and at times almost reckless tackler, and a man that was very difficult to stop when in possession of the ball.

Corcoran played a good game at the other half, but lacked the dash and aggressiveness that always characterized the playing of O'Neil. However, "Mel" made a good running mate for him and managed to be present where most needed.

Corcoran, Eug., after being supplanted at quarter by Warner, performed the not altogether agreeable task of all-round substitute. He managed to persuade Coach Brown to let him alternate with "Mel" at half in several of the games, and was, perhaps, superior to his brother when it came to defensive playing.

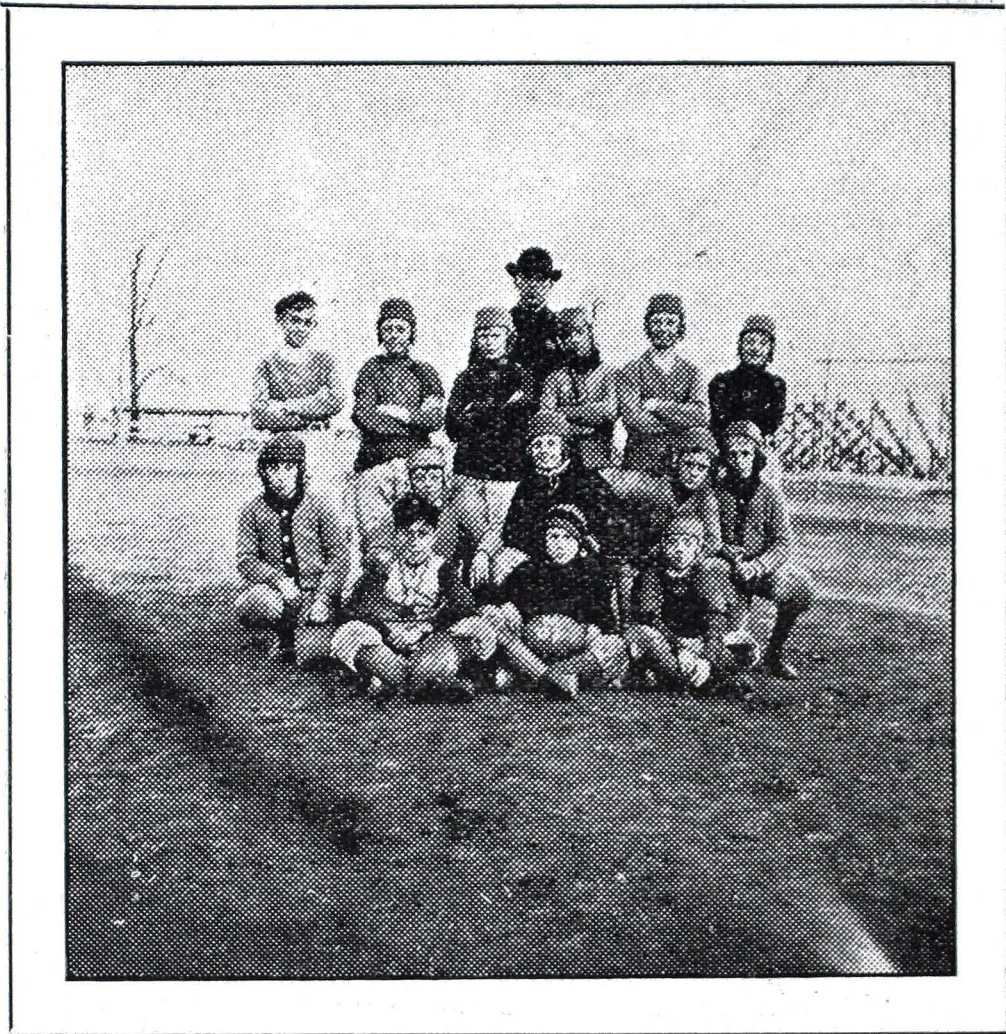
Weatherby, who "subbed" at center for a few games, proved that despite his youth and size he had no fear for his larger oppon-

ents, and with time and experience will likely make a valuable asset to any team.

The above squad will likely be together again next year and if so they promise to make the "varsity" boys "sit up" and take notice.

Minims' Football Team.

In the enclosed cut we have a picture of the Minims' football squad, with their coach, Bro. St. Aubin. Though we have spoken of their success before in a former issue of the Viatorian, we cannot give the little fellows too much praise. And as a tribute of



THE MINIM SQUAD

our appreciation for the splendid exhibitions they gave us last fall, and especially on account of the fact that, although battling with teams much heavier than their own, they secured the 90 pound championship of Kankakee county, we have procured the en-

closed cut, that every one might have a souvenir and picture of perhaps the best minim team the college has had for several years. We congratulate the courageous little fellows who have brought such credit upon themselves and their Alma Mater. Nine victories in one season is a record of which few teams can boast, especially when we know that they have played no team under their weight, and few equal to it.

Geo. Lyons, who played center, was elected captain early in the season, and results show that the right man was chosen. A champion team is something of which few captains can boast, George. Jimmy Boyle, better known as 'Babe,' was placed at quarter. This position requires "internal" head work and Jimmy has the head. Jake Schaefer, who stars at billiards and baseball, as well as at gentle football, played fullback, and always gave an excellent account of himself, as the team can testify. A. Ledoux, R. H. B., who finished his career with the Minims this year, has left an enviable record. Eighteen touch-downs are credited to him for the season. The junior squad will receive him with open arms. C. Parker, L. H. B., is a new man. The greetings that Charlie got from the side-lines spoke the appreciation in which his playing was held. He was called the "pinch" man, for when a long distance was to be gained, Charlie took the ball, and wonderful to state, always gained it. J. Mallaney, R. G., we often called the "fumble" man, not because he fumbled the ball, but rather the opposite, for a fumble was never made on either side that Joe didn't have his eye on, and when the mess was untangled, Joe was always found at the bottom, hugging the ball. J. O'Connor, R. T., was remarkable for his bold tackles. Few men attempted to gain through right tackle without feeling the strength of Jack's arm around their ankles. Their sudden thud demonstrated this only too well. A. Gunderlach, R. E., made himself famous in getting forward passes. Somehow or other Andy was always under the ball wherever it was thrown. R. Lonergan, L. G., starred as a tackler. The quarter-backs of the opposing teams could tell you this better than we. The ball was no sooner snapped than "Red" was through the line and hugging the quarter-back. W. Sutton, L. T., was our heaviest man. He made our openings, which means much. Many a touch down was made through a clear field, all due to the openings that Bill made. H. Tiffany, L. E., was perhaps our speediest player. When he reached the open, there was no stopping him. A touchdown was always the result.

Substitutes: A. Decker, who starred at football in the early part of the season, was the only man who was injured and forced to retire (a hero of course). With a score of 15 to 12 in the Minims' favor and but three minutes to play, an opponent broke

through their line into a clear field. Alec ran after him, made a diving tackle, downed the man and was thrown headlong, spraining his ankle in the fall. This saved defeat and helped the champions. L. Jacobi also played in the early season, but was forced to retire on account of sickness. He remained a "sub" the rest of the season and was always ready to go into the fray if there was need. J. Williams could always be found waiting along the side lines and would only too gladly help the boys along if they needed him. But somehow or other they always stuck and Jay had little occasion to show his great abilities. W. Miller, another sub, though last on our list, is by no means the least. In scrimmage practice, the regulars learned his ability, and took great care to keep out of his reach. He played in the early season in a couple of the games.

R.

Basketball.

The Junior Basketball League, which was organized some time ago, promises to be quite a success. The six teams battling for supremacy furnish great excitement in the "gym" on nearly every "conge" afternoon. The officers of the league have arranged the schedule so that each team will play about fifty games during the season. All games are arranged in series and the winning team will be presented with some suitable emblem at the close of the season.

The standing of teams to date:

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Dwane's.....	4	4	0	1000
Gorman's.....	5	4	1	.800
Warner's.....	2	1	1	.500
Cunningham's.....	6	2	4	.333
Delihant's.....	4	1	3	.250
Boyle's.....	5	1	4	.200



COLLEGE THESPIANS IN "HICKORY FARM."

On Wednesday evening, December 11, the Thespians produced the drama, "Hickory Farm," for the benefit of the College Orchestra. The plot of the drama is laid around a New England farm. Ezekiel Fortune, a retired farmer, is about to settle down in peace and contentment to enjoy the fruits of his hard labor, when Gilbert Darkwood, a handsome and unscrupulous villain, contrives to rob him of his property and home. A railroad is about to be built through the property and Darkwood, wishing to obtain the emolument which is to accrue to the owner, seeks to buy the property from Fortune, who steadfastly refuses. With the assistance of Uriah Skinner, a miser and servant of Fortune, Darkwood succeeds in robbing the farmer of the deeds to his lands. Before accomplishing his wicked deed the villain induces Jessie Fortune, the daughter of the farmer, to elope with him. Jessie later discovers her deception and being ashamed to return home, seeks shelter under the roof of her aunt, Mrs. Priscilla Dodge, a widow, who is soon to be married to Alderman Lawrence McKeegan, "from the city." After Darkwood has secured the deeds, he makes life miserable for Ezekiel Fortune. He threatens to evict him if upon a certain date he is unable to meet a debt of some three or four hundred dollars, which Darkwood claims to be due him for eighteen months' rent. With his loving daughter gone and misfortunes and sorrow gathering daily upon him, Ezekiel Fortune's life becomes one of poverty and misery. Jack Nelson, a book-keeper in the bank, and an adopted son of the farmer, is the only one who sticks to his "daddy" throughout his misfortunes. He takes his part and consoles him in all his trials. After L. McKeegan had married Priscilla Dodge he started on his honeymoon with her to Paris. This necessitated Jessie Fortune's returning home. On her knees she asks forgiveness of her father, who only too gladly grants it. About this time the Maryville bank has been robbed and Detective Rankin of New York was called in to investigate the matter. He traces the robbery to Darkwood. He also learns of the farmer's misfortunes and seeks an interview with him. Later, on the day in which the eviction is to take place, he conceals himself in Fortune's house. Darkwood, accompanied by two constables, soon enters. Ezekiel Fortune is unable to meet the debt. Darkwood flares up into a passion and accuses Jack Nelson, who is present, of robbing the bank. In a former interview, Nelson had openly slapped the villain's face and now Darkwood was seeking his revenge. As the constables were about to arrest Nelson and as Darkwood was going to evict Fortune, Detective Rankin appears and orders a halt. Darkwood recognizes him

and knows he is entrapped. He perjures himself, denying that he had anything to do with the robbery, when Skinner, the miser, being moved to repentance, enters and openly betrays Darkwood and his plot. He is then accused of seducing Jessie Fortune, which he also denies. Jessie appears to throw the lie back into his face again. The villain becomes desperate. He sees that his only hope of escape lies in firing, and drawing a revolver, he aims it at Rankin, whom he misses. The detective, quick as a flash, returns a double fire and Darkwood drops at the door. Skinner seeks pardon from Fortune and it is granted. Jack Nelson marries Jessie Fortune and the curtain drops.

Frank Rainey, who played the part of the farmer, showed his ability as an actor. At times he had the audience in an uproar, when his pathetic tones of voice would suddenly draw tears to their eyes. D. McAuliffe took the part of the miser extremely well. Dennie is a new man on the stage, but his success has already made him "famous." There is scarcely any need to offer words of commendation to F. Shippy, who impersonated the villain. The success he has had in former years speaks for him. His part was well chosen and he executed it to perfection, notwithstanding the fact that he was ill while doing so. John Colleton, in the role of Jack Nelson, made his initial appearance on the stage, and he promises to become a good actor. The loud roars of applause with which G. Kiley, the alderman, was greeted at his every appearance on the scene, were signs of his wonderful success. P. Berry, as the detective, made a great hit. Tall in stature and well built, he had the requirements needed to play his part well. Needless to say, he did so. I. Rice, as "pretty and unsophisticated" Jessie Fortune, and R. Shannon, as Priscilla Dodge, took the house. Their rich dresses and jewelry rendered them unrecognizable. They disguised their voices so well, that for some time not even their most intimate friends could recognize them. Constables W. Carroll and F. Cleary did justice to their parts.

The Viatorian congratulates the Orchestra on its success, especially its leader, to whom is due most of the credit. J. R.



PERSONALS.

It gave us a great pleasure to welcome the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane and Rev. Thomas O'Gara on their recent visit to the college. There is a wealth of pleasant memories in every path of the college grounds for these two Fathers, who for years exercised their saving ministry in parishes adjoining the college community, and who could always be found among those who came to contribute their share of encouragement to all undertakings of interest to the college.

A course must be profitable to a student with such an earnest, profound and devoted instructor as Rev. A. L. Labrie. Although we lament the absence of Monsignor Legris from the professor's chair in Church history, we feel elated with the appointment of Father Labrie as his successor. Thursday is the day given to this branch and the new professor opened the course with a large attendance January 16th.

ALUMNI.

Mose Dionne, commercial, '07, of St. Mary's, Ill., has joined the ranks of the benedicts and is now on his honeymoon. We expect Mr. and Mrs. Dionne to pay a visit to the college in the near future.

T. Burns, student '04, is in the constructive business in Chicago.

Ralph Criglow, student '04, was here from Remsen, Iowa, on his way to Chicago. He is thinking seriously of going into the automobile business.

J. Shannon, student '06, is finishing his course at a business school in Chicago.

Dr. Arthur H. O'Connor, student '04, is practising dentistry in Milwaukee.

Raymond Mudd, student '04, is working in a garage in Indianapolis.

J. Long, student '06, is holding a responsible position at the Chicago Athletic association.

Frank Connors, student '05, is the proprietor of a flourishing tonsorial parlor in Cadillac, Mich.

Oscar Perrault, student '05, has been playing with the Calu-

met and Hecla Michigan band. This band is rated as one of the best in the United States.

Henry Teston, '04, of Union Hill, Ill., is with the Western Electric company in Chicago.

Paul Devine, student '05, is studying law in his father's office in Chicago.

Paul Legris, student '04, is studying law at Houghton, Mich., in his brother's office.

J. Sweeney, student '06, is working in the offices of the C. B. & O. at Chicago.

T. Hart is with the Illinois Central railroad in Springfield, Ill.

Musings of Daddy Dan. . .

—One who dines by himself is in bad company.

—Beware of a hasty word. It is easier said than unsaid.

—A smile costs no more than a frown, but it earns more interest.

—McMullen trousers are strong, but a stitch today may save a rip tomorrow.

—Many people mistake notoriety for fame.

—The cheapest advice is that which is not taken.

—Divorce love from study, you make study drudgery.

—Wise is the student that knows when and how to study.

—He who pleases only himself must furnish his own applause.

—Politeness is to goodness what words are to thought.

—It is unreasonable to expect more from life than life is capable of giving.

—The world is like a stage, having at times more satisfactory scenery than cast.

—A good preventative for a bleeding nose is to keep it out of other people's business.

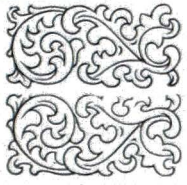
—Love is blind, but even the blind are often adept in counting money.

—A good joke is one that hurts your feelings and makes somebody else laugh.

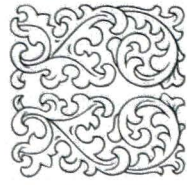
—The world owes every man a living, but some won't rise up early enough to get it.

—Failures generally put forth claims of partiality and luck.

—Frequently our pen is hard pushed to state the truth.



Exchanges



The first glance into the sanctum on our return assured us that, though we had for a few days forgotten the arduous duties as wielder of the blue pencil, the work had continued to increase, and that our task was no light one. There they lie—the product of colleges far and near—on tables, chairs, windows and floor, some basking serenely in the light of their own excellence (some in semi-darkness, but nevertheless happy) and bidding defiance to the ex-man who dares to mention them in any save complimentary terms. And judging from the general outline of the exchanges we feel there will be no need for us to pick up the gauntlet. Moreover, after a glorious celebration of the Yuletide, one scarcely feels like censuring the valiant efforts of others, but is rather inclined to speak in terms poetic, as does he of the long and uncut locks when the first gentle zephyrs of spring tickle his noble brow.

Speaking of noble brows, have you seen the December issue of the **Georgetown College Journal**? It abounds in enjoyable matter which one naturally attributes to the owner of a prominent and intellectual forehead. It presents stories, skillfully divided by breezy verse, with here and there an illustration which catches the eye and leaves a favorable impression. "The Darwinian Theory" is a deep and compact article in which the principles and objections of Darwin are clearly stated and thoroughly refuted. It makes no pretensions toward literary value, but should prove interesting to all who feel themselves inclined toward profitable reading. "Our Host, the Assassin," displays a clever plot, which is fairly well told, but is concluded in a rather unsatisfactory manner. However, it has the power of holding the reader's interest. We fear the first part of the story, which is well "alcoholized," will hardly find favor with the Law and Order league or Carrie Nation, but we will leave to them the censorship. The other articles are interesting and well produced.

The Columbiad, from Portland, Oregon, is a pleasing Christmas number with its appropriate stories and reflections on the joyous season. A very pleasing thought is expressed in "Home for Christmas," which cannot but interest one removed from the parental home. "Who But a Caesar," contains an excellent plot.

capable of much better development than was accorded it by the writer. **The Columbiad** would be much improved if it added to its other attractions that of an exchange department.

Well said, **Echoes**! Your greetings are true and exceptionally appropriate to the happy season of which they speak. Your Christmas number bespeaks talent in the productions embodied and exceedingly good judgment in arrangement and decorations. The Christmas stories are above the average—they seem to break from the old-time traditions upon which most Christmas stories are founded. "A Christmas Thought" deserves the title it bears in the full sense, and though simple, is a creditable effort. A glance at the staff assures one that "Mary is a Grand Old Name" in the vicinity in which **Echoes** is published. But we cannot quite forgive the ex-man—or rather lady—for totally neglecting the exchange column, for even though the "strains of Advent" are in the air and the lack of experience weighs heavily, nevertheless the department deserves sturdy support. And what does it matter to us whether the exchange notes are read or not? Those who do peruse them receive their own reward and for those who do not we have only sympathy.

To **Young Eagle**, Sinsinawa, Wis.: Retort received. Your entry receives the blue ribbon. Having had many experiences—pleasant and otherwise—with fudges we feel that you will be quite elated over our words of praise pronounced on your culinary production. We venture to remark—just to keep the conversation from lagging—that the duties of the ex-man have lost their dark and dreary appearance since we discovered the "sweet" and "delicious" rewards which occasionally accrue to him.

To **The Herald**, Holyoke, Mass.: Kindly address us as "**Victorian**," not "**Victorian**." Not that we have any objections to the latter as a name, but simply because it is not our name. Your words of praise are gratefully received. We are laboring faithfully in the hope that when you again take occasion to mention us you will be tempted to repeat the fifth line of your criticism, omitting the word, "almost."

We congratulate the **Purple and White** upon the excellence of its Christmas edition. While we are inclined to criticise the contents rather than the cover of a journal, in this case we may say that both are of a high order. Your production shows ability and judicious selection.

LOCALS.

—Happy New Year.

—Beware! '08 is Leap year.

—Ryan says, "the high life for mine."

—Old Nick presented Turkey with a Teddy Bear.

—A. G. is inconsolable. "Him and de brudder, day got no gun."

—We cannot understand why some students in the choir sing worse than others, seeing that they all get the same chants.

—A girl friend of ours at the N. D. convent is very considerate and tender-hearted; so much so that she refused to boil the drinking water at home during vacation, for fear of hurting the germs.

—Women contend that man's love for wet goods causes a majority of divorces, while men contend that it is woman's love for drygoods.

—A Persian maxim:

When you go to war, say a prayer; when you go to sea, say two prayers; when you get married, pray all the time.

—Sadwun: "Poor Bill met with an awful death. A block of marble weighing ten thousand pounds fell on his chest."

Wiswun: "It's too bad. But Bill always did have a weak chest."

—Teacher, (during animal study class): "Name a few things that have horns, and that are dangerous."

Minim: "Automobiles."

—Taylor: "I have no faith in those treatments for drunkards."

Fred: "Why not?"

Taylor: "Because, generally the more you treat a man the drunker he gets."

—Clarence: "What is the rest of that proverb, 'Truth is mighty?'"

Emmet: "Rare, I suppose."

Warning!

—Sioux City Herald:—

“The band will practice tonight.”

—Piper City (Ill.) Yearly:—

“We were almost scooped on an item this year. Just as we were going to press Ed Dougherty eloped. Particulars next year.”

—Prefect (going to room 321, from which there issued much loud talking in an angry tone): “What’s all this noise about?”

Eddie (appearing in his undershirt with his face lathered): “Nothing, only my razor lost its temper.”

—Dan: “Look fellows, I found a button in my salad.”

Gerald: “Why, that’s just a part of the dressing.”

—Now here’s a resolve that is snappy,
And it’s not a New Year pun;
Be good and you’ll be happy,
But you’ll miss a lot of fun.

—A studious young student from Sioux
Sat silently down in the glioux
But when in surprise
He tried to arise
The clothes he possessed were but fioux.

New Year Resolutions.

—Resolved, That henceforth I’ll peruse
Just books that any lad would choose;
I hereby taboo all hot-air
That flows from Darwin or Voltaire.

—Max Bodenhiem.

—Resolved, That I will court the muse
In music form, and, never lose
My organ; but I’ll have it stored
Unless I find that long lost chord.

—Taylor Wedge.

—Resolved, That since it’s now leap year
I’ll court some dame without a fear;
Gee, it’s a snap to one that knows,
I’ll simply smile and she’ll propose.

—Dinny.

—Prof: “Was Milton married when he wrote ‘Paradise Regained?’ ”

Frank: “No, but he was when he wrote ‘Paradise Lost.’ ”

—“A man may smile and smile and be a villain”

So Willie Shakespeare said some years ago,
But now if he but smile on us we’re willin’
To bill him as the hero in the show.

—Billy got a bob-sled,
Billy got a rope,
Billy got some slivers,
Now Doc’s his only hope.

Maher Resolves.

“My pipe has gone, my appetite fled
Now learning for me,” thus Edgar hath said.
“No humming or shunning; I’ll do through the day.
Nothing but study, that is the way
Greatness will come, and diligence pay,
So welcome, New Year, and with it I start
Plugging for science and striving for art.”

“But alas, for the promise! Alas for the hope!
Athletics is better, I give you the dope;
Now bowling and skating are certainly great
And handball is thrilling both early and late;
So away with the books, away with these toys
Just take it from me, get in with the boys.”

F. C.



John J. Wheeler, President

William M. Byrne, Secretary

The Standard Roofing Co.

Established 1866



ROOFERS

290-294 N. HALSTED STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Phone Monroe 430

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

ESTABLISHED 1884

JOHN CARETTI & CO.

JOHN D. AMBROSIO, Proprietor

Roman and Venetian

Mosaics

Marble and Terrazzo

Ceramic and Tile Works

Artistic Work for Church and
Convent Buildings

47 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois

Telephone:
MAIN 4859