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ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas eve and bells are ringing,
Snowflakes falling fast,
Hearts as well as voices singing,
Braving winter's blast.

Up within a garret lonely,
Kneels a woman old,
'Mid surroundings poor and lonely,
Bitter fate it told.

After one short prayer she rises
And with slowly tread
Makes to an old trunk, she prizes,
Stationed near her bed.

Opens she and sadly gazes
On the things within,
Then a child's tin horn she raises,
And her eyes grow dim.

How she hugs and fondly presses
To her lips, this toy,
Thinking of the golden tresses
Of her darling boy.

After many tears have fallen
She betakes to bed,
But the little horn is with her,
Lying near her head.

Now the angles kiss her eye-lids
And she falls asleep,
While she dreams of golden tresses
They will vigil keep.

Tell me worldlings can you fathom
All this depth of love?
'Tis in "mothers" bosom only,
And in heaven above.

—J. H. N.

VINCENT'S SACRIFICE.

A MASON by the name of Francis had a family of three children. The elder son, Vincent, followed the trade of his father and worked hard in order to help him to support the family. He always had a word of comfort for his parents in their hours of trial, and a sweet caress for his loving brother and sister in their hours of infant grief. He was the pride and comfort of the family. The young daughter, Lilly, beautiful and fair, a flower hardly bloomed, was the joy of the family. The father especially seemed to have his whole heart wrapped up in his little daughter. All his hours of leisure were passed either near the cradle rocking the infant, or else embracing the baby in his arms, and often planting paternal kisses on her rosy cheeks. She was for him a great object of happiness. Margaret, the mother, possessed all the qualities of a kind mother and a devoted wife. In a word the home of our mason was one of peace and joy.

Francis would have been an exemplary man had he loved wine a little less. Not that he gave himself up to a great excess of drinking, but once a week, on Sunday, he indulged somewhat freely in drinking, and he was more often seen wending his way to the barroom than to the church. After all, men are men, all more or less prone to the miserable human passions. During the week, let us render him justice, he was at his work with all possible energy.

Misfortune is often like a thief; it comes when we least expect it, and crushes us at an unforeseen moment. Lilly, the fair baby girl, became sick and in a short time died. Happy Lilly! unhappy mother! woeful father! The good mother and the kind son soon found consolation in prayer by offering their sorrow to the greater glory of God. Francis alone had no recourse to prayer; he had forgotten the church, and the Sunday mass where he was never more seen; he was more and more discouraged, more and more gloomy; his wound seemed to be incurable. He had no zeal whatever for his work; he was continually uneasy. When the intellect is in such a state the body suffers, the appetite goes away, sleep, courage and strength are removed with it. Thus it was with Francis and his health was failing rapidly.

However, it must be from heaven or from the earth that comes the consolation without which death alone can deliver one from an unending sorrow.

Francis sought forgetfulness in drink. His love for the fatal liquor increased gradually. What he did before on Sunday only, after a year or so, he practiced every day. He drank and drank continually. More and more he indulged his degrading passion until about three years after the death of his daughter he was no more a kind and loving father but a degraded and furious drunkard. This home which a short time ago was like a terrestrial paradise, soon became like a hell. We all too sadly know that in a family where drunkenness enters, peace and contentment give place to quarrels, annoyance and hunger. Such was the case in our mason's home. No more was it the peaceful home of a loving father, but it was the sorrowful dwelling of shame and abject poverty.

What miseries! What subject of sorrow and tears! Happily Christian faith illumined this shade of malediction. Margaret and Vincent always found courage and consolation in prayer. It was on Christmas day of the year 1863. Many of the families, in the small village where Francis and his family resided, were rejoicing over this beautiful feast always so welcomed by all men, and so dear to every Christian heart. The family of the mason alone remained sad and miserable. Francis, as usual, had been seen that morning wending his way to the saloon, where he indulged freely in fatal drink. Margaret and her sons felt more deeply than ever their sorrow as they saw other people rejoicing. Vincent who a few days before had promised some of his friends that he would visit them on Christmas, kept his promise and left his home early in the afternoon. This visit had somewhat made Vincent forget his troubles, and on his way back home he seemed to be feeling quite happy.

Such happiness is of short duration. Upon entering the house he found his mother more grieved than ever; his young brother was crying, poor child, from seeing his mother cry.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Vincent, all astonished.

"Read!" answered Marguerite, presenting him a sheet of paper. Vincent read. Cold sweat covered his brow. He became as pale as a corpse.

"Mercy! we are lost!" exclaimed the poor mother.

"Lost!" answered Vincent; and there was in the house a silence more painful than can be the most bitter cries of anguish.

What was this paper? It was a seizure which the sheriff had just brought to the unfortunate mother. In a few days all

the property of the miserable family would be sold. The wife and children would then be left without a home. All of a sudden Vincent arose. A ray of joy lighted up his countenance, as though he had seen heaven opened and had heard the voice of God consoling him. He embraced his mother and left without saying a word. Scarcely had he walked out when the wretched father entered, all covered with mud, his hair disheveled and his clothes torn in rags. He cursed his wife and children and threatened to kill them; finally he fell on the floor and slept the sleep of the drunkard. Sleep, wretched man! for only when you sleep can your poor wife weep in peace.

Already the night was dark. Where had Vincent gone? When would he come back? The mother anxiously awaited the coming of her son, and from time to time she would look to see if anybody was coming. Suddenly the door flew open and Vincent entered, and exclaimed with an expression of happiness:

“We are saved, mother!”

“What does this mean?” asked Margaret.

“I knew that a brave and honest man was in search of some one who wished to leave. * * * ”

“You have engaged yourself?”

“You have said it, mother. You will now have bread. Here is the act of substitution.”

“What act?” said Francis, whom these cries had awakened.

“My good son,” said Margaret, “you will not leave me. Your father will change. God will make this miracle. What harm will hunger and misery do me as long as you remain with me, you, the support of the family, my consolation, my joy, my all?”

“Good mother,” answered Vincent, “my word is given, an honest man has but one word. I am a soldier, I have signed it.”

“What do I hear,” exclaimed the father, who was now beginning to understand.

“Father,” said Vincent, “I owe you respect and I will give it to you. Listen and understand well. Misery and hunger have entered here, with all the inevitable evils which accompany them. You know better than I who has opened the door to them. We are in debt; our property is seized, we must pay. In order to pay we must have money. I have found some. Seven years of my young life, and most probably at the end my death, are not too much to pay. I leave you. My mother weeps, I weep with her. Once more, father, if misery has come to us, if

on this earth we have left only our honor which I have just saved; if we have but our eyes to weep; if my life is in great danger, father, who is the cause of it?"

"Wretch that I am," exclaimed the father, concealing his countenance in his hands. He had all understood. With his heart bathing in tears, he said:

"Beloved wife; and dear children, listen to me. It is my heart, it is my soul, it is the most unhappy of fathers that speaks to you. By the God whose birth we celebrate today, I swear to leave this false track. I will earn you bread. If I have ruined this home, I will make amends. Pardon and mercy! I will work and economize, so that one day I will redeem my son. I swear to it."

Vincent left, all joyous. Francis, happy to say, kept his word. He never tasted liquor again; he toiled and saved continually. He was kind to his wife and loving to his child. Two years afterwards, on the anniversary of the feast on which Francis took his pledge, he sent a substitute for his son in the army, whom he paid from the money he had earned and saved by his continual work. Vincent returned to his parents and lived happily with them. Francis was afterwards heard saying: "God may now take me when He pleases; I have paid the debt I owed to my family."

E. MARCOTTE, '00.

A STRANGE UNION.

ALONG the beautiful and recently much chanted "Banks of the Wabash" in western Indiana, there now stands a vacant cottage, where some thirty years ago, two boys were ushered into life on Christmas Day. These two were Charles and James Carloss. Although as they grew up they bore a striking resemblance to each other in face and figure, yet they were quite different as to manners and temperament. When about eighteen, James, owing to his many and serious misdemeanors, was exiled from the parental roof and compelled to seek his fortune in the world. Charles felt very keenly the loss of his brother, to whom, despite his bad conduct, he was strongly attached.

When Charles came of age he had a longing desire to learn telegraphy. Accordingly he began the pursuit of his future

profession at Richmond and by dint of steady application soon became master of this somewhat mystical art.

On applying for work at the office of the K.P. & G. R.R., he was fortunate enough to secure a position at a small junction in New Mexico, called Ridgely. This town was then in the heart of a rapidly growing silver mining district. In a short time Charles became acquainted with all the leading men of the district and the care and handling of their checks and money was entirely left to him. For a little over a year all went well. However, one evening as Charles was returning from placing the switch-lights, he heard a slight noise from behind one of the high board fences along the tracks. He thought it nothing unusual, however, and gave it no further thought. If he had taken the trouble to look over the fence he would have seen four members of a desperate gang who lately had been raiding the surrounding country and plundering everything they could lay their hands upon. When Charles had reached the station-house and gone inside, the desperadoes arose from their hiding place and began to walk around leisurely as it was now quite dark.

"That was the fellow we will have to deal with, this evening," exclaimed one, who from his haughty manner it could be easily seen, was their leader.

"It seems to me" said another "that I have seen that face before."

"O! that is always your way whenever we are about to make a haul you become larry," said a wild looking fellow.

"Come" said the leader "let us put our heads together and see if we cannot make a plan whereby to get hold of this money stored away over there in the station-house safe." What plans they made and how they succeeded we shall presently see.

Charles during this time was working hard at his books, as it was Christmas eve and he had to send in his report before the 30th. Little he knew of the deep laid scheme that was formed against him as he sat there writing. About eleven o'clock while Charles was busily putting away his books and was about to start for home, the outer door of the waiting room was suddenly burst open and four masked men entered. No sooner inside than two of the number thrust their pistols through the ticket window and ordered the station agent at the peril of his life to throw up his hands. He promptly obeyed their command. The other two members of the gang entered the office and having secured the keys from Charles, seized him and laid him on the

floor and began to bind and gag him with such matter as they could find lying around. In a short time however he recovered from his first great fright. Having an old rag stuffed in his mouth which he formerly used to clean lamps he became quite troublesome, by rolling around on the floor and trying in vain to cry for help.

"Go sit on that chap, Mike" exclaimed the leader, "while we open this safe." In a short time afterward the chief again looked around and saw Mike was allowing his prisoner more liberty than was necessary, again addressed him saying: "What is the matter with you, can you not hold that fellow down? Or do you want the whole crowd of us pinched and sent over the road."

Mike this time did as he was told but somewhat reluctantly. In less than an hour, as one of them was an expert on combinations, they succeeded in securing the booty and escaping. As they were about to leave the office, Mike suggested that they should turn their prisoner loose. But he was met by a severe reprimand from his leader who said: "You would be crazy enough to have him free in order that he might telegraph over to the fort and have a company of soldiers after us inside of an hour."

Upon leaving the village, they went immediately to their horses, which they had left in the keeping of another member of the company a short distance from the town. Mounting their horses, after a ride of nearly an hour along a lonely road they came to a small vacant cottage, where they halted and prepared to remain during the evening. During their ride, Mike had been in deep meditation. "Where did I see that face before?" he asked himself. Thus he pondered and reflected. At last the problem became solved in a flash, and he exclaimed, "My brother." "Were you speaking to me?" asked the man who was riding by his side. "No," said Mike, "I was only meditating." Indeed, this was certainly true. His memory brought him back to his dear old home and his fond recollection of the brother who had never done any wrong to him and whom he had always loved above all others, made him melancholy. And now what had he done? Assisted in robbing him. This was too much for poor Mike, and he then and there resolved to go to his help if offered a possible opportunity. After deep reflection and careful devising, he finally hit upon a plan. He knew it was his turn to guard the house that evening. He also thought he might be fortunate enough to secure the money and return to

the village. So soon as they arrived at the cottage, he was given a frugal meal and sent out on guard. There he remained until he presumed that all within must be fast asleep. Cautiously he approached the house. Upon opening the door, he found all asleep. He went straight to where their leader was lying, and there in his large coat pocket was the money, which this worthy had put under his head upon lying down, but during his slumber he had rolled to one side of it, leaving it easy for Mike to secure. In going out, however, he brushed against one of the men, who at once awoke and inquired of him what was the matter. "Nothing," replied Mike, "except it is becoming quite chilly out, and I came in after my coat." And with that he took up a large coat and proceeded to the door without any further delay. No sooner outside than he made all possible haste to obtain his horse, mounted him and returned to the village.

On arriving there he found everything in same position as they had left it. Charles still lay on the floor, weak but still conscious. Mike entered the room, without a word, went immediately to work to free him. When he had finished Charles stood up, and strange to say, after gazing at him in silence for a moment, recognized him as his brother and robber.

"Jim, my long lost brother Jim," he exclaimed as he went forward to embrace him. "Is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, Charles, but I am not worthy to be called your brother after the disgraceful manner I treated you to-night," he replied.

"Let the memory of the past fade away, Jim, I only request," said his brother, "that you mend your manner of living."

"That I will," he answered. "I have long been called Mike Durban, but now I change my name back to what it formerly was."

"Yes, Jim, and I will need your assistance to help me in restoring the money I have lost this evening."

"Dear brother," said James, "it was I who formed this plot of robbery against you, and now I freely return the stolen money."

Charles was greatly surprised when he heard this, and they assured each other that no one should ever know of the robbery, which brought about such a happy termination. Seating themselves they soon entered into an earnest conversation of former times, and making plans for their future. Thus were these two

who came into this world on the most beautiful feast day of the year again united on the same day. At present they both hold high positions on the same railroad and are esteemed and trusted men.

D. B. HAYDEN, '00.

THE DYING ORGANIST.

He sat before the organ grand,
A man both bent and gray;
And touched the keys with trembling hand,
As he began to play.

Some masterpiece; perhaps his own,
But it I'll ne'er forget;
It thrilled my soul with love, with fear,
I thought of life, of death.

The organ's melancholy notes
Portrayed the rippling brook;
As through the flowery vale it crept,
Or hid in shady nook.

Through pleasure's hall and palace grand,
The soul of music swept;
And in the graveyard on the hill,
Beside the graves it wept.

I sat within the cloister cell,
I felt inspired within;
My weary brain enjoyed sweet peace,
My soul averse to sin.

O'er battlefield in warlike march,
I tramped along in haste;
To leave behind the carnage drear,
The lands now laid in waste.

I saw the gray haired mother tread
Along the lines of dead;
I heard the wailing, mournful shriek,
Of her poor heart which bled.

The sighing of the trees I heard,
And crash of falling pine;
The rumble and the deafening roar,
And then the storm's decline.

But lo, the sound of music ceased,
The dirge arose no more;
I looked for him who played so well,
He lay upon the floor.

Kind hands bore up his lifeless form,
Some one was heard to say:
"Poor soul, down in the Philippines
His son was killed today."

—J. M. KANGLEY, '00.

JOE'S REPENTANCE.

WINTER had come. The snow, falling from the sky, covered everything with a mantle of spotless white, while the cold December wind whistled through the leafless trees and dashed flurries of snow into the face of a weary traveler who seemed exhausted yet kept plodding on towards the little village of Knowlton, whose lights twinkled in the distance and appeared to be beckoning to him and telling of the warm and happy firesides around which the families were wont to gather after the evening meal.

Joe Williams had been born in that little village and spent his boyhood days there. His parents were poor, but kind and honest. They had taught Joe the lessons of childhood and the love of his religion. But as he grew up he began to associate with bad companions, who never went to church but generally spent their Sundays gambling and drinking.

Joe was weak and easily led, and began to take part in their games. At first he was troubled with remorse, and for a short time would throw off those bad habits, but in a little while he would return to his old life of vice. Being poor, he did not have sufficient money with which to gamble; and as his desire for cards grew upon him he resorted to any means possible in order to obtain it. He began by taking small sums of money from his parents. This troubled him for a time, but, becoming desperate, he threw off all restraint of conscience. Finally, having accumulated large debts he forged the name of his friend, and, his crime being found out, he fled to escape the hand of the law. His parents were distracted with grief at the knowledge of their son's crime, and the poor father paid the amount which his son had forged.

When Joe fled from Knowlton he did not know where to go, but finally decided to go out west to the gold mines, of which he had read a great deal. But life there was not as pleasant as he supposed, and he found himself wandering through the hills and mountains with only his mules and dog as companions.

Then he became filled with remorse and resolved to give up all his old habits and return to his own home; but he decided to wait until he could make sufficient money to pay the amount of his forgery, and have enough left to keep his parents in their old age.

Joe wandered through the country for about ten years, suffering many hardships and sometimes almost starving. He settled in many places and finally found a claim which yielded him enough to fulfill his desires. Then he could wait no longer and determined to return home at once and seek the forgiveness of his parents and the friend whom he had wronged.

He knew that now he could face his old companions without yielding to their temptations, for in his life in the west he was regarded as an honest and upright man by all who knew him.

Early in December he set out for his old home, and on Christmas eve arrived, as we have seen, within sight of the village. When he thought of the disgrace which he had brought upon his parents and himself his heart almost failed him. But he was no longer the weak youth of a few years before, but a man, and he determined to face everything in order to atone for the wrongs of his early life.

He had started on this long journey with his mule as his only companion, but the storm had overcome the faithful animal and he was forced to continue the journey on foot. When he arrived in the old and familiar streets of the village he went directly to his old home, but to his surprise found that the old home was no more, but where it once stood a new building had been erected. This was a greater load on his mind and he began to fear that some great evil had befallen his parents.

He went down to his old haunts and found some of his former companions, but as he had changed very much they failed to recognize the one who had been led to evil by their games and bad example.

Upon inquiry Joe found that his parents, overwhelmed with grief at their son's wrong-doing, had paid his debts, and in doing so were forced to sell the home, which they loved, and move to a poorer house in another part of the village. When Joe reached the door of their humble cottage he was overcome with emotion and paused on the doorstep.

While standing there in an attitude of grief he heard his name mentioned, and, listening intently, discovered that his poor, old parents were praying, as they had done every evening since their son had left them, that God would send back their boy whom they had forgiven and longed to see.

When he heard their prayer Joe could restrain himself no longer, and, just as they were finishing their prayer, he threw

open the door, rushed in, threw himself into the arms of his aged father, and, overcome with emotion, implored his aged parents to forgive their erring son.

The joy they experienced at seeing their son cannot be described, and the mother, throwing her arms about her son, exclaimed: "God in his infinite goodness has at last answered our prayer," and where but a few moments before nothing but gloom was seen, all was changed and those aged parents could scarce control themselves in their great happiness.

Joe found a home very different from the one which he had left. His parents had been reduced to poverty through his misdeeds, and he determined to try every means to provide for the comfort of his old father and mother, and on Christmas, a day which for years had been a day of sorrow to these people, all was changed. All the comforts which could be procured by Joe were given to them, and the home, which the day before had been gloomy, was now bright with new things, but most of all with the presence of that erring son who, although led into evil, was able to overcome those bad habits and change his life to that of a good and upright man.

W. HANLON, '01.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

IT WAS Christmas eve, and a number of officers sat around the captain's desk relating some of the strange cases that had come under their observation. At length one of the men addressed the captain: "Well, Captain, give us a chapter from your experience." The following story was related by the captain, which we will tell in his own words:

"About twenty-five years ago I took part in a case, which I shall never forget. The bank at Sardrum was broken into by burglars, the safe blown open, and five thousand dollars in money, besides two hundred in banknotes, was stolen. I was detailed to work on the case, and arrived at the town on the morning the burglary was discovered. It was certainly a well planned and well executed piece of work, but the fact that banknotes had been taken lead me to believe that it was the work of an amateur whose excitement prevented him from seeing that the notes were of no use to him and might even prove dangerous and lead to his detection. I searched every nook

and corner of the bank, but found nothing that could serve for a clew except a small piece of thick brown cloth which had apparently been torn from some part of the burglar's clothing as he jumped from the window to the ground. This was hanging from one of the window fastenings in the rear part of the bank.

"With this slight clew I set to work, but at the end of a week I was no further advanced than on the day of my arrival. Several suspicious characters had been seen in the town previous to the burglary, but after finding these there was nothing to show that they were the guilty parties. I was about to give up the case in despair and report to my superiors. In fact, I was on my way to the depot, when on passing a Catholic church, I saw a priest enter who wore a cassock similar in color to the piece of cloth I had found in the bank. This was a very strange coincidence because the cloth was of a very peculiar kind. I felt inclined to regard it as nothing more than a coincidence, for although I knew very little about priests yet I had never heard of one being charged with burglary. Nevertheless my curiosity was excited and I determined to examine the matter more carefully without arousing suspicions. I entered the church after the priest, saw him take his place, in what I believe, they call a confessional, and learned from the janitor that his name was Father Bernard.

"After leaving the church, I returned to my hotel and began to think the matter over. Finally I resolved to find some means of examining the priest's private apartments during his absence. I returned the following day and again found the priest occupied in the confessional. I went to his residence, rang the doorbell and told the housekeeper, who opened the door, that I had an engagement with Father Bernard and would await his arrival in his room. She asked me if I had yet seen him. I replied that I had just come from the church and had seen him before he began to hear confessions. Without further question she led me up stairs to his room, thinking, no doubt, that I was one of his personal friends.

"When I found myself alone, I began my search. I examined his wardrobe, and, sure enough, there hung a cassock like the one he was wearing. I discovered, to my surprise, that there was a small piece torn from the skirt. I took the piece of cloth from my pocket, fitted it to the tear and found that it agreed in every detail—size, color, and thickness. I searched the pockets and found a roll of two hundred dollars in bank notes, marked 'Sardrum Bank.'

"Whatever doubts I entertained, now vanished and I felt confident that I had discovered the real burglar. I sat down and patiently awaited the arrival of the priest. When he entered his room I explained to him my business and placed him under arrest. 'There must be some mistake,' said Father Bernard, 'You are certainly acting very rashly.' 'Well,' I replied, 'I have sufficient evidence to warrant my action. This I will make clear to you before the proper authorities. I do not wish to make matters more unpleasant for you than my duty demands, but I must insist on your accompanying me to the police station.' Seeing that explanation was useless, he finally consented, took off his cassock, donned secular clothes and walked with me to the police station.

"I will not attempt to describe all the incidents of the trial or the intense excitement that prevailed among all classes in Sardrum. Besides the evidence which I had to offer, Father Bernard acknowledged during the trial, that he had been away from home on the night of the burglary; but he claimed to have been out on a sick-call. From a little memorandum book he gave the name of the family, the street, and number of the house, he had visited, but upon examination it was found that no such family lived at the number given.

"Toward the close of the trial Father Bernard took the stand. 'I admit,' he said, 'that circumstances are against me. I have no evidence to offer except my unsupported word. I have no doubt but that I will be convicted of this crime, but I solemnly call God to witness that I am innocent. I know I am not believed, nor do I say this with any hope of clearing myself, but there is a just God who, in his own good time, will vindicate my name and make known my innocence.'

"The jury were out but a short time and returned with a sentence of guilty. Father Bernard was condemned to fifteen years in the penitentiary at hard labor. After the sentence was pronounced, I noticed several women weeping and men with sorrowful faces, for notwithstanding the clear case, that had been made out against him, they still had faith in Father Bernard. For them his word would stand against the world. The next morning, Father Bernard was taken to the penitentiary to serve his sentence.

"Three years had passed and the affair had almost passed from my memory, when one day, late in December I was called into the office of the chief. 'Do you remember,' he asked me, 'a

certain Father Bernard who was convicted of burglary at Sardrum and sentenced to the penitentiary?' I replied that I did. 'Well,' he said handing me a telegram, 'I received this a few minutes ago from the authorities in San Francisco.' I read on the telegram: 'A certain Father Bernard, now serving a term in the penitentiary for burglary is innocent. The real criminal has confessed. Send officer at once for particulars.' 'Now,' said the Chief, 'you will start at once for San Francisco, to find out the particulars.'

"After my arrival in San Francisco a document was placed in my hands which clearly proved the innocence of Father Bernard. It was the dying statement under oath, before a notary public, of the former janitor of Father Bernard's church. He confessed that he had committed the burglary. He had taken the cassock of Father Bernard, purposely torn the piece from it and placed the banknotes in the pocket, so that he might be convicted of the crime if anyone in the town should be suspected. He said that he had also arranged with an accomplice to call for Father Bernard to attend a sick-call. This man gave him a false name. A few months after the trial of Father Bernard, the janitor had gone to San Francisco where he had since lived. He was a professional gambler and it was in one of these dens that he met death. He was caught cheating by his opponent and instantly shot. Before dying he had time to make the confession I have mentioned.

"The necessary papers were soon procured and on Christmas morning, Father Bernard walked out of the prison a free man. When I met him I felt like a criminal for the part I had taken in his unjust conviction. He bore me no ill will however and soon set me at ease in his company, you may be sure that was a joyful Christmas for Father Bernard and his friends. He is now the idol of his people and I also number him among my personal friends. I have never known a more beautiful character than Father Bernard."

W. J. COSTIGAN.



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EDITORIAL.

WE are on the eve of Christmas, that will bring, as it has brought for the past nineteen hundred years to everyone on whom the light of Christianity has shed its rays, feelings of happiness that language is too weak to adequately express.

It is the birthday of gladness, the pact of peace between God and man; a day which bears the same good tidings to rich and poor, old and young, master and servant, professor and student, to every one from the child in whom reason begins to dawn, to the man whose silvery head is bowed with the weight of years. This great day brings abundant share from its store of joys. All look forward to its arrival with the same sense of joyful anticipation. It spreads light and life throughout the universe, creating a peculiar, happy feeling in the faithful, and particularly in the young.

Bright and smiling faces may be seen everywhere; kind messages and good wishes are flying as thickly as the descending snowflakes from the heavens. There is unbounded animation everywhere. The crowded thoroughfares and heavily stocked booths proclaim the generosity manifested between friend and friend.

Nature herself is not idle. She, too, is making preparations. Although stripped of her bright green mantle at this season she seems to look forward to it with respect and gladness. The fields that were clothed in verdure, the hedges that were jeweled with blossoms, the forests that were filled with melodious sounds of the warbling birds are now changed.

Not a sound is heard in the forest. The trees stand in solemn silence and bow their high heads as if awaiting to hear the Christmas carol.

The fields and hedges don their purest robe of white, and the broad rivers hurry along as if impatient to whisper their good tidings to the majestic troubled ocean.

It is the sacred feast of the home. And yet this great feast, at the approach of which nature makes such beautiful preparations, will find some of the human race as unconscious of the true pleasure it brings as it did hundreds of years ago. It will again find some whose only pleasure will be the thoughts of the banquet and the games in which they are to participate. And why? Because they are encircled in the gloom of ignorance; they are unhappily outside the influences which alone can teach them the great lesson this festival brings; the lesson in which the real happiness of the feast is centered.

How marvelously this is impressed on entering the House of God!

Here the whole story of the divine birth is told. Our eyes feast on the splendor of the altar decorated with evergreens and flowers and ablaze with lights; we hear the full voiced choir and the loud and solemn peals of the organ reechoed by the tongues of silver bells proclaiming to the skies the story old but always new. It is here that our minds take flight to the Christmas of nineteen hundred years ago; to that night which stretched forth in rayless majesty over the slumbering world; that cold and dark December night which brought forth the unfading light of Christianity and the unquenchable heat of divine love.

We picture in our imagination the star which appeared above the quaint city of Bethlehem, shedding its guiding light on the three wise kings.

We follow it as they did with trembling steps to the sacred place; we fall down with them in profound adoration before the shivering babe and make our offerings as they did; not offerings of gold or silver, but something more acceptable in His sight.

We offer Him our hearts and souls, which we have washed clean as snow in the bath of His own blood, and we ask, with assured hope of receiving, many and great favors.

If, then, we think of the ancients who were looking forward for this feast through a space of four thousand years; if we consider how many millions of human beings lived and died during that time without knowing the joys which Christmas brings, surely every generous heart must thank God, who was pleased to make a rift in the clouds; to breathe hope into the hearts of men; to chase away the accumulated woes of four thousand years, and bid our sighing forefathers see their salvation.

Surely every soul will prepare itself by putting on its purest and whitest robe, as the forest and the field, to welcome its new-born guest; and as it is also the season of good wishes, will in charity make one great and generous wish, namely: That the Christmas morn may one day dawn on which the sun will rise in all his majesty in the east and look with a smile over those nations who are now seated in darkness, leading them forth, making them partakers of the true happiness which this charming season brings.

"Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

That the hushed air on that morning may vibrate with the voice of the whole human family united in one great chorus as it did nineteen hundred years ago, when legions of angels descended from their home on high and flitted with golden pinions from place to place, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men." This is the day's message, this is the word that rings with the true conception of the Christian's Christmas. Peace, sweet, lasting peace, joy, solace in sorrow, to men of good will everywhere. J. A. LYNN, '03.

FATHER CORCORAN'S VISIT.

FOR SOME time previous to the arrival of Father Corcoran, we had been looking forward to his visit with lively anticipations of pleasure. He is by no means a stranger to us, having spent some time in our midst on several former occasions. During his stay Father Corcoran endeared himself to all by his kindly attentions and evident interest in our *alma mater*. We had not forgotten his eloquent words of counsel and encouragement on these occasions, and therefore we hailed with delight his visit to the college. A reception was tendered him in the college hall, at the close of which the following address of welcome was read by Mr. James St. Cerny:

THE ADDRESS.

We greet your coming among us, Reverend Father, with reverence and with joy. With reverence because, for every Christian, and for the Catholic student especially, no one inspires such respect as the bearer of God-given authority; and in

you we honor the chosen representative of the first Superior of St. Viateur's community. We welcome you with pleasure because we recognize you as a personal friend, a lover of youth, one whose edifying words, spoken in our chapel but a few years ago, still ring in our ears and warm our hearts. Your coming among us was like the nearer shining of the more genial spring sun, a cause of increased literary advancement and moral development. Hence, as the solitaries of the deserts gladly hailed angel visits, so do we joyously welcome you in the beloved solitude of our college home.

Allow us to express, also, the sentiments of gratitude we feel towards you. We are not unaware of the important position which you occupy in the higher ranks of St. Viateur's community, nor of the incessant labors that attend your exalted station. We know, too, the important work you have accomplished in the interests of the whole community, as well as in behalf of each province. He who cements the entire edifice thereby strengthens each part.

We are confident that nothing else brings you here than the furtherance of the greater good of this particular field of the Viatorian congregation. Religious do not travel for pleasure, but their desire to do good, to enkindle enthusiasm, to promote the work of their institute, easily makes them overlook the fatigues, inconveniences, and expenses of travel.

We trust that your visit among us will be enjoyable; we trust it may not be without consolation; we trust that in our attentive obedience you may find a response to your zealous efforts in our behalf. Again we assure you of our esteem and loyal affection. We bid you cordial welcome.

After the reading of the address Father Corcoran arose and feelingly and in his own happy and eloquent manner, thanked the students for their expression of good will, and assured them that he also retained a pleasant remembrance of his former visits. He said that he always kept in touch with the events of the college through the pages of THE VIATORIAN. It gave him pleasure to learn that several of the sons of St. Viateur's has been honored in a special manner—Bishop McGavick, who had recently been selected by the great archbishop of Chicago, to be his auxiliary, and Father Legris, who had received the doctorate. Father Corcoran concluded by granting a grand *congé*.

FOOTBALL.

MOMENCE VS. ST. VIATEUR'S.

On November 12 the Momence eleven for the second time this year suffered defeat at the hands of St. Viateur's sturdy eleven in one of the most exciting games of football ever played on the S.V.C. gridiron.

The day was a beautiful one, just cold enough to keep the fever heat of the enthusiast from rising too high and to keep the players working in order to keep warm.

The Momence players arrived about 2 p.m., accompanied by a large crowd of rooters from Momence, and Kankakee also. Although re-enforced by several new players and cheered on by a large number of loyal rooters, the Momence team could do almost nothing with their well trained opponents.

After a short practice by both teams Referee Tong tossed up the coin and Captain St. Cerny won the toss. He chose the south goal, with a fine, brisk wind blowing at his back.

Gibson kicked off for Momence and the ball landed in Cahill's hands on the ten-yard line, who succeeded in advancing it twenty yards before being brought down.

Immediately after lining up Martin was sent through right tackle for a gain of fifteen yards, and then St. Cerny found a hole between left guard and tackle for five more. Martin once more struck the line with a revolving wedge, which threw the Momence team into confusion and yielded twenty yards more. The ball was being rapidly advanced toward Momence's goal when a luckless fumble gave the ball to Momence.

They were compelled to hand it back after three vain attempts to advance it five yards, and then St. Viateur's started in anew. Hanlon called for "guards back," and Sullivan was sent around right end. Whalen and Heffernan formed suburb interference for him and he gained thirty yards before being downed. The ball was now within fifteen yards of Momence's goal. Martin was again called on, and he answered by tearing around right end for five yards. Cahill was sent around left end for seven yards. The ball was now only three yards from the goal. Martin was given the ball and went through the center for the first touchdown. Hanlon missed goal. Score, St. Viateur's, 5; Momence, 0.

Gibson again kicked off and Dube received the ball, he advanced it ten yards and was downed. St. Cerny gained four yards around left end; Sullivan gained ten yards by a mass on tackle

and Martin gained five yards around right end. St. Viateur's were then held for downs and the ball went over to Momence in the center of the field. Marshall went around right end for a three yard gain. Gibson hit right tackle for a gain of four yards; Chipman made a gain of five yards around left end. Here a sudden stop was put to their gaining and they were held for three downs. St. Viateur's secured the ball on her forty-five yard line and began again the terrible onslaught. Cahill was sent around left end but was tripped by the interference and thrown back for a loss of three yards. Hayden was sent through right tackle for four yards, and Martin went around right end for seven more; Cahill was sent around right end for twenty yards; St. Cerny found center for ten more; then Sullivan went through right tackle for eight yards; Martin went around left end for ten yards; Whalen hit center for five. The ball was now only six yards from goal; twice the Viatorians were held for downs, but the third time Martin found a little hole between right guard and tackle and through this he made his way across the line. Hanlon again missed goal. Score, St. Viateur's, 10; Momence, 0.

There was only one minute more play, so after the ball was kicked off time was called for the first half.

St. Viateur's opened the second half with the kick-off. The ball was brought back from the five-yard line to the twenty-yard line by Gibson.

Successive gains through the line by Chipman, Marshall, and Gibson landed the ball in the center of the field. Here Momence was held for downs and the ball went over to St. Viateur. They lost the ball after gaining ten yards by another fumble. Chipman tried the line for a gain but found it impregnable and was thrown back for a loss of five yards. Again Chipman was given the ball and tried his luck around right end. He succeeded in dodging players the entire width of the field. He was brought down, however, by Martin and Cahill, when he thought he had a clear field. He was thrown so hard that on the resumption of play he was compelled to quit the game with a sprained leg.

Momence had only gained four yards on the last play and it was now the third down with six yards to gain. E. Metcaff who took Chipman's place was given the ball, but failed to gain the required number of yards, so the ball went over to St. Viateur's.

Martin was sent through right tackle with a revolving wedge for a gain of ten yards. St. Cerny found a hole through center which yielded five more. Dube was then sent around

right end for a gain of four yards, then Sullivan and Cahill worked a cris-cross which netted fifteen yards. Martin smashed the line again for five yards, but it was disastrous, for he was laid out. He persisted in remaining in the game and again called for the ball, which was given to him and by the aid of fine interference he went around left end for a gain of twenty yards and a touchdown. Martin kicked goal. Score, St. Viateur's 16, Momence 0,

Gibson kicked off and Sullivan captured the ball on the fifteen-yard line. He brought it back to the center of the field before being downed. Then St. Cerny trotted around right end for fifteen yards. Dube went over the same course for five more. Sullivan hit right tackle for a gain of four yards, then Martin went around left end for six yards. Time was then called, and the game ended with the score 16 to 0 in favor of St. Viateur's.

This was a sad defeat for Momence, for they contemplated taking this game to even up matters for the year. They must be given credit, however, for the way they played. Every man on the team worked as if his life was at stake, and it was alone due to the superior team work of the college men that they failed in realizing their end.

Too much praise cannot be given St. Viateur's eleven for the manner in which they played. The team work showed a great improvement over that of recent games, and the plays were all executed with accuracy and rapidity.

The playing of Martin was the feature of the game. His line-bucking was especially noteworthy. St. Cerny, Sullivan, Cahill and Martin did most of the yard-gaining, while Dube, Hayden and Cosgrove distinguished themselves by their fierce tackling and steady playing throughout. Hanlon at quarter has improved wonderfully. He gets the ball away fast, and is always found in the interference. The rest of the men played their usual steady game throughout.

Line up was as follows:

ST. VIATEUR'S.	POSITIONS.	MOMENCE.
Cahill.....	right end.....	Cates
Cosgrove.....	right tackle.....	Brulet
Whalen.....	right guard.....	O'Brien
Armstrong.....	center.....	Cantway
Heffernan.....	left guard.....	Demack
Hayden.....	left tackle.....	Berger
Dube.....	left end.....	T. Metcalf
Hanlon.....	quarter back.....	Morgan
Sullivan..	left half back.....	Marshall
St. Cerny.....	right half back.....	Chipman, E. Metcalf
Martin.....	full back.....	Gibson

Score—St. Viateur's, 16; Momence, 0. Touchdowns—Martin, 3. Goals—Martin, 1. Time of game—two 25-minute halves. Referee—L. J. Tong, S.C.V. Umpire—Griffin, K.A.A. Linesmen—G. Bergeron and Sam Small.

T. A. CAHILL, '02.

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

THE VIATORIAN football team accompanied by a large number of students and friends journeyed to Kankakee, November 23, and there met defeat for the first time this season.

The team was considerably weakened on account of the absence of one of its best players. Still this was not so much to blame for defeat as were the officials. These gentlemen who have been hitherto "pretty much on the square" showed themselves in this game to be a little on the "bareface robber's" line. Every decision rendered was in favor of the Kankakee team, and St. Viateur had no show to win as long as they had their say.

Time and again when the ball was called down by a Viatorian player carrying it the Kankakee players would snatch it up off the ground and start down the field toward their goal with it, and in one instance this resulted in six points for them. Playing against the odds they did the Viatorians acquitted themselves in grand style, allowing only five points to be scored against them, and that was on a scratch run made before the team got down to steady work.

Captain Schneider, of the Kankakee athletes, won the toss and chose the west goal.

Hanlon kicked off to Kankakee's ten-yard line. Burns got the ball and carried it ten yards and was downed by Cosgrove. Kankakee, after three attempts to gain five yards, was compelled to hand the ball over to St. Viateur's.

St. Viateur's made five yards through the line and then lost the ball on downs. Kankakee makes five yards on end play.

Schneider hits center for five more. Turner is sent around right end for twenty-five yards and is brought down by Sullivan. Griswold goes around left end for touchdown. On the kick out the ball was missed. Score: St. Viateur's, 0; Kankakee 5.

Hanlon again kicks off to the ten-yard line. Turner receives the ball and runs ten yards before being brought down.

Kankakee makes ten yards on mass plays. Turner goes around right end for a gain of fifteen yards and Kankakee is then held for downs.

Moran goes around left end for thirty yards.

St. Viateur's lose the ball on a fumble.

Kankakee makes successive gains, which netted fifteen yards.

The ball goes over to St. Viateur's on a fumble.

Sullivan goes through the line for a gain of five yards.

Schneider, of the Kankakee's, grabs the ball and runs down the field forty yards for a touchdown, which is permitted. Vanboncoeur kicked goal. Score: St. Viateur's, 0; Kankakee, 11. Time is then called for the first half.

Vanboncoeur kicked off in the second half to Cosgrove, who received the ball on the bounce, on the thirty yard line. He slipped and fell after catching the ball and was kicked in the head by one of the Kankakee players. He was hurt so bad that he had to be removed from the field. On the resumption of play St. Viateur's make five yards through the line. St. Viateurs is given five more on an off side play. Twice St. Viateur's are held for downs; then Moran punts the ball thirty-five yards. Vanboncoeur catches the ball and is downed in his tracks.

Turner goes around right end for eight yards.

Kankakee bucks the line, but is thrown back for a loss of three yards.

Kankakee loses the ball on a fumble.

Moran goes around left end for a gain of five yards. Cahill goes around left end for three more yards. Martin finds a hole through tackle which yielded eight yards. St. Viateur is then held for downs.

Kankakee gains five yards on line bucking.

Turner makes five yards around right end. Kankakee then loses the ball on downs.

Martin goes around right end for four yards. Moran hits the line for three more. Sullivan finds left tackle for two yards, then Martin smashes center for a gain of five yards. Time is then called and the game ends with the ball in the possession of St. Viateur's on Kankakee's fifteen yard line.

The line up was as follows:

St. Viateur's.	Positions.	Kankakee A.C.
Cahill.....	right end.....	Griswold
Cosgrove, Lamaree	right tackle.....	Morris
Whaten.....	right guard.....	Houlihan
Armstrong.....	center.....	Cosminsky
Heffernan.....	left guard.....	Bonfield
Hayden.....	left tackle.....	Brosseau
Dube.....	left end.....	Vanboncoeur
Hanlon.....	quarter back.....	Sloan
Sullivan.....	left half back.....	Turner
Moran.....	right half back.....	Burns
Martin.....	full back.....	Schneider

Score, St Viateur's, 0; Kankakee A. C., 11. Touchdowns, Griswold, Schneider. Goals, Vanboncoeur, 1. Time of game, two 20-minute halves. Referee, Griffin, K.A.C. Umpire, L. J. Tong, S.V.C. Linesmen, G. Bergeon, and Deseilm.

F. A. CAHILL, '02.

PERSONAL.

—We learn with pleasure that Rev. H. Durkin has been appointed to the pastorate of Rantoul, Ill. We congratulate our *alumnus* on his promotion.

—Mr. A. Granger, '96, was lately admitted to the bar. We learn with pleasure that he is at present engaged with the famous Chicago law firm of Kraus, Meyers & Moran. Mr. Granger is not only a talented young man but is also a persevering and earnest worker.

—Mr. Alex. Moody, '76, paid a visit to his *alma mater* recently. He was accompanied by his two little sons whom he will enter in the minim department after the holidays.

—Rev. F. Lauriault has been assigned to Rock Island to assist Rev. Father Lockney.

—Mr. John St. Cerny, a student in '96, spent a pleasant afternoon recently with his two brothers, James and Oney. We noticed that John had lost none of his old skill at the piano. During his stay, he favored us with many popular selections and also with more classical music.

—Mr. Frank A. Moody, '93, spent a few days at the college this month, the guest of the Rev. President and Vice-president. We were pleased to see that Mr. Moody has completely regained his health.

—It will no doubt be of interest to old students to learn that Rev. J. P. Suerth has been named pastor of the parish at Colehaur, South Chicago.

—Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., preached the sermon at the dedication of St. Edward's church, Irving Park. St. Edward's church has been recently erected by Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V.

—Messrs. Charles Carroll and Frank Burke paid their respects to the Rev. President during the early part of this month.

—Rev. M. Welter, '96, has been assigned to Ottawa, to assist the Rev. Dean Keating.

—Rev. D. Walsh, '96, made pastor at Carthage, Ill. We wish our old friend as much success in his new mission as he had in his former position.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., has consented to occupy the pulpit at St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Ill., on Christmas.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., will assist the Rev. W. Donovan at Ramona, S. D., during the Christmas services.

—Rev. Dr. Leberge has accepted the invitation of Rev. Father Tynan to preach the Christmas sermon at Holy Rosary Church.

—Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., will preach the sermon on Christmas day at Rev. M. A. Dooling's church, Clinton, Ill.

—Mr. Mallory and Mr. Babst called upon the Reverend President during this month. Mr. Mallory is now running the Commercial Hotel in Kankakee. His old friends will find him prepared to give them the best kind of service.

—It is always a pleasure for us to chronicle the success of a former editor of THE VIATORIAN. The following letter from Mr. Paul Wilstack, who was a member of THE VIATORIAN staff during his college days, explains itself. Mr. Wilstack is the literary manager for the Mansfield Theatrical Co.:

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR FATHER MARSILE:—I enclose for you a reprint of a recent article of mine in *The Bookman* which may interest you. During Mr. Mansfield's recent stay in Chicago, I was so fortunate as to meet Father Legris on the street, and enjoyed more than I could tell hearing again of my dear old friends at Bourbonnais. During the parade I was in the Auditorium Hotel balcony, and we gave the cadets marching under C.S.V. in front of the Rev. Chaplin Rivard, a hearty cheer. And it was spontaneous, for our boys made the best showing of any of the student or cadet organizations. Crowded together were A. M. Palmer, Mrs. General Logan, the eminent C. Hamilton Ball (ex-colonel of the S.V.C. Battalion) and your humble scribe. We tried to find a Viatorian after the parade but no one was to be found. Mr. Mansfield is at present at the Garden Theater here and we remain until February. Then we go south, and it will be my first visit to Dixie. Last summer I spent in England, France, and Holland and Belgium, but next summer I shall go into the Virginia mountains.

Remember me to as many of my old friends as are about you and believe me.

Yours faithfully,

PAUL WILSTACK.

EXCHANGES.

—On the first page of *St. John's University Record* for October there is a beautiful little poem entitled "A Plea for Peace," and so inviting are its opening lines that one finds his attention aroused at once. The music of its rhythm, the simplicity of expression, and especially the spirit of liberty which pervades it all make it a poem of merit.

—*The College Index* is again on our table. It contains many articles of considerable literary merit. Among these is one entitled "Rob. J. Ingersoll," in which the writer gives a just appreciation of this great atheist's personal character, and states that he was sincere in his motives. Still with all his wonderful talent and ability he failed to accomplish anything worthy of comment. The article concludes thus: "If in the hour of death, in the short moment before dissolution there came to Mr. Ingersoll an instant of consciousness in which there flashed before his eyes the events of his whole career there can have been small consolation in the thought that in all his public utterances, in all his fervid eloquence and brilliant rhetoric, there was nothing that helped to make the life of man more noble, or more spiritual, or more truly worth living."

—*The Aquinas* is a very neat journal agreeably varied with essays and stories, published by the young ladies of St. John's Cathedral High School of Milwaukee. "The Boers of the Transvaal" is a well written article. It contains several illustrations which clearly prove that the Boers are not so uncivilized as our English brethren would have us believe.

—*The Georgetown College Journal* for November contains 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 Georgetown College Journal* productions real literary treats.

—We are greatly pleased to form an acquaintance with *The Loretto Magazine*, hailing from Loretto, Kentucky. Among its many articles is an instructive essay on "Chemistry and Chemical Studies." A biographical sketch on St. Stanislaus is also worthy of mention. We would advise the editor, however, to endeavor to receive more contributions from the actual students.

—It is always with pleasure that we read *The Emory Phoenix*. Its neat appearance, as well as diversity of subjects, are always attracting. In the November number we were happy to find the sad conclusion of "Montmoren, the Express Clerk." It abounds in many short poems which are quite well worth reading. The local department is excellent in relating the many doings of the college.

D. B. HAYDEN, '00.

VIATORIANA.

—This year as usual the great feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God was well and worthily celebrated by her children at St. Viateur's College. Preparatory to the feast the Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., delivered a course of instructions to the students as a *novena*. On the morning of the feast all the students approached the Holy Table at an early mass. This was a fitting termination of our *novena*, and a most acceptable tribute to Our Immaculate Queen on her feast day *par excellence*. At 8:30 a.m. a solemn High Mass was sung in the chapel, at which the Rev. J. Ryan officiated as celebrant, assisted by Very Rev. M. J. Marsile as deacon and the Rev. M. McCauliffe as sub-deacon. After the mass Rev. Dr. Laberge delivered a very able and instructive sermon on the privilege of the Immaculate Conception.

—Friday evening, December 8, was one of intense joy and amusement for the college students and their friends. The college minstrels, under the very efficient directorship of Mr. John A. McCarthy, treated us to the following program:

Overture.....	College Orchestra
Opening Chorus.....	By Company
I'll Break Up This Jamboree.....	Later
He Ain't No Relation of Mine.....	Tambo
Sweet Marjorie.....	Mr. Schoeneck
I've Got Chicken on the Brain.....	Starlight
Every Dog Must Have His Day.....	Bones
I'd Leave My Happy Home for You.....	Mr. Lamarre
I'm Living Easy.....	M. Cleary
Susie We.....	Sunlight
Darktown is Out To-night.....	Sooner
Interlocutor.....	J. St. Cerny

END MEN.

Later.....	T. Cahill
Sooner.....	L. Tong
Starlight.....	C. Moran
Sunlight... ..	W. Hanlon
Tambo.....	J. King
Bones.....	W. Hollister

SECOND SPASM.

Overture.....	College Orchestra
Comic Sketch.....	L. Tong, T. Cahill

Minim Quartette

Sketch.....	W. Hollister and J. King
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Darktown Quartette
Grand Prize Cakewalk

Roy hall was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion with an array of incandescent lights, and the stage was gaily festooned with tropical plants and rare flowers. The scene was enriched and varied by the floating aloft of Dear Old Glory. Besides the students there was a large and respectable audience present, who seemed to enjoy the amusement thoroughly. Our amateur minstrels deserve much commendation for the very enjoyable entertainment they gave us, and too much praise cannot be attributed to their able director when we consider that it was their first appearance in such a role, and also the fact that they had very little time for preparation, for this is a busy time for the students on account of the approaching Xmas examinations. The coon songs were well and comically rendered. It would occupy too much space to give to each one the praise he so well deserves, but we cannot help making special mention of the well merited encore which Mr. Lamarre received for the droll and comical manner in which he sang, "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You." Mr. Schoeneck also deserves a passing word in praise of his rich voice and the manner in which he rendered "Sweet Marjorie." The jokes were original, rich and many, and were well received by the audience present. Messrs. Cahill and Tong deserve much praise for their spicy originality and comical ability. The audience was in a spasm of side-splitting laughter at their farcical scruce or comic sketch, in which they introduced and harshly abused an unknown's effigy. The much-enjoyed evening's entertainment was brought to its happy close by a "grand prize cake walk." The contestants were: Mr. J. St. Cerny, leader; couples, Messrs. Finnegan and Hanlon, Messrs. King and F. McShane, Messrs. Tong and Moran. The cake was awarded to Messrs. Finnegan and Hanlon. The interludes were

filled in by choice selections by the college orchestra under the able leadership of Rev. Dr. Legris. This is the last reunion we shall have before the Xmas vacation, and to one and all we wish a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. M. J. M.

We take the following clipping from the *Kankakee Times*:

TO THEATER-GOERS.

Editor Times:

I take the liberty to say that your comment on the amateur minstrel show at St. Viateur's College on the 8th inst., in your issue of the 9th inst., is excellent. I see your dramatic critic appreciates a good thing.

From the standpoint of an actor, critic and manager of this class of performances, I desire to say that these highly commendable and talented young men should be given all possible encouragement to produce this performance at the Arcade Opera House stage as soon as convenient, and they should receive the strongest kind of support and patronage from all classes of theater-goers of this city, and they should be given a rousing reception and a full house. This is home talent that cannot be beat for a hundred miles around. Let us all be there and show them that we are alive and appreciate such artistic home talent, which is in line with the procession of today and thoroughly up-to-date.

J. C. P.

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