

THE VIATORIAN

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THE DAWN OF ERIN'S FREEDOM

Before discussing the present Home Rule bill, it may not be amiss to take a retrospect step and view a few episodes in the pages of Irish history. We shall thereby see how Ireland lost her former Parliament, and the influences that tended to undermine her independence. Ever since the passing of Poyning's Act, the English Parliament claimed the right to make laws for Ireland, and to prevent when it pleased, the Irish Parliament from making laws. By this act the King of England resolved to make the whole administration of Ireland directly responsible to him. This reduced the Parliament of Ireland to be only the mouthpiece of that of England. After Poyning's Act, England assumed a despotic power, and declared her inherent right to bind Ireland by every British statute, and Ireland retained no longer the attributes of an independent nation.

Then Ireland being helpless and distracted, groaned under the eternal tyranny of penal statutes. By this paralysing system of penal statutes Ireland was reduced to the lowest ebb, and the galling yoke of English despotism increased her degradation, and the year 1799 found Ireland lying in the dust.

About the year 1795 it was rumored throughout Ireland that a union was to take place between England and Ireland. The people were enraged at losing their parliament, and being subjected to the heavy taxation of England. In the year 1799 the English government now thought that the time had come when it could press forward its favorite project of a legislative union between England and Ireland. The insurgents who fought against English oppression were crushed everywhere and they could think of nothing but their safety; the country, exhausted, could offer little resistance. The Catholics were deluded with the assurance that the union once affected, emancipation would follow, and the Protestants were told that the safety of their church

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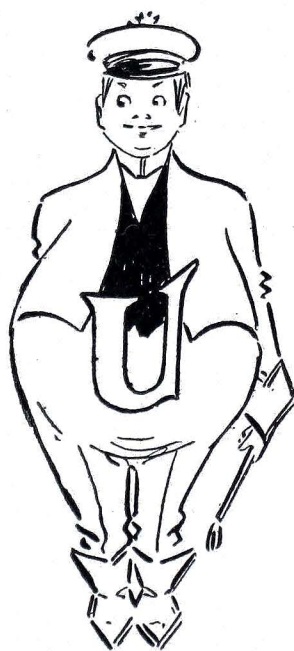
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*We launched our bark on the Sea of Life,
Pride, Ambition, Youth and I;
Not a ripple disturbed our calm blue sea,
Not a cloud bedimmed our sky.*

*Our gallant ship was gorgeously decked,
Resplendent with colors bright;
She rode the waves like a thing of life,
Flooded with Heaven's own light.*

*We would steer our bark on its airy course
To the haven where Glory reigns;
We would tear her down from her stately throne
Our vassal in fetters and chains.*

*She would strew her laurels at our feet,
Her garlands would deck our brow
With her richest and rarest jewels;
She would load us from stern to prow.*

*But alas for our dreams and our longings,
And our ship that seemed staunchest of all
Are but wrecks that drift onward and onward
With the waves singing hymns o'er our fall.*

*We had planned well, but man but proposes,
For 'tis God that disposes aright,
'Twas He guided our ship to the breakers
Turning brightest of morns to dark night.*

*Then He showed us how vain was our voyage,
That our treasure was nothing but dross,
That the pathway that leads to true Glory
Is the Royal Road of the Cross.*

"F"

would be the fundamental principle of the union. Corruption did its work and the Act of Union was carried, and declared that the kingdom of Ireland and Great Britain should be henceforth one. Thus Irish independence was bartered away by external tyranny. Thus was passed the union by which Ireland was robbed of her Parliament. Every writer who has written, or orator who has spoken about the Union denounced it and its supporters with words burning with indignation. On this subject Mr. Gladstone said: "I know of no fouler or blacker transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union between England and Ireland." Thus the pride, prosperity and independence of the Irish nation was extinguished at one blow. The abolition of the Irish Parliament, and the union of the two countries under one legislature was proposed by William Pitt and Lord Castlereagh. Oh! Ireland, it was a sad day for thee when thou did'st intrust the precious gift of thy independence to another Judas—William Pitt.

Thus Ireland was lying lifeless like a corpse on the dissecting table when Daniel O'Connell appeared on the horizon of Irish history, but his magnetic personality and his demand for the "Repeal of the Union" infused new blood into her lifeless limbs. The condition of Ireland and her people at this time was indeed lamentable. The great mass of the Irish people, amounting nearly to eight millions, was crushed and dared not raise their voice for fear of the cruel hand of the still crueller oppressor. Irishmen received no hearing from the English officials in their own country. Justice was meted out to every man save an Irishman and a catholic. These are some of the outrages under which Irishmen, especially Catholics, were suffering before the Emancipation and the attempt to repeal the Union. This, in brief, was the sad position of Ireland and her people when Daniel O'Connell arose to wake the people from their lethargy and break the shackles that bound his people to subjection and win back for his country the liberty she was wont to enjoy. Although he succeeded in winning Catholic Emancipation for Ireland, his hopes for the repeal of the union were never realized. The works of iniquity are passing and perishable and the curtain has rung up and we shall soon behold Ireland peaceful and prosperous enjoying the independence which will soon be hers.

The movement for Home Rule began in 1873. Its object is like the "Repeal Agitation," to obtain for Ireland a separate government, which would manage local affairs, whilst questions of imperial policy would be left to the imperial Parliament. Isaac

Butt was the leader in this movement. Irish measures of importance were brought forward in Parliament, supported by a great majority of the Irish members, but they were rejected almost without a discussion. In 1875, under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, a party was formed which pledged itself to have only the welfare of Ireland in view. The question of Home Rule was forced on the attention of the Parliament and of the public, with the inevitable result that it became an election cry with one of the English parties and a bill was introduced by Gladstone by which Home Rule would be granted to Ireland. It passed through the House of Commons but was rejected by the House of Lords. From the defeat of the Gladstone bill down to the present day, Irishmen have denied the claim of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland, and this is the guiding star and the inspiration of the present Home Rule bill.

The present Home Rule bill is the third in thirty-four years. It made its appearance in April, 1911. Premier Asquith, representing a coalition of the Liberal party, Irish Nationalist and Laborists, introduced it in the House of Commons. The essential features of the bill, which has suffered but slight amendments since its first introduction, are the following:

There is to be an Irish Parliament, consisting of a Senate and a House of Commons, with power to make laws for peace, order and good government. Ireland demands the right to manage her own affairs economically, because England has always insisted in managing them for her. Under the present proposal, Ireland will for the first time be given the burden of responsibility. The matters to be excluded from the control of the Irish Parliament are the crown, the army and navy, imperial affairs, the Irish constabulary, the postoffice savings bank and public loans. The customs will be under the control of the imperial government. The lord lieutenant of Ireland is to have the power to veto or suspend any bill on the instruction of the imperial Parliament. The collection of all taxes is to remain in the imperial service, and they will be paid into the imperial exchequer, which is to pay over to the Irish executive an amount equivalent to the expenditure on Irish services. Provision is also made for the protection of religious equality in Ireland, and the Irish Parliament cannot make laws to establish or endow any religion, or to prohibit the free exercise of any religion; or to give privileges to any religion; or to make any religious ceremony a condition of validity of any marriage. This seems the most important clause of the bill in view of the Orange bluff and bluster.

The fanatical opposition of Orangemen to the passage of Home Rule gives food for much thought. Everyone interested in Ireland's liberation decries the selfishness and base ingratitude that prompt their conduct, because Home Rule is the crying need of Ireland and it is it that will lead her into the haven of prosperity which was so long denied her. Why have the Orangemen banded together to resist the independence of their country? The reason is not far to seek. They do not want equal rights and equal privileges with their fellow Catholics. They want Protestant ascendancy to continue like it did in the past. They wish government favoritism for them should continue. They want to retain their rights to insult Catholics. They want to dictate to the majority who want Home Rule. They do not like to see Ireland get control over her own affairs, which is the very essence of civil liberty. The Orangemen want special protection for their own industries, and they want to remain the pampered pets of an alien government rather than submit to the policy of an Irish Parliament.

This opposition to Home Rule shown by the Ulsterites should not be misunderstood as opposition by Irishmen to Home Rule. Those who dominate and sway the Ulster forces are nothing but the remnants of the "garrisons" of old. They are the direct descendants of the "planters" upon whom the sovereigns and powers conferred lands confiscated and stolen from the Irish and Catholics. They have never felt the stings of suffering or persecution which their fellow Catholic countrymen have suffered. When we speak of the Ulster problem, we only mean the four counties of Antrim, Down, Derry and Armagh, because in these counties the Protestants and Unionists far outnumber the Catholics and Homerulers. In these counties one hears of the wild apprehensions that Home Rule would lead to the persecution of Protestants by the Catholics. Outside of this province there are about 250,000 Protestants scattered throughout the rest of Ireland. Yet from this minority we never hear wailings of Catholic bigotry and intolerance. There is not one single instance of Irish Catholic intolerance. It is only in the counties where the Protestants are in the ascendancy that the fear is expressed that an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin will usher in an era of religious bigotry and intolerance. They do not feel the lack of Home Rule and they are too insignificant in spirit to wish happiness to their Catholic neighbors. These Orangemen are bitter opponents of Catholicism, and this fact goads them on to dread the idea of a Catholic government.

So far have the Orangemen carried this obstinacy that they are prepared to offer armed resistance to Home Rule. To prove that the Ulstermen are not bluffing but are in earnest, they have raised a force equal to 100,000 men, who drill with dummy rifles and go through all known martial maneuvers. Yet Sir Edward Carson tells us that Ulster is loyal to his Majesty, whilst at the same time he is preparing to offer armed resistance against a law which the English government imposes upon Ulster. This resistance has failed to alarm the Nationalists in the least. "The fact is," said Mr. Redmond, "these threats about civil war in Ulster impose upon nobody in Ireland, and upon nobody outside of Ireland who is not invincibly ignorant or wilfully misled by bigotry and race hatred." Another cause of their resistance to Home Rule is in the fact of the Protestant Ascendancy, because it prospered in Ireland in the past under Tory rule and because many of the Ulster Tories were appointed to high and well paid offices by the Tory administration in rule. These facts show why the Tories of the North of Ireland are against independence for the rest of Ireland. Under an Irish Parliament they would not get so many offices, they would get their share and no more. They would be treated "with charity towards all and with malice towards none."

They propose to exclude the four northeastern counties from the provisions of this bill. Statistics show that the other five Ulster counties are Home Rulers and Catholics. Still the Orange party speak as if Ulster were all their own. They claim it as Protestant Ulster. One-eighth of Ireland does not want Home Rule, because they do not like it. They demand that their will, the will of the minority, shall prevail against the will of the rest of Ireland. Even these four counties which they now claim are not altogether anti-Home Rulers. Four of their elective representatives in Parliament are Home Rulers. Even though their demand for a separate government was conceded, and even though it were agreed to exclude these four counties from the provisions of the Home Rule bill, even this would not satisfy the Tories. They would still be against independence for the rest of Ireland. Never before was such brazen audacity heard of, the minority dictating to the majority. However, this bluff of Bonar Law and Carson has no effect on the British public, and the rejection of this measure of justice can be only delayed by the House of Lords.

A veto by the House of Lords does not stop legislation in England, since the power of that house was somewhat clipped

in 1910. A veto bill has been enacted which greatly restricts the power of the House of Lords, and the rejection of the Home Rule bill by that body can only temporarily delay its final triumph. The lords can only delay a bill. If the House of Commons passes any bill three times and at three consecutive sessions, not less than two years are allowed to elapse from the second reading of the first passage, until the final and decisive reading on the third passage, the bill becomes law without the lord's approval. The defeat of the Home Rule bill in the House of Lords is certain. But the veto bill has reduced the lords to such a position that it does not appear so large a stumbling block to Irish independence as it did in the past. But the bill can become law without the approval of the lords, because the veto fight paved the way for Home Rule now. They have postponed the passage of the bill, but they cannot prevent nor prohibit it. They cannot keep it on the list of rejected projects, such is the constitutional change that has come over England in the last twenty years. The House of Lords in 1893 could not only reject the Home Rule bill, but they could keep it in the rejected list. Today all that is changed, and this house is shorn of its legislative power. Thus we see Home Rule in sight for Ireland, and with it an era of prosperity which will dawn on Ireland under her independence.

Autonomy and freedom for Ireland will affect the country economically. The inexhaustible resources of that fertile land can be developed to advantage with the advent of Home Rule. The face of the country will assume an appearance hitherto unknown. The oppressor's hand shall no longer ruthlessly destroy and lay waste the teeming countryside, and cause its inhabitants to flee to foreign lands. Ruined towns will be once more the center of manufacture and commerce. This will give employment to hundreds who are now without it, and will cause emigration to decline. In the past the state of Ireland remained unheeded and unthought of by an alien government. The only thing the English government thought of in the past was to overflow her coffers with money, plucked from the brow of an oppressed nation. Ireland's miseries and oppressions got no favorable consideration at the hands of the English ministers. England in the past gave strenuous and weighty opposition to every measure for the betterment of Ireland. Under Home Rule the Irish representatives will be a formidable phalanx fighting for the genuine interest of their country. This paralysing system adapted towards Ireland in the past reduced her to the lowest ebb of poverty and distress and caused her commerce to cease.

The same system extinguished her manufacture, and reduced her inhabitants to the lowest depth of misery. Every progressive effort of the people was doomed to defeat. Every means of comfort was denied her inhabitants. No more do we behold these dreary prospects for Ireland. A ray of commercial advantage is beginning to illuminate the darkness of the past. External tyranny will no longer benumb the best energies of the Irish race, because when Ireland has gained her independence the British Parliament can no longer wield the death blow to every measure proposed for the regeneration of Ireland. The Irish Parliament can promote commerce and the manufactures which will be beneficial to the prosperity of their country. English monopoly will no longer be victorious in degrading the commercial outlook of Ireland, because Home Rule will be the harbinger of commercial liberty. Then Ireland will no longer be in a state of commercial thralldom from which she is slowly emerging. Home Rule will draw aside the curtain, and we can behold Ireland "taking her place among the nations of the earth." Never in the history of Ireland has the sun dawned on a more hopeful scene than is presented to the gaze of every Irishman the world over today. The undying hopes of every Irishman, so long frustrated, are at last to be realized, and one is warranted in exclaiming with Thomas Moore:

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young,
 Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy mourning hath hung
 The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

T. L.

THE SWAN SONG

By CHARLES A. HART

There were but two of them now. Josephi Gualano, the poor violin maker of the village of ———, not more than a few leagues from the great city of Milan, had passed away. Almost the only mourners who followed his mortal remains to the tiny village church were his beloved daughter, Maria, and his twelve-year-old Ettore. Sickness and trouble had ever besieged the little family and now with its chief supporter gone it would be indeed a hard struggle to keep the wolf of hunger from entering

at the threshold of their mean little home on the edge of the village.

Not so many years had passed since the proud Josephi had crossed the Alps and descended into sunny France to bring back his bride from Marseilles. Then everything seemed bright and happy and to bless the union there was born the dark-eyed Maria, and quiet, gentle, thoughtful Ettore. Then did the clear blue Italian skies look down upon no happier family in all the village. The future could possibly hold nothing save bliss, thought the sturdy artisan.

Josephi was then considered a skillful workman, so there was quite a demand for the violins he had to offer to his music-loving fellow-townsmen. Very soon he had more orders than he could fill. He made his instruments from a real Stradivardius violin which had been a precious heirloom in the Gualano family for more than two hundred years, handed down from father to son through all this time. It was especially highly treasured by Josephi because he had come of a long line of violin-makers who knew its particular value to them and had steadfastly refused to part with it despite many tempting offers. Now Josephi must keep it for his son, Ettore, who at a very early age was showing a great ability as a player. Indeed, so much talent did Ettore show that the neighbors became proud of him and generously predicted a career for him as illustrious as that of his wonderful country man, Pagginini.

The little family continued to be very happy until an evil day came and the mother took sick. After two long, slow years of a lingering illness, during which time the small savings in the iron box on the mantle had been drained to the very last pezo, death claimed the first of the once so happy group. And yesterday the father was laid beside his wife, while the two they had loved so much in life were left behind to do life's battles all alone.

After a few days an intimate friend of the family came and took Maria away to place her in a Carmelite convent in a neighboring town. Maria was a very pious child and there was every indication that she would dedicate her life to the following of her Master behind the austere walls of the Carmelite monastery.

So Ettore was left alone. He was twelve and well able to meet the hardships of life, so the villagers thought. Could he not take his Strad and go to Milan to play for a living? A boy of such talent would soon find a place. But how much anguish of heart he suffered at the parting with his sister, the constant companion of his short life, no one will ever know. It pained

him much when he saw the big tears come into her dark eyes and it was with no little struggle that he tried manfully to keep them back from his own eyes as he told her that it was the best and as he besought her to pray always for him.

As soon as the lad could dispose of the few household articles and the violins his father had on hand he paid the funeral expenses and the other small debts of the family. Then after bidding the kind villagers goodbye, he took up his beloved Strad, and departed to seek his fortunes in the great city of Milan. Determination filled his breast. He would succeed despite all obstacles and some day who could say that he would not return as Gualano, the great virtuoso, to receive the plaudits of his townsmen?

On reaching the city, however, he found that everything was not so easy as his kind-hearted neighbors had so generously supposed. He found that even the street player worked under a strict system. The business part of the city was divided into districts and each district was surveilled by a padrone whose business it was to keep those outside of the association from playing in the territory. No free lancing would be permitted under any circumstances. Ettore resolved to keep away from such employment in any case because when his father was alive, from bitter experience, he had told his son of the many inhuman cruelties of these padrones towards the boys under their charge.

Food, nevertheless, must be forthcoming. He thought of the Strad, held tightly under his arm, and the price it would bring him, but he quickly dispelled this idea from his mind, for had he not promised at the deathbed of his father, with a crucifix in his hand, and in the presence of Maria, that come what may he would never allow this instrument to pass into the possession of any other save that of a Gualano, with his consent? No, he would be true to his solemn word. He would not dishonor the name of Gualano with a broken pledge, and especially when that pledge was given at a deathbed. Indeed, he imagined he could almost see the dark eyes of his sister peering out at him from her Carmelite cell, and even with a glance telling him to be true.

As supper time approached he came upon one of the busiest thoroughfares in Milan. Perhaps some of the restaurants would need a player to entertain their guests. Timidly and with much misgiving he approached the restaurateur of a more modest one of these places. He asked if they needed a good violinist for their orchestra at mealtime, and with a smile the big man replied that good violinists were always in demand. A lump came

in his throat as Ettore offered his services, but all his hope was very soon dashed to the ground when the owner broke into a loud, boisterous laugh and told him to clear out, before he kicked him out. Very much humiliated he left the restaurant amidst the gibes and sneers of the waiters and a few early customers of the place.

His efforts elsewhere were treated with the same scorn because of his youth and shabby appearance. At not a single place was he given even a trial to show his skill, and so tired and discouraged after almost two hours of vain endeavor he sat down to rest a moment on the curb in front of a large impressive-looking building.

While he sat thus musing alone with his heavy thoughts, the sound of a violin being tuned came upon his ears. He listened more attentively. Yes, there was an orchestra getting ready to play in the building before him, for now he heard the shrill cry of the flute, the noise of the drums, the dull blast of the kettles, the loud, clear call of the cornet and other brass instruments, and above all the plaintive tones of the violin. Why he was in front of the Milan Grand Opera Theatre and soon the performance would start! Now, with the characteristic ease of an Italian he cast aside his dull cares and went up to the billboard to see what opera was to be given this evening. What a thrill of joy filled him as he read thereon, "To-night!—Verdi's *Il Trovatore*!" in big Italian headlines, of course! And underneath were the names of the great artists who were to sing the parts of the Duchess Leonora, of the Count di Luna, the gypsy Azucena, Maurico, Ferrando, Ruiz, and all the others. Oh, what a heavenly bliss it would be to sit in one of the fine seats, to see all this fine show and to hear the wonderful music! Then the tears coursed down his cheeks when he came back to earth from whence his imagination had led him, as he remembered that he had not a single pezo, even if that small coin could buy him a seat far up in the third or fourth balcony. He was very familiar with the work and its solos, although he had never seen it. His father had played second violin in an orchestra at the Grand Opera Theatre in Rome when he was young, and he told the little Ettore about many of the operas, especially of "*Il Trovatore*", his favorite. How the lad now longed to hear the music!

At the side of the building, near the back, was a stage entrance. Perhaps if he could stand near this door he might hear some of the scores. In a moment he had taken a position

there amidst a crowd of stage hands. These latter were hauling in some scenery from an auto truck.

"Here, lad, hold this door open," called out one of the men, in a loud voice.

Ettore rushed to the place to lend his assistance. Now he was inside, very near one of the rear wings. Everyone seemed so busy that he was entirely unnoticed, and so why should he go out again. Close at hand was a big empty box in which articles for the play had been packed. Watching his opportunity, he quickly slipped behind this and, with beating heart, awaited the beginning.

He had not long to wait, for soon the orchestra began a well known overture and shortly the curtain rose. How fine Ferrando looked as he warned the servants of the count's approach. And now this proud Ferrando, with his great bass voice was singing the opening ballad—"Abietta Zingara", telling mysteriously of the hated gypsy hag who appeared at the cradle of the Count di Luna's son, and there with her magic signs and incantations had woven the magic spell. And soon when Leonora came to sing of the calm and peaceful nights in her "Tacea La Notte Placida", and of love in "Di Tale Amor", his musician's soul was touched to its deepest fiber. So loudly was his heart beating in his breast that he feared it must surely reveal his "private box," so generously furnished him by circumstances. Never could he get enough of Manrico's clear tenor voice as he told of earth's loneliness in "Deserto Sulla Terra."

In a short space of time the second act was beginning, and Azucena, with her ugly face and her queer gypsy raiments was singing her famous "Stride La Vampa". Yet with it all, Ettore was tempted to sympathize just a little with her. Had she not been bitterly wronged when her mother, innocent of any crime, had suffered death at the stake. Now with Manrico as her tool for revenge she would seek redress. But quickly was the lad recalled for his musing, for Manrico was now very close to him, singing the "Mal Reggendo". So excited did he become that he had almost slapped his hands for pleasure when he remembered where he was and restrained himself just in time to follow the count through "Per Me Ora Fatale". Soon Manrico was singing again, this time of the dark scaffold "Di ..uella Pira". Tears came to his eyes as he listened soon to Leonora sing of the rosy wings of love, followed so soon the mournful wail of the "Miserere" and cry for death from Manrico, his "Ah, Che La Morte". Quite entranced he was also with the

duet of Manrico and his supposed mother, Azucena, as they spoke of their heavy woes in "Si, La Stanchezza".

But a few moments more it seems to Ettore that the gypsy ends the opera, when she releases herself from the cruel grasp of the count and falling back on her miserable pallet, cries out with all the hate and vengeance of her soul:

"The victim was thy brother
Thou art avenged, Oh, Mother!"

and he finds himself wandering along the streets again, so full of the ecstasy of the music and the excited action of the closing act. Not the slightest idea had he of where he was wandering until he felt large drops of rain beating against his cheeks.

The evening had been very sultry and warm. Many and sharp were the flashes of lightning during the night, and the storm long threatening, was just beginning to break. Hugging his beloved Strad more closely than ever he hastened along in the hope of finding shelter. A sharp flash of lightning a few moments later told him that he was passing one of the largest churches in Milan. There was a bare chance that this side door might be open. Quickly ascending the steps he tugged at the massive knob, and to his great joy he found that such was the case, for the door swung open to admit him. To-day had been the feast of the Assumption and it was this very morning, when he went to Mass in his little village church, that he had prayed so earnestly to the Virgin to protect him on this, her day of honor. Already she was showing her motherly solicitude by finding him a place of shelter in the very home of her Beloved Son.

Within, all was solemn stillness and darkness save for the little red lights that shone upon the altars to warn the visitor of the Sacred Presence there. Were it not for the flashes of lightning that now and again brilliantly lighted up the church, he never would have found his way to the seat near the main altar. Here he knelt down to pray, to thank the Virgin for her kind protection to him this night. He thought of his own mother, now long dead, and of the little French prayer she had taught him when he was hardly able to talk. Now alone in the big, solemn church, with only these tiny red flickerings in their little vases and the occasional flashes of lightning to show him the beauty of statues and the brilliancy of the marble altars, he thrice poured forth again those simple words of faith, of hope, and of love:

"Coeur Sacre de Jesus,
J'ai confiance en Vous."

He was no longer afraid now. Would not the Blessed Lady watch over him and had he not put all his confidence in the Sacred Heart of her Beloved? Very soon his mind became wonderfully calm, as he sat back in the high seat and listened to the torrent of rain as it poured down upon the great roof. After a short time, when peace and quiet had taken possession of his soul he could think again of all the events that had been crowded into one short evening. The music of the opera was sounding in his ears and a longing came over him to try the scores on his dear old Strad, his companion and sharer in the disappointments and joys of the day. In the silence of the church there would be no one to interrupt him. Surely He upon the altar there would not object, for the effort could be sent up as a prayer to Him. Taking out the instrument from its battered case he tucked it lovingly under his chin and began to play. There was, just now, a temporary lull in the storm and so Ettore thought it would be wise to play very softly. Beginning with the sweet "Abietta Zingara", one after another he played the airs and romances until he was entirely lost in the ecstasy of the beautiful ribbon-like notes that came from the master Strad. The lad felt a positive inspiration within him. He played as never before, lost to himself, yet conscious of an impelling power that led him on and on into heights hitherto unattained. The spark of a wonderful genius was kindling his soul, lifting it above the earth into the realms above.

* * * * *

In a tiny room back of the main altar the caretaker of the church was lying asleep. Only a week before this night a beautiful pearl necklace of priceless value, said to have once adorned the personage of an Italian queen some generations before, had been stolen from the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the side altar. The fathers in charge of the church thought it was the work of one of the numerous band of Camorristi who had been committing many church robberies of late. Since then, as an extra precaution, the priests had fitted up a room near the altar for the caretaker, that he might protect the many treasures there from sacrilegious hands.

It was twelve, his alarm had just now told him, so he must get up, try the doors, and take a general inspection of his charge. Opening the door of his own room, he was struck with amazement to hear the plaintive air of a violin. The piece was one he knew quite well, the famous "Miserere", from "Il Trovatore". But how wonderfully well that part of the opera was being

played! What tones so wretchedly piercing, so sad and mournful! Never in all his life had he heard such a rendition of the lamenting air, and not a few were the times he had heard it. But in a moment he came back to his senses. How another Camorrist again entered, but surely gone insane to be thus telling of his presence? Caution must be used here. The villain must be taken unawares. Softly the caretaker crept down from the altar to a pillar near from whence the music came. But with the dim light from the altar he could make out no human form. For a moment he waited in breathless silence. Just then a flash of lightning lighted up the church almost as brightly as day. Behold! To his utter amazement he found the player to be a little curly-haired boy of hardly twelve or thirteen years, playing on entirely oblivious of aught else.

"Giammai! giammai!" shouted the rough voice of the caretaker, "what are you doing here, you young Cammorrist! Come to finish up the job by stealing the jeweled chalice, I suppose! But now we've caught you red-handed, you young bandit!"

Thoroughly surprised and frightened, little Ettore, trembling, replied that he was not a wicked Cammorrist but only a little waif who, having started to play, from no intended harm, had forgotten himself in his music. Then he told in broken sentences how he found the church door unlocked and had fled within for protection from the storm. In his inward soul the caretaker believed every word that was told him but he remembered also the words of the priest to be very careful of the church property, and as much as he disliked his task, he ordered the lad out, but told the player of a little protected place in the corner of the wall near the front of the church where shelter might be found.

With fast-beating heart, the boy went out into the storm, which had started again with renewed vigor. During the light of a particularly brilliant flash of lightning he found the little retreat, and hugging his violin tightly, he crouched down into the corner that he might gain the greatest possible protection. Very hard he prayed now, for each flash seemed more terrible than the previous one. The very skies were opening up. In his excited imagination he fancied that he could look into heaven. He wished with all his heart that he were there with his mother and father.

Now came the worst stroke of all. It was followed by a loud crash from the top of the high steeple above. Ettore, quite beside himself with fear, jumped up and was about to step out into the rain when a heavy weight fell upon him and bore him

to the ground. "Jesu, Marie, j'ai confiance—" but he got no farther, for consciousness had left him.

The parishioners found the little body early next morning as they came to view the havoc wrought upon the steeple by the worst storm that ever shook Milan as far back as anyone living could remember. An arm of the great cross lay upon his breast. Closely in his arms he held a battered violin which, when examined, revealed on the inside of the box the name of the maker, "Antonius Stadvardius". And many a tear was shed for the nameless little corpse at the burial in the church on the following day, but perhaps no one felt keener sorrow than the caretaker who had heard Ettore play his 'swan song', the "Miserere" so shortly before. Like the fabled swan of old, he had given his sweetest song just before death.

IS THERE A GOD?

In this enlightened Twentieth Century when the mind of man had achieved such astounding progress, when the world has stood spellbound at the wonderful discoveries in the realm of science, we cannot but marvel in the midst of this intellectual awakening at the slight recognition given by the masses of the people to the existence of a supermundane Being, whom we are wont to call God. Indeed, on every hand we hear the indifferentists cry "Is there a God!" Nor does this indifference, if you will, belong to the illiterate classes alone, but sad to relate there are men of letters and philosophers of eminent learning who pretend to ignore the existence of a Creator and Conserver of the universe, to whom they owe their own existence.

In the latter case it is exceedingly difficult to convince men of the existence of God, and it is utterly impossible to enter the arena of philosophical argument with them, for as a general rule they deny the first principles of reasoning upon which the superstructure of scholastic philosophy is raised; and yet they look with the eye of scorn and contempt upon those who do not accept their own abnormal and absurd conclusion. Men of various sciences such as chemistry and physics, and of various schools of philosophical thought have attempted to explain the existence of God by scientific investigation and by elaborated

systems and plausible theories, yet in each case, these men have overstepped the bounds of their investigation, for they have attempted to prove that which is not proper to their respective sciences.

The existence of God can be proven satisfactorily by the science of Metaphysics only, and in consequence it will be well to enumerate several of the metaphysical arguments proving the existence of Omnipotent Creator and Conserver of the universe—a prime motor, a primal cause and a supreme being which we call God.

When we stand upon the threshold of our great and mighty country and gaze out across the blue expanse of the vast ocean, we are amazed at the wondrous crafts that lie upon its bosom. As our gaze is directed toward the rising sun, in the azure distance, we note a huge hulk of steel silhouetted against the brazen sky. We gaze into space and to our wondering eyes, appears one of those massive ocean liners teeming with its cargo of human beings that seek admittance to our beloved land. The giant prow cleaves the placid water into mountains of foam to left and right, and leaves behind it a stream of briny ripples. As the giant craft heaves nearer the shore we see distinctly traced before the eye the outline of a speeding ship, her sails are set and her turrets and decks are crowded with an expectant throng, eager to behold for the first time, the wonder land of earth—America. Truly this ship is an inspiring sight. We are struck by the massiveness of her capacious hulk, by the splendor of her workmanship, the magnificence of her immensity and the beauty of her execution. We are spellbound as we await in expectancy upon the dock; and many thoughts flash through our admiring mind. Does it not occur to us that a tremendous force is laboring to move this monstrous vessel? and surely we could not suppose for a moment that this mighty water craft is self-moving. We are wrapped in admiration at the genius of her maker and immediately there arises on our lips the question “How did this ship spring into existence and will it ever remain thus? Is it possible that such a monument will some day vanish as the summer flowers?” To which questions there is indeed an adequate reason.

No. This craft is not self-moving, there is a reason for its motion for we say that whatever is moved is moved by another, and again nothing moves unless it is itself moved.

In the bowels of this wondrous craft are stored enormous cargoes of coal, there also are delicate mechanical devices and an abundance of water—these are in potentia the motion of the ship,

and when through the combination of forces steam is produced, that in turn becomes the potentiality of motion; when the power of steam causes the engines to move and this great hulk feels the thrill of life it is then power in actu: We say that nothing is moved unless it is potentia to the thing to which it is moved, and that which moves another is said to be in actu. For to move is nothing more than to educe something from potentiality to act or from the possibility of acting to the reality of action, however, the education cannot be except by something in actu, thus steam in acting, educes power from the mechanical devices, thus causing motion in the ship which is moved by it from "potentia" to act. However, a thing cannot be 'in potentia' and 'in actu' at the same time according to the same circumstances in the same thing; consequently we must say that whatever is moved is moved by another. If we say, that by which a thing is moved is itself moved, then that thing is in turn moved by another and so on—but it is absurd to proceed in an infinite series of things moved and things moving, because there would not be a prime mover and consequently no motion. But since motion exists in the world there must necessarily be a prime mover which is moved by no other, and this prime mover is that being whom we call God.

As we gaze in wonderment upon this ocean greyhound, our mind wonders at the ingenuity of her creator, of the power of the master shipbuilder, we marvel at the beauty of her figure, the grandeur of her movements and the stately magnificence of her bearing and we question the name of her maker.

It would be folly, even to suppose for a moment that this floating palace sprang out of the abysmal depths of chaos, and taking thought each rib of oak and plate of steel took proportionate shape and became in the twinkling of an eye the beautiful craft which we now behold. More plausible, indeed, would it be to say that from promiscuous heap of colored glass, a beautiful stained glass cathedral window, representing the sacrifice on Calvary's Mount, sprang spontaneously forth without the assistance of a cause, but by its own innate power. Or yet to say that Michael Angelo's superb statue of "Moses" sprang forth from the block of marble unbidden by the master sculptor.

No, there has been a cause for all this, for without a cause there cannot be an effect. Some hidden cause has shaped those rough beams of oak and steel and out of raw material has fashioned a veritable temple, a living monument to its master builder. Man fashioned this ocean temple and somewhere in his brain was born the idea of this mighty craft, and then man's hand

executed this plan and gave it existence in reality. So it is with all creation, whatever is created, in the vegetable, mineral or animal kingdoms, has had a creator, even so with the kingdom of Heaven for there is found in all things the origin of their efficient causes and since it is impossible for a thing to be its own cause, according to an axiom, which says "First to be, then to act" we must trace back the cause of this vessel to man, its builder, again the origin of man to Adam, the first human being to exist; even here in the remotest antiquity is not found the first cause, for nothing is able to be its own efficient cause. Truly we might suppose that the germ of life fell from the nebular bodies that flit through space—but even here we are confronted by the sempiternal question "Whence came life to those revolving sphere? Who is its creator?"

In the tracing of the succession of cause and effect we are confronted with subordinate effects dependent upon intermediate causes and these in turn are dependent upon ultimate causes and are traced finally to a primal cause, for if you remove a secondary cause you remove the effect, but if you remove the primary cause you could in no manner have secondary causes and again no effects. It is evident that you cannot extend the principle of causality "Ad infinitum," for if you did there would be no reason for the existence of secondary causes because you would never arrive at the primal cause. But effects and subordinate causes exist all around us and consequently we posit a primal cause which we are free to call God. It was this manner of reasoning of the pagan philosopher Aristotle that made him exclaim, when in the agony of death "O, cause of causes, have mercy on me."

Permit me to bring you back once more in presence of that magnificent ship which we have been considering. Let us note how frail and short lived is this stupendous work of man. Surely it was not ever thus, it has had a beginning, it cannot always exist in present splendor, it, too, must grow old and decay. Who can tell if this good ship now sailing out upon the billowy ocean will ever return? Perhaps that home returning crew, which is to wander back to the mother country will never again place their feet upon their native soil or again enjoy the haunts of home sweet home. Perhaps ere many days out at sea, when the star of hope beams brightest, the ocean may suddenly be whipped into fury by the vampires of the deep; that this noble vessel, that sailed so proudly from port, may rock and reel under the lash of the storm King! The winds may blow a hurricane and

the stars refuse their light and the good ship be lost forever, buried in the briny depths. Yes, it is but too true, for this ship is but as all contingent beings—beings whose non-existence is not repugnant—there was a time when she was not, yet she now exists, but at some future time she will not be.

So it is with man—yesterday he was not, to-day he flourishes and tomorrow he may be as the fruits of the field, withered and dead. Yet in all this change, there will be no noticeable change in creation, man's existence is not necessary. Even so with mother earth and the universe, they are all contingent beings, depending upon some other in which they find the reason of their being; it is not repugnant that they cease to exist, for they depend upon something extrinsic to them for their existence. Such is a contingent being, it must be dependent for existence upon a being that *cannot be*, and which has within itself the reason for its own existence; such a being we call necessary. Again as before, it cannot be said that an infinite series of contingent beings can be had; which would be rank absurdity, hence we must finally come to such a being whose non-existence is repugnant, a being immutable, infinite, uncaused, and this necessary being is none other than the Supreme Being whom we call God.

Truly, these are ample proofs that there exists beyond the limits of creation a being self-moving, the parent of all motion; a being uncaused, the cause of all causes; a being absolutely necessary, the being whom we call God.

J. A. W.

MY WISH

*I wish you not great length of years,
Not Beauty sparkling bright,
Not Pleasure and her fairy court
All visions of a night.*

*I wish you not with kingly grace
To deck an earthly throne,
Not gems or richest diadems,
Not virtues carved in stone.*

*My fondest wish for you today
Is when this life is o'er
God give you all His choicest gifts,
His child forevermore.*

"F"

"THE TRIUMPH"

It was during the first week of September, on a hot and sultry day, that John Hanly made his first appearance at St. Mary's College. He was a youth of about seventeen years, an orphan, and in needy circumstances; for he was one of the army of unemployed who had been unable to obtain work. The first person whom he met on the entrance to the college grounds was Father Brennan, the president, who was walking up and down in front of the administration building, reading the Breviary.

Father Brennan greeted the boy most kindly, and was moved by his sad story. The youth's pitiable appearance, his face besmirched with soot and dirt, the result of traveling "hobo fashion," his clothes torn and ragged, and his shoes ripped and tattered, were sufficient evidence to reveal the youth's sad condition.

Father Brennan took the boy to the refectory and left orders that he should be fed. While waiting Hanly's return, Father Brennan, who was greatly impressed by the youth's manly actions, tried to devise some plan of helping him, for he felt that beneath the decrepit appearance there burned a heart as true as steel; indeed, here was a friend in need. At first he thought of recommending him to a business firm in Canton, a town nearby, where he might obtain employment. On second thought, however, Father Brennan decided to keep the boy at St. Mary's for a few days in order to assist in the preparations to be made for the student's return on the following Monday.

So, when Hanly returned to thank the good priest for his kindness, Father Brennan made known his plans, which Hanly willingly accepted. Hanly worked faithfully and whenever the opportunity presented itself, sought the company of Father Brennan, to whom he had become much attached. On Saturday evening Hanly's work was finished and the time for parting was at hand.

Father Brennan, known for his charitable disposition could not bear to see this poor child of misfortune leave him. What was he to do? This was the question which had troubled him throughout the entire day. There were already several boys who had made arrangements to work their way through school, but all were expected to return on the morrow.

In the last delivery of the mail Father Brennan received a letter from Wm. Morgan, one of the above mentioned students, to the effect that on account of ill-health he would be unable to return to St. Mary's, and Father Brennan, though sad at the thought that William would not return the coming year, was glad at the opportunity which would settle the difficulty concerning Hanly.

Sad, indeed, was the heart of Will Hanly as he entered Father Brennan's office that evening to say farewell to the one who had befriended him. But his spirits brightened when Father Brennan asked him if he would like to remain as a student. To obtain the advantages of an education had been one of the ambitions of Hanly's life, but having been left an orphan at an early age, conditions had been such that to fulfill his desire had, until now, seemed impossible, but when Father Brennan had assured him that if he were willing to work he could become a student. It was not long before the negotiations were finished. At last he could have a home under the goodness of this new friend and would be able to obtain an education. His duties were easy enough and the time which he spent in the college book store and as an assistant in the student library seemed as nothing, for William Hanly was now filled with joy and life no more seemed the burden which it had been but a week before.

On opening day Hanly assumed his duties in the book store and as the students came to receive their books they were greatly surprised to see the stranger in Morgan's place. Morgan had been very popular among the boys and a favorite among the faculty, but Hanly soon came to win their favour more and more each day as he became more acquainted with his fellow students, and soon Morgan was forgotten.

Tom Morrison, one of the students, and the son of a wealthy Mississippi planter, having learned of the circumstances in which Hanly had been previous to his coming to St. Mary's, had him fitted in a new suit of clothes so that Hanly appeared just as the ordinary college man. Morrison was a leader among his fellow-students, not so much on account of his wealth, but more because of his charitable deeds and on account of his true, sterling character. It was a well-known fact that Tom had befriended many students such as Hanly to acquire an education and in consequence of his many kind acts, he was beloved by all.

Soon after school opened, foot-ball practice began, and among the candidates were Hanly and Morrison. When the team was chosen both were among the players chosen. Neither of them

was a phenomenal player, yet each was consistent in his play. It was due to their excellent work in most of the games that St. Mary's was enabled to win championship honors for that season.

Early in November the first quarterly examinations were held and Hanly received the highest average, with Morrison one half a point behind. Now that he was leading the class for the first quarter, Hanly became more ambitious and put forth every effort to win the Excellence Medal awarded to the one possessing the highest average for the entire year.

The Christmas vacation came and went and at the semi-annual examinations which followed, Hanly and Morrison were tied for first place. The third quarterly examinations came in due time and again these two friendly competitors were tied for first honors.

The contest was growing to a close and as the time for the announcements approached, the rivalry became more and more keen. Both students were equally anxious and hence put forth every effort to win the reward. Hanly was particularly anxious for, besides being ambitious, he wished to show Father Brennan his appreciation for what had been done for him. The time for the final test was at hand. The questions were prepared and the prefect of studies had the sets of questions carefully laid aside in his cabinet.

It happened that on the day before the examination, Hanly was sent to the prefect's room in order to get a book for one of the professors. Little did he know when he entered the prefect's sanctum that the questions upon which his fate depended were so easily accessible. But while searching for the book he accidentally discovered the envelope which contained them. Here was his chance. At once the thought of making a copy of the questions, and with these in his possession he could easily prepare the answers which would win for him the much coveted prize. The temptation was too great. He slipped the envelope into his pocket and started for the office, which at this hour of the day was abandoned, and where he could easily make a copy without detection.

He was about to leave the room when his conscience smote him, and he remembered the advice of his dear old mother, ever to be honest and in all places. He quickly replaced the questions and in a remorseful state of mind started once again to leave the room, when to his great surprise he heard the knob turn, and turning, was confronted by the prefect of studies, who, unknown

to himself, had been watching his actions through the broken glass in the door.

Still greater was Hanly's surprise when the prefect shook his hand warmly and praised him for his strength of will in resisting temptation. The prefect dismissed him with the assurance that no one would know what had happened.

Hanly returned to his room and with increased vigor set to work with the firm determination of getting the highest marks in the final examinations. Morrison was in his room and was also "plugging" hard for the test. Both entered the class room on the following morning with full confidence that he would be the winner.

The time that elapsed between examination and the commencement exercises hung heavily upon the two aspirants. Both were equally certain that he had won the prize. Commencement night came, and amidst the chants and acclamations of hundreds of students and friends, the medal was pinned upon the breast of John Hanly, who had justly won the first honors because his manhood had triumphed.

A. REBEDEAU, '14.

THE DESTRUCTION AND THE BURIAL OF THE MAINE

(FEB. 15, 1898 — MARCH 16, 1912)

During the month of January, 1898, the U. S. S. Maine, commanded by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee (now admiral) was sent to Cuba to protect American interests during the last rebellion of that colony against their mother country—Spain. On the evening of the 15th of February, between nine and ten o'clock, the battleship was blown up where it lay at anchor in Havana harbor, and two hundred and sixty-four enlisted men and two officers lost their lives. The news of this dire catastrophe was wired to Washington and when the facts became generally known the whole country from ocean to ocean was swept by a wave of indignation that enkindled the hearts of all loyal citizens with a desire to revenge the terrible insult to the nation's flag.

In consequence, a naval court of inquiry, headed by Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, then captain, was appointed to ascer-

tain the cause of the explosions, and it reported that the Maine had been blown up from the exterior, probably by a submarine mine. The American people were of the firm belief that Spain was guilty of this outrageous act and public opinion was stirred to such a pitch of indignation that war was now inevitable, although the board of inquiry had not fixed the blame upon anyone.

On the 19th of April, Congress authorized President McKinley to use the war forces of the nation in carrying out a demand upon Spain to renounce her sovereignty over Cuba, and to withdraw her troops from Cuban soil; to which Spain answered on the 21st of April by presenting his passports to the American ambassador, Minister Woodruff. This was a tacit declaration of the war—which ended so gloriously for the American arms and so disastrously for Spain, who lost by it all her colonial possessions in the New World. It is unnecessary to reiterate here the accomplishment of American arms; however, on August 12th, 1898, the peace protocol was signed and the final treaty made in October at Paris. By this treaty Cuba was made free, but the United States retained a temporary protectorate over the infant republic until it was able to govern itself, and in 1908 Cuba took her station among the nations of the world. Porto Rico and Guam in the Ladrone group in the Pacific were ceded to the United States—while the Philippine Islands, which were in a state of open revolt were seized by the government and twenty million dollars given to Spain for improvements made during her occupancy.

During the year 1911, it was decided by an act of federal legislation that the wreck of the battleship Maine should be raised from its resting place of fourteen years at the bottom of Havana harbor, and that the unrecovered bodies be secured and given sepulchre in the Arlington national cemetery, alongside the other victims of her ill-fated crew. This was subsequently done and on March 16, 1912, the bodies of the remaining sixty-five heroes were laid to rest in that place, amid great pomp and magnificent military display as a general tribute of a sorrowing nation.

It was further decided that the twisted and shattered wreck of the ill-fated Maine, which had been raised on caissons, should be given a deep sea burial, and on the afternoon of March 16, with her rusty deck strewn with American beauties and her sides draped with black and the national colors, while great guns boomed a requiem salute, all that was left of the unfortunate

ship was towed out into the Gulf of Mexico, nine miles distant from the shore of Cuba, to find a final resting place in the arms of the mighty deep.

The naval cortege was nearly three miles long and consisted of Cuban and American battleships, revenue cutters and launches, which moved with majestic slowness. As the place of burial was reached a square was formed by the various crafts and the Maine in the center. At 4 o'clock the sea valves were opened and a charge of dynamite discharged to make sure of her sinking—and as the ship slowly disappeared out of sight the warships boomed a farewell salute and taps were sounded. In less than an hour the Maine was completely submerged and nothing marks her grave save the silent foam-crested waves of the Mexican Gulf.

The destruction and burial of the ill-fated ship are depicted in the following poem:

“BURIAL OF THE MAINE”

*With sorrow they towed her across the bar
On the breast of the heaving wave,
In the silent depths of the sea afar
They found her a watery grave.
In the depths of the blue and briney deep
Away from a friendly shore;
O'er her tomb will Neptune his vigil keep
O'er the once gallant ship of war.*

*They towed her out on the wind-swept sea
'Mid the canon's thundering roar,
And her tattered flag waved majestically
As it did in the days of yore.
With her shattered decks a pall o'er cast
Of America's fragrant bloom,
As the trumpet sobbed it's farewell blast
She sank to her abysmal tomb.*

*O, ill-starred Maine, thou sepulchral ship
That so proudly we hailed in joy,
Cruel Fate held thy wheel in her merciless grip
While Hate dared thy young life destroy;
And staunch were hearts that went down 'neath the wave
Nor truer, nor braver were they
To find in thy hulk an untimely grave
In the sands of Havana Bay.*

*Mid the booming of the guns and thy colors afloat
Thy last solemn cruise began,
Thou sailest away like a phantom boat
With thy spirit crew to a man.
As the blood-red sun slowly sank down to rest
Did'st thou sink to thy watery grave
To sleep 'neath the ocean's billowy breast,
To sleep 'neath the rippling wave.*

*O, ill-fated ship, rest in thy grave
'Neath the wind-swept waters of the sea,
Thy memory dwells in the hearts of the brave
Who will ever remember thee.
Aye, thy memory lives in America's heart,
Though thou 'rt gone from her sheltering shore,
And with spectre ships thou dwellest apart,
She'll revere thee forever more.*

J. A. W.



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The seventeenth of March has become almost universal in its celebration. St. Patrick, whose feast it commemorates, sowed the seed of Christ Christian Ireland without shedding a drop of blood, but the faith he planted only grew to its maturity by the blood of martyrs. Love of a thing is tested by the price paid for it, and surely the Irish people have paid dearly for the love and devotion lavished upon their chosen religion. So great has been the price, so wonderful the spirit of self-sacrifice manifested that it is a case almost unparalleled in history. In adversity and prosperity, in persecution and toleration, Ireland has maintained an unbroken continuity of faith. She has been persistent in her struggle for religious freedom, and she has conquered her conquerors by her brave battle. The Irish people have been true to God and to principle; true to their manhood. Force of arms restrained them, physically, but it never dominated their minds. They fought for justice, and with God's help they conquered. The Irish people have persevered and been sustained by the stimulus and impulse planted in the hearts of their forefathers by the patron of Ireland. Wherever through the earth, the Irish

Erin's Unconquerable Faith.

people have traveled, they have carried the teachings of St. Patrick with them, and it is their proud boast that they have handed down from generation to generation the faith St. Patrick left them.

What is certainly a much needed step in the right direction is the censorship of plays that the "Catholic Theatre Movement" is fostering in its endeavor to suppress improper theatrical exhibitions. The new movement briefly stated is this: To refrain from attendance at theatres and resorts of all kinds where indecent performances are presented. This is truly a laudable project, and that it was one that was sadly needed is evidenced by the retrogression of the drama. The situation has been acute and threatening, so dangerous are many of the latter-day plays to morality. Catholics have been protesting long and vigorously against these indecent plays and even the secular papers have sounded an alarming note. Fear of the police has prevented greater excesses in which the promoters of these plays would have undoubtedly indulged, but nothing definite has ever been really done until the "Catholic Theatre Movement" came into existence. Since it has been instituted it will be a powerful ally to recognized authority in conserving public decency.

Most of our modern plays are like the modern novel, a disgusting study of so-called realism, and the one-thing that will put a stop to indecent performances is to refrain from attending. A membership in the new movement means only a promise to stay away from offensive plays. A bulletin of plays has already been issued that are free from offensive lines and situations. This list will be increased from time to time. There is to be no favorable comment of plays; no black list of any that are unfit, for as is often the case such a procedure only makes profitable advertising matter for managers. Attention will be called merely to those that are inoffensive. It is the proceeds of the box-office that the managers take into account, and the sooner he finds that the production of indecent plays causes a falling off in receipts, the sooner will he give the people what they want.

It is our duty to shun moral dangers; indecent plays constitute moral dangers, and the means of shunning them are both simple and effective; just keep away.

EXCHANGES

In the "*Duquesne Monthly*" we find a scholarly article on "Landholding and Prosperity as Exemplified in Ireland". The writer forcibly shows that the system of landlordism practiced in Ireland was the greatest obstacle impending the substantial progress of that nation. He also clearly shows that it was the cause of keeping Ireland in poverty and distress. There was one point of view that the writer omitted, and that was the baneful system of absenteeism. These absentee landlords knew their Irish property only by name and by income, and felt no interest in anything Irish save their rents. "Charles Dickens" is a well written article, but we think the writer should have paid more attention and treated his subject a little more comprehensively. In "The Future of the Monroe Doctrine" the writer very forcibly shows that a change is badly needed and substantiates his assertions by very forcible arguments. The various other departments in this magazine are well edited, but we think that one story would not be out of place.

The February number of the "*Collegian*" is replete with short stories, but we only find one essay. We think that a college publication should have a few instructive essays, and that its pages should not be given over to short stories. This does not mean that we decry the insertion of short stories in any journal, but we think that instructive essays should have the foremost place in a college publication. In "Home Rule for Ireland" the author shows that the principle reason why the Orangemen oppose Irish independence is not found in the fear of religious persecution, but they want to retain commercial ascendancy. Thus they parade commercial ascendancy under the garb of religious bigotry and oppression. "The Masterpiece" is a well-written story, dealing with the vicissitudes of an artist's life, who was about to drink of the cup of success when he found it dashed to the ground. This grieved the young artist so much that it finally led to his death. The editorials in the "*Collegian*" are written in an attractive and pleasing manner and are superior to the majority of editorials masquerading in college magazines.

In "*The College Spokesman*" we find an interesting article on "Christian Education," in which the writer forcibly shows

that morality, both individual and civic, depends on the influence of religion, and that this is the reason why the Catholic Church aims at developing the mental and spiritual faculties at the same time. That system of education which banishes religion cannot possibly enforce morality. "Dante's Hell and The Modern World" is an excellent article in which the writer criticises the various views held regarding this place of retribution, and that the crimes which Dante assigned to hell are present in our own day. The stories and other departments in *The Spokesman* are well up to the standard.

"*Saint Peter's College Journal*" comes to us abounding in excellent bits of poetry. In the article entitled "Sentiment" the writer shows that in matters of religion there is a class of persons who worship at the shrine of nature rather than have recourse to Him through the sacraments of the Catholic Church. He discusses the psychological distinctions of sentiment and holds that in the present day it is mounted in a pedestal which it doesn't deserve. We think that the pages of "*The Journal*" are given over too much to student activity and as a consequence essays and short stories are relegated to the background.

The Viatorian gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following publications:

St. John's University Record, The Creighton Chronicle, St. Mary's Sentinel, The Notre Dame Scholastic, University of Ottawa Review, The Dial, The Columbiad, The Fordham Monthly, Saint Vincent's College Journal, The Buff and Blue, The Exponent, St. Mary's Chimes, The Redwood, The Gonzaga, The Pacific Star, The Patrician, and many others.

INTER ALIA

A new church was recently dedicated in the parish of Our Lady of Lourdes, Gibson City, Illinois, of which Rev. James **Father Fitzgerald** is pastor. For the past five years the diligent pastor has energetically labored to **Dedicates** build a worthy edifice for divine worship in that **Church** city. His work is completed and the dedicatory ceremony was the crowning act of his arduous toil and the beautiful new church will ever be a living monument to his zeal and to the generosity of his parishoners. The Very Rev. J. F. Shannon,

V. G., pastor of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Illinois, officiated at the dedicatory ceremony, assisted by Rev. Enos H. Barnes, St. Peter's Church; Rev. J. W. Armstrong, of Farmer City; Rev. Timothy F. Monahan, of St. Patrick's Church. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., delivered the address of the day. Since success has so abundantly crowned the Rev. Father's efforts in the past, we hope that naught but success will be his in the future.

On February 28 the faculty and student body of St. Viator were honored hosts of Judge O. Carter of the Supreme Court of Illinois. He was accompanied by Judge De Selm and Lawyer J. B. Miller of Kankakee, both loyal friends and benefactors of St. Viator College. A reception was tendered to the distinguished visitors in the college auditorium; after a few introductory remarks by the Rev. President, and several selections by the Glee club, Judge Carter gave a very pleasing and instructive talk in which he indicated the great need of educated men in all walks of life today. His talk sparkled with witty sayings and practical lessons and his pleasing manner won the heart of everyone who heard him. He told the students to dream out their future life before beginning the actual task when their college days have ended. He prefaced his remarks by reciting the classical lines of John Boyle O'Reilly:

*"I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men.
Heart weary of building and spoiling
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day."*

During the month of March Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, former manager of The Chicago Record Herald, will give a series of travelogue at Orchestra Hall, Chicago. Mr. O'Donnell, who attended St. Viator's during the '90's, is a journalist and lecturer of national repute and recently returned from a tour of the world. During his stay in Rome he attended two Papal receptions and was personally presented to the Holy Father. His lectures are the following topics, "Panama to Date", "Egypt",

"Ireland", and "Damascus, Constantinople and Athens". The lectures will undoubtedly be of great interest to the hearers, for Mr. O'Donnell is a forceful speaker and especially qualified to hold the attention of his audience. We sincerely hope that we may soon have the pleasure of hearing Mr. O'Donnell at St. Viator.

On the afternoon of February 23 was celebrated the eighth anniversary of the destruction of St. Viators. A commemorative program consisting of orations, music and histrionic work was given under the auspices of the class of 1914. Among the speakers of the occasion were, Mr. A. J. Rebedeau, '14; Mr. E. Smothers, '15; Mr. J. J. Farrell, C. S. V., '14, and Mr. W. Roy, '16. Messrs. Rebedeau and Roy, in their discourses, recalled to our memories the awful conflagration which razed to the ground the stately college edifices of which the old St. Viator consisted, and painted in vivid colors the scenes of that never-to-be-forgotten night in 1906. The orations of Messrs. Smothers and Farrell were glowing tributes to the two greatest presidents, Washington and Lincoln. The S. V. C. quartette pleased the audience with several excellent songs and the college orchestra rendered several selections. Messrs. Ed. Dunne and Lawrence Ward treated the audience to a short comedy sketch, which created many hearty laughs from the appreciative audience. Much credit is due to the class of '14 for the splendid program rendered. The following is the program: Overture by the college orchestra; address of welcome, A. J. Rebedeau, '14; Washington, E. Smothers, '15; selection by the Glee club, Days of '06, W. Roy, '16; selection by the orchestra; Lincoln, J. J. Farrell, '14; Hawkshaw the Dyspeptic, cast of characters:

Hawkshaw, the dyspeptic E. Dunne
Sam, whitewasher L. Ward

Closing remarks by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

McKENNA-DIVAN

On February 18, Mr. William C. McKenna, A. B., '06, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKenna, of Plainfield, Illinois, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Dwan, daughter of Mrs. Carter Dwan, of Chicago, Illinois, in the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The nuptial high Mass was celebrated by Rev. Louis O'Connor, '06, Lincoln, Illinois, assisted by Rev. Martin Hayden, of St. Anselm's Church. Rev.

Wedding
Chimes

F. J. Shippy, St. Jerome's Church, and Rev. J. B. Shields, A. B., '06, of St. Mel's Church, Chicago, Illinois. All former classmates of the groom. The bride was attended by her sister, Sadie Divan and John McKenna, of Plainfield, Illinois, brother of the bridegroom served as best man. The ushers were Messrs. Francis McGovern, G. Frank Rainey and Edward O'Callaghan. The bride is an accomplished young lady and well worthy of her choice. The groom is a distinguished alumnus of St. Viator and a prominent young lawyer of Chicago and at present is connected with the professional staff of the law department of Loyola University. The many friends of Mr. McKenna unite with the college faculty in extending to Mr. and Mrs. McKenna sincere wishes of joy and happiness for their future life.

The many friends of Mr. John M. Callahan, A. B., '09, former professor of law at Notre Dame University, will be pleased to learn of his new appointment to the dean-ship of the law school of the Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio. Mr. Callahan made his philosophical studies at St. Viator's and later took up law as a profession. For the past several years Mr. Callahan has been dean of the Indiana College of Law, located at South Bend, and his new appointment comes as a recognition of his abilities as a lawyer. He is the first Catholic who has ever been made a professor at the Ohio Northern University. The faculty of St. Viator's wishes to extend sincerest congratulations to Mr. Callahan in his new appointment.

**An
Alumnus
Honored**

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

On February 15, the Angel of Death called to his eternal reward Mr. John Reitz, of Merrill, Michigan, father of Mr. Theodore Reitz of the Seminary department. Mr. Reitz's death came after a lingering illness and he leaves a wife and twelve children to mourn his loss. Mr. Reitz spent the greater part of his long life of seventy-four years in Merrill, Michigan, and in his death that city loses one of its most respectful and trustworthy citizens. Funeral services were held at Sacred Heart Church, Merrill, Michigan, where solemn funeral Mass was sung by a son, Father Theobald Reitz, c.p.p.s. Interment was made in the

Catholic cemetery of the St. Francis Xavier Church, St. Joseph, Missouri. The college faculty and fellow students of Mr. Reitz wish to extend their sincere condolence to the bereaved family in the loss of a husband and father. May he rest in peace.

On February 1, Mr. Patrick Killelea, father of Roger Killelea of the Academy department, of Seneca, passed to his eternal reward. Mr. Killelea was born in Ireland in 1845, when yet a child he came to America, settling in La Salle County, Illinois, where he resided until the time of his death. Mr. Killelea's death came as a blessed release from a prolonged illness of several months. Besides his wife, he leaves nine children to mourn his loss. The funeral obsequies were held in St. Patrick's Church, where Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. C. A. Hausser, pastor. Interment was made at Mount Calvary cemetery. The faculty and student body of St. Viator wish to express their heartfelt sympathies to the surviving family in their sad bereavement. May he rest in peace.

The college faculty and students also wish to express their sentiments of sympathy to Mr. Gerald Lee, who recently lost a brother by death, and to Mr. James Kane, whose uncle, Mr. Thomas J. Kane, of Chicago, on March 5, answered the call of the Angel of Death. May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace.

ALUMNI NOTES

It is with the genuine pleasure of a true and loving mother, that St. Viator ever welcomes her Alumni, when they return to the scenes of their college days, as visitors of the faculty. Hence, it was with pleasure that St. Viator's greeted Rev. P. C. Conway, pastor of St. Pius Church, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. Stephen MacMahon, curate of Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. Clarence Conway, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Carroll, Iowa; Rev. Martin Hayden, curate of St. Anselm's, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. P. T. Gelinas, pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. Harris Darche, curate of Notre Dame Church, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. Stephen Moore, pastor of St. Pat-

rick's Church, Merna, Illinois; Rev. Chas. L. M. Rimmels, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Ashkum, Illinois; Rev. J. P. Parker, Sts. Mary's and Joseph's Church, Chebanse, Illinois, and Rev. Philip T. Walsh, Toluca, Illinois.

Recently Mr. Ed. Kennedy, H. S. '13, and Mr. Thos. Harrison, A. B. '13, visited the college. Mr. Ed. Kennedy, a former Thespian star, took part in a histrionic production in Kankakee, entitled "Why Smith Left Home". While here, Mr. Kennedy gave evidence of great talent along the line he has chosen, and it is the wish of his many friends that he will be a success in his chosen work.

Rev. A. L. Bergeron, '80, pastor of Notre Dame Church, Chicago, Illinois, and Rev. Z. P. Berard, '82, pastor of St. Anne's Church, St. Anne, Illinois, recently spent several weeks at Palm Beach, Florida, where they journeyed in order to enjoy a few weeks of much needed rest.

Recently, Rev. J. J. Flanigan, A. B. '04, secretary of Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, bishop of Rockford, delivered a lecture on "Social Italy" to the members of the Catholic Study Guild of Freeport, Illinois.

At the recent initiation ceremonies of the Knights of Columbus, held in Peoria, the Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. James Shannon, '98, vicar general of the Peoria diocese.

Rev. C. J. Quille, of the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, Chicago, Illinois, and Mr. Bert O'Connell, A. B., '09, are making a tour of the world together. Rev. J. T. McDevitt, of the Church of the Ascension, Oak Park, Illinois, and Rev. J. Nawn, of Corpus Christi, accompanied Father Quille and Mr. O'Connell as far as Cuba, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Jerry Warren, H. S., '10, is in the employment of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, of Chicago, Illinois.

Rev. E. M. Kelly, C. S. V., A. B. '09, of the faculty of St. Viator's College recently underwent a successful operation for acute appendicitis at the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Illinois. The many friends of Brother Kelly sincerely hope and pray that he may soon be in possession of good health, and that he will be

able to take up his work in the class room, as well as to continue his theological studies.

Occasionally word reaches us from the North American College, Rome, Italy, to the effect that the Viatorian Alumni at that institution are progressing in their theological studies. Among the late graduates there are at Rome, Mr. T. J. Rowan, A. B., '13; Mr. Edward Unruh, A. B., '13, and Mr. Gerald Bergin, A. B., '12.

Recently, Rev. P. F. Brown, C. S. V., and Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V., of the Missionary Band, were the guests of the college faculty.

During the Lenten season, Rev. P. J. Munday will give a series of lectures on the Catholic Church at St. Patrick's, Kankakee, Illinois, of which Rev. J. J. Bennett, A. B., '96, is pastor. The following is the list of lectures to be delivered: "The Church of Penance and Prayer", "The Church of Promise and Prophecy", "The Church Unerring and Undying", "The Faith of St. Patrick", "The Church, the Light of the World", "The Church of Our Pardon and Peace", "The Church of Our Triumph", "The Church Where God Dwells With Men", and "The Church of Our Crucified Savior".

In a recent examination, Rev. Joseph Kelly, an alumni of St. Viator, of the diocese of Alton, who has been studying music abroad for the past years was awarded a diploma as a Fellow of the Royal College of Organist at London. He is the first American who has successfully passed this examination and received graduation honors.

PERSONALS

On Wednesday, March 4, the preliminary contest for choosing the High School debating team took place in the philosophy lecture room. The contest was a very close one, and all present were surprised at the flow of oratory. Those chosen for the team were, Maurice Dillon, Edward O'Connor and Daniel Quinn, with Gerald Picard as alternate. The subject debated was the "Initiative and Referendum". This question will be debated

against the Kankakee High school, to be held in Kankakee on April 3.

It may be of interest to the many friends of Messrs. Girard Berry, '03-05; Paul Berry, '05-09, and Richard Berry, '09-11, to know that they are at present associated with their father's firm, Berry Bros., nut and bolt manufacturers, whose main office is located at Columbus, Ohio.

Recently Mr. J. F. Gleason, son of Chief of Police Gleason of Chicago, and Mr. L. D. Liston, brother of John Liston, of the academy, spent several hours visiting friends here.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., recently gave an interesting lecture before the Catholic Order of Foresters of South Chicago, on "Modern Socialism".

Many of the former students of the college have recently found occasion to visit the scenes of their former days. Among them we mention John Boyle, '00-03; Melcheor Corcoran, '07-'09; Chester Woods, '05-07; Dudley Warner, '08-'10; Fred Carter, '10-'13, and William Carroll, '11-'13. We hope soon again to have the pleasure of entertaining these and many others, for we are always pleased to meet the "old boys," when they find it convenient to return to S. V. C.

The sociology class, under their able professor, Bro. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., has taken up the interesting study of Asthenontology. Dr. Singer, of the Psychopathic Institute, situated at the Kankakee State Hospital, has been secured to lecture before the class. In the near future the class will visit the hospital and view some practical work. After the class has advanced, and are in the study of criminology, they will also visit the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet.

Rev. F. X. Hazen, prefect of the academy, has fitted the academic recreation hall with some up-to-date gymnasium apparatus. This is a move in the right direction, and we are glad to see that more interest is taken in indoor sports in this department.

Mr. Arthur Shea, until recently a student at St. Viator's, is at present attending Chicago Technical College.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., recently attended the banquet of the Kankakee Bar Association, which was held in the Masonic Temple.

Word has been received from the General Mother House of the clerics of St. Viator in Brussels, Belgium, to the effect that the Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C. S. V., superior general of the community, that was forced to undergo a serious operation recently. The many friends and well wishers of the institution sincerely hope that the venerable superior will soon again enjoy good health.

On March 8, the novena in honor of St. Patrick, for the conversion of sinners and for the conversion of England, was begun in the college chapel. The novena is being made at the request of the Holy Father in honor of the apostle of Ireland.

Miss Hazel Kelly, leading lady of T. C. Gleason Company, who is starring in Lillian Hartmann Johnson's new play, "Only a Woman" recently visited the college and assisted Rev. F. A. Sheridan in training the Thespians in his latest dramatic production, "The Irish Rose".

Recent visitors at the college were: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ashe, Chicago, Illinois; Mr. J. Sullivan, Champaign, Illinois; Miss Beatrice Bergeron, Miss Margarite Gregori and Miss Frances Kennedy, Chicago, Illinois; Mr. McGee, Chicago, Illinois; Misses Eva Strauch, Mae Burke and Mary Hanrahan, Chicago, Illinois; Misses Frances and Louise Lyman, Chicago, Illinois; Patrick Malloy, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York; Mrs. Nora Ward, Otterbein, Indiana; Lynn Waddell, W. La Fayette, Indiana; Misses Loretta and Florence Sinnott, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. M. Moore, and Miss Katherine E'begery, Chicago, Illinois.

SOCIETIES

On Sunday, March the first, the Holy Name Society assembled to elect officers for the coming term. At this election, Mr. Timothy Sullivan was chosen president, Mr. George Rooney, vice-president, and Mr. Herman Kasper, secretary. The above succeeded Mr. Fr. Cleary, president; Mr. Jno. Warren, treasurer; Mr. Ed. Dunn, secretary. After the election the retiring president thanked the members for their splendid co-operation.

During the meeting the moderator, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, gave the boys a very interesting talk on the "Reverence Due the Holy Name". The membership of this society has now reached the hundred mark, and the work carried on by the members is worthy of highest praise.

LA JOIE SOCIETY.

The Jajoie Society held its regular meeting on March 3. At the meeting the following program was rendered:

1. Recitation.....Oliver Thyfault.
2. Composition.....Leo Prince.
3. Short Sketch, "L'homme qui Baille".....
.....Hector Tetrault and Maurice Godin

After this program the president, Mr. Roy, resigned as the leading officer of this society. Of late, Mr. Roy's duties have been so great that it was impossible for him to carry on the work of this society any longer. Mr. Roy has been president of this society for four years, and it is with heartfelt sorrow that the boys accepted his resignation. During his term as president of this society, it has enjoyed peace and prosperity, and it was through his efforts that this society has such a large membership. Mr. Arthur Landroche was elected to the office of president, and Hector Tetrault succeeds Mr. Landroche as treasurer. With these two able officers on the staff, it is to be hoped that this society will uphold the high standard of excellence attained by the former officers.

ALTAR SOCIETY.

On the eve of the first Friday of the month, the Altar Society held its regular meeting. At this meeting, business of great importance was transacted. The officers of the society delivered several discourses concerning the serving at the altar. It seems that as the months go fleeting by, this society becomes stronger and stronger. At the opening of the school year the society numbered but twenty-five members, but at present the number is doubled. This speaks well for the Rev. Moderator Marzoa, who is justly proud of his band of ardent workers.

ATHLETICS

West Side Browns, 41; St. Viator, 30.

The first defeat of the season was tendered the Viatorian five by the West Browns on the eve of January 24. Score, 41 to 30. The absence of Monaghan and Gartland was the price of defeat, as both were called away at the last minute; Kissane and Pemberton, however, stepped into the breach, and performed cleverly. The chief feature of the game was the visitor's uncanny ability to cage 'em from the middle of the floor, sixteen of their points being "coralled" from the vicinity of the center ring. Fitzgerald and Flaherty played our "heavy roles", E. Butzow and Nikolas shining for the visitors. Lineup:

| WEST SIDE BROWNS (41) | | ST. VIATOR (30) | |
|-----------------------|------------|-------------------|--|
| Williams | R. F. | Flaherty | |
| Nikolas | L. F. | Kissane | |
| N. Butzow | C. | Fitzgerald | |
| E. Butzow | R. G. | Lawlor | |
| Mendelson | L. G. | Pemberton, Butler | |

Field goals—Nikolas, (5); Williams, (4); N. Butzow, (4); E. Butzow, (3); Mendelson, (2); Fitzgerald, (5); Flaherty, (5); Lawlor, (3); Kissane, (1). Fouls—Nikolas, (1); E. Butzow, (2); Fitzgerald, (2). Referee—Cleary.

Exmoors, 30; St. Viator, 27.

"Twice, not only in the same place, but the same way; that's what the Exmoors did. Last year they beat us by two points, on our own floor, and this year they did the same. The last half of the game was the most spectacular ever witnessed by local basket ball fans. At the beginning of the final period, Sr. Viator led by the seemingly safe score of 16-9, and with only ten minutes to play, the locals led 22-11. Right here, however, the irony of fate became evident and assisted Flint and Churchill in knotting the count at 25. With only two minutes left, Kissane rimmed one which looked like the winner, but not so. Huth stepped up and shot two from out near the power house, Cochran threw a foul with the final whistle, making it 30-27. Flint and Churchill were the "chief smokes" for the visitors, while Capt. Lawlor, Gartland and Kissane worked best for the collegians.

Lineup:

EXMOORS (30)

ST. VIATOR (27)

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------|----------------------|
| Flint..... | R. F. | Kissane |
| Churchill | L. F. | Gartland |
| Cochran..... | C. | Monaghan, Fitzgerald |
| Huth | R. G. | Lawlor |
| Kallenberg, Carson..... | L. G. ... | Pemberton, Monaghan |

Field goals—Flint, (5); Churchill, (4); Huth, (3); Cochran, (2); Kissane, (4); Gartland, (4); Monaghan, (3); Lawlor, (1). Fouls—Cochran, (1); Kallenberg, (1); Gartland, (3). Referee—Cleary.

St. Viator, 23; Wabash, 21.

After receiving defeats at the hands of two Chicago teams, the Purple and old Gold five turned and defeated the Wabash University five, 23 to 21, in the most exciting game ever seen by local basket ball fans. The visitors led in the scoring until the last few minutes of play and in these minutes the score was tied four times, Capt. Lawlor breaking the tie and winning the game in the final ten seconds. St. Viator drew first blood when Lawlor tossed one from the side lines but Dale evened the count immediately. The visitors then took the lead and before the local Varsity could cage another one the Hoosiers had increased their lead to eight. At this point, however, Lawlor's crew settled and during the remainder of the first period they fought with sufficient vigor to make the score at the end of the period 15 to 12 in the visitors favor. During the first half of the second stanza the baskets served as ornaments and the center of the floor was jarred but once, and that when the centers jumped after Leffel hurled the ball up on the stage. Monaghan started the scoring in this half with a foul. Kissane tied the score on the only play of the game that went straight through from center. On the next play Kissane and Leffel got mixed up and a double foul was the result. Gartland put the locals in the lead. Dale missed for Wabash, but immediately made up for it by caging a basket and a foul, giving Wabash a two point lead. Lawlor again "knotted" the count with a long, but clean basket. Gartland and Dale took advantage of another double offence and raised the count to 19 all. Again Kissane eluded his guard and broke the tie with an easy basket, but Dale complicated matters again via the free route. Here Fitzgerald and Lawlor pulled the unexpected. Instead of the long difficult shot a la Meriwell, Law-

lor won the game with an easy chance. Time was called with the ball at center. The presence of Fitzgerald was the main factor in achieving this victory. Beside playing a perfect, defensive game and getting one basket, "Jimmie's" experience was of great help in the pinches. Goaebail, Dale and Leffel were best for the visitors, while every member of the local team contributed to the score and played sterling games on defense. Lineup:

| ST. VIATOR (23) | | WABASH (21) | |
|-----------------|-------|----------------|--|
| Gartland | R. F. | Dale | |
| Kisane | L. F. | Eglin | |
| Fitzgerald | C. | Ellis | |
| Lawlor | R. G. | Leffel, Coffin | |
| Monaghan | L. G. | Goaebail | |

Field goals—LAW.

Field goals—Lawlor, (3); Kissane, (3); Gartland, (2); Fitzgerald, (1); Eglin, (3); Dale (3); Leffel, (1); Goaebail, (1). Fouls—Monaghan, (3); Gartland, (2); Dale, (5). Referee, Maloney, N. D. U.

St. Viator, 32; St. Joseph, 21.

On the day following the Wabash game, St. Viator again administered the bitter pill. St. Joseph's (Rensselaer) was on the receiving end this time. The visitors appeared formidable for about five minutes but after that the result was never in doubt, Fitzgerald and Gartland always taking good care that the visitors should never equal our total. Deery and Monahan tried hardest to stave off defeat for the visitors. Lineup:

| ST. VIATOR (32) | | ST. JOSEPH (21) | |
|----------------------|-------|------------------|--|
| Kissane | R. F. | Schall | |
| Gartland | L. F. | Schellinger | |
| Fitzgerald, Monaghan | C. | Deery | |
| Lawlor, Butler | R. G. | Monaghan, Murphy | |
| Monaghan, Pemberton | L. G. | Beckman | |

Field goals—Gartland, (7); Fitzgerald, (4); Kissane, (3); Monaghan-St. V., (1); Deery, (4); Schellinger (2); Beckman, (2). Fouls—Monaghan-St. V., (2); Monaghan-St. J., (2); Deery, (2). Referee—Harris, Chi. U.

St. Viator, 13; Eureka College, 8.

On February 9, the St. Viator five hesitated at Eureka long enough to trounce the collegians of that town, 13 to 8. The game

was featureless and entirely innocent of teamwork, as Eureka's diminutive Gym. would not permit of concerted action on the part of either team. Both teams played a guarding game throughout, because they couldn't do otherwise, the floor being crowded by the presence of a referee and umpire. Fitzgerald was easily the star of the game. Lineup:

| ST. VIATOR (13) | | EUREKA (8) | |
|------------------|------------|-----------------|--|
| Kissane | R. F. | Barnes | |
| Gartland | L. F. | Wilson, Hootman | |
| Fitzgerald | C. | Ashby | |
| Lawlor | R. G. | Heiremy | |
| Monaghan | L. G. | Foley | |

Field goals—Fitzgerald, (4); Kissane, (1); Gartland, (1); Wilson, (2); Hootman, (1). Fouls—Gartland, (1); Hootman, (2). Referee—Martin, Bradley Poly.

LOMBARD-VIATOR.

The change of scenery did not affect the local boys in the least, as they won at Galesburg on the tenth as easily as they did at Eureka on the day previous. A floor somewhat similar to their own allowed the Purple and Old Gold a fine opportunity to unloosen some "dazzlers." Needless to say they heeded the first knock and at the termination of each "dazzler", Fitzgerald, Gartland or Kissane "rimmed" one. The three gentlemen just mentioned had a merry chase for basket shooting honors, but Gartland emerged victorious, with a total of (sixteen) points. Fitz was close behind with (fourteen), while Kissane got (twelve) during the time in which he played. Pihl was the whole show for the Lombardians, amassing (twenty-one) of their (thirty-five) points, equalling Gartland in the matter of points gained. Lawlor, Monaghan and Pemberton performed nobly on the defensive. Lineup:

| LOMBARD (35) | | ST. VIATOR (49) | |
|--------------------|------------|--------------------|--|
| Chain | R. F. | Kissane, Monaghan | |
| Rush | L. F. | Gartland | |
| Pihl, Munson | C. | Fitzgerald | |
| Munson, Pihl | R. G. | Lawlor | |
| White | L. G. | Monahan, Pemberton | |

Field baskets—Gartland, (8); Fitzgerald, (7); Kissane, (6); Monaghan, (1); Pihl, (7); White, (3); Rush, (2); Munson, (2). Fouls—Gartland, (5); Pihl, (7). Referee—Smith.

ST. AMBROSE-VIATOR.

St. Ambrose offered feeble resistance to the victorious march of Capt. Lawlor's troop. Their only endeavor being to prevent too much damage being done to the scorer's pencil. The locals immediately sized up the situation at Davenport and all played an offensive game. Their united efforts proved well by producing (39) points. St. Ambrose's favorites forgot their defensive tactics only four times and tossed as many baskets. They raised their total to ten from the foul line. Gartland and Fitz were the big point-getters, each caging (six) baskets. Whitaker and Murphy shone brightly for St. Ambrose's. Lineup:

ST. AMBROSE (10)

ST. VIATOR (39)

| | | |
|-------------------|------------|----------------|
| Murphy | R. F. | Kissane |
| Fitzpatrick | L. F. | Gartland |
| Kerrigan | C. | Fitzgerald |
| Kantz | R. G. | Lawlor, Butler |
| Whitaker | L. G. | Monaghan |

Field baskets—Fitzgerald, (6); Gartland, (6); Kissane, (3); Lawlor, (2); Monaghan, (2); Murphy, (2); Fitzpatrick, (1); Whitaker, (11). Fouls—Fitzgerald, (1); Fitzpatrick, (2).

St. Joseph, 38; St. Viator, 23.

Some kind of a "jinx" must have boarded the train at Davenport, and it's a cinch he stuck with the St. Viator team until Iowa soil was left behind, because at Dubuque everything went wrong. The hills of Dubuque seemed to become steeper as we walked them. The mayor of Iowa City refused to deliver the keys of the city and even the atmosphere assumed a chillier tone when we hit town, and to add insult to injury, St. Joseph beat us, 38 to 23. The defeat is attributed to an off-day and the soothing strains of St. Joseph's band, said band causing Gartland to come under the influence of Morpheus and consequently forgot to shoot baskets with his accustomed eclat (some class, eh!). Outside of "Mony" we were outsized all around, and St. Joe's superior weight produced telling effects on our already battered team. Fitzgerald still continued to run amuck and shot four

baskets. Galvin and Riley were the chief stumbling blocks for us. The lineup:

| ST. JOSEPH (38) | | ST. VIATOR (23) | |
|-----------------|-------|-----------------|------------------|
| Martin | | R. F. | Kissane |
| Connell | | L. F. | Gartland |
| Galvin | | C. | Fitzgerald |
| Heiuser | | R. G. | Lawlor |
| Riley | | L. G. | Monaghan |

Field baskets—Martin, (5); Galvin, (5); Connell, (3); Riley, (2); Heiuser, (1); Fitzgerald, (4); Kissane, (3); Monaghan, (2). Fouls—Heiuser, (6); Monaghan, (5).

St. Viator, 19; Wheaton, 18.

Wheaton presented the toughest argument of any of the teams met on the trip, but a foul in the last minute enabled us to pull the game out of the fire and to end the trip with a percentage of .800. *The Viatorian* team was decidedly too much on edge and by their fouls almost lost the game, but they must be excused as they were beset by the strain of a long, hard trip. At the end of the second half the score was tied at 18, but just before the final whistle was blown a foul was called. Monahan stepped into the breach and tossed the winning point. In this game, as was his wont all through the trip, Fitzgerald distinguished himself. W. Cork was instrumental in keeping Wheaton so well up in the running. The lineup:

| ST. VIATOR (19) | | WHEATON (18) | |
|-----------------|-------|--------------|----------------|
| Kissane | | R. F. | W. Cork |
| Garland | | L. F. | H. Cork |
| Fitzgerald | | C. | C. Enlow |
| Lawlor | | R. G. | Mornland |
| Monaghan | | L. G. | Turgg |

Field baskets—Fitzgerald, (5); Gartland, (2); Lawlor, (1); H. Cork, (2); Enlow, (2); Twigg, (1). Fouls—Monaghan, (3); W. Cork, (8).

CAMPAIGN REVIEW.

Four out of five! Not bad!

The team reports the best of treatment at all the places visited and are much elated over the successful outcome of their journey.

Fitzgerald led the team in offensive work on the trip, making twenty-six baskets and one foul for a total of 53 points. He

also was rather much on the defense as his opponents in all the games got only 9 baskets.

The real feature of the St. Ambrose game was Monaghan taking time out. "Mony" has participated in all branches of athletics at St. Viator for the last two years, and previous to the St. Ambrose game, he had never taken time out, but somebody "petted" him too vigorously and he had to "beg off," to take care of a "shinner."

Judging by the scores one would think St. Joseph was the best team met on the trip, but the members and coach of the local team aver that both Lombard and Wheaton are superior to the Dubuque collegians.

After the desperate effort Pihl made in the Lombard-Viator game, it is too bad he could not be on the winning team. He made 21 of Lombard's 35 points.

The Wheaton game was a repetition of the Wabash game, only more so.

Northwestern, 45; St. Viator, 23.

The Purple and Gold could not repeat the dose they administered to Lewis, up at Northwestern. The Naperville five was by far the best met all season, and the local basket-ballers attribute their defeat to nothing but "class." The "Northeners" appropriated the lead in the first minutes and were never headed, and only once did we get within hailing distance. In the second half sensational work by Gartland enabled us to come within one basket of the "Napervillians," but at this point Fitzgerald was forced to retire, and after his departure there was nothing to it as far as Northwestern was concerned. Kluckholm and Kastner played the "Phenom" parts for Northwestern, while St. Viator was represented best by Fitzgerald, Lawlor and Gartland. The lineup:

NORTHWESTERN (45)

ST. VIATOR (23)

| | | |
|--------------------------|------------|----------------------|
| Kluckholm | R. F. | Kissane |
| Seder | L. F. | Gartland |
| Kastner | C. | Fitzgerald, Monaghan |
| Brester, Greesmar | R. G. | Lawlor |
| Oberholmer, Proxel | L. G. | Monahan, Pemberton |

Field goals—Kluckholm, (5); Kastner, (4); Seder, (3); Brester, (2); Oberholmer, (2); Proxel, (3); Gartland, (4);

Fitzgerald, (2); Kissane, (2); Monaghan, (2). Fouls—Seder, (7); Gartland, (3). Referee—Muellman, Elgin Academy.

Northwestern, 25; St. Viator, 16.

The local basket ball season was closed on February 28, Northwestern helping to tilt the lid. Said lid, however, was a model somewhat contrary to our desires. Yes, we closed the season with a defeat—Northwestern, 25; St. Viator, 16. This game made our record for this year stand, 9 won and 5 lost. The only college beside Northwestern that was able to “bang it” on Coach St. Aubin’s men being St. Joe’s of Dubuque, and the latter can congratulate themselves that they got us on an off-day. The crowning success of the season was the happy result of the Wabash game, this victory allowing St. Viator to claim equality with the smaller universities of the Middle West. Every member of the St. Viator quintet agrees that the Northwestern team was the strongest team met this year, and do not feel in the least disappointed over losing to what they claim is the best basket ball team in Illinois. The lineup:

| NORTHWESTERN (25) | | ST. VIATOR (16) | |
|--------------------|-------|----------------------|--|
| Kluckholm | R. F. | Kissane | |
| Seder | L. F. | Gartland | |
| Kastner | C. | Fitzgerald, Monaghan | |
| Brester, Greesmar | R. G. | Lawlor | |
| Oberholmer, Proxel | L. G. | Monaghan | |

Field goals—Kastner, (5); Oberholmes, (2); Seder, (1); Fitzgerald, (4); Monaghan, (2); Gartland, (1). Fouls—Seder, (3); Monaghan, (2). Referee—Nichols, A. A. U.

ACADEMICS

On Sunday, February 1, our star Academic team upheld its reputation against Ogden Park by defeating them to the tune of thirty-one to twenty-six. It was an easy victory for the Academic five, and called for little exertion upon the part of Lawler’s men. The score:

| OGDEN PARK (26) | | ACADEMICS (33) | |
|------------------|-------|----------------|--|
| Rudy | R. F. | Flynn | |
| Timmons, (Capt.) | L. F. | Boyle | |
| Morley | C. | McCarthy | |
| Lest | R. G. | O’Connell | |
| Halim | L. G. | Smith | |

Substitutes—Moran (R. G.) for Lest (Ogden); Shields, (c) for McCarthy; Tompkins, (c) for Shields.

Baskets—Boyle, (3); Flynn, (3); O'Connell, (3); McCarthy, (2); Shields, (1); Tompkins, (3); Timmons, (2); Morley, (1); Lest, (4); Moran, (3). Goals from field—O'Connell, (1); Morley, (5).

On Sunday, February 8, our Academics defeated Hamlin A. C. in a hotly contested battle. Both teams guarded well and at the end of the first half Hamlin five led by a score of seven to six. The second half began as did the first, with little or no scoring for the first ten minutes, then the Academic team showed a form that was characteristic and chalked up six baskets to Hamlin's three. Boyle and Flynn played their usual brilliant game at forward, while O'Connell nobly held up the guarding end of the game. McCarthy outplayed Johnson, although the latter threw one more basket. The lineup:

| HAMLIN A. C. (14) | | ACADEMIC (19) | |
|-------------------|------------|---------------|--|
| Burns | R. F. | Flynn | |
| Schmidt | L. F. | Boyle | |
| Johnson | C. | McCarthy | |
| White | R. G. | O'Connell | |
| Seeward | L. G. | Smith | |

Baskets—Boyle, (2); Flynn, (2); McCarthy, (2); O'Connell, (1); Smith, (1). Free throws—Seeward, (2); McCarthy, (3).

On February 15, the classy five from the Training A. C. sauntered upon our gym to humble our mighty Academics. For the past few years the Training A. C. has been tearing down the laurels from the hands of the best Academic and Juniors' fives in Chicago. But for all of their great skill and talent they were unable to wrest the Purple and Gold from the hands of our Academic team. The excellent coaching of "Bill" Lawler, the fighting spirit he instilled and the great team work which his teaching has wrought, showed forth in this excellent victory. The game was thrilling, and when it finally ended in a tie, all the spectators were cheering and encouraging the Academics. Five extra minutes were played and Flynn, who had tied up the count, threw the deciding basket. Every man in the lineup showed that he was following the good coaching and instructions of their famous coach, Wm. Lawler.

TRAINING A. C. (19)

| | | |
|-----------------|------------|-----------|
| Cooper | R. F. | Flynn |
| Samuels | L. F. | Boyle |
| Macherson | C. | McCarthy |
| Kabiller | R. G. | O'Connell |
| Kalles | L. G. | Smith |

Baskets—Cooper, (2); Samuels, (2); Macherson, (1); Rabiller, (1); Kallis, (1); Boyle, (2); Flynn, (4); McCarthy, (2); O'Connell, (1). Free throws—Cooper, (5); O'Connell, (2); Boyle, (1).

ACADEMICS (21)

ACADEMICS EASILY DEFEAT SHERMAN.

The Sherman Park team was an easy victor for our Academic squad on February 22. The champions of the Southside Park were bewildered by the ability shown by our Academic team this year. They were literally swamped. Great headwork on the part of Coach Lawler, who used Tompkins at center in order to outjump his outponents, then returning to guard position to let our captain play the floor. The Academics were a team of all-stars, McCarthy, Flynn and Boyle leading as usual in the scoring.

SHERMAN PARK (11)

| | | |
|----------------|------------|------------------|
| Spirakes | R. F. | Boyle |
| Doyle | L. F. | Flynn |
| Ryan | C. | McCarthy |
| Mallon | R. G. | O'Connell, Smith |
| Reise | L. G. | Tompkins |

ACADEMICS (50)

Baskets—McCarthy, (9); Flynn, (8); Boyle, (5); Tompkins, (1); O'Connell, (2); Doyle, (5). Free throws—Doyle.

FIRST DEFEAT OF ACADEMICS

The star squad of Academics suffered their first defeat at the hands of the Training A. C. in Chicago on Saturday, February 21. Our little team was humbled but not in such a way that they are unable to come back. Coach Lawler sees the laurels in sight for the team and his earnestness in training the young athletes is surpassed only by their loyal spirit. They are going to play the deciding game on a neutral floor in Chicago, and on March 21 the equinox will rise in glory to the Academics squad and their faithful coach. McCarthy, the captain of the team, tried to stave off the defeat by annexing five baskeas but O'Connell was the only one to respond to the captain's call for help. "Pat"

is a good guard despite his weight, and is going to prevent the forwards of Training A. C. from scoring on March 21. Cooper was the Training star.

TRAINING A. C. (34)

ACADEMICS (22)

| | | |
|-----------------|------------|----------------|
| Cooper | R. F. | Boyle |
| Samuels | L. F. | Flynn |
| Nochenson | C. | McCarthy |
| Kabiller | R. G. | O'Connell |
| Kallis | L. G. | Smith, Shields |

B askets—Samuels, (2); Nochenson, (2); Kallis, (1); Cooper, (7); Kabiller, (3); Boyle, (3); Flynn, (1); McCarthy (5); Shields, (1). Free throws—O'Connell, (2); Cooper, (4).

VIATORIANA

The editor of the joke column wishes to thank those who complimented him on the last number. He didn't intend that all were blind, when a goodly number, fearing that the editor intended the ode on "Blindness" for them, came forth to show that they were not, it amused him exceedingly. He is convalescing now, however.

D'ye know That—

It's a mighty poor Irishman who will be overcome with the German measles;

One of the occupants of 302 showed some visitors the football "diamond"—

Another of the "Third" has nerve enough to be treasurer of the Fourth High.

The law of Gravitation was recently corrected by Isaac Newton Dillon!

Lent is Lent!

Hully—'Jaquitsmokin'?

Gee—Whaddathinkiam?

Ned—'Abe Lincoln' Murray was a poor success as a rail-splitter, wasn't he?

Tom—Why?

Ned—Well, he couldn't split the "log" out of logic.

Glass says he's so bright that his father calls him son. (Wow!—pardon, we couldn't help that one—but there are others here who have been called "Sonny"—if you don't believe it, ask Joie Hughes.)

Beware the Ides of March
 Brutes the Latin and Cassins the Greek
 Will be on hand. Do not seek
 To overcome them with your steed
 For they have horses—all they need.
 Just buckle on your shield of pride,
 And cast all joy and play aside
 Until the terrible Ides are o'er,
 Then you can turn to play once more,
 Pleasure is best when free from pain,
 So mark you well—I repeat again
 Beware the Ides of March.

It's not a shuffle—son! !

I.—What are you feeding his goat on?

.C—I don't feed his goat—I'm making him fast (not slow).

Whaddamatterbo?

Sure and didn't I say that?" (accent on the sure.)

Stop-you-Monster—stop-I-say—"

Bo—(complimenting a catechism professor)—Professor, I must say that I never knew what sin was until I came to your class.

J.—If an aviary is a place for birds—is an apiary a place for apes?

L.—No, you boob, it's a place for bees.—That's where you get stung!

St. Viator's great Seasons:

Football,

Basketball,

Lent,

Baseball.

Eggs is eggs, dog gone it!!!

Exes—He quit.

Wise—So did I.

Exes—He began again.

Wise—So did I.

Joe (To Prof.)—I'm afraid I can't recite without interruption.

Teacher—Start whistling, Lawrence.

When I was blind I could not see,
 So I picked up a hammer and saw.
 Thus spoke up little Willie D—,
 But we think it kinda-raw!

Grab it! Grab!!

The person winning the Good Conduct Medal, certainly has an excellent opportunity of being a civil engineer.

'Rise the window and screech at 'im!

Loosen up the kinks in your old whips if you want to be out with the bunch—they're going to be so full of "pep" that they'll be a season in themselves.

1. Lent, Lent, Lent,
 Lasts full forty days.
 Bent, Bent, Bent,
 He prays and prays and prays.
2. Fast! Fast! Fast!
 Ah well for the minors here!
 Last! Last! Last!
 Will Easter ne'er draw near?
3. Lent, Lent, Lent,
 O say there is no use!
 Fast, Fast, Fast,
 I must, I've no excuse!

"Knock you sucker—that's where I got got my start."

A. Hammer.

"This is to this as that is to that, but this is to that as that is to this—therefore this equals that. (Clear as mud!)"

We admire his courage!

There's a front seat up here!

Some Ride—(Don't slay it).

"Yep we started in the morning,
Just buttoned up our coats,
And' tucked the great big blankets
Up around our throats.

Dug out our great big over-shoes
From underneath the straw,
An' pulled our fur-lined ear-laps
Round about each jaw—.

Rode about five minutes,
And all were comfortable
Till we hit a stretch of dirt,
Then crawled out, who're able.

Had to start arunning
To keep our shoulders warm,
And we were a going'
Till we met a farm.

There sittin' by the fire—
Livened up the gang,
Soon the jokes ran neck and neck
With the songs we sang.

There we loafed about the fire,
And consumed its flame,
Then tumbled back into the sleigh
And started back again.

Yep we had a dandy time!
But all I've got to say
Is 'nothin' doin'' Charlie,
I'd sooner 'kill' than 'sleigh'!"

(Adapted from the English).

Well, that's enough for this time—if you don't like them, throw away your hammer and buy a "joke book." That's it be a sport, it doesn't cost any more, than it does to "knock," and besides sometimes it's awfully hard to be funny. Just try it for yourself sometime and see if it isn't.

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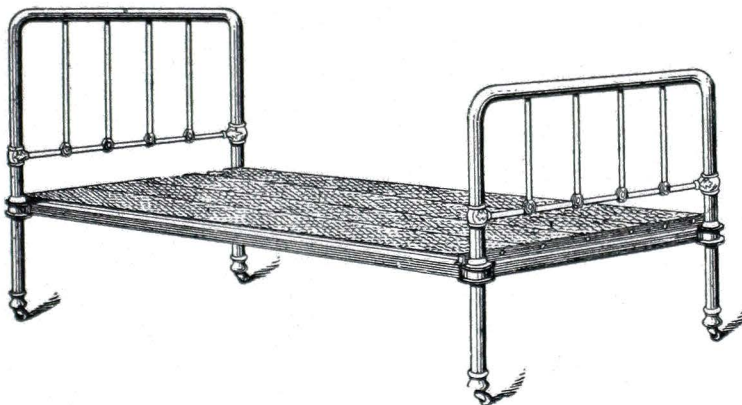
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