

# THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

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## DEATH OF THE ROSE

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A blushing rose in woodland nook  
Was wooed by sunbeams fair,  
But jealous Frost King with his host  
Pitched his encampment there.

And frowning, blew his icy breath  
Upon the flowery throng,  
He stole a kiss from blushing rose  
And hushed was Love's sweet song.

To blushing rose, the sunbeams smiled  
At dawn as on they sped,  
But no glad smile the rose returned  
For lo! the rose was dead.

—J. A. W.

## INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS ON CIVILIZATION

F. BRADY '13

**A**T the dawning of the Christian Era the world was enshrouded with ignorance and falsehood. Its stony and barren soil was permeated with vice, while its poisonous waters were frothing and seething with malignant envy and passionate rage. True, the political condition of all the civilized nations was quite favorable to the reception of Christianity, still the misleading theories of Paganism were in reality making the individual and the family, the state and society hopeless victims of unspeakable misery. Freedom if enjoyed at all was the privilege of Czars. The galling chains of servitude were wrecking the lives of one-half the people, while the queenly creature that should be held in the highest esteem had sunk to the deepest depths of degradation. The life of the Christian is one of self-denial and the life of the perfect Christian, like the life of Christ, is one of perfect self-denial. Hence the disciples and faithful followers of Christ have always been separated into two classes, the more and the less fervent. During the first two centuries these two classes struggled side by side, planting the seeds of faith in the hearts of men. But constant warfare linked with the downward tendency of human nature not only lessened this universal first fervor, thereby becoming the too fertile garden of many deplorable evils but gave birth to the most perfect organizations among men. Pious souls growing weary of clannish conflict in an atmosphere contaminated with the stifling exhalations of sin and crime sought safety in the far distant deserts of Egypt and Palestine.

Those ignominious persecutions waged against our holy Mother, the church, from the moment of her foundation necessitated that endless struggle with tyranny, false philosophy, barbarism, ignorance and superstition years before the birth of her invincible phalanx—her Religious Orders. Many rivulets of blood flowed from her veins and many tears of compassion fell at her heel, while hundreds, yea thousands, of her angelic children suffered death in her behalf before the immaculate conception of monasticism.



While the relentless agents of Satan were exhausting every conceivable means of exterminating the Christians from the Roman Empire, St. Basil, by imposing vows on the Cenobites, sounded that memorable trumpet blast which called the well-disciplined soldiers of Christ, armed with the pure love of God and a most sacred devotion to their cause, from the quiet solitude of the distant campfield into the darkest and most decisive battles of human warfare.

The early monks of the desert, aside from the well known influence of good example, the manifold benefits reaped by the poor and suffering of their native cities upon whom they delighted to bestow their renounced earthly possessions, gave the fruit of their daily labor to the needy of Alexandria and the neighboring cities.

Their intellectual labors were little known until the church summoned them to the ranks of her defenders. Then the world learned that the monasteries were asylums of learning and the training school of ecclesiastical men. Large numbers hurried from their cells to become missionaries and pastors of souls, while many were made bishops, members of the Pope's council, and not a few, after successfully directing the Holy Sea, gained the palm of martyrdom.

These staunch defenders, as they burned in the tyrant's garden of human torches, opened the eyes of the blind, who marveled at the Christian's faith. Hurlled to the beasts during the public festivals of the Emperor Adrian these alleged "confessors of superstition" were by their constancy winning the people from evil to good, from Paganism to Christianity. Their lacerated, lifeless forms floating on the seas, smouldering on the flaming pyre of the impious Decios, falling from the heated iron chairs and suspended upon trees, announced the Christian victory over persecution.

After gaining the confidence and good will of a multitude of former enemies the invaluable work of education waxed strong. The intellectual attainments and endeavor of the early monks are well exemplified in the Fathers of the Church. St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Ephrem, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, the Great, St. Fulgentius contribute much to their form. They have given us works on liturgy, canon law, Christian morals, sermons, letters, histories and many learned treatises refuting heresies.



The Benedictines conducted schools, colleges and orphanages, built roads, cleared forests and tilled the soil. The Hospitalers ministered to those stricken with the leprosy and Sacred Fire, while the Trinitarians spread over France, Spain, Italy, England, Saxony and Hungary, exhausted every means within their power redeeming Christian captives.

During the time of the crusades when all Europe was united in trying to wrest the Holy Land from the Mohammedans many military orders sprang into being. Among these were the Knights of Malta and the Teutonic Orders. The knights pledged themselves to the defense of the faith by force of arms. They protected the highways along which the pilgrims marched, conducted hospitals and cared for the many crusaders upon their arrival in the Holy Land. Except for their excellent work the holy places would most probably have all been destroyed by the ravaging infidels.

When the Christian emperors conspired against the church and attempted to render the sanctuary desolate, the powerful Mendicant Orders rescued our Holy Mother from threatened ruin. They mingled freely with the people, using every means to prevent society from falling into the moral cesspool which seemed to be the goal of the frenzied populace.

New enemies were conquered by new religious orders, but all enemies were similar in one respect, they were the enemies of faith and of morality. The so-called Reformation has not proved to be an exception nor has it proved extremely detrimental to the progress of the church. The Jesuits were organized to stem its tide. Have they succeeded? The great promoters of the "reform" were only lashes causing greater effort to be put forth by the renowned religious, whose remarkable success has changed the history of Europe and America. Missionaries, explorers, discoverers, historians and educators, they have accomplished a work, the influence of which none can measure, but all may share.

The Religious Orders were born during great public calamities and sufferings. They sprung into being to alleviate the misery and afflictions of mankind. The cloistered monk gave his earthly possessions to charity, the fruits of his daily labor to the poor; the Benedictines left their solitudes to preach the gospel, to teach the arts and sciences, and to promote public improvements. Later the Military Orders bearing arms against the Mohammedans and helping the crusaders stemmed the in-



fidel invasions. The mendicants begged from house to house for the succor of the poor and plague-stricken; while today scores of religious congregations conduct colleges, orphanages, homes, hospitals, every institution that administers to the wants of fallen mankind.

The world-wide influence of the Religious Orders upon the civilization of the world like the pure, life-giving rays of sunlight beaming from the heavens, is in its bounds immeasurable, being far beyond the powers of human conception. They have given religion, philosophers and theologians, bishops and popes, saints and martyrs; they have given kings, directors of conscience, loyal subjects, brave soldiers and renowned diplomats, while they have given the masses devoted missionaries, learned teachers and faithful servants in their every need.



## HAMLET A MURDERER

G. T. BERGAN '12

**A**SIDE from the main interest attached to reading such a masterpiece of literature as Hamlet, there are closely linked many side issues, which, when presented by themselves, are really problems of no little consequence. One of these is the question of Hamlet's madness, a debated problem that has many telling arguments both for and against. Another question has arisen which also bears some importance, namely, whether or not Hamlet was guilty of murder when he sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their deaths. To my mind it was unjust and with the following few facts taken from the play itself shall try to establish my opinion in as strong a way as possible.

To get at the very root of the discussion it is necessary to have a clear conception of what murder really is. Murder is the unjust taking of another's life. It can be unjust in two ways,—first, without cause, and secondly, when one has not the proper authority for doing the action.

According to the first of these two unjust ways, Hamlet was certainly guilty. It is not necessary for a discussion of this subject to take all the details concerning the relations of these three parties, but a few main notions must be presented. We know that both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern never injured Hamlet. In all their dealings towards him they were most kind and sociable. It does not even mention that they had ever had a quarrel, yet Hamlet in several instances distrusts them. But suspicion should never be sufficient ground for the killing of another. Proof is demanded and proof of such an order that innocence cannot even be thought of. Suspicion may lead on to hate and hate to revenge, but this is wrong and always will be wrong.

Many critics state that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were mean and low in their occupation. What a foolish statement! To serve your king in the days of chivalry and knighthood was the most virtuous act, an act that held the respect of all the subjects. They were doing an honorable service and if Hamlet really be insane as all thought him to be, then it was a good act for his schoolmates to come over from England to help him



regain the use of his wandering faculties. Would not one consider it kindness, if he being sick should have the good fortune to see his friends come to visit him? And all the more happy would be he if he knew it cost them pain and sacrifice, a loss of time and serious inconveniences? This is what these two schoolfellows did for Hamlet. They left their homes in England to come to bleak Denmark to be a solace to Hamlet and to be of whatever service they could to the king and Hamlet. On the contrary, far from being a low or vulgar act, it was one most noble and friendly.

Passing from these views we come to another point which has often been urged in Hamlet's favor: Did Rosencrantz and Guildenstern know the contents of the letter they were bearing to the king? There is no statement in the play which even hints that they had any knowledge of the missive. They were true friends of Hamlet, ready to die for him if the time should demand it. According to the etiquette of those times it was always customary to send two escorts with a prince and Hamlet had no reason to suspect on this ground. And if the letter should have reached the King of England and the two escorts should have heard the sentence, then direct evidence was theirs to convict the King of Denmark. They would have come back and accused him and the result would have been conviction.

One must also bear in mind that at this time England was paying tribute to Denmark, and hence, whatever Denmark commanded must be done, and surely the King of England would have sufficient executive shrewdness to keep it a secret and not let it become common property. The fewer who knew of it, the better. If on the other hand we make the extreme supposition that Guildenstern and Rosencrantz went so far as to urge the king to write the note, would that have been sufficient ground to kill them? The answer must be no. For all that Hamlet would have to have done in such a case was to tear up the note and insert another in its place, or else flee. On whatever side you glance, murder stands forth in glowing head lines.

Coming back to our second manner in which murder is committed, that of having the proper authority, we find Hamlet again a murderer. For the only way he could be justified here, would be if he were the supreme court of tribunal, and had both the executive and judicial authority vested in himself. But the king was the only one possessing such a right and Hamlet being only a prince took their lives on his own authority.

Many more arguments could be advanced to establish this opinion more firmly. Tho we may think Hamlet to be an estimable young man, tho he may be refined and polished, tho in other parts of the play he elicits our ringing applause and warm admiration, still in this instance we must, as true critics and real Christians, raise up our hands and lift up our voices against a murderer.





# THE VIATORIAN

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## EDITORIALS

At Dawn

With all the noise and roar of whistle and bell, with the good wishes of friends and the forgiveness of enemies a new year is ushered into our presence. The old year is dead, the new one is born! The past twelve-month with its trials and burdens, its successes and failures, its joys and sorrows has passed never to return and the year of nineteen hundred and twelve awaits us full of hope and expectancy, buoyed up with the feeling that in it we will really do something worth while. All around we hear friends tell us of the many good resolutions they have made, that they have vowed to do this and refrain from doing something else. It is the same story and it will last as long as the years come and go. It has been said that if we would but seek to overcome one fault of ours at a time that we soon would become perfect men. A nobler truism never existed. Instead of making a dozen good resolutions and probably breaking every one, let us make one and make that one so firmly and sincerely that when the year has passed we can honestly say that we have done something. And we as students, what resolution should we make? The answer is, resolve to study, and to say study means to so allot our time which is given us that we will improve our minds, the object for which we are



sent here. Yes, we are going to study, we are going to use our time profitably. Don't let it be said of us that we are intellectual hoboes, vagrants to study, collegiate loafers, here to really pay for our board, but to make the college a present of the sum supposed to be expended for tuition. A great sense of philanthropy! No, we have made the resolution to study and our first breath in the morning and our last sigh at night will be laden with the sweet thought of study.

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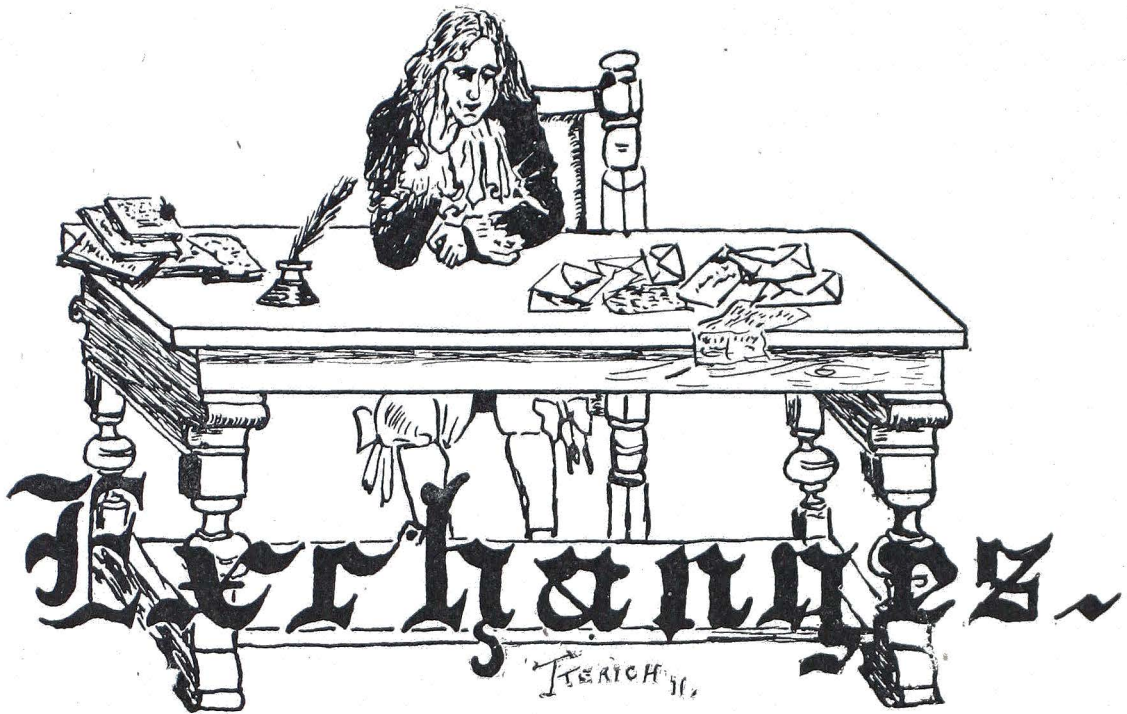
How many times in looking over the accounts of certain Catholic festivities in the daily papers we run across such interesting items as the following: "The Bishop will pontificate at Solemn Pontifical Mass this evening at 7:30," and that "the procession was very beautiful, the priests marching with their birettes dangling at their waists;"—and this style continues *ad nauseam*. Catholics for many years have borne with this woeful ignorance, rather pitying the periodical than censuring it, but the time has come when such toleration should cease. Why is it that such want of knowledge in leading papers is allowed? Isn't there some remedy? The answer is, let the newspapers employ Catholics to write up Catholic ceremonies. They are the only ones competent to give the details of the grandest sights that man can witness. Surely there are Catholics who are perfectly qualified for newspaper work and they could bring forth at least, equally as good returns as their fellow-workers. And if the newspapers should bring up the plea that they cannot secure Catholic reporters, then it is for the Catholic college man to supply the need. Journalism is one of the best paid and appreciated professions today, and why cannot Catholic young men just as well as others turn their thoughts to such an effort? An editor of a paper to some people is a man who cannot fail when he makes use of his pen and his word is taken as law by all his readers. Why then, cannot the young man who aspires to such a position be sure that he can do likewise and turn all his efforts to the good of the community? Get your start by writing for the VIATORIAN and perhaps your first effort here will be the incentive and the bright star to direct your course to that of a successful writer. Catholics read the newspapers. Catholics should write for them.



The return to college from Christmas vacation is not the most welcome adventure a young man may imagine. After being surrounded by the smiling faces of friends now to be scowled at by learned professors; after being praised for your "good" work by your parents to be now censured by prefects; after enjoying innumerable "sleep-overs" to be pulled out of the covers at six sharp every cold morning; after enjoying ease and pleasure, to see the January examinations staring one in the face surely this is not the most pleasant time of college life. But to speak frankly this is not the time for pleasure, but the time for work. We have no out-door sports, nothing tempts us to leave the sacred sanctum of study. From now until Easter, the time, now looking ahead, may seem to be long, we may get the "blues,"—we may be bodily present in class but our thoughts few tho' they be are miles away. The only cure for such student melancholia is work, just good hard work. Soon the mid-year examinations will be upon us. Start now to prepare, don't expect to cram into your head five months' work in five minutes; perhaps you may have the good fortune to get a satisfactory note in the test but that will not help you. We are not to study for notes, we do not work hard just for the sake of being at the head of the class or for winning this or that medal or prize, no we study to know the matter upon which our teachers sacrifice so much of their time, and expend so much of their energy in order to bring forth results in us. During the next two or three months try with redoubled zeal to work, that when the great day shall arrive, the day so beloved by all students—Commencement Day,—we may all say, and say it honestly, that this has been our best year, that we really have done something, and then our vacation will be all the sweeter because it was attained by good hard work.







It is but seldom that we take up our pen to reprove or to find fault with any of our exchanges, as we are too conscious of our own shortcomings to constitute ourselves teachers of others, but the interests of truth, of decency and of chivalry demand that we should not allow a piece of scurrilous verse, entitled the "Merry Nun," that appears in the "McMaster University Monthly" for November to go on its way unrebuked. It is written by a youth named Bernard F. Trotter, who hopes to be adorned with the honors of graduation in 1914, and who, judging from the present composition, has a certain talent for light, tripping versification. We believe in giving the devil his due, and therefore admit that Master Trotter seems to have some talent in this direction, but we warn him to avoid such themes for the future, and to direct his efforts towards less dangerous and offensive subjects.

From a perusal of "The Merry Nun" we should imagine that Mr. Trotter's mind had been trotting over the fields of such diabolical and lying literature as is produced by such choice friends of satan as Maria Monk, Dr. Tulton, Chiniquy, etc., and had been well splashed with the muck that covers these poetical pastures. A lie such as would have delighted the heart of any of these friends mentioned above serves Bernard (God save the name) as his theme which he dresses in light holiday garb, as though this could hide its devilish ugliness. According to Mr.



Trotter, a nun of the name of Phyllis, if you please, looks upon a certain young Lord Cecil, falls in love with him, he reciprocates, she breaks her vows and they elope. Edifying story, truly, such as has been fed for years to a certain gullible type of Protestants, and has been as often proved untrue. Of course we know that dear Master Trotter will say that this story is not intended to be true, but is merely the child of his poetical imagination, but why imagine anything so slanderous, so disgusting and so unlikely? Whoever heard of a nun of the name of Phyllis? When you write again, Master Bernard, remember that nuns take the names of saints, not of pagan musicians, and that the exigencies of a rhyme with lilies does not excuse the perpetration of an absurdity as great as calling a nun "Phyllis." Incidentally, it is a poor rhyme.

But this is not the only absurdity; unfortunately it is the least harmful of the many absurdities wrought into Master Bernard's verse, as witness the following:

"The garden wall is high and grim,  
Lord Cecil's tower is higher;  
She lifts her eyes, she looks on him:  
Her soul burns up with fire."

What fatuous rot is this! What crass ignorance is here displayed! It is time that youths of Master Trotter's ilk learned that nuns are not admitted to vows until they have passed through a long, severe probation, until they have learned to curb their passions, and guard their eyes, and therefore that it is the height of absurdity to say "her soul burns up with fire," because she has looked once upon the gallant Lord Cecil. School girls' hearts may flutter at the sight of a handsome youth, but nuns are made of sterner stuff and are not in much danger even if they should commit such folly as to allow their eyes to wander to some youth's high tower.

Master Trotter's gross ignorance is displayed again in the lines:

"Whose merry heart, whose merry word  
The dismal cloisters smother."

Who told you that cloisters are dismal, and who told you that they smother merry hearts and merry words. It is dollars to doughnuts that the happiest and merriest women in the world are the members of religious communities. They enjoy a happiness the world cannot understand because the world is too



carnal, but their happiness is nevertheless greater than that attained by a ceaseless round of balls, parties, theaters, and love affairs. Theirs is the peace and joy of the spirit, the peace of God Himself that passeth all understanding, the reward that Mary received for sitting at the Saviour's feet. The cloister gives joy instead of smothering it, a joy that lasts when the joys of the world have turned to dust and ashes. If you do not believe me, Master Trotter, go to the nearest convent and ask any of the nuns whether they would return to the world, whether they are happy, whether they regret being nuns. We will stake our eternal salvation that the answer you receive will prove your lines just quoted to be as ugly a lie as ever wormed its snaky way from the depths of hell.

This is an unpleasant task we have embraced, but we must go through with it to the end. It is surprising that as reputable an institution of learning as McMaster University should have allowed such disgusting piece of composition to befoul the pages of its monthly magazine. One would have thought that the days of the A. P. A. had passed, and that no one but the most bigoted and blinded member of this unsavory organization would have gathered such verse as "The Merry Nun." Even men who have hated the Catholic church have paid tributes of admiration to her sisterhoods, men steeped in sin have praised and defended their purity, but a beardless sophomore, forsooth, has to dive into the recesses of a much begrimed imagination to get a handful of mud with which to soil their spotless robes. For shame on you, Bernard. Your common manhood or even your boyhood might have taught you better.

We do not claim that priests, monks, and nuns have never sinned; we do not claim that they are perfect; but we claim without fear of successful refutation that no body of men or women have led such stainless, heroic, self-sacrificing, lives as have the priests, monks and nuns of the Catholic church. It is true that a few of them have fallen, but these same fallen ones have been taken in, praised and honored by Protestants ever since the day when Luther, a fallen monk, married to a fallen virgin, spawned forth Protestantism. The poet would deserve contempt who, in presence of a field of spotless lilies, would point out one whose petals had been defiled by a splash of mud, and neglect to sing of the matchless purity of the remaining thousands of lilies. But this is what Master Trotter has done. He has before his gaze that vast field of dazzling purity, the religious communities



of women of the Holy Catholic church, and instead of being rapt with admiration at the unviolated virginity of countless thousands, he turns his attention to one whose snowy garment has been defiled with a splash of mud. Shame on such lack of nobility of character on such want of manhood, on such failure to appreciate the beautiful. The sisters, Bernard, will not answer you, will not defend themselves from your scurrilous attacks, but their daily and nightly prayer for you will be "O Mary Mother pardon!"





## Societies.

The students of the music department entertained a very pleased and appreciative audience on Monday evening, December 18, in the Recital Hall. The room was artistically decorated with many beautiful pictures of the great masters, decked with flowers and festoons of various hues, while red-shaded incandescents cast their warm and cozy rays over the whole scene, making the room fit for the performance of a Caruso. As the recital progressed it proved to be in accord with the decorations, as it was one of the best ever rendered at St. Viator's.

The younger participants on the programme played their respective roles in a manner which was certainly a credit to their teacher—Mr. Chas. Jochem. Master F. Colby held the audience spell-bound with his sweet carolling, while Mendelssohn's "Consolation" was very touchingly rendered. Jochem's "Serenade" proved to be exquisitely sweet under the true and charming tones of Mr. Carter. The violin trio was rendered in a superb manner. "The Van-Guard of the King" and "Faith in Spring" were sung in such a way as to defy description, and were loudly applauded. The pianists also deserve much praise for their part in making the programme such a success. Every number was ably rendered, and all possible praise is due to Mr. Chas. Jochem for his zealous and, no doubt, arduous efforts in preparing this truly classical recital, and in making such a brilliant success of it.

On opening the artistically designed programmes we find the following, which speaks for itself:



1. Piano: "Danse Trigane" ..... *Bohm-Jochem*  
Mr. John Bradac, Mr. Chas. Jochem
2. Vocal: (a) "Where Go the Boats?" ..... *Foerster*  
(b) "Sleep My Loved One" ..... *Jochem*  
Violin Obligato—Mr. F. Carter  
Master Francis Colby
3. Piano: (a) "Mazurka" Op. 68, No. 3 ..... *Chopin*  
(b) "Valse" Op. 43 ..... *Becker*  
Master Louis Dougherty
4. Violin: "Quartette" .....  
F. Carter, A. Marcotte, R. Plant, E. Kissane
5. Piano: "Consolation" ..... *Mendelssohn*  
Master Webster McGann
6. Violin: "Chanson d'Amour" .....  
M. R. Plant
7. Piano: (a) "Etude" ..... *Heller*  
(b) "Alla Marcia" .....  
Mr. Myron Wilson
8. Violin: "Duet" .....  
R. Plant, E. Kissane
9. Vocal: "The Van-Guard of the King" ..... *Bailey*  
Mr. John Koelzer
10. Violin: "Serenade" ..... *Jochem*  
Mr. Frederick Carter
11. Piano: "Chacome" ..... *Durand*  
Mr. John Bradac
12. Vocal: "Faith in Spring" ..... *Schubert*  
Mr. August St. Aubin
13. Violin: Trio, "Lucia de Lammermour" .....  
F. Sheriden, A. Marcotte, F. Carter
14. Piano: "Sonata, E Minor" ..... *Kraus*  
Mr. Joseph Linnott
15. Violin: "Simple Aveu" .....  
Mr. E. Kissane
16. Piano: "Mozart Grieg Sonata C Major" .....  
Mr. Myron Wilson, Mr. Chas. Jochem

## ACOTHICAL SOCIETY.

As vivacious and entertaining as ever, this society presented its members and happy guests with a delicious "spread" and select programme on Monday evening, December 18. During the banquet there was no exception to the general rule that the stomach is the surest and quickest way to a man's good will and humor. For, when the ice cream, cake, cocoa, etc., had disappeared, every face was aglow with happiness and eagerness to listen to the programme, which was ably rendered as follows:

Introduction .....	E. Riely
"Immaculate Conception" .....	Leo Phillips
"Farewell Old Year" .....	Roy Fallow
"Christmas Night" .....	Robert Brundage
"A Christmas Story" .....	Jas. Gibbons
"Pax Hominibus" .....	Allie Gearen
"A Christmas Carol" .....	Thomas Fagan

After this Father Brown entertained in his usual humorous manner, his well-told stories exciting many a hearty laugh. Father Breen ended the joyful evening with a few sweet melodies on the harmonica, which bade fair to excel even the masterful Mr. French himself.

Among the guests were: Revs. Belair, M. Breen, and P. E. Brown, and Brothers McKeogn, Plante, and Cracknell.

## THE LAJOIE SOCIETY.

The most successful event of the year for this society took place on Tuesday evening, December 19. With everything and everybody in the best possible condition the banquet, smoker, and select programme progressed in a manner beyond expectation. Both guests and entertainers aided in the success, which was brilliantly accomplished. And as the bluish smoke from sweet-smelling havanas perfumed the surrounding air, the following successful programme was rendered:

Address of Welcome .....	Harris Darche
Recitation .....	Arthur Landroche
Recitation .....	Louis Rivard
"Our Ancestors" .....	Joseph Legris
Vocal Selection .....	Wm. Roy
Recitation .....	Eugene Graveline
Remarks .....	Father Dugas
Recitation .....	Arthur Picard
Reflections .....	Louis J. Pommier



Mgr. Legris congratulated the society on its remarkable development under its new Moderator and exhorted the members to live up to the admirable purpose of the society.

Moderator L. J. Pommier was presented with a box of havanas for his proficient work in directing the destinies of the society; and Mr. Darche received a set of brevaries as a token of the members' appreciation of his zealous efforts as president.

MR. FRENCH.

The first to answer, at least indirectly, our appeal for the students' desire to hear and see the Thespians in a drama, was the Athletic Association. Mr. French proved to be a good fun-maker. The chirping and especially the blatant Mr. French seemed to delight the most. He has also developed many emulous imitators in these branches of this facetious art.

But this is certainly a queer state of affairs. Athletic Association turning entertainer and outside talent furnishing the entertainment. We do not mean to censure either the entertainer nor the talent, as both deserve much praise for their honest endeavor. But why not develop and utilize our own talent? We would enjoy and profit more by it. Certainly those who ought to be "doing things" on the stage deserve censure.



## P E R S O N A L S

On December 23rd three of St. Viators young men were elevated to the sacred office of priesthood by Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley in the Holy Name Cathedral. The young priests are Rev. Henry Weber, Rev. John O'Connor and Rev. John J. Corbett, C.S.V.

Father Weber was born in Montague, Michigan, and made his early courses in St. Patrick's school, South Chicago. Later he went to the American College at Rome, but was forced to return on account of ill health. He made his philosophical and theological studies at St. Viators, and leaves an excellent record behind, both as a student and a seminarian. He sang his first Solemn High Mass at St. Brides Church, Chicago, Christmas Day, and later was assigned to St. Jeromes Church, Rogers Park.

Father O'Connor is a native of Ireland, and was here only for his theology. The young priest was a deep student, and should prove a valuable acquisition to the diocese of Helena, Montana, where he is stationed at Three Forks. He said his first Mass at St. Viator Normal Institute, December 24th and after a short stay left for the west to further the work our Saviour started.

Father Corbett, C.S.V., pursued his studies at St. Viator. He entered the clerics of St. Viator fifteen years ago and for seven years taught at Holy Name School, Chicago, later coming to the college where he is a valuable member of the faculty. He celebrated his first Mass, December 31st, at St. Edward Church, Chicago. To these young clerics the VIATORIAN extends heartiest congratulations and wishes them every success in the noble work they have undertaken.

During the holidays Very Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C.S.V., President of Columbus college, paid St. Viator a short visit. Father Surprenant will be remembered as being Prefect of studies a few years ago. He brought back good news from the west and states that Columbus college will give St. Viators a close race for the honor of being the bulwark of the VIATORIANS in the United States.

Word has reached us that Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., former censor of the VIATORIAN but now pursuing classes at Oxford, England, visited the Clerics of St. Viator Mother House in Brussels, Belgium.



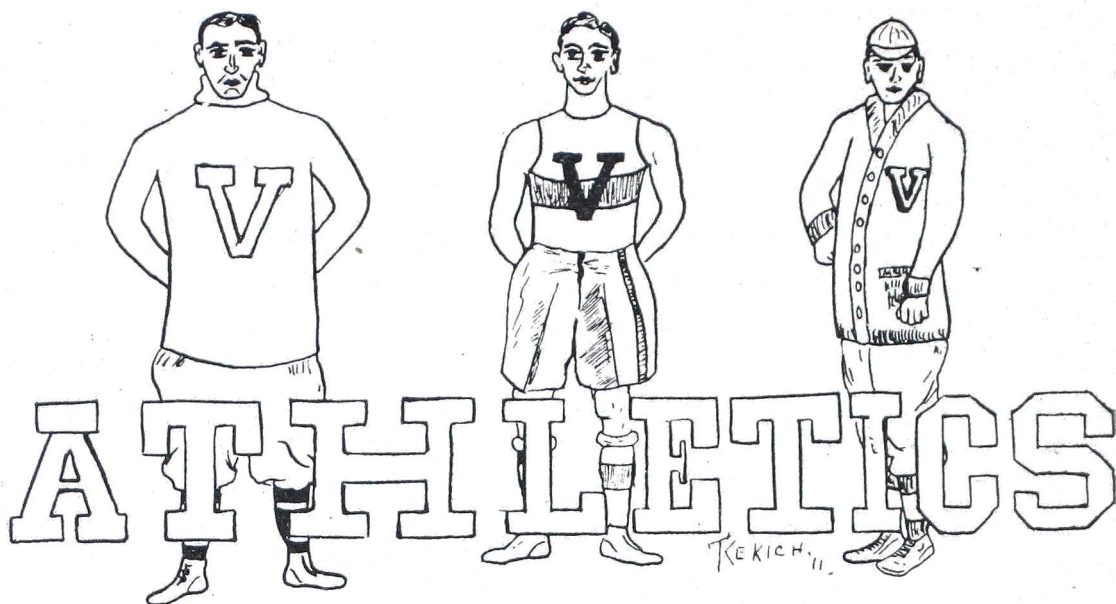
# O B I T U A R Y

REV. JAS. J. HAYDEN, '06.

The usual blithe and happy spirit of the faculty and students during the few days preceding the holidays was silenced by the sad news of the sudden death of Father Hayden. Ill only a week and thinking it nothing very serious, even his friends were unaware of his condition, and the sad news was indeed a shock to his countless friends. Father Hayden was born near Wilmington, Ill., on Christmas Day, 1884, and made all his studies at St. Viator College, winning the Philosophy Medal and being ordained March 27th, 1909. Never was there a more popular student at St. Viators. Quiet and unassuming, possessing a gentle and self sacrificing disposition, to pupils and teachers alike he was a friend. It does indeed seem too bad that such a young man, with such a brilliant future before him, should be called to give his accounting. But the ways of the world are not the ways of God, and we must say "Thy will be done." During the few short years of service in God's vineyard, he was zealous and energetic, seeking always to further the kingdom of God upon earth, and the result of his work in St. Charles parish will be a lasting tribute to this young Levite.

Funeral services were held from St. Rose church, Wilmington, Ill., his grace, Archbishop Quigley, being present and pronouncing the final absolution. Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C.S.V., President of St. Viators, who preached at Father Hayden's first mass, also gave the closing words and paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased. Several of St. Viator alumni attended as well as many of his fellow priests in the Chicago Archdiocese. May his priestly reign so short on earth, be the beginning of an everlasting one in Heaven.





St. Viator, 11—De Paul, 0.

The loyal supporters of De Paul and St. Viators turned out to the number of fifteen hundred to witness the annual battle, on Thanksgiving Day on De Paul field. The weather was crisp but sunny, an ideal day from the side lines, but a frozen field made a dangerous gridiron on which to fight out the question of the day.

De Paul's squad entered the arena at two-thirty amidst the cheers of their rooters and were closely followed by Coach Quille's crew. Both teams posed for pictures, then De Paul won the toss for goal and the fray was on, with the wind in De Paul's favor.

Quille kicked forty-five yards and Wuertz carried the ball back to the fifty yard line, where Clinnen made fifteen yards on a fake kick. De Paul failed on line bucks, and then kicked to Quille, who ran the ball back to the fifty yard line. With a dash of short lived speed De Paul at this stage of the game, showed the best form displayed in any part of the game. Their gains were small, however, and the ball seesawed back and forth until the whistle blew.

With fight in their eyes the purple and gold boys went into the second quarter completely swamping the red and blue team with their attacks. Opening the second quarter with De Paul loosing the ball on a fumble, St. Viator started their triumphal march down the field. De Paul's crew were completely dazzled



as nothing in St. Viator's form of plays failed at this point. End runs, forward passes and lines plunges proved easy ground gainers, and De Paul was left helpless and weakened at each down. St. Viator carried the ball to the forty yard line then advanced twenty yards more on penalties inflicted by De Paul. Then with a perfect line of offense, Fitzgerald skirted the left end for the first touchdown and kicked goal. The balance of the quarter was decidedly in St. Viator's favor.

With the game clinched, St. Viator's crew (after a brushing up by Coach Quille) rushed onto the greensward in big-league style [to use De Paul's classical narrative style] and proceeded again to break up the frozen crust of many years victories, with the hard falling beeves on the De Paul line.

De Paul kicked off to St. Viator and with a series of end runs, the purple and gold boys carried the ball to De Paul's thirty yard line. At this stage of the game, Referee Patterson, who featured for De Paul, penalized St. Viator fifteen yards because some interested spectators approached too near the side line. Withoit punted out of danger and Quille returned a kick to Buckley's position. Like a shot, Fitzgerald, plunged through De Paul's line, intercepted the punt to Buckley, threw off Buckley's tackle and crossed the last white line, planting the pig-skin behind the goal for the second touchdown. Fitzgerald failed in kicking goal.

The fourth quarter, played almost in darkness, was decidedly in St. Viator's favor, although played mostly in their territory. De Paul had two excellent chances for touchdowns on the ten and twenty yard lines, but the mighty wall of defense put up by St. Viator was a loosing proposition to the Chicago "men" at every down. De Paul's only chances were lost through costly and uncalled for fumbles. Their over anxious line was repeatedly penalized for offside playing.

Quille had punted to the fifty yard line when the whistle blew for the last time. This ended the great victory for St. Viator on this field, and a mighty volume of cheers disturbed the peace of Lake View, and split the ears of the crest fallen and dejected De Paul rooters as they wandered from the field with a lone goose-egg to give thanks for.

This marks St. Viator as the undisputed champions of Catholic Colleges in Illinois. The wonderful exhibition of football



presented by Fitzgerald throughout the game marks him as a H. B. worthy of a place amongst the greatest gridiron stars of the west. On defense or offense he played a perfect game and his work at H. B. brought repeated storms of applause from the spectators. The great work of Welch, H. B., and A. Quille, R. E., was sensational, both tackling like demons and carrying the ball for substantial gains. Capt. Bergan played his star game of the season, putting up an interference which DePaul was unable to break down, and breaking through DePaul's line for a thirty and thirty-five yard run. Shea, Quille, Gordon, Muggan, Fischer, and Dunne played as they never did before this season. No less praise is due to every individual man who appeared in the line up. The crew worked in a machine like style, quite in contrast to DePaul's squad. St. Viator's turned loose such speed and force that it was evident from the start of the game that they were a much better coached crew of men than DePaul. St. Viator's condition and team work won the game. Wilhoit and Clinnen featured for DePaul, they being the only men who could carry the ball with safety at trying moments.

Too much praise cannot be given to Coach Quille for the fast and hard-fighting team which he turned out in seven short weeks of practice. Struggling to uphold the record set by previous coaches, Quille overstepped the high standard and developed the fastest team ever turned out at St. Viator's. Working under conditions of which he alone can relate, each individual player was drilled with Quille's own brand of "goods" and the result is a championship team, with a record of five games won against two lost.

The victory was celebrated with a banquet Thanksgiving evening, given by Mgr. Bergan. With sixty feet under the banquet board, the team and friends broke forth into a demonstration befitting the occasion.

With this, the last game of the 1911 schedule, and the one game of the year most to be feared, this victory quite compensates the great efforts on the part of the student body and Coach Quille. Their work, the output of St. Viator's schooling, is an example of what hard work, perseverance and the spirit of loyalty will accomplish. The success of the year's efforts in football circles is also due partially to the tireless work of those who made up the second squad. The second squad on more than one occasion showed themselves able contenders for first team



positions. They worked diligently for the development of the best possible crew and gave them the practice necessary to face teams of weight and speed with little fear. The line up:

*St. Viator.**DePaul.*

Mugan-Sammon	L. E.	Wilhoit
Fischer	L. T.	Hyjack
Gordon	L. G.	Corey-Brennan
Dunne	C.	Fitzpatrick-Geigl
Ryan-Darche	R. G.	Bonner
Cleary	R. T.	Wuertz
A. Quille-Sherman	R. E.	Buckley-McKeon
Quille, E.	Q. B.	Ward-Birmingham
Fitzgerald	L. H.	McKeon-Stanley
Welsh	R. H.	Clinnen
Bergan-Shea	F.	Kolb

Touchdowns—Fitzgerald (2). Goals from touchdown—Fitzgerald.

Umpire—Kittleman, Northwestern.

Referee—Patterson, Chi. U.

Field Judge—Cernack, Ill. U.

Head Lineman—Brouthers, Ill. U.

Time of Quarters—15 min.

Shortly after the close of the season a smoker was held, at which Thomas Harrison was elected to captain next year's squad. Harrison has played two years on the eleven at St. Viator's and has always proven a willing and tireless worker, and one who has the faculty of instilling fight into his men. The selection was a good one and already we see prospects of even a better team than that of 1911. Here's wishing you success. Emblems and sweater vests were awarded by the Board of Control to Capt. Bergan, A. Quille, E. Quille, Fitzgerald, Cleary, Darche, Dunne, Gordon, Ryan, Fischer Mugan, Sammon, Harrison, Welch, Shea and Walsh.

# BASKET BALL

St. Viator, 24.

St. Joseph, 13.

The opening basketball game of the season was played against St. Joseph College, of Rensselaer, Ind. The home five, after a few short weeks of practice, beat the visitors twenty-four to thirteen. The game for the first half was decidedly in St. Viator's favor, but the St. Joe boys came back with a rush and gave the Purple and Gold crew a good run for their money in the second half. With only two of last year's regulars on the team St. Viator put up a first class game for an opener. Fischer featured for St. Viator and put up the same brand of goods that put him in the public eye last season. Gordon played in his usual form at R. G. and shared honors with Fischer. The new recruit, Lawler, of Spalding "11" five, put up a scrappy game and looks to be one of the most promising finds of the season. Bergan and Donnelly played in good style for the opening game. With a schedule of fifteen games to battle through, St. Viator looks forward to a good season. Through the absence of Moynihan, Cleary and Fitzgerald, the blue ribbon bearers of last year, the team is somewhat crippled, yet rumors are still abroad of the possible return of some of the absentees.

*St. Viators.*

*St. Joseph.*

Bergan.....	R. F. ....	Beckman
Donnelly.....	L. F. ....	Deery
Fischer.....	C. ....	McArdle
Gordon.....	R. G. ....	Winter
Lawler.....	L. G. ....	Moran

Goals—Bergan (3), Fischer (6), Deery (3), McArdle (1).

Free Throws—Fischer (6), Beckman (5).

Referee—Jacobs.

Umpire—Reed.

Timekeeper—Doherty.

Following is the schedule:

December 16—St. Joseph, at Kankakee.

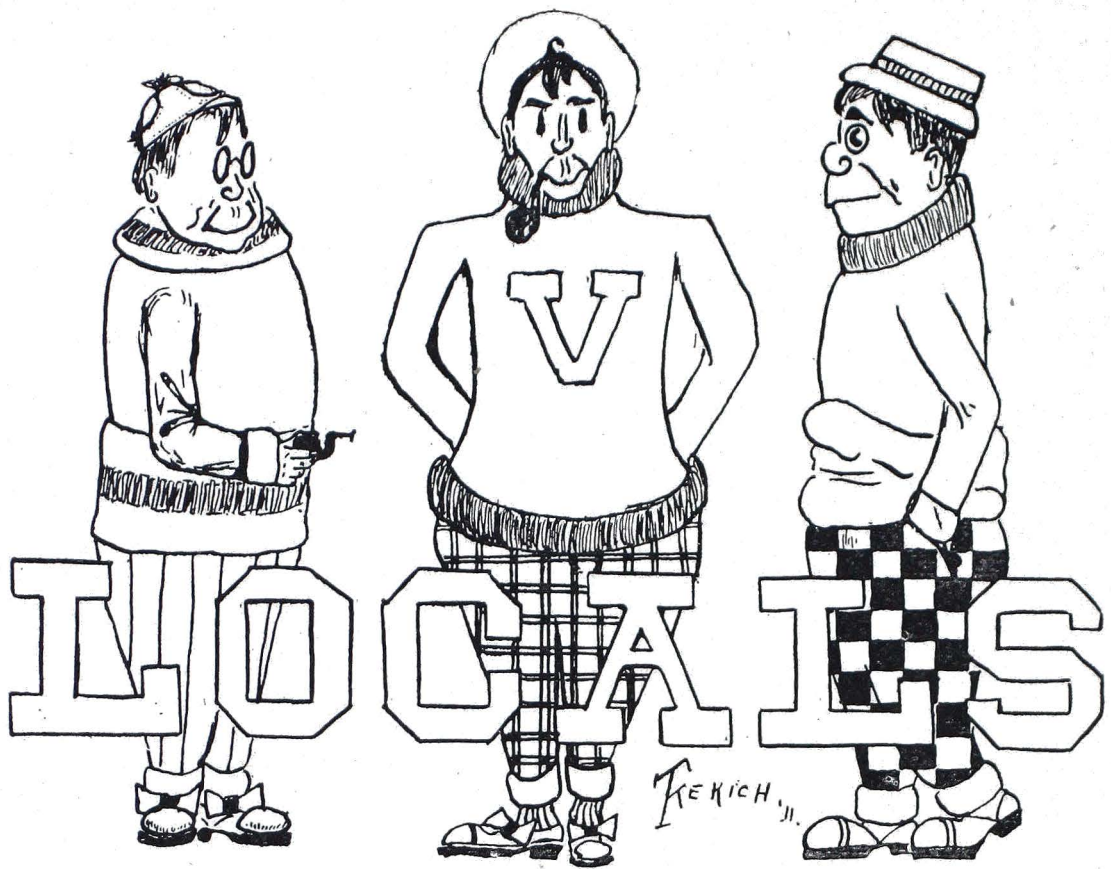
January 16—St. Joseph, at Rensselaer.

January 20—Morgan Park, at Kankakee.



January 24—All Collegians, at Kankakee.  
January 27—DePaul, at Kankakee.  
February 3—Onarga, at Onarga.  
February 10—Lewis Inst., at Kankakee.  
February 15—St. Bede, at Peru.  
February 16—Peru Y. M. C. A., at Peru.  
February 17—Augustana, at Rock Island.  
February 21—Millikin, at Kankakee.  
February 24—Spalding Inst., at Kankakee.  
March 2—DePaul, at Chicago.  
March 9—All Collegians, at Chicago.





Happy New Year. (It's better late than never.)

Notice: Roy Hall is condemned. A wall is missing.  
I am "surprised."

Our notion of what is 'not' the melody of love. Duffy's clock.  
A duet by C. S. and N. B. "I dreamt I slept in Marsile  
Hall," Alas! 'Tis true.

All right old pal, me and you is quits.

A clipping from the Gifford Bugle: "January will be a win-  
tery month. On the other page." He's a college boy. So  
hummed the girls when Joe Gordon buzzed up the main street.

What wakes me from my slumber? Duffy's clock.

What makes a noise like sawing lumber? Duffy's clock.

What disturbs me in my study?

What makes my brain feel muddy?

What makes my thought so bloody? Duffy's clock.

What would I smash if I had a hammer? Duffy's clock.

What would I smash in a like manner? Duffy's block.

Disgusted.

Sid's hair is still growing.

New Books—Breaking into Society, or How I Made My  
Debut. By Dicky O. L.

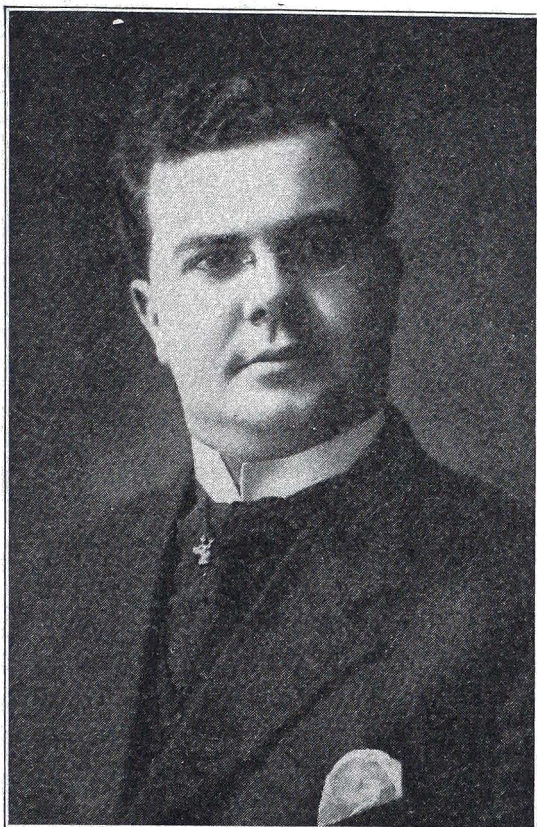
Second Fiddle, or, How I Got in the Band. By Duke of  
Kalt-a-nut.

Why? Oh, Why? Did He Leave Me? By Phil M.

Hair Culture. By S. Dillion.

Buying Railroad Tickets. By W. Lawler.





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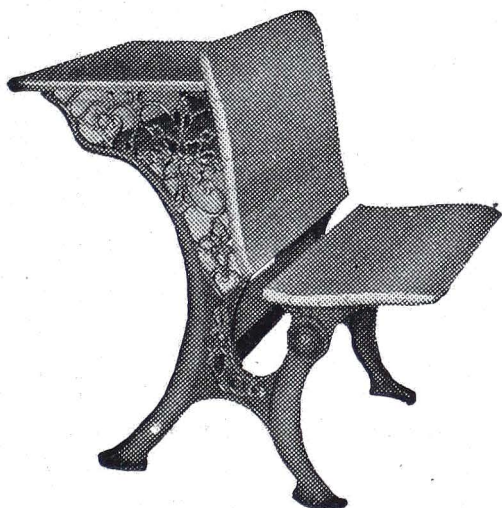
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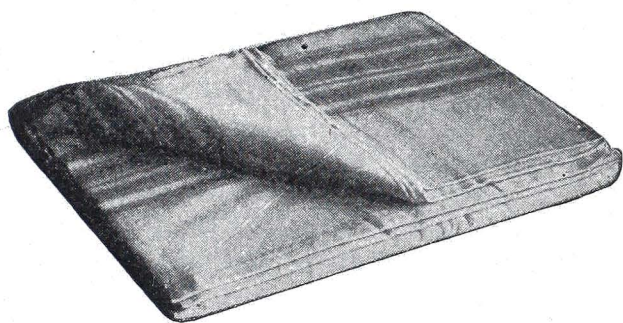
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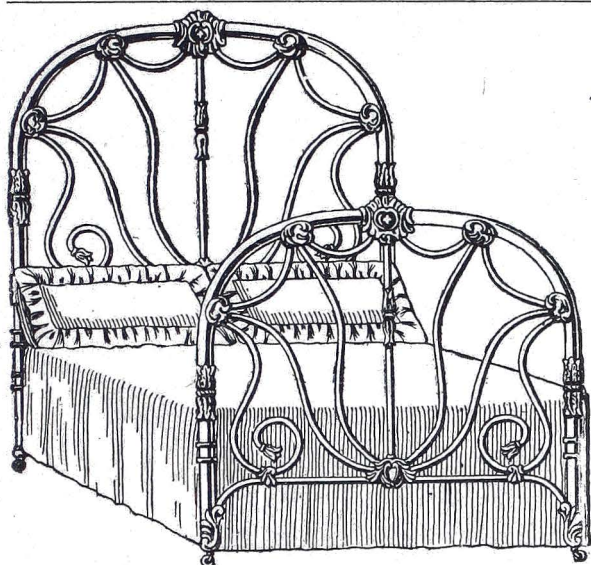
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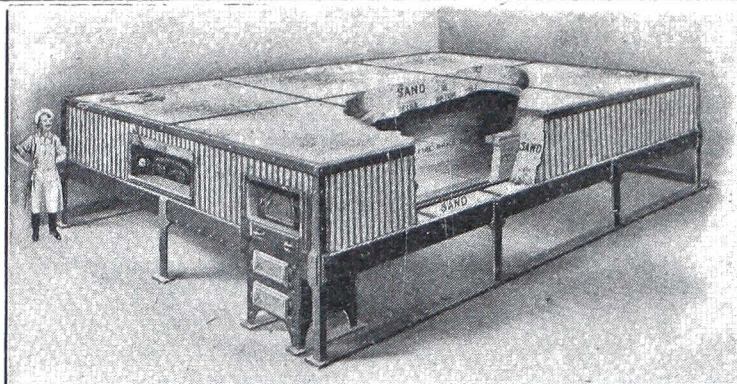
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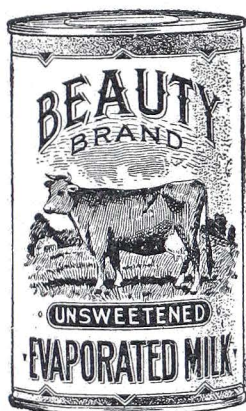
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