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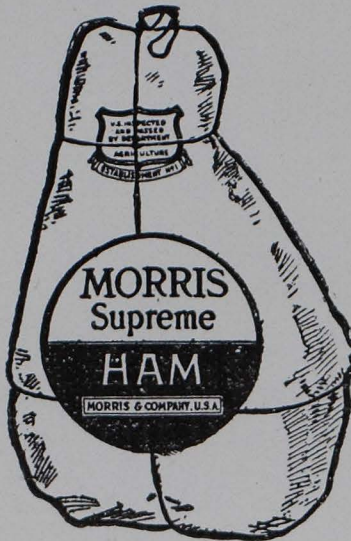
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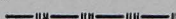
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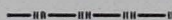
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# The Viatorian

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Volume 43

Number 2

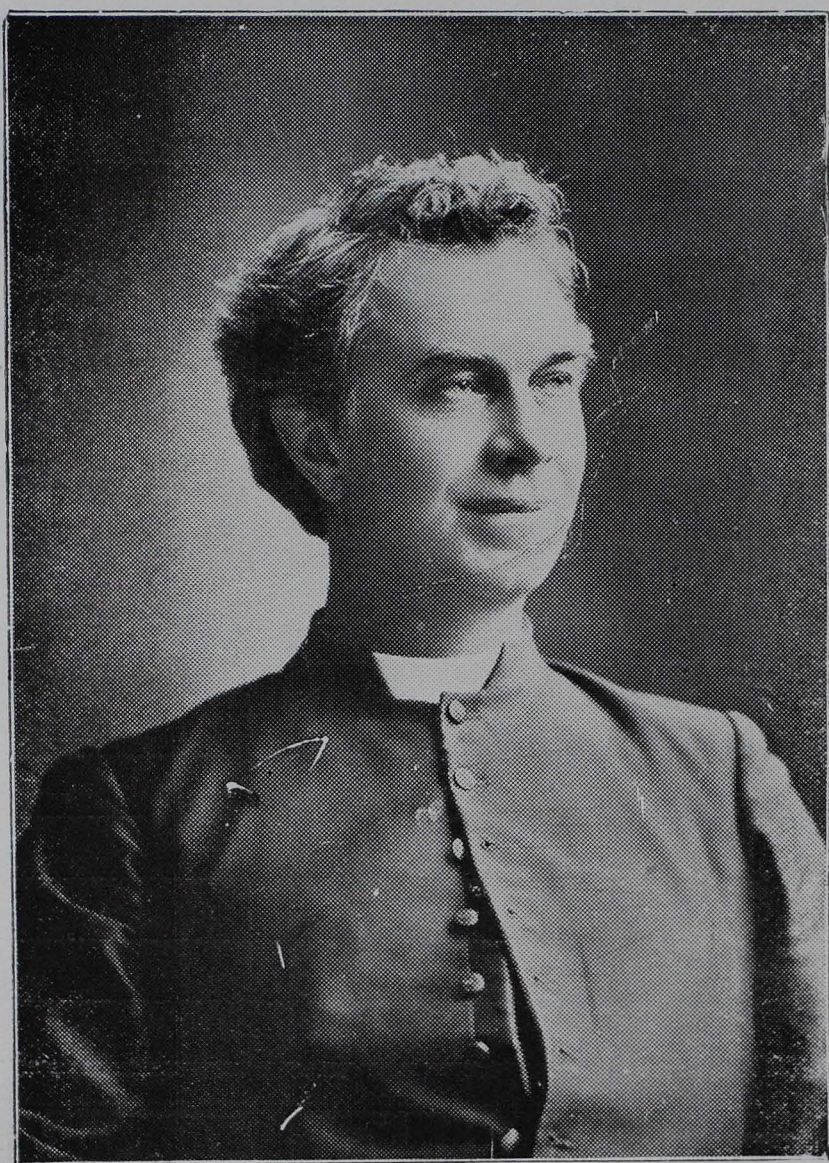
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To  
**THE VERY REVEREND FATHER MARSILE, C. S. V.,**  
who, even as the Creator  
breathed into Man the breath of Life,  
has, by his serenity of temperament  
and through his heart of courtesy,  
instilled into the atmosphere  
of St. Viator College  
that kindly spirit which endears it to us today,  
The Viatorian Staff  
respectfully dedicates this Number.



## The Jubilee Mass

St. Viator's Day, Oct. 21st, 1925, marked the greatest festive day in the history of the College. On this Indian summer day, the little village of Bourbonnais witnessed a manifestation of devotion, loyalty and love that gave the Present the power of calling back the glorious and peaceful Past. This memorable occasion was the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of Viator's Grand Old President, Father Marsile.

The event now is mingled with the other festive occasions in Viator history. But to the students now within the halls of Viator it had and will have an impressive significance. The spectacle of a stately silvered-haired priest being acclaimed blessed by the throngs of alumni that assembled from all parts of the nation cannot but have inspiring influence in the direction of their lives along lines of unselfish devotion and service.

At ten o'clock, the opening services of the jubilee began in the Church of the Maternity. Shortly before this, the alumni and students assembled in front of Marsile Hall for the procession. This procession headed by cross bearer and acolytes filed across the campus direct to the church. After the crossbearer and acolytes came three hundred students followed by an extended line of alumni and friends. The Jubilarian surrounded by the ministers of the Mass and the em-purpled Monsignori came last.

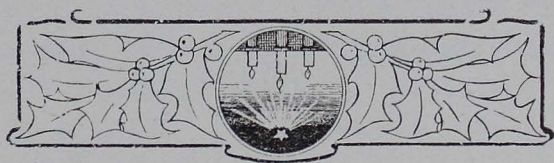
The impressive and commanding figure of the Jubilarian in his priestly robes, his singularly peaceful and kindly countenance impressed the hundreds that filled the quaint old church. In the celebration of the Solemn Mass, Father Marsile was assisted by the following priests: Rev. Joseph V. La-Marre, a nephew of the Jubilarian, deacon; Very Reverend T. J. Rice, C. S. V., president of St. Viator College, subdeacon; the Very Rev. J. F. Ryan, c. s. v., pastor of St. Viator's church, Chicago, archpriest; Rev. William Keefe, Indianapolis, Master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary at the side of the altar were Rt. Rev. Monsignor Quille, a famous and loyal alumnus of Viator, and Rt. Rev. Monsignor Shannon of Chicago, a devoted friend of the Jubilarian.

After the first Gospel, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, D. D. delivered a masterly sermon. Every word of its choice and



rich language, everyone of its apt and beautiful figures brought home to the listeners the message of God's perennial care over mankind. At the bidding of his beautiful imagery, the scroll of history unravelled and in the magnificent panorama God's guiding hand appeared, raising up in every crisis religious orders to care for the special needs of the Church. When the needs of religious education was intensified by growing democracy, teaching orders of men and women appeared. This led the eloquent preacher to the point where he paid glowing tribute to the Jubilarian as one of the noblest and most beloved of the godly men who carry on the work of Catholic education.

The Mass was sung by the college choir which, under the direction of Father Raymond and Prof. Roch, trained long and faithfully for the occasion. The soloists were Father Raymond, Brother R. Drolet, and John Moynihan. Many of the alumni pronounced the singing to be the finest rendition ever heard at St. Viator College.





## JUBILEE HYMN

The following song, set to the music of the opera—  
“L’Esclavage Africain,” was sung by a chorus of fifty-six  
voices at the Silver Jubilee of Father Marsile in 1900,

*Let music tune her lofty lyre*

*And sing with gladsome strains our father’s praise;*

*A thousand voices let us raise*

*To honor him this day,*

*Solo*

*Let college halls re-echo glad refrains,*

*And Students’ hearts their lasting love declare;*

*May glory’s wreath entwine thy noble brow,*

*Great priest of God whose life has been so fair.*

*Chorus*

*Let music tune her lofty lyre*

*And sing with gladsome strains our father’s praise;*

*A thousand voices let us raise*

*To honor him this day.*

*Solo*

*O noble priest! thy life has ever been*

*An inspiration to thy youthful charge;*

*Thou art the type of Christ-like, stainless men*

*Who draw the soul to honor, truth and worth.*



## The Jubilee Toasts

The Jubilee banquet was given in the gymnasium. The "old boys" who expected to see the gym with its spacious floor and enamelled walls were agreeably surprised on beholding the beautiful scene before them. Streamers of old gold and purple met and beneath the iron-raftered roof there formed a canopied banquet hall. This device was the work of the students. They indeed were never so fortunate as to treasure the friendship of the silver-haired Jubilarian, but tradition had whispered to them the story of the kindly college President "who had a heart that was a soul and a soul that was a heart". Accordingly they were glad to do whatever was in their power to make of the occasion a fitting tribute.

Mr. Frank G. Rainey, '09, was the able toastmaster of the day. His mastery of the situation was in evidence from beginning to the end. His introductory speech is as here quoted.

### "Fellow Alumni and Friends:

The attendance today is very edifying—edifying in many ways but especially in that it shows your love and devotion for St. Viator above all things. And those who are not with us in person are with us in spirit. (I said spirit, not spirits, because our beloved Volstead Act has removed from our vocabulary the plural of spirit.) Those sons of Viator who are absent today,—today above all days—are absent not of their own free will but because duty or distance makes it impossible for them to attend. What one of us whether in college or out forgets the 21st of October?

The one big cloud of today's program is myself, but I hope you will overlook my mistakes as a toastmaster. If I had the blarney and ability of an O'Mahoney, sure I could have you running after me and begging me to take your money so that the new building could be built this year. If I had the eloquence and thundering voice of a Rice, I could paint you a word picture from the pink tinted and rose hued dawn of life on through its thorn strewn path with its intermittent byways of pleasure and joy, to its glorious or sad ending as the case might be even on to that beatific home—which always reminds me of a bald head, because it is a bright and shining spot where parting is no more. If I had the persuasive



theological or psychological brain of a Bergin I could by "incontestable facts" prove to you the opposite of any subject you would suggest. If I had the lovable and soothing disposition or the poetical mind of a Marsile, I could keep you here all afternoon and you would not care if you did miss the "big four o'clock train at three o'clock."

I say, if I had all these attributes plus my nerve I might make the grade but I am only myself and all I have is my nerve and I feel that slipping. I feel like the Irishman who when he had to act as host to a gathering of his daughter's friends and wishing to welcome them and put them at their ease said, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I'm at home and I wish you all were." Yes, I am at home and so are you, because no matter where you are or what you do I know that you will always consider St. Viator College your home. And now this being a family gathering, let us do away with all formalities. I will not try to welcome you; I will leave that to one better able. Nor will I thank you for your presence here because I know you neither want it nor expect praise for it. You are here today to pay respect and to express by your presence your love and devotion to the College and to Father Marsile, I should not separate these terms, because The College and Father Marsile are synonymous what one has accomplished both have accomplished; what honor and glory the college has attained in men, building or otherwise is due to Father Marsile who for many years carried practically on his own shoulders the building and management of the College. Father Marsile's life needs no interpretation. There are no unexplained parts. I was going to call it an open book, but I think it is more like a work of art that can be admired and examined from both sides and in which no flaw or defect can be found.

Father Marsile, were I to live to be as old as Methuselah and to accomplish one hundredth part of what you have done, I would go up to St. Peter on judgment day (I don't expect to get there before that date) and demand a place higher than many of the elect.

But enough of this, I am not here to make a speech. I am in the ring—I am the toastmaster and am only expected to present to you the people who are to do the talking."

At the conclusion of his introductory speech Mr. Rainey introduced the Very Reverend President. Father Rice welcomed the Alumni back "home" as only a Viator-president can. After Father Rice had concluded Mr. Rainey introduced the other speakers of the program. Unfortunately our amateur stenographers were not able to furnish a copy of all the talks, and hence the Viatorian regrets its inability to publish all the toasts verbatim.



*The Very Rev. James J. Shannon, Vicar-General,  
Peoria Diocese.*

"I should like, my dear friends, to have the picture of this scene fade and another drawn on the screen as in the movies. I should like to have an unsophisticated boy of seventeen, leaving home for the first time and coming up the walks and steps of the Old College. The Old College was not very much architecturally, comfortably nor any other way I can remember except enthusiastically. Above all things, it had a heart. The one thing that distinguishes St. Viator College and its Alumni from all the world is the fact that the boys from '85 to '25 have a heart.

At that time I saw the finest looking specimen of incarnated virtue and intellect I was ever privileged to gaze upon. I saw an angel walking on human feet, and lifting up human hands and looking out of human eyes, and speaking with a human tongue. I very distinctly remember that he had a peculiar way of wearing his hair. He never combed it as in these days. It was a sort of natural halo; it was a halo of glory.

For the first time in my life I was conscious of the presence of a saint and an intellect, and I realized that I had come among friends. Nobody dressed well in those days; we were above those things. We didn't think of them. We didn't sit down to sumptuous banquets every day. We had the plainest of plain foods. From the beginning of late fall until the spring, I would put on my overcoat and overshoes and wear them all day through. It was part of my costume; it was tradition; the inconvenience we suffered would be inconceivable to the present generation, but we had the spirit of the soldier, making a fight under magnificent leadership. We were going up higher; we were keeping step to the beating of hearts of the most glorious aspirations. We believed we were walking in the paths of glory and we were proud of our humble lot.

As I grow older and look down the long vista of the years, I find the same picture, but a little more clearly now. I thought all the world was blessed then; I didn't know the benediction of this spot then. I can see it as I look now in the purple distances; I can see it in the sunsets; I can see the glow and glory of it all and in the center I can discern the features of the divinest man I have ever known. I congratulate him today on living for all these years. All he needed today is to live; for living for him means loving, means labor, means sacrifice.

As a Peorian I pay the tribute of my ever-increasing admiration for Father Marsile, and I say to him that we all hope to be with him always. I liked to be with him in the days of boyhood; it was a benediction; it is a benediction sweeter still



to be with him now. And I only hope that all the old boys and the new boys will gather in the splendid procession of humanity that walks upon the path of virtue, ability and power and good influence through the opening gates of Paradise and that we may have our reunions in heaven, where with a full degree of appreciation we can celebrate the hundredth—the thousandth anniversary of Father Marsile, a saint, a sage, and a man.”

*Hon. A. L. Granger.*

“The first thing I am reminded of when my thoughts turn toward Viator is the old fight, traditional I might say, that always existed between the Irish and the French boys. I do not care to stir up the old animosities by speaking upon this subject but it reminds me of a story I once heard. Smith and Brown had been enemies for years and it seems that Smith was now in danger of death and the minister suggested that he had better call Brown in and make his peace with all creatures before he took his departure. Smith was reluctant to do so at first but finally consented and Brown was sent for. They exchanged greetings and as Brown was about to leave, Smith yelled out from his sick bed, “Remember Brown if I get better the fight is on again.” And so it was in the early days of Viator. Father Marsile tried to pacify everyone and make all content. We would come together for a time to satisfy our dear Father Marsile, but no sooner would his back be turned than the fight would be on again. Another coincidence I am reminded of when thinking of the early days and this everlasting feud is the peculiar knack Father Marsile had of always intermingling the lilies of France with the shamrocks of Ireland in all his eulogies.

Father Shannon told about a seventeen year old boy coming here. It reminds me of a twelve year old boy brought here from a few miles north in the country. I was a green country lad and at first was not at all happy, but soon the spirit of the place entered my soul and Viator began to mean as much to me as to any old alumnus of years back. Those were the days of the old building, the days when we were all as one large, happy family under the one roof. We have really lost our home in the old College that sheltered us for so many years. It is still home, but it has lost the real charm that it once held for us when we return here to see the new buildings and but few traces of the old stamping ground left to greet us. Time has changed everything, time must have even changed us. I came here about a year ago to see my old friend, Brother Mainville and when entering the door of Marsile Hall I stopped one of the students and asked if he would find the Brother for me. He said certainly he would, but turned to me as he was



leaving and remarked, "Should I say that it is his father that wishes to see him." Well I admit I have changed but I didn't have any idea that I had changed to that extent.

I am advocating, and have advocated with my friend, Mr. Condon, that we should all be brief, so I must not continue too long lest I tire you.

To my mind the greatest good that we get in an institution like this is the lofty ambitions and the higher aims that we retain through life. About thirty five or forty years of experience has taught me that we retain very little of our trigonometry and higher mathematics. Very little, I say, of those things are now left to us. It is the ideals that are still with us. There was no class that I ever took at College that did me the amount of actual good that Father Marsile's spiritual reading class did. Every night Father Marsile would read to his boys from the life of the saints and heroes of the Church. We learned about Blanche of Castille, the mother of the saintly King Louis of France, St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus and from the lives of these great men and women, we were taught lessons of right living and good principle that stayed with us through life. The example, contained therein, implanted in us the correct philosophy of life and did more material good for us than all the classics could ever do. It is such lessons as these that take a real hold upon the heart of man. Gilbert Chesterton has shown how profoundly his own life was influenced by a study of St. Francis of Assisi. We learned from these lessons the Catholic ideal of self denial and of battling against ourselves. Father Marsile with his spiritual reading class was the means of laying for many of us a firm foundation, a sound moral foundation. His ideal made of him a great christian educator. Even as Pasteur and St. Thomas had their ideal so also had Father Marsile, and it was the laying of a firm moral foundation for the lives of the young men brought under his care and guidance. Therefore, I say Father Marsile was the idealist and consequently the ideal college president."

*Rev. P. C. Conway*

"I will be very brief—I hope. Father Marsile, let me say to you, that no king on his throne is more honored, no emperor in his realms is more revered, not even the Pope of Rome on his gestatorial chair is more revered than you are by your boys, every one of them. We reverence you because you have a heart that is a soul and a soul that is a heart, and a heart that is love. The best that is in us, the best we can ever be is all due to you and our gratitude shall always be overflowing for those great blessings. Whilst we hold you up as non-pareil we say this to you: We do not care what other presidents suc-



ceed you; they cannot approach our own dear Marsile; but at the same time we of the older ones will not take back one step of loyalty from the younger ones, from the President of today or the Presidents of other years, or the Presidents that are to come. Much as we love the men who constitute the present faculty—we love the college more than all men. And my parting word is this, "In the gratitude that will soon be expressed in the Gift of Gold we swear, Father Marsile, undying fealty and unswerving devotion to the cause you so nobly serve. We give to you the credit for all that is honorable, manly, virtuous and right in us."

One of the most impressive toasts was delivered by Father Sammon. With an eloquence and earnestness that kept the vast audience almost motionless, Father Sammon laid the tribute of Peoria's appreciation at the feet of the Jubilarian. He spoke of the high esteem with which the Reverend Jubilarian was regarded by the Most Rev. Archbishop Spaulding, and Bishop Dunne. The prolonged and hearty applause that followed was ample evidence that the audience endorsed the magnificent eulogy spoken by Father Sammon.

Rockford was well represented by its Vicar-General and a large delegation of Alumni. Father Flannigan's matchless wit and winning eloquence were potent factors in making the occasion memorable. Father Flannigan stated that he had very vivid recollections of Father Marsile as he stood behind the scenes prompting his boys. Father Marsile, asserted the eloquent speaker, was not only the prompter of their college dramas but also the Great Prompter whose teachings and examples enabled them to play their parts on the stage of life.

The brief but impressive speech delivered by the Hon. James G. Condon will long be remembered by all who heard him. Mr. Condon at the outset stated that in his appreciation and reverence for Father Marsile he would yield to no man. The Viatorian is fortunate to have in record the concluding sentences of the speech. "I know of no more eloquent tribute that could be paid him than if every man and woman here would remain silent and meditate for one moment upon the life of Father Marsile. In that moment, the greatness of Father Marsile would arise. God in His greatness has given us halls of memory, galleries of gratitude and chambers of affection in Father Marsile and in St. Viator College. What God gave us, Father Marsile, you have saved for us."

As the program neared the end, the desire which all entertained of hearing the soft familiar voice of Father Marsile was intensified. As he prepared to answer Mr. Rainey's call the vast gathering arose to stand in tribute to the man they loved so well. His remarks will ever linger in the memories of his "boys".



*Father Marsiles' Address.*

"Rt. Rev. Monsignor, Very Rev. President, my dear boys:

With pens dipped in your hearts, you wrote, affectionate and grateful alumni, to have here with you on this sweet homecoming, on this pleasant St. Viator day, in this blessed year of my double Jubilee, dates of gold and diamond, a white haired man almost an octogenarian. You knew that such religious commemoration as well as the sight of familiar scenes and persons would appeal to my memory, to my very soul, and, you were not mistaken. Yet I hesitated to accept your cordial invitation. Age and infirmity rivet me, as it were, to my solitude, make me dread agitation even as a flickering light fears the breath of air. Moreover is not silence at all times more expressive than outbursts of song and music? Is it not somewhat similar to the ecstasy of eternity? But your invitations were persistent and pressing. Once you sent in deputation that unsurpassed toastmaster, Rev. P. C. Conway, the good Dr. Hughes, your chairman, Mr. Frank Rainey—who finds his way back to college now, just as he used to find his way to Chicago when he was a student here. Mind, your trio consisted of a priest, a doctor and an undertaker! Later came the big hearted Father O'Mahoney, (who is accustomed to find his way to your purses), the indefatigable organizer of this grand reunion, accompanied by Fr. Mulvaney—who is fed on milk and honey by the good sisters in San Antonio—and Mr. Harrington whose magic pen gave me such splendid tribute in the New World. Finally there came one who is a member of the household of the Pope, an exemplar and a light in this house, one who never refused me anything even at the risk of his health, the illustrious son of a family always so kind to the College, the universally loved and admired Monsignor Legris. Could I resist so many well known voices, and the voice itself of Alma Mater? I put aside all objections, I felt younger at the thought of being with the young and here I am once more with you! Years have been snowing upon my head, tracing the lines of care on my face but there is yet within me something unchanged, it remains the same always, it is my heart, my love for you, my dear, dear boys!—

Here I am close to the site where once stood the walls of the old college, those walls cemented in lasting victorious sacrifice. Upon them some of you carved your names, dreaming, maybe, of immortality. The weeping willows in their staid branches hanging loose and low appear to mourn. Yes! They mourn a whole past which is buried there—all that we remember of the pioneers. The unique Father Beaudoin, the saintly Father Roy, the kind Brother Bernard, the shrewd



Brother Senechal, the gruff but tender hearted Father Cregan, the lovable Father Callaghan and so many other smiling faces now dead or absent whose spirits still visit my solitary rest and who now at this very hour may be looking at us as in bygone days. Here I am in the shadow of the antique church where fifty years ago I became, Oh day of days!, a priest, endowed with the power of God and since then, daily do I live the heavenly minutes of the Consecration and Holy Communion. A priest! At his sight alone, Napoleon felt moved, he before whom the world trembled. "A priest if he could understand himself", said the Saint of Ars, "would die—die of love."

I am here upon the theater of former activities, not to yield to pride nor to blush at her. With the help of devoted and competent teachers, students have gone forth from here who now honor every station in life, business, professions, medicine, priesthood, prelature, episcopacy. Groups of bright minds, noble hearted phalanxes, brilliant galaxies in Chicago, Peoria, Rockford, St. Louis, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, Denver, in fact from Los Angeles to New York. Let me mention two names for which I have the greatest respect, one from the Empire State. The bearer of this name made his classics here and was the first to get his D. D. after St. Sulpice Seminary, Montreal, was affiliated to Laval University, he later became the pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, president of the Catholic Summer school, but alas died before giving the full measure of his talents to God's work, I mean the Msgr. Denis McMahon. The second name is of Chicago. At the triumphal ovation granted to the first Cardinal of the West, who was it that voiced the overflowing joy of the great metropolis, the heart of North America? It was one of our pupils who often has lent us his brilliant personality on such occasions as this is today, and with the same faith and eloquence his name is on your lips, the most highly esteemed, the truly honorable James Condon!

The past is a pledge of the future. We of the past are like the setting sun in a purple sky of memories. We have reached the evening of tireless efforts. Before parting let us rest our eyes upon the silvery dawn of encouraging possibilities, let us lift up our hearts to the greatness of our traditions and hopes re-echoing the magic word of immortal success! United we stand, divided we fall! What is true of nations is also true of institutions. Mountains are made of grains of sand, oceans of tiny drops of water. Our parochial schools, "the dominant fact of our age," as the grand Archbishop Spaulding said, "are the result of small contributions from our working classes who insist that their children grow up with a con-



science." But in any undertaking we must figure loss and gain. Let us help this College to grow, to perfect itself to preserve a spirit which is its very own like that of a noble race, so that coming generations within its newly reared walls will recognize its unchangeable, undying soul and will exclaim with a thrill of love, "Dear Alma Mater."

Beloved grand sons, I look at you with happiness, but why also with sadness? Because, like the patriarchs of old I feel I must ask your forgiveness for my many failures, and with my last blessing must whisper into your ears and souls a last word of advice, the fruit of long experience. Loyalty to St. Viator forever! forever!"

The closing feature of the program was the presentation of the Jubilee gift. Mr. Lowell Lawson, '14, in the name of the Alumni presented the Jubilarian with the handsome sum of six thousand dollars. The fund was made up of contributions from former students and friends who desired to show their loyalty and appreciation in a special way. In his brief address of acceptance Father Marsile expressed his gratitude and stated that he would turn over the gift to the Viator Extension Fund.

\* \* \*

### FRIEND OF MINE.

To Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V.; from Rev. J. A. Williams.

*In all the realm of Poesy,  
Exuberant with rhyme,  
I cannot find soul threnody  
To waft in thought sublime  
The joy that I would wish you,  
O noble friend of mine!*

*Sublimest heaven-born melody,  
E'er psalmed by angel choir,  
Cannot on wings of harmony  
Express in notes of fire  
The song that I would sing for you—  
O noble friend of mine!*

*Too weak the artist's imagery,  
With rainbow hues bedight,  
Too faint entrancing witchery  
In love's ecstatic light;  
The glory of my praise for you—  
O noble friend of mine!*



*No sculptor from the senseless stone,  
E'er wrought in majesty,  
A flawless token of his love  
Conceived in ecstasy,  
That rivals my esteem for you—  
O noble friend of mine!*

*I may not claim the poet's palm,  
Nor sculptor may I be,  
Of music's gift naught I possess  
Nor painting's artistry;  
Yet of my store I give to you—  
O noble friend of mine!*

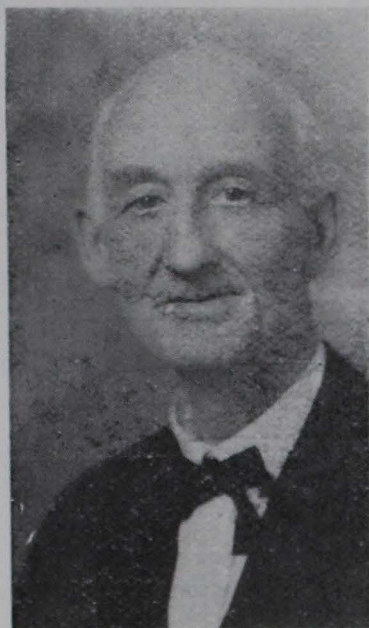
*And tho my words and hands and tongue,  
Cannot reveal my heart,  
Nor gifts of gold or jewels rare  
My sentiments impart;  
Yet I've a wish to wish to you—  
O noble friend of mine!*

*May joy and peace and gladness  
And happiness entwine,  
A bright crown for thy Crowning,  
O noble friend of mine!  
May loving hearts attend you,  
And love and friendship spread,  
The golden glow of glory  
O'er the pathway that you tread!*





## Mr. D. J. Conway, '80, K. S. G.



Another little thread of pride has woven its way into the heart of St. Viator College and into the hearts of all her alumni. Why? Because hundreds of Viatorians are today congratulating Mr. D. J. Conway for the signal honor that has so recently been bestowed on him by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. Mr. Conway was presented with the insignia of a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, which is considered one of the highest dignities that the Church confers on a layman, by the Right Reverend B. J. Mahoney, D. D., Bishop of the Sioux Falls Diocese in South Dakota. Knight Conway was elevated to this position on Wednesday morning, November 25, 1925. The Cathedral was filled to its capacity with relatives, friends, school-mates and

admirers of this rightfully honored man, who realize the significance that is attached to the honor bestowed upon a loyal son of Viator. It comes to him in recognition of an exemplary life of religion, industry and patriotism to God and country.

Mr. Conway was a student here in 1880 where he imbibed much of that love of religion, duty and gentlemanliness that has proven so valuable to him. After his departure from Viator, he spent some years at farming near Alton, Illinois, where his parents had moved from his birthplace in LaSalle, Illinois. Feeling that the knowledge already acquired would be of greater benefit to him in some other sphere, he chose to study law at Dixon, Illinois, and in the year 1891, he began his practice in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Of course it didn't take long for the people of that city to realize that a man of the "sterner stuff" was in their midst, and as a consequence he has held both elective and appointive offices. He made his debut in city politics in 1898, when he was appointed city attorney. In the year 1907 and again in 1909, he was re-appointed to this same position. The city commissioners held him in office until 1919. In 1897, Mr. Conway was made U. S. Commissioner for the Sioux Falls District, and this appoint-



ment he has fulfilled for the past twenty-eight years. Mr. Conway's co-adjustors, most of whom are non-Catholic, say that he is to be admired for his straightforwardness and integrity.

Mr. Conway was united in marriage to Jane Frances Conness of Kansas City, Missouri, in 1890, and the little family that has grown up around them is an exemplary Catholic one indeed. Besides the excellent training that he has given his children, Mr. Conway is to be complimented for his generous activities in all the interests of the Church in South Dakota.

A banquet was held the same evening in the main dining hall of the Carpenter Hotel, sponsored by the Marquette Council, Knights of Columbus, of which Mr. Conway is a charter member. Men who were familiar with Mr. Conway during his eventful life, spoke the following toasts:

"Conway, the Gentleman"—Dean Desmond, Huron, South Dakota.

"Conway, the lawyer"—Michael G. Luddy.

"Conway, the Man"—Thomas H. Kirby.

"Conway, the Citizen"—T. M. Bailey.

"Viator's Opinion of Conway"—Rev. W. J. Bergin, c. s. v., of St. Viator College.

Among the other speakers were Monsignor Fitzgerald, Monsignor Legris of St. Viator College, Rev. P. C. Conway of Chicago, Rev. J. L. Morrissey, a former classmate of Knight Conway, Rev. J. J. Flannagan, Rockford, Ill., and many others. After the banquet the Bishop gave the benediction and thus ended the eventful day for Mr. D. J. Conway, K. S. G.

The Viatorian is happy to record for the benefit of the alumni the magnificent eulogy of Mr. Conway, K. S. G., given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mahoney, D. D., Bishop of Sioux Falls.

"My dear People;

We are gathered here today for a gracious purpose. One of our fellow-citizens has been the recipient of an outstanding distinction and we are come to felicitate with him, and to make known to him our joy and satisfaction. For the time being, this Cathedral is filled with his well-wishers and its majestic outlines are vibrant with emotions that betoken their good-will and appreciation.

The words of the Papal brief just read reveal the cause of this gathering, and indicate the one whom we are all delighted to honor. They tell us that, on the recommendation of the Bishop of the diocese, Mr. Daniel J. Conway has been made a Knight of St. Gregory. They remind us that he has



been singled out by the head of the Church, and made a partaker in the privileges and prerogatives of an order of men conspicuous for service rendered to God and humanity.

That the distinction thus conferred is one calculated to kindle the imagination of the most indifferent may be deduced from the fact that out of nearly twenty million Catholics in the United States there are no more than thirty Knights of St. Gregory.

Not every type of excellence is a recommendation for membership among them. They are "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people."

On Mr. Conway's right to a place in that distinguished company there will be no disagreement among us who know him so well. His qualities as a Christian gentleman, his character as a citizen, and the unblemished integrity of his public and private life, are items that enable us to acquiesce in the consideration that has been vouchsafed him. The "well done thou good and faithful servant" that comes to him today as an echo from the Eternal City strikes a responsive chord in our own sense of what is right and just, and falls on our consciousness with the melody of a sweet refrain.

In his presence and in the hearing of those near and dear to him it is rather a delicate task to paint Mr. Conway as he is. A reluctance to do violence to feelings of modesty must contend with a desire to say what is true. A wish to keep within the limits of good taste must struggle with an effort to be fair.

What appeals to me in the life of Mr. Conway is his uncompromising Catholicity. With him there is no question of fear or expediency when religion or religious issues are concerned. Neither the golden calf nor the idol of popular applause ever comes between him and the teachings of the catechism. His charity is as all-embracing as truth but he will not dissimulate or accept the patronage of pretension. The principles which guide him are consecrated by the memory of a good Catholic home, and dear to him through their development in that little college at Kankakee, where the atmosphere of manly piety and Christian democracy lingers like a benediction. The heritage which was handed down to him in those two sanctuaries he has cherished, and respected. The faith once committed to the saints has been for him the pearl of great price. His loyalty to the Church, and his devotion to Catholic ideals have been constant and consistent.

In the effort to train his family along Catholic lines, Mr. Conway has always followed out the spirit and mind of the Church. All his children have been educated in institutions under her control. The equipment of culture and character



that is the pride of her schools and colleges he has placed at their disposal. The safeguards of faith and morality that are the boast of Catholic centers of learning he has provided for them. For their spiritual welfare he was more concerned than for their social standing or their secular advantages, because he realized that the most unfortunate of men is he who gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his own soul.

With the different Catholic activities of the diocese, Mr. Conway has been identified in a very prominent way. To those societies whose object is the moral or material assistance of his co-religious he has lent his time and effort. In the serious tones of counsel or advice, or in the lighter vein of recreation or comaderia, his voice has sounded in accent wise and playful. In moments of doubt or uncertainty his judgment and discretion have kept decisions along sane and normal lines. At all times his good humor has made him welcome, and his power of vision has anticipated difficulties and suggested their solution. The anxiety and willingness of his companions in the Knights of Columbus to pay deference to him today are indicative of their feelings of gratitude for the help and assistance he has been to their order, and typify the sentiments of all the organizations to which he has given his support.

Not a man of wealth, Mr. Conway has been over generous in his contribution to diocesan or parochial needs. Of his means he has given what would seem more than he could afford, and he has been cheerful in the giving. The wisdom or necessity of the appeal he never questioned. For him it was sufficient to know that an offering was called for, and he was content to accept the word of those who made known the want. With him there was no disposition to treat the Church on a merely business basis. His charity was like that of the early Christians. "And all they that believed were together, and had all things in common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need" (Acts II, 44-45).

Such, my dear People, are some of the items in the story of Mr. Conway's life that call for enumeration at a moment like this.

You will readily note that much that I might have said, I have not spoken. Into the sanctuary of his private life I have not entered. Those beautiful relations between husband and wife, that tender affection between father and children, the atmosphere of peace and goodness that pervades the home of which he is the head, the personal piety that is so deep and unostentatious, the fidelity to all the practices of religion that is so noticeable—these are matters that may not be unduly stressed in the glare of day. With them we associate something of the hush of twilight. They give rise to thoughts so



tender that their best medium is the silence that appreciates and understands.

What we may give expression to, however, is the hope that those near and dear to Mr. Conway will accept our felicitations today. With him they share the renown that he has achieved. Scripture tells us that "the glory of children are their parents". The honor that comes to a father or a mother is reflected on their offspring. Mankind does reverence to those who are in the circle of greatness.

To his priestly brother we extend the right hand of welcome this morning. We are delighted to have him in our midst. For him the occasion must have a special and intimate significance. The emotions that well up within him must be tinged with pride and suggestion. His own devotion to the cause to which he consecrated his life in the days of his young manhood, will enable him to evaluate the fidelity of his brother. His own acquaintance with the care and solicitude of the Church in the case of public and outstanding approval will help him to appreciate the character of the laurel that now circles his brother's brow. His kiss of peace will crystallize the choicest thoughts that linger in hearts attuned to fraternal love and affection.

The non-Catholic friends of Mr. Conway are not out of place here today. For nearly forty years he has lived and moved among them, and they have learned to regard him with confidence and esteem. To them his life has been an open book, and in it they have read his virtues and his good deeds. More than once they have paid tribute to his honesty and integrity. More than once he has been the arbiter of questions that involved strength of character and purity of intention. More than once he has been accepted by them as our finest type of citizen.

This morning we say to them: we are sensitive of your good opinions; we want you to think well of us. We want you to judge us by our best. We are conscious that often education or environment may warp the judgment of well meaning men. We know that Catholics and the things they stand for are often made known to you through hostile or inaccurate sources. We are not surprised that you sometimes mistake a caricature for the reality. We realize that in most instances your hearts are sound and your impulses are honest. We feel that if you knew us better you would respect us more.

Now, our best argument for the power and practice of the Catholic Church are men like Mr. Conway. To them we point and of them we say as did the old Roman matron of her children: "These are our jewels". They are the choicest flowering of Catholic life. They are the best exponents of Catholic teach-



ing. They are the last word in Catholic consistency. They show forth to the world what the children of our Church would be if they lived up to her standards and her ideals. "By their fruits shall you know them."

My dear People, the distinction that has come to one of our number this morning is at once a source of satisfaction and a call to higher things. It gives a character to our diocese and its people that sets them apart from the conventional and the commonplace. It proclaims to the rest of the country that we Catholics on these middle western prairies have left behind our swaddling clothes and that we have reached man's estate. It is an acknowledgment of our position in the scheme of Catholic life, and a tribute to the zeal of our clergy and to the piety and generosity of the people committed to them. It enobles us as it confers the patent of nobility on Mr. Conway.

At the same time it is an inspiration to renewed Catholic loyalty and devotion. It is a reminder that by word and deed we must prove ourselves worthy sons of a noble mother.

In times like ours when there is danger of materialism and creature comforts may enervate the fibre of our souls and weaken our relish for the things of God, we should not be content with a mere formal acquiescence in the Church's doctrine, but we should strive to mold our lives on the spirit of her devout and faithful children. What she stands for we must approve without cavil or criticism. What she condemns we must abhor. While enjoying the most perfect liberty in the domain of politics or secular pursuits, we must listen to her voice in the great questions that concern man's eternal destiny. In whatever affects the good of society and the welfare of individuals we must go to her for light and guidance. We must acknowledge that she has the words of eternal life and that away from her there is no certainty and no satisfaction.

We must never attempt to compromise with her position. "We cannot serve God and mammon". We must remember that she can never be obsolete or old-fashioned. Her message is as vital and unchangeable in progressive America as it was in the days when modern civilization was in the making. There will never come a time in this or any other country when it will be lawful to alter a jot or tittle of the commission which she received from on high. Her code of morals will never yield to economic or national or any other pretensions. Considerations of social prestige or material advantage or personal aggrandizement can never be a valid excuse to trifle with her teachings or to equivocate with her commands. Her pronouncements on divorce, on education, on labor, on respect for God's ministers and on the other questions on which she makes her mind known do not admit of distinction or depreciation



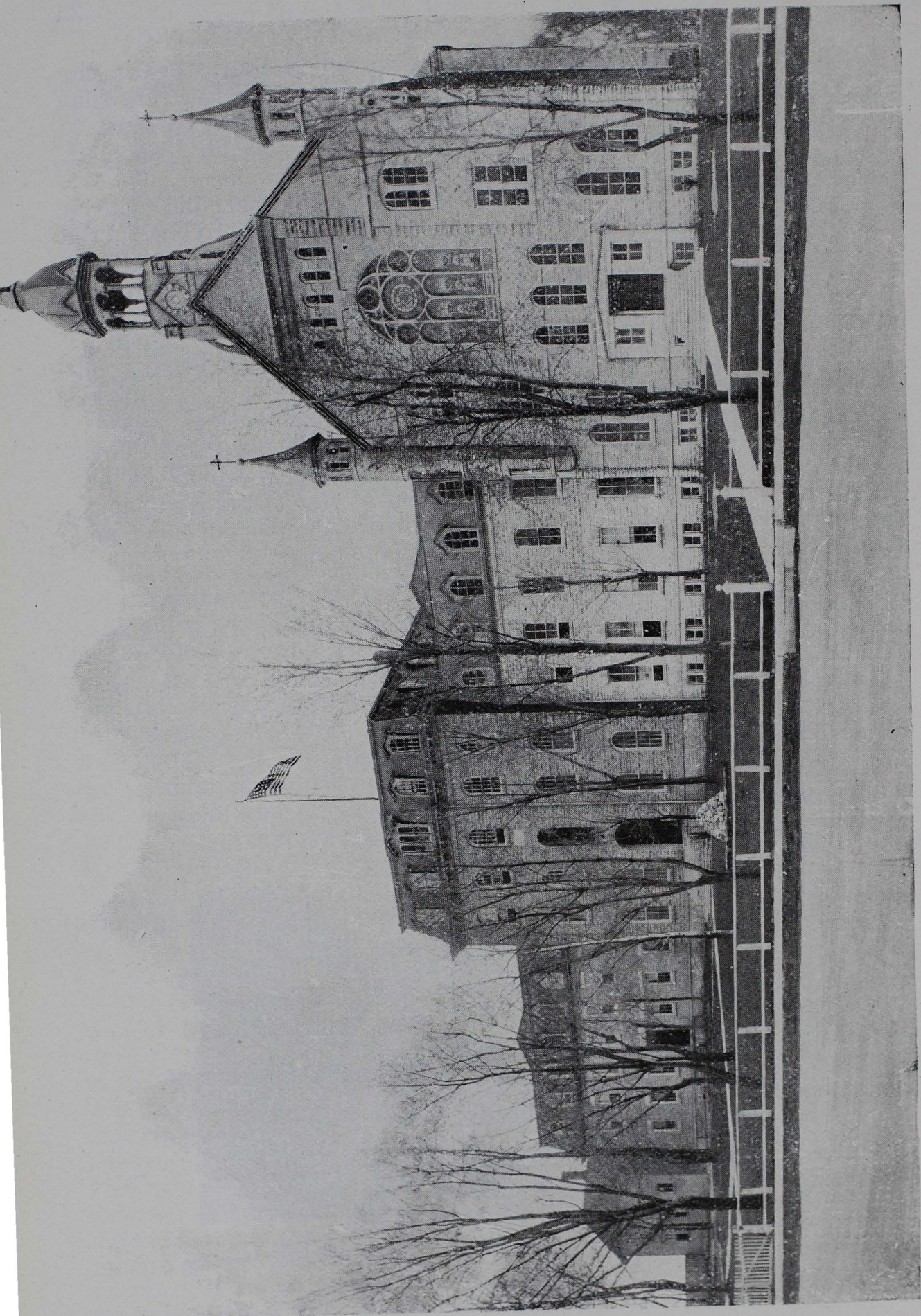
and must be accepted in the sense in which they were in the ages of faith. "For I give you to understand, Brethren, that the Gospel which was preached by me is not according to men. For neither did I receive it of man nor did I learn it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Concluding, let me remind you that the Catholic Church is now and has ever been the most potent and living factor in the history of mankind. Some of the brightness of her divine origin shines like a halo around her head. Her influence for good, her marvelous authority, the charm of her unity, her inflexible courage, her infinite adaptability, her unwavering self-consistency, her wonderful energy, her untiring patience, her strange miraculous triumphs over every vicissitude and danger, her enduring power, her indestructible vitality, the long and glorious list of her saints, the keen and subtle intellects who have obeyed her, the touching works of her beneficence, the majesty and wisdom of her ritual and sacramental system—all these things entitle her to our love and loyalty and make us proud to call her Mother.



BELOVED GUARDIAN OF OUR COLLEGE HALLS.





THE OLD COLLEGE



## Saint Viator, Past and Present

*By an Alumnus*

"Times change and we with them" and as with men so with colleges. Fundamentally, we know, human nature is the same in all ages, and so are colleges. A school is a school whether it be Aristotle walking with his pupils or a modern professor lecturing to a hall full of students. "A log, a teacher on one end and a pupil on the other", was Mark Twain's definition of a school. And schools do not really change but buildings, organization, methods, customs, curricula, games, and student outlook do change with the lapse of time.

St. Viator has changed completely from a physical viewpoint, owing to a visitation of fire which left nothing of the old plan standing except the gymnasium. The first illustration in this article shows the old place, and it were difficult to depart more radically in setting up the new group of buildings than was done here. The second picture shows the present plan of buildings.

Stretching along college avenue the old line of buildings was indeed an enormous pile. Rough hewn stone from local quarries tinted brown by the brush of the time gave an old world aspect to the college and invested it with a venerableness usually associated with massive piles of masonry old in story. And in those days they built

"By blows of wholesome chisel,  
And many a hard knock  
Polished by mason's mallet.  
Stones built up this massive pile  
And fitted together with deft joining,  
Were placed on the height above."

(Vesper Hymn)

In fact so solid were the walls, so thick that they remained standing after the fire, stark and naked against the dawn, their window openings yawning wide.

And like all buildings of its period there were delightful corridors, staircases, alcoves and recesses which to a modern mind mean poor ventilation, dark corners and rather questionable sanitation, but to those who lived therein held a sense of the mysterious which always charms and allures. It is thrilling to go down a corridor and not to know just exactly where your path is leading, perhaps you come upon a library, perhaps upon a beautiful chapel. This latter was the case in St. Viator's, passing down Profs' corridor one turned into the nar-





MARSILE HALL



THE CAMPUS



rower "Via Ventuosa" which led into the beautiful Sacred Heart Chapel. The style was Roman. The chapel was a large dome with capitals and fancy moulding making the circle of the chapel. It was beautifully frescoed. The stained glass windows of which there were two large ones in the twin chapels, (which had been recessed in the curved line of the dome), and about ten narrower ones around one end of the chapel were rather of superior workmanship and of a finer artistic touch than such glass usually is. These windows depicted various scenes in the life of Our Lord, but perhaps the most appealing one was Christ blessing the little children representing the motto of the Viatorians, "Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me." In keeping with the magnificence of the chapel were three exquisite Cararra marble altars, and a communion rail of onyx and brass. Many a splendid religious ceremony was performed in this chapel enhanced by a college choir that had made a reputation for itself throughout the state. All in all, the old St. Viator was a "homey" place, and a place that invited one to hospitality, good-fellowship, culture and spiritual repose.

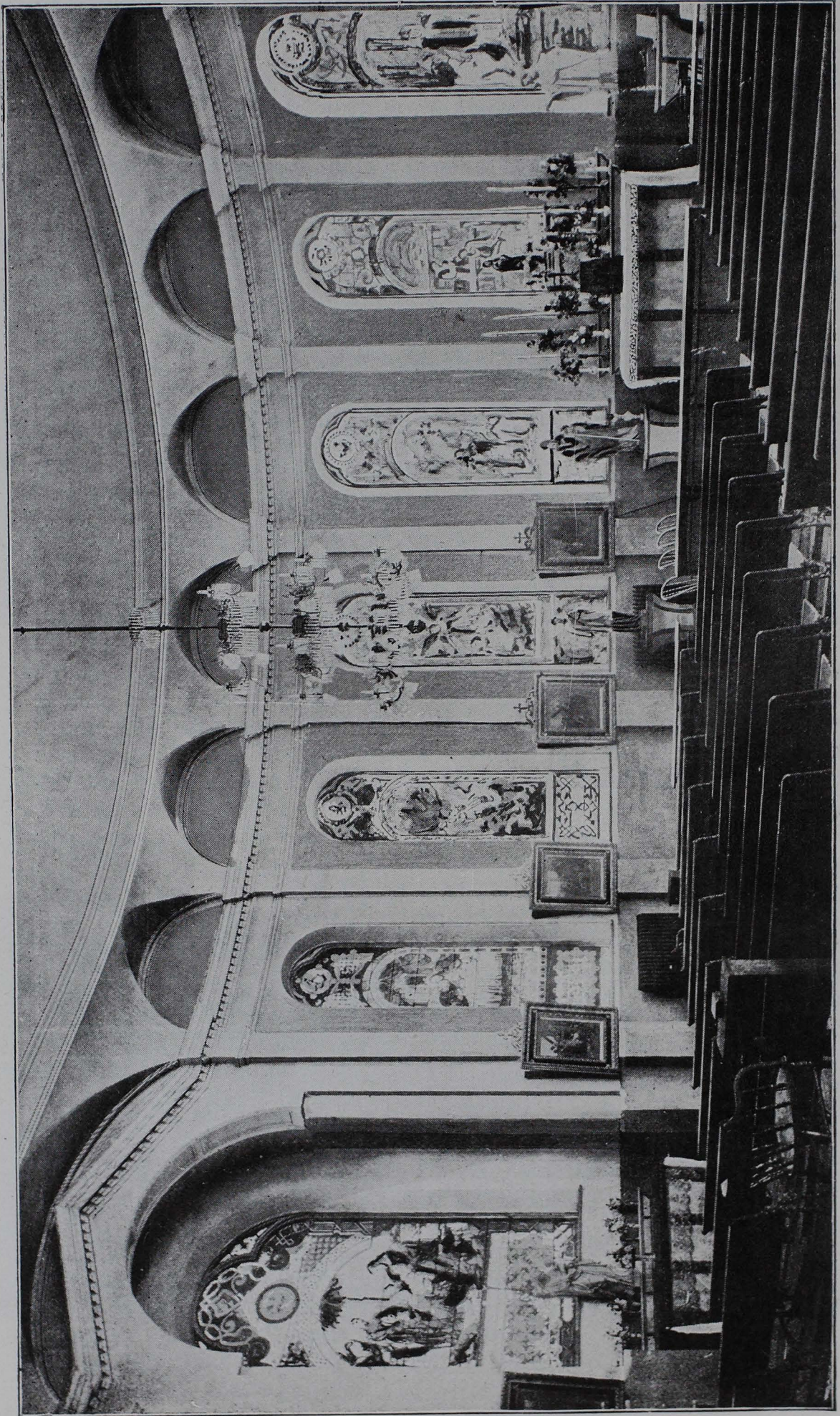
The buildings of the new St. Viator's, as was intimated, have been put up on a thoroughly different plan. It is the group system, each building set off by itself. There is a beautiful park between the two rows of buildings cut up by winding walks and avenues and covered with majestic trees and shrubs and flower beds. Two rows of graceful electric boulevard lights make the illumination of an evening a picturesque scene. The new buildings are the last word in comfort, light and sanitation. Marsile Hall is a particularly imposing structure of Bedford stone and is built on classical lines. The porch is impressive with its ten great Ionic columns supporting a finely wrought entablature. Within, the corridors and rooms are large and lightsome; the classrooms, dormitories and laboratories are all that can be desired. It would hardly be fair to compare these buildings with the old, they departed so decisively from the structures of fifty years ago.

Roy Hall is a plain straight forward building with something of a regimental effect. It is a building of service, and put up to consult for the convenience and comfort of the students who room there. It is also of Bedford stone.

The Gymnasium, built just before the fire, has been found to meet all modern requirements in the line of games, and also serves as an auditorium. In the lower story of this building is the student's refectory, wherein has been installed a modern and sanitary cafeteria which works like a charm, and has proven to be most economical in the saving of food.

College spirit, that indefinable something, has always been good at St. Viator's. Whether in the old or new, the





THE CHAPEL



students have always manifested a loyalty and an attachment to their Alma Mater. There is a distinct St. Viator spirit which expresses itself in a devotion to the ideals held up by the teaching of the Viatorian Fathers. There is, and always has been, and honesty, a frankness, a big sense of honor in her student body; a manliness, a courtesy and a refinement have always been found within her walls. Sometimes we hear an old student say, "There doesn't seem to be the same spirit now as there was in the old school, the 'fellows' don't seem to be the same; when I went through school, it was thus and thus etc." That doesn't mean very much, except that the old student is getting old and naturally things seem different when looking at a crowd of youngsters. Of course there is a change in St. Viator's and if one goes down the first corridor of Roy Hall and looks at some of the pictures of himself when he was a boy, and the clothes he then wore, he will have a hearty laugh. As styles change so do college students and their ways, and their habits. In the old days, a boy here was satisfied with a five cent bag of jelly-beans. The Brother, if he was enterprising, might go to the local bakery and buy a few pies. He got a gallon or two of ice-cream once in a blue moon, and that was probably around some feast day. Now the store contains every well known bar of candy on sale, has an up-to-date soda fountain and will serve you a lunch that might make "De Lutz" of Chicago come down here for pointers.

The old students either walked to Kankakee or spent half an hour on the street-car in going to the neighboring town to the train. Now a fleet of taxies come roaring up to the college at a Christmas exitus, or perhaps Johnnie's dad rolls up in a fine limousine and takes him home via the highway.

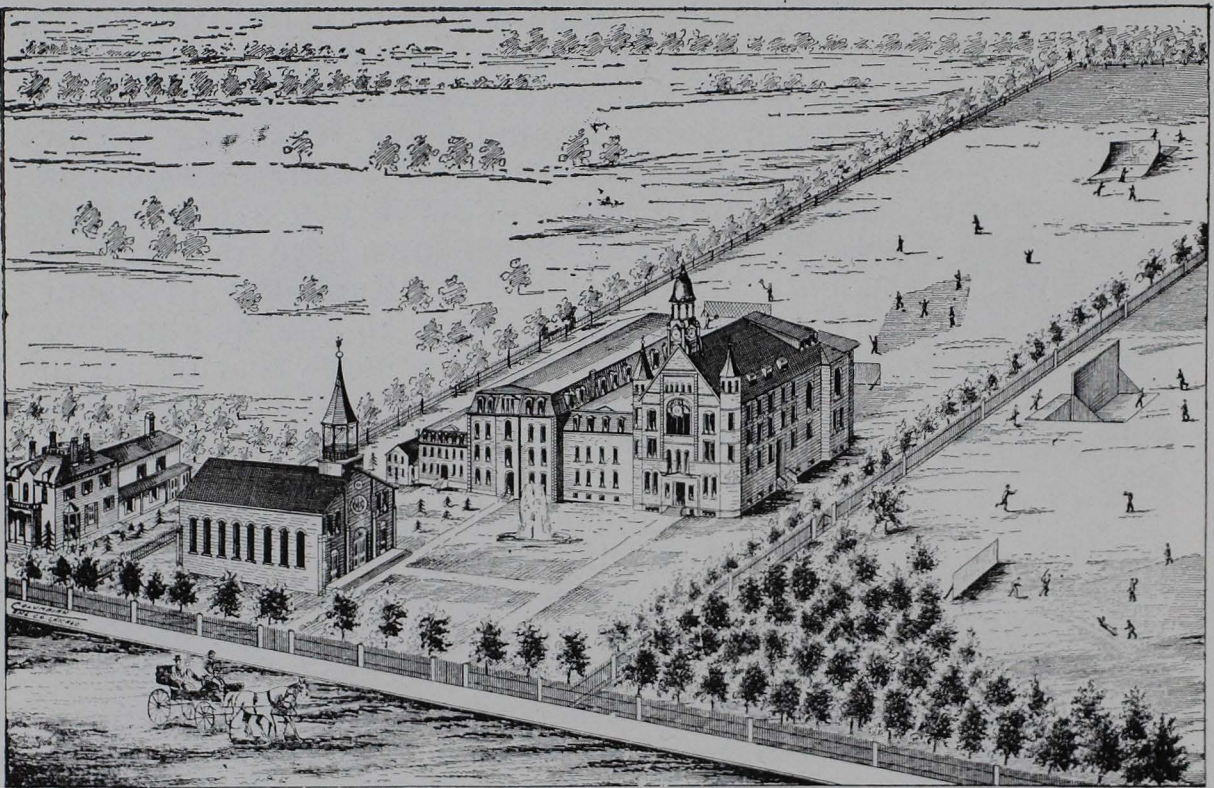
Today, there is a well appointed and equipped Varsity, and a High School and Academic team. "In diebus illis", the captains were lucky if they had suits to go around. Momence was about as far as the Varsity ever got, laterally the team has gone as far north as Minnesota. We used to have Perfects, now we have Deans. Formerly we had Seniors, Juniors, and Minims, now it is Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen with a very finicky line of demarcation between each one. In the old days a Senior might talk to a Junior, but now a Freshman must doff his green cap to an upper classman and stand a rag or two.

Some of the new sights that would greet an old timer on his return to the college would be cheer-leaders, shell rims, ocean transportation, movies, blue slips, monogram sweaters, yellow slips, frozen suckers, lumber jacks, malted milks, swimming tank and radios. Yet who will deny that this is just another case of the "tempora mutantur"?



But just the same when the new student meets the old one, as is so often the case on Homecomings or at athletic games, there is a hearty hand shake and a community of feeling. The surface changes soon wear off, they feel like real buddies to each other, for both have come under the spell of St. Viator and they are as one in their undying loyalty, devotion and support of Alma Mater.

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ST. VIATEUR COLLEGE, DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1906.






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DATE OF ISSUE, DECEMBER, 1925.

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In the mind of the average person the thought of Hero-Worship arouses a spirit of hostility. **Father Marsile** We feel that there is something degrading and basely subservient in standing in awe of another man or in displaying undue deference toward him. Very few of us, because we like to believe in the equality of men and insist upon the dignity of the individual, can grant our unqualified approval to Carlyle's statement that the history of what man has accomplished in this world is the history of the Great Men who have worked here. More often, in fact, the remark raises a hurricane of protest, and themes beyond number have





**Wedding Bells for Faculty Member** For the first time in eight years, the faculty of St. Viator College has again heard the joyful tunes of wedding bells as they rang forth the gladsome tidings that another lay member has cast his lot with the Benedicts. The day of this great adventure, from the paths of lonely bachelorhood into those of martial bliss, was Wednesday, November 25th. In the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, Professor Henry C. Dooling was united in Holy Matrimony to Miss Mary Teresa Ratcliffe of Evanston, Ill. After the Nuptial Mass, breakfast was served to a number of guests at the home of the bride's mother in Evanston. Many of the clergy from the college attended the ceremony and Professor James V. O'Leary served as a member of the bridal party. After a short honeymoon, during which the bride and groom were spectators at the Notre Dame-Nebraska game on Thanksgiving Day, Professor and Mrs. Dooling returned to Kankakee where they intend to make their home. Both the faculty and student body welcome Mrs. Dooling to their midst and wish to extend to her and the Professor sincerest congratulations and hopes that a long and happy Christian companionship may always brighten the path of such a splendid matrimonial adventure.

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**New Improvements** Since Rev. C. Marzano, C. S. V. Ph. D., has taken up his duties as Dean of the Chemistry Department, a few changes have been made so as to make room for the ever increasing number of students registered in this department and also to prepare for additional courses in the chemical field, which will be catalogued in the coming year. The departments have heretofore



been running a full schedule in Inorganics under Prof. J. V. O'Leary, M. S. and has enabled students to qualify in full for entrance to any medical school. Dr. Marzano is planning to widen this already adequately sufficient pre-med course by installing a course in organic chemistry. For this purpose some of the partitions have been removed and new laboratory equipment installed. A new and better lighting system has replaced the old, and several new racks have been erected in the store-room to handle more efficiently the arrangement of experimental equipment.

Parallell with the improvements in the chemistry department, Rev. E. V. Cardinal, C. S. V. A. M., our Librarian, has made a few changes in the library. In the small reference room new shelves have been added upon which all the pamphlets will be placed in various cases made for that purpose. In the reading a more efficient and convenient system of filing magazines has been installed. Many new volumes have recently been added to the catalog. Besides new fiction books and reference books for the English and History departments, it is especially of interest to find so many new volumes on science being placed upon the reference shelves for the pre-med students. Among these will be found about fifty new treatises on chemistry, biology, botany and zoology.

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### **The College Weeklies**

It may be of interest to our alumni to know that a dream, which for many years has haunted the fancies of some of our more recent students, has now become a reality. A weekly publication is an enterprise cherished by every school and no less has it been prized by Viator. However, the said "weekly" continued to remain a dream at Viator until a few college students decided last March to launch the project in the form of a five page mimeographed paper that would appear on the campus every Saturday night. The new paper, "The Viator Clubian", was printed and published by students in the college department and was at once accepted and approved by the College faculty. It contained all the news of the campus, intellectual, athletic and social with a good humorous section, which made the paper an interesting news sheet about college life at Viator and the individuals which make it up. The Clubian continued to be published until school closed in June and has been renewed under the same ideals and the same policy this year. Only for the few months of infancy did the Clubian hold the governing seat. Competition has already arisen in the form of a new weekly published by the High School. This new publication is compiled and printed by students in the high school and is well worthy of its name, "The



"Wave", for it broadcasts all the weekly news of the academy every Saturday night. Although both of these publications are individual spokesmen of the College and academic departments at Viator, they are, for the present at least, confined to the campus. But as permanent features of college life, it is hoped that some day in the near future through subscriptions from our Alumni, these two papers, the "Viator Clubian" and "The Wave" may each week find their way to the home of every former Viator student.

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**Music Notes** By the kind and generous assistance of Mrs. Kelly of Kankakee, Miss Mae Sinonich, Nurse of the college, and the efforts of Prof. Roch, the Music department has been handsomely transformed into a shrine worthy to house this subtle yet universally appreciated and necessarily cultural art. The walls have been appropriately decorated and hung with pictures in keeping with the department they enclose; daintily colored curtains soften the bright glare of the daylight sun; and a few stands of gayly colored flowers add that touch of fineness so necessary to a well balanced arrangement of a place wherein music is the main object of study and enjoyment. Everyone who sees the studios, is well pleased with the effect they produce.

On Monday evening, November 23rd. an appropriate musical festival was given to honor St. Cecelia, the patron of Music. Rev. Chas Raymond of the faculty assisted Prof. Roch in arranging and rehearsing the program. Among the musical numbers presented were Overtures and Ballad selections by the College Orchestra. Louis Valley, Leonard Kelly and James Corbett played piano selections and a group of violin numbers were played by Louis Barroso. Balled songs were excellently harmonized by the Glee Club, a new organization at St. Viator and one which promises to give us some good entertainments in the future. Rev. Richard French, C. S. V. gave an illuminating talk on the value of musical culture. After the program, all those taking part were entertained in the music studios, where light refreshments were served. Other programs of a similar nature are being planned by the music department for future performances.

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**Mr. Winegardner Speaks on Federal Reserve System** The student body and faculty were entertained Tuesday, Dec. 1st., by a lecture on the Federal Reserve System in the United States. This lecture was delivered in the College auditorium by Mr. Winegardner who is an official at the Chicago branch of the Federal Reserve system. Mr. Winegardner gave a short resume of the development of the Federal Reserve and then explained how the sys-



tem has stabilized the gold standard and strengthened the banking system of the entire country. The latter part of the lecture was devoted to an explanation of the work done within the system and of the tremendous benefit the Federal Reserve is to the country.

Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., President of the College, was fortunate in securing Mr. Winegardner to give this lecture for the benefit of the faculty and students. It was very much appreciated and many members of the audience are planning to take advantage of Mr. Winegardner's kind invitation to visit the federal reserve bank in Chicago.

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### Alumni Association

The "crisis" in the 1925 life of St. Viator football was reached and successfully passed Friday, October 30th, when the Green Glazier mastered Wesleyan University 3 to 0. Some may be of the opinion that the "patient" has since suffered a relapse, but that unfortunate calamity doesn't detract from the expertness of the expert opinion that the Viatorians negotiated the "crisis" with the win over I. W. U.

On the eve of that fateful day, when Viator's football hopes were in the balance, three hundred well-wishers of the "patient" gathered in the gymnasium. Those hundred of staunch believers in Viator's score of grid heroes had anything but the conventional bedside manner. They rather had the characteristics of an oriental dervish as they howled forth their faith in stentorian collegiate "three times threes" and equally "colgate" "fifteens for the Team."

The proper stimulus for this unrivalled display of appreciation for Ralph Glaze and his men, was supplied by an impromptu committee of students (we may as well give credit where it is deserved—they were Lyle Boultinghouse, Fred Dundon, Ed Gallahue, Pete Harrington, Ralph Pendleton and Gene Sammon) who had the campus flaming with red torches, the stage set, the gym arranged and most essential of all, a list of inspiring speakers. This last item made the preparations of the student committee partake of genius.

They presented, through their chairman, Gus Dundon, a man whose very name is sufficient to evoke a rousing cheer and whose physical presence on the stage, banked by the men who sixteen hours later trampled Wesleyan gave the impulse that sent the crowd roaring in appreciation for Viator's "greatest halfback." This welcoming cheer was not the last that greeted Father Fitzgerald, for the thoughts he voiced (those thoughts were the result of the hours he had to think during his two hundred mile drive to the college through mud and rain) were the signals for further reverberating roars.



Best of all he paid tribute to the "scrubs", the unhonored, unsung "braves" of the gridiron.

Preceding Father Fitzgerald, the team and students heard from Father Galvin, Father Rice, Father Kelly and Coach Glaze. They voiced their belief in Viator's team of 1925 and in its power to maintain the tradition of never having been defeated on the football field by Illinois Wesleyan. Ralph Glaze and Father Maguire added their encouragement and the Athletic Director, Father Kelly paid eloquent homage to Pfeffer, Best, McAllister, Franks, Neville and Riely, the six seniors on the Viator squad. Captain Sam McAllister gave the final word when he pledged the Green to do its best.

But these visible speakers were not the only ones who spurred the team to new heights of power in the Wesleyan struggle. The telegraph enabled Father Bergin, Father O'Mahoney, "Dizz" Clancy, John and Leory Winterhalter, "Mickey" Donnelly, Father Shea and Frank Rainey to wish the team complete success.

To Gus Dundon, the chairman, and Gene Sammon goes the thanks of the student body for their excellent work. Gus did a competent job as director of the meeting and Gene led the large crowd in many fine cheers. Through his guidance the Viator Varsity Song was vocalized in stirring fashion.

O'Mahoney, "Dizz" Clancy, John and Leroy Winterhalter,

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### **Athletic Banquet**

The Annual Athletic Banquet held in the main dining hall Monday, December 14th, will live in the memory of those who attended. The chief points of interest were the election of Philip R. McGrath, Captain of Football 1926; awarding of honor sweaters to Captain Samuel McAllister, Frank May, Glen Franks, Vincent Pfeffer, Joseph Riley, Ed Niergarth, William Neville, C. Riley, James Dalrymple, Melvin Ross, Michael Delaney, William Kelley, Jacob Walsko, and the captain-elect Phil McGrath. Academy sweaters were also awarded to Campbell, Norris, Daley, Maloney, Walkoviack, Slintz, Jackson, Moynihan, Matthews, Captain Brophy, Rascher, Maloney, Connolly, Carroll, and Petty. Martin Slintz of Chicago was elected captain of the Academy football team of 1926. Eugene Sammon and J. A. Harrington were awarded honor sweaters for their services as Cheerleader and Manager, respectively.

The cash award of \$25 for the school song which has been adopted by popular acclaim as the official song of St. Viator College was awarded to James Dalrymple and John Ryan, co-authors; the song, Varsity Men, which appeared in the last issue of the Viatorian is their production.



# ALUMNI

DEAR ALUMNI:—

Most of you know of the supreme joy and happiness your good old white haired mother experiences when you remember her with a box of candy or a bouquet of roses. But the greatest joy is hers when, after an absence of many years, you return to the old homestead for a visit. You seem to grow young again, and you and your brothers, who have been separated for so long a time, are gathered together once more around the quaint old armchair and hearth, listening to the counsels, advices, and lessons which only a mother can give. Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling? Doesn't it rejuvenate your spirit and lighten whatever burdens may be pressing heavily upon you? Yes, I'm sure it does—I know it does.

Have you ever paused for a moment and tried to think what all this means to your mother? No you haven't, because you are unable to think of or even imagine the joy that is hers on such an occasion. Even she, who could solve all the problems and remedy all the wounds of childhood, can not express the emotion within her maternal breast.

Such was the state of affairs at St. Viator College on October twenty-first, when you returned to visit your Alma Mater, and to pay your homage to our grand old Father Marsile. How can Viator ever thank her loyal sons for the genuine spirit they manifested on that memorable day? How can she ever thank them for the sacrifices which they probably made in order to be present at that dual celebration? The only way that Viator can thank you is by repeating what she has so often said before, "Sons of mine, I am proud of you. The *Salve* at the entrance speaks for itself", The faithful sons of St. Viator College showed, by their presence at Father Marsile's banquet, that they too were proud of the old school. Many who were unable to be present sent telegrams and letters to express their gratitude to the saintly priest who has toiled and labored for fifty years in the most noble work of today—the education of youth. One letter was sent to the Rev. P. C. Conway of Chicago, but arrived just a little too late to be read at the banquet. It is representative of the spirit of Viatorian alumni in regard to Father Marsile, and so that you may once again feel proud of being one of the old boys, we will print it as it came to us from the pen of the Rev. E. L. Rivard, c. s. v., the Vicar General of the Clerics at St. Viator.



513 rue Leopold,  
Jette, Belgium.

Dear Father Conway:

You would be very kind if you would extend to the Marsile Jubilee Committee, my warmest thanks for their gracious invitation to the great love feast of Father Marsile and his "Dear Boys".

Though at a long distance in far away little Belgium, I shall be with you all in spirit on this glorious St. Viator's Day 1925. What a "Te Deum" we will sing in praise and thanksgiving to God for having given us Father Marsile. A poet born he is, yes; a great president he was, there is no doubt, but his most beautiful and dearest name was ever and will always remain: "Our **Father Marsile!**"

From the far years of early childhood, fond memory follows him on through our course of adolescence, of young manhood and riper age, and oh! how we love to recall his dear paternal presence throughout our student life in class, campus and chapel, the inspiration of his word and the eloquence of his example! Yes, his ever kind firmness, his love and sympathy for the young, his paternal vigilance over his own dear boys, his deep and eloquent piety, all bring him close to the ideal of God's Eternal Priest.

How could we ever help being proud of him! How could we help in filial gratitude writing his name in imperishable stone to perpetuate his beneficent influence over coming generations of Viatorian alumni! No! he must not ever wholly die! Let him live in us and in those who come after us.

Even now an octogenarian, his dignified bearing and his white-haired kindness proclaim him one of nature's noblemen and the best of Fathers. Isn't it a privilege and a distinction to be the sons of such a princely parent?

**Noblesse oblige:** in wishing him AD MULTOS ANNOS. Let us pledge that we will live worthy sons of Father Marsile.

Fraternally yours,

E. L. Rivard, c. s. v.

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No doubt, those who were so unfortunate as to be absent, wish that the Alumni Editor would start telling who was at the banquet, and this is just what the Alumni Editor is trying to avoid. There were so many here that it would smack of foolishness to try to tabulate them. To make a long story short and to get out of it as easily as possible, it will be sufficient to say that everybody was here but you.

But let me tell you first of all about those who are responsible for the big success of Father Marsile's Jubilee Celebration. You know, whenever there is going to be some big affair at the college, there is always a "Generalissimo" or "Brigadier-



general" appointed—There, I've let the cat out of the bag! Yes, Father O'Mahoney was "Generalissimo" of the affair. First comes the committee proper composed of the following: The Hon. James G. Condon, Chairman, the Rev. P. C. Conway, the Rev. F. F. Connor, Mr. Frank Rainey, President of the Alumni Association, Mr. John Cox, the Chicago Vice-President, Mr. Lowell A. Lawson, the Treasurer, and Mr. Joseph Bolger, the Vice-President of the Rockford center.

The Kankakee Reception Committee was made up of Mr. Walter Nouri, Chairman and Mr. John P. Hickey. Mr. William Neville, Chairman of the College Reception Committee, prepared a grand welcome for our venerable old guest by having the students gather around the taxi that ushered Father Marsile to the college. Eugene Sammon, the cheerleader, was responsible for the yells that were given in his honor.

The large number of alumni that came to the college the night before the celebration, necessitated the installment of another branch which was christened, the Housing Committee. The Rev. A. J. Landroche, c. s. v., was Chairman and ably assisted by anybody he could get hold of. Every possible space was converted into a dormitory and over a hundred visitors were comfortably located for the night.

The Rev. D. A. O'Connor, c. s. v., is responsible for the elegant banquet, and he is truly to be complimented on the accuracy and efficiency that was displayed during the entire affair.

The Decoration Committee which was headed by the Rev. F. E. Munsch, c. s. v., and assisted by Mr. John Ryan and Mr. Francis Barton, deserve unlimited credit for the beautiful sight we beheld on entering the gymnasium. We owe our thanks to Prof. L. J. Roche, music instructor at the college, for the beautiful tunes that mingled themselves with the happy conversation and laughter of our guests.

I suppose I should say something about the Viator-Columbia game that was held at the stadium in Chicago on November the eleventh. Of course you all know that we didn't score over Columbia as we should like to have done, and let me tell you we felt mighty blue that we didn't. However, there was one thing that made the day bright, and that was the loyalty of the alumni at that game. It was just like another homecoming. Every place you looked you were greeted with a hearty, "Hello" from some old timer. Every time you met some one he asked you if you met some one else. No. I'm not going to tell you who was there, but let me tell you something interesting. There was a priest present, and would you believe it, he didn't see the game. A familiar voice was heard and on looking around I saw the grand old Father Mar-



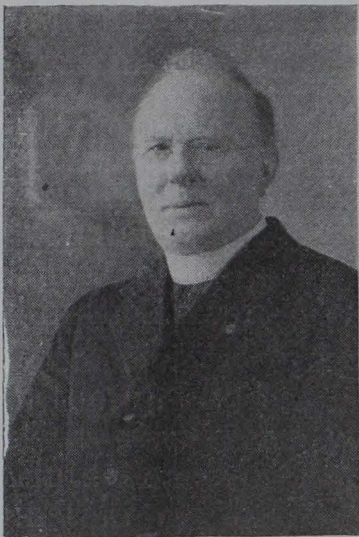
sile, first shaking hands with Monsignor Quille, then with Father P. C. Conway, and so on down the line. When the whistle blew, Father Marsile was seen once again and when he was asked where he had been he said, "I was looking for my boys".

Well, my dear alumni. I believe this is about the longest winded letter you have ever read, so I must bring it to a close because I have some articles to write concerning many of the boys. The alumni file for the next issue of the Viatorian is empty, so let me urge you once again to send in items of interest.

The Alumni Editor.

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### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.



It will be gratifying to many of his friends to learn that Father M. Dermody of Aberdeen, South Dakota, has received the honor of a Monsignorship. Msgr. Dermody was at St. Viator in the '90's and will be remembered for his genial and winning disposition. He has always been numbered amongst Viator's warmest friends. For some years he has been the zealous pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Aberdeen, and it was out of recognition for the great work he has done for the Church that this title was bestowed upon him.

The president, faculty and students of St. Viator, tender their most cordial felicitations to Monsignor Dermody.

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### VIATORIAN TRIUMPHS IN THE SOUTHWEST

The work of the Viatorian Fathers at the University of Oklahoma and in the University town of Norman has met with remarkable success. Largely through the efforts of Rev. J. F. Moisant, c. s. v. and Rev. P. E. Brown, c. s. v., and under the able direction of Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly, D. D., a great revival of Catholic spirit has been brought about in the great western university. Father Moisant has been pastor of St. Joseph Parish in the town of Norman, and Father Brown has recently been appointed by Bishop Kelly as the first Catholic Chaplain in the University of Oklahoma. Both of the priests whose missionary labors have produced such splendid fruit are known to the present student body.



Catholic organizations in Norman, Oklahoma have just completed a building program involving an expenditure of \$190,000. This includes a four story girls' dormitory building bordering the University Campus, and a Parochial School in connection with the Church of St. Joseph. The School, which was recently dedicated amid impressive ceremonies, includes besides classrooms, an auditorium, gymnasium, laboratories for science classes, quarters for the Sisters, and a Chapel. Father Moisant supervised the construction of the building and presided at the big celebration on the occasion of its dedication. In addition to the new dormitory building, Catholic property at the University includes Columbus Hall, a residence hall for Catholic men students,—a future fraternity house for the Catholic Frat that is now in the process of formation under Father Brown's able direction. Another building is the Chapel and Recreation Center. These three University Buildings are under the direction of Father Brown,—a sizeable list, when one considers that the University, which counts four thousand students, numbers eighteen buildings in all.

Father Brown has organized a council of the Knights of Columbus and is now contemplating starting a chapter of that literary society formerly so profitable and popular at St. Viator,—The Walsh Society. Dramatic clubs, dances, bazaars, sororities and fraternities are all to be numbered in the strenuous routine of the popular missionary.

Father Moisant has been very prominent in the up-building of his parish. He has labored assiduously toward the happy culmination of his projects. His superintendence of the new school building was personal and painstaking. As one Western paper has it, "He worked just like one of the laborers. He discarded his robes, donned overalls and went right into the midst of the work."

In their work on behalf of the students and parishioners, the priests have been materially aided by the people of the town and of the University. The business men lent substantial aid, and many men of the town donated their services toward the erection of the buildings without receiving a cent of pay. Many have, as Father Moisant so strikingly says, "moistened the mortar with their sweatdrops." That the people among whom they labor appreciate the work of our two priests is evidenced by the many tokens of esteem that have been showered upon them. They have been unanimously elected members of the Golf, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs in the town of Norman, and are the favored orators and guests of honor at all functions be they sponsored by town or gown. Indeed, the people of Norman are to be congratulated on their securing of such gifted and zealous laborers in their vineyard.



The vocal abilities of Mr. John Moynihan, '06, did much to make the jubilee celebration memorable. His tenor voice lent beauty and solemnity to the Mass in the morning and afforded pleasure in the afternoon to over three hundred who had assembled for the banquet.

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The word that was received of the coming ordination of Mr. Thomas Brunnick, '22, was indeed a most welcome bit of news. Tom will receive Holy Orders on Christmas and will celebrate his first Solemn High Mass the following Sunday at St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, Illinois. While Tom was at Viator, he not only distinguished himself in learning, but he also firmly established himself in the hearts of everyone. He was an active member of the Viatorian Staff, and he holds the reputation of being a mighty fine orator. The President, Faculty and his many friends at Viator are loud in their wishes for his success and happiness within the Sanctum Sanctorum. We are anxiously waiting to see you, Tom.

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We were pleased to entertain the Rev. P. T. Gelinas, pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist, a short time ago. Father Gelinas was down in September also, and brought with him, his nephew Joseph, who is enrolled in the Academy Department.

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We regret to announce the very severe illness of Miss Anna Duffy of Kankakee, Illinois. Miss Duffy is a sister of Mr. John Duffy, an alumnus of the college. The entire family has shown the keenest interest in the advancement of St. Viator College, and their generous donations have been greatly appreciated. It is the prayerful wish of the President, Faculty, and Students of the college that Miss Duffy will soon be well again.

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On December 6th., the Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v., Vice-president of the college, attended a meeting held at the Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, held by the Catholic Educational Association of America, of which he is Secretary of the Standardization Committee. Father Maguire has cooperated very zealously with the other members of the Association, and due to their untiring efforts in the past two years, the standards of many schools have been raised to a marked degree.

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We wish to thank the Rev. V. Primeau, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Manteno, Illinois, for his thoughtfulness in bringing many members of the faculty in his car to the Viator-Columbia game in Chicago, November 11th.



We were certainly pleased to have the Rev. D. Feeley of Harvard, Illinois spend a few days with us some time ago. Father Feeley graduated from here in 1905, and has remained a faithful and loyal alumnus and benefactor.

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The Rev. John McCarthy, '03, pastor of St. Charles Church, Chicago, Illinois, was the preacher at the Thanksgiving Mass at the Holy Name Cathedral.

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Among the Villagers present at the Viator-Columbia game in Chicago, November 11th., were the Mr. Thomas Legris family and the Mr. Fred Richard family.

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We rejoice with Mr. John O'Connor, the brother of "Spike" O'Connor, '24, upon the birth of another baby girl.

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The St. Viator Council No. 745 of the Knight of Columbus, is to be congratulated in its judicious selection of Mr. John Lyons as Secretary. It is an absolute certainty that Johnny will make good at his new position and it won't take long until he has won his way into the hearts of the "Caseys". Johnny succeeds Mr. Fred C. Kampf.

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During the past month we entertained the Rev. T. E. Fitzpatrick, c. s. v., assistant pastor at St. Edward's parish, Chicago, Illinois, and the Rev. S. A. Swikoski, c. s. v., assistant at St. Viator's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

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On Thanksgiving day, the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., president of the college, and the Rev. F. E. Munsch, c. s. v., director of St. Bernard Hall, were present at the celebration of St. Mark's Church, Chicago, Illinois. The Rev. J. S. Finn, '89, holds a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving every year. The Rev. F. E. Munsch sang the Mass, the Very Rev. T. J. Rice was Deacon, and the Rev. John Devan, '01, was Sub-deacon. Father Finn was the Master of Ceremonies.

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We've always said that the Viatorian was a good magazine and now we know that it is. Mr. Warren Nolan, '24, and Mr. Homer E. Knoblauch, '25, both held the position of Editor-in-Chief on the Viatorian staff. These young men are now employed on prominent daily newspapers and both are permitted to sign their names to articles. Mr. Nolan writes for the New York Times, and Mr. Knoblauch writes for the Journal Transcript, Peoria, Illinois.

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Again we were pleased at the large number of alumni at the Viator-De Paul game in Chicago on Thanksgiving day.



The Viator team can't help but be the victors when they see the old boys rooting, and they always make special effort to show what kind of stuff the purple and gold team is made of.

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Memories of by-gone days  
Of roguish laugh and fun,  
The books and classes all were joy,  
Until the day was done.

Memories of the quaint old mill,  
The water's splashing yet,  
The old play ground and swimming hole  
Are joys we'll ne'er forget.

Memories of Chapel prayers  
Are vivid in my brain,  
I think I'll back to Viator  
And feel these thrills again.

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## OBITUARIES

We were much grieved at the death of the brother of the Rev. John Devan, '01. Death came to Mr. Devan on Wednesday, November 4th. after spending a life of Christian piety. He was buried on the first Friday of November after the Solemn High Mass at St. Anne's Church. The Mass was sung by the Rev. John Devan, with the Rev. James Cannell acting as Deacon and the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., as Sub-deacon. The Rev. J. S. Finn, pastor of St. Mark's Church, preached a most fitting and eloquent sermon. The prayerful sympathies of the President, Faculty and students of the college, are extended to Father Devan and the near relatives of the deceased.

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Many of the older alumni and especially those who were seminarians at the college will be surprised to hear of the death of Miss Flavia Cyrier. Miss Cyrier made the cassocks for the faculty and seminarians for many years. The obsequies were held at the Maternity Church on October 29th. by the Rev. W. J. Suprenant, c. s. v., and burial was made in Maternity Cemetery. The sympathy of the entire college goes out to her immediate relatives.



## BOOK REVIEWS

**“ON THE SANDS OF CONEY”**—By Neil Boyton, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York, \$1.25.

Of all juvenile books published in the past year, “On the Sands of Coney” by Neil Boyton, S. J., ranks among the best. Father Boyton, in a colorful, thrilling and breath-taking way, gives us a very interesting story of two real red-blooded American Catholic boys. “Cap” Dailey, the father of “Good Turn” and Angelo, the two main characters in the story, owns Killgloom Park, one of the many amusement parks to be found on Coney Island. Both the boys work for their father in the summer time. They have been raised in an ideal Christian home, and their daily lives reflect the beautiful Christian ideals of their father and mother. However, they are not of the “goody-goody” type of boys. They are interested in all boys’ sports but they realize that a boy’s life is not to be all play. They have their camp, their little secret society, and they go swimming in the pool with their chums after work, but during rush hours, they are on the job, acting as office boys, collecting money from the many amusement sets, or helping to sell hot dogs while the proprietor of the stand is out to lunch. Their occupations, recreations and many experiences through contact with the millions of people who pass through the “Nation’s Playground” during the season will hold a gripping interest for all juvenile readers. The story is written in an attractive style for real American boys, in a way that only Father Boyton or someone who has spent many summers at the “Nation’s Playground” could do. L. K., '28.

**“THE FIRST CHRISTMAS”** by Thomas A. Donaghue, S. J.—P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York; \$0.25 each; \$18.00 per 100.

Who of us does not remember when we as children learned that old Christmas Jingle:

“’Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.—”

How it set our imagination working! We could fairly hear the prancing of the reindeer on the roof and the jingle of bells as old Santa Claus drove off in his sleigh. We all loved the poem, but we must admit that it savored only of the material world. Thomas A. Donaghue, S. J., has given to the



children of today another poem, written in the same metre as "Twas the night before Christmas", but this "The First Christmas" tells the children of the origin of that one day which they love better than any other during the year. It tells of that night long ago, when our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph journeyed to Bethlehem to obey the summons of the Roman Emperor, Caesar Augustus, and were turned away at the inn, how they went to the stable outside the city and there, Mary gave birth to the Christ Child. This little story, illumined with colored illustrations of the Holy Family, will prove highly instructive to all children, and, because of its attractive poetical style and pleasing rythm, will not fail to hold their interest. It will teach them that Christmas means much more than a time to receive toys and the like; that instead of wasting the entire Christmas season in "making merry" and enjoying themselves with the material things of life, they should rather spend a time each day in the Church before our Savior's Crib, thanking Him for coming into this world in the humble way He did, just for man's salvation.

L. K., '28.

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**"CONVERSATIONS ON CHRISTIAN RE-UNION"—By a Parish Priest. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Maryland, \$1.25.**

Every Christian is more or less interested in Christian re-union. He will, therefore, find extremely interesting as well as very instructing the little book, "Conversations on Christian Re-Union" by a Parish Priest. This little book, written in a conversational style, has for its very noble aim the removal of rocks and other obstacles on the road that leads to the re-union of all Christians. A Parish Priest in a small Illinois town becomes quite well acquainted with the Anglican minister of the place and also two of the latter's lay readers. At the suggestion of the Anglicans, they meet from time to time at their respective homes to have friendly discourses and discussions on the numerous tenets of faith which Catholics and Protestants have in common. The Conversations set forth in a very lucid manner the chief doctrines and the history of the Catholic Church. They also compare the dogmas of the Church with the teachings of our separated brethren and show how easy it is to correspond with the Grace of Conversion, once that Grace has been received.

The book is exceedingly well-written, is very interesting, and should be found in every Catholic home. Not only should every Catholic read it, but he should loan it to his non-Catholic neighbors and thus do his bit in speeding that happy day when all Christians will be re-united under the one Shepherd and in one fold.

L. K., '28.





The DePaul game brings the last curtain call for six of Viator's stalwart gridiron warriors. The togs will be laid aside with an affectionate sigh for each one of these boys loved football as ardently as any youth who has ever achieved success upon the great American Field of Honor.



Each year we have our outstanding character; the records in the Viatorian Office show that there was produced, in the opinion of the attending student body, one great idol who towered above his pals. But this year, we have not only one but six; between whom it is difficult to draw a distinction.

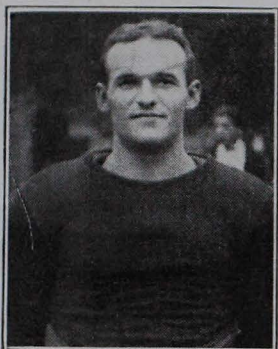
In Captain Sam McAllister St. Mary's gave us an athlete and a gentleman. His athletic prowess needs no notation here; it seems impossible to have a mythical eleven without the Great Sam. His splendid example, his aggressive never-say-quit spirit, his all around ability as an athlete, are the foundation upon which Viator built up one of the strongest combinations in its history. We will yet see Sam on the basketball floor, and on the diamond—let's hope his record in these two remaining sports will measure up to his football achievements.



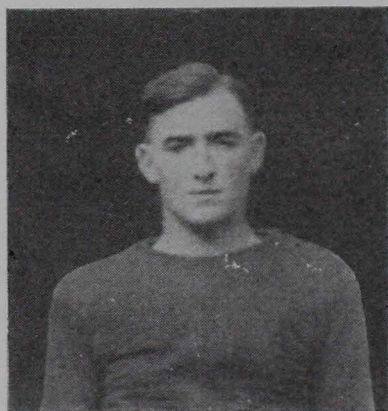
"Jerry Best Is The Best" was a famous slogan last year when Jerry led Viator's stalwarts. There is nothing that speaks so highly for Kentland's representative than to say that this is the first year in four long and arduous campaigns that Jerry has missed a game. Never up to this year did the "Big Boy" miss a minute of any quarter—a bad cold threw Jerry before the Bradley game.



Joe "Buck" Riley is the "Steeplechase Kid". His smile is worth a fortune. Four hard years of campaigning for Viator has won for Buck a reputation that is beyond compare. Fast down under punts, a hard and vicious tackler, and a member of that stone-wall triumvirate, Best, Pfeffer and Riley, he leaves to his brother "Chil" a reputation that will keep the youngster hustling to maintain.



"Old Reliable" Vince Pfeffer has played more minutes for Viator than any member of the present football squad. Jumping in at the first call for candidates in his Freshman year, old Vince made the squad from the very start. He had nothing to commend him but a remarkable physique, a quick calculating brain, and a world of ambition to be a football player. His work this year is beyond the great achievements of other years. In the Wesleyan game he managed to outwit the forward passing of the Bloomingtonites by sensational defensive work far from his field of operations; in the Bradley game he consistently "beat the ends" down under punts; and in the Columbia game his defensive work was the steadying influence that kept the boys unified.





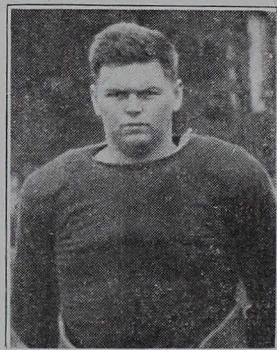


"Speed" Bill Neville is the reckless Viator halfback whose deadly tackling of men twice his size was the sensation of all Viator games. Bill was the centre of comment in the stands in every game. For sheer nerve, for scoring ability, for Viator spirit Little Bill is truly Viatorian. "The hardest tackling man for his size I've ever seen" is the estimation of Anderson, All American End.

Glen Harry Franks, the "Giant Tackle" is as colorful as he is able. This is Glen's best year. Father Kelley, whose judgment of talent is justly recognized, said that Glen Harry was Big Ten Timber. Bradley thought so when they put two men on him; and Illinois Wesleyan attributes much of their defeat to the "Big Tackle" who was everywhere every time."

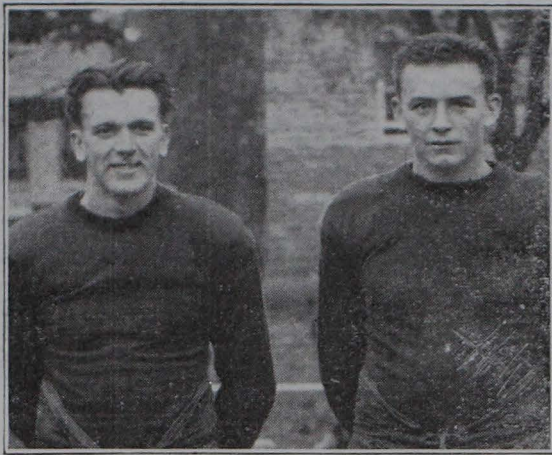


Tiney Kelley, the stone wall, can play any position in the line but the wings. Tiny is a marvel at breaking thru. Plays directed at his side of the line generally stop there; at least they stop coming after one or two attempts. "Stone Wall Kelly" is quite appropriate.



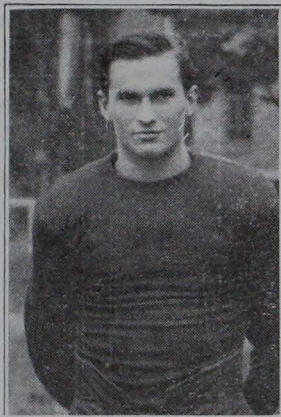
Diminutive Jimmy Dalrymple is a three sport man of high calibre. Jim has another year to guide the stalwarts of Viator. His throwing and receiving of passes were a thorn in the side of all opponents. Jim's rare choice of plays stamps him as a quarterback of exceptional merit.





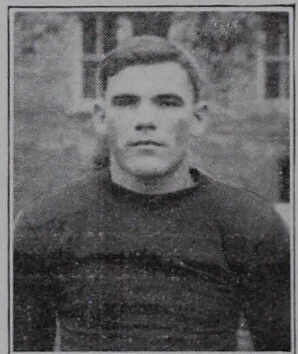
Viator's great end combination: Phil McGrath and Frank May. Hard, aggressive and fleet, they take all that comes their way or turn them into the grinding machine in mid-line. These boys each have another year.

Mike Delaney is the only Freshman to win a regular berth on the Viator squad. He has outdistanced every punter opposed to him this season; with a little polishing and toning down in the number of steps he takes, the same Mike is going to prove the sensation of the Little Nineteen next year.



Chil Riley, the ten second man in the back-field. Three touchdowns against Valparaiso was his little contribution to the famous 32 to 0 victory. His runs have been scintillating exhibitions.

Jake Walsko who plays 'em hard and low. Jake calls signals, punts, plays either half, and is a "Wow" at full-back. Mike Delaney's sensational punting is the only advantage the regular fullback has over his competing candidate.



Ed Niergarth seems to have suffered a bad break this fall. He can punt with accuracy and power, is a willing and aggressive linesman, and has had a world of training under Bill Barrett in the high school. Big "Ed" has three years ahead of him and he is quite certain no man will replace him in the line next year.



Peerless "Mel" Ross will shine next year as a Viator backfield man. This is Mel's first year with the gridiron warriors, and he has certainly shown remarkable aptitude. There seems to be some sort of magnetic attraction in Mel's finger-tips that draws the oval to them. If Mel gets within three feet of a pigskin it's a certain catch.

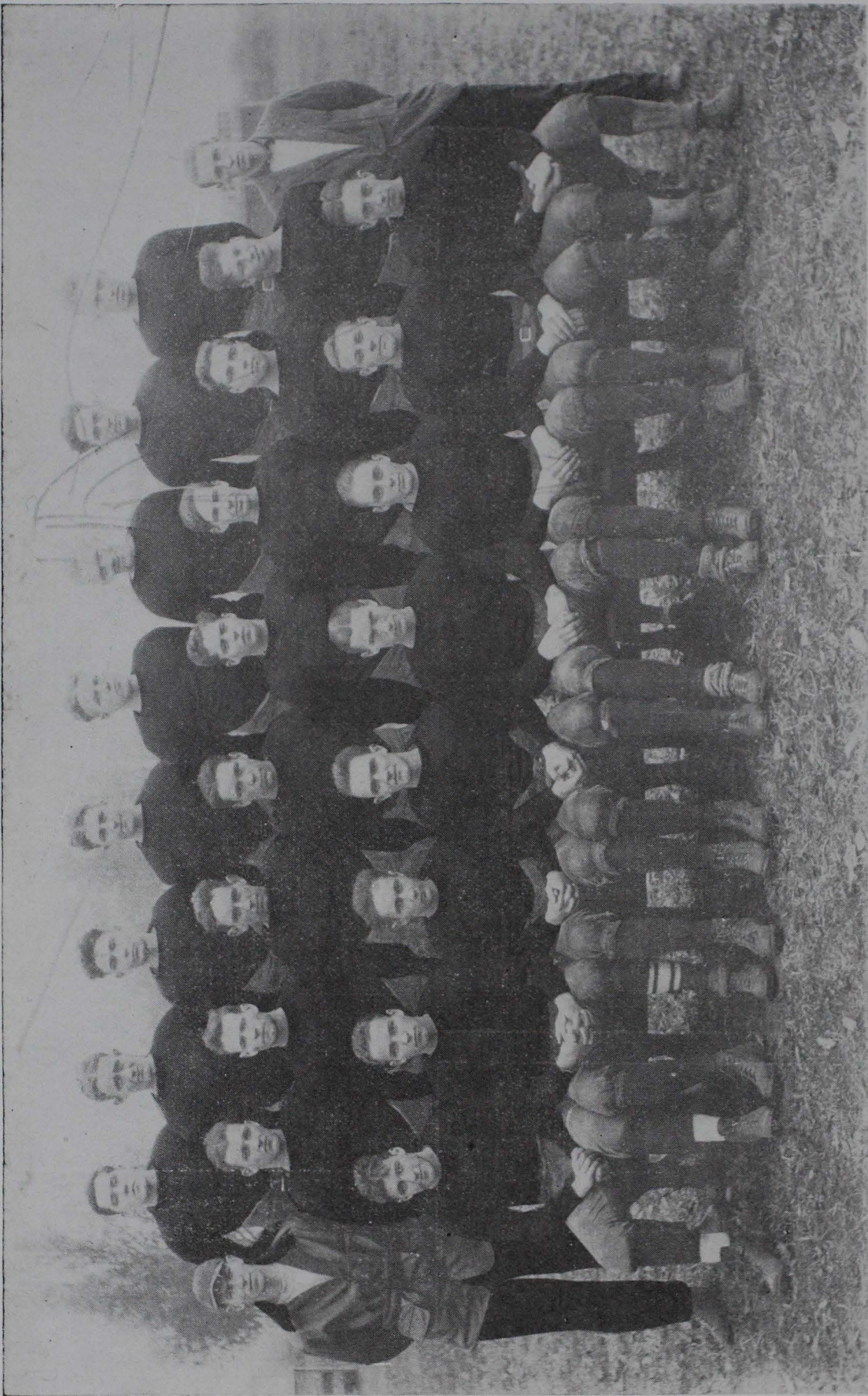
Like Niergarth, Madden hit a bad year to break into the line. Understudying Buck Riley is a most difficult task, and it is to the credit of "Jimmie" that he has patiently stood the brunt of the second string job without murmuring a complaint. Jimmie Madden and Ed Niergarth are sure of steady jobs next Fall.



"Chic" Evans, with Stromberg, John Herbert, O'Malley, Haley, Meis and Leary will profit by their year of scrub-work when the call for candidates is sounded in 1926. These lads all are talented and would have broken into the Viator lineup had it not contained so many veterans. All have been inoculated with Viator spirit and await the call of the coach for duty next fall.







THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM



**BRADLEY, 20; ST. VIATOR, 12.**

Hope ran high when Jo Riley pounced upon a loose Bradley ball on their thirty yard line; and when McAllister a few minutes later booted one over the hitherto uncrossed (by Viator) Bradley goal line for the first score of the game, it looked very much as tho it would be a repetition of the three to nothing with Wesleyan the week previous. Yes, the boys were visioning the gold footballs emblematic of the championship. Then the dark clouds came over and hovered long enough to enshroud the glories that once were Viator's. Mike Delaney's blocked kick went for a Bradley touchdown. From then on it was Bradley, going and coming. They ran up twenty points in a most uncanny way. Long tosses that were easy interceptions went for Bradley gains.

In the last few minutes of play things turned Viatorward. Billie Neville hurdled the line for a touchdown, bringing the score up to 10. Then Mel Ross took three sizzling passes for a total of sixty yards. O'Malley who had replaced May at end went over the goal line to take a throw from McAllister but he was interfered with and the ball went far and wide of his reach. Bradley did the popular thing on the next play in running behind its own goal line for a Viator touch-back rather than risk a regular play. On this play the final whistle blew.

Viator will have a Bradley thorn in its side for a little while to come, for DeCreamer and Carlson have at least two more seasons to play at the Jinx City.

<b>Viator</b>		<b>Bradley</b>	
May .....	LE	.....	Becker
Franks .....	LT	.....	Shippard
Kelley .....	LG	.....	Ellison
Pfeffer .....	C	.....	Thompson
J. Riley .....	RG	.....	Fritz
McAllister .....	RT	.....	McNaught
McGrath .....	RE	.....	Carlson
Dalrymple .....	Q	.....	Ririe
Neville .....	LH	.....	Elness
C. Riley .....	RH	.....	DeCreamer
Delaney .....	FB	.....	Pope

\* \* \*

**COLUMBIA, 0; ST. VIATOR, 0.**

This year was a repetition of the 1924 skidding contest with the swimming feature omitted because of the absence of rain. The boys pulled, pushed and slid with all the skill that the perfect mire permitted. The game should live long in the memory of those who saw it; it was the worst exhibit of football ever presented in Chicago. The mud was a foot thick,



and the hay and straw, which some enterprising and undiscovered hay salesmen unloaded on the South Park Commissioners, turned what should have been a well balanced struggle into a game of touch football.

The interesting feature was the fine showing of the Alumni. They came from near and far. It proved that even after the race is run at the Old Campus, the memories of Bourbonnais still linger.

\* \* \*

### MILLIKIN U., 3; ST. VIATOR, 0.

This game was the most unusual and most unsatisfactory of all Viator's games. Scoring 17 first downs to Millikin's two; throwing Millikin runners for more losses than they made gains; and having the ball within the 10 yard line three times; all that and no score makes a difficult game to report. Millikin took advantage of its only scoring opportunity of the entire game when Bishop dropped back on his twenty yard line for placement kick and barely made it.

Viator		Millikin	
May .....	LE .....	Douglas	
Franks .....	LT .....	Carp	
Kelley .....	LG .....	Kalone	
Pfeffer .....	C .....	Patterson	
J. Riley .....	RG .....	Baldwin	
McAllister .....	RT .....	Flint	
McGrath .....	RE .....	Richey	
Dalrymple .....	Q .....	Bishop	
Neville .....	LH .....	Hastings	
C. Riley .....	RH .....	Rankin	
Delaney .....	FB .....	Bostic	

\* \* \*

### DEPAUL U., 0; ST. VIATOR, 14.

With Dalrymple at right halfback, Jake Walsko at Quarter, and Captain McAllister at Fullback the St. Viator team looked and acted the part of a real team. Viator forwards opened big gaps in the DePaul line, thru which Chil Riley, McAllister and Mike Delaney plunged for considerable gains. Captain Sam showed his tossing ability when he threw twenty yards to May for a touchdown, and later in the game his long heave to Dalrymple made another marker. But in the last few minutes of play Sam equalled his 1924 record of forty yards in tossing one to Costigan who snagged it with three DePaul men hanging on to him. Niergarth was the hero of the day. He chased the fleet Gaffney for eighty yards and



downed him on the five yard line, where the Viator line held for downs. Up to this point neither team had scored and the stabilizing influence of this play was quite evident in the rapid Viator march to touchdown.

#### St. Viator

#### DePaul

May .....	LE .....	Dowling
Franks .....	LT .....	Alexander
Best .....	LG .....	Coulter
Pfeffer .....	C .....	Carey
Kelley .....	RG .....	Thorn
Niegarth .....	RT .....	Hoban
McGrath .....	RE .....	Riley
Walsko .....	Q .....	McInery
Dalrymple .....	LH .....	Doyle
Neville .....	RH .....	Gaffney
McAllister .....	FB .....	Kelley

## ACADEMY FOOTBALL

### ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, 0; ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 0

Coach Barret's band of pigskin tossers encountered an aggressively fighting team in St. Mary's of Bloomington. After a real battle lasting one solid hour Central Standard Time called the contest a scoreless tie to be settled in the year of 1926.

The Academy backs made large gains through St. Mary's line during the first quarter as their forward wall could not compare with our heavier and more experienced linesmen. On two occasions when a Viator score seemed inevitable, our attacks weakened and the resistance of the invaders stiffened. Despite these setbacks our goal was seriously menaced but once. Only one first down through our line was made during the entire game. In the closing moments of the fray, the Academy men seriously threatened to score when a pass from Daly to Slintz netted 35 yards and a first down on St. Mary's 15 yard line. A pass, however, grounded behind the opponents goal line a minute later blasted all hopes of scoring.

\* \* \*

### ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 9; HAMMOND CENTRAL HIGH, 6

This game, marking the close of the Academy season, looked very much like another tie up until the last few minutes of play. Apparently outclassed and out played, the Hammond team managed to halt the Viator advances just at the critical moment of play. Somehow or another every end run or trick play used by the Viatorians was nipped in the bud by the alert Hammondites. Quite the reverse was true in the case of the Irish. Any number of wide runs and fakes



were worked by the opponents with success. It was solely by straight football that the locals were able to get within striking distance of the Hammond goal in the last few minutes of play. An unfortunate penalty right at that period seemingly killed the Viator hopes. Matthews, however, kicked a thirty yard placement on the last down and saved the day for the Viator contingent.

The line is deserving of special mention for their consistent and reliable work. An example of this reliability is the fact that only six first downs were made through our line the whole season. In the DeLaSalle and Hammond games not one first down through the line was chalked up against us.

### LINE UPS.

Slintz .....	L. E.
Matthews .....	L. T.
Brophy .....	L. G.
Rasher .....	C.
Connelly .....	R. G.
Maloney .....	R. T.
Jackson .....	R. E.
Walkoviack .....	Q. B.
Norris .....	L. H.
Daly .....	R. H.
Campbell .....	F. B.







AH! HA! WE HAVE IT.

The historians of the world have long been baffled by the question, Who Killed Cock Robin. It is estimated that enough hair to fill approximately fifty-two mattresses has been pulled forth from the venerable pates of our learned men in an endeavor to solve this mystery. The doors of darkness have at last yielded to the battering-ram of one of our most profound students, "Hesa Apeman". Through a very intricate process of deduction he arrives at the astounding conclusion that during the time of the memorable battle between David and Goliath, that Cock Robin was perched high in the overhanging boughs of an adjacent Upah Tree, and that owing to a slight stigmatism in Davids right eye the shot flew wide of Goliath and knocked Cock Robin off of the aforementioned limb. The exact place of his burial is not known, however, it has also been proven by our professor that a truce was declared between Goliath and David to permit the interment of the remains. etc.

\* \* \*

NO USE TO HIM.

Jake:—"Hey! Vine what's a fellow supposed to wear to bed around here."

Vince:—"I haven't an idee."

Jake:—"What do you mean nighty? I want some pajamas."

\* \* \*

THE BRUTE.

Lyons:—"I like animal stories, do you know where I can get one Chick?"

Chick:—"I've got the "Taming of the Shrew."



## (INDIAN CLUB POEMS)

Violets are red.  
 Roses are Blue.  
 Your so Dumb,  
 You think so too.

\* \* \*

Prof.:—"Where should beach trees be planted?"

Stude:—"In sandy soil, Sir."

\* \* \*

## NOTHING TO NOTHING.

A COLLEGIATE RAILROAD HAS SNAPPY TIES.

\* \* \*

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

Telegram:—"Dear John:—Can't come. Wash out on the line."

Answer:—"Dear George.—No need to dress up. Borrow a shirt and catch a train."

\* \* \*

## LAERTES RECEIVING THE PARTING ADVICE FROM HIS FATHER POLONIUS IN 1925.

"Don't open your mouth till some guy speaks to you,  
 It's better to keep your mouth shut and be thought  
 A fool than to open it and remove all doubt.

Don't ask questions; if you want to do something,

Don't be backward, step out and hoe your own row.

The pards you've met and found O. K., stick to em.

Don't go in for heavy entertainment, for most always its  
 the man who pays.

If you come to blows stay in there and chuck.

A cauliflower is a thing of beauty forever.

Lend a guy your ear, if he smites you on one cheek get  
 mad and run. Be careful of heart-balm, bad checks, and ali-  
 mony. They'll get a good man down. If you've got a loose  
 roll primp up, don't be a hick.

Associate with all the nice College boys,

Don't drink gin. If you've got to borrow hit a stranger.

Pawn your watch first however, as you have no regard for  
 time.

Don't even lend another man assistance.

Above all else be true to your self, stay up with one eye  
 open all night. Do this my son and you can not then be fish  
 for any man.

\* \* \*

Koch:—"Have you any idea what the untold wealth of the  
 United States is O'Neil?"

Leo:—"I suppose it's that not mentioned in the Income  
 Tax Reports."



## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Phil:—"You've been loosing a lot of weight lately, Boldy."

Boldy:—"Yeh, I bought a safety razor."

\* \* \*

## IT CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE.

Student Wiring Home:—"Dear Dad:—Am Broke, Send Send Money."

Fathers Answer:—"So's Your Old Man!"

\* \* \*

## HARD LUCK

A young man sentenced for life.

His father is 66 (still healthy.)

Grandfather 90 (very lively.)

Great-grandfather (no record.)

\* \* \*

## IN THE DARK AGES.

A young man from Jebbs-Crossing died here last night. The coroner pronounced the death due to drinking Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin. The body was badly moth-eaten this morning and a hasty burial is to be expected.

\* \* \*

## OUR DICTIONARY.

Ink—A black substance which when scattered at random over several sheets of paper by College Students produces a theme.

Theme—Derived from the Egyptian word meaning "hash".

\* \* \*

## FOREIGN WIT.

Scene 1—Fruit Farm.

Englishman:—"I say old chap what do you do with all the peaches?"

American:—"We eat what we can and what we can't eat we can."

Scene II.—Lord E. Me's Palace.

Same Englishman (smiling roguishly):—"You know, Harold, they have a tremendous peach crop in America."

Other Englishman:—"What do they do with it?"

Same Englishman:—"They eat what they can and what they can't eat they put up in lawng glass containers."



## OUR DICTIONARY

Opportunist:—"A man who meets the wolf at the door and comes in with a fur coat on."

\* \* \*

## HEADLINE IN NEWSPAPER.

American Hen Goes to Africa.

Widow of former banker will teach poultry raising in the Congo.

\* \* \*

## LITERALLY SPEAKING

O'Neil:—"Did the doctor remove your appendix?"

Bowe:—"Feels to me like he removed by whole "table of contents."

\* \* \*

## WHO CAN TELL.

Judge:—"What you mean to say this young man choked a woman to death in a cabaret before over two hundred people?"

Witness:—"Yes, your honor."

Judge:—"Didn't any one stop him?"

Witness:—"No, your honor we thought they were dancing the Charleston."

\* \* \*

You may be able to get rid of a loud speaker, but she can always demand alimony.

\* \* \*

Alpha:—"Has the professor changed much in the year he's been away?"

Beta:—"No, but he thinks he has."

Alpha:—"How's that?"

Beta:—"Well, he's always talking about what a fool he used to be."

\* \* \*

All Acs wishing to receive Christmas presents should cultivate the friendship of Sandy Klaus.

\* \* \*

Dumb:—"Have you got a needle?"

Dummer:—"Yes: what do you want it for?"

Dumb:—"Well, now if we just had a hay stack we could have some fun."

(Goodlooking.)



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