

# THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

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## THE CHILD AND THE ROBIN

( A LEGEND OF THE CRUCIFIXION. )

*Child*—"O joyous harbinger of Spring  
What message doth thy advent bring?"

*Robin*—"I am the messenger of Time,  
Like Alpine guide, through clouds I climb  
And waft from distant regions fair  
I chase the sunbeams in the air.  
A grateful message too I bring  
And it is this—the birth of Spring."

*Child*—"O tell me then, thou mystic bird  
The truth of all the tales I've heard.  
Do sunbeams ride upon thy wing,  
And flowers bloom when thou dost sing?  
From whence didst filch thy crimson coat,  
From whom didst learn thy plaintive note?  
Why dost thou chant such mournful lay  
When twilight bars the gates of Day?  
Didst dip thy breast in setting sun  
Or was it by the fairies spun?  
And why is't then such somber note  
Comes from thy trembling feathery throat?"

*Robin*—"In ages past with lightsome heart  
I soared above Judea's mart  
And wearied by my toilsome flight  
I rested on the Temple's height.

Far down below a tumult rose  
I saw the crowd in frenzy close  
About the fairest human form  
Like angry waves in raging storm.  
And as I gazed in mute dismay  
Upon the surging maddened fray,  
I saw in garb of thankless man,  
The Maker of Creation's plan.  
A cross He bore on shoulders torn,  
His crucifixion they had sworn.  
And they in madness smote His cheek,  
And on Him vengeance sought to wreak,  
They spat upon His sacred face,  
And whipped Him on from place to place;  
I flew from off the Temple's height,  
And then in haste I winged my flight,  
Above that long and tortuous way,  
Beneath the sun's hot withering ray;  
O how I wished I could appease,  
The mob, my Jesus to release,  
But no, they never would have heard,  
For I was but a little bird.  
At last they reached dark Calvary's brow,  
The deed is consummated now;  
For Christ the God in anguish hangs,  
His kind heart torn by bitter pangs,  
His precious blood bedewed the ground,  
And flowed like streamlets from each wound;  
My heart was almost cleft in twain,  
In anguish at my Master's pain;  
And then I touched my aching breast,  
Against His side and gently pressed  
To staunch the steady crimson flow  
Of sacred blood which dripped below,  
My song of cheerful joyous strain  
Now ceased; my saddened heart in vain  
Can ne'er pour forth a joyous note  
From out this trembling feathery throat,  
Since on that sacreligious day  
On Golgotha so far away  
They crucified my dearest Lord

And on their race God's vengeance poured.  
Ah no, my song is mournful sweet  
Which will forever mortals greet  
My breast is of a reddened dye  
To meet alone the questioning eye  
Tis thus, for 'twas dyed deepest red  
By Savior's blood on Calvary shed  
In reparation for that horde  
Who cursed and crucified their Lord."

*Child*—"Sweet thanks to thee thou blessed bird  
For all the tales that I have heard;  
I'll treasure dear the lessons learned  
And for the Jews who Jesus spurned  
I'll offer fervent prayer each day  
That He may take their sins away,  
And their cold hearts converted be  
To accept Christianity.  
I'll better be than I have been  
That I may help repair their sin.

\* \* \*

The little child then knelt in prayer  
Amid the golden sunbeams there;  
While sadly sweet yet plaintive note  
Burst from the robin's feathery throat:  
Which told once more 'twas on the wing  
With tidings of the newborn Spring. —J. A. W.





# OUR NATIONAL DISTURBANCE

## FROM SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE

G. T. BERGAN '12

My fellow debater in opening this evening's discussion told us very plainly and forcibly that women were needed in politics, but the manner in which they should engage in the political strife is not by casting the ballot or by holding office.

As we study the arguments that are advanced by those favoring the women suffrage movement, we can plainly see that they rest on a very weak and fragile foundation. The trouble lies in the fact that too often we are carried on in the popular tide with only a superficial view of the situation and without having a deep insight into the real facts, give our opinion.

Now, with a few common sense and fundamental statements, I hope to convince you that it is disadvantageous to grant equal suffrage to women.

In the first place advocates of women suffrage tell us that politics are corrupt and women must clean them by casting the ballot and by holding office. Politics, they say, are so tainted and rotten, that women's votes are needed to raise them to a decent standing. That politics are not the cleanest and most above board game today we will most readily admit. There are evils—and many of them, connected with our present political system. Graft, bribery, trickery, boodling, illegal elections are going on today. These evils have gradually and almost unnoticed crept into our government. For very many years we will most certainly admit that the men who have held and are now holding the highest political offices in the country were not, and are not now the most capable or fitted for the positions. Party strifes and dissensions, and turmoil have dominated the political game; gang rule and bosses, and old timers have prospered; but the whole question is, can we without women's votes better the political conditions of America?

I say we can, and I say we are. Men are cleaning and purifying politics every day. Look at the daily papers and see for yourselves the movements that have been organized to combat these evils and read of their success. Look at the papers every day and see grafters and boodlers being put behind the bars.



Look at our own beloved state, striving to lift its head above Lorimerism; see the state of Wisconsin investigating the election of its senator; see the state of Arizona carrying on the same fight; see the recent political investigation in Chicago; see the battle being waged against Roger Sullivan and other bosses; read of the numerous debates and discussions on the direct vote of the United States senators; of the initiative and referendum; of the referendum and recall; of the presidential preference primary; of the battle against socialism; of the struggle against immigration; and other steps in the right direction too numerous to mention. What, may I ask, is meant by the insurgent movement in Congress? What do we mean by Progressives? Too long have the American people been slumbering in a political lethargy! Too long has the good been pictured to them when it really was evil! They have not had enough of the initiative spirit, the militant spirit for right. Yet, fully remembering the words of our beloved Lincoln that you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time, they have shaken off their drowsy slumber and men are cleaning politics. They are doing it well. They are putting down graft, and boodling; they are sending to prison corrupt politicians; they are overcoming bossism; they are putting the proper men in office; they are letting the people rule.

But as we know, Rome was not built in a day; for any great reform to be truly tried and successfully accomplished a long time is needed. It took many long years for these evils to creep in, it will take a long time for them to be eradicated, but we are eradicating them, men are cleaning politics today.

Having shown the women's votes are not needed to clean politics but that men today are cleaning politics, we pass to another phase of the question that is so vehemently and strongly urged by suffragettes, that women on account of their virtue and honesty would cast a refining and renovating influence over the political chaos today. Women, they say, are more virtuous than men, have more sense of honor and right than men; and if women being so pure and holy secure the privilege of casting the ballot and holding office, politics will become as white as snow. That women are as virtuous as men, perhaps even more so, we will most readily admit. If there is any beautiful being on earth it is a woman perfected. Poets tell us that God took the fairest flower of the field, breathed a soul into it and created



woman. If there is any treasure I prize above all others on this earth it is my own dear mother. Nothing on earth can ever take the place of our mothers; the best friend a boy ever has, is his mother. Yes, women are pure, are holy, are virtuous. But we ask these striking questions; what has kept woman as an angel on this earth? Why is it she is so virtuous and honest? How is it that she has remained pure and holy while men have fallen?

The answer is obvious. Man has had to go into the world to earn his daily bread. He has faced trial and trouble and temptation. He alone, has had to bear up with the burdens of the outside world. Man has had to meet slander, calumny, vice of all kinds and all descriptions. He is worldly, of the world and always carries with him the tinge of the earth. Woman, on the contrary, has always been kept aloof from the dangers and snares of outside life. She, under the sheltering and protecting hand of man, has found a haven of refuge, a sanctuary in the home. While man battled against the forces of discouraging foes, she with a light and cheerful heart sang in the home. She has never had to meet with the insult and scoffs and infamy from the world. Yes, it is man that has kept woman so virtuous and holy; the home is heaven, she dwells in celestial regions while man fights through the purgatory of earth. But as suffragettes would do, cast the pure unblemished lily into the inky depths of the political chasm, will she still remain God's fairest creature? Will she after meeting the same obstacles and same burdens which man has met, still remain innocent and pure? Will she, facing the discouragement, the distress, the crying opposition everywhere, still stay angelic? No, woman is human just like man; she must suffer temptations, and she will when mixing in political problems. No, her fine sensibilities will be hardened, her fervor will be cooled, her zeal dampened to as great a degree as man. And, being easily led and of rather vascillating tendencies she will fall as man has fallen; and the beauty, the splendor, the glory at God's most precious handiwork will be smeared and sullied forever. History bears me out in the statement when I say that the most corrupt periods in a nation's existence were identically those when women were most prominent and influential in the affairs of the government. I will refer to history, not to any suffrage pamphlet or statistics which are of so recent a date that time has not been given the boomerang to return.



Ancient Egypt under Queen Semiramis was a veritable cess-pool of vice and corruption. Catherine de Medici and Lucretia Borgia were main springs whence Rome the fair, beautiful and powerful nation became polluted and rotten and finally fell. Russia was never in a lower ethical standing or more immoral than under Catherine. Women played a very important role during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV in France which finally led on to the French revolution. Need I tell you of the condition of England under Queen Elizabeth? Have we not ample evidence of it at our very disposal, in the works of Shakespeare? The Bible tells us that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and literature is the one, true and only voice that comes from the heart of the times. In Shakespeare we see what kind of a period the Elizabethan age was. We allow some things on the stage today that are saintly images compared to some of Shakespeare's plays and an expurgated edition of his works must be read by modern readers. Yes, corruption and vice and especially crimes against women were in full sway, and woman sank to the depths of harem life. The poet Swineburne thus tells us that the works during Elizabeth's period "are so encumbered with leaden dullness and such bestial filth as no decent scavenger and no rational nightman would have dreamed of sweeping back into sight and smell of any possible reader." Yes, those were corrupt times, far more corrupt than today. Those were the days when women mingled in politics and the result was as it will always be, detrimental both to country, to men and women, and morals and goodness.

Will women cast a refining influence over the political mixup today? Will she by her presence at the polls, at caucuses, at primaries, at political gatherings, making speeches, meeting other politicians, seeking office and holding office, shed an air of culture and decency over the situation?

I say most emphatically, no. For as long as women wish to be considered as men, men will treat them as men and not as women, and the gallantry and chivalry so much prized in America today will vanish. Will you believe me, that you insult a woman in Colorado, if you stand up in a street car to offer her your seat? Is this the way we look upon women? What will become of the knighthood and gallantry that now exists today? Yes, man will treat woman as man, and all those virtues and marks which make women now so lovable, and so respected; so placed as to be just a little above us; of the earth and still heav-



only; human and yet almost divine will pass away just as the morning mist is rent asunder by the piercing rays of the noon day sun. Is this the way we want to see our women? This is the way equal suffrage will make them. Hence at the bottom of it all there would be but a doubling of the votes, an increase in quantity, not quality.

Another fruitless argument that is advanced by suffragettes, and one that has appeared in all our suffragette pamphlets and newspapers, is this bold and striking statement, that men in withholding equal suffrage from women, do them a great injustice and take from them a natural and indefeasible right and violate the very constitution of the United States. We deny that women have a natural right to suffrage, for it is neither a natural right for men or women. It is a trust conferred on civil society and fearing that you may think this is my own invention I take the extreme pleasure to read to you a short extract from Orestes A. Brownson, the greatest thinker, the deepest philosopher America has ever produced; a man whose word is law and whom I would willingly back against a million anarchistic Jane Addams or Sophrinisba Breckenbridges, free love agitators Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Dorothy Dix, riot disturber Mrs. Pankhurst, politic Teddy Roosevelt, or William Howard Taft, a man, a Catholic, who knows what he is talking about. Brownson says:

"If suffrage is a right, why is bribery a crime? If a thing is my right, I can do with it what I will, sell it in the marketplace to the highest bidder, or for any price I may get. Voting is a trust conferred on civil society and held by the sovereign people; who are in the United States, adult voters and they can give it to whomsoever they will and do no wrong by keeping it from any class. Hence no injustice is done."

So we see that another so-called argument of suffragettes has been pulverized and men do not keep a right away from women by refusing them votes, nor do they violate the Constitution.

Whatever way we look at it, woman suffrage is disadvantageous, without any substantial reasons to back it. The question is approaching us, it has to be met and settled within the next few years. Let us with sober thought and honest intelligence peer deep below the attractive surface. Let us not be carried away in the maelstrom of popular sentiment but let us stop a moment



before it is too late and before the tide carries us out to sea whence there is no return.

America today is reform mad. We want to reform the government, every evil whether domestic, social or individual, is due to bad government, and can be cured only by reforming the government till we have in theory almost abolished all government. We never stop to reflect when we complain of our public officers, of their want of public spirit, stern integrity and generous disregard of self that they only exhibit the prevailing spirit of the times; and as it would be hard to find one who would not exhibit the same disregard for the public, the same all absorbing selfishness, it ill becomes us to complain. As I said before, party spirit rages to an alarming extent, evincing very clearly a diseased state of the public mind. True, all seem scrambling for one place to fatten on its rewards, but are only the rulers and prominent politicians to blame? No, the fault is our own. We want to reform politics, we want to reform the church, we want to reform schools and state institutions, we want to reform transportation facilities—in short we want to reform nearly everything under God's sun but one, that is—reform ourselves. We are not, I am sorry to say, the enlightened and virtuous people we pretend; compared with other nations we may be eminently so, but compared with what we might be and should be, we are not. There is plenty of room for self reformation, and if we practice this, the evils existing today will soon fade away and we will be able, with a sense of all that is true and right, to put down all disturbances that may arise as I sincerely hope we will put down the latest of all disturbances—woman suffrage.



## TWO ROOMMATES

JOHN A. O'BRIEN '13

The commencement exercises at Swarthmore College had just been completed. From the governor's hand each graduate had received his treasured parchment upon which were engraved the words "*Artium Baccalaureus*." All were happy and flushed with the taste of their first victory; for they had reached the goal of their long scholastic labors, and now were free! But before departing from the halls of their beloved Alma Mater they had resolved to spend the last night together upon the campus, and there they were! thronging about, pounding one another on the back, congratulating everyone on his success. The college itself did not escape their enthusiasm, for a stranger far in the dim distance of the night might hear this glad refrain wafted to him on the breeze:

Come comrades, gather round;  
Let hymns of praise resound  
To this, our glorious institute,  
The honored and renowned.  
Our pride, our glory and our boast  
Her name's in high repute,  
Then comrades give a rousing cheer  
For Swarthmore Institute."

Gradually the cheering died away, and the conversation drifted upon the future, brilliant with its bright promises of success. Some were planning to be great statesmen, famous inventors, second Shakespeares; others were going to be generals in the army, admirals in the navy—in short, the highest offices in the land were scarcely high enough to satisfy their youthful ambitions. Such were their young dreams as they sat talking around the camp fire.

"I can see where we shall be celebrating the election of James A. Chandler to the presidency of the United States in just about thirty years from now," said the class prophet, Dave Kane. "Nothing short of the presidency will be good enough for a fellow with your talents, Jim. Isn't that so fellows?" he inquired of his classmates. They all agreed that Dave was



right. "Now then," continued Dave, "give a 'Hoia' for Jim." A moment later the following yell rent the air:

"Hoia! Hoia! Hoia! Chu chu, rah rah  
Chu chu, rah rah! Chandler! Rah!

Jim Chandler, as he was popularly called, was certainly possessed of exceptional talent, and though not over-scrupulous nor over-industrious, he had managed to obtain the salutatory of his class; moreover he stroked on the crew of '76 and was a good "mixer."

"Say, Ben," continued Dave after the class had exhausted the subject of Jim's future career, and had described him as adding lustre and honor to the office made famous by Washington and Lincoln. "You've given me more blamed trouble than any other fellow in the class, trying to find some position good enough for you. I've passed over the presidency of the United States, giving that to your room-mate, Jim; I had half a notion to make you a future pope, but I didn't like to shut you up in a single building. I'm afraid you'll have to create some new position that will be deserving of such conscientious labor as yours, Ben. Perhaps if the United States becomes a monarchy, you'll be our first king." The speaker turned to the assembled classmates, inquiring, "How about it, fellows?" "That's true," they all assented. "As prophet of the class of '76," resumed Dave, "I predict that our valedictorian, Ben, will surpass even our future president, Jim, and that's certainly going some."

The class applauded and rent the stillness of the summer night with cheers for Ben.

The last words of the class prophet sank deep into Ben Doyle's heart. Would he surpass Jim, even in the world, where truth and virtue are not always accorded the high place that they deserve, but where dishonesty and corruption often seemed crowned with apparent success? True, he had won the valedictory of this class, but he frankly admitted he was not as talented as his room-mate, Jim Chandler. For Ben relied on hard, earnest "plugging" rather than on sheer brilliancy of intellect to achieve success.

Indeed, the two roommates, James Chandler and Bernard Doyle, salutatorian and valedictorian respectively, presented an interesting comparison. There was Jim, resourceful to the highest degree, determined to gain his end by hook or by



crook; but like most men who are exceptionally gifted, he was not a plodder. He knew he had a good supply of brains and relied upon them to pull him through.

On the other hand, Ben, while not so highly endowed as his room-mate, made better use of the faculties he possessed than did Jim. Indeed, many a midnight found him grinding at his desk, while Jim was leisurely vanquishing a couple of opponents in a game of poker.

Besides these differences in habit, however, there was a decided contrast between the natural dispositions of the two. Jim had the practical mind of a Roman, with his eye always open for the material end, and he wasted no time in what he termed empty dreams.

Ben was the very opposite; his friends often called him the "dreamer," for perhaps the greatest delight was in taking a solitary roam through the woods, where he would sit along the shore of some babbling brook, gazing at its rippling waters, as they flowed ceaselessly onward toward the sea. Here Ben spied leaves, straws and pieces of withered vegetation rushing madly along with the current. At intervals tiny islands rose up in the brook and around and upon them clustered bits of brushwood, rescued from their mad flight to the ocean. "Why all this frantic haste? Whither are they going?" thought Ben to himself, as he gazed at the fleeting current, rushing its tiny passengers with headlong speed over the precipice into the sea. His mind answered him, saying, "Only to be swallowed up forever in the mighty depths of the sea."

Mirrored in that murmuring brooklet Ben thought he could see a reflection of the vast world about him. Men were rushing madly onward with the current of the world, seeking wealth, honors and fame, only in the end to be swallowed up in the depths of a still mightier sea. True, an occasional island loomed up, offering to the wise ones a retreat from the current, a place where they might get their bearings and choose their proper course. And Ben resolved to find one of these islands, and unhindered by the current, direct his course aright.

After the class-prophet had selected high positions in life for each member of the class, the conversation drifted to other topics. Feats on the gridiron, the track and the baseball diamond were recalled and loudly cheered. But Ben was thinking all the time of Dave's prophecy regarding his future career, wondering if it could be true.



In this manner the night slowly faded away; the camp fire smouldered into ashes; and the bright rays of approaching day were beginning to disperse the dark clouds of night, when the class of '76 departed from the college campus, each to take his place in the great battle ground of the world.

\* \* \*

Since that departure, many years have now passed. The trails of the graduates of '76 have wandered far apart, each one going his way alone. Some have risen to positions of prominence in the industrial and political world; others by constant toil have succeeded in ekeing out a bare livelihood; and still others, since their departure from the college, have never been heard from, being apparently lost in the great ambush beyond the college walls.

Prominent among the first class of successful men is James A. Chandler, Tammany's political czar, and the boss of New York politics. He has grown rich; his residence is the most costly on exclusive Fifth avenue; all the comforts and luxuries of wealth are his. But he himself has not escaped the ravages of time, his hair once raven black, is now grey; upon his once smooth face are engraved the deep fissures of worry and care; and the once powerful and finely brained strokesman on the crew of '76 becomes strangely out of breath at the least exertion.

Now and then a newspaper threatens to reveal the corruption of Tammany's political machine. In a month or so, that newspaper appears under a new management, the reason for the change being known only to a few wise ones. As a rule, however, the daily newspapers speak of James A. Chandler as a remarkably successful man.

Another trail has wound its way out through the west to Nevada. Scarcely any one has ever followed along this obscure pathway; and the solitary wanderer over this trail has long since been given up as lost. But deep in the hearts of the lonely settlers of the foothills of Nevada is cherished the name of Father Ben, as his parishioners call him.

In encouraging the colonists in their work of tilling the soil, in teaching their children in the little school house he himself had built, and in attending to the spiritual wants of his people, Father Ben has passed the greatest number of his years. He is old now; his hair once a golden brown has faded to a silvery



hue; and the memory of his college days floats back to him as a half-forgotten dream of the distant past. No newspaper flaunts his name in the eyes of the world; he is no great figure in the industrial or political world. His labor is in a different field, he is only a mission priest in the foothills, but he is happy.

One day a telegraph message from the east was brought to Father Ben, informing him that his brother was dying at his home in Hoboken, N. J., and that he desired to see his long-parted brother before he expired. Accordingly Father Ben hurried east, arriving just in time to confer upon the dying man the last consolations of the church.

His duty performed Father Ben felt that he should return immediately to his children in the west. So he determined to board the midnight limited at the Grand Central Station. While crossing on the ferry from Hoboken to New York, his eye accidentally fell upon the following item in the New York World:

"JAMES A. CHANDLER  
TO ACT AS TOASTMASTER

BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF '76 OF SWARTH-  
MORE COLLEGE AT RECTOR'S.

Many up-staters are expected to be present. Chandler has been chosen toastmaster because he is the most prominent and successful graduate of the class of '76.

The paper then launched into an account of Chandler's remarkable success in politics.

As Father Ben read this item a smile overspread his features, and Dave's prophecy flashed upon his mind. "Could he attend the reunion," he asked himself. "No, for that would prevent him from arriving in time to celebrate Holy Mass next Sunday for his people. So banishing that thought from his mind he proceeded along Broadway to the depot.

After walking six or seven blocks, he came in front of Rector's. It was then twelve o'clock and the famous salon was brilliantly illuminated. The class was evidently in the midst of its revelry, for in the street below, Father Ben could hear the merry chorus:

"For he's a jolly good fellow;  
For he's a jolly good fellow;  
Who? Chandler! Chandler!



Dave's prophecy flashed again upon his mind and he remembered himself sitting upon the bank of the murmuring brook, gazing at its fleeting waters. "Truly," reflected Father Ben, "Jim has rushed along with the current, seeking wealth and influence, and he has found them. But can these things give him happiness?" Father Ben hoped they could; but deep in his heart he knew that such things have not the power to give true happiness nor peace of mind.

On the other hand, there was himself; he had sidestepped the current of the world in its mad scramble for wealth; he had found a little island in the stream, secured his bearings and then changed his course toward a higher end.

Had the class prophet, Dave, guessed badly? Had he chosen the wrong course? Had he been beaten by his old room mate in the great battle of life. These and kindred questions thronged his mind. The newspaper in his hand had the "most prominent and successful graduate of '76," coupled with his room mate's name and its verdict evidently was "Yes." "But newspapers," he reflected, "are poor judges." Then a voice which he had never doubted, softly whispered to him, "Thou hast won the battle," and Father Ben felt satisfied as he continued on his way through the lonely darkness of the night.



### "RESURREXIT"

Exultant hymns now joyous heralds sing  
'Tis dawn of glorious Resurrection morn,  
Arise, look up, ye sorrowing hearts forlorn  
Chant loud hosannas to the Risen King,  
Till heaven and earth with swelling anthems ring.  
Proclaim the tidings glad to those who mourn,  
For Christ has bonds of death asunder torn  
And to such hearts will peace and comfort bring.  
Behold He sitteth on His jeweled throne,  
Behold Him crowned triumphant King of All  
For by His death did Adam's fall atone  
And rising broke forever Satan's thrall.  
Rejoice ye sons of men, ye angels sing,  
Sing Alleluias to the Risen King. —J. A. W.

# THE VIATORIAN

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It was indeed very gratifying to hear that several St. Viator students recently joined the Knights of Columbus, swelling the already large number of Viatorian Knights to a considerably larger number. Although the number of Knights of Columbus is comparatively large at the institution, it is not large enough. College students should join this great Catholic order. Although the order has been in existence but a few years it already embraces over two hundred thousand loyal members in the United States. Taking as its patron the illustrious discoverer of America and imbibing from him the same sterling qualities which characterized his glorious career, it is doing a work whose results are tremendous. It accepts men, Catholic men, from nearly every walk in life, it receives them as brothers and unites them into a federation, a bulwark of staunch defenders of good conduct, good morals, good Catholicity. We make this special appeal to the college students, because we are interested in student activities, and we know what will be expected of college students in the world. We are living in a militant age. True, it is that no great wars threaten us, no military service is required of us; no, but there is a greater battle being waged and being fiercely contested—the ever continuous struggle

### **The College Knight of Columbus**



gle between good and evil. America today, we must sadly confess, is not the enlightened, the virtuous nation we pretend it to be; evils exist that must be remedied and where shall we find those worthy and those prepared to grasp the sword and don the buckler if not the Catholic college graduate? Great things are expected of college graduates and great things should be expected of them. The Knights of Columbus are waging the fight. They are the men who are ably and unflinchingly facing the world today and are carrying on the combat of right. They need men, prepared men, men well versed in worldly problems and well versed in their religion to join their ranks. The Knights of Columbus invite you, they need you, you should respond!

How often while walking through the college campus or watching some athletic event the words "a little help" reach our ears! It is a common every-day athletic expression, said in an offhand manner, yet what a world of thought it brings to one's mind. "**A Little Help**!" The response to it should be the basis of our life at college and afterwards. We are here as members of one large family, each striving to do the best he can. At times we do need help and if the response comes, what a blessing it is to us. We should always be ready to lend a helping hand to one who is needy. A cheery word, a pat on the back, a "well done" or "good boy" is often worth more than one imagines. It is the little things in life that count, little acts of thoughtfulness and kindness that build up huge mountains of benefit. Kindness does not consist in giving money, building libraries and hospitals; it is made up of seeming trifles, things that are not thought of by the doer. No one need fear that he will have no opportunity for showing a helpful spirit, for the world today has dire need of such a spirit. Strife, struggle, crying opposition, down-treading the lowly, oppression of the poor and the workman, all should be soothed with a little good will, a little leniency, "a little help."

Those that have acquired the virtue and are manifesting it daily should never let it slip away, for it is an asset whose value no one can reckon. There is a kindly spirit prevailing at the college and it is our wish that it may long continue.



The question of athletics is one that has been discussed and debated in many phases and at various times. The benefit of athletics, purity in athletics, athletic conferences, athletic rivalry and other topics of this nature have been thoroughly examined and rigidly treated. The point we have before us, inter mural athletics, stands in need of a few common sense and logical statements. Colleges and universities have come to such a state that the varsity squad is all that bears recognition. If the representative team is a winner, athletics are successful and the student body is amply benefited. We pride ourselves on the showing of the football team, our basketball team cannot be improved on, our baseball tossers are pennant winners and everything seems as it should be, the acme of success. But this is not the right theory. Athletics should be encouraged in a school in order that the majority of the students reap the greatest benefit they can from them. Very few students have the ability and good fortune to make the varsity squads, but should they be left without athletics? Should they on the varsity be the only ones to enjoy these privileges? No, athletics should be for everybody. In some schools they are compulsory and at this institution they should be encouraged to a greater extent. There should be more class games, more contests within the school; different teams should be organized and equipped, and while they are getting the benefit from athletics as well as the varsity, it will be a stepping stone, a preparation for the varsity. We are now starting baseball. Let every student play baseball. Organize class teams and hall teams and while the good weather is here play ball, enjoy ourselves, and the school, your studies, and yourselves will be amply repaid and greatly benefited. Let us not seek so much to find outside foes to battle upon the diamond. There are plenty of them here, and let each one become adept in at least one branch of that which is so vital to each student—athletics.







*St. Jerome's Schoolman* again commands our attention and merits our praise. Among the contributions to the April number is a scholarly article on *Savonorolo*, by J. C. Bialos, which traces the career of the great "ecclesiastico-political reformer," from his birth to his death. The writer shows that the two chief causes of Savonorolo's downfall were his political fanaticism and his insubordination to the Holy See.

*Christian Education*, by W. H. Sadlo, is an able defense of the Catholic church against the frequently urged accusations of past and present hindrance to the education of the masses. The article shows that during the years preceding the Reformation, when Catholic universities and educational institutions flourished everywhere, the people were mentally and morally healthier than they are at the present day, when Christianity is shut out of the school.

*Patriotism*, by C. W. James, shows the various ways by which we can show true patriotism. The unrest and internal strife in Spain, France and Portugal is due, the writer says, to lack of patriotism. "He is patient who labors with the proper spirit, for the good of country and fellowmen."

Poised with gems of poetry, short stories and instructive essays, the "*Labarum*" presents itself for perusal. "The Literary Art of Newman" is a comprehensive article, the product of a careful study of the works of the learned cardinal. The writer



delves into the style, literary merits, spirituality, humor, simplicity, strength and perspective of Newman's Essays and Sermons and gives us a clear idea of the relative merits of each element that figure in his compositions. The poetry of the "*Labarum*" is characterized by the spiritual note which permeates it.

From across the sea comes "*The Columbia*," published by the Columbia Reading Circle of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. An excellent treatise on the "Free Will" considered from a study in definition reveals the fact that the grave and the gay find place in the essays which compose our college journals. Free Will is discussed at length, concrete proofs are advanced and altogether the subject is handled with the keen vision of the philosopher. The editorials are of special interest by reason of the practical view which they inculcate of conditions as they really are. "The old rule-of-thumb methods, used by a clever man, certainly led to progress. But the results were uncertain and unreliable; developments were purely accidental." This shows the necessity of scientific method which *obtains today in all departments of life*. Spring poets are beginning to warble. The "*Dial*" has caught the strains of a few and as a result the March number rings poetically.

Well balanced, carefully selected compositions grace "*The College Spokesman*." "Literature and Life" shows us that literature is great because it expresses some deep thought. The greater and loftier the thought and the truth it contains the greater will the literature be estimated by critics. Archbishop Ireland's sermon is reproduced in the Spokesman. No criticism is necessary; no words of praise are needed.



## THE PASSION FLOWER

While Jesus wept in agony  
In Garden of Gethsemane,  
The chosen ones o'ercome by sleep  
Alone let Christ His vigil keep.

The while the Saviour silent prayed,  
The Apostles were by fear dismayed,  
But angels knelt there and adored  
Their suffering, agonizing Lord.



Such agony as then was shown  
No mortal man has ever known;  
His Sacred Heart was wrung with pain  
For souls for which He'd die in vain.

He prayed in agony alone,  
His head pillowed upon a stone  
And such the pain of inward storm  
That bloody sweat bedewed His form.

But where He knelt in silent prayer  
Some lowly flowers blossomed fair,  
And they awoke and vigil kept,  
While heedless the Apostles slept.

And each was like a waxen cup  
Just such, from which the fairies sup  
Which caught each sweatdrop fiery-red,  
The first blood of Christ's passion shed.

And where each fell a blood-red stain  
On the corolla doth remain,  
The color too of pale pink made  
Was tinted with a purple shade.

And where each petal was besprent  
Was traced a passion instrument  
That was in barbarous frenzy used  
When Christ was tortured by the Jews.

The crown of thorns is plainly seen  
The ladder, spear and sponge between  
The mallet, scourge and sharp nails three  
The reed and cross of Calvary.

E'er since upon the flowers fair  
The passion's marks are graven there  
By God, since they His vigil kept  
While the Apostles soundly slept. J. A. W.



## Societies.

The following is a learned and scholarly criticism of the Senior-Junior debate. Although to the learned judges from Kankakee the Seniors far outclassed the Juniors, still our esteemed critic and correspondent deemed it otherwise and such must be the case. Every argument of the Seniors, as you will be made to see, was crushed and the Juniors were wonderful in their constructive arguments and showed great skill in their delivery. O, vanity of vanities! Daylight robbery, broad treason and bribery are written upon the faces of the Seniors, shame on you for accepting the decision. Yes, the Juniors are more intelligent and learned, better debaters, deeper thinkers, had a more comprehensive notion of the debate and still they lost. Yes, the Seniors won. The decision was rendered by three eminent judges of the Kankakee court, so read the following for your amusement.

A WITNESS FOR FAIR PLAY.

### SENIOR AND JUNIOR DEBATE.

One of the most successful debates in the history of debating at St. Viator's took place April 2 in the college auditorium between the members of the Senior and Junior philosophy classes. The question, "Resolved, That Woman Suffrage Is Disadvantageous," being a timely one, afforded the debaters plenty of originality in expression of ideas. Mr. J. Lareau, introduced the judges of the contest, the Hon. C. M. Clay Buntain, Hon. A. E. Smith and Judge A. W. Deselm and thanked them for their attendance. He also introduced the various speakers.

Mr. J. Gordon, the first speaker of the affirmative, waxed eloquent in his plea for the sanctity of the home, which he said



woman suffrage would destroy. He was ably supported by Mr. G. T. Bergan, who in beautiful language likened woman to "something human and yet almost divine." He used the Dean Swift style of rebuttal when refuting the statements of his opponents. Mr. M. J. Heeney was a strong pillar to the affirmative side and made a plea for the unity of the home. Mr. James J. Daley made a stirring address for the negative and showed that politics need a reforming process, and woman he claimed, has done this, can do it, and if given the ballot will completely change the trend of the present day political parties. Mr. Daley ably proved his statements by facts and figures. Mr. T. Rowan advanced an argument of a scientific nature, showing that woman was superior to man in many ways, equal to him in all things and inferior to him in no particular instance. Mr. Rowan infused much vim into his delivery and had well constructive arguments. Mr. John O'Brien logically proved that in those states in which woman suffrage prevails, peace and harmony exist and all in good order, better government and the general well-being of the community prevail. Mr. O'Brien made the rebuttal for the negative and in every instance squashed the arguments of his opponents. The judges, after much deliberation, awarded the decision in favor of the affirmative, but remarked that the Juniors, Messrs. Rowan, Daley and O'Brien, were to be complimented for their excellent delivery and facility of expression. The Seniors, Messrs. Gordon, Bergan and Heeney proved themselves the victors on this occasion.

By J. P. O'M., '11.

\* \* \*

### THE LAJOIE SOCIETY.

"The Departure for California," a three act comedy, presented in the French language on Sunday evening, April 7, by this thriving society, proved to be among the best of Thespian efforts for this scholastic year, and was, without a doubt, the most successful play staged by this society for years.

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides,"

reigned supreme during the entire performance. Mr. Ralph Legris, in the leading role, made an extremely facetious old miser. He held the audience with him from beginning to end,



thus upholding his enviable reputation as a Thespian. Almost equal praise must be extended to Mr. Joseph M. Lareau in interpreting the character of Simon, valet to Dr. Killman. This was an exceedingly difficult role, one upon which the entire plot hinged, and to the excellent manner in which it was acted is probably due the brilliant success attained. Mr. Harris A. Darche, as the Oxford spendthrift, succeeded in drawing many a hearty laugh from the large and appreciate audience by his clever and facetious interpretation of the typical college student. Edward Arthur's friend was acted by Mr. William Roy in a manner that would make the "Great Stone Face" expand into a good natured smile, while Girard Picard as Edward's valet added to the evening's mirth and jollity.

This comedy was staged under the direction of L. J. Pommier, C. S. V. Moderator of this society, and it is to his untiring and persevering efforts as much as to the labor of the actors themselves that the great success attained is due.

The cast of the characters is as follows:

Dr. Killman.....	Mr. Ralph Legris
Arthur, his nephew .....	Mr. Harris A. Darche
Edward, Arthur's friend ....	Mr. William Roy
Simon, valet to Dr. Killman.....	
.....	Mr. Joseph M. Lareau
Thomas, valet to Edward.....	Mr. G. Picard
Policemen .....	
.....	Mr. Louis Rivard and Mr. A. Landroche

\* \* \*

## ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

As active and thriving as ever, this society added another jewel to its already brilliant crown of literary achievements in the form of a debate and select programme, on Wednesday evening, March 13. The debate, "Resolved, that Capital Punishment Should be Abolished," was remarkable for its many apropos examples cited to substantiate the various arguments. Mr. M. Crowley especially is to be commended for his lengthy and well prepared constructive argument and for his destructive rebuttal. Mr. Judge's keen irony proved an excellent weapon for Mr. Crowley's common-sense logic. The judges, Messrs. Mr. J. Heeney, Thomas C. Cleary and L. J. Pommier awarded



the palm of victory to the negative side, Messrs. M. Crowley and Mr. Wilson. The affirmative was Messrs. G. Picard and Joseph Judge. Mr. Dan Sullivan was chairman.

The following programme was ably executed by the young and budding orators abounding in this society:

Recitation .....	Howard Rowan
Washington .....	E. Pepin
Hawthorne .....	A. Landroche
Piano Solo .....	John Bradac
Boy Scouts of America .....	J. McGinn
Recitation .....	E. Kennedy

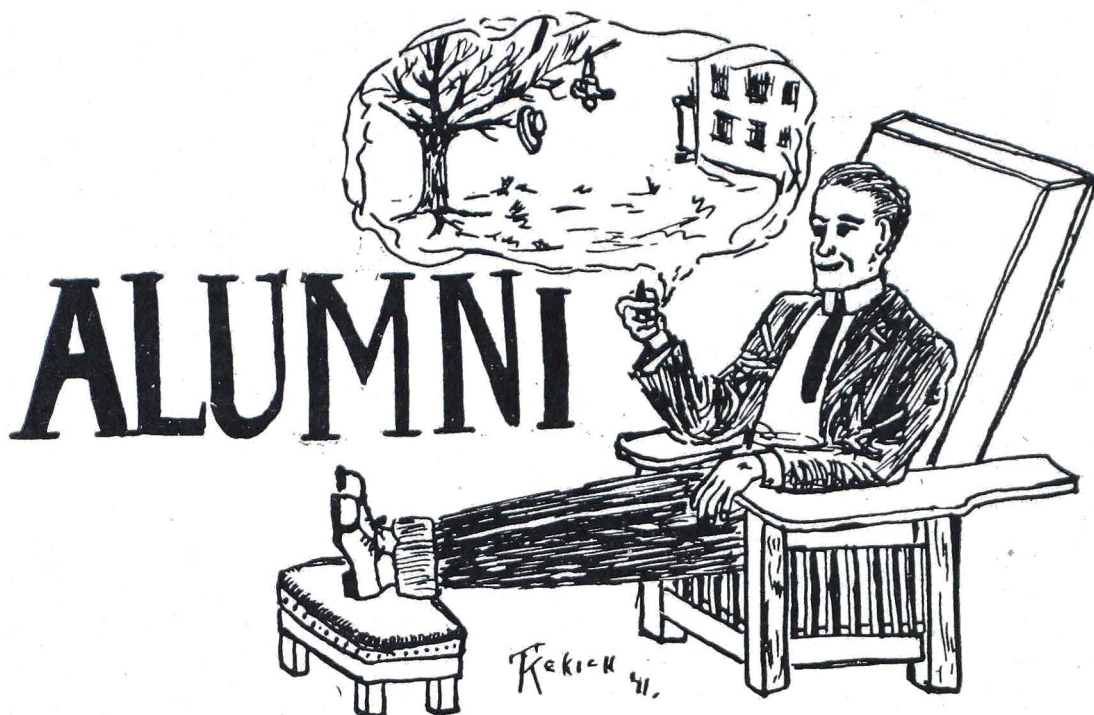
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### WALSH SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

Under the able direction of Moderator P. E. Brown, C.S.V., this society will stage a four-act drama entitled, "The Old Homestead," on Sunday evening, April 28. Unprecedented success is expected in the production of a prominent and eloquent speaker in the person of Rev. Father O'Mahoney, an Augustinian, to lecture before the members in the near future. Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, patron of this society, will also favor the members with a visit and with one of his intensely interesting lectures towards the end of this scholastic year. This event will, no doubt, be the crowning effort of this year's work for this active society.

The object of this society is to develop in its members a love for true science, and in order to further this admirable end, papers treating of various scientific subjects must be written and read by the members at each regular meeting. Among the recently read papers were the following: Mr. Edward Kelley read a lengthy and well-written paper on "Spiritism," in which he clearly explained many of the facts concerning this interesting subject. Mr. E. Reilly entertained the society with a vivid description of the "Cause of Volcanic Action" and "Earthquakes," as the subject of a truly scientific paper by Mr. Ollie Guerin.





The many friends of Rev. Thomas O'Brien are glad to hear of his promotion to the pastorate at Genoa, Ill. He will immediately lay plans for the erection of a new church at that place. This is no small undertaking, but for one of Father O'Brien's calibre all burdens lose their size and weight. He is a business-like man, energetic in all his works, possessed of undaunted courage and unyielding to obstacles. During Father O'Brien's college days he manifested this bravery and courage on the grid-iron. He always marched on the bloody arena with the same determined will, to either win or lose fighting. This promotion speaks very highly for Father O'Brien, as he has not yet been ordained a year. His Bishop realized his powers and for this reason has given him this great work, which when accomplished will merit a great reward. The sincerest wish of St. Viators is that success will always follow in your footsteps.

Rev. A. L. Girard who taught the sciences here a few years ago, visited here about the middle of the month.

Rev. Francis Walsh, '07, who is an assistant at St. Mary's Cathedral in Peoria, visited his brother Leo, and old friends recently.

Mr. Ralph Legris, '11, who entered St. Mary's College in Montreal, Canada, last September, has returned home. Ralph thinks St. Mary's is a fine place, but he would not exchange the quiet and repose of "Old Bourbonnais" for the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Canada. At present Ralph is working in his father's bank at Kankakee. He intends to take up the study of law at Ann Arbor, Michigan, next fall.



Mr. James Donahue, '84, was in Kankakee, Sunday, April 21, initiating a number of candidates into the Knights of Columbus. Mr. Donahue is a strong knight and is working hard for the upbuilding of that society. Mr. Donahue is not only prominent in the K. of C.'s but also in political matters. At the election held in Chicago a few weeks ago Mr. Donahue was re-elected alderman of the Thirty-fifth Ward by a majority of two thousand votes. Mr. Donahue is a man of strong character, which is based on principles of righteousness and justice. He not only possesses those qualities, but his words and actions proclaim them to men. This makes manifest why he is holding such high offices in the grandest society in America and in the political world as well. He is a man whom the church and state may well be proud of for he is working for the best interests of both, and one whom St. Viator's claims as a true and loyal son.

Another one of St. Viator's former baseball stars has come into the limelight. We are pleased to hear that Walter J. Nourie, '10, who was our star third baseman two years ago, is now playing with Michigan University at Ann Arbor. Anyone who has even seen Walter play fully realizes his ability as a ball player. Mr. Nourie is taking a course in law in Michigan. Success to you, Walter.

The college was well represented at the Knights of Columbus initiation held in Kankakee, Sunday, April 21. The following candidates were initiated: Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., Messrs F. A. Cleary, J. A. Murphy, G. T. Bergan, J. A. Gordon, T. Richerts, C. Mortell and E. Longergan.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney has just returned from an extended visit in the east. He attended a college convention at Washington, D. C., while there.

A recent visitor was Ferdinand Marceaux. Mr. Marceaux is now a successful undertaker in Hot Springs, Ark.

Among the recent visitors were Rev. William Cleary, Rock Island, Ill.; Rev. P. H. Durkin, Rantoul, Ill.; Rev. F. Walsh, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. A. L. Girard, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Albert O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Hickey, Kankakee, Ill.; Mr. B. McCarthy, Bradley, Ill., and Mr. Ralph Legris, Bourbonnais, Ill.



## OBITUARY



The heartfelt sympathy of faculty and students goes out to Rev. John L. O'Donnell of Chicago in the death of his father. The Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.V.S., represented the faculty at the obsequies.

THE VIATORIAN also extends its prayerful condolence to Mr. Joseph Schenke of the Seminary Department in the loss of his sister; to Mr. William Duffy, who buried two of his grandparents during the past month, and to Mr. Gerald Bergan, whose uncle was summoned to the beyond. May their souls rest in peace.

### SONG OF LIFE

It is easy to smile in the springtime  
When the spirit is joyous and light,  
When the beacon lamps of the travelers  
In the skies are burning bright.

It is easy to sing when the flowers  
Are breathing their sweet perfume  
And the songsters in woodland are singing  
Dispelling the winter's cold gloom.

It is easy to jest when the zephyrs  
Come dancing across the lea,  
When the sun is radiantly beaming  
And earth from all care seems free.

It is easy to pray when the full heart  
Seems o'ershadowed by heavenly grace  
And the soul with ecstatic feeling  
Seems to see Jesus face to face.

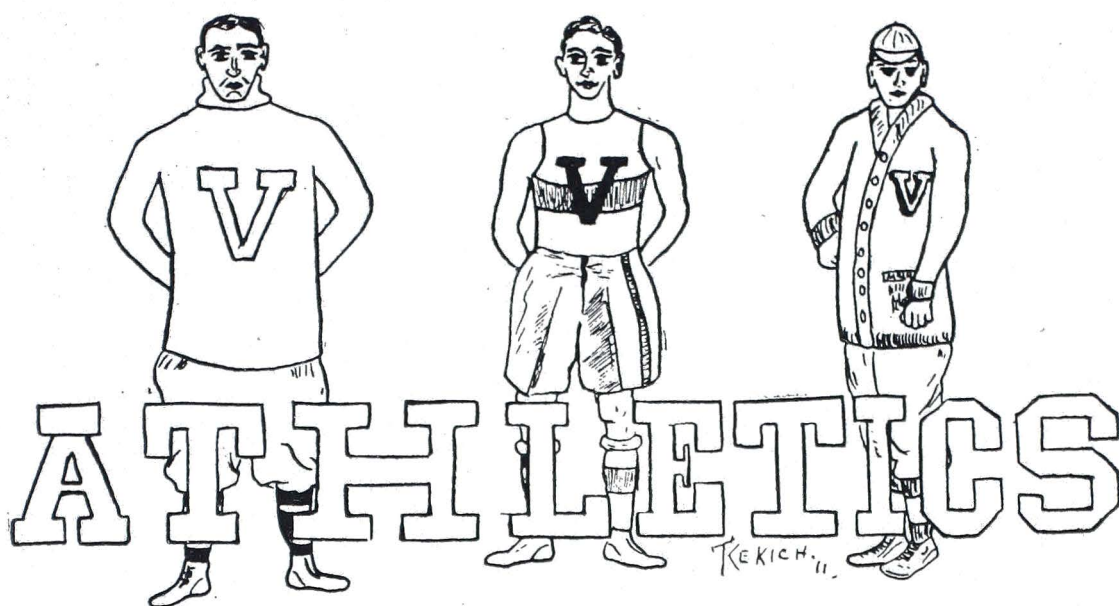
But when pain and anguish and sorrow  
Weigh heavily on the sad heart,  
'Tis not easy to smile and be joyful  
And bid all sorrow depart.

Oh no, it is hard to be cheerful  
When the soul with woe is bowed down,  
But what if your heart is not joyful  
Is it helpful to worry and frown?

Oh, then let us strive to be cheerful  
No matter how sad we may feel,  
But laugh and jest and be joyful  
For thus sad hearts we will heal.

—J. A. W





## BASKET BALL

SPALDING INSTITUTE, 16—ST. VIATOR, 12.

On February 24 the home squad took defeat from Spalding Institute 16 to 12. St. Viator decidedly out of form and somewhat crippled from the Millikin game, was unable to hold the trickey quintette down. The Peoria boys fought from start to finish and played a fast game and scored all the points for Spalding.

ST. VIATOR.

SPALDING INST.

Bergan .....	R. F.....	Kneer
Hayes.....	L. F..	Scherer
Fisher (Captain).....	C.....	O'Connor
Cleary.....	L. G.....	Kirwin
Gordon.....	R. G.....	Feeny

Goals—Scherer (4), O'Connor (2), Bergan (1), Hayes (2), Fischer (1). Free Throws—O'Connor (4), Bergan (1), Fischer (3).

Referee—Jacobs.

Timekeeper—Doherty.

DEPAUL UNIVERSITY, 18—ST. VIATOR, 25.

The fastest and best showing of St. Viator's crew was staged March 1 at DePaul's gym. The floor was in poor condition and long passes were made impossible on account of a low ceiling, yet the 'varsity gave DePaul their second trimming this season. Having beaten them 33 to 22 on January 27 on

St. Viator's floor the DePaul crew were out for blood and lived up to their (rep?). The first half ended ten to six in St. Viator's favor, with DePaul still fighting for the margin. The position of Quinlan, the giant center, who jumped against Fischer in the first game of the season, was filled by Wilhoit of the football squad. The second half was likewise played in grid-iron style. Watheir starred in the second half for DePaul by his rough and low football style. St. Viator was never in danger of defeat and played a fast and furious game throughout.

Fischer proved the bright star of the game, piling up fifteen of the twenty-five points.

DEPAUL, 18.

ST. VIATOR, 25.

Kolb.....	R. F. ....	Bergan
Wathier .....	L. F. ....	Hayes
Wilhoit-Lyman.....	C. ....	Fischer
Fitzpatrick.....	R. F. ....	Gordon Duffy
Ward.....	L. G. ....	Cleary

Goals—Bergan (3), Hayes (1), Fischer (5), Gordon (1), Walthier (5), Wilhoit (1). Free throws—Fischer (5), Kolb (6).

Referee—Immenhausen.

Timekeeper—Donnelly.

## BASE BALL

ST. VIATOR, 12—DEPAUL, 2.

Following closely on the heels of basketball the baseball bugs seized the entire college. Nothing stands in the way of baseball save classes and the dinner call. "Hek" has become the man of the hour. It's not a question of who will be our next president, but how many hits did "Al" get; did Eddy pitch? or when is the next game. Coach Connelly, former third sacker on Notre Dame University, has been secured to teach the 'varsity for the season. Connelley needs no introduction into baseball circles, as his reputation has preceded him. Having played at Exeter and Dartmouth and more recently closed a three-year career at Notre Dame, he comes fully equipped for the position of coach. His first week's work with the young and promising team marks him as a leader from whom we may expect the best possible results. Capt. Lynch is in the game to win and no efforts are being spared to cooperate with Coach Connelley to bring



The game was a purple and gold day for St. Viator and decidedly blue for DePaul. The work of Leinen in the box was a surprise to all, as this was his first game on the slab. "Red" would stand for only four hits and only two of the Chicago men touched home for runs. The two runs occurred in the first inning before "Red" had the whitewash mixed. The balance of the game was scoreless and almost listless with Leinen in the box. DePaul's battery was "easy money" and the 'varsity connected for eight hits. Brennan was batted out of the box in the sixth inning and was replaced by Case. This was a "Case of poor judgment," as he received the same punishment handed out to Brennan. St. Viator's outfield played a flawless game and coupled with the fast work of the infield they showed up the DePaul veterans in surprising style. Owing to an injured wrist Woods was not in his usual form. Bergan was there with the "big mitt" and also threw out two men stealing second. For a little seasoning two double plays were pulled off by the infield.

DEPAUL UNIV.

ST. VIATOR.

R. H. E.

St. Viator . . . . .	0	2	3	0	0	6	0	1	x		12	9	5
DePaul.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		2	4	7

Double plays—Leinen-Kelley-Kekich, Kekich-Bergan-Woods.

Struck out—By Leinen (4), Brennan (1).

Base on balls—off Leinen (5), Brennan (5).

Umpire—Johnson.

#### ST. VIATOR 7—ST. VIATOR ALUMNI, 5.

On April 14 St. Viator's alumni, under the management of A. L. O'Connell, gave the aspiring 'varsity squad their first opportunity of showing up. St. Viator's Alumni was made up of several old stars who are now playing in fast company in Chicago and elsewhere. F. Scanlon, formerly of Notre Dame, and late of semi-pro fame, did the twirling for the visitors. Burns and "Jack" Hickey showed the same old form which made them famous in college baseball. O'Connell held down first, and with H. Scanlon at short, played in fine form for an opening game. Capt. Lynch tried out his staff of twirlers, the visitors connecting for eight hits, while the 'varsity scored hits off Scanlon. The Alumni showed up well for four innings but weakened with their pitcher, who was replaced in the sixth inning by H. Scanlon.

The score stood 4 to 1 for the Alumni in the sixth inning, but the 'varsty batted out four hits and scored six runs in the seventh.

The game closed in the seventh inning with the 'varsity leading, 7 to 5.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
St. Viator .....	0	0	0	0	1	0	6—7
Alumni .....	1	0	2	1	0	0	1—5

Struck out—By Wysocki (2), Harrison (3), Leinen (3).

### Juniors

Coach Carey's call for candidates was productive of a clever group of "national pastimers" from which a fast team will soon be picked to uphold the honor of the Junior Department. Coach Carey is unfortunate in having lost the "main cogs" of last year's machine, but his loss, however, was the varsity's gain.

O'Connor, of last year's team, was recently elected to lead this year's squad, and he and the "big" Coach have already aroused some of the old time pepper. The team will be built

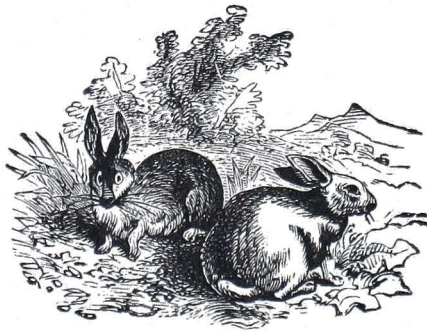


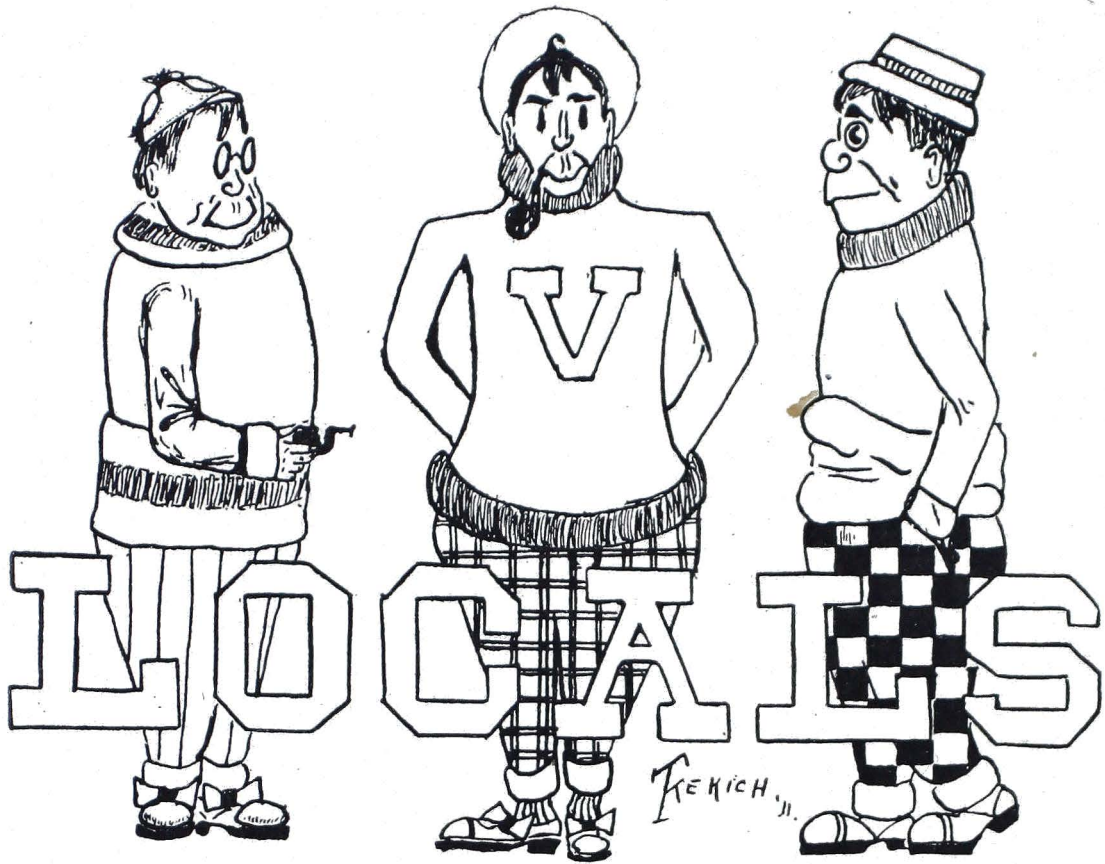
around the veterans, Ostrowski, Mortell, Magee, Gartland. Among the recruits delivering the goods are Cox, Dempsey, Clancy, Russell, Cassidy, Warren, Pepin, Fitzpatrick, Gearen, Boisver, Murphy, Pemble, Kane. A hard schedule is being prepared and from the fact that Coach Carey will put up his best efforts towards the development of this year's team, coupled with his ability to coach the Juniors will at least be successful this season in most part.

### Minims

Coach McDonald is actively engaged in shaping up the minim baseball team. Owing to bad weather, practice and training have begun only of late. However, the material has been quickly sifted and as a result the most promising candidates for regular berths are the veterans: Senesac (Capt.), Dandurand, Dillon, Kissane, D. Boyle, P. Boyle, Flynn; the recruits, Healy, McCarthy, Campbell, Carrol, Lawson, Concannon, Arsenau.

Two practice games have already been played in which Bradley and Kankakee were respectively walloped by the scores of 6-3, 22-2. Owing to the material and to Coach McDonald's well known ability to handle the material there is every reason to believe that the minim baseball squad will soon form into more than usual speed and more than usual good working order.





Goodbye Bill, I got the mumps.

On Field Day, which was held April 1 the following championships were won:

Name.	Event.
Ed. Dunne .....	Pawnbroker
Joe Gordon .....	Heartbreaker
Dick Barry .....	Gas Autodriver
C. Jacobs .....	Staller
Sid Dillon .....	Salve Spreader
J. Kalt .....	All around good for nothing
Dan Bergan .....	Barber
Leo Dougherty .....	Fire Extinguisher



Phil McCaffery—Jerry Lynch has a private waiter and valet."

Muggins—"Who is it?"

Phil McC.—"Dick O'Loughlin."

"Who's got the gon."

Jake—Gee, I hate to marry that guy.

Following the tornado on nine Bucks: visit the Laughing Hyena at 2:20 recently imported from Milwaukee.

The goat got the worst of it at the K. of C. initiation when he can against a certain party from S.V.C.

Fat Merz was scalped in the play.

New books—

"Secrecy in Munching Candy," by Roary O'Loughlin.

"The Cultivated Laugh," by Duke Kalt.

"How to Become an Expert Telegrapher," by C. Jacobs.

"How I broke into the 'Three I,' " by Wheeler.