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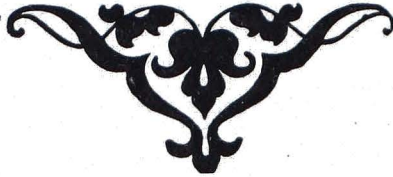
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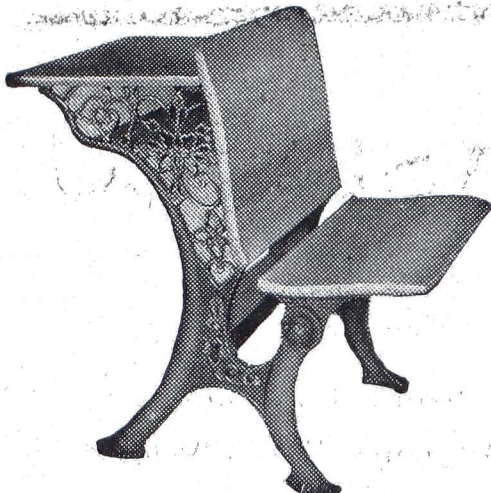
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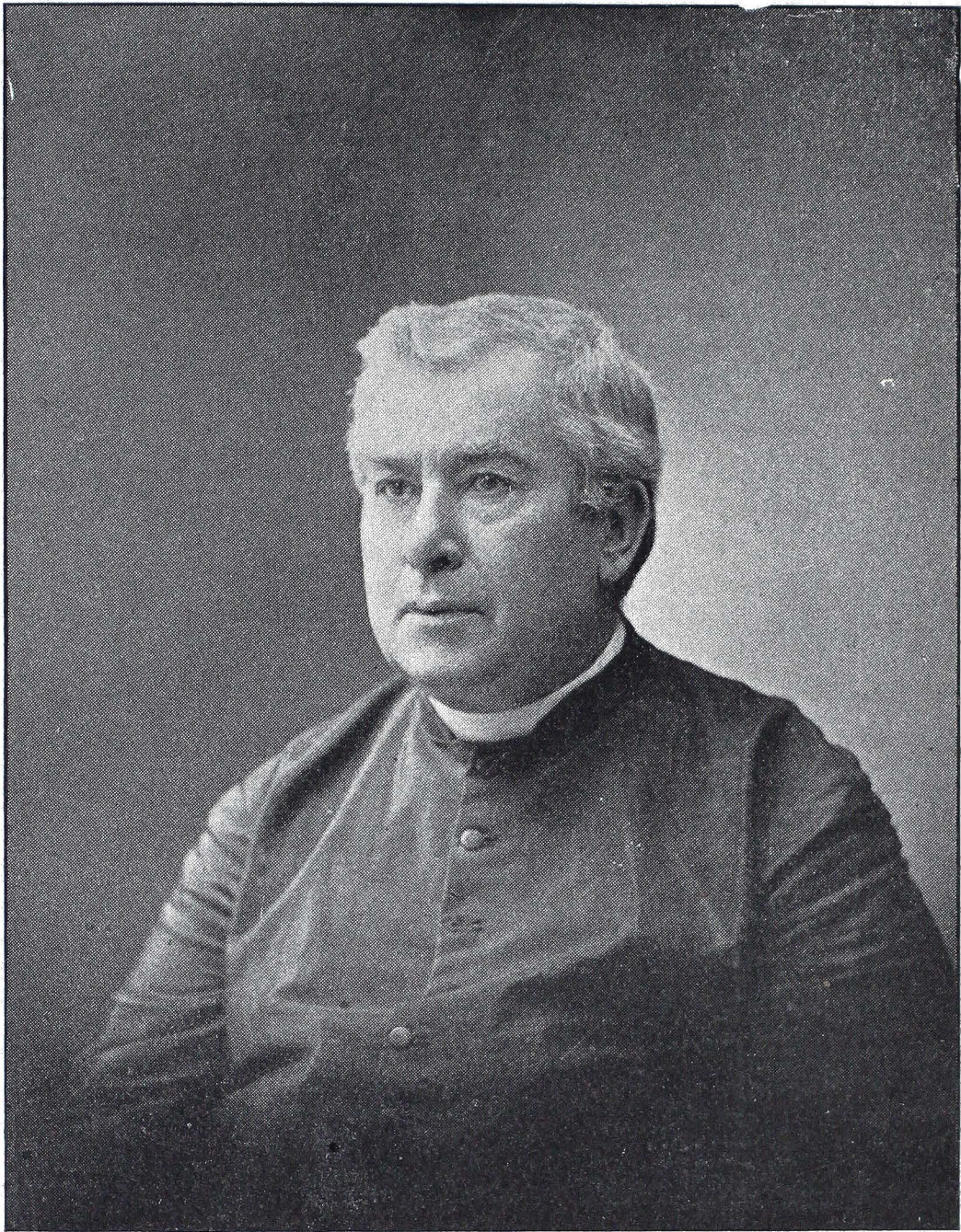
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VERY REV. CYRIL FOURNIER, C. S. V.

*Founder of the Middle-West Province of the Community of St. Viator,
Who Passed Away November 13, 1910*

THE VIATORIAN

“FAC ET SPERA”

VOLUME 28

NOVEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

VERY REV. CYRIL FOURNIER, C. S. V.

Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, C. S. V., founder of the middle-west province of the Community of St. Viator, died Nov. 13, 1910 at 3 o'clock in the morning here at the College, where for the last two years he exercised the functions of Spiritual Director of the students. He was born in Beaumont, near Quebec, Canada, in 1842 and at the age of 23 entered the teaching community of St. Viator in Joliette, Canada. In 1873 he was ordained priest by Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and was appointed president of the diocesan college of Ogdensburg. This institution flourished under the able direction of Father Fournier who remained at its head until 1878, when he was elected official visitor of the schools of his community in Canada and the United States.

Upon his second visit to Chicago in 1882 he organized the institutions of his community in the middle west into a new province of which he was appointed the first superior. He opened a novice-house in Bourbonnais, and began to direct the activities of his new province. He was himself a well trained and experienced educator and he fully appreciated the value of pedagogical training for success in the classroom. He employed his skill in the thorough preparation of American young men for the tasks of the schools and colleges. Many youths were attracted to him and to the grand cause of Catholic education and, attaching themselves to his community, helped to maintain the important institutions of learning already existing and to give expansion to the work of the Viatorians in the Mississippi Valley.

Father Fournier became a force in the field of Catholic education. He was not only a capable teacher himself, but a singularly successful trainer of teachers whom he made both fit and eager for the classroom. Year after year saw bands of young men issuing from his normal schools to engage in

the work of teaching as trained specialists. They revered their master and regarded his maxims as those of the safest pedagogical authority. Father Fournier impressed them as a man of wide learning and of practical scholarship. He wrote no books on perishable paper, but engraved his lessons on the hearts and infused his principles into the characters of his living teachers.

Among his favorite principles and oft repeated maxims were these: "A good teacher is one of the greatest blessings, and a poor teacher one of the greatest misfortunes of youth."

"Multiply the number of good teachers, and you can subtract from the list of policemen."

"A well informed and level headed teacher is badly handicapped if he cannot urge his pupils to the right in the name of God. He is neither brave nor wise not to do so when he can."

"Not tomorrow nor in 20 years, but now both church and state need the very best available teachers to stem the tide of irreligion and revolution."

"The state unwittingly commits slow suicide which outlaws religious teaching."

"To compel Catholics who maintain religious schools to pay tax for state schools besides is to refuse to safeguard effectually the rights of conscience. It is an injustice which the people will mend when they see it."

"The money saved to the state is the money earned by Catholic teachers. Why not give it to whom it belongs?"

"Does not the American citizen who knowingly educates his children at the expense of another accept a bounty enforced on the giver?"

"To admit that Christ is the greatest moral teacher the world has ever known and to close the doors of the schools against his is contradictory and morally ruinous."

In 1888 Father Fournier purchased a 15 acre tract of land near Irving Park and established his permanent normal school at the corner of N. 40th and Belmont avenues, taking charge at the same time of the newly formed parish of St. Viator, for whose convenience he built a suitable temporary structure lately replaced by a more substantial edifice. Father Fournier's work being pioneer work drew heavily upon his abundant energies which he spent unsparingly for the success of his schools. He was often constrained to fill a num-

ber of functions at the same time, such as those of Master of Novices, Pastor, Provincial, Director and Teachers of Schools.

In 1900 he resigned his office as provincial and master of novices to replace the V. Rev. Dean P. Beaudoin, C. S. V., who retired from the pastorate of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais. V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., succeeded Father Fournier as provincial. Upon the death of Father Corcoran in 1904 Father Fournier again resumed the duties of local superior; but failing health compelled him to lay aside these heavy burdens in 1908, when V. Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C. S. V., was appointed provincial superior, and Rev. M. T. Dugas, C. S. V., pastor of the Bourbonnais parish.

Until his last illness Father Fournier filled the office of provincial procurator and of spirital director in St. Viator College. He had hosts of friends among the clergy and laity and was especially esteemed by his own religious brethren for whom his memory will continue to be an inspiration to laborers and saintly life.

May he rest in peace.

FUNERAL OF FR. FOURNIER.

Father Fournier's funeral took place Tuesday morning, November 15, at 11 o'clock at the Church of the Maternity Bourbonnais, Ill. Very. Rev. Father J. A. Charlebois, C. S. V., provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator celebrated Solemn High Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. A. Mainville as deacon and Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V., as sub-deacon. Rev. W. J. Clifford, C. S. V., was master of ceremonies. A large number of the clergy assisted in the choir. The entire student body of St. Viator college and large numbers of former parishioners of the deceased priest filled the church to overflowing.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., who was Father Fournier's first novice preached an eloquent and touching sermon in which he recalled the forty-seven years which Father Fournier had spent in the service of the young. He pointed out that he had been a living execution of the divine command which the community to which Father Fournier belonged has as a motto, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and that his great aim in life was the training of efficient teachers, who would not only instil into the young minds committed to

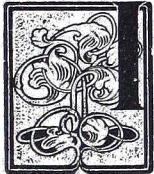
their charge the arithmetic table, "but indelibly inscribe in their hearts the ten commandments." Father Rivard also spoke of Father Fournier as a provincial and as a simple religious with a great veneration for his holy rule, and concluded with an eloquent apostrophe of the remains whose feet, he said, were still soiled with the dust of the class room, every grain of which would shine in his crown to all eternity.

After the Mass the student body of St. Viator College, seminarians, brothers and priests, marched in procession to the cemetery where the final blessing was pronounced by Very Rev. Father Charlebois, C. S. V. The Columbian Guards in uniform acted as a guard of honor round the hearse, and round the bier during the services in the church. The pall bearers were: Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.; P. E. Brown, C. S. V.; J. D. LaPlante, C. S. V.; W. J. Remillard, C. S. V.; C. J. St. Amant, C. S. V., and P. J. Leary, C. S. V., who had been Father Fournier's faithful attendant during his long illness of eleven months. The honorary pall bearers were: Rev. F. N. Perry, Very Rev. P. C. Menard, Rev. A. J. Tardif, C. S. V., Rev. O. R. Bourdeau, Rev. J. H. Cannon and Rev. J. P. Parker.

Among the clergy present were: Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C. S. V., provincial; Rev. A. Mainville, Brinfield, Ill.; Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V., Chamberlain, S. D.; Very Rev. M. T. Dugas, C. S. V., R. D.; Rev. E. Lamarre, Chicago; Rev. Z. Berard, St. Anne; Rev. E. Bourget, Irwin; Rev. C. Poissant, St. George; Rev. J. Fortin, Pullman; Rev. W. Granger, Kankakee; Rev. P. T. Gelino, Chicago; Rev. A. Bergeron, Chicago; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. J. Bennett, Kankakee; Rev. M. Lennartz, C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. A. L. Girard, Chicago; Rev. A. J. Tardif, C. S. V., Oak Park; Rev. O. R. Bourdeau, Manteno; Rev. J. P. Parker, Chebanse; Rev. J. P. Dore, Ravenswood; Rev. J. H. Cannon, Pontiac; Rev. F. N. Perry, Ravenswood; Very Rev. P. C. Menard, R. D., Escanaba, Mich.; Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. F. S. Ostrowski, Kankakee; Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., Beaverville; Rev. J. W. Armstrong, Farmer City; Rev. E. H. Barnes, Bloomington; the members of the faculty of St. Viator College. Six Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary, two Sisters of St. Joseph, fifteen Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and two Sisters of the Presentation of Mary were also present.

Pages from a Student's Diary

Evolution Versus Finality



HAVE been studying philosophy for two months and I have noted the word teleology. I think it is a very grand word, not only Greekly rooted, but wholly Greek—and I love Greek as much as I know it. Rugged old tongue that, whose thought-stamped words survive in every modern language! In every science and on every page of earliest literature we meet the clear cut words which the elegant Plato, the exact Aristotle, the poetic Homer and the eloquent Demosthenes used in instructing, delighting and moving the ancient Greeks. These great scholars have uttered such powerful truths that the world has not been able to forget even the sound of the clear words they spoke thousands of years ago. It is really wonderful, this immortality of ideas and of even their verbal habiliments.

These same old thinkers, it would seem, were profoundly impressed by the beauty of cosmic arrangements, and, peering through the harmonious order of the universe, they soon descried with their mental eye the intelligent architect who had builded so well. They could trace to no other cause than to a supramundane intelligence the many evidences of design which exist throughout the entire Hierarchy of beings. Though not having the full and clear idea of creation they considered God as the intelligent designer of the cosmos and the potent disposer of its parts.

The fact that one thing exists solely because of or in view of another, to serve the higher purposes of that other, they called teleology, which then means the doctrine of the finality of purposiveness of things. This evident purpose which exists in things they would not, as others less keen had done, ascribe to chance or to the blind necessity of matter, because neither of these so-called causes is intelligent. Design and finality, adaptation to purpose, point to an intelligent cause. An end is itself a cause; but to be able to apprehend an end as desirable and to adapt suitable means thereto requires an intelligence. Design seems to be little else than the apt ar-

rangement of means towards the attainment of the end desired. The apprehension of an end and the desire to attain it move the intelligent efficient cause to plan, i. e. to examine, weigh, consider various means and to elect such as are best calculated for the realization of the end. The *raison d'être* of means then is their fitness for leading to the end. This is their purpose, without which they would exist without any reason and would be ridiculous. And it is as ridiculous to suppose an end without adequate means, or means without a proportionate end as to suppose means that have no end at all. More unreasonable still were it to suppose ends and means without any intelligent being to conceive and intend ends and order means. It is certainly pathetic to find at this age of the world perspiring scientists who have grown gray or entirely bald in their pursuit after truth, get their eyes and their noses so close to matter that they would embrace it as the omnipotent mother of all being, of life and of all order. Their vision is wrongly focused. By holding matter too close to their eyes, they see matter itself but ill, and they see nothing else in the world than matter. This makes that they are but poor scientists and wretched philosophers.

The evolutionists of the materialistic type are to my mind of this class of unfortunates. They seem to have succeeded in taking all real adequate purpose out of life and out of the universe. Give them matter and its mechanical, physical and chemical forces and they will build you the world. The cocksureness with which some of these bald materialists deliver themselves of their excathedra pronouncements is not a little amusing. De la Mettrie thus dogmatizes: "The earth was the first womb of man." Robinet is sublime in his assertiveness: "All the inferior species of living things are so many abortive attempts of matter to bring forth man." Haeckel, Lamarck and a score of that ilk profess spontaneous generation which is nothing else than the blind and accidental and progressive awakening and development of matter from the brute or inert state to the state of vitality, and through various successive stages to rational life in man. What did it? Pure circumstance, mere accidental conditions, a lucky and absolutely purposeless succession of slight variations in the required sense.

Darwinists, who are generally satisfied with the origin of life from a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, have attempted to

retain some shadow of finality. The "telos" or end of natural selection and of the struggle for life is the survival of the fittest. But it would stagger Darwin himself, who finally excluded God from his scheme of evolution, were we to ask him, how came this end to be conceived by any living thing as a good to be attained and transmitted to others. For certainly if he insists upon "resisting beginnings" and starts out with only matter, where and how can he suppose this end? Matter could never conceive this survival itself as a summum bonum, nor could any, even the most perfect brute, have conceived hereditary transmission of certain traits and natural selection a means conducive to this end.

And even if, by an impossible supposition, intelligent matter could have conceived and constituted for itself this end, viz. the survival of the fittest men on earth, this end would not be worthy of, not adequate to satisfy the aspirations of that highest product, man, which nature in her grand efforts had brought forth. For humanity cannot be the end of man. No finite thing finds its end in itself. Merely to engender a more perfect type of men were poor comfort for man, engaged the while in killing his weak brethren.

Modern scientists and Materialistic philosophers have introduced considerable teleological verbiage in their discussions of questions of this kind. But their use of these terms is misleading and tends to create a regrettable confusion of ideas upon subjects it were well to have but clear ideas and clear words.

In this connection it is comforting to note the appeal for honesty of expression made some time ago by Prof. Hyslop of Columbia University. This gentleman accuses the scientific school of evolutionists of continuing to prate of "purpose" after destroying the possibility or plausibility of purpose. "This end or summum bonum of evolution, says the learned professor, should be frankly stated as 'The preservation of the strong and the destruction of the weak'. Now the short-sighted scientists who leave out God can never justify their assumption of even this unworthy end, much less of any intelligent design and purpose behind the phenomena of the universe. This scientific end, the survival of the fittest and the destruction of the weak does not appeal to man as a rational being whose nature suggests higher ideals. This is why it is an unworthy end, a stupid end, a morally depressing end."

A great Chicago daily (the Tribune) in commenting upon the plea of Prof. Hyslop, addresses words of well merited rebuke to the evolutionists for their constant repetition of such expressions as the "ultimate benign purpose," and the "inherent moral intentions" of their cruel and blind evolutionary process, and concludes with the significant interrogation: "Would not the cause of clear and honest thinking be subserved, therefore, if the men who do not believe in a superior controlling intelligence should drop their attempt to mitigate the loneliness of a strictly scientific universe by talking comfortably about a 'purpose' which is impossible except in connection with an intelligence which they deny?"

Add to these denunciations the naked exposure of the hollow pretense of natural selection by Prof. De Vries, of Amsterdam, who in his day raised such a tempest by casting discredit upon the Darwinian fetich.

There is some sort of intellectual comfort and reassurance in the fact that men who represent important centers of learning and who direct mighty engines of influence are not afraid to puncture the hollow balloon of purposeless evolution inflated with the hot air of self-complacent sophistry, not afraid to claim for spiritual philosophers and scientists alone the right to consort with and spread the language of their illustrious predecessors, men such as Leibnitz, Thomas of Aquin, Augustine and Aristotle, "the master of the sapient throng."

First Peep Into the Inferno

J. A. LOWNEY, '11



DEAR VIATORIAN: At present we are aviating in Dante's vast realm of fancy. Each one of our party has a dirigible of his own propelled by will power and steered by reason. Soon we will be headed for the darkest depths of the gloom profound under the leadership of a cicerone who has conducted many flying tourists safely through the labyrinthine circles of Inferno. Mayhap this wireless message will interest you, for you too have made

the perilous voyage, and no doubt you feel anxious about us and would like to know how our impression of the fearsome netherworld of shades compare with your own.

A word, then, as each great film of the first cantos unrolls before our wondering pen. How striking is the contrast between the sun-bathed summit of the mount of righteousness and the dark, gloomy, tangled forest of temptation in which mankind in the person of Dante is ensnared! To scale the luminous heights man must overcome the three great beasts, pride, concupiscence and avarice. Only when man harkening to the voice of reason considers the eternal sanctions of the natural law, hell and heaven, can he triumph over beastly temptations and ascend the hill of salvation. Indeed in real life as in fancy's world, man journeys not far toward the luminous steep when the wild panther of pleasure appears intercepting his path and checking his onward going, nor has he long rested secure in retreat before a new dread seizes him as he views coming against him the lion of ambition "with head aloft and so hunger mad that even the air seems fear struck." Upon the heels of pride crouches the she wolf of avarice, who in her leanness is full of wants and makes many a land disconsolate. This fell beast compels man in sheer self-preservation to flee into solitude—"where the sun in silence rests," and there hear the calm counsel of reason, as Dante listened to the long unused voice of Virgil, which converts despair into hope. How like real life this is! How very personal this Divine Comedy is! Actually I thought I saw myself in Dante's plight and was approached in kindly guise by Virgil the "glory and light of the tuneful train," comforted and encouraged by "that well spring of eloquence." Persuasive tongue indeed is that of human wisdom when man listens to its counsels. "Thou must needs another way pursue," said Virgil, "if thou wouldst escape from out of this savage wilderness. This insatiate beast, avarice, suffers none to pass and no less hindrance makes than death. For thy profit, follow me, I will lead thee hence through an eternal space where you shall see spirits of old tormented, and others who dwell content in fire who hope to come among the blest into whose regions if thou then desire a spirit worthier than I must lead thee." These words rang out the notes of new born hope and my broken spirit sought that certain dependence which one soul has on another rather than pursue its former

course on the strength of its own power. This new hope begot a courage which urged me to pour my fears into the heart of my gentle guide, "for perhaps virtue in me were not sufficient and if in this journey then I venture, I fear it will in folly end." But the "magnanimous shade of Mantua," replied that "my soul was by vile fear assailed."

Then began a narration in which the "courteous shade" gave reasons why he came to me when "grief touched me first." "A dame," he said "whose eyes were brighter than the star of day," entreated me that I with "eloquent persuasive tongue" should plead with you for your deliverance. "I," she said "who bid you on this errand forth am Beatrice." Divine Wisdom is inspired by divine Mercy the other heavenly dame, who mourns with such effectual grief "every hindrance which bars man's way heavenward that God's stern judgment to her will inclines." The Blessed Virgin then sends Lucy, the symbol of Illuminating Grace and "of all cruelty the foe," to give Beatrice reproach "for not sending that man succor who so much loved her." "Dost thou not hear his pitiful wail nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood, him struggling holds?" What gentle and grand figures are here presented at the outset of this pilgrimage! We hope to meet these blessed ladies again. Assured of their potent patronage we are ready to bid fear begone and with Dante say to Virgil "Lead on, one only will is in us both, thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."

We then "onward moved through a deep and woody way." At last we came upon a gate and stopped to read its inscription so full of vigor and terrific import. "To rear me was a task of power Divine, Supremest Wisdom and Primeval Love. Before me things create were none, save things eternal, and eternal I endure. All hope abandon you who enter here." Yes, hope which springs eternal in the human breast, dies on this dread threshold; for here is the gate that leads, "into eternal pain," the sanction of a law which is a tribute to, as well as the safeguard of the free will of man. We then entered into the abode of those "souls to misery doomed who intellectual good have lost." They are the indifferent, the lukewarm "neither cold nor hot." Their suffering is told in "sighs with lamentations, and loud moans resounding through the air, pierced by no star," while the wretched shades with their hands smiting "made up a tumult, that forever whirls

round through the air with solid darkness stained, like to the sand that in the whirl-wind flies." The torments of this tribe consisted in going about "in nakedness, and sorely stung by wasps and hornets. I saw but a vacant space where Dante erstwhile thought he descried the shade of Celestine V who, Dante thought, yielded to base fear and abjured his high estate in favor of Boniface VIII. It is certain Dante had an optical illusion here, for Celestine V has long since been canonized, so he could never have occupied a place among the pusillanimous souls of Inferno. If Dante again abuses his poetic license as he does here we shall have to call his attention to it.

Proceeding farther I beheld a great throng standing upon the "shore of a great stream," I asked my guide "who they were who seemed so eager to pass over." But he replied "this thou shalt know when we arrive beside the woeful tide of Acheron." Walking in silence "we had reached the river, and lo towards us in a bark comes an old man crying—woe to you wicked spirits! hope not ever to see the sky again." When he saw us among the shades of those departed, he bade us "to go hence and leave those who are dead." But our faithful guide spoke to him in behalf of our company. "Charon thyself torment not, so 'tis willed where will and power are one. Ask thou no more." He then took us across the "livid lake." Now we knew who these spirits were for my guide described them "as those who die subject to the wrath of God and Heaven's justice so goads them on that fear is turned into desire to go over through the umbered wave." This certainly was a gloomy region pierced with "blasphemy of God and the cursing of parents, the human kind, the place, the time, the seed that did engender them and gave them birth."

We fell asleep only to be awakened by a clap of thunder to find ourselves "on the brink of the lamentable vale" Limbo, the vestibule of the "dread abyss." We stood upon the first circle of the infernal pit and heard those "sighs that made the eternal air tremble." Our gentle guide told us these were the moans and lamentations of those who had not received baptism, "the portal of our faith." Then we heard that Virgil himself was confined to this place and suffered the lot of those "who desire without hope."

Our journey brought us through the woods "on this side

of the summit when we kenned a flame, that o'er the darkened hemisphere prevailing shined." It was the honored abode of those "whose names echo through the world above, and which acquire favor in heaven." We were soon ushered into the presence of this tuneful train among whom was Homer, "of all bards supreme and the monarch of sublimest song," Horace "in satire's vein excelling;" Ovid and Lucan. A little way farther to the right stood the "magnificent castle" of philosophy, seven times begirt with lofty walls which denote the seven liberal virtues. It was defended by the "pleasant stream" of eloquence. The seven gates through which the sages "majestically moved bearing in their port eminent authority," represent the liberal arts. As the long line of gray headed philosophers wended their way through the enameled green of reason's fortress we could notice the peculiar step of the "master of the sapient throng." There are many others here who have died without baptism but "to speak of all at full were vain attempt."

More Anon.

Temptation Conquered

T. ROWAN, '13



GIBSON entered his room, closing the door with a surly bang, for he was in anything but an amiable state of mind. Throwing off his hat and coat he began pacing the room in silence, but after awhile faint muttering came and finally developed into a full grown soliloquy. "So this is my reward for two years service on the Ellsworth Varsity—You're not as fast as last season Frank—very sorry but we must have a new man at quarter back—However, we want you to sub the position. So you do Mr. Coach. Well you can be mighty certain that I'm not such a fool as that. I'll either play my old position regularly or the team will dispense with my services altogether—a fitting reward for past services, I must say."

A few weeks passed. The team was picked and a new ar-

rival at college Tom Mayer was filling Gibson's place. Gibson's pride was stung. For the past two years he had been a sort of demigod on the campus but now every time he appeared he felt conscious of many sympathizing glances. This angered him the more and anyone who ventured to open a conversation on the subject was sure to receive a sharp answer. The boys soon grew tired of Frank's brusque manners and put him down as a "sore head." His one friend through it all was Fred Hill who was subbing at quarter back since Frank refused the position. Fred understood his friend and overlooked his brusque manners only as a college chum can be blind to his friends faults. The fact that Ellsworth was having a most successful season was no balm for Gibson's wounds. Each week brought more victories for the heliotrope and cream, and these victories were largely due to the clever generalship of the new quarter back. Homer Gibson was fair minded, seeing that he was outclassed by Mayer, he felt no ill feeling towards him, still he thought that on account of his past performances the position rightly belonged to him. Although Gibson felt no ill feeling toward Mayer, he, nevertheless, did feel unkindly toward one and that one was Coach Midgley. He hearing of Midgley's name praised and toasted for efficient service was a bitter pill for Frank and he determined that if opportunity ever presented itself he would "get even."

It was now about three weeks before Thanksgiving. Ellsworth's goal was yet uncrossed. The hard playing of the team in general had incapacitated several of the men. Hill, the sub quarter, was lying in the infirmary with a sprained ankle. However there were seventeen players in condition, and even the most confirmed pessimists were not discouraged with the outlook of the team. But now something unforeseen happened. Mayer was called home on account of a death in his family. He lived a long distance from the college and would be in all probability absent for about ten days. In the meantime the Haverhill game was up. This put a new light on the situation as there was no one among the subs who could play quarter back. Haverhill had beaten Ellsworth last season in a close game and this year Ellsworth was a trifle concerned over the outcome of this year's battle. Frank felt that his hour had come. All hopes were centered in him. He was the only one who could save the college from defeat. There were still about six days left before the day of

the game. This would be ample time for him to learn the signals and get a little practice. "Will Gibson get into the game?" was the question on the tongues of all. The coach had called on Frank and asked him to report for practice which he curtly refused. Coach Midgley did not accept his refusal, saying that he would not listen to his decision until he had thought it over for twenty-four hours.

That evening Gibson called at the infirmary to see Fred who was soon to begin walking on crutches. Frank felt that he must unbosom himself, yet was loathe to start. Fred saw that there was something on his friend's mind and by a series of delicate questions he soon learned the whole story of the coach's visit and his friend's firm refusal to don the uniform. He saw that Frank was taking a dangerous step, one that would in all probability bring on his head the displeasure of all his school fellows. He pointed this out to him and gently reminded him that he owed a certain amount of loyalty to his college. Frank began to see his friend taking a wiser view of the situation than he and he half decided to go out again for the honor and glory of the school. He left his friend assuring him that he would weigh the matter well before he made his decision.

On the way home, three forces are moving in his mind: should he refuse to enter the contest and sacrifice the respect and friendship of all his school fellows; should he go into the battle and hand the game to the opponents or should he go in and fight for the honor and glory of the school. The last was quickly eliminated from the contest for thought he, why should I do anything good for Midgley and his team when he so coolly threw me over. By the time Frank reached his hall he had firmly decided that he would either throw the game or not play it. In other words he would "even things" up. The first seemed, to him, the best way. And although he knew it was dishonorable he consoled himself with the thought that the coach had shown him no honor by leaving him out of the line up.

It was after midnight before Gibson began his slumbers that night. He had thought long on the two alternatives and before he closed his eyes he had decided to go into the Haverhill game and revenge himself. The following day he appeared on the field in his old uniform. Immediately all eyes were centered on him and he felt that he was the subject of

that buzz of conversation that ran around the field. The yell master was on hand and he gave nine rousing "Raahs" for quarter back Gibson. This made Frank feel uncomfortable but his decision had been made and he was not the one to change his mind quickly. The practice was a success. Gibson went right into the game and ill resembled one who was without training. Joy reigned. The coach was pleased and the spectators surprised at the way in which the old quarter back had shown up in the scrimmages. Evidently the team would not suffer greatly through the temporal loss of Mayer.

Fred's face was wreathed in smiles when Frank entered the infirmary a few hours later.

"I knew you would do the right thing, Frank old pal, and I'm proud of you" he said with no small amount of enthusiasm.

Tom felt that he could make no reply to this remark but he wondered if his friend would be proud of him at the same time the following Saturday evening.

Fred seeing that Gibson was in a taciturn mood plied him with questions till he had secured a general knowledge of how the practice worked off.

"What do you think the outcome will be?" queried Fred.

"Certain victory," was Gibson's hasty and somewhat oracular reply. And he felt his face coloring as he uttered the words.

Fred did not perceive this, however, as he thought that his friend was getting into the proper spirit and meant that the victory would be for the college.

Gibson soon left, pleading fatigue after the practice. Before he left Fred informed him that the doctors had given him permission to attend the game on Saturday provided the weather was clement.

Now the day, the hour had come. Haverhill was not far distant from Ellsworth and consequently a large band of rooters accompanied the visiting team. Both sides of the field were banked with onlookers. The Haverhill warriors took the field. The wild applause that greets their appearance is mild compared to the frenzied outbreak which occurs when Frank Gibson followed by the Ellsworth sturdies come upon the battle ground. After each side has had a short signal practice the whistle blows and the game is on.

Ellsworth had the ball on the sixty yard line. Excite-

ment is at the highest pitch and the rooters are watching with breathless interest. 47-39-67 calls out Gibson and the left end runs out to get the forward pass. His field is clear, the play is surely a success. Already the onlookers are cheering. But why does not Gibson pass the ball in a minute it will be too late. Some one gives a cry of warning but in vain for the whistle blows with Gibson down on the 65-yard line. A groan goes upon one side of the field and a volume of cheers on the other. "Never mind Gibson, old man we'll make it up this time," and similar expressions of encouragement arise from the Ellsworth side. No one suspected trickery. The bad play was charitably attributed to Gibson's nervousness which everyone thought would soon wear off. However, it was no small surprise to hear the same signals called again. The ball was passed to Gibson. The man who was to receive the pass was covered. It was just as Gibson planned it would be. He looked around and saw a Haverhill man standing with a clear field and in a moment the Haverhill man was tearing down the field with the ball. Fortunately he was tackled after he ran about thirty yards. The Ellsworth men were frantic, their aggressiveness was gone and in a few moments their goal had been crossed for the first time that season. And now sadness reigned in the heart of every loyal student of Ellsworth. Frank saw what he had done. He was revenged. But how? The cheering had scarcely ceased before a qualm came to Frank. He felt that he was a traitor. No one accused him openly but in his guilt he felt that the eyes of every one who looked at him spoke to him and called him a traitor. He had torn the very hearts of his fellow students; he had dragged the high ambition of his team mates, from its lofty pinnacle and his desire for revenge had been satisfied. His work during the remainder of the half was mechanical his mind was more taken up with what course he would next pursue. The half ended and he hastened over to the side lines where he saw Fred standing on his crutches. As he neared him he saw his friend look at him for an instant and then turn away and hobble off on his crutches. Gibson was crest-fallen for he knew that if his best friend suspected him he could expect little mercy from anyone. His mind was instantly made up as to what course to follow. It was not yet too late. He could still redeem himself. He would try his best in the next half to win the game.

The second half was called. Gibson jumped into the game at the outset. Such a brilliant combination of forward passes, end runs, punts and returns as Gibson engineered was never before seen on Ellsworth field. Three times Ellsworth carried the ball over Haverhill's goal. Haverhill found Ellsworth's line a stone wall against which she was powerless. When time was called Frank found himself surrounded by admiring friends. In spite of his protest he was lifted up and carried off the field in triumph. The bad plays were forgotten as all that was remembered was that Ellsworth was victorious and Gibson was a hero. That evening he met Fred who did not now avoid him but hastened to him as fast as his crutches would carry him. "Frank," he said, "I am prouder of you tonight than I've ever been in all my life, but I have a confession to make. I hope you will forgive me but just think I suspected you of trying to throw the game."

"That's all right old man," responded Frank quickly, "for I too have a confession to make and I hope the boys will forgive me."

In course of a few weeks Frank's confession was made and for penance he was made captain of the next year's team.

THE OAK LEAF.

Her treasure was a small oak leaf,
No beauty rare did it portray,
Yet it beguiled her bitter grief,
And on she tripped in childish play.

A wanderer alone and sad
Was treading o'er his dreary way,
When hearing soft her voice so glad,
He listened to its accents gay.

Some kindly words she lisped to him,
They filled his soul with hope anew,
His eyes grew bright instead of dim,
With joy he bid the child adieu.

The little leaf what bliss it wrought,
What happiness her kindly word,
For hearts erstwhile with sorrows fraught
Re-echoed joys by men unheard.

M. A. C., '11.

THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

The College Athletic world has recently been much exercised over the decision of the Conference committee whereby Notre Dame University was deprived of the Track Championship won last July 4, on the *Fair Play* ground of the ineligibility of two of the members of the Notre Dame team. The authorities in charge of athletics at the Indiana Catholic University claim they have been condemned unheard, and if such be the case, they should receive a fair and impartial trial, for the good name of a great Catholic institution is at stake so far as athletics are concerned. Michigan University seems to have cancelled all athletic relations with Notre Dame in an arbitrary manner, and surely after the Miller incident of last year Michigan is the last place in the world to look for a mote in the athletic eye of other colleges. It is an open secret that many of the larger institutions of learning offer inducements to athletes sub rosa contrary to the laws of amateurism governing college athletics, and it is time this abuse was elim-

inated, but no college should be made the scape goat without a fair trial.



Beautiful autumn with all its splendor of crimson sunsets and golden fields, is just now in our midst. Summer has long since attained the zenith of her beauteous glory and is fast fading. A feeling of sorrow steals over us, as we gaze upon nature's picture, and a sort of melancholy sadness creeps through our spirit as we dream of bleak old winter. Then a deeper thought, one of life comes upon us, for as the season's change, so do our lives. It is now we must prepare for the winter, now, as the scholastic year progresses we must store up the knowledge, the possession of which will comfort us in the great winter of life.



Students should take special pride in the beauty of their college grounds and take good care that they preserve this beauty. The grounds should not be littered with papers and other rubbish all of which do their share in marring the neat appearance of our campus. Again, we must note that walks have been provided as passage ways from one building to another, and hence, we should not spoil the lawns by walking across them. We forget ourselves too often in these things as in many others.



Notre Dame has just been honored by the gathering of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Educational Association.

This committee represents Catholic colleges from the middle west to the Atlantic coast and is a portion of that great body which forms the association as a whole. The Church has every reason to be proud of this growing union, for in this, as in all her other great work, unity is the characteristic mark. Catholic education and Catholic religion are one

and must go hand in hand. The results of the experience and observation of brilliant men are being utilized for the one grand purpose of correct education and character building. Another step towards our constantly increasing success, another mark of a Church founded on the rock.



THE VIATORIAN is in need of more literary contributions. Students are asking for more short stories, but we cannot supply this demand, unless we receive stories from the students.



PHRONEMATA.

Late summer and early autumn are the most beautiful seasons of the year, for they speak to us of ripeness, fullness and strength. Some people may revel in the smiling beauties of spring when the young blade is forcing its way towards the sun, but spring only contains possibilities, not actuality, and actuality is more perfect and therefore more beautiful than possibility. This is also true of the life of man. Its spring-time of sweet, innocent youth and wonderful possibilities is marvelously beautiful, but incomparably more so is the strong man in the autumn of life, rich in accomplishment and powerful in struggles manfully won. Of course the autumn of life is as sad and ugly as is the autumn of the year in a country where the fields are pale yellow with blight instead of golden with heavy crops.

For how many things we who live in the twentieth century ought to be thankful. Imagine the barrenness of life of the ordinary man before the invention of printing when there were no books to read. Life without books would indeed be a dreary waste, almost too terrible to contemplate. All of us are so accustomed to reading, that even those who read the

least would find a terrible void in their lives were they deprived of this faculty. Ought we not, therefore, to value books and reading more than we do? From the merely human standpoint life contains no greater joy or satisfaction than a comfortably warm room on a winter's night, a large Morris chair, and a good book. Given these, especially the last, the poor man can have as much pleasure as the most prodigal millionaire, and much more, if the millionaire has not learned the mighty joy contained within the two covers of a great book.

President Lowell of Harvard says that in no country in the world is the standard of scholarship in the colleges and universities so low as it is in the United States. It is to be feared that this is true. In our institutions of learning the students look upon the successful athlete as a hero, but have little regard for the real student and scholar. The cause of this is a misconception of true manhood. The mere athlete is a magnificent animal, but little more; his bodily strength and suppleness are trained to a high degree of efficiency, but very often his mind is sadly neglected. Man, however, as man, is not merely an animal, but has also a soul or intellect, which separates him and marks him out from all other animals, and constitutes him as man. It seems to be more reasonable therefore that one aspiring to true manhood should train his intellect more than his body, and that the student with a strong and vigorous mind should be more worthy of admiration than the athlete with a strong and vigorous body. Neither body or intellect should be neglected. The recipe for the highest manhood consists in "Men sana in corpore sano."

S. U. N.



FEAST OF ST. VIATOR

Of the many happenings at St. Viator's during the whole scholastic year none is fraught with such joy and happiness as the feast of our Patron—St. Viator. Many of the old students come on this day to visit the scenes of their student days; while others send greetings and good wishes. The feast this year celebrated on October 23rd was a happy event and has, perhaps, never been better observed.

The celebration opened with Solemn High Mass in the college chapel. Rev. J. D. Kirley, C. S. V. celebrant assisted by Rev. J. D. Laplante as deacon, Mr. Stephen McMahon, sub-deacon; Rev. F. E. Munsch C. S. V., as Master of Ceremonies. A special mass was prepared for the occasion by the Rev. J. V. Rheams, the rendition of which reflected credit on the well-trained choir. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. E. L. Rivard D. D. The Rev. preacher in eloquent language outlined the life and work of the Saint whose feast we were celebrating. He pointed out the many centuries that had elapsed since the days when St. Viator lived and worked and reminded us that though fifteen centuries intervened since that time yet his influence is felt in our own day. A monument that will nobly perpetuate his name took form three-quarters of a century ago, when the congregation bearing the name of St. Viator took its place side by side with the other religious congregations of the Church. The sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence.

One of the features of the observance of St. Viator's day this year was the presentation of a high class drama in the auditorium by the students under the direction of the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V. The success of the play is attributed to the spirit in which each actor entered upon his work. All worked hard to make the play a success and a success it was from the rising to the fall of the curtain. The gentlemen who took part are deserving of much commendation for their efforts in adding to the celebration of the great feast day. Brother Sheridan is the recipient of many compliments on the selection of such an interesting three act drama and for the success of its presentation. Many of the actors who took part

were new members of St. Viator's student body and hence it was their initial appearance before the footlights of the college stage. But before we left the hall we concluded that "the students may come and go if they will, but the essence of acting is here still." M. J. Spalding as Ulrich von Regensburg, astrologer to the Duke of Milan sustained his important role admirably. His part called for action and rapidity and Mr. Spalding proved himself capable of handling it properly. Upon his skill depended the whole action of the play.

Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan was impersonated by E. J. Unruh. Mr. Unruh looked and acted the part to perfection. E. J. Kennedy took the part of Giovanni and executed his part well. Mr. F. A. Cleary, an old timer, in the title role, "Francesco Carrara, showed a most intelligent conception of his part and played this important role with much success. Malatesta, captain of the garrison had in F. F. Connor one who was well able to impersonate the cruel hearted captain. Giacomo, keeper of the prison never kept a more vigilant eye upon his charges than did J. J. Daley who was assigned that part. Mr. A. W. Ahern as Uberto carried out his role satisfactorily. G. C. Picard as the boy Angelo was a success. The soldiers and followers of Visconti were equally good in their acting. The musical numbers left nothing to be desired in the line of high class music.

The Columbian guards gave a skillful exhibition of manœuvres and marches adding many new features for the occasion. Br. St. Aubin deserves great praise for the success in training the guards in a short space of time as many are new members, the Juniors having claimed a few of last year's company. The program :

"FRANCESCO CARRARA"

Drama in Three Acts.

Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan.....	E. J. Unruh
Giovanni, his son.....	E. J. Kennedy
Francesco Carrara, Duke of Padua.....	F. A. Cleary
Angelo, his son.....	G. C. Picard
Uberto, governor of the castle.....	A. W. Ahern
Ulrich von Regensburg, astrologer to the Duke of Milan	
.....	M. J. Spalding
Malatesta, captain of the garrison.....	F. F. Connor
Giacomo, keeper of the prisons.....	J. J. Daley
Soldiers, followers of Visconti, etc.	

THE VIATORIAN

Musical Numbers.

I'll Make a Ring Around Rosie..By Jerome H. Remick & Co.
 Grizzly Bear.....By Ted Snyder Co.
 Every Little Movement, etc.....By M. Witmark & Sons
 In a Cosy Corner.....By M. Witmark & Sons
 Medley of Popular Songs.....By F. A. Mills
 Play staged and presented by F. A. Sheridan.

J. M., '11.

 SOCIETIES.

The Lajoie French society held its first meeting October 6th. During the evening a reception was given to Very. Rev. Father Robert, C. S. V., Vicar-General of the Clerics of St. Viator. An address of welcome was delivered by Harris A. Darche, which was answered by Father Robert in an interesting talk on his experiences and impressions of America. The society is to be congratulated on the success of its reception to Father Robert, who without doubt will carry across the waters many fond remembrances of the Lajoie Society.

The Senior entertainment held in the gymnasium October 5th was something worthy of the effort of Seniors. None but Seniors experienced in the art of doing things well could have rendered such an interesting program, which awakened in those present a feeling of interest and co-operation, which means the success of class organization. The program was representative of every class and it proved very entertaining, and, without doubt, Father Robert whose presence at the entertainment the Seniors were fortunate in having, went away with a good impression of class organization and its advantages.

Father O'Mahoney's closing remarks, as witty and as complimentary as ever, placed all in a happy frame of mind, as they passed into the Refectory where a tempting sight greeted the eyes of all. Tastily decorated with the college colors and those of the respective classes, the Refectory seemed a reflection of the Garden of Eden, with the delicious fruit already picked and arranged in irresistible fashion. A second invitation was unnecessary, and all did justice to the repast. When those present had voted "enough" every chair

was pushed back, and toast after toast resounded throughout the dining room.

The Scientific society has shown the characteristic mark of a well organized society—rapid re-organization after the short recess of a summer vacation. The officers this year, profiting by last year's experience hope to accomplish much, and the progress of the members of the society along scientific lines should be rapid.

At a meeting held October 7th in the Science Hall various committees were appointed to hasten the process of re-organization and to look after the new members. The society will meet the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, at which meetings the regular business of the society will be attended to, followed by dissertations on scientific subjects interesting to all. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Rev. P. Brown, C. S. V., Moderator; Rev. J. Rheams, C. S. V., assistant moderator; Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, president; Peter J. Curley, vice-president; Timothy A. Rowan, secretary; John B. Kissane, treasurer; William Sammon, sergeant at arms; Ralph Legris, curator; Henneberg, Cashin, assistant curator; Lucius Wall, librarian.

In view of the increasing membership the officers of the society have made arrangements to hold future meetings in the gymnasium. A committee on initiation was appointed with Father Brown as chairman. Committees on entertainment, pins and colors were also appointed.

Father Brown was given his first opportunity of speaking to the society, and of defining his plans for the coming year. His words were full of encouragement to the members, and he assured them of his help and co-operation in everything they undertook. His plans as briefly outlined met with the approval of all present, and the ovation which followed his talk proved that Father Brown has won a place in the hearts of all, and that he can depend upon the members to unite with him in making the coming year a most successful one. With Father Rheams at the head of the initiation team and President O'Mahoney to guide it through the various stages of development, we are sure the Scientific society will become a strong and permanent organization.

The pleasure of conducting the first celebration of Columbus Day in St. Viator college was given to the Sophomore class. The event was a most patriotic one; and the Sophomores rose to the occasion in true patriotic fashion. The affair took place in the gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 12th, in the presence of an appreciative audience. The college orchestra roused a spirit of patriotism in all by its first number, "Hail! Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," which was caught up by the various speakers and led to a just appreciation of our great benefactor Christopher Columbus. The different speeches brought out the nobility of Columbus' character, and his great work for mankind in suffering every rebuff of fortune in order to open up a new country to mankind.

The program was as follows: "Hail! Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," College Orchestra; Opening Remarks, Fred F. Connor, '13; Columbus, the Patron of the Knights of Columbus, James M. Fitzgerald, '11; Selection, Sophomore Quartet; America, the Child of Columbus, Martin Spalding, '13; Selection, College Orchestra; Columbus, the Contributor to Science, Gerald Bergan, '12; Impersonation, Edward Unruh, '13; Columbus, the Catholic, Francis Cleary, '11; Piano Solo, Gilbert Flynn, '14; Columbus, the Man, Rev. J. Maguire, C. S. V.; Closing Remarks, Rev. W. J. Clifford, C. S. V.; The Star Spangled Banner, College Orchestra. Committee on program, Timothy A. Rowan, James Daley, Clarence Jacobs.

Our prophecies concerning the promising Freshmen class have been fulfilled, for they now present themselves a large fully organized class. The fact that they "got together" so soon assures us that they will do their part in promoting class organization this year. The officers of the class are Gilbert Flynn, president; Joseph Hunter, vice-president; F. A. Brady, secretary; Thomas Welsh, treasurer.

At a meeting of St. Viator's Acolythical society, the following officers were elected: Allie Gearon, president; Edward Fitzpatrick, vice-president; Ernest Pepin, secretary; Brother Marzano, treasurer; Walter Steidle, sergeant at arms. The principal object of this society is to afford its members the honor of serving mass; and the chief qualification for entrance is excellent deportment. It not only serves as a reward for

good conduct among the students, but it trains its members into a strict observance of liturgic rites, and increases the interest of the student body in religious ceremonies. The membership this year is very large.

A new bud on the tree of class organization is the Commercial class. Composed of energetic and active young men who believe in the strength of unity the Commercial class has organized its club on a solid foundation. The officers are Patrick O'Leary, president; Maurice Gordon, vice-president; Bert Riley, secretary; Edward Fitzgerald, treasurer; William Duffy, sergeant at arms.

PERSONALS

Among the recent visitors were Rev. J. Armstrong, Farmer City; Rev. J. B. Shiel, Chicago; Rev. J. T. Bennett, Kankakee; Rev. Fr. Fitzsimmon, Chicago; Rev. Fr. Shea, Rev. A. Martin, Pullman; Rev. W. Cleary, Rock Island; Rev. A. L. Girard, Chicago; Rev. Fr. Boniface, Chicago; Rev. J. M. Marsile, Beaverville; Rev. Fr. Carcarn, Chicago; Rev. Fr. Whelan, Chicago; Rev. J. E. Meyers, Goodrich; Rev. [Fr. Vien, C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. J. F. Ryan, Chicago; Rev. F. Marcinek, Chicago; Rev. L. Tuchala, West Pullman; Rev. Jayelski, Kensington; Rev. E. Kowalewski, Rev. E. Rusck, and Rev. T. Bona, South Chicago; Rev. Z. Berard, Rev. A. L. Labrie, Rev. P. Dufault.

Mr. Maurice Quille, Mr. and Mrs. F. Murphy, Mr. T. F. Calkins, Mr. F. Fisher, Mr. F. Potthast, Dr. H. Waach, Mr. Peter Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Monahan, Mr. and Mrs. Savary, Mr. and Mrs. M. Helta, Mr. J. Gordon, Mr. M. W. Sloon, Mr. McGann, Mr. and Mrs. Ledwell, Mrs. J. Daugherty, Mrs. P. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Warner and daughter, Mrs. D. F. Curley, Mr. W. Murry, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boniface, Mrs. P. J. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Connar and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Kissane, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ford, Mr. A. Kissane, Mrs. M. Wallace, Miss C. Mulvihill, Miss M. Kissane, Miss E. Dillon, Miss M. Reilly, Miss L. Reilly, Miss T. Bergin, Miss A. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Connor, Mr. Edward Girard, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. J. Martin.

THE VIATORIAN ALUMNI

Those members of the alumni, who failed to make the annual pilgrimage to St. Viator's on the twenty-third of October, missed a rare treat. The influx began Saturday evening and all day Sunday the campus was thronged with former students and friends. In the assemblage were many men who have made lasting marks in the business, professional, and ecclesiastic worlds. Besides these older members, there was a full quota of late year graduates who are steadily forging ahead to fame and fortune.

On Sunday, October 16th, Everett, Ill., was the scene of a gathering of a number of the sons of St. Viator's. The occasion was the dedication of St. Patrick's church of which the Rev. Thomas F. Quinn, '93 is pastor. His Grace Most Reverend Archbishop Quigley officiated at the dedication, having for his chaplain the Rev. Drs. Francis Kelley and E. L. Rivard, C. S. V. Following the dedicatory ceremonies Rev. P. C. Conway of St. Pius celebrated solemn high mass, coram episcopo.

Rev. J. Morrissey of St. Finbar's acted as deacon while Rev. Fr. Fisher fulfilled the duties of sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the Most Reverend Archbishop. Fr. Quin in an address to the people thanked them for their hearty cooperation and generosity. In the afternoon the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a class of thirty children.

Both the church and the new rectory are brick and stone structures of the most improved type. The cost of the two buildings is approximately \$20,000. Fr. Quin was formerly assistant at St. Charles, Chicago. His new pastorate will also place him in charge of the congregation at Deerfield, Ill.

Latest news from "Sunny Tennessee" informs us that Ed Colbert, one of the brilliant lights of last year's commercial class is again in his native city after an extended tour of the southern states. "Red" has shown the natives of "Dixie Land" that he is equally clever on the diamond and in the counting room. He will winter in Nashville where he has accepted a position in his father's place of business.

The Rev. C. P. Foster, '70, Manhattan, Ill., who for some time past has been busily engaged in establishing a cemetery

has at last completed his task. The beautiful burial place which was recently consecrated has all the requirements of an ideal Catholic cemetery. One of the features of the cemetery is the large metal crucifix with its copper image which overlooks the silent city.

Walter Clifford, Valparaiso, Ind., who was with us last year is finishing up his academic course in the university of his native city.

Mr. J. Williams, one of last years academic graduates is taking a post graduate course at McKinley High School in Chicago.

Thomas Dillon who was with us last year is studying at Loyola University.

Jake Shaefer, Jr., who spent several years at St. Viator's is about to take up the title which his father held for so many years. The late champion's last words to his son were "My boy I want you to win the title I held for so many years." After years of careful training "Young Jake" is now a wizard of the cue. In the days that he spent here at the college he gave great promise of becoming an expert and was easily the champion amongst the collegian billiardists. Since the death of his father young Shaefer has been practicing and now he is ready to issue a challenge for the 18.2 title which is held by Willie Hoppe. In order to gain experience Jake will soon begin a 6,000 mile exhibition tour which includes the principal cities of Europe and America. However, we do not remember "Jakie" only as a billiard shark, for he was also a star performer in all other college games.

Emile M. Sencal, '03, is now living in Montreal, Canada. Mr. Sencal is manager of the Greenshields Wholesale Dry Goods Company, which is the largest dry goods company in Canada.

Troy Munson, who was here in '08 has met with a painful accident. Troy has been playing left end on the Michigan University Varsity since the beginning of the season. The dislocation of his right shoulder in a practice game puts him out of the game for the remainder of the season. We extend our sincerest hopes for a speedy recovery to Mr. Munson in his affliction.

We were much surprised the other day to receive a letter written on expensive embossed stationery and bearing the name of the Kentucky Theatre, Paducah, Ky. Our first thought was that it was an offer for a reproduction of the latest effort of the Thespians, but on reading it over we found it was from Mr. C. J. Carney, '00 who is business manager of the theatre. Mr. Carney is anxious to learn all about his former acquaintances and has placed his name on the subscription list of THE VIATORIAN.

Mr. William Davenport of Edgewater, Ill., spent a few days at the college last week. Bill recently returned from an European tour and has since taken a position of draftsman with the Brunswick Bolke Collender Co. of Chicago.

Mr. James Coughlin, Chicago, last year's president of the "Grave Diggers Association" is at DePaul this year. Up to the present writing Mr. Coughlin has not yet organized a camp of Grave Diggers at DePaul.

Among those of the Alumni who were at DePaul field on October 29th to witness the game between St. Viator and DePaul were A. E. O'Connell, E. Stack, I. Rice, L. Koenezer, J. Kirly, T. Dillon, A. Bergeron, J. Williams, J. Coughlin, H. Scanlon, M. DeSousa, C. Magee, W. Foley, N. Perdsock.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

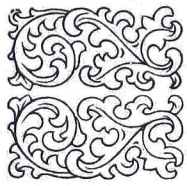
The Genius of Shakespeare and Other Essays, by W. F. Osborne, M. A., Professor of English Literature, Wesley College, Winnipeg. William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.00.

The above named book is a neat little volume containing three essays, having as their subjects, "The Genius of Shakespeare," "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King." From a perusal of these flights into the realms of literary criticism we should say that Mr. Osborne has an extensive knowledge of English literature, not merely the knowledge of an omnivorous reader but that of a deep student, and what is still more important has a great love for it. He has compressed into a few short pages several objective reasons for saying that Shakespeare is a genius, though preferring to call him a phenomenon, and has on the whole proven his position well in

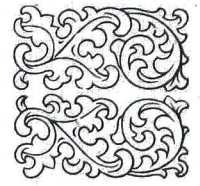
every case. The remaining two essays prove that Mr. Osborne has devoted more than ordinary pains to a deep study of Tennyson's works, and both essays will be highly instructive not only to the mere dabbler in literature but also to the serious student. All these essays are written in a clear, orderly and concise style, and will well repay perusal by the student and lover of our literature. We can not however, refrain from finding fault with the author on a few points. He goes into ecstasies over what he calls the enfranchisement of the human mind "by the shift from Catholicism to Protestantism" during the reign of Elizabeth. When will Protestant writers learn that this so-called "mental enfranchisement" took place not by reason of Protestantism but in spite of it? Again he thinks that Shakespeare is always and ever morally healthy, and compares him favorably in this respect with other poets who in our opinion are no worse. We can not enter into a controversy here but we desire to register an objection to the opinion that Shakespeare is always healthy. Again we can not endorse the mental attitude that allows any one to admit the theology that informs "In Memoriam," is false, and before this admission is dry on the paper to write, "I cannot conceive that such tentative expression (i. e. of this false Theology) can do any real harm." With the exception of one or two more points of this kind we unhesitatingly recommend these meritorious essays which are neatly bound and issue from the press of William Briggs, Toronto.

Early Steps in the Fold, by F. M. De Zulueta, S. J., P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

"Early Steps in the Fold" is a work eminently calculated to smooth away the difficulties in the way of the earnest enquirer into the truths of Catholicity. Fr. Zulueta is not forgetful of the fact that the seeker after truth often finds arguments arising in his heart against accepting the results of logical reasoning, which though less weighty than intellectual difficulties still have a force all their own, and strives to answer this logic of the heart in the beginning of his book. The arguments in favor of Catholic truths are clearly, simply and forcibly presented, in such a way as to be within the grasp of the ordinary layman. Priests who have to deal with converts could not put a better book in their hands.



Exchanges



The September issue of *St. Mary's Sentinel*, hailing from Kentucky, is a fair representative of a college publication. The variety and selection of its articles elicit commendation. Influence says the writer of "The Immortality of Influence" can intrinsically change the course of events and the lives of men as truly and as evidently as the throttle in the hand of the engineer can send the conquered steam through the valves to propel the ponderous engine or check it at will." The writer develops his subject and demonstrates that influence whether good or evil will flow on for all time and in every age. The moral which this article conveys is the necessity of influence for good. Organized labor has a staunch supporter in the writer of that subject. While he admits that organized labor made grave mistakes yet he assures us that "no institution, however good, has fully attained its ideals and men stumble and fall in their upward striving." The sketch of Brownson might have been more comprehensive. The value of good books is an instructive article.

A timely article on "The Sanctity of Human Life" appeared in a late issue of the *Niagara Index*. The writer understands why human life is violated and shows the causes of this effect and the evil consequences attendant upon this violation. Many remedies are advanced, but Religion, the writer says, is the most powerful. Henry V. a type of manhood is a well developed essay. The editorials are in keeping with current events at the University. The address to Cardinal Logue expresses the love of Niagara's student body toward that great Irish churchman.

We welcome *The Redwood* to our sanctum after a long absence. The October copy contains many interesting articles, short stories and an abundance of poetry. Each department is well cared for and evidences work of a high order. "Two Defects in Our Universities" shows the false logic of some professors when they try to apply it to religious tenets.

Henry Harland is treated from the standpoint of man and author in a lengthy article which shows much study on the part of the writer. The stories are skillfully woven and intensely interesting.

The Nazareth Chimes is an ever interesting and welcome visitor. Its articles are well chosen, solid, sensible and impart much information. Its poetry is of a high order. The editorials are the important element of a college publication. The editors of the *Chimes* fully realize this and as a consequence give us well written instructive leaders.

The editor of the *Georgetown College Journal* devotes much space in expounding the necessity of a college paper and the cheerful support which students should give it. We fully agree "that a college paper should be a faithful mirror of the life of the college and the exponent of its literary and artistic talent." While the *Journal* as the writer says was a pride in the days of old we see no grave reason why it could not be in the present day representing as it does the oldest Catholic college in the United States. The tone of the paper would be greatly enhanced by a few good essays. The October issue lacks this important item so essential in college publications. The editorials are of special interest to students not only of Georgetown but of all colleges.

"If the waters could speak as they flow" is a clever sketch in addition to its geographical knowledge it has many historical references. *The Loretine* in which this article appears in a neat well-gotten up magazine. The short stories are interesting and hold the reader's attention from start to finish. *National Epics* imparts much information. The writer pays a glowing and deserved tribute to the author of the *Divine Comedy*. We cannot refrain from quoting what the author of "Views of Dante" has said of the *Divine Comedy*, "It is like one of those beautiful Gothic cathedrals, whose foundations seem rooted in the very heart of the earth, while their lofty spires pierce the heavens and their thousand niches are peopled with Saints." The writer of the article in the *Loretine* quotes an unnamed author too, who says of the *Divine Comedy* "pointing towards heaven like a cathedral of the middle ages, the *Divine Comedy* towers above similar works of later date.



"VARSITY"



Athletic Notes



True to all the dope given out at the beginning of the season the football squad played a game that was of the season the football squad is playing a game that is of the classiest variety. From the candidates on the field at the beginning of the season, Coach Marks had a very difficult task to pick the team yet the one he chose was a winner. The team has played fine ball thus far and promises even greater things. True they have lost some games, yet these do not discourage the squad for in all games they put up a great exhibition and it was only after the hardest kind of a struggle that they were defeated. The return of O'Brien has strengthened the squad immensely. His experience during '08-'09 when he starred at tackle, made him a most valuable man in the line. His punting was another strong asset, and great ground gainer. On the kickoff he always sent the ball to the goal post and played both offensively and defensively in a manner that places him as one of the best linemen in the western colleges. Few words need be said of Capt. Fitzgerald as he was always starring. In every play, in every game, Fitz was there. His line plunging and carrying the forward pass can not be surpassed. The rest of the team played snappy ball. Storr and Bergan smashed the line for repeated gains. The ends were strong, few men passing Quille or Moynihan. The linemen lived up to their reputation. Brenza, Welch, Darche, Gordon and Warner being well nigh impenetrable. Harrison, Kissane and Sammon could always be relied on to fill the breach, and Sherman passed the ammunition to Eddie Quille in the same style as of old. "Eddie" ran the team like a veteran and his drop kicking and handling of the forward pass work with the greatest precision. And all of the credit of making this combination falls upon our energetic and hustling Coach Marks. Mr. Marks in the short space he has been with us has proven his worth as a coach whom St. Viator's is glad to

have. He labored for the success of the team every minute, his whole being was in every play, he is "the" coach. The formations and plays he has given the squad gained the ten yards required every time, and the well oiled team work was a result of his experience and teaching. His theory was work and work is what conquers. The team was vastly improved since his arrival and all St. Viators hope that he will be long with us to make future football teams as he has made the team of 1910.

St. Viator 11, Hyde Park 0.

With scarcely a week's practice, St. Viator met their old rivals the Hyde Park Blues and defeated them 11-0. The team showed up in its same form and reflects great credit upon Coach Marks for developing a winner in such a short time. The plays went off with lightning rapidity and the ball was rushed down the field by forward passes and onside kicks to the extreme delight of the rooters. Capt. Fitzgerald even exceeded his great work of last year, scoring both touchdowns and playing with a vim and dash that stamp him as St. Viator's greatest football leader. Tearing through the line repeatedly, grabbing forward passes and star tackling showed "Fitz" to his admirers as one of the best half back ever at St. Viator college.

E. Quille at quarter ran the team in fine style and handled the forward pass without a falter. A. Quille and Moynihan lurked at the ends and ensnared every one who tried to pass them. Storr at full played a fast game and carried the ball for long and repeated gains. Sherman at center is better than ever and Darche is a stonewall at guard. But as regards the game—

Storr kicked off for St. Viator to Hyde Park who fumbled the oval and Capt. Fitzgerald captured it. Then by a series of end runs the ball was advanced to the 40 yard line when a neat forward from Moynihan to A. Quille carried it to the 10 yard station, when Capt. Fitzgerald went through for the first touchdown in 5 minutes play. E. Quille missed goal. No more scoring was done until the fourth quarter, when by a series of forward passes, Fitz went over on a new throw from E. Quille 35 yards for the second and last touchdown. Legris kicked goal. All through the game Hyde Park

put up a stubborn defense and generally resorted to a punting game. Capt. Cooper and Smith played best for the Blues. The lineup:

HYDE PARK		ST. VIATOR
Harvey	L. E.	A. Quille
Levi	L. T.	Welch-Lannon
Walbert	L. G.	Darche-Warner
Young-Dana	C.	Sherman
Carlson	R. G.	Gordon-Lannon
Rush	R. T.	Brenza-Legris
Burke-Wallace	R. E.	Moynihan-Sammon-Kissane
Smith	Q.	E. Quille
Fisher	L. H.	Bergan-Harrison-Mang
Miller	R. H.	Fitzgerald (Capt.)
Cooper (Capt.)	F.	Storr

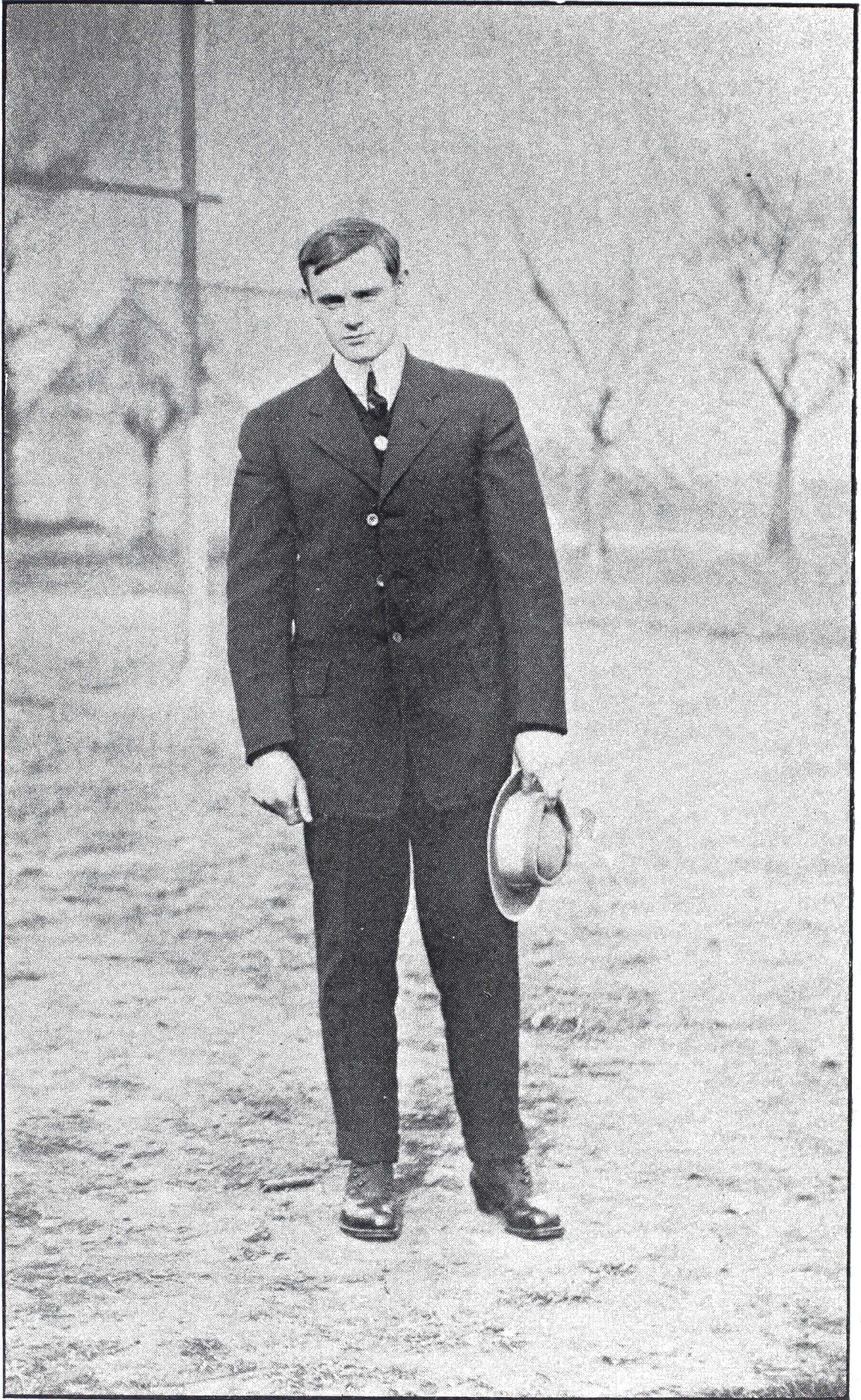
Touchdowns—Fitzgerald (2). Goals—Legris (1).

Referee—McDonald—Umpires—O'Donnell, Sanders—Linesmen—Wagner and Murray. Timers—Legris & Henley.

Time Quarters—12 minutes.

Morgan Park 9, St. Viator 0.

On October 8 the Morgan Park Academy team of husky moleskin artists arrived at the college for a tussle with the wearers of the Old Gold and Purple. And the reception tendered them was one they will long remember, for they had the hardest kind of a time to run up nine points on the Varsity. They had been practicing for weeks and expected a score with more figures in it than the one they received. The game was one of the cleanest and snappiest seen at St. Viator's, both elevens putting up an exhibition that was a delight to watch. Time and again St. Viator would rush the ball down the field only to be held by Morgan Park's strong line. Several times the fleet backs of M. P. A. would try to circle the ends but were nailed by Quille and Moynihan. For three quarters the game was even and it was very difficult to pick the winner. O'Brien punted in excellent style, his high kicks allowing the ends to get the speedy Kenfield before he started. In the fourth quarter the Varsity weakened a little and plunges through the line brought the ball to St. Viator's 30 yard line. Then on a fluke, a play supposed to go through tackle Kenfield circled L. E. for a touchdown, and kicked goal. Not



MANAGER F. A. CLEARY

daunted at this St. Viator played a gritty defense only to have another score tacked on them when the same Kenfield dropped a kick between the uprights from the 15 yard line, just before time was called. For Morgan Park Kenfield was the star, playing with a speed that was amazing, while their whole backfield also put up a classy article of line plunging. For the locals, Capt. Fitzgerald, Bergan, O'Brien, Lannon, A. Quille and E. Quille showed to the best advantage. It was by far the best game of the season thus far and one of the best ever seen on the local field. Line up:

MORGAN PARK		ST. VIATOR
Westberg	L. E.	A. Quille-Sammon
H. seedt	L. T.	O'Brien
Wades	L. G.	Brenza-Gordon
Herendon	C.	Sherman
Healy	R. G.	Darche-Warner
Marr	R. T.	Lannon
Beckwith	R. E.	Maynihan-R. Warner
Kenfield	Q.	E. Quille-Mang
Hubert	L. H.	Bergan-Dunn Harrison
Couchman	R. H.	Fitzgerald (Capt.)
Waybe	F.	Storr

Touchdowns—Kenfield (1).

Goals—Kenfield (1).

Field Goals—Kenfield (1).

Referee—McDonald.

Umpires—O'Donnell and Monroe.

Linesmen—Kissane and Jackson.

Timers—Legris and Stark.

Time Quarters—12 minutes.

St. Viator 24, Crescents 0.

Owing to the fact that Ill. Wesleyan cancelled their football game scheduled for Oct. 15., the Crescents, a Chicago team was substituted. The action of Ill. Wesleyan was certainly not sportsmanlike, for the reason assigned was wholly insufficient, and the late arrival of this cancellation made it very difficult to secure another team. Both the team and rooters were confident of repeating last year's victory when the Varsity trimmed Ill. Wesleyan 22-6. The Crescents are a speedy team from the Windy City and although outclassed, put up a game exhibition that won the approval of its backers. They were especially strong in old style football but the speed and ginger of the Varsity put a damper on any-

thing that resembled a score. The game started by O'Donnell kicking to E. Quille who returned the ball 15 before being down. Onside kick was captured by Storr and A. Quille goes around end for 25. A neat forward pass to Fitzgerald found the ball on the Crescent's 15 yard line, whence on an old style shoestring "Fitz" carried the oval for a touchdown and kicked goal. Nothing more stirred until the 2nd quarter when E. Quille grabbing a punt ran half way back and Storr and Bergan carried the pigskin to the 15 yard line when "Fitz" hit L. T. for the second touchdown and repeated at goal. The third quarter was nearly even but in the final round the Varsity got busy. From the middle of the field they run the ball to the 25 yard line when "Eddie" Quille shoots another forward to Fitzgerald for his third touchdown, and "Fitz" again books a goal. In the last 3 minutes of play Bergan grabs an onside kick for the prettiest run of the day bringing the ball 60 yards to the enemy's goal line where "Capt" makes his fourth score, and quadruples his kicks, just as the whistle blew. For the Varsity Capt. Fitzgerald, Bergan, Storr, Sherman, Darche and E. Quille starred, while O'Brien's kicking was of the highest order. The whole team showed excellent team work and Mang and Kissane, the recruits, played like veterans. For the Crescents their center trio, and Lynch showed up best. Lineup:

CRESCENTS

Maison	L. E.
Kilgallon	L. T.
Marbin	L. C.
Matthews	C.
Gorman	R. C.
Massman	R. T.
Bauer	R. E.
Simons	Q.
Green	L. H.
O'Donnell	R. H.
Lynch (Capt.)	F.

VARSITY

A. Quille-Kissane
O'Brien
Welch
Sherman
Darche-Warner
Brenza
Maynihan-Sammon-Daugherty
E. Quille-Mang
Bergan-Harrison
Fitzgerald (Capt.)-Dunn
Storr

Touchdowns—Fitzgerald (4).

Goals—Fitzgerald (4).

Umpire—Morgan.

Referee—O'Donnell.



COACH MARKS

THE VIATORIAN

Millikin 18, St. Viator 0.

St. Viator met their second defeat of the season Oct. 22 at Decatur at the hands of Millikin University. Both teams resorted to the open style of play, kicking frequently and using trick plays to good advantage. St. Viator put up a husky game, especially in the third quarter where Capt. Fitzgerald and Moynihan carried the oval for many gains. The first two of Millikin's scores came as flukes when on plays intended for line bucks. Capt. Nicholas left his interference and carried the ball over for the first two touchdowns in the second quarter. The third touchdown came in the final session when a forward from Chyneworthy to Evans put the pigskin across the line. Capt. Nichols kicked all the goals. The game was very hard fought, although Millikin greatly outweighed the locals. Perry and Capt. Nichols showed up best for Decatur, while Bergan, Brenza, Welch, Capt. Fitzgerald and Moynihan played hardest for the Varsity. And though defeated, the best of feeling prevailed amongst both teams, and St. Viator's is very grateful to their victors for the splendid treatment accorded them, and promised a like reception to Millikin next season at the college. Lineup:

MILLIKEN

SOC

Evans, M. Meyers	L. E.	A. Quille-Kissane
Yoder	L. T.	O'Brien
Starr	L. G.	Welch
Meyers	C.	Sherman
Dappert	R. G.	Rarche-Gordon
Bowers-Lewis	R. T.	Brenza
Wacaser	R. E.	Maynihan
Perry-Nichols	Q.	E. Quille
Hoover	L. H.	Bergon
Nichols-Chyneworthy	R. H.	Fitzgerald-Harrison
Turner	F.	Storr

Touchdowns—Nichols (2), Evans (1).

Goals—Nichols (3).

Referee—Haight. Umpire—Wooddraw.

Field Judge—Wiley. Timekeeper—Moeller.

Linesman—Moorehead and Kissane.

Time of quarters—13 minutes.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors are playing a game of football that wins the applause of their most loyal admirers. Though finding it most difficult to secure games with outside teams they are playing teams much heavier and older. Up to date they have defeated the Highland Parks of Chicago 11-0 in a fast and interesting contest, in which Conklin, McGee and Zorilla played their opponents off their feet.

Then the Midgets, a crowd of Senior fellows having football ambition essayed to challenge the Juniors but with dire results for they were defeated 11-5 in a fast and interesting contest. The lineup of the Midgets I will leave out for many and weighty reasons.

On Oct. 22 the best game of the season was played on the Junior gridiron. The Cleavers, ancient rivals of the Juniors lined up for the fray but they too followed the example as they had done last year and were trounced to the tune of 11-5. "Pedro" Zorilla played a marvelous game both on offensive and defense while Conklin, McGee, McAndrews and Mortell advanced the ball by many and long strides. The Junior backfield of Mortell, Conklin and Zorella with McAndrews at quarter put up a dashing game and work hard always to win. At the ends McGee and Richards are hard to beat both at snapping forward passes and tackling the runners. On the line, Lonergan, Moynihan, Shea and Udel are impassable and Udels kicking is of the classiest order. Holt at center passes the ball in great shape and deserves much commendation. The whole team plays together and is winning all the games that can be secured for them. Thus far they've come out on top and all the predictions point the same direction for the rest of the season.

THE MINIMS.

The Minims under Coach McDonald are having a most prosperous season, no defeats being chalked up against them. They have met and defeated teams far heavier and out of their class yet they have fought gamely and have always returned the winner. They have met and conquered the Village "Giants" times almost innumerable while teams from surrounding schools have met like fates. There is no phase of



CAPTAIN FITZGERALD

the game which the Minims do not attempt. Forward passes, onside kicks, line buck and fake plays all work for the Minims having been given to them by their hustling and ever painstaking Coach McDonald. To produce a winner from the squad which first appeared seemed difficult, yet as in former years Coach "Mac" set to work and drilled the light squad in open work and now has a team that compares with any previous team and is ready to play any team of its weight.

The backfield consisting of Fitzpatrick, Dandurand and Kissane are all sure ground gainers and Pepin is a star at quarter. No better ends could be wanted than Flynn and Campbell to whom grabbing forward passes is a second nature. Dillon at center is in every play passing the ball perfectly and breaking through the opposing line men with the greatest ease. The other linemen, Senesac, Baker, Kekich and Kane all play a heady game. Their victories are almost too numerous to mention, suffice to say that they have won ten games by large majorities and can never picture to themselves defeat.

The scores of the games played by the Minims to date are as follows:

- Minims 6, Kankakee 0.
- Minims 41, Village 0.
- Minims 23, Bradley 0.
- Minims 23, Village 0.
- Minims 5, Kankakee 0.
- Minims 18, Bourbonnais 0.
- Minims 43, Village School 0.
- Minims 21, Bradley 10.
- Minims 47, Bourbonnais 0.
- Minims 8, St. Mels, Chicago 0.

In a game replete with sensational plays, the St. Viator college Minim football team, defeated St. Mels Athletic club of Chicago by a score of 8 to 0. The Chicago boys outweighed the Minims 10 pounds to the man, but the superior training of the Minims and a long repertoire of dazzling plays won the day. The first score came in the second quarter, Pepin dropping a goal from the twenty yard line; in the same quarter Dandurand went over the line for a touchdown which was disallowed, because of an offside. In the third quarter Fitzpatrick put the game on ice, by scoring a touchdown on a line

plunge through tackle, Pepin failing to convert. For the Minims Flynn, the left end played a star game getting down the field under punts in a workmanlike manner and nailing the runner in his tracks. He also was prominent on offense grabbing many difficult forward passes. Dillon the midget center was a tower of strength on the defense, often nailing the St. Mels backs behind the line. Fitzpatrick and Kissane played great games at half back, always gaining the required number of yards. Dandurand also performed well at full back and Pepin ran his team like a veteran. For the visitors O'Toole the full back starred, saving his team on many occasions by his long punting. The Chicago team were unable at any time to make first down on the Minims, but their strong defensive work prevented a much heavier score.

St. Viator Minims—Pepin, le; Corcoran and G. Kane, lt; Kekick, lg; Dillon, c; Baker, rg; Senesac, rt; Campbell and J. Kane, re; Pepin, q; Fitzpatrick, lh; Kissane, rh; Dandurand, fb.

St. Mels—Spehm, le; Guttman, lt; Young, lg; O'Connor, c; Liston, rg; Magee, rt; Denvir, re; Conway, q; Finnigan, lh; Platt, rh; O'Toole, fb.

Touchdown—Fitzpatrick, 1. Goal from field—Pepin, 1. Referee—Marks. Umpire—Kissane. Head linesman—Conklin. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

LOCALS

—Adoo!

—They never come back—Pickles didn't.

—A nickle in the hand is worth two in the machine.

—He went to spend the evening,
Next morn when he awoke,
He found that he had spent much more,
In fact he was dead broke!

—Baggy pants of canvas,
Great big shoulder pads,
Make some skinng football men,
Look like husky lads.

—There are rumors out that a certain rule regarding roomers who roam about in the rheumy night air has caused them to rue their roamings and to lose their rooms.

—Old “Un”—“Are you going to take up Latin?”

New “Un”—“Gee! I didn’t know they taught lathin’ here; do you have plastering too?”

—“Where did you stay?”

“At the ‘Briggs House’.”

“Bourbonnais or Chicago?”

—What d’y’ know about Oscar? Some warbler, eh!

—“He said he could get in on his face.”

“Well,, did he?”

“No, but he came out on it.”

—The poolroom manager has many racking experiences. At times he gets all balled up.

—In a physical culture book he read,

“Each morning it is best

To open up the window wide,

And then throw out your chest.”

So he in pursuit of health and strength

Threw up the window sash

And took his father’s chest of tools

And shot it through kersmash.

(For further particulars read “Elchoes from the Woodshed”).)

—Mike—“I’m going up to Chicago.”

Emil—“What for?”

Mike—“Oh, for about a couple of days.”

—B.—I don’t know where I’m going, but I’m going home.

—“Sind me a pecture iv your dear, dear self.”

—If all Chicago was on State street, Peoria would have been represented at the game.

—Young Fish—“We ate in that restaurant on Clark St., near State.”

—Oh Fritz, take in your danger signal.” “Oh Danny, is my tie on straight”?

—Why did we leave Peoria!!!

Danny—(In Chicago)—“What’s the matter, Fritz”?

Fritz—“I’ve got an uncle living here some place and I’ve walked around for an hour and haven’t seen a sign of him.

—Gus—“Don’t stand so close to the camera, Jim, the machine isn’t near sighted.

—Wise Un—“What street is this?”

Daisy—“Eagle Street.”

Wise Un—“Gee! They must be high flyers here.”

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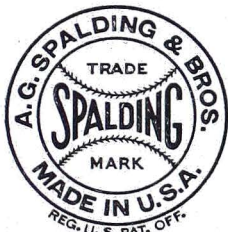
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