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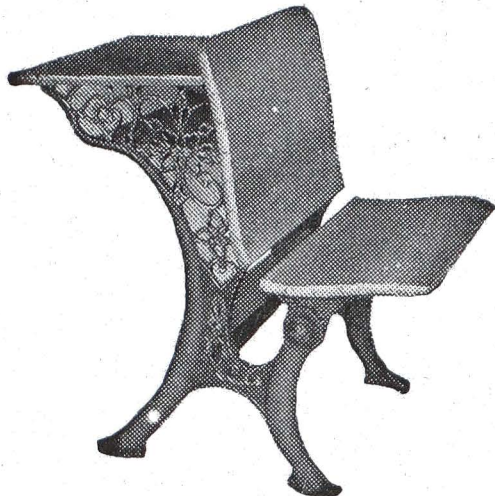
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# THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

VOLUME 28

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NUMBER 3

## "CHRISTMAS SPIRIT"

FRANCIS A. CLEARY '11



WHEN autumn's mellow twilight has rudely put to flight the hurrying shades of early nightfall; when blooming flowers and verdant foliage have long since lain in faded heaps; when summer's departing song-birds have cast their last sweet notes of music over the chill air; when death steals over the ebbing year and lulls to rest the last faint echo of summer; when the moaning breezes of winter intone their melancholy crooning; when nature has taken on the cloak of widowhood hiding every vestige of her former glory; then strangely in contrast with all this gloom the golden sunlight peeps forth from behind the silver-tinged clouds of blue and a marvelous change comes over the whole being of man. A mysterious spirit suddenly steals down upon him enveloping his soul and breathing the breath of new life into his worn body.

What is this spirit? So subtle, so intangible, so invisible, yet so beautiful, so beneficent, that heaven itself, seems to have let fall a gentle sprite silently gliding down, as it were, upon the white wings of trembling snowflakes to bear its message of love and kindness. Surely we have all felt it, for this spirit of Christmas never fails to steal into our hearts, and fill us with ever kindlier feelings towards all other mortals in our midst. For indeed, then it is, that this spirit sends its agile nymphs to unlock the seals of well filled purses; then it is, that these pretty fairies lead us to the doors of need and want, where we drop sweet offerings of peace and plenty; then it is that they bid us tie pretty ribbons around well-filled boxes heavily laden with good things, for some friend or poor fellow mortal; then also it is that the paths of spirituality are crowded as never before with happy throngs passing on into



the hymn-echoing walls of inspiring churches, whose blazing colored windows invite us, as do the signal towers of heaven.

We have all felt the sweet influence of this spirit and with ever new delight, we voice glad welcome to its return at each succeeding year. Perhaps some may desire a more definite explanation of this very peculiar being, called Christmas spirit. What is it? Well let us leave its quiddity to the philosophically inclined who are always prating of the whys and wherefores of things. We, ourselves, cannot exactly analyze it, but as to its existence, not one of us can entertain the least notion of doubt. For on this great feast of all feasts, we commemorate the birth of our dear, sweet Lord. The heavens, bursting forth with hymnal melodies of angel choirs, who are singing praises of peace and good will, re-open again their flood-gates, and immediately there pours forth a flood of soulful music, in which the whole world is bathed. Then once more, the voice of vanished ages comes re-echoing back, to tell us of the tidings of joy and faith; then it is, that the bright star of Bethlehem again appears and directs our thoughts to a lowly stable, where rests the sweet-faced babe upon his bed of straw, in the manger cradle.

The positivist who believes only in that which he can touch and see is ready, I am sure, to object. I can hear him saying: "You talk of spirits and fairies and elves doing things in the air at this time; you will have to show me some more manifest, more palpable proofs of the existence of your so-called Christmas spirit, before I admit that there exists such a spirit." Come with me, then, you positivist, I will prove to the full satisfaction of your spirited Missourian heart that I am right. Let us stroll down the busy streets of a city's thoroughfare and there witness the noisy scenes of strife and bustle, the maddening onrush of the Christmas shoppers, the onward whirl of a joyous multitude, the chatter of the busy merchant selling his gifts. See the brilliantly lighted streets, the gayly attired people, the beautifully decorated show-windows, hear the merry chiming of bells? Why business has increased threefold, everyone is buying, the spirit of Christmas is abroad on every street, you meet it at every turn. See this well-dressed child, laden with a heavy basket, containing turkey, pies, cakes, nuts and candy, for another little one like herself, but belonging to a much poorer family. This is the Christmas spirit in lovely concrete shape. You,



positivist or anyone else then, must be hopelessly blind if you fail to see and catch the import of its message.

Move on to the homes where the tiny descendants of the world families are anxiously hanging up their stockings or merrily whirling around the big Christmas tree, heavily laden with Christmas gifts and toys. Then again, visit the hearthstones where the returned sons and daughters, long absent, are seated, dispatched to home, sweet home by the Christmas elves, who have sounded their wireless to the farthest limits of the earth, and beckoned home these ones, to join in the festivities. Young as well as old are united in the fun making, and still greater joy and laughter ensues, when a bashful maiden unintentionally steps beneath the hanging mistletoe and is quickly spied by some wide awake lover, or then again, let us listen to the quaint old stories told about the wondrous feats of the kindly old gentleman who travels the air on Christmas eve, in his well filled sled drawn by teams of reindeer. All are gathered around the huge hearth while the giant log slowly burns and glows with its cheery light and warmth. Or perhaps, you will notice how, we are all aroused at the first dawn of the Christmas morning. What mystic music fills the air, thrilling the whole world as it peals forth its liquid chimes? Is it the old sexton ringing the village bell? No, angel troops must surely have taken full possession of the belfry and are giving to the chimes the unusual music, as if a thousand heavenly voices, calling man to worship God now made one with man. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, all, are moving toward the crib where, of old, the shepherds and kings adored the new born Christ. There they bow down in solemn adoration to their Savior, so lowly and so sweet. Brilliantly lighted candles, wonderfully inspiring music and fervorous eloquence, render intense solemnity to the occasion. Weary men, laden with the world's sorrows, here find their rest and peace. The refreshing waters, emanating from God's fountain of hope and strength, speedily rejuvenate the sunken spirits, bringing new life into a much troubled soul. Returning home from church, the family gathers for the annual Christmas dinner, the yearly feast of love and good cheer. No sorrow, however great, can dim the happy yuletide season, when, a heavy carpet of pure white snow, generally rests over the entire surface of the land as far as the eye can see. The merry jingle of bells ring-



ing forth in the cold still air of winter, the joyous shouts of sleighing parties, and the dull creaks of the sleds as they glide along the frozen snow, all make the heart lose its sorrows. Then, returning with the crowd, charged with Christmas ozone, we delight in resting in the big arm chair near the hearth, at peace with the world. Then it is, that our restless souls are lulled to sleep, as a new phase of Christmas spirit looms up before us.

Surely this, of all other times in the year is most sacred to our hearts. Year after year, our faith and fond devotion only increases. Long centuries have only served to enliven the time of Christmas, long ages have but sweetened the name of Jesus. An ever blooming lily of the field, always exhaling its ambrosial perfume, an ever fragrant bower of love, where rich and poor alike may find rest, an ever flowing fountain of youth, an eternal temple of wisdom, the never failing distinguishing mark of God's love, the constant beckoning of His gentle hand, an everlasting sign of His glory, a blending of childish love and pathos, the sound of heavenly harmony. All this and more than this can be found and is depicted in this loving and sweet name of Jesus. Softly, this name falls from our lips, gently we approach the secluded spots made sacred by His presence, and piously we bow in adoration. When life's race is won, when the heat of battle is over, when the soul has tired of life and the world, when once bright dawn has passed through the light of day and the golden sunlight of life slowly fades and sinks beneath the horizon of worldly existence into an eternal sunset, when the stars can shine no more, and the moon fails to cast its silvery beams across the rippling waters of life's stream, when this stream itself, has sunken into shallowness and almost ceased its flowing, then it is, that this spirit of Christmas will return to cheer us on into eternity, then it is that the spirit of divine love, the eternal Christmas spirit will welcome us into its presence forever. Then it is that the once youthful locks, now old and gray, will turn from their silvery tinge to the golden hue of heaven, then it is that a spirit, the spirit of a little child, the ever old the ever new spirit of Christmas will encircle us in its arms forever.





# CHRISTMAS IN THE POETS



NO FEAST brings more joy to the human heart than Christmas, the day whereon peace was brought to sinful man in the person of the Infant Jesus, and which most appropriately has been the children's day of all days ever since. What would childhood be without Christmas, and all its beautiful legends and fairy tales and what would old age be without the joyful memories though sometimes tinged with a kind of happy sadness that this season brings in its train? Half the sunshine would be gone from our lives if we had no Christmases to remember and none to anticipate. The birthday of the Incarnate God has informed the lives of men more than they think, and if this day were removed from the calendar a blank that could never be filled would be found in their lives. Legend, fable and romance have been built around this happy day which gives it a delightfully poetical atmosphere which we all feel and revel in, but strangely enough Christmas is a subject that has been little treated by the English poets. At first this may seem incredible, but is nevertheless true. A large number of the greater poets such as Dryden, Pope, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Woodworth and Tennyson hardly mention Christmas, and have written no separate poem on this great feast, and even the great Shakespeare only introduces it casually into some of his plays. On the other hand the poets who have treated the Christmas story have made the strings of their lyres sing in a manner as nearly worthy of this great event as any human work can be, and it is the object of the following lines to give utterance to a few random thoughts arising from a consideration of the poems on Christmas.

When we think of Christmas in the Poets we naturally turn first to Milton's matchless Ode on the Nativity. He with his unerring instinct seems to have caught the idea of stupendousness in the birth of God better than any other poet and to have mirrored it in his lines:

"That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty



Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council table  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay."

Here the great glory of the Second Person of the Trinity is drawn in a few skilful strokes and contrasted with His abasement when he "chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay." Milton is above all the poet of vast concepts, and therefore has drawn a greater Satan than either Dante or Tasso, and here has given us a mighty picture of the glory of God—"That glorious Form," "that Light unsufferable," "that far beaming blaze of Majesty." Stop and meditate on these words for a minute, until their full effect has been photographed on your mind, and then you will begin to feel something of the glory that "He laid aside," and be more competent to adore Him on Christmas morning. Then Milton begins his hymn to this "happy morn" with a picture, rapidly but perfectly drawn, of the shame of nature "that her Maker's eyes should look so near upon her foul deformities," and continues with his matchless description of the vast peace that suffused the earth, when "the Prince of Light His reign of peace upon the earth began." It begins with the lines:

"No war or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around;  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood;  
 The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng,  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by."

Human peace with the weapons of war and hate laid aside has never been more perfectly described, but this was not enough for Milton; he has to hush the winds, calm the waves and halt the stars and sun before the peace brought by the King of Peace is complete, and when all the world is silent he breaks over it "such music sweet, as never was by mortal finger strook." The song of the angels brings him to the time when "Heaven . . . will open wide the gates of her high palace hall," but he remembers that this time is not yet:

"But wisest Fate says No;  
 This must not yet be so;



The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;"

and from this beautiful thought turns to the death of all the religious and superstitious that are in their final agony at the birth of the "Babe" who "can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew."

Such is Milton's vast concept of the Nativity, and in its vastness is the truest imaged by poet. The incarnation is the most stupendous act that has ever taken place on earth, and it is fitting that the poet of vastness should have taken it as the theme of one of his sublimest poems. Strange this poem should have been written by a Puritan, stranger still that this Puritan's mighty mind did not burst the narrow bonds of Puritanism, but let us leave Milton and his ode with thanksgiving that human gratitude to the Infant Jesus has found apt expression in Milton's lines and with a remembrance of the picture he has described and Correggio has painted:

"But see the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest:  
Time is our tedious song should have an ending:  
Heaven's youngest teemed star  
Hath fixed her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with hand maid lamp attending,  
And all about the courtly stable,  
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

It is quite a descent from Milton to Crashaw, but so far as I can see his "Hymn Sung by the Shepherds" is the second best Christmas poem in the language. I write this subject to correction, but I can recollect no other poem that can be put in this place. Needless to say we miss the exaltation and vastness of concept we have been dwelling upon in Milton's ode, but we have a sweet simplicity which is suitable in such a hymn. Tityrus and Thyrsis relate touchingly the wondrous sight they have seen:

"We saw Thee in thy balmy rest,  
Young Dawn of our eternal day!  
We saw Thine eyes break from their east  
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee and we bless the sight,  
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light."

and Tityrus calls upon the powers of heaven and earth to contend "to fit a bed for this huge birth," to which Thyrsis replies, aptly bringing out the Babe's omnipotence:

"Proud world, said I, cease your contest,  
And let the mighty Babe alone;  
The phoenix build's the phoenix' nest,  
Love's architecture is his own;  
The Babe whose birth embraves this morn,  
Made his own bed e'er he was born."

Crashaw expresses the mystery of the Incarnation well though a little tritely in the first verse of the full chorus:

"Welcome all wonders in one night!  
Eternity shut in a span,  
Summer in winter, day in night,  
Heaven in earth, and God in man.  
Great Little One! Whose all embracing birth  
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth."

and we may all take for our own the concluding words of the shepherds:

"To Thee meek Majesty! Loft King  
Of simple graces and sweet loves!  
Each of us him lamb will bring,  
Each his pair of silver doves!  
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice."

I pass by Sir Walter Scott's description of Christmas in *Marmion* as merely referring to the outer observation of the day and missing its real spirit altogether, pausing just long enough to comment on the lines:

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear"

as an example that poets when speaking of religious rites refer to the mass and its ceremonies. No poet worthy of the name has ever written on a Protestant service.

Shakespeare expresses the peace of Christmas in the well known lines in the mouth of Marcellus in *Hamlet* begin-



ning "Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes," but otherwise remains remarkably silent on this inspiring subject.

I might enter into the consideration of numerous Christmas poems written by the minor poets, but space does not permit and I shall have to content myself with drawing the attention of my readers to that exquisite little poem, "A Desire" by the gifted daughter of Barry Cornwall with the last lines of which I shall close this disjointed and hurriedly written paper:

"O to have seen what we now adore,  
And, though veiled to faithless sight,  
To have known, in the form that Jesus wore,  
The Lord of Life and Light!  
Hark! For He dwells among us still,  
And a grace can yet be thine,  
Which the scoffer and the doubter can never know,—  
The Presence of the Divine.  
Jesus is with His children yet,  
For His word can never deceive;  
Go where His lowly altars rise,  
And worship, and believe."

## *Advantages of a College Education*

F. CONNOR '13

**T**HE SUBJECT assigned to me this evening is a wide one, and it has many aspects which I cannot hope to touch upon in the time allotted to me. I will try to confine my attention to the advantages of a College education to prepare the student to live in this world as he ought, as a living vital part of the world around him. How many men go on from day to day carried on by an incessant routine, which seems to be the substance of their existence! Bishop Spalding expresses the same thought very beautifully when he says—"For centuries now what innumerable voices have pleaded with men to make themselves worthy of heaven; while they have moved on heedless of the heaven that lies



about us here, placing their hopes and aims in material and perishable elements, athirst neither for truth nor beauty nor aught that is divinely good! They sleep, they wake, they eat, they drink, they tread the beaten path with ceaseless iteration, and so they die." These men take the things about them,—the beauties of nature which surround them—as a matter of course, not taxing their mind by trying to explain them or arrive at their nature. When we consider this fact we find little to distinguish these men from animals, which act for a purpose directed solely by their animal nature. If they find any pleasure in their walk of life, it is the acquisition of money or of social position. They form simply links in the great chain of life, and, when they die, their places are taken by others. Is there any reason for this mechanical process which is going on continually? I would answer that one great reason for this condition is lack of a College Education in the individuals who compose that class.

When we Catholic students know that our ultimate end is happiness with God, we cannot fail to see that the only legitimate pleasure in life is intellectual pleasure. Now how does a College Education contribute to this? In the first place it enables the student to find out more easily his vocation in life. This is not a trivial matter. The ordinary high school graduate is not in a position to judge what is his particular calling in life. He may have particular aptitudes but he can easily be misled into paths of work, which, in a few years become distasteful and repugnant to him. In most cases this unfortunate man has to endure the results of his early decision. The high school graduate, starting out in life is deprived of four years mental training at a time when his whole nature is very susceptible, and also of a wealth of knowledge which might have influenced him differently in the choice of a vocation. We all know of instances where young men have taken up some occupation after leaving high school. They were successful as the world judges men, but they were not satisfied with their work.

They found out too late perhaps that they had made a mistake in starting out so early in life, when they had the opportunity of continuing their education. A few years experience in the world has dashed some of their air castles and they see their mistake. Some are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of going to college and starting the slow up-



hill plow of acquiring an education. Many of them have not the chance to return to school, so they struggle along with very little prospect of contentment in life. These latter have robbed themselves of all the happiness and enlightenment of education, as well as a vast multitude of others who pass through life without knowing what they have missed by not securing a college education. I do not take into consideration the money accruing from the position in life, which the young man has taken up nor the greater capacity for earning money which the college graduate has over the high school graduate, for I wish to emphasize a greater and more lasting benefit than that which money or social position can give. We who have the advantage of a College Education readily see that it matters little whether or not we acquire wealth and honor provided we are able to live intelligently, seeing and understanding the wonders of nature, literature and art, which surround us.

We have all noticed the curiosity of children concerning the sun, the moon, the stars, and the clouds above us. Their little minds cannot comprehend the meaning of these wonderful things. Too often have we satisfied their curiosity by relating to them some foolish tale or legend, which satisfied them for the time being. As they grew older however, they become accustomed to these sights, and they ceased to think seriously of them. If they have not the advantage of a College Education, they have little practical knowledge of these phenomena; and they have not the perseverance or ambition to find these things out for themselves. What wonderful truths of Science, Mathematics, Philosophy and Literature are closed to them! They lack the real aim of a cultured person, one who is as Plato says—"A lover not of a part of wisdom, but of the whole, and has a taste for every sort of knowledge, and is curious to learn, and is never satisfied, and though he will not know medicine like a physician, or the heavens like an astrologer, or the vegetable kingdom like a botanist, his mind will play over all these realms with freedom, and he will know how to relate the principles and facts of all the sciences to our sense for beauty, for conduct, for life and religion in a way which a mere specialist can never find." Bishop Spalding says, "To have a cultured mind, to have wide sympathy and power of generous appreciation is most desirable, and without something of all this, not only is our life narrow and



## THE VIATORIAN

This is the intellectual pleasure which I bring forth as one of the principal and most praiseworthy fruits of a College Education.

While we are dwelling in this lofty atmosphere of noble thought and high ideals, we must not forget that religion is a part and in fact at the very bottom of all this intellectuality. We cannot separate culture from religion, for the more educated we become, the farther we depart from our brute natures and the nearer we approach God, so we must consider religion and culture as inseparable. Archbishop Spalding says, "He who believes in culture must believe in God, for what but God do we mean when we talk of loving the best thoughts and the highest beauty?" Again he writes, "The seeker after wisdom must have a high purpose, a strong soul, and the purest love of truth. He cannot live in the senses alone, nor in the mind, nor in the heart alone, but the spiritual being, which is himself yearns for whatever is good, whatever is true, whatever is fair, and so he finds himself akin to the infinite God and to all that he has made.

We Catholic students however guided by our Holy Mother, the Church, cannot go astray, and endowed with a college education, we ought to enjoy fullness of life. If in the course of my talk this evening I have deviated from my subject, it was in an effort to emphasize upon you the importance of culture and refinement, and that religion and culture should hand in hand form the essence of our lives. This should lead us to look upon a College Education as something vital in each and everyone of our lives; it should not be necessary to point out its advantage for it should be considered a necessity. Personally we must make an earnest effort to profit by our time here at school. As Aristotle says, "Life is practice and not theory," and it will be of very little benefit for us to know of the infinite treasures which our education will make available if we have not the ambition to reach our goal. Forgive me for my repeated quotations from that master mind, Archbishop Spalding, from whom I have taken the substance of my talk, and allow me to conclude with these words from his pen, "The worth of religion is infinite, the value of conduct is paramount, but he who lacks intellectual culture, whatever else he may be, is narrow, awkward, unintelligent."



and culture predominate. We are living in an age when knowledge is increasing more rapidly than population and wealth, and if we hope to stand in the front ranks of those who know we must keep pace with the onward movement of mind. I do not wish to leave the impression that every college graduate is a cultured man, nor that there are not many great men who have developed all the powers of their being without an education, but I maintain that a college education is the means to an end for the student who wishes to make a man out of himself. Everything conspires to lift the student above the mean things in life and points out to him a nobler field of endeavor than a blind pursuit after money and honor. Money means so much to the average young man today that he is incapable of high thoughts and noble actions. Money means display, social distinction and leisure to him and he must have them. Ruskin says that the predominant thought in parents' minds concerning the education of their children is that they should be fitted for such and such a position or station in life; that their sons must have an education which will keep a good coat on his back and enable him to ring his visitor's bell with confidence; in a word, that all they seek for is advancement in life, as regards applause and honor, which is really advancement in death. Again Ruskin says, "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace." And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of this earth, they and they only. If the opinion of these great men whom I have quoted is worth anything, an education is real "advancement in life," and if such, it should be sought after instead of shunned by so many youths. This same great master of English prose Ruskin has given us a most wonderful appreciation of the treasures to be found in good books in his *Sesame and Lilies*, and if we enter into the spirit of his arguments we find that a College Education is indispensable to a just appreciation of the literary work of any great author. If a college education did no more than enable the student to read and appreciate good books; to enable him to live in the company of the blessed throughout life, it would be a great treasure. This society of the kings and queens of thought is the only one in which we should desire to claim rank or distinction. This is the intellectual haven where we can retreat and forget our cares and troubles.



## THE VIATORIAN

After his ordination Father Sherry had devised a plan which he hoped would ultimately bring about his father's conversion. He had written to Father Quinn, his parish priest, telling him of his unexpected ordination and humbly begging the favor that he might celebrate the five o'clock Solemn High Mass on Christmas morn. He asked that the affair be kept a secret as he wished to surprise his mother and father. The answer had been received in the affirmative. Father Quinn not only gave him permission to say the Mass, but also invited him to deliver the sermon.

And now Rev. Sherry sat in the evening twilight pondering seriously whether his plan would have the desired effect upon his father. Would his beloved parent still remain lukewarm and insipid or would the grace of God enter his soul? That evening Father Sherry, having made ready to leave in the morning, called upon his professors and some of his numerous friends bidding them each a hearty farewell.

Before Father Sherry left the next day he was enticed to the college auditorium where he found the professors, seminarians and students assembled en masse. As he was led to his seat upon the stage he was greeted with a hearty applause and a lively selection from the college band. He found it difficult to believe that this great demonstration was for him. But when his former beloved teacher Father Best arose and fitfully expressed the general regret at his departure Father Sherry was moved almost to tears. He arose and in a few extemporaneous words told them that it was with the feeling of the greatest sadness mixed with tenderest affection that he thought of leaving his Alma Mater.

"However," he concluded, "the time has come, the Divine Master calls, and I must go."

It was late Christmas Eve. Father Sherry had returned home after a call upon Father Quinn and a few charitable visits to the poor. As he entered his home he found it well decorated for the coming morrow with beautiful redberried wreaths of holly and abundant sprigs of mistletoe, giving the home a vivacious appearance of comfort and cheeriness. His mother and father were seated at a table wrapping up various Christmas remembrances.

"Well, Paul," said his mother, a pious middle aged woman, "all is in readiness for the greatest day in the year."



"Yes, mother," Father Sherry answered, as he lovingly kissed her. "And now it is time to retire because we must arise very early in the morning for five o'clock Mass.

Mrs. Sherry soon left the room after bidding her husband and son good-night. The two men sat in silence for some time though Mr. Sherry saw that his son wished to speak.

"Do you remember father, when you used to accompany mother to church every Christmas morn?" queried Father Sherry at length.

"Yes," was his father's response, "that was a good number of years ago."

"Well, father, in memory of those years will you come with mother to early Mass in the morning, as you used to? I ask this as a special favor. Will you grant it?"

His father, a tall, muscular man, arose and walked to the fireplace looking silently down into the glowing embers. He was thinking of the younger happy days of his married life. Father Sherry waited patiently for everything depended on his father's decision. It seemed a long time before he spoke but finally he turned to him.

"Well, yes," he said bluntly, "I think I shall."

That was enough. Father Sherry trusted the rest to God.

At the appointed time the next morning the wondrously illuminated St. Xavier's Church, was crowded with devout worshippers come to adore and pay homage to the New-born King. Mr. and Mrs. Sherry occupied a pew near the front of the church. What was their astonishment when as the last bell rang for the services to begin, their son, the Rev. Paul Sherry, stepped from the sacristy, fully vested, the celebrant of the Mass. At that moment the melodious organ burst forth in massive tones the "Venite Adoremus" and the worshippers knelt for the Mass had begun.

What were the sensations of Mrs. Sherry as for the first time she beheld her son about to offer the Holy Sacrifice? The shock of her amazement soon melted into tears of maternal love and affection and her dominant thought and prayer was of gratitude and appreciation to God. Mr. Sherry imagined as he gazed into the sanctuary that never before had the ceremonies of the Church been quite so impressive. When his son turned to the congregation at the "Dominus vobiscum" his



father beheld a radiantly peaceful and saintly countenance and he listened in rapt wonder and amazement as the priest, in resonant tones, sang the Solemn High Mass.

After the Gospel Father Sherry ascended the pulpit to give the sermon. He spoke of the spirit of the day on which the whole Christian world celebrates with gratitude and jubilation the birthday of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. He pointed to Mary, who upon this day was raised to the highest honor ever attained by a creature, for indeed she became the Virgin Mother of God. He recalled to the minds of the people the humble St. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus. Then he dwelt on the song of the Angels, who came to announce to the poor shepherds the coming of the Messiah exclaiming: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

As Father Sherry continued in his deep, musical voice, the dawn broke and the sun peeping through the stained glass windows added life and vigor to the discourse.

How is it possible to describe the feelings of Mrs. Sherry? She counted that day one of the most marvelous in her whole life. Her son was now a minister of God, a priest in His holy Church, and she could scarcely repress her joyful felicitations.

But what of Mr. Sherry? Had he been unmindful of all that had transpired? With the dawn of Christmas morn had come to him the light of faith and love. Kneeling at the Canon of the Mass he prayed devoutly in faith, hope and charity, and thanked God that he was a Christmas Convert.

In this brief interval of time one soul had been consecrated to God in the holy priesthood, and another saved to Him in the Catholic Church.





THE SEA SHELL'S MESSAGE.

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Who brought thee here, my little shell,  
Unto this glistening sand?  
What message dost thou bring to me  
Of yonder foreign strand?

O tell me why thou murmur'st thus,  
Just whisper low to me,  
Is it because thou long'st for home  
That home beneath the sea?

"Ah yes, I miss my friends of old,  
So dear and true to me,—  
Yet cannot I, though far away,  
Still bright and happy be?

The happy mem'ries of the past  
Will linger with me yet,  
Though now my song is one of love  
Which I can ne'er forget."

What wealth of happiness would reign,  
If our cold hearts could thrill  
With that same love, where'er the place  
If it be God's sweet will.

F. M. C.





# THE VIATORIAN

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*Published monthly by the students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

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Athletics—GERALD BERGAN, '12. Personals—RALPH LEGRIS, '11.

Alumni—TIMOTHY A. ROWAN, '13. Locals—PETER J. CURLEY, '14.

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## EDITORIAL.

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Winter has once more come down upon us, and mother earth rests gently beneath her pure white mantle of snow.

Christmas is here and the spirit of the happy yuletide season has taken full possession of our hearts. Fancy brings us back to the lowly stable in far off Bethlehem, and we picture the infant Jesus, the new-born Savior of Mankind, as He rests upon His bed of straw. Our hearts rejoice, the heavens send forth the glad tidings of love and joy. On every lip is heard the words: "Peace on earth, good will to men." There is no heart that can escape the influence of this season, there is no mortal who does not hear the merry call of the Christmas chimes. Years do not change this spirit that is calling, time can never efface the memory of Christ's birthday. We must strive to make ourselves join in the spirit of the season, we must model our lives, so that we may live an everlasting Christmas. THE VIATORIAN joins in the



spirit of the season extending to its manifold readers all the joys and pleasures of a Merry Christmas.



As season after season finds us always and ever indulging in the happy spirit of Christmas, it is well that we should not forget the principle which actuates such sentiments of love in our hearts. Deep in our hearts there is strongly rooted a living spirit, the spirit of faith which keeps its light in constant glow. Yet how often, day after day, do we see this same faith assailed by the enemies of God and of religion. Men crying out that there is no God, there is no eternal life. We as students should strive to so train ourselves that we can meet these infidels on their own ground and vanquish them. We must be ready to defend the banner of God and of truth, which is every day being more and more assailed. Educate the mind, train the will, study the faith that burned within the breast of our forefathers and we cannot fail to follow their examples. We must stand not alone as models of faith, but as pillars of faith supporting the Church of God, the Faith of Jesus Christ.



As the year slips on, we must not forget the part we are playing in student activity. We are either acting as real live students influenced by any and all motives that go towards making us men of the future or we are on the other hand, simply weaklings in the great student and intellectual world. We are being continuously reckoned for what we are doing, history is day after day being formed. Soon the school year will have passed and will remain only, as a page on the history of time. Our talents are being more and more tested, our intellectual powers more and more exercised. It is well then that the student reflect seriously on the work he is doing, the progress he is making. Present action foretells future success and the real live up-

*The Spirit  
of Faith.*

*Student  
Activity.*



to-date model of this action is the student who plans his work. A time for earnest study, a moment for recreation will not fail to develop a strong healthy mind, the sort of minds, the real student must possess.



As a closing tribute to the brilliant success of our 1910 football machine, it is only proper and befitting, that the college and entire student body voice its sentiments of admiration as well as congratulation, to the one who has given us such a team of which to boast. As football director and coach, Mr. John Marks has left behind him an enviable reputation, a performance long to be remembered. Anything, no matter what difficulties that thing implied, if its end tended towards the success of the team, he was always there to attain the accomplishment of that end. A stranger in a strange land he has given us an exhibition of loyalty long to be remembered. Every man on the squad benefited by his efforts and universal thanks is extended to him. Now as we turn aside, to commence a new field of athletic endeavor, our only hope and desire is that St. Viator may once more enjoy his football tutelage.



The cold chill frost of winter with its icy stare is now confronting us. Let us beware that the cozy room and warm indoors detract too much from our outdoor exercise. We must not live as houseplants, or the breath of cold air may nip our health. Physical exercise is perhaps the greatest asset towards the prevention of disease, and now in this season of colds and sickness we must keep up the good work of caring for our bodies. Man was made to develop and not to decay, in this development the whole being of man is concerned. Mind and body must be developed proportionately then, in order to have perfect health and mature life.



SOCIETIES.

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St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society has extended its ranks to include the students of the third and fourth year high school Rhetoric classes. With its membership almost doubled, it is destined to have a very active year. At a meeting held November twentieth the following officers were elected for this year: Lucius Wall, President; Joseph Canovan, Vice-President; William Roy, Secretary; Walter Steidle, Sergeant-at-Arms; Brother Drain, Librarian. After spending some time in re-organizing to accommodate the large number of new members, St. Patrick's made its initial public appearance December sixteenth. The speeches, papers and musical numbers on the program displayed very well the versatility of the young men in the high school department. The debate was very interesting, as it was carried on with much enthusiasm by both sides. The contestants in the debate showed no little ability in presenting their arguments, and clinching their points. Following is the program of the evening: Address of Welcome, Lucius Wall, President; Societies, P. McCaffrey; Piano Selection, B. O'Leary; Famous Authors, J. Dougherty; Recitation, S. Swikoski; Debate—Resolved: That the Mexican War Brought More Glory to the American Army than the War of 1812. Affirmative, M. Spitz, D. Udell, M. Kenneally; Negative, C. Kelly, O. Merz, D. Sullivan; Violin Solo, F. Carter; Duet, F. Legris and F. Carter; Closing remarks, J. Canovan, Vice-President.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, who was present at the entertainment and was one of the judges of the debate, congratulated the society and especially its president on the success of the entertainment and he urged the members to continue in their zeal towards the society, and so make their first attempt the least of their successes this year.

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The Freshman and Sophomore Oratorical Club has been the scene of some interesting and instructive debates and speeches, concerning the genius of George Eliot and her principal works, which are being studied in these classes. This is indeed a very exhaustive subject, and it has proved interesting matter for several debates. The young men, who have had the opportunity thus far of stating their views on the subject, have shown that they have profited by the last three



months study of George Eliot's novels. The speeches thus far delivered have been: "The Novel," James Daley; "George Eliot as a Novelist," Martin Spalding; "The Advantages of a College Education," Fred Connor; "The Value of Art Aside from its Intrinsic Worth," Timothy Rowan; "Greek should be a Compulsory Study," Edward Unruh; "The Necessity of Religion in Education," C. Fischer. The members of the Oratory Club, realizing the practical value of this part of their work, have entered into it with enthusiasm; and the speeches have been well written and forcibly delivered.

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St. Viator's Acolythical Society can boast this year of a large number of members. At the recent meetings of the Society various committees were appointed, one of which is to secure pins, which will characterize those wearing them as members of the Society. The Moderator is arranging a program and a banquet for the members before they depart on their Christmas vacation.

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The Lajoie French Society held a meeting November thirtieth, at which an election of officers took place as follows: H. Darche, President; A. Savary, Vice-President; A. Souligne, Secretary; R. Legris, Treasurer; J. Lareau, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. J. Laplante, C. S. V., Moderator. Rev. J. Laplante has consented to act as Moderator of the Society, owing to the fact that Rev. J. E. Belaire's, C. S. V., promotion to the office of Treasurer at the College, renders it impossible for him to devote any of his time to the Lajoie Society. The Society will undoubtedly have a very successful year under Father Laplante, for, as a result of his position as teacher of French, he will be able at all times to promote the welfare of the Society.

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The Thespian Club is preparing "The Private Secretary," a farcical comedy in three acts, which they will present before the Xmas vacation. It is a very amusing play and admits of a great deal of action, but, from all reports, the Thespians are making great progress with it and expect to make it a grand success. The play will be given under the management of the Senior class; and the reputation which the Seniors have as actors is sufficient to insure the success of their first



attempt this year. The first presentation of the Thespian club this year was such a success, that we look forward with pleasure to the coming one, which promises to be something good.

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On Friday evening, December first, the Scientific Society added thirty-one new members to its already extensive enrollment. The Initiation took place in the Minim's "Gym," and it was a brilliant success. It was conducted personally by Father Brown, assisted by Father Rheams and twenty members of the Society, who composed the initiation team. A ritual specially prepared by Father Brown for the occasion was used, and it proved most appropriate, as well as humorous and interesting. It was serious enough to fill the initiates with fear and to quell the swelling humorous undercurrent, which threatened to break forth every minute in a roar of laughter from the audience and actors.

After the initiation refreshments and cigars were served, and the new members were introduced to all present. Refreshments over, President Jeremiah O'Mahoney welcomed the new members into the Society. He exhorted them to be active and worthy members, and to be willing at all times to aid in the propagation of the Scientific Society. Fred Connor then gave an excellent and appropriate toast to the Moderator, Father Brown. Gerald Bergin spoke on Societies in general, and on the necessity of harmony and unity among the members of any society. Fathers Brown and Rheams both expressed their thanks for the compliments bestowed upon them, and they again assured the members that they were willing at all times to give their assistance in any undertaking. Rev. W. J. Clifford and Rev. M. J. Breen were requested to speak. They congratulated the initiates as well as the initiators on the admirable spirit which prevailed during the entire initiation. The evening's pleasure was fittingly brought to a close by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., who, in his usual witty and pleasing manner, congratulated the society on its wonderful progress, and he expressed the wish that it would continue to spread and shed its beneficent influence on St. Viator's college.

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The Commercial Society which was recently organized under the direction of Rev. Father Clifford was just spring-



ing into public notice when it lost its beloved Moderator. In departing Father Clifford left the society in care of Very Rev. Father O'Mahoney, and under his wise direction the society still continues to flourish. The new Moderator and officers have a hard task before them, as this is the first Commercial organization at St. Viator's college; and it will be the foundation of future organizations among the Commercial students. Without a doubt under the guidance of its new Moderator, the society will weather the storms which every new organization has to encounter, and, at the end of the year, will be one of the representative societies of St. Viator college.

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## PERSONALS

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Columbus College, So. Dakota is fortunate in securing Rev. W. J. Clifford, C. S. V., as the treasurer, and St. Viator college in losing him lost one of its best professors. For a decade Father Clifford was connected with the college filling at times the offices of both teacher and assistant treasurer. Recently he had assumed the professorship of Canon Law, Liturgy, Philosophy of History, and Church History, and besides found time to conduct the graduating Commercial class. Best wishes for success in his new field are the sentiments of the host of friends he left at St. Viator's.

We clip the following notice from a Washington paper. All who remember the brilliant Father Munday will feel justly proud of the success of this son of St. Viator: "In this department of Sacred Sciences a new instructor has been added to the staff, Rev. Joseph P. Munday, S. T. L. (C. U. 1910), of the diocese of Alton. Father Munday has been appointed by the Rector to the Thomas Sim Lee Fellowship in Theology, founded by Mgr. Lee, pastor of St. Mathews Church in Washington, and he will also act as an instructor in Dogmatic Theology. Father Munday is a brilliant graduate of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, and won high honors during his studies at the University for the degree of Licentiate."



## THE VIATORIAN

### ALUMNI NOTES

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The Rev. W. P. Burke, Chatsworth, Ill., has been given charge of St. Joseph parish, Chenoa, Ill., to fill the vacancy made by the removal of Fr. M. J. O'Callaghan.

The Rev. Francis J. O'Reilly, '88, member of the bishop council and for the last 13 years rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, has been appointed to the irremovable rectorship of St. Patrick's parish, Danville, Ill. Fr. O'Reilly was chancellor of the Peoria diocese, under the administration of Bishop Spalding.

The Very Rev. James J. Shannon, '90, vicar general of the diocese of Peoria and pastor of St. Mark's succeeds Fr. O'Reilly as rector of the cathedral.

Mr. Harry Hildreth, '90, Chicago, Ill., is now engaged in the hotel business in Chicago. He owns and manages Hotel Warner, one of the large first class hotels of the south side. Under the last city administration Mr. Hildreth held the important position of assistant city treasurer.

Mr. R. E. Roche, Sophomore, '10, winner of the chemistry medal is demonstrating to old P. Oria that he knows something of those mysterious characters that the doctor draws on his prescription pad. Emmet will be found behind the counter of one of Peoria's largest retail drug companies, giving lengthy discourses on the merits of Peruna, Danderine, Blue Jay Corn Cure and other twentieth century marvels.

Michael Byron, Commercial, '10, leader of the famous Wilmington Bunch, has taken over the management of one of his uncle's large farming interests near Wilmington. In all probability "Mike" will introduce the most improved business methods in conducting the business of the farm.

Dan Cupid has again attacked the ranks of the alumni and two of our erstwhile marble hearted bachelors were unable to withstand the onslaught of his arrows.

Philip Baron, '09, of Martinton, Ill., was the first to capitulate. The Rev. M. J. Marsile of Beaverville, Ill., last month united him in the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Devia Nourie, also of Martinton. THE VIATORIAN extends its congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Baron.

Across the plains echo the chimes of the wedding bells of Dr. J. W. B. Flageole, '98. Dr. Flageole took for his bride



Miss Dorothy Bessie Yeaton of Sioux City, Ia. Announcements received at the college state that Mr. and Mrs. Flageole will be at home to their friends at Holly Springs, Ia., after December 1. Dr. Flageole is one of the leading physicians of Sioux City.

The Rev. A. Nawrocki, '01, has been appointed pastor of the newly organized parish of St. Barbara in the archdiocese of Chicago. May the labors of Fr. Nawrocki in his new field be fruitful.

The voters of Kankakee county placed their stamp of approval on the service of John B. Flageole as county clerk, when they returned him to office with a handsome majority in the recent elections. Mr. Flageole received the greater part of his education at St. Viator's.

Among the recent visitors were Rev. J. F. Ryan, Chicago; Rev. Father Durkin, Rantoul; Rev. A. L. Girard, Chicago; Rev. Father McMullan; Rev. W. Granger, Kankakee; Rev. J. T. Bennett, Kankakee; Rev. M. J. Marsile, Beaverville; Rev. Father Hynes, Chicago; Rev. Tardie, Chicago. Mr. A. McCarthy, Mr. E. Stack, Mr. B. O'Connel, Mr. Beacon, Mr. E. Hynes, Mrs. T. Patthast, Mr. E. Stenzal, Mr. L. Baron, Mr. and Mrs. F. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Yagle, Mrs. Marierity, Mr. O. E. Linan, Mrs. Williams, Mr. M. Helta, Mr. and Mrs. W. Savary, Mr. Whitticher, Mr. J. Dooley, Mr. J. Maxwell, Miss V. Lawson, Mrs. McCannally and daughters, Miss M. Gordon, Miss E. O'Neil, Mrs. J. Sturdgrin, Miss H. Fitzgerald, Mr. McGum, Mr. A. Lanagan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Shabat, Mr. and Mrs. E. Girard, Mrs. Ledwell, Mr. John Pudzack, Mr. W. Kerin, Mr. E. Kissane, Mr. E. Dillon, Mr. J. Walsh.

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#### OBITUARY.

After a brief period of sickness, Charles Shea, student of '08 passed away at St. Margaret's Hospital, Hammond, Ind., on October 14. Although Charles spent but one year here he endeared himself to a large circle of friends at St. Viator's who deeply regret his untimely death and offer prayerful sympathy to his bereaved family.

*Requiescat in Pace.*





# Exchanges



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Heigho,—Life has been dull in Exdom of late, and we had almost feared that the Niagara Index had ceased to point its scaly finger at the dreadful examples of College journalism, which pointing has for some years afforded us bi-monthly amusement, but we were much relieved this morning to hear once again the shrill tones of the Index's Mrs. Moriarity raised in execration against "The Mount St. Joseph Collegian." We have no particular interest in this last named exchange, but we do feel a great interest in relieving the dull monotony of life, and we know no better way to accomplish this than by pulling the snaky locks of Niagara's fish wife. The result will be truly amusing, and will help us to endure the ennui of life for the nonce.

It was really too bad, Mrs. Moriarity, that "Sir Beardless" of "fourteen fair summers" should dare to say that you were "fight-loving, pessimistic or perpetually given to abusing." In fact we think "Sir Beardless" should be spanked and sent to bed without his supper for being so impudent to a lady of the fish wife profession who owns to at least "forty-two years of existence," and possibly rejoices in a beard, or, as you would doubtless prefer to call it, a hirsute appendage to her lower maxillary. It is unfortunately a failing of youths of "fourteen fair summers" not to have much respect for age, particularly when age is vitriolic and irritable, and we really think that possibly "Sir Beardless" has a latent sense of humor, and thought, as we do, that if he could stir you up, he might have some fun. He succeeded, we assure you, and we laughed quite inordinately at the reproof he received. We would like to take you seriously, but you are really too amusing.

Come now, be honest, you were not really serious when you wrote, "we challenge you in the flush of your fourteen fair summers to prove that we are either 'fight-loving, pessimistic or perpetually given to abusing'." Why, Exchange Editors on the circuit have almost placed this truth among



the first principles that need no proof, but if you are serious, turn back to your issue of Feb. 1, 1910, P. 121, where you say a certain unsophisticated youth is a "hypocrite," "whited sepulchre," "spider," "swash buckler," "degenerate," "utterly devoid of all respect for truth," "four-flusher," "ridiculous," besides many other things no more complimentary. This is surely proof enough that you are "given to abusing." But you say you defy him to prove that you are "perpetually" given to this edifying occupation. Possibly you rest occasionally owing to the lack of "somebody to hew and hack," to quote your own quotation, P. 27, issue of October 15, 1910, but to hide behind such a quibble is not worthy of a logician of your mighty attainments and "forty-two years of existence." We refer you to the same number first quoted and to many of its successors and predecessors to prove you are fight-loving and pessimistic, and if you really insist that you issued your challenge seriously we shall, when requested, furnish more specific instances of your fight-loving and pessimistic spirit. You say your "modus agendi" is to tell the truth, and to tell it effectively. We are glad to hear this, for we should never have known it, unless you had told us, but we should like to ask a question, What do you mean by truth? You have taught all the Exchange Editors philosophy for so many years, you will doubtless be able to answer this question satisfactorily, but, if you do tell the truth, we should imagine the truth to be: conformity of your intellect with what is worst in all the exchanges. If you give the commonly accepted definition of truth, we shall have to laugh at you again, for you did not really mean all you said about poor little Freddie last year. Now did you? And you do not mean all the dreadful, pompous things you have said to "Sir Beardless," such as, "In the future have a zealous care, for the terrible thumb of Fate is already inclined downward." The only thumb that is inclined downward for "Sir Beardless" is your own fishy pollex, which is not at all terrible, but excessively funny. Now please uncork the vials of your wrath, and pour them all over us, for we are dying from the lack of humor in Exdom, and when you get angry you really are excruciatingly amusing, for to quote Mrs. Poyser, "some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on striking, not to tell you the time of day, but because there's summ'at wrong i' their own insides." Put us down in the fifth class of that



beautiful list of Exchanges you so kindly compiled for the guidance of Exchange Editors less able to judge of the respective merits of papers than yourself, and then prove that you are not pessimistic, because you have not mentioned us this year. Sorry to have forestalled one of your standard jokes, but you will do what we have asked, won't you? Thanks. There's a dear.

W. R.

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*The St. Ignatius Collegian* for November contains a happy blending of prose and poetry. The pity is that the editors could not see their way to make this a monthly instead of a quarterly publication. A college with a large enrollment should have a monthly publication.

Neat and attractive in dress and with articles of superior quality and fine finish the *Exponent* presents itself for enjoyable reading. Book reviews receive much attention for no less than forty-three were criticised in the November issue.

*The Patrician* is the best paper of its kind that reaches our desk. The articles contributed are within the scope of the writer and well treated.

We welcome for the first time the *Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly* from Duluth, Minn. The articles as might be expected of a quarterly are of a high order both as regards selection and literary workmanship.

*The D'Youville Magazine* made its first appearance a few days ago, in our sanctum. This paper is crammed with articles and in many instances three or four contributed by one writer. Congratulations. Come again.

St. Charles Borromeo's youth, days at Rome, at Milan and connection with the Ursuline Sisters form the subject of well developed essays in the *Echoes from the Pines*. We award the palm to the story "Virtue Triumphant."

*The Dial* for December is up to its usual literary standard. "The Vanquisher of Ingersoll" is the life history of that brilliant genius who by the force of his incessive logic kept the Atheist at bay. The editorials deal with current events. President Lowell of Harvard utterances form the subject of an instructive leader. We are glad that practically the same opinion is entertained by the writer as was voiced in our



paper—November issue. Short stories receive careful attention and when well written as are those in the *Dial* afford pleasure and profit. We believe in one or two short stories but not at the sacrifice of the “heavy matter” as an exchange termed the contents of THE VIATORIAN for October. Heavy matter, though, demands brains.

*The College Spokesman* comes heavily laden with solid, sensible matter. The “Passion Play” is well handled and compares favorably with an article of a similar nature which appeared in our October issue. *The Spokesman* wears an air of dignity and sustains it by the production of its talented contributors. The exchange column is, without doubt, well handled.

*The Manhattan Quarterly* has a few good essays including one that was read at the Educational convention at Detroit.



## Athletic Notes



### BASKET BALL.

The prospect for a winning basket ball combination have never been brighter in the history of the game at St. Viator college. From the material already on hand no reason can be assigned why this year's quintet should not be of unbeatable calibre. Last year's team remains well nigh intact. Capt. Fitzgerald is caging the sphere with the accuracy of old and will receive great aid from Moynihan and Warner who also are displaying last season's skill. Bachant is playing the guard position as of yore while Kissane seems to have first choice for the other defense. Among the recruits who are giving the veterans a severe tussle, Fisher, Gordon, Keeley, Doemling, Lampman, Leonard, Donnelly, Sherman, Storr, Cashin and Quille are the most promising and are showing themselves to be well acquainted at the game and will make the veterans hustle. Mgr. Cleary has been very busy with his schedule and negotiations for games are on with Marquette U., Lewis Inst., DePaul, Lincoln, Wheaton, Spalding, St. Bedes, St. Cyrils, Millikin and others.

The season will open immediately after the Xmas holidays and from then on a constant stream of victories is as-



sured. Basket ball students are loud in their demands and confident of the team's ability to win the hard and classy games which the schedule will produce.

### DePaul 8, St. Viator 3.

On Oct. 29 the Varsity, accompanied by a crowd of rooters 200 strong, went to the Windy City, and did something that they never did before, score on DePaul. The heavy veteran DePaul eleven was indeed fortunate in coming out of the fray in the manner it did, for their touchdown was as much of a surprise to them as to the supporters of St. Viator's. By some mischance Kalb went straight through the line for 30 yards and a touchdown in the second quarter and Dolan made the sixth point. No more scoring was done until the third quarter when O'Brien was downed behind the line for a safety, making the total score of DePaul 8. Towards the end of the quarter E. Quille dropped a pretty goal from the 40 yard line square between the uprights, giving St. Viator its first score against the husky DePaul eleven. The game was clearly fought and much credit must be given the Varsity for their excellent work in the new style game. Capt. Fitzgerald, Bergan and A. Quille played the game of their lives, and Welch was in every play. For DePaul Kalb, Schaefer and Qualle starred. Line-up:

#### DePaul, 8.

Byrne  
Hayjac  
Boland, Brennan  
Mayer  
Banner  
Fitzpatrick, Leffert  
Welsh, Potter  
Dolan  
Qualle, Schaefer  
Hyatt  
Kalb

L. E.  
L. T.  
L. G.  
C.  
R. G.  
R. T.  
R. E.  
Q.  
L. H.  
R. H.  
F.

#### S. V. C., 3.

A. Quille  
O'Brien  
Welch  
Sherman  
Darche  
Brenza  
Moynihan  
E. Quille  
Bergan  
(Capt.) Fitzgerald  
Storr

Touchdowns, Kalb (1). Goals Dolan (1). Goals from field—E. Quille (1). Safety, O'Brien (1). Referee—Drayer, (N. D. V.) Umpire—Haight (Shurtleff). Head linesman—Littman. Time 4ths, 15 min.

### St. Viator 47, Lincoln 5.

Playing a whirlwind game from start to finish St. Viator defeated the speedy Lincoln College team 47-5. The game was indeed a great one to witness and the spectators were



## THE VIATORIAN

always on their feet watching the forward passes fly through the air with the greatest precision and frequency. Coach Marks' team was in the best of trim and nothing could stop them. It was a great exhibition of the new game, and the Varsity showed themselves to be the masters of it. To tell of the touchdowns and featuring plays would almost require a book, but the game can best be told from the summary. For St. Viator Kissane and Moynihan played a game that was great to behold and carried the ball in excellent style. Fitzgerald and Harrison advanced the ball when called upon, for the required distance and Sherman and Darche could not be surpassed. The whole team worked like a clock and showed Coach Marks' training. P. Council and Cleary tried hardest to keep the onslaught of the locals. Line-up:

St. Viator, 47.

Kissane, Sammon  
O'Brien  
Welch, Warner  
Sherman  
Storr, Darche  
Brenza, Gordon  
Moynihan  
Quille  
Harrison, Mang  
Fitzgerald, (Capt)  
Bergan

L. E.  
L. T.  
L. G.  
C.  
R. G.  
R. T.  
R. E.  
Q.  
L. H.  
R. H.  
F.

Lincoln, 5.

Cleasz  
Graham  
S. Council  
Roberts  
M. Siebring  
G. Siebring  
P. Council  
Gaffney (Capt).  
F. Council  
Bunn  
Davy

Touchdowns—Fitzgerald (3), Moynihan (2), Kissane (1), Welch (1), P. Council (1). Goals—Fitzgerald (4). Goals from field—Quille (2). Safety—Davy. Referee—Kittleman (N. W.) Umpire—Mugan (Creighton). Head linesman—Sullivan. Timers—Legris and Morton. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Loyola 0, St. Viator 25.

True to the time honored custom, St. Viator defeated Loyola at Chicago Thanksgiving. Our opponents after many vain attempts to put over one victory on the locals, failed as usual and St. Viator's sent them down to defeat to the tune of 25-0. At no stage of the game was the Varsity goal in danger. Though outweighed considerably by the giant linemen of Loyola, they played an open game and the result is clearly seen. The finished playing of the locals was seen all through the contest, especially on the offense. Capt. Fitzgerald's spectacular playing was the principal feature, his long runs aiding materially in the making of touchdowns. Quille drop-



ped a goal in the third quarter from the 42 yard line, which was a beauty. O'Brien was a demon on the offense and sent his spirals down the field when necessity demanded it. Sammon and Moynihan also added glory to their names by scoring touchdowns, while Gordon and Brenza were in fine trim as usual. Kissane tackled every man that came near and Bergan starred also. Capt. Doyle's punting saved Loyola from greater humiliation. Line-up:

Loyola, 0.		S. V. C., 25.
Killian	L. E.	Kissane, Sammon
O'Brien	L. T.	O'Brien
Radaway	L. G.	Brenza
Farber	C.	Sherman
Fromme	R. G.	Darche
Dowdle	R. T.	Storr, Gordon
R. Moynihan	R. E.	F. Moynihan
Sullivan	Q.	Quille
Kirley, Burke, Roan	L. H.	Fitzgerald, (Capt.)
Herman	R. H.	Harrison
Doyle (Capt).	F.	Bergan

Touchdowns—O'Brien (1), Fitzgerald (1), Sammon (1), F. Moynihan (1). Goals—Fitzgerald (2). Goals from field—Quille (1). Referee—Sarley (P. & S.) Umpire—Kittleman (N. W.) Head linesman—McGerer (Loyola). Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

### Daniel Bergan Captain-Elect.

Shortly after the close of the football season a banquet was tendered the football team as a slight recognition of the past successful season. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated and as regards the menu nothing can be said of it but in the language of superlatives. Toasts and speeches were delivered by the team and members of the faculty who reviewed most vividly the contests so strenuously and successfully played. The principal event of the evening was the election of Mr. Daniel Bergan of Kankakee to captain next year's eleven. The choice could not have been a better one. Mr. Bergan has proven himself to be a football player of the first order, and will be a leader who is sure to fill Capt. Fitzgerald's shoes in good style. Mr. O'Brien, Quille and Fitzgerald all spoke feelingly of their football associations and wished the succeeding teams all possible success. Their places will indeed be difficult to fill. At the conclusion the much coveted and much deserved sweater coats and emblems were awarded



to Fitzgerald, Bergan, Harrison, A. Quille, E. Quille, O'Brien, Sherman, Darche, Moynihan, Brenza, Kissane, Gordon and Storr.

### BOWLING.

St. Viator wins initial contest from Knights of Columbus.

No sooner had Manager Cleary put aside the football paraphernalia and awarded monograms to the 1910 football players than he sat about organizing a bowling league and with the able co-operation of his two competent assistants F. Legris and C. McCauley succeeded in turning out a winning team. The first league game was played on Wednesday night, December 7th, on the college alleys against the well balanced team of the Knights of Columbus of Kankakee. The contest was interesting throughout and the opposing team seemed to have acquired many of the characteristics of the brave Knights of old, never giving up till the final score announced St. Viator's the winners by a small margin. Mr. Swain excelled on strikes while Mr. Ruel and Mr. Valade showed rare skill in making the "spares" count. Mr. McCauley was the hero for the college, scoring 210 in the first game. Result:

S. V. C.	1st	2nd	3rd	Ttl	K. of C.	1st	2nd	3rd	Ttl
T. O'Brien	..155	180	159	494	G. Swain	..172	148	168	488
F. Helta	...154	155	131	440	H. Ruel	..152	139	159	450
B. Kirley	..159	162	135	456	C. Valade	..156	162	168	486
T. Warner	..173	122	127	422	D. Wall	..169	152	148	469
C. McCauley	..210	179	155	544	A. Legris	..136	154	140	430
Total S. V. C.	.....			2356	Total K. of C.	.....			2323





LOCALS

—Mary Crispness!

—Hello Kid! Where you going?

—R. O.—Say Frank, did you send for those tips yet?

—Fritz—Say Dannie, can you let me take your stocking for Xmas Eve?—Mine's too small.

—Zum—I am going to hang one on the society—Rubber Boots.

—Brother John—Say Leo, shall I wear shin guards?

—Marathoning has been awfully popular these days. Yes, short walks and long runs —.

—Tommie—Do you think the fruit will last through the cold weather?

Bill—Easy picking.

—Martin—Are you going to put those baskets all around the gym?

—Dick—Say Fritz, do you think they'll bring the rabbits in tonight?

—Oh Jerry, I'm nearly dead, stop 'til we get a bite to eat.

—Bert—Do you think you'll ever go back?

Friend—I don't know Bert, but the more I think about it, the more I think.

—With all apologies—buke-u-buke-u!

—Visitor—Say have you a mill on this corridor, I never slept a wink last night?

Boss 219—Oh no, that was only the buzz of the B-ees you heard.

—William A. S. has taken to following the horses—Yes nightmares!

—I got 'em—I got 'em—There he goes.

—Wanted—A stenographer to take charge of correspondence. Apply 219—International Correspondence School.

—Lev—You tryin' to kid me?



## THE VIATORIAN

—News Item—Joseph H—nter has been elected President of the Roughhouser's Club—Wm. A. W—rner Secretary. A. St—rr Property Man.

—Tim C—rtin—"His honor the Mayor."

—Though it is indiscreet,  
Not to bow so sweet,  
To a friend you may meet  
Comein' down the street,  
Still think of the weather.  
You may off with your hat,  
But quickly you'll slap  
The smooth walk I tell you,  
Remember, then well  
Or the papers must tell  
Sadly 'twas the weather.

R. I. P.

## New Books.

"When Knighthood was in flower (flour)"—Revised by T. Harrison.

"Where honey is bountiful" or "taking care of the Bees"—By Wm. A. Sammon.

"How I came back"—Bernard O. Thompson (T. O' B.)

"The Song of a Nightingale" or "Flow-on thou dreamy music"—By E. J. Q.

"Why they call me Cap"—By J. M. F.—Revised to date by Dan B.

## WITH SANTA CLAUS.

St. Viator College, December 24, 1910.

Mr. Santa Claus: Dear Fellow—I am a little boy about six years of age and wish you would bring me a song book, a pair of shoes, and an airship as I am very fond of going up in the air.

Your friend,

John B. K.

St. Viator College, December 24th.

My Dear Santa: Wish you would bring me a mouse-trap, the Comic sheet, and an orange. Lovingly,

Patsy O. L.

St. Viator's, Christmas Eve.

To My Friend. Say Santa Claus: Will you send me a blue shirt, a necktie and a green hat. I have a friend who



wears clothes like this and I want the same kind. Don't forget now.  
Bert R.

Roy Hall, Dec. 12, 1910.

Santa Claus: Dear Friend—I am writing you early so that you won't forget me. Wish you would send me a big alarm clock, a little broom, and some paddles for catching bees.  
As ever, Willie S.

Bourbonnais College, December, 1910

Hon. Santa Claus: Dear Old Chappie—I am a young boy about four years of age. At present I am trying to learn to read, what some people call "Infernal Stuff." Wish you would provide me with an electric fan, and some ice water. I get so warm reading (Dan—e) In fondest hopes,  
Gerald B.

St. Viator College, December 23, 1910.

Mr. Santa Claus, Juniper. Dear Sir: Wish you would provide a nice big rope for me so that I can climb out of this Infernal Pit. Also a few of Demosthenes' orations and an air rifle for shooting rabbits. Will hang up my stocking as early as possible. Your friend,  
Ralph L.

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Auctore J. S. Hickey, O. Cist

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