

## Vacation Number

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# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

Volume 32

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Number 10

## OUR SOCIAL UNREST

MASTER'S ORATION DELIVERED JUNE 14, 1915

JOHN A. O'BRIEN, A.M. '15

The indications of an industrial unrest, which is spreading throughout the length and breadth of this country are unmistakable. The murmurings of discontent arising from the laboring classes are daily growing louder and louder. On all sides are heard the rumbling of an approaching storm. The social atmosphere has become oppressive with the breath of dissatisfaction and unrest. The labourers are clamouring for higher wages, shorter hours, better sanitary conditions. The capitalists are demanding an open-shop and a cessation of the sympathetic strike.

The workmen have united in strong labour unions. The employers have formed Masters' Associations. Both sides are arming for the conflict. The preliminary skirmishes are occurring daily in the shape of strikes, boycotts, lockouts and similar methods of industrial warfare. Neither side capitulates until compelled to do so, either by lack of resources, or by aroused public sentiment. But even then the capitulation is not a whole hearted surrender; it is but temporary; the losing side remains sullen and still unconvinced; it awaits but the arrival of fresh reinforcements, and then the struggle breaks out anew.

Glance but at the recent Colorado strike, with its battle-field of Ludlow. Travel from the coal-fields of West Virginia, to the Paint Creek District of Pennsylvania, to the copper mines of Michigan and the same scenes of violence and bloodshed between the forces of capital and labour meet your gaze. "In little more than ten years," says Damarest Lloyd, "we have had the battles of Homestead, Pullman and Hazleton. In the street car strikes of Cleveland, St. Louis, Albany and other places we have had pitched-battles and bloody riots."

At the present moment in our own immediate vicinity a huge strike between the carpenters, painters and contractors is raging



in Chicago—a strike throwing thousands of men out of employment and involving a loss of millions of dollars! In short, whenever the buyers and sellers of labour have a difference of opinion about the price, there is war—and we have to breathe air thick with murder and reeking with the fumes of dynamite!

These are the signs of an industrial unrest; these are the forebodings of an approaching social upheaval—an upheaval which will shake this country to its very foundations. This, we believe is bound to occur, unless some remedy for our industrial evils is quickly found. If we can arrive at a satisfactory solution of these pressing labour problems the efforts of the labourers and the capitalists can be kept within the proper channels and this social revolution can be averted.

What then is the remedy for these ills? To find the remedy we must first locate the cause. The cause, we believe, lies deeply rooted in our social organism. For this industrial unrest is not a sudden spontaneous outburst; it has been a slow, gradual, steady growth. Its origin must be traced back to the middle of the eighteenth century to the period in which occurred the Industrial Revolution.

Previous to this, the workmen under the protection of the great Social Guilds had laboured at home. Now comes the invention of new machinery, noticeably the steam-engine, the spinning machinery and the power-loom. A great change now comes over the industrial world. The new machines render the old instruments useless. The workers are now compelled to leave their homes to labor in the factories. Here we see the origin of the ownership of factories and machinery by capitalist employers instead of by the labourers themselves. Here begins the dependence of the labourer upon the employer, for the opportunity of earning a livelihood. It is at this period that women and children are introduced into the factories. As a result, the home and family life begins to wane. It is at this period that we witness the division of society into two sharply defined classes: the wage-earning class and the capitalist class. Unbridled competition reduces the wage-earners to a condition bordering upon poverty and complete dependence upon the employer. The capitalists are daily growing wealthier and wealthier. Envy, jealousy and wrangling between the two classes now begin to appear. Such is the origin of the strife between capital and labour, which is assuming such large proportions at the present day.



Hence, we find that deep down in our social organism are sown the germs of industrial unrest, germs, which for more than a century have been poisoning our social organism, and which now threaten modern society with a volcanic eruption.

The cause, as investigation reveals, is partly, economical; partly, philosophical, and partly, religious. Partly economical, because there has been no suitable adaptation to meet the changed economic conditions, brought about by the Industrial Revolution. It is partly philosophical. For masses of the workers have been poisoned by the doctrine of Socialism. In their distress they hearkened to the fine sounding theory of Jean Jacques Rousseau—the theory that all men, by nature, are equal, and that therefore all should have an equal share of this world's goods. Take away the right of private ownership; destroy the "mine" and "thine," make all things common, and Behold! an earthly Paradise! A Paradise in which there is no high, no low, no rich, no poor, but in all things, perfect equality! Such is the Socialistic Utopia!

Disseminated broadcast throughout Europe by the French Revolution, which was loud in proclaiming the Rights of man, but strangely silent in regard to his Duties, these ideas laid strong hold upon the down-trodden proletarians. So that today, we have hundreds of thousands of labourers who think relief can be found, only by overturning our present social order and establishing upon its ruins, the Socialistic community.

The cause is partly and chiefly a religious one. For, following upon the foot-steps of the so-called Reformation, there spread through the nations, a spirit of irreligion. The ideas of God, Heaven, the life eternal lost their hold upon the minds of men. They ceased, for many, to be motives for right conduct. Absorbed in materialism, the multitude withdrawing their gaze from the rewards of Heaven, fixed it solely upon the things of earth. Thence began that mad race for pleasure, for indulgence, for sensual gratification. But, not possessing all the wealth necessary to satisfy their thirst for pleasure, and jealous of the greater resources of the capitalist, the proletarians are anxious to despoil him of his property, and to divide it equally among themselves.

Justice is no longer the norm of computing wages. It has become a question of mere expediency—the capitalist pays only what he is compelled to pay: the workman submits only when his strong labour union is unable to exact more. Charity between employer and employee has become largely a thing of the past. Mu-



tual jealousy and rivalry have come to prevail between the labouring masses and the capitalists. Such is the state of affairs resulting primarily from the prevalence of the spirit of irreligion with its attendant evils,—uncharitableness, injustice, greed, and selfishness.

This, then, is the canker-worm which is gnawing at the very vitals of our social organism! This is the primary and the fundamental cause of our social unrest!

What now is the remedy? First, remove the occasion of these dissensions. Avoiding the extremes of paternalism and total non-intervention, let the State check and forestall the abuses that arise; investigate and arbitrate the disputes between the employer and employee, rendering justice to both sides. Let the State curb the undue influence of monopolies and trusts; require sanitary conditions for employment; enact a minimum wage, and regulate the number of working hours. In short, let the State protect the rights of all her citizens; in particular, let her safeguard the rights of her weaker members, the labouring classes, who have too often been made the victims of greed and oppression.

But the real cause, as we remarked, is the prevalence of irreligion; so the true remedy must be a return to religion. What is needed, is a larger injection of the wholesome principles of justice and charity into the contracts and relations existing between the employer and employee. The Divine Command, "Thou shalt not steal" has been lost sight of. Both sides are too prone to forget their duties and think only of their rights.

Let the employer remember that he is bound by strict commutative justice to pay a wage equal to the economic value of the work performed. He is bound to pay a living wage—a wage sufficient for at least a frugal, comfortable existence. As Leo XIII has well expressed it "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." To the labourer belongs the entire fruit of his labor. And to the employers who withhold part of this fruit from him, there is addressed one of the most terrible condemnations found in all Scripture. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl in your miseries, which shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall eat your flesh like fire. Behold the hire of the labourers, which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." And these monopolies which crowd down



and oppress the employees, are but, "whited supulchres, fair without but within they are filled with dead mens' bones."

The employer must not regard the employees as mere instruments for money-making; he must honor in them the dignity of the Christian character. Consequently he must allow them sufficient time to fulfill their religious obligations. He must not impose burdens upon his employees which are above their capacity. The hours must not be too protracted; nor may he overtax the feeble strength of women and children.

He is bound by charity to take a special interest in his employees, to relieve them in cases of distress, to listen to their grievances, to remove the causes of their dissatisfaction. In short, to promote, as far as possible their physical and spiritual welfare. Let him ever bear in mind the words of the Apostle John, "He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him; how doth the charity of God abide in him?"

What about the employee? He also has his duties. He is bound to fulfill the just contracts, into which he has freely entered. He must not injure the person of his employer, nor damage his property; but must perform a fair day's work, for a fair day's wage.

Mutual charity and coöperation must replace the hate and jealousy now existing between the two classes. For it is only by working in harmony and unison with one another, that the interests of both classes can best be promoted.

This change can be brought about only by religion. For it alone offers man the proper incentives for labour, for self-sacrifice, for right conduct. It alone gives to laws and rights their proper moral sanction, as Leo XIII has eloquently said:—

*"Alas for laws dissociate from Awe,  
What rest of faith or honourable law?  
Rights when from the Altar disallied  
Nod, and to ruin slide!"*

The capitalist and labourer alike must be made to realize that this life is but a time of probation, a time of trial; that this is not his true home—that lies beyond. As long as man lives, he can never be free from toil, from trouble, from suffering. Let him bear his burden manfully, and patiently endure the ills of this mortal life, keeping ever before his eyes the promise of Sacred Scripture: "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him"

and "that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

This, then, is the remedy for our social unrest, the only remedy under the sun which can replace with charity, justice and fraternal coöperation, the hatred, greed, jealousy, and bickerings now existing between capital and labour.

The multitudes have turned their back upon God and centered their gazes upon the things of earth. They must lift their eyes toward Heaven; they must return to God. Without Him there can be no progress. For He Himself hath said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Without the way, there is no going; without the Truth, there is no knowing; without the life, there is no living. Let the weary down-trodden labourer and all those who toil, hearken to the invitation of Christ: "Come to me all ye who labour and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you; for my yoke is sweet and my burden light." It is only by responding to this Divine Call, that peace, order, and tranquility can be established throughout our industrial world!

### COLUMBIA

*Columbia holds a welcome still,  
For Saxon, Celt and Dane,  
For every heart whose pulses thrill  
With motives sound and sane.*

*Who dares to soil her standard fair,  
That sheltered race and clan,  
The future shall record for e'er  
A proud, unfeeling man.*

S. J. W.



## A R E V E R I E

R. J. FRENCH '17

One bright Sunday in May I left Fallon Hall with a book under my arm in search of a shady nook on Mount Elephant. I soon found a grassy clearing on the side of the mountain and sat down under a widespreading maple.

The Grease River flowed a few hundred yards below, twining its way through a flat, cultivated plain to the mighty Ottawa, some two miles away. The village of Regina was in the plain to my right—a small cluster of dwelling surrounding the village steeple. The balmy morning air, the twittering birds, the emerald spring foliage, the brilliant sun, the scene before me—all were beautiful. I lay back to muse.

I was aroused from this sensuous enjoyment of nature by the distant pealings of the village chime calling worshippers to the Sunday service. The chime was a decidedly sweet one. It seemed to penetrate into the innermost recesses of my mind, to call forth recollections of by-gone days, memories which caused a happy feeling of emotion to pass over me. I was transported out of myself across the mighty ocean—I was with the past.

Before the eye of my inward soul a quaint, old, country Gothic church arose, its massive walls, huge square belfry, and lofty steeple covered with ivy. Large stone tombstones and vaults guarded with iron railings looking cold and damp, surround the church—the whole encircled by a low stone wall and rail. Everything looks old, everything is old—it is the heritage in stone of a by-gone age.

The thrilling, deep-toned peal of this old time chime now resounds in my ears. Those very bells, methought, must have called forth numerous ancestors from the comfortable surrounding houses and neat thatched cottages that lie here and there in far-stretching fields.

From every cottage round which the roses twine issue a robust farmer and his buxom wife, accompanied by stalwart sons and comely daughters, all in neat Sunday apparel. The group treads its way across the sweet smelling meadow, climbs over old-fashioned stiles, and passes through brows-



ing herds of soft-eyed kine which always stare with their wonted curiosity. From every side such worshippers are seen approaching the village church. The country squire, old and grey, is also there, subject alike to the law of God. How proudly the country folk regard him! He is their lord and master, the hero of many a battle fought in his country's service, yet, a cherished friend and father to all.

The echoing sounds of the last stroke dies away—the people are at prayer.

What a beautiful picture! No wonder we always think and speak of the past as the good old times. Perhaps it is because most of the people then drew their livelihood from Mother Nature.

That same antique church is still standing in that little country village, but the cold wave of heresy has shriveled up the lively faith and ardent love of that noble peasantry. Now a chilling atmosphere pervades the once sacred pile and penetrates even to the marrow of my bones. Even the church bells strike a sorrowful chord in my heart and seem to ask for the return of those loving souls that have been snatched away by the hand of persecution.

"God grant that it may soon be so!" I cried from the bottom of my heart and back I came to reality.

## OLIVER CROMWELL

ROBERT HILLIARD '18

The date of this great man's birth and his parentage are somewhat obscure. It is thought that he was the son of a butcher and this fact was often, in after years, maliciously alluded to by his enemies the Cavaliers. The veracity of this statement, however, may be rightly doubted for historians are almost unanimous in their denial of it. That Cromwell sprang from the lower classes none deny, but that his father was a butcher they all discredit and regard as a myth.

To give all the events of his life would mean to write a book of several volumes. Let us, therefore, start in at the time when he had apparently reached the pinnacle of glory, the zenith of his power, the year 1658.



To the superficial Cromwell had reached the goal of his ambitions. He had succeeded in discovering, defeating and punishing every conspiracy against him at home; his fleets had swept the seas; his friendship was sought for by every foreign power; he was the recipient of many valuable gifts from kings and princes on the continent; his judgment in affairs of State was sought after and respected as is shown by the fact that he acted as mediator when Portugal, Holland and Sweden had a disagreement at this time. Most of all he had gained Dunkirk, through which gateway he hoped to spread the work of Providence on the Continent.

Things were not, however, what they seemed to an ordinary outside observer. The cares and anxieties of his strenuous life and his domestic troubles were undermining his constitution.

The State at this time was very poor, financially Cromwell's expenditures were higher than his income and yet he was by no means an extravagant man; simplicity and order were the characteristic marks of his court and daily life. Besides this he had contracted enormous debts which he was unable to pay. The army's pay was in arrears and they were beginning to grumble. Cromwell always regarded the army as his chief support. He wisely tried to ingratiate himself with them as much as he could by giving them good rations and good pay and as long as he did this he was extremely popular with them, but now that their pay was in arrears he was afraid that they would listen to the schemes of some of the officers who were planning to supplant him. His credit and popularity were gone. The countries of Europe, while anxious to secure his good-will and friendship, were very unwilling, however, to advance him troops, provisions or money.

In this terrible state of affairs he turned to Thurloe, his chief minister, and asked him for advice. Thurloe suggested calling Parliament together and trying to get them to levy a tax upon the people. The exchequer was by this time practically without a penny in it and one historian tells us that "the ministers were forced to go around a-begging" a loan. At last Thurloe and Cromwell hit upon a novel plan to remedy the evils. A commission of nine men were appointed to investigate money matters, see if they could not counteract the schemes of the enemies of the republican form of government and to settle the matter of a successor to the Protector. Concerning the first two of their purposes the commission could find no remedy whatever; in regard to the last they declared it to be a matter of indifference whether the



successor was hereditary or one elected by popular choice. Cromwell promptly dissolved this commission because he saw that there were at least two of its members who desired to supplant him.

Add to all these cares and anxieties his constant dread of assassination and it is no wonder that a man of even Cromwell's constitution broke down. History tells us that many conspiracies were hatched against him, but at the same time no attempts were ever made upon his person. This, however, did not prevent Cromwell from taking the greatest precaution possible. We are told he never went out without a double guard, in his journeys he frequently turned to the right and to the left and never came back the same way he went; in the palace he frequently changed the night watch and very often searched them: he slept in different bed-chambers and took care that the room had more than one exit; when he granted audiences he always watched the parties sternly and always had guards by his side; he even went so far as to wear defensive armor beneath his ordinary dress. His nights were passed in feverish anxiety and sleep very seldom came to his pillow. He had faced death many times in the field openly and without fear, but like many other brave men, the thought of unknown and invisible enemies preyed upon his mind and soon rendered him a nervous wreck.

If we search closely into this man's life we will find still another care which must have preyed upon his overtaxed mind and which also must have hastened his death. Although outwardly rather austere and harsh Cromwell, nevertheless, was fond of his children. Of these Margaret Claypole was his favorite. She was meek and her humble piety readily accepted the abstruse theological teachings of the general. But now she was dying of what physicians called an unnameable disease and Cromwell left the business of State to go and console her at Hampton Court. Although their conversation was strictly private it is whispered that she urged him to abandon "the good old cause" and restore the government to its rightful operators. Every time Cromwell left her after one of these private conversations he was noticed to be very much depressed, and this is ascribed both to his affection for the child and to his uncertainty of mind.

Soon after this Cromwell himself died a peaceful death. He was firm in his religion even to the end. His funeral was attended with all the pomp and ceremony given to royalty. He was without doubt the greatest man of his time. The fact that



he rose to his exalted position notwithstanding obstacles of birth makes us look upon him with admiration and wonder. Physically he was tall, well formed and active. His mental gifts were by no means inferior to his corporal gifts. He knew how to mould men to suit his purpose. With him dissimulation was the greatest of arts. Historians, however, are unanimous in their belief that he was true to his religious convictions, although through some peculiar turn of fortune these convictions were always in accordance with the furtherance of his own personal schemes and ambitions. He always claimed that whatever he did was for the welfare of "the good old cause" and in those days this covered a multitude of sins.

### A PLEA TO THE SACRED HEART

*My heart so weary of the strife,  
My hopes frustrated in this life,  
My storm tossed soul from sin apart,  
To Thee I give sweet Sacred Heart.*

*Sweet Sacred Heart that bled for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee.  
Sheltered from all pain and care  
With love for Thee I will rest there.*

*My trust dear Heart I give to Thee  
With feeble gift to Thee I flee  
O Heart divine! O Love etern!  
Thy fire of love doth ever burn.*

*Those healing drops of blood so sweet  
From Thy cleft Heart down to Thy feet  
Fell, to lave my soul from sin  
O loving Jesus let me rest therein.*

—Thomas J. Shanley, '17



**VALEDICTORY****EDWARD J. DILLON '15**

Years ago as we gazed through the long vista of time, we saw, in the distance, the "Sun of Glory" rising over the high peak of a lofty mountain and upon it's summit was a crowned shield with the word "Graduation" emblazoned on its crest. We gazed and were entranced, then with steadfast hearts we resolved to attain that goal, whose end meant but commencement.

We started upon our journey, seemingly unsurmountable obstacles faced us at every turn; many times the road was rough and stony, many times we faltered, many times we thought the goal beyond our reach, but ever fixed in our determination, we pushed on and on and after many years of search we have arrived at our destination. The victory is ours.

It is a happy day for the student when his Alma Mater sends him forth a graduate, it is a happy day for him to be crowned with the wreath of victory. And why should we not be happy? Have we not attained that for which we sought and labored? But despite our thoughts of happiness, an indefinable something tugs at our very hearts and bids happiness share her glory. It is the thought of leaving home, for home it surely is; it is the thought of leaving teachers and students, and it stirs a feeling deep down in our very hearts that tells us more strikingly than words that there is sorrow there. We have been members of one large family, sharing joys and sorrows, defeats and triumphs, and now that we must part there arises a something deep within us that cannot be expressed. We have learned to love St. Viator's, its teachers and its students, and now we are to leave. We realize that we have been living in a favored spot, an oasis, if you will, on the road of life. We realize that this college was merely a resting place, where we have drunk of the clear, cool, refreshing waters of knowledge and have eaten of the seasoned fruit of Catholicism; we realize that these past years, instead of being paved with rugged stones and beset with many pit-falls, as we had thought, have been the happiest years of our life and that the real struggle is about to commence. Pope well expresses our thoughts:



*"So pleasant at first the towering Alps we try;  
Mount o'er vales and seem to tread the sky!  
The eternal snows already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last  
But those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthened way;  
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, Alps on Alps arise."*

Such are the feelings that arise within us, when first we fixed our eyes on graduation, set upon a lofty mountain, the thought arose within us, attain that and you will be on the height, but lo and behold when now we have attained it.

*"The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."*

We know, in a small measure, what is before us, what is expected of us. We know that we have spent the spring-time of our lives and now will come successively, the searing ray of Summer, the saddening moan of Autumn and the bleak Winter; we know that our paths will not be strewn with roses and that the joyous wishes of friends, the cheers of parents and the praise of teachers are but for the spring-time of life, which now being over, we must now face the battle of life alone.

Still the thought of after life does not daunt us, nor terrify us, we are prepared for the battle before us. For years our teachers have labored earnestly and zealously in our behalf and have equipped us with an armor that surely will protect us; they have spared no effort in our behalf, no time was lost, they have given us the best that is within them and in return we offer and give our sincerest thanks. And if we are successful and we will be, the success will not be ours alone, but also theirs. We know that in the future they will be proud of the class of 1915, but if by chance we should fail, the fault will be ours, not theirs. If we have wasted the precious time allotted to us, and resisted the efforts put forth in our behalf, failure will be the inevitable result and the fault and blame will be ours alone.

But whatever be the result, we wish to emphasize the fact to our teachers at St. Viators, that we will always and everywhere be good Christian gentlemen. This is a heritage which our Alma Mater has bequeathed to us and which neither success nor failure can impair nor deprive us of. And no matter what our station in life, be it high or low, rich or poor, we always remain Catholics and gentlemen. Though peace may reign, there is a constant war-



fare ever being waged between right and wrong, soon we will be engulfed in its entangling snares and battle in the battle of life. We have donned the armor of "Right" and will fight for the principles of Catholicism and

*"Though the road be rough and dreary,  
And its end far out of sight,  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
Trust in God and do the right."*

and profiting by the noble examples set before us by our teachers, we hope in turn to be living torches to guide and light the way of those who are faltering or may have severed from the path of righteousness and make them what we promise to remain, good Catholic gentlemen.

The time draws near, I must say farewell, but words cannot express what I would wish to say, it may show itself in the faltering of the voice, the halting of the step, but words themselves can never express the thoughts which are ever tightening the strings about the heart, but in the name of the class of 1915, we wish again to extend our heartfelt thanks to the faculty and teachers of St. Viator's and though in the future we may be far removed from St. Viators in body, we will always remain here in spirit, and until we meet again, until that day, one last, fond farewell.

**BROTHER AUGUSTIN MARTEL, C.S.V.**

R. J. F.

On June 22nd the Clerics of Saint Viator lost their oldest member on this side of the Atlantic, in the death of the Reverend Brother Augustin Martel. To many, the name of this reverend brother is known. It has always been associated with the names of Father P. Beaudoin and Brother J. B. Bernard, which devoted trio laid the foundations of Saint Viator College and formed the nucleus around which the present community gathered. One by one these venerated faces have disappeared and now the last link connecting us with that heroic band is broken.

Born at Sain Mathias, in the county of Chambley, P. Q., Canada, on July 26, 1836, and having made his studies in the Seminary of Saint Hyacinthe, Brother Martel entered the Clerics of Saint Viator on September 4, 1854, seven years after their foundation in Canada.





BROTHER BERNARD C.S.V.  
FATHER BEAUDOIN C.S.V.                      BROTHER MARTEL C.S.V.  
FOUNDERS OF ST. VIATORS COLLEGE



He was successively professor at Vercheres, at Longueuil at Joliette Seminary; in the month of August, 1865, fifty years ago, obedience called upon him to open a school in this village of Bourbonnais, where he was one of the founders of Saint Viator College from which sprung, in 1882, a new province for his community, at Chicago.

However, he was not destined to remain long with us for in 1874 the confidence of his superiors and the choice of his companion religious called him to Vourles, near Lyons (France), as assistant of the Very Reverend Superior General and master of novices. During the next three years he remained at this post in the vineyard of the Lord.

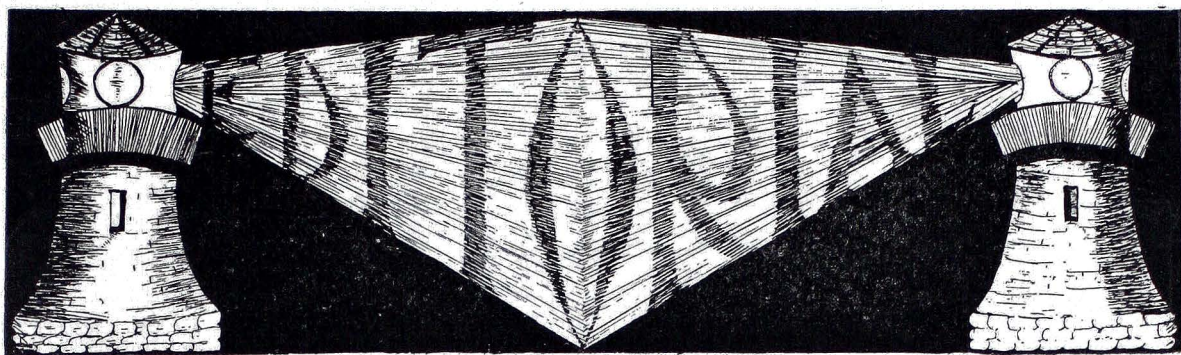
Returning to Canada in 1877, he was appointed director of the school at Saint Timothée which post he held until 1896, working body and soul for this beautiful parish that was, to the last, the object of his predilection. It was during these following years that the flourishing Chicago province had the pleasure of again having him in their midst, no longer the stalwart young man to direct, but a white haired old man to look upon, to admire and to imitate. Though not able to take an active part in the classroom, Brother Martel could not remain idle but directed his abilities and remaining strength to the cultivation of flowers and the embellishment of our grounds. Returning to Canada in the fall of 1904, he did similar work in many houses of our Canadian province during the succeeding years. Such work pleased him, distracted him, fascinated him, besides affording him the means to be very useful to his dear community. It was at such work that death found him. On June 22nd, he left Outrement by the morning train to take a short vacation at the novitiate at Joliette, where he died that very evening after having received the last sacraments.

This sad news was announced by the Very Reverend Father Rivard to the community assembled for their annual retreat at Bourbonnais, and a Requiem Mass was sung by the community on Friday, June 25th, the date fixed for his funeral. Likewise, on the following Monday, a solemn Requiem Mass was sung at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, for the repose of the soul of this pioneer educator of Illinois.

Such is the long and fruitful career of our lamented elder brother. He is dead, no longer visible to our eyes but we trust he is living in the eyes of God and reaping the reward of his fruitful labor, of his 61 years of religious life. Spent so faithfully in the service of his Master.

May God grant sweet rest to his soul!





# THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

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Much credit is due our worthy President, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. C., for his generous efforts to place St. Viator College before the scrutinizing gaze of the leading educators of the country. The superlative effort thus far in his successful career—at least so we think—was his bringing to our Commencement Exercises the foremost public educator of our own great state.

**Honorable  
F. C. Blair**

Illinois may well be proud of the man to whom she has entrusted one if not the most important office in her administrative facilities, namely, Superintendent of Public Instruction Hon. F. G. Blair. We deem it unnecessary to emphasize the importance of that office, because every intelligent and loyal citizen fully realizes that the future of our country rests in the "youth of the nation"; and that the training and education which they are receiving today is bound to bear its consequent fruits for the morrow.

In that impressive address to the Graduates of St. Viator, Mr. Blair reiterated that fundamental principle which every true educator has advocated, namely, the formation of character according to the dictates of religion and morality.

St. Viator College holds a hearty welcome to every man who stands on the same platform with Mr. Blair in his advocacy of true education.





The annual class day and commencement exercises at St. Viator College took place on June 13 and 14.

**Class Day and Commencement** These two days of celebration so full of pleasure and activity, were a befitting close to very successful scholastic year of 1914 and 1915. In point of splendor and orderly execution, this year's celebration of class day and commencement easily rivaled those of former years.

Much time and labor were devoted to the decorating of the college grounds and buildings. The exterior and interior of the buildings were deftly adorned with drapery of old gold and purple and beautiful American flags. The college lawns and fragrant flower beds lent their beauty to aid in completing the decorative scheme.

Although the Solemn High Mass, which is the inaugural ceremony of the class day festivities, was celebrated at nine-thirty o'clock, still many visitors and friends had already arrived. The Mass which was celebrated in the college chapel, was sung by Rev. J. M. Fitzgerald, newly ordained priest from St. Viator. Assisting him were Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., deacon, Rev. J. A. Lowney, C. S. V., sub-deacon, and C. Marzano, C. S. V., master of ceremonies. The college choir sang in the same praiseworthy manner as of yore, and much credit is due Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., for their careful training.

Very Rev. F. A. Purcell, D.D., rector of Cathedral College, Chicago, delivered the baccalaureate sermon. He had for his subject the two present day evils—infidelity and religious indifference. The eloquent speaker made evident the fact that these moral errors are dangerous not only to the church, but also to the



state in general. And hence, he exhorted the graduates to employ vigorously the weapons which a Catholic education had placed into their hands, to fight these threatening evils, and by doing so to evince at the same time their love of Catholicity and their patriotic love of country.

At one o'clock a sumptuous banquet was served in College Hall. About six-hundred persons were seated at the tables. Many Alumni were present besides the parents and friends of the faculty and students. When the tables had been cleared and the cigars in order, Mr. E. J. Dillon '15, the toastmaster, arose. After the introductory remarks of welcome, Mr. Dillon called upon the various speakers to respond to the following toasts:

"On the Firing Line	- - - - -	M. F. Dillon '18
"The Widening Prospect"	- - - - -	T. D. Sullivan '17
"Nearing the End"	- - - - -	P. J. Buckley '16
"Other Worlds to Conquer"	- - - - -	J. Dailey '13
"The Near College Man"	- - - - -	L. Lawson H. S. '14
"The Happiest Days"	- - - - -	W. McKenna '06
"Ideals"	- - - - -	Rev. L. O'Connor '07
"Alls well that ends well" - Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S.V.		

The various toasts were indeed intellectual treats and each carried forth the heartiest message of loyalty to Alma Mater.

The banquet and speeches having been despatched, the many visitors were escorted about the college campus and through the various buildings. Many were the comments upon the rapid improvements St. Viator is daily making.

The evening exercises were held on the college campus. The bulk of the program for this occasion was carried out by the high school graduates. They are to be warmly congratulated on their excellent program and display of class spirit.

Mr. J. J. Mitchell fulfilled the honors of class poet. His poem contained "real poetry" and was the subject of many favorable comments.

To Mr. E. A. Kelly, president of the class, was assigned the task of peering into the future, and as a true prophet to describe the fortunes or mishaps which were to befall his class mates. As Mr. Kelly knows all the boys pretty well, he found no difficulty in foretelling their future careers.

The Class Will, read by J. W. Sinnott, was adorned with sparkling humor and received large rounds of applause.



W. R. Fallon read the Class History. Many and laudable were the incidents which he related regarding his classmates during their stay at the college.

The last number of the program was the investiture of the junior class.

The commencement exercises began at 2 P. M. in the college auditorium, Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D., presiding.

### **Commence- ment Day**

After a selection from the college orchestra, Mr. J. A. O'Brien '13, gave an interesting oration on "Our Social Unrest." The oration was delivered in a masterful manner and gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of our social and economic conditions.

To Mr. E. J. Dillon '15, president of the graduating class, fell the task of delivering the valedictory. His oration won much deserved applause from the appreciative audience.

Hon. F. G. Blair, superintendent of public instruction, addressed the graduates on the subject of "Education." This was the first appearance of Mr. Blair at St. Viators and we sincerely hope not his last. His talk was fraught with apt anecdotes, wholesome advice and stirring exhortations. The burden of his theme was the adage, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

This interesting oration was followed by the conferring of degrees, the awarding of diplomas, and the distribution of medals.

The following gentlemen received the degree of Master of Arts: Francis J. Brady, J. J. Fitzgerald, J. Heeney H. Langlois, T. Mullins, T. Rowan, J. J. Daley, T. G. Flynn, M. J. Holly, E. J. Lenard, J. A. O'Brien and E. Unruh.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following: Mr. E. J. Dillon, Charles Dougherty.

The ceremonies of the day were fittingly brought to a close with an address by Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D. He complimented the faculty and students for their excellent work during the past year, and especially for the excellent commencement program.

—T. E. F.

On Sunday, June 6, Bourbonnais was the scene of a beautiful Corpus Christi procession. All nature seemed in tune for the occasion, in fact, a better day for honoring the Body of Christ could scarcely have been granted.

### **Corpus Christi Procession**

Solemn Mass was sung in Maternity Church by Rev. E. Sougline, assisted by Rev. J. R. Plante, C. S. V., as deacon, and Rev. J. A. Lowney, C. S. V., as sub-deacon, after which the



solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The long line wended its way through the beautiful college grounds, thence returning to the church. An altar decorated with flowers had been erected upon the spacious portico of Marsile Hall, on the college campus, where benediction was given. In the procession were many surpliced priests, members of the parish, displaying banners of their several sodalities, the nuns and girls of Notre Dame Academy, the students and professors of St. Viator, and many visitors from near and far.

**Notre Dame  
Convent Com-  
mencement**

Notre Dame Convent held its commencement exercises Monday evening, June 14, Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris presiding. At seven-thirty o'clock the beautiful little auditorium of Notre Dame was filled to its capacity. After the Salutary Essay was read by Miss Marie Kelly, the convent girls presented a short sketch of "France et Jeanne D'Arc." This was followed by an essay on Reading and Character by Miss Mae Horan, and a vocal solo by Miss Marie Kegel. Diplomas, medals and honors being awarded, Miss Marie Kegel read the Valedictory, in which she expressed, in the name of her classmates, beautiful sentiments of love and gratitude to Alma Mater. She developed the class motto, "Numini et Patriae" in a most praiseworthy manner. This delightful program was fittingly brought to a close by an interesting talk from Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, in which he exhorted the graduates to imitate Jeanne D'Arc, and always remember their motto, "Numini et Patriae." The following received medals of Graduation: Miss Marie Kegel, Miss Mae Horan, Miss Josephine Clifford, Miss Anita Keegan, Miss Marie Kelley.

**Retreat**

The annual retreat for the Clerics of St. Viator took place the week of June 20-27. Very Rev. E. L. Revard, C. S. V., Provincial of the Chicago province, presided at the exercises, and Rev. Father Christopher, O. F. M. of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill., conducted the retreat. On Sunday morning the ceremony of the taking of vows was held. After solemn mass was celebrated by Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Bro. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., took his perpetual vows, and Bro. J. C. Nelson, C. S. V., pronounced his first, five year vows. This was followed by solemn benediction and a short sermon by the Rev. retreat master. The exercises closed with a procession and the singing of the Te Deum.



Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., spoke at the commencement exercises of Bradley High School and likewise at Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., addressed the graduates of St. Joseph's School, Chatsworth, Ill., and also St. Mels School, Chicago. Rev. J. Munday, D.D., spoke at the closing exercises of St. Patrick's School, Kankakee.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. Thos. Navin C. M., student of '02-'04, was ordained Saturday, June 12, at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, by Rt. Rev. Archbishop Glennon. Fr. Navin celebrated his first mass June 13 at St. Vincent's Church, Chicago. "The Viatorian" extends congratulations and wishes him success, ad multos Annos.

Mr. Fred Coupal, old student, was likewise recently ordained and is at present a priest of the Congregation of the Mission.

We were glad to have our Ordinandi back among us for a few days of recreation.

As far as we have heard, their appointments are as follows: Rev. J. M. Fitzgerald, Danville, Ill., Rev. J. Kenrick, Pontiac, Ill., Rev. A. Baltutis, Fox Lake, Ill., Rev. T. Mullins, St. John Baptist Church, Moberly, Mo.

The following changes in the Peoria diocese have to do with several of our alumni. Rev. Wm. Irish goes to Elmwood, Ill., Rev. W. J. Cleary is transferred to the chaplaincy of the Old Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill., F. C. Cleary goes to Rock Island, Ill., Rev. J. J. Cosgrove is stationed at Ottawa, Ill.

Rev. Jos. Legris, C. S. S. R. '08 is spending a few weeks with his parents in Bourbonnais. He will preach the Novena of St. Anne, at St. Joseph's Church, Brighton Park, Ill., which will terminate on the Feast of St. Anne, July 26.



## EXCHANGES

By the time this number will have reached you, you will be in the midst of your summer vacation which we hope will be more than ever before a "bonne vacance." Below, as a continuation from last month, we are printing some of the comments on the "Viatorian" which our contemporaries have passed during the current year. We wish we might print all of them, but space will not permit.

As an old, familiar friend, neatly dressed in a light, new suit, comes "*The Viatorian*" from distant Illinois. This time he poses as a Freshman and to poetize on—guess the subject—"Spring." Then with all the decorum of an instructor, he speaks about Joseph Conrad and his tale of the sea in a highly interesting manner; and deserves praise for the good critical judgment he displays and the comparisons he employs. His storylike sketch of "A Freshman's Dress Rehearsal" is very expressive of that peculiar good-feeling which is so often found to exist, in colleges, between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. Our friend wishes to entertain us profitably and succeeds admirably well by telling us much about the settings in Hawthorne's "*The Marble Faun*." From his plea for the birds we learn that he is a great lover of the winged songsters; and many of his arguments for their protection are quite well founded. Some people might, however, find his arguments concerning the crows and sparrows a little weak. He concludes his plea with appeals to our emotion and to our reason. Being interested in literature, our visitor cannot help but open a discussion on the merits and demerits of "*Romola*," one of George Eliot's best known novels. He tells us, "We cannot help being influenced by it, for the wholesomeness of the story and the beauty of the setting are in themselves edifying." But even if poetic justice finds in her work admirable exemplification, still Jenkin's Literature tells us that "*Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* are dangerous, because they reflect principles of positivism." We like your dissertation, nevertheless. What we did find a little strange was that for the sake of jokes you hardly touched officially upon any live questions of the



day. Good bye, old friend, be sure to continue your most agreeable monthly calls.—*"The Pacific Star," Mt. Angel College, St. Benedict, Oregon.*

"We had the great pleasure of receiving not only the current issue of the "Viatorian," but two back numbers. The "Viatorian," we take the liberty of stating, is the neatest and most compact magazine we received. Surely, no dearth of historical articles in your paper, for in the first issue we received, we notice two. The first of these, "St. Friedeswide," is certainly a very complete story of the life of this saint; the other, "The Conversion of Ireland," is an excellent story of the life of St. Patrick. Your poems in this issue are also very good. We notice, however, that you have no story of any kind in this issue. For a portentous magazine such as the Viatorian, this is, indeed a grave omission."—*The Rostrum, St. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.*

Neat, compact and so unobtrusive that for two months we were unconscious of its presence in our sanctum, the November number of "The Viatorian" finally emerges from the huge (?) pile of checks that litters our table and respectfully seeks our notice. We are tired of receipting bills and the reviewing of "The Viatorian" affords us welcome relief. The omnipresent war verse is given space, nor was the editor nodding when assent was given to its publication. Beguiled by the title "St. Viator," we are led to read an instructive and scholarly sermon that found its text not so much in the life of the sainted Viator, as we anticipated, but in a subtended extract from St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, dealing with the futility of seeking after "the things of the earth." Under "Hankisms" is found a series of pithy paragraphs that contain some "horse sense" but more nonsense. "Inter Alia" proves one of the most interesting department that it has been our fortune to read, we refer to it as a model to our exchanges. Our final word must be one of censure to the Alumni Editor, for he devotes a considerable amount of type to an inconsiderate recital of the domestic troubles of an alumnus. If this were depicted on the comic sheet together with the antique mother-in-law joke, it might be ignored, but appearing in the columns of a magazine of the standard of "The Viatorian" is to be declared decidedly declassé.—*"Niagara Index," Niagara University, Niagara, N. Y.*

The recent numbers of the "Viatorian" deserve much praise. The stories, "Behold the Man," and "Out of the Depths," are



well written, and have each a decided plot. The writer of the former has evidently a keen appreciation of good art. The essay on Milton's "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," is very interesting and reveals on the part of the writer thorough familiarity with the poem. One jarring note, however, struck us in the March issue,—the essay on "Romola." It is, to be sure, interesting and well written; but why Catholic students in Catholic colleges should be at such pains to eulogize either the author or her works is beyond our mental grasp,—but perhaps we are prejudiced!—"Echoes of the Times," Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont.

"In looking over the Mid-Year number of *The Viatorian*, we notice that there is one thing lacking which we consider one of the prime requisites of a college magazine, namely, short-stories. The opening poem, "The Death and the Birth," is a well-written bit of poetry, and appropriate to the season. "A Festal Wish" is a pleasing metrical number which shows the deeper thoughts and sentiments of the writer. We could wish to see one or two additional pieces of original verse in the journal, since the two which appear are rich in merit. "Some of the Dogs in Our Town" is a short, well-written informal essay, which is not only a clever bit of description, but also gives a humorous touch to "*The Viatorian*." The departments are well conducted, the exchanges being particularly interesting.—*The Helianthos*," Mt. Carmel College, Wichita, Kansas.

A delightful and sympathetic character sketch of Maggie Tulliver is one of the chief attractions of the mid-year *Viatorian*. The author treats his subject too briefly however, for all readers of George Eliot are admirers of the charming but sad little heroine of "The Mill on the Floss." "Virginibus Puerisque," a brief resumé and criticism of four essays of Robert Louis Stevenson's entitled the "Virginibus Puerisque" calls attention to an unfamiliar line of Stevenson's work and elicits the interest of the reader.—*The Eagle*," St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis.

The mid-year publication of *The Viatorian* contains an entertaining account of the life of Michael Faraday, a noted scientist of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This sketch is of educational worth to every one. The essays, "Some of the Dogs in Our Town" and "Virginibus Puerisque," are well written and they have a certain value also. The value of the latter is mainly the introduction which it gives to the majority of readers to Robert Louis Stevenson's four essays entitled "Virginibus Pueris-



que," and from this viewpoint it is appreciated. "Maggie Tulliver" is a pretty little sketch of one of George Eliot's most perfect characters. There are three poems which deserve special mention, among which "If You Can" is the best—"The Loretto," *Loretto, Ky.*

The Little Missionary is a magazine telling of the wonderful miracles of charity worked in foreign lands by our priests and sisters. Many little stories of wonderful conversions are told. It's purpose is to instill vocations in the young and to imbue them with the missionary spirit. It should be seen in every Catholic home, for besides finding satisfaction in reading we are at the same time helping to propagate our holy faith.—T. J. S.

## BOOK REVIEW

"LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT."—MARY AGATHA GRAY, Benziger Bros., Chicago, New York. \$1.35.

This book treats of a "Romeward" movement in a highly interesting manner. The great congregation of St. Michaels in which temple there is no place for the Virgin's altar, has dwindled to a few families because its prominent parishioners have found the good pearl, that of the true faith. A lack of unity in protestant doctrine, a conflict of authority in her hierarchy, and lastly a complete divorce of the honor and adoration which the Blessed Mother should share with her Son, form a trinity of repugnant truths in which the sincere members of the Reformed Branch, could find no peace and contentment. Catholics may find revealed in this work, the sublime confidence which many members of other sects have in our priests, and those, who have not as yet found the good pearl or are like unto the merchant seeking it, may very well read this pleasing creation for the obdurate Mrs. Wall, while witnessing the beautiful catholic ceremonies experienced a suspicion of the enreasonableness of the Protestant objections, all stirred her emotions but permeating it all was a new sense, a feeling she did not understand, because she did not know it was a dim realization of the presence of God; very dim as yet, but the germ of light and grace to come.

—J. A. L.



The Little Communicant's Prayer book is a neat little book containing prayers in the simplest wording, sweet and unctuous which are sure to appeal to the young mind. The book is handsomely illustrated. We were pleased to find an abundance of indulgenced prayers inserted. Benziger Bros., 20c.

THE HOLTON-CURRY READERS. Rand-McNally, 536 So. Clark St., Chicago.

The Holton-Curry readers are the finest we have seen in the line of readers for children. From the first reader up they are simple, intelligible and written in a clear style so that the child can grasp the meaning of the words without the slightest difficulty. While the old nursery rhymes are there, new ones are also added which will delight the youngster. The fables of Aesop are told in a very attractive manner and in this way a knowledge of the old classic fables is given. The illustrations are novel and enjoyable.

The dramatised story is an excellent form and cannot fail leave pleasing and lasting effect upon the mind of the child. It is an easy and much more effective way of teaching interesting stories. Besides being pleasant it is profitable. While going through the little play in the classroom the mind is more keenly concentrated and the lesson is retained longer in the memory.

In the higher readers there is a fund of knowledge, history, selections from the best poets, and prose writers are abundant and thus in the grammar school children become acquainted with the greatest writers of the past and present. It is noteworthy that the authors have selected important passages from Shakespeare, adding also a glossary so that there is no difficulty in understanding the writing of this great poet.

The authors have understood the difficulty of placing suitable literature in the hands of children and after careful preparation presented a safe and valuable set of readers for all grades in the grammar school.

Attractively bound and beautifully illustrated they delight as well as instruct.

—T. J. S.





# ATHLETICS



In order to keep up with the needs of modern education, which demand the education of the entire man, not only mentally, but also physically, last fall witnessed the introduction of physical culture as one of the courses of instruction at St. Viator College. At that time the students were given a careful medical examination in order that nobody unfit to take the work would be subjected to possible injury due to over exertion or undue physical strain of any kind. Then a careful physical examination of the members of the different groups was made, with a view of remedying, by appropriate exercises, the physical defects of various kinds, including flat chests, round and narrow shoulders, poor posture of head and chest, falling arches, etc., etc., which are more or less common among boys of school age, who have never had physical training.

After this examination, by investigating the records at hand, the needs of the boys as regards physical development could easily be seen, and accordingly, the course in physical training was mapped out with a view of remedying the defects found, and of improving the physical development and general health and physical well being of the students.

During the month of May, after the classes in physical training had stopped, another examination of the students was made, and in *every instance*, substantial improvement was noted. Every case has resulted in a marked improvement in all around devel-



opment of chest, shoulders, back, and in general posture and carriage. In many cases, especially among the younger students, the results have been phenomenal, and the consistent gain in every case speaks well for the course.

The students are given a card recording measurements of the two examinations, with dates of same, in order that they may see for themselves their measurements before and after the course, and also that they may be able to compare this measurement year by year, and in this way, be in a position to see just what physical training is doing for them.

“Mens sana in corpore sano.”



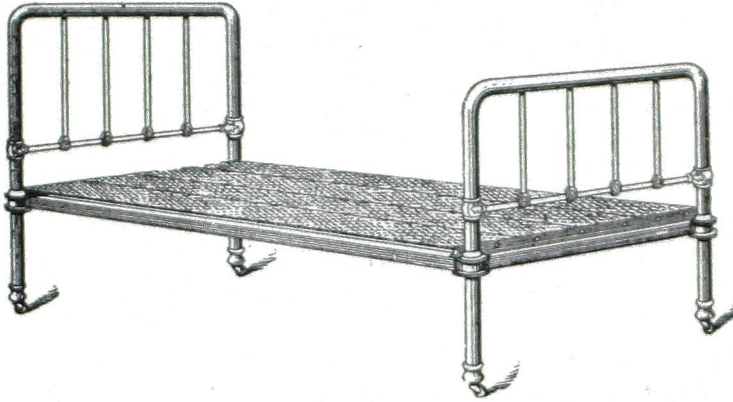
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