

# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

DECEMBER, 1913

Volume 31

HOLIDAY NUMBER

Number 3

## THE CHARACTER OF KING LEAR

In King Lear as well as in all his dramatic works, Shakespeare is extraordinarily successful in portraying his principal characters individually, as being typical with regard to their passions and moral character; ideal in fulfilling that part in stage life for which he created them; and representative, inasmuch as not being identical with one individual personage, but in respect to a whole class of such human beings possessing like qualities and defects.

The character which undoubtedly affords the greatest pleasure in studying the drama, "King Lear," is that of King Lear himself; and in studying over the pages of the play we cannot help admiring Shakespeare for his depths of insight of character and for the profundity of his knowledge of human nature, but more especially for his unmistakable and unerring delineation of character.

The noble character of Lear, indeed, is not without reproach, and in the earlier part of the play our dislike for him becomes quite manifest, on account of his severe and non-parental treatment of Cordelia; however, as the play progresses the first impression of Lear vanishes and our displeasure at the childish indiscretion of the aged monarch, changes to a heartfelt sympathy.

There can be nothing in the order of nature that rends the heart and tears the very soul of man with greater violence and intensity of grief than filial ingratitude. Nor is there anything so despicable and cowardly in man, so revolting and brutish, as the character-staining vice—hypocrisy. When Shakespeare teaches us these facts and shows us the wickedness of these vices with such vivid reality, especially in the two eldest daugh-

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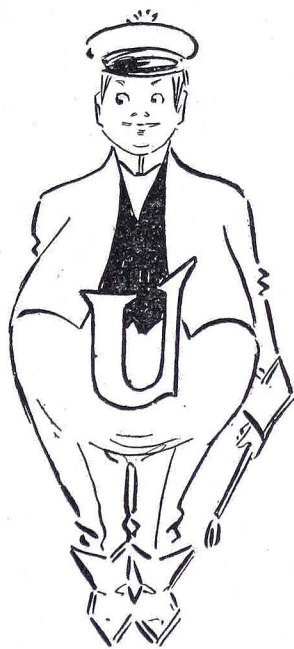
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*“And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes,  
and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.”*

—ST. LUKE II: 7

## HAIL GUIDING STAR

*The star that shone that wondrous night  
O'er Bethlehem's manger, gleaming bright,  
Brought happiness and joy unbound  
To all the wond'ring mortals round.*

*Three wise men wandering from afar  
To manger guided by that star,  
Brought costly gifts unto the place,  
The homage of a Gentile race.*

*They found amidst the shepherds there,  
A holy Child, angelic, fair,  
Held in a mother's sweet embrace,  
While a halo bright shone round the place.*

*It lit the lowly cattle stall,  
The angels round sang "Peace to All!"  
Thus to us was a Savior born  
On that far distant Christmas morn.*

*Then Bethlehem Star shine ever bright  
As on that first glad Christmas night.  
E'er may the tidings of God's love  
Unite the earth to Heaven above.*

—C. A. H.

ters of Lear, we shudder at the very thought. We are prone, throughout the opening scenes, to condemn Lear for his extreme leniency toward these unnatural daughters, Goneril and Regan, and for his intense severity, as regards Cordelia. Again, when the faithful Kent is so harshly treated and finally banished, our sympathy for the king completely vanishes. As for the daughters, Goneril and Regan, we do not doubt for a moment that the king thought them sincere, and practically speaking, can we condemn Lear for being blinded by their flattery? Their expressions of love were, indeed, not extraordinary, but tally with those which come forth from the heart of a true child; for should not every child love his parents next to God?

"Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty \* \* \* No less than life, grace, beauty, and honor,"

and when

she, Goneril—Our eldest born, speaks more—  
"Beyond all manner of so much I love you,"

are we

then surprised? And even now when her sister speaks—

"I am made of that self-same metal as my sister  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short"—

can we con-

demn the king for being enraged when Cordelia simply answers, "Nothing"? No, for as King Lear was a man of very passionate disposition, and not unlike persons who are in regal authority, very susceptible to actions contrary to self, we cannot blame him for treating Cordelia as he did. As we have already intimated, to him belonged entire submission and due homage, and having been blinded by the flattery of his other daughters, it was rather maddening to one of his disposition to see his youngest, his favorite, she upon whom had been bestowed the better part of his paternal affection, speak in such a seemingly cold and unfilial manner of her love. Nor is Cordelia to be blamed for the manner of her reply, or she had before penetrated into the very depths of the wicked souls of her deceitful sisters, and shows by her actions that she desired rather to forfeit home, love and dowry, than to falsify the love due her aged father. Hence, out of love for him she speaks from the very depths of her heart.

Another remark that may excuse perhaps the folly of the aged king, in being deceived by the flattery of his children, is that he did not sufficiently understand their characters. It is to be remembered that the families of kings, then, as at the present time, are not closely bound by family ties as are those of the lower classes, and thus he had very little to do with the formation of the characters of these daughters and knew even less concerning the disposition of each. Indeed, here we see an infatuated father blind toward his well-disposed child, and the unnatural children whom he prefers requite him by the ruin of all his happiness.

We see the dignity of an aged king, and a loving father dishonored by the cruel ingratitude of his thankless children. Old Lear, who through mere tenderness, aye, foolish tenderness, deprives himself of everything, is driven to beg and his childishness, on account of old age, soon changes into the wildest insanity from which he recovers all too late. His hopes of filial consolation in old age are now lost, and as for his bodily powers, they are destroyed beyond recovery. The only thing remaining to him now is his capacity for suffering.

Lear was a character acting, as it were, without reason, on the spur of the moment, or in the heat of passion, and it is in this very state, or frame of mind, that his chief actions, the predominant features of the play are performed. This fact is very clearly shown in the remonstrances of Kent to his royal master concerning the injustice of the sentence against Cordelia, the manly plainness of which stirred the anger and wrath of the unadvisable king to descend upon him in a most pitiable manner.

As we study more closely the character of Lear we find that these actions are committed while he is thus "out of himself" and are later repented of. We may classify him with those who had they slept over the feeling of today, perhaps the tomorrow would have wrought many changes in ideas as well as in exterior manifestations.

Shakespeare puts words into the mouth of the aged king which doubtless lack nothing in order to be called eloquent and even sublime. What can be more so than Lear's address to the elements—

"Blow! winds, blow and crack your cheeks!  
Rage! Blow! You cataracts and hurricanes spout!  
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks."  
And farther on—

"Let the great Gods that keep this dreadful place  
pothor o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now." \* \* \*

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

Again, what can fill our hearts with terror more than the  
awful curse which Lear calls down upon his daughter:

"Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess hear!

Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful."

Into her womb convey sterility! Dry up in her the organs  
of increase,

And from her derrogate body never spring

A babe to honor her!

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits to laughter and  
contempt;

That she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child."

What a terrible curse to be hurled at the pure hearted,  
straight forward Cordelia, the simple, candid child of a fiend-  
ish parent. And what a picture we have of Edgar and Lear,  
two who have been deprived of their hereditary rights? What a  
heartrending scene! An aged king out in the fiercest of storms,  
his own soul even more agitated by the storm of passion than  
the earth by this upheaval of the elements.

Lear, we may say, was a man of many moods, not indeed  
swayed by every gust of passion—as the slender stripling on  
the edge of the forest is swayed by the gentlest of breezes, but  
rather may be compared to the giant oak of the denser wood  
withstanding sturdily the tempestuous gale. Yet even as the  
oak at last is uprooted from the soil, so too Lear, unbending  
to the dictates of reason, finally succumbs to the inward temp-  
est and the bonds of his reason are torn asunder and unbridled  
passion holds sway.

Lear was a character who desired praise and who although  
greatly pleased by any beneficial action, never forgot an injury  
and was slow to forgive. As a lover he was extremely extrava-  
gant, yet in displeasure he was delirious. He was the undis-  
puted ruler of his kingdom, and truly his actions are in har-  
mony with those of persons who have never known the pangs  
of failure, but who on the contrary have led a life of unrivaled  
success. Indeed could we but lift the veil from the earlier child-

hood and youth of Lear, with the scrutinizing eye of a Shakespeare, I am sure we would be unable to discern aught but what may be summed up in the one short sentence—"he was a child with an unbroken will." Now indeed he is old and the fiery passions of youth have changed to action bordering on rashness. Inconstancy of temper is now his chief characteristic. At once he is the congenial ruler and the inhuman parent, as is indicated in the opening scenes of the play, and as the dramatic action advances the spirits of the King become more and more obscured by the clouds of melancholy and remorse until finally we find him on the very brink of despair.

The trial scene is cleverly conceived, and it is as it were a masterful trick, introduced by the fool in order to arouse repentance in the heart of the King for the unjust treatment meted out to Cordelia. Indeed the scene produces the desired effect since the imagination of the King is awakened from its apparent lethargy, so much so that his mental faculties become so influenced that every act becomes to him an object of hatred, of cynical scorn, a remembrance of his former power and the false steps taken in the division of his kingdom. At last he is forced to feel "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." And with what telling effect does not the fool teach King Lear, with bitter sarcasm how unwise he has been, to strip himself of all authority by dividing his kingdom? Lear now feels the disappointment of the miscarriage of his plans, his joy is transformed into sorrow, his hope lapses into despair, nor do we wonder that Shakespeare plans that the aged king should lose his reason, and yet we cannot withhold our sympathy when the despairing monarch implores the elements that he may not go mad. Like circumstances produce like effects, and indeed it would be weakening the force of the play as well as falsifying human nature itself to have a different result.

Lear was indeed a creature, impetuous beyond measure, the slave of his impulses, become so violent at certain intervals that his later life was one of frenzied existence. This is seen in his manner of acting, whenever he is forced to reflect upon the sad mistakes of his former life, through the instrumentality of the fool who ever dwells in the land of retrospection. His violence is also manifest when he remembers his cruel treatment at the hands of his unnatural daughters, Regan and Goneril. It may be said that his blindness toward the very truth of things and

his passivity to the dictates of his inordinate passions are the causes of all his misery and suffering.

As the end of the play approaches, the King becomes more and more morbid in his actions, and when it is remembered, that he is an old man, we are not surprised that his weakened mind gives way under the severe mental strain which he experiences, and as in opening scenes of the play, we cannot refrain from being in sympathy with his pitiable state.

Some prominent critic has summed up the close of the life of the King in the following forceful manner, which we deem fit to quote:

"After surviving so many sufferings it is only natural that Lear should die and this could not have been made more tragic than to die of a broken heart, due to the terribly unjust treatment of Cordelia. Should he live the whole play would lose its entire signification. Who indeed, after suffering such tortures as he experienced, would wish to live, and see his life prolonged? Would it not be madness to place a crown upon a head so old and white and about which the elements played such havoc? And place the scepter of power in his shaking hand? Indeed no, and we may say, with Mrs. Jameson: 'Oh never! never! the thought is too cruel and too inconceivable.'"

J. R. T.

### THE SON

T. SULLIVAN

"No! my son, you shall not go to Brocton tomorrow to spend Christmas with the 'crowd,' as you are so fond of calling them. You must stay at home and spend the day with your mother and your baby sister," kindly but firmly spoke John Harding to his son, Paul. "Very well," answered Paul with seeming nonchalance, but deep in his heart was the determination to go. "It seems to me, father," continued Paul, "that you never allow me to enjoy myself the way I wish. You are forever wanting me to stay at home. I never have half the pleasures other boys of nineteen enjoy."

"Never mind what other boys of your age do," answered his father, "as long as you are under my charge, you must do as I desire. I have been called away on a very urgent business engagement, and even if you feel it a sacrifice you ought to be

willing to spend Christmas at home. Your mother will be lonesome without some one around besides Maria, and I think that out of love and consideration you would only be too glad to be here!"

At this point Paul's mother, a gentle-faced woman entered, exclaiming, "John if you do not hurry you will miss your train to the city which means that you will not arrive in time for the committee meeting. A delay may mean that you could not return tomorrow night, and it would not seem at all like Christmas if you were not at home with me and the children on Christmas night. It is a shame that business has to be so particular that it takes you away on the eve of the happiest of days. I will at least have Paul with me, and he can in a measure take your place."

During this conversation Paul had sulkily sauntered from the comfortable living room, and standing in the dining room stared blankly out of the window as he silently deplored his fate. He well knew that his father's word had always been law and if he persisted in his wish to go, it might mean for good. He was in a fair way in his present state of mind, however, to let his folly and inward rage get the better of him. "I'm going to go anyhow," he muttered, "consequence or no consequence."

Just then his mother called, "Paul, your father is going, come wish him a merry Christmas." Paul walked into the room as he was bidding little Maria goodbye, and playfully telling her to go to bed early so "Santy" might be good to her. Kissing his wife, and with a promise to hurry home as soon as he could, Mr. Harding, with Paul carrying his grip, silently walked to the corner to catch the car for the station. As it approached, the father said, "Son, make things as pleasant as possible tomorrow for your mother, as she will be lonesome." The car stopped and as he shook hands with his father, he answered not a word, but there was sullen determination in his face. On his way home he thought of the rousing good time that was in store for him if he went. "Oh! why can't I have a little fun like other fellows," he groaned?

"Paul, dear!" said his mother as he entered the house, "will you see that everything is all right for the night while I put Maria to bed. Then come in, I want you to help me." Maria, who was in the front parlor, did not hear this hint as to the real meaning of Santa Claus and naturally had no reason to be disturbed in her childish belief. "All right, mother, I will," and

he left the room. "Come, Marie, mamma is going to put you to bed, so Santy will have a chance to come here first, because he doesn't come to see little girls who are up late." "All right, mamma! I'll go to bed, but listen! Are you sure he won't forget me?" "Yes, dear! I am quite sure he won't forget you, if you are real good and kneel down here at mamma's knee and say a little prayer to Jesus, whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow."

Marie knelt at her mother's knee and in her sweet childish way offered up a lisping prayer to the Infant Savior, then allowed her mother to tuck her in the little downy bed, where she soon lapsed into the sweet land of dreams, with all the childhood fancies and conceptions of the Yuletide season drifting before her wearied eyes, at last gently closing them in peaceful slumber.

Her mother, after lighting the Christmas candle, for they were staunch Catholics, returned to the sitting room. Just then the phone rang and she went to answer it. Upon finding a message for Paul she called to him, he answered and came down from his room. "What's that, mother? A call for me?" "Yes, Paul, I think it is one of the boys." "Hello!" said Paul; "O, so that's you, Tom?" "Yes." "You are going at 7:30, you say? Well, I don't know; if I decide to come I will be at the depot at 7:30 in the morning. Good bye!"

"What's that, Paul? You're not going away tomorrow are you?" "I don't know, mother, the boys want me to go over to Brocton to a turkey dinner, and I am terribly anxious."

"I know, Paul, but papa is gone and Marie and I will be here all alone. Aunt Bertha will not be over before dinner. You had better stay home. We will go to nine o'clock mass over at St. Luke's, then you may go out tomorrow night."

"Oh, confound it, anyway! You would molly a fellow until he would be a girl, by making him stay at home."

"You know, dear, your father will not like it, besides he may become very angry."

"Angry! What do I care, if he does; he has been too stubborn lately anyway. Two weeks ago he would not let me attend that dance at Marner Hall. I sat around here that night, trying to interest myself and finally had to go to bed and sleep it off."

"Come now, Paul dear, be sensible, and stay just this time. Here, help me fix these stockings for Marie and arrange those

toys and that candy on the table, so she will be well satisfied with the trip that Santy made."

After unwillingly doing these few things for his mother, he kissed her good night and went up to his room; but not to go to bed. He pondered and meditated, guided all the while by the folly of wanting to have a grand good time. Finally he decided, "I shall go, and to thunder with the old man! I will take my own money with me," for he had money of his own, which he had managed to save, but of late he had taken to spending more than usual, and thus availed himself of the opportunities of wrong doing. As he generally awoke each morning at six o'clock, he went to bed, with no fear of not being on time.

At six o'clock he awoke, arose, turned on the light in his room and dressed himself. After putting on his coat, hat and gloves he turned out the light and cautiously crept past his mother's room, in order not to awaken her, and descending the front stairs he opened the door. It was now near seven o'clock and growing light, a few people were abroad, those who were returning from the early mass. Here again the thought of missing mass dawned upon him, but he soon drove it from his mind and hurried on to the station. At seven o'clock Mrs. Harding awakened, and going to Paul's door she called to him but did not receive the customary answer, "Yes, mother!" Pushing on the knob she gently opened the door, only to find his bed empty, his every day suit thrown over the chair and his new clothes gone. She had no idea that he had disobeyed her and that he had gone to Brocton, but supposed perhaps that he had gone to early mass, not caring to go later in the day.

She awakened Marie, who needed no second call to tell her Christmas had come. So with a hurried kiss to her mother and saying "Mewy Cwismas," she pattered down stairs to see if Santy had really arrived. To her great delight she found it to be true, and after feasting her eyes on her own presents, she was attracted by a beautiful bathrobe hanging on a nearby chair. She immediately thought of her brother and asked, "Mamma, where is Buzzer Paul?" "I think he has gone to mass, dear," not wishing to divulge the secret that was fastly gaining precedence in her mind, Mrs. Harding busied herself about the house, getting breakfast and putting things in order. At eight o'clock she began to be worried about her son, whom she knew should have been home from mass by this time! But she said nothing,

and after eating breakfast with Marie, who was enjoying herself with her childish fancy, she dressed and took Marie to her sister Bertha's, whom she knew had been to early mass and would surely know whether or not Paul had been there.

Miss Bertha Thomas, a middle aged woman two years her sister's senior, opened the door of the house, where she stayed as a roomer, saying, "Hello, Mary! Merry Christmas! Come in and get warm. It surely is frightfully cold outside. The weather is certainly in keeping with the day."

"Hello, Marie! Come to Aunt Bertha and tell me what Santy brought you."

"Oh, lots of pretty things, Aunty," answered Marie.

"What did he bring mamma, papa and Paul? By the way Mary, where is Paul? So he's not going to nine o'clock mass with you? I did not see him at the early one."

"That is what worried me," said Mrs. Harding pensively, and then related of Paul's actions on the previous evening, his desire to go to Brocton and his father's refusal.

"I never thought he would be so disobedient," she added.

Her sister consoled her, saying, "Possibly, Mrs. Warren would know something about it. You know he chums with her son, Tom. I will call her and inquire."

Miss Thomas went to the phone and rang Mrs. Warren, who answered the phone in person, saying that her son Tom had gone and had mentioned something about Paul Harding's going also; but she was uncertain whether he had gone or not. "We will have to wait until later in the day, Mary," said Miss Thomas. "You had better go on to mass, sister, you have only a few minutes. Marie may stay with me, and you may stop in as you return, then we will go home to dinner."

On her way up the street Mrs. Harding began to formulate ideas that were none too encouraging; she was just about certain that Paul had gone and knew the terrible anger that his father would bear towards his son, because he had given him fair warning some time since regarding the high life, with a threat to turn him out of his home.

As she crunched her way along the snow crusted walks, she began to feel a sorrowful and heavy load on her heart. She loved her son with that motherly tenderness that is held for the first born. She greeted her neighbors at the church door with as much sweetness as she could master and went to her

pew, attending mass in a distracted manner, with the thought of her boy's welfare uppermost in her mind.

After mass she hurried home, as fast as she could, stopping to get her sister and Marie on the way. Once inside the house she threw off her wraps, saying, "Bertha, he has been acting peculiarly of late, not seeming to be satisfied at home, but always wrangling with his father, who, I am afraid, will be very severe with him this time, because he hates to see me stay at home alone especially on a day like Christmas."

"Never mind, Mary! He will come back tonight and then we will see what can be done," but Paul did not return that day.

At 5:30 a familiar footstep was heard in the front hallway and Mr. Harding, with a glad smile on his face, hurriedly entered ready to tell his wife he had been able to catch a train and get home for some cold turkey, anyway.

"Hello, Bertha! Greetings of the day, and Marie dear, come to Dad! Did your old white-bearded friend come last night?"

"Mary, where is Paul? And why do you look so tired. Your eyes are bloodshot, and you look as if you had been crying. What is the trouble?"

His wife replied sadly, "John! Paul has not been here all day. He went to bed last night, but when I went to awaken him for early mass he was gone and we have not been able to find his whereabouts. He must have gone with that crowd of young men he spoke about last evening." During this explanation John Harding's face had changed from the happy appearance it wore, to one of stern severity. He had always been a good parent to his boy, giving him everything he wished and affording him the opportunities of a good education, and it cut him keenly when his admonitions were not heeded. After looking steadily at the floor for some moments, he said:

"All right, as long as he did it he will now take the consequences. He may not come under this roof any more. Let him carry on his tactics and see where they will land him. Mary, if he returns you may give him what he has and tell him to get out. I have stood this long enough; during the last six months he has worried me more than ever before and I have warned him about what I would do."

"No, John! Don't turn him out! Please don't," pleaded Mrs. Harding. "He is our only boy. Do let him have another chance. I will talk to him."

"It will be no use, mother, to argue with me. I have set my mind and although it hurts me as much as it does you, I am not going to tolerate a good-for-nothing son who wishes everything, but will do nothing except sport around." Much pleading on the part of his mother and a few words of intercession from his Aunt Bertha could not change the firm mind of John Harding, so Paul's fate was sealed. Supper was eaten in silence except for a few childish remarks by Marie, who did not understand what was going on. After supper Mr. Harding accompanied his wife's sister home and returned to his own fire-side to find his wife in tears. He consoled her but would not concede to the return of Paul, saying, "Let him look for himself."

The following morning as Mr. Harding was leaving the house, Paul, half asleep, eyes sunken in his head, and with a dissipated appearance, encountered his father in the hall. His father was the first to speak, "Paul I wish to talk to you," he said. Paul walked wearily behind.

"Son!" said his father, "I thought I told you yesterday what I wanted you to do. I meant what I said and it seems that you ignored my desires altogether. All well and good! You may go upstairs, pack your things and here is money enough to start you. I will not tolerate your actions any longer. Now get out!"

Mr. Harding then left the house. Paul tried to offer some feeble excuses during this conversation but was not heeded. He now went to his mother, who was crying, and tried to be forgiven, but she could give him no consolation. "No, Paul, I begged him last night, but he said, 'No, you can't stay!' and you know father."

"Well," replied Paul, "I suppose it's go. I guess I can stand it." He went upstairs, packed the suit case, counted the money his father had given him and took leave of his old room. He descended the stairs and bade his mother and baby sister good bye. This was indeed hard for him to do, but his stubborn pride was master and he tried to be brave in the face of it all.

"Good bye, Mother," he said, "don't worry about me. I will get along. Good bye, Tatty," as he called to his sister to be a good girlie. After kissing his mother and Marie, he left the room, and Mrs. Harding heard the front door close behind her son.

It has been five years since the Christmas eve on which Paul Harding had gone to Brocton, and the Harding family were sitting around the grate, with its embers glowing brightly, which served to throw crimson rays throughout the otherwise darkened room. It was a cold night, the wind was howling furiously without, and though the appearance of this room was cheerful to a stranger, yet it bore a sad and lonely aspect as if some fate had struck its occupants. There in the big easy chair sat stalwart John Harding, not the man of five years since, for he was slightly stooped and silver threads were visible in his black, silky hair.

Mrs. Harding sat opposite him, but indeed changed from the cheerful wife and mother to a careworn, haggard-looking woman, who under ordinary circumstances would not have changed to such a marked extent. It was evident that worry and fretting left its trace on her charming countenance.

Marie, now boasting of nine summers, was indeed a beautiful child, with the sweet radiance of blossoming childhood beaming from her eyes. But on second glance one can discern a sort of seriousness that is not customary to her age, but made more from the influence of her surroundings. She too, understood well the circumstances that surrounded her ever since the night that her father had read of the railroad wreck in the far west and had discovered among the dead the name of Paul Harding; she fully understood why her mother and father were heavy hearted.

This tranquil scene was disturbed by the voice of Mrs. Harding, when she said, "John! Do you remember five years ago to-night?"

"Yes, mother," he answered. "Well I do remember it, and I only wish that it were here again. But time never turns back. I am afraid, mother, I acted too harshly with Paul, but I had learned to be stern in business and in dealings with other men and never made it a practice to undo my decisions.

"I think sometimes that sympathy never found a place in my heart; if there were some way I could repent I would gladly do it."

Mrs. Harding arose and went to her husband's side, laying her hand on his shoulder she consolingly said: "Maybe it was all for the best, John. You know God determines all things. If he had lived, possibly he would have gone from bad to worse and would have become a disgrace to us."

Marie, who had gone to the front door to see what kind of a night it was, re-entered the room saying, "Mamma, there is some man coming up the front walk. Shall I turn on the porch light?"

"Yes, dear. Also the light here in the room. John, go answer the door, the bell is ringing."

"John Harding arose and went to the door, expecting to meet one of his business associates who perhaps had come to see him on business. As he looked through the glass panel of the door he saw a splendidly built man standing with his head rather bowed, so as to hide his countenance. He opened the door, stepped back and bade him enter, but the man on the porch did not move and John Harding began to be worried, so he said, "Won't you come inside, or what is your errand?"

Slowly the head of the stranger was lifted and there stood Paul. "Father," he said "may I come in?" The father was too dumbfounded to speak. He gazed as one in a trance and finally stammered, "My Son! My Son! I thought you were dead."

Paul, stepping in, closed the door, and put his arm around his father, helping him to the sitting room. Neither spoke until Mr. Harding shouted:

"Mother! Come down at once!" because Mrs. Harding and Marie had retired to her room, thinking it was to be a business engagement.

The mother and Marie hurriedly came downstairs and rushed into the room. She stopped suddenly when she beheld her only boy before her. After a moment of suspense she flew to him, crying, "Paul, my darling boy, it can't be true, it must be a dream."

"No, mother, it is true. I was not killed but only badly shaken up. I did not come back sooner because I thought I never could stay, but after knocking around for the past five years, I have been taught a dear lesson, and have plainly seen the folly of my ways. Father, I have come to ask your forgiveness for my past actions. Will you grant it?" His father held out his hand in silence, for the proud father had accepted the return of the prodigal.



*“And the Angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; For, this day, is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.”*

—ST. LUKE II: 10-11

**PHRONEMATA**

It is strange that some men, even among those who are generally considered intelligent, seem to stop half-way in their thinking, or do not really think at all, for thinking is an operation which does not admit of half measures. It may sound like an extravagant assertion, but is nevertheless true, that the man who, because he sees some difficulties in the way denies the existence of God, never once thinks of the absurdities into which his denial will lead him. I do not mean the absurdity of an infinite series of causes or any other that may arise incidental to his explanation of the origin of the world, but I mean the contradictions in which he must involve himself while trying to defend the present social order, and at the same time maintain there is no God. In theory he is an atheist, in practice a deist. It would be an interesting exercise in dialectics for any atheistical supporter of individualism and private ownership to defend this system logically without any reference to God. The sin of the age is that men do not try to reconcile principles. In theoretical speculation they hold one set of principles, in practice they hold another directly contradictory, and never ask themselves whether these principles agree or not. Yet we confine people in lunatic asylums for less grave mental aberrations than such conduct would seem to bespeak, and we convict men of perjury who manifestly contradict themselves on the witness stand, but men who contradict themselves in their own thoughts may forsooth be the leaders of men and models for others to copy. The ordinary individual who prefers not to have his brain the prize ring of principles ever at war would be inclined to suggest that such men are a greater menace to society than the lunatic and the perjurer, because they are poisoning the wells of human action by stultifying reason itself.

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From quite an early age I have always thought it more important to think correctly than to act correctly. I do not mean to decry correct action, but I protest most vigorously against it being set above correct thinking. Thought is the father of action, and a man will generally act as he thinks. If he habitually thinks wrongly, he will habitually act wrongly, and yet wrong action is decried, while wrong thinking is defended on the plea of freedom of thought. No man has a right to think wrongly, for this is not freedom of thought but license of thought.

S. U. N.

# THE VIATORIAN

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 219 WEST JEFFERSON ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1913, at the Postoffice at Bloomington, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879

*All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bloomington, Ill.  
Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single  
copies, Fifteen Cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager,  
The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois."*

Almost two thousand years ago the snow-clad hills of Bethlehem echoed with the message, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The message that thrilled the lowly shepherds of Judea has come echoing down through the ages, and once again the joyous Christmas tide spirit fills the hearts of men with gladness. No choirs of heavenly spirits are needed to hymn the song of praise; the message of the Christ-child is evident in the name of Christmas with its countless associations. The mere mention of Christmas creates a gladsome feeling, for on this day do we not celebrate the Nativity, the greatest event in the history of mankind? At this season of the year, when the old year is drawing to a close, when nature seems depressed and sad, the one bright and joyful occasion, which lifts the desolation of winter, is Christmas. We cannot avoid a recognition of it. The Christ-like feelings of charity, of good will and forgiveness are everywhere prevalent. The Yuletide season brings a happiness

known only at this period of the year. We feel a sort of supernatural love permeate our souls, cognizant that Christmas is a time of peace—God's crowning gift to mankind. This spirit of peace we all feel, and the editors of the VIATORIAN know of no more beautiful greeting to extend her readers at this time than the wish that the "Prince of Peace" may keep near them during the coming year, may bless and crown their efforts, and that the spirit of Christmas may abide in their hearts until Christmas will come again.

Appearances are so often misleading that scarcely anyone thinks of judging a man by his outward show. His actions, and especially his conversation, are the surest pass-

**Holy Name  
Society**

port to his character. If he is a gentleman, in all that the word implies, vulgar and profane language will be quite foreign to his lips. And this should be so, for the one thing that arouses our indignation and causes us to place a low estimate on a person's character, is to hear the scurrilous and verbal vomit that issues from the mouths of so many men today. Neither time nor place seem to affect this menace of blasphemy. We cannot walk the streets without hearing oaths and curses that would put even Lucifer to shame. Civil decency, the respect for the feelings of others that should cause men to refrain from such a vicious and demoralizing habit cannot efface it. The only remedy that has been able to stem its awful tide is the society of the Holy Name. Purity of speech and reverence for the Holy Name are its watchwords, and truly, the progress that it has made in the past few years has been marvelous. St. Viator's has its branch of the society and of all the societies and organizations in the college, by far the most important and far reaching in its results is this society of the Holy Name. Every student should be a member. Its membership is open to all, and there is no excuse for any student of St. Viator remaining without its fold. It has a noble mission to perform and every member should be zealous in carrying out this mission. Attend the meetings, bring your friends, live up to the principles of the society, and you will be taking part in a grand and noble work. The Holy Name society is bound to be a power for good. Clean thinkers and talkers are what America needs, and such she will have when the purity of thought and word that the society of the Holy Name advocates will flourish throughout her borders.

The mere mention that we are becoming a nation lacking culture and refinement is enough to make us bristle with indignation. Yet, the "intellectual bankruptcy" that is everywhere evident almost drives us to that conclusion. Slang, from which people at one time almost religiously refrained, has taken such a hold of our people that we are forced almost to acknowledge our standards in the matter of pure English are changing. "Slang phrases," says the *Autocrat*, "are the algebraic symbols of minds that have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate," and it is to be feared that the most of those who use slang are open to Dr. Holmes' censure. Even though slang is often used through carelessness, it is also used with the idea of being effective. But does it ever make speech effective? Rather the contrary. For the sake of a cheap impression, growth of vocabulary and a wider command of language are sacrificed. Many of our student friends have a vocabulary so wretchedly poor that a few dozen slang phrases are used to bear a hundred significations, some of them quite contradictory. Not only are the younger generation at fault, but there is a tendency of their elders to imitate them. The writers of our modern papers and periodicals do much to encourage the growth of this evil by giving circulation to current slang phrases. It is time that we should pay attention to this evil of slang, for not only is modern slang ungrammatical but vague and baneful. Let those who aim at speaking the English language correctly, rigorously exclude the slightest slang phrase from their vocabulary, since its use indicates laziness and vulgarity.

## EXCHANGES

When glancing over the magazines that have reached our sanctum table, we found that the exchange department was missing in several journals. There are others in which this department is relegated to the back page, and a cursory criticism given to one or two magazines and mention made of several others. This department is not considered worthy of a position in several first-class journals that should be a beacon light guiding their less favored sisters over the turbulent and storm-tossed

sea of college journalism. It should certainly have a position in every magazine, and its main purpose should be to correct the defects of its sister journals and to "give honor where honor is due." We should be grateful for any criticism pointing out something of special merit in our journal, but we should not be less appreciative of that criticism which calls attention to our faults. Criticism, I might say, is like a magic lantern lighting up the pages of a journal and pointing its bright light at the defects of other magazines. Criticism is the most potent force leading a college journal to success. We sincerely hope that in future issues this department will have a foremost position in every college magazine.

"*The Pacific Star*" was the first to attract our attention; this was not due to its artistic appearance, but to the excellent articles contained therein. "The Origin and Development of the English Drama" is a scholarly and well written article in which the author traces the origin of the English drama to its Grecian parent. Both had their origin in religion, but in an altogether different kind of religion. The writer very truthfully lays stress on the fact that the English drama had its origin in the Catholic church. The English drama lost its spiritual tone and purifying spirit when not directly under the restraining influence of the church. "In the Heart of the Wilderness" is a pretty story of life in the backwoods, and the dangers and vicissitudes of life in such a romantic place are well described. The only thing missing in the "*Star*" is poetry. Why not pay a tribute to the muses? The editorials and other departments of this magazine can compare favorably with any magazine that graces our editorial sanctum.

"*St. John's University Record*" is always a much awaited visitor. Practically everything in the "*Record*" is entertaining. The editorials are superior to any we glean in the pages of other journals. They are not wearisome, but short and to the point. "Science and Religion" is a masterful refutation to the charge that the Catholic church has been the foe of science and scientific investigation. The author conclusively shows that there cannot be a conflict between true science and the teachings of Catholic church, but on the contrary, the greatest scientists of past times were true to the teachings of the church. "The Church Militant" is a scholarly article in which the writer treats of the persecutions which the church has suffered from the earliest stages of her existence down to the present time. The church is like a

gallant ship which has sailed down the sea of time buffeted on each side by the storms of persecutions and oppression, but has never foundered beneath the cargo of bigotry flaunted at her from the guns of bigoted productions and the greed of tyrants. We see this bigotry in the present time, when such slimy, filthy and scurrilous productions are sailing under the black banner of bigotry and trying to slander that venerable institution. We are thoroughly in sympathy with the sentiments voiced by the writer towards the end of the article. "Chuck, the Sneak," is an interesting story and holds the interest of the reader to the end. The poems in the "*Record*" are gracefully written and show that the writers have true poetic genius. "*Record*," we sincerely wish that you will come brimful with such interesting material in the future as you have in the past.

The "*Columbiad*," which hails from Portland, Oregon, is a well balanced magazine. "Francis Thompson—An Appreciation," is a fitting tribute to the genius who brought the "Hound of Heaven" into existence. The author shows by keen analysis that all the loftiest elements in Thompson's soul are in this poem at their brightest power of expression, and that he embodies herein the whole Catholic idea. The writer also analyzes a few other poems of this poet, but holds that the "Hound of Heaven" is the brightest diadem that decks the brow of that famous poet. The writer mentions the childlike innocence that permeates the whole of Thompson's poetry. A few short stories that could have been developed several pages longer determine the make-up of the *Columbiad*. The poetry is not up to the standard of several magazines, but it shows signs of development in the future.

The initial article in the "*Redwood*," entitled the "Economic Aspect of Socialism," is one of the best refutations of this aspect of socialism we have seen in a college journal. The writer in an admirable way sums up the practical working difficulties into five heads and weighs them in the balance of reason and finds them wanting. This article reflects credit on the writer and shows a wonderful grasp of the subject. "The Emerald Isle" is a short story treating of military life in the beginning of the rebellion in the Philippines. Our only regret after reading it was that we considered it too short. "The Pride of De Sabla" calls for a favorable comment. The various poetic productions in the pages of the "*Redwood*" show true poetic genius. On the whole the "*Redwood*" is comparable to the best that arrives at our editorial sanctum.

THE VIATORIAN also gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following magazines: *The Fleur-de-lis*, *The Champion*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Collegian*, *The Young Eagle*, *The University Symposium*, *The Nazarene*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Solonian*, *The Labarum*, *St. Vincent's College Journal*, *The Buff and Blue*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *St. Thomas Purple and Gray*, *The Patrician*, *Loretto Magazine*, *Gonzaga*, and many others.

N. B.—All our exchanges should be sent to "THE VIATORIAN," St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

## INTER ALIA

Sunday, November 9, marked the dedication of a new \$75,000 parochial school at Sterling, Illinois, to be used jointly by St. Mary's and Sacred Heart parishes of that city. St. Mary's parochial school is a magnificent three-story structure of splendid architectural concept, equipped with all the modern conveniences, the first floor containing a spacious assembly hall. Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon of Rockford diocese, pontificated. Rev. Thomas Finn, chancellor of Rockford diocese, celebrated Solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock, after which the Rt. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., President of St. Viator's, delivered a powerful discourse on education. Immediately after this the consecration and blessing of the new and beautiful school took place, this adding one more to the many creditable monuments of education already erected throughout the diocese of Rockford. In the afternoon the main assembly hall was the scene of a reception tendered to everyone. Rev. A. J. Burns presided over the speakers. Monsignor Shannon of the Catholic University of Washington delivered an address on the subject of Catholic Education. Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon paid a glowing tribute and great credit to Father Burns as a result of the splendid work he has accomplished in erecting St. Mary's school, which will stand as a credit to Catholic education. He also spoke of the devotion and sacrifice of the Sisters of Loretta, who have been appointed to take charge of St. Mary's.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Viator Chapel at 6:30 o'clock November 13, 1913, in respect and honor to one, who three years since departed this life when the hand of death claimed him. Father Fournier, C.S.V., who labored many years successfully in the cause of Christ until time had placed upon his aged brow a crown of silvery hair, is departed from us, but to those who knew him in life there still cling the fond and loving memories of the venerable old man, whose face was ever familiar on the campus and in the class room of St. Viator, where he gave his life with its *best efforts for the education of the young*.

**Anniversary  
of Dr. Fournier's Death**

"May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

In honor of his twenty-fifth year as a priest, Father P. J. Barry, former student of St. Viator, now pastor of St. Thomas Church, Philo, Illinois, celebrated his silver jubilee, having labored a quarter of a century in the vineyard of the Lord. A royal reception was extended the Rev. Father by his parishioners and non-Catholic townsmen. Rev. Father Barry was born September 28, 1863, and during his youth attended St. Viator. After pursuing his theological studies at Montreal and Baltimore, Maryland, he was ordained a priest in 1888 by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, who appointed him to Tolono, Illinois, where he labored zealously for eight years, then being stationed permanently at Philo.

**Silver  
Jubilee**

He has succeeded in building up a parish that ranks among the first of the diocese. In 1905 he erected St. Joseph's parochial school, which indeed, manifests plainly the result of the untiring efforts and labors of Father Barry. Not only as a Catholic pastor is Father Barry recognized to be of the grandest type, but on account of fidelity to lead, his integrity and progressive spirit, he has won the respect and admiration of his non-Catholic townsmen. In appreciation for his good work they presented him with a beautiful loving cup and read an address, praising Father Barry for his work in Philo.

Solemn High Mass was sung at 10:30 o'clock by the Rev. Jubilarian, J. P. Barry, assisted by Rev. Thomas McKinnery, Viola, Illinois; Rev. Stephen Moore, Merna, Illinois; Rev. W. J. Bergan of St. Viator, Kankakee, Illinois, and Rev. H. V.

O'Brien, Danville, Illinois. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Dean Quinn of Rock Island. After the Jubilee Mass a sumptuous banquet was spread before the clergy and visiting friends of the Rev. Jubilarian. Toasts were responded to by the following: Fathers Weldon, Casto, Moore, McKinnery, Bergan and Flannagan. In response to these, Father Barry made an address of appreciation.

November 1 the feast of All Saints was celebrated at St. Viator in the usual manner. Solemn High Mass, sung by Rev. P. Gagnon, C.S.V. Rt. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney delivered the sermon, vindicating the great piety and sincere devotion that characterized the lives and works of the immediate associates of God himself, likewise persuading each and everyone to devoutly imitate in some way the virtues of those who have inherited that beautiful endowment of eternal life. During the month of November, which is especially set apart for prayer and devotion to the Saints, daily communion is practiced by the student body.

## O B I T U A R I E S

*"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."*

The many friends at St. Viator of Rev. Stephen Sullivan, former student in St. Viator's Seminary, were grieved on November 13 to learn of the death of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, which took place at Farwell avenue and Clark street, Rogers Park. She was the beloved wife of the late Patrick Sullivan, mother of the Rev. Stephen, Daniel, James, John, Catherine, Mary and Josephine, and sister of Hannah Buckley. The funeral took place from St. Jerome's Church, Rogers Park, Monday, November 17. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Stephen Sullivan, son of the deceased. Rev. William Cleary of Elmwood, Illinois, was deacon and the Rev. James Sullivan of St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, was sub-deacon. Rev. James B. Shiel of St. Mel's Church, was master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father P. J. Tinan, pastor of St. Columbkille's Church, and an intimate friend of the de-

ceased, and was an eloquent tribute to her virtuous life, devotion to her family, and persevering zeal in the constancy of her religion. Her remains were carried by six priests, a signal honor to her pious life. A large cortege of friends escorted the body to Calvary cemetery, where burial took place. Rev. Thomas Farrell, pastor of St. Jerome's Church, said the last prayers at the grave. The faculty and students of St. Viator's College extend their sincerest condolences to the bereaved family and join in prayerful supplication for the rest of her departed soul.

The students were grieved on October 29 to learn of the death of Mr. John T. Heaney, brother of Mr. Joseph Heaney, of the seminary department. Prayers were offered up by the students in memory of his departed soul immediately following the announcement of his death, and the entire seminary department approached holy communion for that purpose. The parents and family of the departed one have the sincere sympathy of all the students and faculty in their hour of bereavement. The funeral took place from Visitation Church and was conducted by the Rev. Edmund P. Kelly. Burial followed at Mt. Olivet cemetery. May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

## A L U M N I

Once more Dan Cupid has been busy among the Alumni members, for we have received the glad news of the marriage of two more of the old guard. On November 5, 1913, Mr. Albert LeDoux, Com. '09, and Miss Dona Menard of Kankakee, Ill., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The marriage took place at St. Rose Church in the presence of a host of friends, Father LeVasseur of L'Érable officiating. After the ceremony the couple made an extended honeymoon trip through the west. They will make their future home in Kankakee. Their many friends wish them every success.

Another of those to enlist in the vast army of "Benedicts" was Mr. Howe Clifford, Com. '10, of Valparaiso, Ind., who took

unto himself as a bride Miss Alma Brasseau of Kankakee, Ill. This marks the termination of a beautiful romance, which had its origin during Mr. Clifford's school days at St. Viator. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Granger at St. Rose Church. Mr. Clifford is a junior member of the P. I. Clifford & Sons' Co., a railroad construction firm, who at present are engaged in the elevation of the P., C., C. and St. L. yards from Thirty-fifth to Seventy-ninth streets, Chicago. Mr. Clifford is a man of sterling qualities and has many friends at St. Viator's who wish him success. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford will take up their residence in Valparaiso, Ind.

From the far-off shores of "Sunny Italy" word has been received from Mr. Timothy Rowan, A.B., '13, and Mr. Edward Unruh, announcing their safe arrival in Europe. Mr. Unruh and Mr. Rowan have entered the North American College, and owing to their wonderful abilities, we are sure they will meet with success in the continuance of their studies for the priesthood. Both of them report a most pleasant and successful journey and tell many interesting events which took place during the journey. They also state that they are well satisfied and are perfectly contented in their new quarters. Their many friends unite in extending to them every success in their new field of endeavors.

Rev. Father Munday, D.D., professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Seminary Department, preached eight sermons during the Constantinian Jubilee and Tridium, held from November 1 to 3 at St. Anthony's Church.

During the past month Father Sarony, '09, Father Darche, '09, Father Shippy, '09, and Father Kulczyk, '10, spent several happy hours with the President and old friends at the college.

During the last week in October Rev. Father Breen, C.S.V., former Director of Seminarians at St. Viator's College, spent a few days among his old friends at the college. At present Father Breen is President of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. Dak., having received the appointment in June, 1913. Many interesting stories were told by Father Breen about Columbus College, in that pleasing and genial manner which made him such a favorite among the boys while at St. Viator's. Judging from his account of things he is making rapid strides in making Columbus a leading college of the west.

On November 16, Rev. Father Munday, D.D., preached the sermons for forty hours' devotion at St. Mary's Church, Clinton, Ind., where Father O'Keefe is pastor.

While operating a machine a few weeks ago Mr. Dan Keliher, Com. '01, had his hand severely injured. We hope that the injury will not disable him in any way.

Mr. Walter Nourie, A.B., '09, graduate of Michigan Law School, is making a tour of Europe. While in Rome he called at the North American College and spent a few pleasant hours with Messrs. Gerald Bergan, A.B., '12, Ed Unruh, '13, and Tim Rowan, '13.

Mr. Clarence Fischer, A.B., '13, has returned from an extrinsic trip through Europe with his father, mother and sister. Mr. Fischer has not decided as yet what course he will pursue, but will spend the remainder of this year in the employ of his father at Peoria.

Mr. Ernest Trainor, H. S., '11, at present attending Lincoln Law School, Chicago, visited the college on October 18.

Mr. Emil Kekich, A.B., '13, is also making a tour of Europe. At present he is in England and will shortly leave for Germany and Russia, where he will visit with relatives.

## PERSONALS

The regular quarterly examinations for the term were held on the 12th, 13th and 14th of November.

The Thanksgiving recess began on Wednesday, the 26th, and ended on Sunday, the 30th. Most of the students from the nearby states took this opportunity of spending a few pleasant hours at home.

The classes in Sacred Eloquence are under the personal supervision of the Very Rev. President this year and meet bi-weekly. The course consists of a series of lectures dealing with sacred oratory. Each member of the class is also required to write and deliver at least four sermons during the year. The

subjects assigned are: "The Holy Name of Jesus," "Charity," "Scandal" and "Man's Purpose in Life."

Mr. Ed Hanley, '11-12, recently paid a visit to his friends at college. Ed is now associated in business with his father at Bloomington, Ill.

The class in Patrology during the past few months has been evincing great interest in the study of Doctors, Fathers and Ecclesiastical writers. Special interest is given the work on account of the lectures given by various members and the open discussion of the various dogmatic questions involved.

Thus far the following writers have been treated: "Mathetes," F. Cleary; "Tatian," Steven Carew; "Hermas," Thomas Cleary; "Clement, of Rome," R. Graham; "Tertullian," J. Hogan; "Origen," "Justin," P. Ryan; "Hypolytus," A. Baltutis; "Theophilus," J. Heaney; "Origen," J. Kendrick; "Tertullian," J. A. Lowney; "St. Cyprian," F. Shea; "Minucious Felix," J. Williams, and "Ireneous," J. Stephenson.

The fact that our high school department is to organize a debating team has aroused much interest among the students of that department. Under the able leadership of Brother McGuire we are sure that the new venture will be successful and that St. Viator's High School department will prove as efficient in that line as did the College department last year.

A debate has already been arranged with Kankakee High School and efforts are being made to secure debates with the best high schools in the state.

Mr. Leo Kennedy, '09-10, of Summit, Ill., recently visited old friends at the college. Mr. Kennedy is now situated with the Corn Product Company in his home town.

Recent visitors were: Miss Marcella Lyons, Cullom, Ill.; Miss Ann Lyons, Cullom, Ill.; Mr. John McCarthy, Cullom, Ill.; Mrs. John Plusard, Farmer City, Ill.; Mrs. John Broderick, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Katharine Rebideau, Chicago; Miss Aurelia McCullough, Chicago; Mr. Frank Rebideau, Chicago; Miss Sophia Udelhofen, Chicago; Miss Celia Kramer, Chicago; Hon. Charles E. Reading and wife, Chicago; Mr. J. H. Flynn, St. Charles, Ill.; Mr. Joseph McDonough, Chicago; Mr. Edward Mahoney, Chicago.

## SOCIETIES

### LAJOIE CIRCLE.

Tuesday evening, November 4, 1913, witnessed the first public program rendered by the LaJoie Society. The program opened with an "Address of Welcome" by the president, Mr. Roy. Mr. Gerard Picard gave a very interesting reading on "France," while Arthur Picard favored the society with a very interesting account of "Canada." Recitations were given by Arthur Landroche, Justin Legris, Moriss Godin and Oliver Thyfault. These gentlemen were well chosen and fulfilled their part of the program in a meritorious manner. Manager Legris addressed the boys on the usage of the French language, and encouraged the boys in their good work. Father O'Mahoney, C.S.V., gave the boys a very interesting talk and expressed himself as being well satisfied with the work of the society. Dr. C. T. Morel in a few chosen remarks praised the work of the society and exhorted the boys to keep up the study of their Mother tongue. Father Gagnon, C.S.V., moderator of the society, gave the closing remarks.

### THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

Among the many new societies being founded at St. Viator College, perhaps the Economic and Sociological Research Society stands forth the most noteworthy. This society was founded by Rev. Jno. W. Maguire and its purpose is to discuss Economic and Sociological problems. Too much praise cannot be given Rev. Maguire for his energetic labor in attempting to found this society. The work will be a benefit to those who intend to enter into the ministry, as well as to those who enter upon a business career. The membership of this society is limited only to those students who follow courses in Economics and Sociology in the college department and to the students in the Theology department. Tuesday evenings are set aside as meeting nights, and at these meetings, topics of interest concerning Economics and Sociology will be discussed. With such ardent workers and able leaders as Mr. Joe Griffin, President, Mr. Timothy Sullivan, Vice President, and Mr. Joe Heaney, Secretary, this society ought

surely to enjoy a long and successful reign. The Rev. J. W. Maguire looks forward to a big year's work and is enthused over the interest which the members have already shown. Rev. J. W. Maguire has been the Professor of Economics and Sociology at the college for the past three years, and under his able guidance the classes in Economics have all met with unlimited success. The students and faculty all wish the Rev. Moderator all possible success with this new society.

#### ST. VIATOR ACOLYTHICAL SOCIETY.

The St. Viator Acolythical Society held its regular meeting on Sunday, November 16, 1913. At this meeting the following members were admitted into the society: T. Shea, E. Flynn, H. Cunningham, A. Day, F. Keeley, W. O'Hara. The Moderator, Bro. Marzano, C.S.V., welcomed the boys into the society and told them of the wonderful work the society had done in the service of the Altar. The membership of the society is now thirty-six, and it is due to the work of the Rev. Moderator that the society has grown. Under the able guidance of Bro. Marzano, this society has gradually become one of the well known, and is at present one of the most prominent societies at the college.

## ATHLETICS

#### LOOKING BACK.

We can at last, after many years of faithful endeavor, lay a just claim to the minor college foot ball championship of Illinois. We have in former years held the premier honors in basket ball and base ball, but until this year supremacy in foot ball has been denied us. We have, however, lived in hope and this year we have achieved our ambition and are the proud possessors of clear title of state "Champs." We say "clear title" because the two leading teams in the minor college conference, namely, William and Vashti and Eastern Illinois Normal College, fell before the purple and old gold eleven.

In view of the pride we feel in holding such honor, I do not think it amiss to say a few words concerning the men who made

such pride possible. At first thought we are apt to remember only those who really fought out our victories, and to forget the man behind, in this particular case, Bro. St. Aubin.

This was Bro. St. Aubin's first year as coach and surely his was not a bed of roses. Just as the important games approached, the loss of valuable men had to be contended with, a limited amount of material was another difficulty to be overcome and I might enumerate many other difficulties Bro. St. Aubin had to surmount before he could turn out the team that won our first foot ball championship. Happily Bro. St. Aubin has as his assistant the man who for three years made St. Viator's foot ball team a greatly feared aggregation. Yes, it was "Jimmy" Fitzgerald and to him the members of the team and the whole student body extend their sincere thanks.

Space will not allow us to consider the members of the team individually and when we consider it as a whole, words fail to express our feelings of admiration of the St. Viator squad of '13. In recognition of efficient foot ball service the following men were awarded the honors of wearing a "V," Captain Dunn, Butler, Pemberton, Raymond, F. Shea, A. Shea, Sullivan, Hughes, L. McGuire, Lawler, Magee, Flaherty, Monaghan, McCabe, Corey and Clifford.

ST. VIATOR, 24; WILLIAM AND VASHTI, 19.

After resting for two weeks following the E. I. N. game, the purple and gold squad resumed gridiron activities at the expense of William and Vashti College from Aledo, Ill. The visitors were returned champions in the minor college conference last year and hope to enjoy the same "fate" this year and their chances are rather encouraging as they have lost but one conference game this season and that only by a score of 3 to 0. Moreover their goal had not been crossed this season previous to the St. Viator clash, when it was crossed four times for a total of 24 points, while the "champs" could accumulate no more than 19. Consequently we beat the minor conference leaders by a score of 24—19. As we don't want to appear "chesty," we won't figure out the "dope" just now, being mindful of that little, old expression concerning pride and a fall. Both teams went into the game minus the services of a star. Clarke, the visitor's slashing half-back, could not make the trip, due to an attack of tonsillitis, while Capt. Dunn's job at center had to be taken care of by his understudy, McCabe.

Flaherty kicked off against the wind to Phillips, who came back 15 yards. After three futile attacks on our line, Morrison punted to F. Shea, who was downed 15 yards from Vashti's goal. St. Viator was forced to punt and the ball went out on the 25-yard line. A wide end run by Moorehead brought the ball to the 7 yard line, then L. McLaughlin went over for the first touch down. Phillips muffed Morrison's punt out.

Butler ran the kick-off back 30 yards, but the purple and old gold were held for downs, as also were W. and V. "Bill" Lawler blocked Morrison's punt and recovered the ball. Pemberton and Butler made 30 yards thru Vashti's line and the ball reposed on the visitor's 30 yard line when time was called. On the first play in the second quarter, Flaherty "copped" Pemberton's pass and went up to our 5 yard line. Lawler immediately scored on another pass. In this quarter, the second, great offensive work by Lawler and Pemberton netted us 18 points, while the visitors were for the greater part of the time on the defense. In the third period, the play was mostly in the center of the field, but in the last minute, L. McLaughlin got thru and went up to the 20 yard line, where Maguire stopped him. The last quarter opened with the ball in the visitors' possession, only five yards from a touch down, but they lost on a fumble. Sensational runs by our back field carried the ball to Vashti's 20-yard line, from whence Pemberton went over making our total 24. L. McLaughlin received the kick-off and returned 40 yards, but soon after Butler recovered a fumble. Pemberton received Butler's short pass and covered 45 yards before he was downed, only to lose the ball. With only 10 minutes left to play, McLaughlin, almost single handed, carried the ball over from the middle of the field. McKee missed the goal. Butler received the kickoff and came back 35 yards. A 25-yard run by McGee and end runs by Pemberton and Butler brought the ball within 15 yards of the opponents. F. Shea cut this down to 7 yards by a beautiful plunge thru center. But here McKee intercepted a short pass to McGee and ran from goal to goal for a touchdown. He also kicked goal. Time was called a few minutes after, with the ball in St. Viator's possession.

The game was the best seen on the local gridiron in years. Both teams played a hard, clean game, and are to be congratulated on their good sportsmanship. The McLaughlin Brothers, Forner and Morrison showed to best advantage for the champions, while on our team one and all united in forming a winning "constellation."

## Line-up:

St. Viator (24).

Lawler	L.E.
Raymond	L.T.
Monaghan, Sweeney	L.G.
McCabe	C.
Kerwin, Clifford	R.G.
Carey	R.T.
Flaherty, McGee	R.E.
McGuire	Q.
Butler	L.H.B.
Pemberton, Hughes	R.H.B.
F. Shea	F.B.

William and Vashti (19).

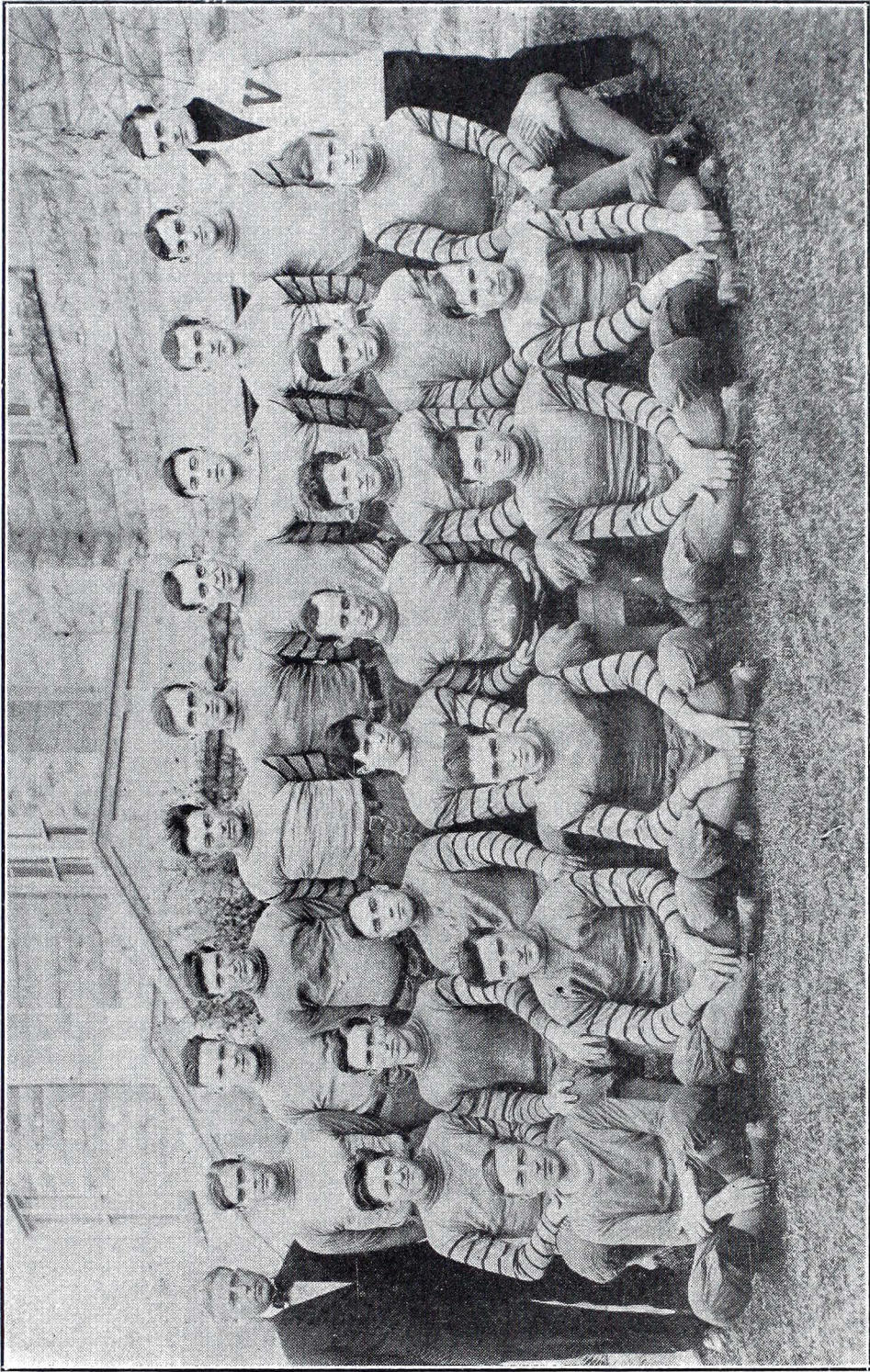
McKee (Capt.)
Smith, Swonson
Noble
Duval
Dexter
R. McLaughlin
Brought, Forner
Morrison
Forner, Moorhead
Phillips
L. McLaughlin

Touchdowns: Lawler 2, Pemberton 2, McKee 1, L. McLaughlin 2. Goals from touchdown, McKee 1. Referee, Hod-den, Michigan. Umpire, Grogon, Knox. Head linesman, Fitzgerald, St. Viator. Time of periods, 15 minutes.

ST. VIATOR, 27; NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE, 13.

St. Viator's football squad further clinched their claim on the state championship title on November 15th, when they defeated the heavy Northwestern team at Naperville. The score being 27—13. After giving William and Vashti the bitter pill, a championship bee began to buzz in the ears of the local foot ballers and as the Northwesterners were the only stumbling block in sight, they set out to remove it, and the task did not prove to be one of great difficulty. The "Napervillions" greatly outweighed our "ponies" but again speed and skill with the forward pass proved too much for "beef" to conquer. The first quarter was bitterly fought and nothing fancy was attempted by either side, line smashes and end runs being used entirely. In the second quarter, Butler received a forward pass intended for Forner and ran 85 yards for a touchdown. McGuire added one by a nice goal. In the third quarter Butler again got off on a nice sprint, going 40 yards before he was spilled. Pemberton started from the 30-yard line for a touchdown, but stepped in a mud puddle and fell only 10 yards from goal. On the next play Hughes went over. Dunn kicked only one of the goals.

Northwestern came back strong in the last period and used the forward pass and Kluckholm to good advantage. The latter hurled the former about 50 yards down the field to Mr. Krug,



1913 FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS OF ILLINOIS MINOR COLLEGES

who went over for a touchdown and a few minutes after Kastner recovered a fumble and after a "long 10-yard run" planted the ball between the posts. Grimes kicked goal and made it 13 for his team. In the last three minutes of play "Scoop" Pemberton realized that he had not yet made his customary touchdown, so after copping Sullivan's pass, he navigated 55 yards just to observe an old and ancient custom. Dunn kicked goal.

Kluckholm, A. Schmidt and Grimes showed best for Northwestern, while Pemberton, Butler, Dunn and Raymond were enjoying the glory of the limelight for us.

Line-up:

Northwestern (13).

Ferner, Greisner	L.E.
A. Schmidt	L.T.
Kastner	L.G.
Peter	C.
Reinholz	R.G.
O. Schmidt	R.T.
Krug	R.E.
Grimes	Q.
Seder	L.H.B.
Oberhelmen	R.H.B.
Kluckholm	F.B.

St. Viator (27).

Lawler
Raymond
Monaghan
Dunn
Kerwin
Carey, Sweeney
McGee, Flaherty
McGuire
Pemberton
Butler
Hughes, Sullivan

Touchdowns: Kastner, Krug, Butler 2, Pemberton, Hughes. Goals from touchdown, Dunn 2, McGuire, Grimes. Referee, Grogan, Knox. Umpire, Thomas, Illinois. Head linesman, Gorman, Chicago. Time of periods, 15 minutes.

#### BASKET BALL.

The outlook for a successful basket ball season is, at present, most encouraging. Four of last year's team have returned and are ready to start work and play the same steady game as of yore. Captain Lawler says that there's nothing to it and is seconded by three more veterans, viz.: Gartland, Magee and Monaghan. Gartland and McGee played the forwards last year and are ready to resume work at the old stand. "Kok" and Red have been working together for the last three years and this year they promise to outshine any of their other efforts.

Monaghan played as a "sub" last year and is equally clever at any position. The unknowns fighting for positions are, Butler, Flaherty, Pemberton, Hughes, Cahill, Sullivan, Kissane, McGuire, Kerwin, Shea, Quinn and Word.

## "CHAMPS" CHATTER.

Shh—Keep it quiet now, Gov. Dunne's son played center for us at Northwestern.

Bill Lawler, he of angelic disposition, has played the end position in a style equal to that of any end in the state. Besides being a defensive player of sterling worth, Bill scored 42 points for us this year.

J. Sullivan and E. O'Connor have a finished class of rooters, and deserve praise for the way they kept things humming on the sidelines.

Pemberton and Butler, both got one of several long sprints in the last two games. In the Vashti game Pemberton made two 40-yard runs and he also went over 55 yards at Northwestern, while Butler got off for 40 and 85 yard runs at Naperville.

Capt. Dunn has played his last football at St. Viator and will be greatly missed. F. Shea, also has completed his football career and his successor at fullback will find it hard to uphold the standard Frank has set.

## THE BANQUET.

On the eve of December 10th, the football team pitted themselves against the Annual Football Banquet, and as per custom emerged victorious, for the members of the team were each and every one, just as powerful in the Schuyler Hotel dining rooms, as on Bergin football field. After all edibles had disappeared, Bro. Maguire began to "call signals." The following responded to Bro. Maguire's calls:

Champions of '13.....	E. Dunn, Capt.
Burdens of an Official.....	F. A. Cleary, '10, '11
Football as the Faculty Sees It.....	Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V.
How the Students Liked It.....	J. A. Dougherty
Teams of the Past.....	J. Fitzgerald, '88, '09, '10, '11
How the Team Looked From the Sidelines.....	
.....	Rev. J. V. Rheams, C.S.V.
Troubles of a Player.....	C. Fischer, '11, '12, '13
Hitting the Line.....	F. Shea, '11, '12, '13
Making a Noise.....	J. Sullivan
Sentiments of a Member of the Board.....	
.....	Bro. C. A. Moreno, C.S.V.
Conferring of Monograms.....	Coach St. Aubin

Replies.....By Members of the Team  
 Closing Remarks.....Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V.

After the above program was over the V. met and unanimously elected W. J. Lawler of Peoria, Ill., to succeed E. Dunn, as captain of the 1914 team. "Bill" has played end at St. Viator for the last two years and has proved himself to be a most valuable man.

Captain Lawler possesses the fighting spirit and a knowledge of the game that will make him an ideal leader. The new captain however, will have a difficult task in upholding the standard set by ex-captain Dunn. Ex-captain Dunn has not only been a shower of strength to the team by his playing, but the aid he has rendered the coaches in developing the line has been a big factor in shaping the team into a championship organization.

## VIATORIANA

Dear Reader: Let it be understood,  
 That these "Locals" mean only good.  
 And if your name should perchance appear,  
 Just smile, you need have no fear,  
 That what we say intends to harm,  
 So there's no reason, to have alarm.  
 "Locals" mean me, as well as you.  
 I draw no line as others do.  
 And don't get angry, peeved or sore,  
 'Cause if you do, there might be more.  
 You know that if you pass it by  
 'Twill go no farther than the eye.  
 But if you happen to raise a row,  
 There might be more,—I'll say not how.  
 So kindly beat it from my door,  
 You'll get no satisfaction.—Editor.

It's great to be a son of the Governor of Illinois, ain't it, Ed?

Every thing is not on the index, Tom.

"I am a self-made man if you please."  
 I was wondering who was the poor mechanic.

## HEARD IN "OUR" GREEK CLASS.

"That word for sheep comes from 'Ba' doesn't it?"

A Sophomore after a few minutes debating finally admitted that Columbus discovered America.

This proves that a historian need not be a good logician.

'Tis true that by raising the shade some light might be thrown on the subject.

We do not doubt the teacher's word.

"I don't know, have we class."

"Dye know,—I never looked at it."

" 'Twas a wonderful boat."

Philip.—It's always darkest before dawn.

Morris.—It never dawned on me.

By looking at a person's hair, you can't always tell, whether he's well read or not.

Speaking of W. & V.

Did you see the letter?

Some joke that letter—

Some people continually judge books by their covers.

Just because we were cut up they held that W. & V. skinned us.

Not so! hard luck! not so!!

To play football a person does not undergo the punishment he does, who is scourged with lacerating invectives after a poor examination.

The Rhyme fever recently seen on a black board—

"Bob McGuire is a handsome youth,  
Hazel eyes and an ivory tooth."

No name was signed which leads us to suspect that Shakespeare is alive again.

Gee, we had some Exam.

Say fellows—"Did you see that fourth question?" Hummer wasn't it?

I guess they didn't want us to over-eat ourselves sick at home: They stuffed us with everything in the Exams.

"Too bad Varsity didn't take heart earlier."

"Aw, quit your crabbin' "—that's how we lost.

After the conflagration in 303, there can be no doubt, that, like the fire, the occupants feel much put out about it.

When asked, what was the cause, Healy said, "It was probably the heat of excitement combined with the other hot air which resulted in spontaneous combustion."

But we must confess that it would have been remarkable had there not been a fire after the "Blaze of Glory" shown beneath their window.

N.B.—Do your Xmas shopping early and avoid the rush!

Here's where the 10-cent store gets a boost.

All Santa Claus letters should be turned in early.

Here are the ones responsible for the excellent record in foot ball—

Lawler, Raymond, Red McGee,

Liston, Shea and Flaherty,

Monaghan, McCabe and Dunn,

Butler, Clifford, Pemberton.

Little Mac and Carey Phil,

Sullivan and Kerwin Bill.

Fullback Shea and Hogan guard,

Maguire, Hughes, Houle and Ploussard.

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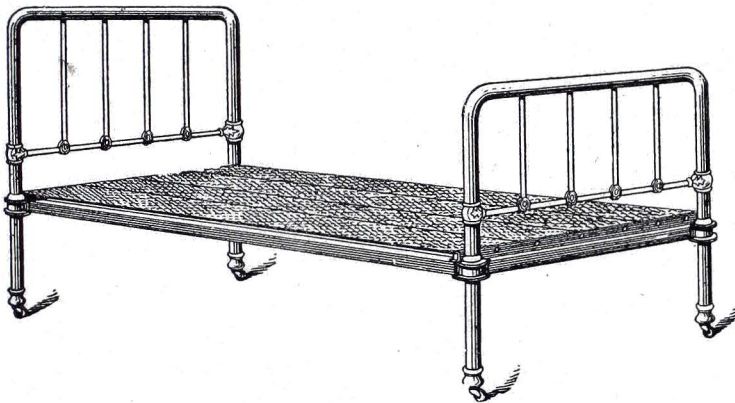
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