

S. V. C. Confers Degree

ALUMNI DANCE IS GREAT SUCCESS

COLLEGE CLUB WELL SUPPORTED BY STUDENTS AND ALUMNI

Messrs. Toohill and Shea Sponsor Eventful Day

On the evening of Oct. 13th the social season of St. Viator was formally opened as it has been the tradition of the institution that no major social activity take place before the Annual Homecoming football game and dance. Friday evening found the entire student body, alumni and a host of their friends enjoying one of the greatest celebrations of its kind ever held at St. Viator College.

Football Game on Bergin Field.

The evening began with a football game played under the powerful lights of Bergin field. This battle found the Fighting Irish all tangled up the aggregation from Illinois College. This, being the first home game of the year, found the student body keyed up to a high pitch prepared to spur the team on to a victory. The game did not fall short of any expectations being hard fought all the way, each team giving all that was in them.

Dance in College Gym.

After the game all turned their steps towards the highly polished floor of the gymnasium, where the crowning event of the evening was held. One of the largest crowds that we have ever seen attended this dance. Approximately two hundred swayed to the very pleasant music of Charlie Formento and his orchestra. This was Mr. Formento's first appearance on the campus of the college and all seemed to be well pleased with his music.

The decorations for the evening were in keeping with the season of the year and these colors intermingled with the traditional purple and gold of St. Viator made a striking contrast. The lobby was filled with purple and gold streamers meeting at a point in the center. Corn stalks were placed in the corners to give it the autumn atmosphere. Once we had entered the hall itself we found the arrangement most striking. Streamers of purple and gold were strung from the sides and met in the center to form a huge ball. The lighting was all indirect and colored, making a very beautiful picture. Along the sides of the floor at frequent intervals corn stalks were piled up with a light in the center of them. These decorations were very striking and lived up to the precedent set by the committee of decorations of the past years.

Sponsored By Toohill and Shea.

The entire celebration was under the general direction of Martin J. Toohill, president of the College Club who is well qualified for the position. He deserves much credit for

Historic Day Is Celebrated

Prominent Speakers Present.

On Tuesday, November third, a triple celebration was held at St. Viator College. It was the centenary of the founding of the order of the Clerics of St. Viator. It was the golden jubilee of the priesthood of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris, and of the founding of the Province of Chicago of the Clerics of St. Viator. Such an occasion is rare in the annals of any institution, and is deserving of the importance and respect that it received on that day. It called to mind the noble work that has been done by the Clerics of St. Viator in the Province of Chicago, and in many other provinces as well. Looking backward into the past hundred years, we see rising steadily from an humble beginning a religious order, justly famous as a teaching body. We recall the many fruitful years that Msgr. Legris has spent in this vicinity and in other his studies during his youth in Europe. The tribute that has been paid to the Monsignor by his many friends and students who value his teachings and friendship among their most precious possessions is full worthy of their inspiration.

Mundelein Presides.

His eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago, George Cardinal Mundelein, presided at the ceremonies in Maternity church. On his arrival at the college he was greeted by the entire student body in lines along the driveway. The ecclesiastical procession from Marsile Hall to Maternity Church followed. The Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sheil was the celebrant of the Mass. The liturgical ceremonies gave beauty and pomp to the occasion. Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. E. Laberge of Quebec gave the sermon. It was an eloquent sermon that paid high tribute to the Priest and educator. Its text was "He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Math. 5, 19.

We hope that you will pardon us and perhaps understand our admiration when we quote from the sermon: In speaking of the Priest

"Every day and many times a day he goes to the hill of frankincense, to prayer; he asks of his Supreme Master to protect and strengthen the faithful, to sanctify their souls and lead them to the port of salvation. Every day also he goes to the

Continued on page four

the success of the event. Mr. Toohill had for his chairman on the dance committee Mr. Herb Shea a prominent senior from Fort Wayne who has had previous experience in these lines. Much credit is due to Mr. Shea and his committee for the way in which the dance was conducted and the way in which the gymnasium was decorated for the event.

FATHER MARSILE RETURNS TO ST. VIATOR

College Extends Greetings.



Almost sixty years spent in the service of God and man! Sixty years of self denial and abnegation; of patient, beautiful sacrifice; and of the expression of his love for Catholic youth. And the fruits of his vocation yet proclaim themselves to all who know him.

Father Moses Joseph Marsile was born on Nov. 17, 1846, of strong, God-fearing French parentage. When but a youth, he came to the United States, and began his studies at St. Viator College. Having completed the Classical Course then offered, he became a member of the Viatorian Order, and was ordained priest on Oct. 30, 1875. His excellent work as teacher and adviser of students merited for him the Presidency of the College four years later—in 1879. He served in this capacity for twenty-six years.

Under his administration, the College grew in numbers and wisdom; nor has there been a single one of his "boys" who has not departed from St. Viator strengthened in character, and infinitely richer in "the milk of human kindness." A stern and exacting man has been Father Marsile, but there has been none quicker to recognize merit in his charges, nor more willingly receive their confidences and troubles.

In 1906, St. Viator College burnt to the ground; and its destruction caused a great wound in the heart of Father Marsile. So long had he been accustomed to consider the building as a necessary part of his ideals and cherished ambitions, that the loss of it nearly caused a complete physical breakdown. However, with characteristic adaptability and executive power, he began reconstruction immediately. Destiny interfered with his completion of the project, for in June of the same year, he was transferred to Beaver-ville, where he was pastor for a number of years. Here, also, we find the creative power of the man being exercised,—this time in the construction of a large, beautiful Church of Bedford stone.

Following this part of Father Marsile's life, we observe him enjoying, for several years, comparative leisure. Later he was appointed chaplain of a newly built hospital in Lake Forest; and during the last few years, he has been stationed at St. Viator Parish in Chicago.

Now, Father Marsile once again returns to the College, to his first and real home. He comes once again, to instill into all of us the

RELIGIOUS SERVICES INAUGURATE CELEBRATION

Rev. Timothy Rowan Makes Address.

The Jubilee Celebration formally opened at St. Viator College with a Solemn High Mass at ten o'clock in Maternity Church on Sunday, November 1. Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. Legris, P. A., D. D., acted as celebrant; Rev. R. French, C. S. V. as deacon; and, Rev. E. Cardinal, as Sub-deacon; Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V. and Rev. Oa and Rev. Cracknell, C. S. V. as Master of Ceremonies. The entire student body, faculty members, and visiting clergy formed an academic procession which began the ceremonies.

The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. Timothy Rowan. Father Rowan is a worthy alumnus of St. Viator College, the editor of the New World. He is a well-informed and able speaker. In his sermon Father Rowan traced for us the history of St. Viator College. He told us of the advent of the little band of clerics of St. Viator armed with their standard, "Sinite parvulos venire ad me." He pictured the trials and difficulties they had to face and how in spite of overwhelming odds they went on and on in the battle of life, each day a little more firm in their divine mission. He told us of the presidents of the college, those leaders whose names are a household word today in the home of every alumnus—the names of Roy, Marsile, O'Mahoney, Ryan, Bergin, Kirley, Rice, and Maguire. With words of simple dignity and sincere sentiment, Father Rowan extended the congratulations not only of himself but of all present to Msgr. Legris on account of his Golden Jubilee, and to the Clerics of St. Viator because of their centenary anniversary as an order and because of the Golden Jubilee of their Province.

Abhoo Weber is definitely out of the Viator football lineup due to a broken arm received in the DeKalb game.

Preliminaries of The Catholic Youth Boxing Tournament will be held at St. Viator College November 24th.

personality of a gentleman, scholar and one who has found happiness in union with God. Father Marsile may your life, if possible, become more full here, where, in one sense, it was begun! May your happy smile and greeting, and simple dignity inspire us to emulation! May you, while living here, once again find satisfaction in the company of "your boys."

MSGR. G. M. LEGRIS RECEIVES LL. D.

Address of President Masterpiece.

At a convocation held in the College auditorium on Monday evening, November 2, and presided over by the Right Rev. E. F. Hoban, D. D., Bishop of Rockford, the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gerasime M. Legris, P. A., D. D., in recognition and appreciation for the invaluable services that he has rendered to St. Viator College during the past fifty years. The ceremony took place in the presence of a large sized audience, composed of fifty visiting priests, the entire faculty and student body, and innumerable friends and relatives of Msgr. Legris.

Summary of Services.

Following an academic procession from Marsile Hall to the artistically decorated platform in the auditorium, the Very Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., President of the College, delivered the address of the evening, the text of which will be found in this issue, during the course of his talk Father Maguire paid glowing tribute to the Monsignor and publicly thanked him for all that he has done.

The citation was read by the Rev. T. J. Lynch, dean of studies, and the Monsignor himself responded with an eloquent oration in acceptance of the degree. His interesting talk was enlivened by the introduction of numerous reminiscences and bits of humor for which he is well known.

Bishop Speaks.

Before giving his benediction and bringing the exercises to a close, Bishop Hoban spoke for a few minutes concerning the golden anniversary of Monsignor Legris' priesthood and the centenary of the Clerics of St. Viator.

Upon the closing of the affair, Mr. Burke Monohan, President of the Senior Class, led the procession back to its starting point in Marsile Hall.

Student Committees.

The ushers for the occasion as well as for the other services of the triple jubilee, were Edward Gorman, John McGrath, Paul LaRocque and Gill Middleton,—all members of the Junior Class.

The decorations were in charge of Martin Toohill, President of the College Club, Robert Delaney, '34, and Irvin Matthews, '31.

Co-eds Plan Card Party.

Again the sorority is at its work in preparation for another card party, for the purpose of "brightening up the usually dull Saturday evenings."

The day is undecided but it will be held shortly after the return of the students from the Thanksgiving holidays.

Here's hoping that everyone will look forward to this event and will cooperate with the Co-eds by attending.

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Campus Briefs

Having attained our manly majority and officially taken our seat with those who guide the destinies of this nation—the great body of American voters—we now feel that we can express with some measure of authority our views on some of the problems existent on the Viator campus. Although our great responsibility rests heavily upon our shoulders and our head is beginning to bow beneath the weight of its fast-whitening load, we shall be most happy to have the following gentlemen visit our room in order that we may advise in their difficulties and give the benefit of our aged counsel . . . Carl Lampe concerning the advisability of taking dates to big league football games . . . Gill Middleton concerning the concealing of scented notes . . . Bill McGuire concerning postal-cards . . . Chuck Carney concerning divers matters . . . Werner Salg concerning an allegiance to a trinity . . . Charles Flynn on the ethics of letter-writing . . . Joe Degnan and Ken Bushman on rivalry . . . THE co-ed on selection . . . Jim Dugan on the Index . . . Bill Gibbons on the Higher Life . . . Ed Hunt concerning his application for admission to the Fraternity . . . the Almeroths concerning the state of our ceiling . . . Bob Delaney on Three Star Hennessey . . . Tommy Ahern on the errors of Noah Webster . . . Ralph inine visitors in the hospital.

Notice—Freshmen—"My Wild Irish" is NOT the theme song of St. Viator, our Manager of Athletics to the contrary.

Francis J. (Realized Desire) Larkin purchased that "copy of the 'Rhapsody in Blue' for a buck six-bits and will part with it for a like amount. Public spirited students may make their contributions either to the Briefs or directly to Mr. Larkin himself.

Frank Wirken, Werner Salg, and Paul LaRocque to the contrary, our belief in the actual existence of divinities at the College of St. Francis is just about shot. The first blow to our faith came last spring when—in cross-examination—we discovered that the "Perfectly Divine" person had only been surveyed by uncertain candle-light, the Joliet Power company having conveniently failed to function that evening. But the final touch came when our D. B. roomie was describing problems of heating in rumble seats. We stopped him long enough to enquire "What did you do?" He appeared surprised for a moment, then naively replied, "Why, I went to sleep!"

Although Red Hayes failed to completely succeed in his first attempt at his chosen racket, we feel that he deserves the whole-hearted support of the student body for his efforts. Red expects to graduate from the novice class soon, and will work the Palace and the State-Lake next week.

And if you have any pennies left over after you have contributed to the "Rhapsody in Blue" fund, might we suggest that you give them to the fund to buy string for Anderson's finger so that he will remember to take his suit to the next football game.

This one is six months old, but it just came to our ears and we think that it will bear repeating. It all happened when Gill Middleton, Ray Wenthe, and Paul LaRocque were in Cincinnati, preparing to debate St. Xavier U. As the time for the debate grew near, the Viator orators retired to their rooms on the third

floor of Ellet Hall and arrayed themselves in the finery traditional on such occasions. The process required some time, for Wenthe lost his studs, Middleton had difficulty keeping down the boiled shirt, and LaRocque persisted in his attempts to turn the satin side of his coat outward. When the last bat-wing had been adjusted to satisfaction and the final cuff shot just the correct fraction of an inch, the stately Viatorian trio started their majestic march down the stairs. Just as they reached the first landing, a head was poked out a door on the second floor and a mouth dropped with the ejaculation, "Hell! The idle rich!"

Just as the last issue went to press and too late for publication we received a formula for whiling away the depression from our good friends Jim and Jack Flynn. They surveyed the field from the wilds of South Dakota and decided to revert to the primitive and hunt and fish their way through these perilous times. What is progress?

THOUGHTS FOR REMEMBRANCE

"Any man who tells the truth is not a friend of mankind."

"Henry VIII saw the gospel light in Anne Bolyn's eye."

"Blessed are they that laugh and play, for they shall have jazz bands."

The rush to autograph Handsome John McGrath's new camel-hair trousers is on. Mac has asked Briefs to announce that the pants must remain un-autographed until after Thanksgiving, after which appointments may be secured by calling at 228.

The amount of study being done by Viator men this year has become so great as to cause considerable comment. It would seem that the A students were about to displace football men as OUR HEROES. If such a thing ever comes about, our personal nomination for the hero bench is Ray Wenthe on the strength of his voluntary tutoring in French.

Just now our idea of the smartest man on the campus, faculty not excepted, is Tommy Ryan. And Tommy wins the vote for his ingenious method of mailing the Viatorian. If you don't know what we mean, come down to Room 12 some day and discover for yourself.

Critique.

It has been rumored that the Day Students intend to organize and hold meetings in Kankakee. This idea is very good. Only by such action will the non-resident students be enabled to intelligently take part in the activities of the college.

Difficulty has, in the past, been experienced in obtaining the co-operation of the day students with campus activities. Organization of this section of the student body will do away with this obstacle. Approximately forty day students are attending the college. Organized, they will be able to exert a powerful influence on student action.

The "Day Dodgers" are again planning to organize a basketball team. All candidates are asked to be prepared to attend a meeting to be held in the near future. All together "Day Dodgers"; let "e pluri bus unum" be our motto!

Geo. Bereolos.

As Medbury once said: "It's foolish to commit suicide in the morning. It doesn't leave you anything to do in the afternoon."

You've all heard of the College President who asked the people to keep their seats while the student body passed out!

STUDENTS CO-OPERATE

Energetically Aid Faculty.

It is a deplorable truth that a student paper is often driven to manufacturing praise for a not too deserving student body. This can seldom be said, with justice, of the Viatorians. Our recent triple celebration furnishes the staff with an occasion, which it can rightly praise, without the necessity of holding divers tongues in divers cheeks.

We can say sincerely that St. Viator College has been host to few occasions, on which so fine a spirit of cooperation has been manifested by the student body. No demerit coated oludgeon was held above our heads, offering us the alternatives of either attending the services or yielding our names, for transcription in Father French's "Rogues Gallery." The faculty, of course, is to be commended on the trust they placed in us. We add, modestly, we feel we rose nobly to the dignity of that trust.

The faculty, we are told, is very much gratified by the unanimous attendance of the students and also by the spirit in which they attended. The students were consistently punctual, and formed no small part of a highly appreciable audience. If the student body was put to any great inconvenience by the irregular schedule of meals, it most certainly was not noticeable either in the students' action or demeanor.

We have noted a growing spirit of mutual cooperation between the faculty and student body in the past few years. This spirit has always been satisfactory at St. Viator, and has never, at any time, been so low that its return to normalcy would occasion undue rejoicing on the part of either party. But when neither faculty or student body is satisfied with mere gratification, but must aspire to a state transcendent of the latter, why then we have something rare, not possessed by the majority of universities and colleges.

We sincerely hope that this will continue.

Mrs. (sternly to husband arriving at 3:00 A. M.: What does the clock say?"

Mr. (genially): "It shay 'tick-tock'; an' a lil doggies shay 'bow-wow,' an' a lil pussy cats shay 'meow-meow.'"

Marriage is like a motor car; by the time the engine gets running nicely and they've learned when to put on the brakes, most people are tired of it and looking for a new one.—Chicago American.

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"QUADRAGESIMO ANNO."

The recent Encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius the Eleventh, on labor conditions, was as timely as it was apt. It upholds a conviction that has been growing on Catholics all over the world for a long time,—namely, that our present Pontiff—with all due respect to his predecessors—is by far, the most scholarly man who has held the keys of Peter in recent years. In the manner of that other great advocate of the cause of labor, Leo the Thirteenth, he portrays with a striking vividness the retrogression to an almost medieval feudal system that is practically inevitable if we continue to tread our present economic paths.

The Holy Father stresses particularly the need for justice in social and industrial relationships. This is not a new note in Papal Letters; in fact, it is merely an elaboration and development of the theme of Leo the Thirteenth. Leo defined the "just wage" in the light of Christian teaching as that return from labor which is sufficient to keep the laborer and his family in decent comfort.

In the late Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno" it is further developed. Fathers of families must receive enough compensation to do away with all necessity for wives and children to engage in public labor, says the Vicar of Christ.

Modern critics who smile indulgently at this pronouncement, will if they read further in the Papal letter come across a statement that should cause their smiles to vanish. The Holy Father says: ". . . Social justice demands that reforms be immediately introduced that will guarantee every adult workman just such a wage."

Here indeed, are words of startling significance. Implicit in them is the keynote of an entirely new industrial system, with a new social justice as its basis. Place human values above market values. Make the market values of the finished product subservient to the human value of the worker, not vice versa. In other words, let a decent wage be paid the laborer, though it does raise the price of the product. Theoretically, this would seem to work out very well. At any rate it could hardly lead to worse conditions than exist today.

An Aristocrat of Mind and Heart

One of the important functions of a college is to recognize and suitably reward high attainments of heart and mind. The college of liberal arts is, by its very nature, dedicated to the pursuit of truth and to teach that thought is more important than action and that beauty is of greater value than usefulness. In an age largely surrendered to materialistic pursuits, to the accumulation of wealth and to the production of efficient and useful things, it is highly important that there shall be institutions devoted to the higher activities of the heart and the mind of man and to uphold the superior value of spiritual things over material things.

From the beginning of time mankind has invented and devised honors for men who have performed deeds to which they attach value and which appeared important and worthy. In his primitive state man had to depend for his livelihood mainly upon hunting, and hence, we read in the early Bible story that Nimrod was "a mighty one in the earth for he was a mighty hunter before the Lord." War has written in blood many a page of history, and nations and peoples have honored soldiers who proved themselves careless of death, and many a man has died just to win the decoration of a ribbon or a medal. As men became more civilized and began to set value upon the more enduring goods of the emotions and the mind philosophers and poets and artists have received their share of the applause and adulation of peoples. In fact a fairly accurate estimate of a period or of a nation can be secured from a knowledge of the attainments which they honored. Mention Macedonia and the name of the conquering Alexander springs to mind. Mention Greece and arms, philosophy, poetry, sculpture and athletic prowess are suggested, for the Greeks at one time or another honored all these. Mention Rome and military might and jurisprudence and genius for government occur to the mind. Mention the Middle Ages and asceticism, sublime cathedrals, philosophy and theology immediately come to mind. I am afraid people of a future day, when they hear of twentieth century America will think of the accumulation of wealth, the building of huge industries, scientific invention, but not of the things of the mind. The colleges of the country, therefore, have an imperative duty, in an age little given to honoring and respecting intellectual, spiritual and artistic achievement of high order, to honor and reward those who have cared little for the prevailing modes and habits of thought and have unselfishly devoted themselves to the dear delight of the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

St. Viator College, this evening, performs a gracious and beautiful duty in giving the highest honor in her gift to one of her most deserving and most distinguished sons. It is true that his name is not on every lip, he has built no great buildings, nor captained a mighty industry. He has led no armies to conquest nor held the fate of a nation in his hand, but those of us who know him well, who have lived with him day by day, in that penetrating intimacy that a college of this kind alone can give, know that he possesses a nobility and a greatness far surpassing that of fame or power or empire, and has attained excellence in learning and virtue far in excess of any that these other attainments might give. For all the years of his active life he has lived hidden away from

the world in fulfillment of Bishop Spaulding's profound observation that "the worst foe of excellence is a desire to appear; for when once we have made men talk of us we seem to be doing nothing if they are silent and thus the love of notoriety becomes the bane of true work and right living. To be one of a crowd is not to be at all; and if we are resolved to put our thoughts and acts to the test of reason, and to live for what is permanently true and great we must consent, like the best of all ages, to be lonely in the world."

More than fifty years ago, when a boy in this little, retired, and old-world village of Bourbonnais, Monsignor Legris endowed by inheritance with a competent fortune and by nature with a fine intellect and by habit and training with industry, all of which would have guaranteed him success and prominence in the world, elected to hear the call of Christ, and unlike the rich young man in the Gospel did not turn away "because he had great possessions." He chose to take upon himself the tremendous burden and responsibility of the command, "Go ye and teach all nations," and in the fresh promise and hope of his youth he left his home after graduating from St. Viator College, and went to the Eternal City to learn at the fountain head of religious truth the highest learning and the supremest wisdom, the truths concerning God. With zeal and energy he devoted himself to his studies, thereby, even imperiling his health and winning the Doctor's Degrees in philosophy and theology. After ordination and completion of his course in Rome Monsignor Legris returned to St. Viator College and freely and completely gave himself to the college to teach young men, and to the pursuit of sanctity and learning. Many generations of students have testified to the brilliance and thoroughness of his teaching and the fullness of his scholarship. No mere acquaintance with the superficial and more apparent facts of a subject satisfied him. Through toil-filled hours he would ascertain what the great masters of that subject had taught. He would compare conflicting opinions and authorities, he would run down every lead until he had exhausted every available source. Such has been the thoroughness of Monsignor's scholarship in his own chosen field of moral theology. Let none draw from this the erroneous conclusion that he is a mere specialist who has learned more and more about less and less. His scholarship is broad and cultured and many professors of literature, music and arts may well envy him his easy familiarity with these subjects. The characters of Shakespeare are his familiar friends. The greatest dissipation Monsignor Legris ever allowed himself has been to feast and rollick with John Falstaff. He has entered intimately into the soul searching meditations of Hamlet and his heart has been torn by the tragedies of Lear, Othello and Macbeth. Dante has lent him the wings of his imagination and he has soared to Heaven and descended unto Hell. For him the musicians have woven harmonies of sound and he has shared the ecstasies of poets. Like the poets he has felt a thrill of joy when he has gone out early in the morning and seen rosy-footed dawn standing tiptoed on the horizon shooting her golden arrows at the shadows of the night and reaching up to hide the stars in her bosom. He has wandered through the great art galleries and has entered into intimate union with the great artists of the world who have dipped their brushes in the rainbow to paint pictures worthy of their dreams. He has occupied a seat in the court of the immortals, a seat

bought only at the price of love and appreciation of the things of the heart and the mind.

With this equipment Monsignor Legris for more than fifty years has taken the student, eager or unwilling as the case might be, and with learning's magic wand he has turned back the centuries and placed him beside the Macedonian king when he had first learned the emptiness of world-wide conquest. He has made him look on Thermopylae's pass to learn how men can die. He has seated him in the Roman Senate to be shaken by the eloquence of Cicero and he has shown him Caesar, slain at the base of Pompey's statue. He has led him into the groves of Academus to hear Plato and Aristotle dispute and he has made him feel the might that was Rome, and the glory that was Greece. He has shown him the flashing genius of Augustine wasted and futile midst the dissipations of youth but potent and world-shaking in the penitence of the Bishopric of Hippo, and he has impressed upon his mind the magic of a mother's prayer by letting him hear the tearful petitions of Saint Monica. He has made him listen to Dante, the divine voice of ten silent centuries as he chants the liquid poetry of the unutterable beauty of revelation. He has led him to the feet of Saint Thomas, the angel of the schools, to learn the clarity, the strength, the eternity of truth and he has upheld to him jumbled mystery of tragedy and comedy that constitute human life in the mirror of Shakespeare's creative genius. He has guided his steps into old cathedrals and made him kneel in their dim religious light until his soul is drunk with their beauty and awe-struck with the sanctities of centuries of the prayers of saints that reverberated through their arches. He has made him kneel with Mary at the Annunciation to learn humility and obedience from the lips of an angel. He has placed him in front of the crowd that hears the Sermon on the Mount to learn from God, Himself, the blessedness of poverty, meekness, mercy, purity and peace and then he has led him to Calvary and taught him to kneel in reverential awe before the crucified Christ to learn of love greater than all love, of the paradox of pain and of the triumph of failure. He has taught him to love justice and pursue it, to love beauty and worship it, to follow truth even though it lead him into deserts and to embrace virtue as his most priceless possession. He has cared not so much about teaching him how to make a living as how to live and then he has sent him forth into the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, with a far off look in his eyes that passes beyond them to rest on the mountain peaks of eternity.

For more than fifty years Monsignor Legris has been engaged in this great and glorious work. I say these things in no spirit of apology or defense for the act that St. Viator is performing tonight. We are conferring no patent of nobility on him, we are giving him no honor. We are merely recognizing the nobility and honor that are already his. He is in the truest sense an aristocrat of the heart and mind. He has chosen to live humble and obscure in the halls of St. Viator College. He might have walked as one to the manner born in the courts of emperors. He has chosen to stroll along the paths of the campus of St. Viator College. He might have walked with royal tread along the pathways that wind among the fountains of Versailles, and the splashing waters would have recognized him as one of the nobility. He chose to sit in the classrooms of this college, obscure and unknown

while the mirrors of the Palace of Fontainebleau would have gladly reflected his noble figure. There is only one aristocracy that counts and that is the aristocracy of intellect and of virtue and to this noble aristocracy Monsignor Legris belongs, by nature and by grace.

St. Viator College has always been jealous of her honorary degrees and she has conferred them only upon those, who, beyond all peradventure of doubt, had attained the highest distinction of heart and mind. To this distinguished company we add another name, this evening, and all the former recipients of the honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws will agree with me that we now inscribe on this honored and distinguished roll the name of the greatest of them all, Monsignor Legris.

In conclusion may I say, if a very personal note is not out of place, that no higher honor can ever come to me, no finer distinction ever be conferred upon me than is mine tonight in having the precious privilege and exalted right, as President of St. Viator College, to place upon the shoulders of this saintly priest, this humble but distinguished prelate, this learned and profound scholar, this inspired and inspiring teacher, Monsignor Legris, the hood of a Doctor of Laws. May its silken folds soften the hard burden of increasing age, and may the diploma, as it hangs on the wall of his room, speak to him through many years yet to come not only of the honor it confers, but of the love, respect and veneration of all the alumni, students and Faculty members of St. Viator College.

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V.

LIBRARY NOTES

The James Milikin University, Decatur College and Industrial School announces the dedication of the Orville B. Gorin Library, Friday at 10 o'clock in the morning, November 20. Recent Gifts to the Library: The library is indebted to the following generous patrons for gifts of books during the month of October.

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire—Franklin—Bernard Fay. Richelieu—Hilaire Belloc. Brother E. Walsh—Tom Jones—Fieding. Life of St. Francis of Assisi—Chesterton. Life and Death of Falstaff. Tombs and Portraits of the Popes—Mann.

The following were received through the courtesy of the Carnegie Endowment for international peace:

1—Text of the Draft convention, preparatory commission for the Disarmament conference.
2—Disarmament by Salvador de Madariaga.
3—Scientific Disarmament by Victor Lefebure, "a book that stands alone in its comprehensive scientific treatment of the disarmament problem" (New York Times Book Review.)

4—The United States and Disarmament," by Benjamin H. Williams—(fresh from the press, written by the faculty Adviser of the International Relations Club at the University of Pittsburgh).

5—"That next war" by K. A. Bratt—"a challenge to the world's intelligence. (Nicholas Murray Butler.)

6—"Ten years of World Cooperation"—Secretariat of the League of Nations.

Reports from Chicago indicate that the condition of Stringfellow, injured in the Wesleyan game is much improved.

Puff Romary suffered a broken finger in the DeKalb game.

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VIATORIANA



The outstanding comedy of this week was staged at the Northern end of the second corridor. A freshman, possessing the normal freshman intelligence, was visiting in room 201. With purely innocent curiosity, he inquired who roomed in the room across the hall. Big nasty Hoover (who is always full of such delightful pranks) decided that he would instill the fear of Weber into the poor freshman's heart and proceeded to describe "Abhoo" with no slight exaggeration. "Why that guy is a man and a half" said Hoover, finishing the description.

However, when the freshman was leaving the room, who should open the door of 202 but "Weenie" Salg. The freshman gazed at him for a few seconds and then shouted back into 201. "Hey Hoover; what's this—the half?"

One of our fair Co-eds was teaching a kindergarten class recently and decided to conduct a simple intelligence test. She took a fifty cent piece from her purse and set it on her desk, asking in a sweet voice; "Now children, what is this?" The little brat in the back seat in the end row piped up with "Heads."

Who said a football player can't be a student? In a tense moment of a recent scrimmage held on the football field, left end, Baker, called over the line to right end, Gibbons; "I say there comrade; speaking in the vernacular, I should say that we are literally tearing them to bits."

Famous last words. — Umm hmmm gentlemen, THAT is poetry!

Headline in the Viatorian Tabloid: HAMILTON GETS DIVORCE ON GROUNDS OF CRUELTY. "Gibbons (the dirty skunk), would not allow me to study, but would force me to play bridge against my will. And studying is the only pleasure that I have ever known," (taken from the petition filed in Judge Romary's court.)

Big, Bad, bold Bomba says ::Eenie meenie minee moe, fellows lets go."

To prove that it all depends upon who is sitting on your lap we might relate a little incident concerning a prominent Day-Dodger who answers to the name of Paul.

It seems that on a certain occasion when the auto was somewhat overcrowded, Paul was obliged to allow a certain young lady to sit on his lap. He did this with no complaints and Paul's mother was very proud of his forbearance. However, the return trip necessitated the same sacrifice, but the young lady was not present on this trip and Paul's mother volunteered to sit on his lap. They had not gone two blocks when Paul said in a complaining tone; "Gee, mother you're heavy." Investigation revealed that the weight of his mother was considerably less than the weight of the young lady.

Historic Day

Continued from page one.

mountain of myrrh, to the altar, where he offers up again and immolates the Sacred Victim, the Lord who redeemed mankind."

Cardinal Mundelein spoke of the work that has been done in his archdiocese by the Viatorians. He spoke of the value and necessity of coordinating education and religion to produce thinking men who see beneath the superficial. He closed the services by the bestowal of the papal blessing accompanied by the granting of plenary indulgence to all properly disposed.

The banquet followed in the col-

lege dining hall. Eloquence flowed from the lips of many of the most distinguished of orators in the state. It was a time of joy and thanksgiving.

Those who were present at these ceremonies were His eminence George Cardinal Mundelein; Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Shell; Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban; Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick; Abbot Justus Wirth, O. S. B.; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. E. LaBerge; Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. J. Kin-sella; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas V. Shannon; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gerald T. Bergan; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Dermody; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frederick F. Connor; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Victor A. Primeau; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. A. Solon;

Rt. Rev. Msgr. C. J. Quille; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Andrew J. Burns, and a large number of the reverend clergy.

Alumni Notes

Clarence Dempsey '29 and Leonard Kelly '27 were recent visitors to the College. Dempsey is now studying Law at Loyola and Kelly having completed his course in dentistry, is studying medicine at Loyola.



Fr. Jno. P. Lynch,
Pastor of St. Patrick's of Kankakee

Rev. Geo. J. Lambert, Pastor of The Sacred Heart Church of Annawan, Illinois was a recent visitor. He brought with him the Rev. John M. Gilmore, S. T. D., Chancellor of the Helena Diocese in Montana.



Brother Gedwell returned to College as Assistant Provincial Procurator.

There have been a number of changes in the Peoria Diocese.

Rev. T. C. Harrison has been transferred from the Guardian Angel Orphanage, of Peoria, Ill., to Pastorate of St. Joseph's Church of Brimfield, Illinois.

Rev. Edw. S. Dunn from St. Mary's of Tiskilwa, Ill., to St. Mary's of Canton, Illinois.

Rev. Thos. P. Kelly from Administrator of St. Patrick's in Ottawa to Administrator of St. Mary's of Pontiac, Illinois.

Rev. Eugene J. MacLain of Moline, Illinois has been sent to St. Patrick's Parish of Peoria, Illinois.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of the Rev. Wm. L. Kearney, Pastor of Church of the Precious Blood of Chicago, Ill. Rev. Kearney was a student at St. Viator from 1887 to 1889. The funeral was held from the Church of the Precious Blood Monday, November 9, 1931.

Anthony J. Robida '16 is now associated with the firm of Jno. J. Harrison, Inc., of New York City. We understand that Tony also has a home at 308 Wildemere Ave., West Palm Beach, Florida.

Under the direction of Fr. Phillips the Viatorian Theologians at Washington, D. C. held their own celebration for our centenary. Mass was celebrated and a banquet was held with Al Nolan acting as Toastmaster. Among those present were Fr. Fulton Sheen, Fr. Sheehy, Fr. Motry, Dr. Purcell from Catholic University and Napoleon Bernier and Thomas McGlynn, former Viator Students, who are now Dominicans. Mr. Daugherty, former student, now practicing law in Washington, was also present.

Francis Shoemaker '29 is now pursuing his Legal studies at Notre Dame.

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Priest and Educator

Sermon delivered at Bourbonnais, Illinois on the occasion of Msgr. Legris' Golden Jubilee, November 3rd, 1931.

"He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Math. 5, 19.

The idea of that pious celebration commonly called golden jubilee did not originate on earth; it came from heaven; God Himself brought it into this world when he commanded his people, the children of Israel to spend every fiftieth year in resting from all labor and giving way to holy rejoicings.

It is becoming and useful for us to stop at certain stages of our career here below and to turn our eyes toward the past in order to see grouped together, and to embrace in the same view the favors received from God and the weaknesses and deficiencies of our life, and to formulate, in the light of experience with the help of divine grace, resolutions that prepare a brighter and more fruitful future.

Your Eminence:

It is not for me to thank you for the honor of your presence here on this occasion. Others will do it with expressions more appropriate to your dignity and personal merits and to your activities and achievements in this large archdiocese of Chicago. Simply allow me to lay at your feet the homage of my respect and veneration.

Monsignor and dear Jubilarian:

Your life, during the last half of a century, reminds us of the words of the Gospel: "He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

The fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the sacred priesthood could not pass unheeded. The Provincial of the Clerics of Saint Viator, the President and the members of this Institution, your friends, your former pupils were but too glad to profit by this opportunity, in order to show you their esteem, their affection and, for the most part of them, their gratitude.

This College is truly your home. Here you have spent your youthful days as a student; here, ever since you became a priest, you have devoted yourself, with unrelenting zeal, to the cause of education.

Priest and educator! These are, my dear brethren, the two thoughts upon which the past of our Venerable Jubilarian invites us to fix for a while our attention.

1.—The Priest.

The priest is the ambassador of God, the dispenser of the divine mysteries.

He is, through Jesus Christ and with him, the light of the world. He gives to men the lessons of eternity. He makes them contemplate in the night, through the holy obscurity of faith, the star-spangled firmament of revealed truths, that brilliant portal of the temple of glory. An angel preceded in the wilderness the people of Israel and guided their course towards the Promised Land. The priest is the guiding angel of the New Testament. He points out at the horizon the star of hope drawing us towards our heavenly home.

Through him, souls receive life, strength and courage. He cures their wounds, brings them back from the path of error or the wanderings of sin, teaches them uprightness, mutual respect, kindness, justice and charity; he blesses their love, their union, their oaths of fidelity at the foot of the altar; he accompanies them with his light, his encouragements and supernatural help all along the road, from childhood to old age, to the very threshold of life everlasting.

What action alone cannot realize

the minister of God secures through prayer and sacrifice. Every day and many times a day he goes "to the hill of frankincense," to prayer; he asks of his Supreme Master to protect and strengthen the faithful, to sanctify their souls and lead them to the port of salvation. Every day also he goes to the mountain of myrrh, to the altar, where he offers up again and immolates the Sacred Victim, the Lord who redeemed mankind.

O wonder of divine love! In order to enable the priest to save his brethren God bestowed upon him the power of raising the soul from the grave of sin, and of bringing down upon earth the living Bread, that gives immortality. Who would have believed that man, so frail and weak could be invested with such a power! A power still greater than that of removing mountains, or drying up oceans, or stopping the course of the stars above! A power emulating the omnipotent "fiat" through which the Creator brought out of nothingness this magnificent universe!

II.—The educator.

By his vocation the priest is essentially an educator. He brings rational creatures out of the darkness of ignorance, out of their impotence and indignity to make them ascend into light towards the heights of divine life, to lift them up even to God. As the artist chisels the marble and draws out of it a statue calling for our admiration, so the priest transforms those living stones we call the elect into marvels of beauty, which God uses to build the walls and adorn the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem.

At times, however, the priest consecrates himself in a more special manner and almost exclusively to the proper work of education, that is, to intellectual culture completed by the knowledge of supernatural truths and crowned with a sound training of the heart, both moral and religious.

The educator first makes others know the signs and rules of spoken or written language, by which is established and maintained in human society the intercourse of souls; he makes them become acquainted with the world we live in, with its beauties, its wonders and its laws; he goes up even to the origin of humanity and, coming down the river of ages, he relates the history of nations and individuals; he marks out the scenes where unfolded itself the course of men's existence, where empires have grown, fought and given by their prosperity the spectacle of an astonishing grandeur and by crumbling down into dust an eloquent testimony to the weakness and perishableness of all that man can achieve which is the most powerful and glorious. The educator brings the mind even in the sphere of abstract thought, of the arts and of the beautiful; he makes us admire their shining master-pieces and immortal monuments; he refines our taste and communicates the magic secret of expressing with clearness and precision, with force or elegance and facility, through words design, color or sound, the conceptions of our intelligence, the aspirations of our soul or the sentiments of our heart.

The knowledge of facts or of truths belonging to the mere natural order, without the doctrine of faith, is an unfinished edifice; it lets man ignore his ways and his true destiny; it places no signal over the reefs to tell us what is to be avoided; it kindles no beacon-fire on earth, no star in heaven to guide the voyager; it lets him err at the mercy of the waves of the winds, borne by a frail and unsafe bark through deceiving fogs over shoreless oceans, carried by a kind of a blind and mysterious fate towards unsuspected

abysses or unknown and desolate islands.

The priest who is both minister of God and educator, brings unto men a superior, supernatural and divine illumination dispelling all uncertainty giving to all the problems their solution and to all sincere and submissive hearts peace, joy, hope and courage. Just as the eagle carries up his eaglets upon his wings in the sublimest heights of space as if though he wanted to make them see better the azure of the skies, the brightest of the sun and the immensity of their empire, so the priest who is truly an educator brings up the minds beyond the sphere of mere human knowledge in the kingdom of revealed truth and shows him, flooded in the purest heavenly light, its vast plains, and broad avenues, and azure peaks and infinite perspective.

That science, however, would scarcely be anything but a cold high mountain light, if it did not come down into the valleys there to become heat and bring fertility. The training of the mind is but a sketch without the training of characters the discipline of the will and the moral qualities of the heart. In the garden of the human soul all the virtues must blossom with perfect beauty, all the germs of truth and of good must bud and develop and yield fruits that reach their full growth and savory maturity. Moral and religious culture is the predominant feature and the essential characteristic of all true education. Neither art, nor science, nor genius nor power or earthly glory constitute a title to our being admitted in the court of the almighty King of eternity. In the eyes of God and of his angels man is worth only what grace makes him; nothing counts but piety, purity, obedience, in a word virtue and, above all, divine charity.

Christian educator, how beautiful thy mission and delicate thy art is when thou mouldst in secret and sometimes at the cost of rude labors and painful sacrifices, the heart and soul of thy fellowmen after the very image and likeness of thy God! Let thy memory for ever be blessed. Let thy path be strewn and thy foot steps embalmed with flowers. May thy years be fruitful and happy and thy last hour sweet and peaceful as the evening of a beautiful day, smiling and cheerful as the dawn of a day so bright and blissful, that no shadow shall ever dim its splendor nor any evening mark out its decline.

Monsignor and dear Jubilarian

For the last half of a century you have consecrated to the work of education your talents and efforts with the devotedness of a saint and the skill of an artist. Allow us to offer you our congratulations with the expression of our esteem and affection. If the wishes of our heart be fulfilled you will live for many years more; your road shall be smooth and balmy, the sky serene and you will continue "to do and teach"; that is, to edify us by your good examples as a priest and to spread that luminous teaching which transforms the soul and stands as a foreboding of your future greatness in the kingdom of heaven.

As for us, my dear brethren, may we always live pious and pure, faithful to duty, submissive to God's holy will, that we may all go and celebrate one day the eternal jubilee of glory and happiness "in the land of the living." Amen.

Monsignor J. E. Laberge

CORRECTION

Father Jno. P. Lynch has been appointed Assistant Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee.

Monsignor G. M. Legris
The TEACHER

What can I say of him? What can any man say that will be wholly worthy of that great teacher who for fifty years and more has been the light, the guide and the inspiration of successive generations of young men? If I should give untrammelled expression to the reverent thoughts and tender affections which nearly forty years of intimate personal relations with him have begotten in my mind and heart, my language might sound like empty rhetoric or vulgar flattery to those who do not know Monsignor Legris. But those of us whose blessed privilege it has been to come under the powerful and beneficent influence of that accomplished scholar, that gracious, beautiful and radiant personality, that high and Christlike priest of the living God—those of us, I say, who have had that blessed privilege will know that no words which my lips might frame can be anything more than a feeble, halting, inadequate attempt to express something of the worth, the excellence, the perfection of exalted manhood which is Monsignor Legris'. I can and do say without reservation, with full and abiding conviction he is the most complete, the highest, the sublimest living embodiment of the Gospel of Jesus Christ who has ever lighted up the pathways of my life.

Will I be told that I am forgetting the theme assigned me—Monsignor Legris the teacher? No, I am not forgetting, I am giving the principal reason why Monsignor Legris is a great teacher. No man ever was or can be a great teacher who is not first of all a great and good man, a man who has an abiding faith in the highest, an enduring love for the best; a man whose mind is a rich storehouse of the winnowed and garnered wisdom of the ages; a man whose soul is aflame with a quenchless enthusiasm for the good, the true and the beautiful; a man who dwells habitually on those lofty peaks of noble and holy living which are lighted up by the splendors that stream from the face of God; a man who has learned to walk with feet that falter not and a heart that quails not the shining paths of truth and righteousness traced out by the finger of the Eternal.

All who know him will recognize at once that I am giving an imperfect word-picture of that saintly priest, that enlightened and revered teacher whose golden jubilee we celebrate today—Monsignor Legris. I am not thinking today of Monsignor Legris as a professor of theology, philosophy or history, although I am persuaded that few schools in America or elsewhere can boast of a greater. But I am thinking of him as a man who taught something vastly more important and immeasurably more important than any formal lessons of the schools. He taught us by the powerful and persuasive language of his life what it meant to be a man, a Christian and a priest. He taught us what it meant to walk with God amongst the stars. His own life made us see and understand more clearly and vividly than any spoken or written words the meaning of that sublimest ideal of living ever proposed to the children of men—"Be ye therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." By his own unflinching practice, he taught us more perfectly than any spoken or written words the meaning of the Charity of Christ. During a period of well nigh forty years under every variety of annoying and perverse circumstance I have never heard him say an unkind word to or of a living soul. That alone, my friends, is an achievement which might immortalize any man. He

taught us in the most convincing and eloquent language—the language of living deeds—what it is to be a man who has that strength of mind, that fortitude of soul, that clarity and sanity of vision, that calm and steady courage which is neither unwisely elated when the bright rays of prosperity illumine life's pathway, nor weakly cast down and broken when the grim and pitiless hand of adversity crushes the life out of cherished hopes. In a word he taught us the highest sublimest reaches of human nature, not by what he said, but by what he was and is; a man moulded and fashioned by the hand of nature and grace into the likeness of that divine Master to whose service he has consecrated his undivided allegiance.

Thinking and feeling as I do, you will not be surprised if I proclaim proudly that I envy no man the schools he has attended or the professors he has had. Yes, I know there are schools whose majestic architecture is set like jewels in surroundings of enchanting beauty; whose rich endowments enable them to provide all that is necessary or useful for scholastic activities, whose spacious libraries are the storehouses of the best the human mind has thought or human effort achieved; whose professors are known and admired at home and abroad, whose student body is numbered by the thousands, but the contemplation of all these things stirs no emotion of envy in my heart. Over against all that I set the single, majestic figure of a man—Monsignor Legris and I would not exchange him for them all.

Thinking and feeling as I do you will not be surprised either, if a note of sorrow and regret runs like an ever present refrain through this joyous celebration. If Monsignor Legris is the man I think he is; if he measures up to that high estimation which those who know him best have of him; if he stands like a giant oak outtopping his lesser fellows, then it is strange, yea it is passing strange, that all his days he has walked through the lowly and obscure valleys of life, unknown and unappreciated save by that little handful who have chanced to enter the domain of his narrow world. It is strange, yea it is passing strange, that men like him have not occupied the seats of the mighty to guide the perplexed children of men to higher and better things, that men like him have not been set as beacon lights upon the high promontories of the world to guide the storm-tossed bark of humanity to secure harbors. Ships and armies you may replace when they are lost, factories and colleges you may build again when they have tumbled down, but a great man once lost is a tragedy to the world forever.

Monsignor Legris, you have a throne, an imperishable throne, in the grateful and loving hearts whom you have served so nobly and generously.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.

Viator-Charleston Game
The Lineups:

St. Viator—	Charleston—
Gibbons	L E
Bomba	L T
Hunt	L G
Dexter	C
Thompson	R G
Turner	R T
Bernatovitz	R E
Hedman	Q B
Harding	R H
Westray	L H
Corcoran	F B
Substitutions: St. Viator, Meany for Dexter, Anderson for Hunt, Baker for Bernatovitz, O'Donnell for Corcoran, Romary for Harding, Laffey for Westray, Mustari for Hedman, Atkins for Laffey, McNaughton for Gibbons.	

Commemorative Address of Very Reverend Timothy Rowan, Ph. D.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"And unless you become as little children you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

These words which I have quoted from Sacred Scripture my dear friends, contain the well known motto of the Clerics of St. Viator, a religious community founded one hundred years ago by the Venerable Father Louis Querbes whose beatification is now being sought by his spiritual children. We honor him today on the feast of All Saints as numbered among the uncanonized saints of the Church for whom this feast was established.

Father Querbes selected the youthful St. Viator as the patron of his community because he found combined, in his life, the two offices for which the community was founded: first, Catholic education and second, Service at the altar. For St. Viator as you all know was a cleric in minor orders, a lector who lived in Lyons in the fourth century. The duties of his office were to catechize and instruct the young and so faithfully did he fulfill his duties and such was the sanctity of his life that he was invited by his bishop, St. Just, to seek perfection in a life of prayer and penance in the desert.

His life therefore was most simple and uneventful. St. Viator not only suffered the little children to come to him according to the divine counsel, he himself became as far as possible, a little child. But that simple, uneventful and child-like life exerted an influence over a period of more than fifteen hundred years and has borne abundant fruit in our own and in other lands by the founding of religious communities of kindred spirits who bear the name and continue and develop the work which St. Viator so humbly began, of men who like their patron suffer the children to come and who become even as little children that they may be assured of a place in heaven.

It was on November 3 1831 that Father Querbes launched with ecclesiastical approbation, the Clerics of St. Viator. In ten years the fame of their work had reached our shores and simultaneously requests for "laborers in the Vineyards" of Canada and the United States reached the superior of the community in France. In that same year, in 1841, the Clerics of St. Viator came to St. Louis diocese where they labored for a year or more, but due to insurmountable difficulties they were obliged to return to their confreres in Canada, where the work of the Viatorians has been abundantly blessed and where their influence is great even to this day.

In 1865 due to particular and extremely unfortunate local circumstances, Holy Mother Church needed staunch and able defenders in these regions, and the Viatorians answered the urgent appeal of the heads of this diocese and came to this village and this parish to found the first establishment of their order in the United States. Father Pierre Beaudoin assumed the pastorate of the Church of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary here in Bourbonnais and Brothers Bernard and Martel accompanied him as directors of the first schools of the Viatorian order in the United States. Native ability and the abundant Grace of God made successful the mission, stemmed the tide of heresy, and assured in time, the foundation of the American province of the Clerics of St. Viator. Father Beaudoin was succeeded by the Rev. Father Cyril Fournier who in 1882 became the

first provincial of the American Foundation of the Clerics of St. Viator. Hence we are today celebrating in conjunction with the centenary of the Viatorian Order, the Golden Jubilee of the founding of the American province of the Order.

The Viatorians, as we have seen, were not founded merely to teach catechism nor solely to assist the Bishop in providing proper service for the altar, nor to conduct only the elementary schools of the parish. The Viatorians were to be Catholic educators in every sense of the word. It was not therefore wholly unexpected that soon after their coming here, they should be found occupied with that work for which they had become justly famous in France and in Canada. Consequently, in 1868, three years after the arrival of the Viatorians in Illinois we find Father Thomas Roy of the Clerics of St. Viator inaugurating a classical course of higher studies in conjunction with the other schools which were already functioning under the direction of the community. This classical course of studies inaugurated by Father Roy was the beginning of St. Viator college and Father Thomas Roy is honored as its founder.

So well did this infant college develop, that five years later, in 1874, a university charter was conferred on St. Viator College by the Illinois State Legislature, and Father Thomas Roy became not only the founder but also the first president of St. Viator college. After eleven years of intense labor Father Roy retired to be succeeded by the venerable Father Marsile, who for more than twenty-five years guided the destinies of St. Viator college and increased and expanded its influence by the addition of a seminary department where priests might be prepared for the mission. God in his goodness has spared Father Marsile to partake of this centenary. No celebration of the Viatorians would be complete without a special tribute to this noble patriarch of the order, and still the most eloquent tribute would fall short of the deserts of Father Marsile so deep in the merited grateful appreciation in which he is held by all who have come under his influence. The careers of the patriarch of the order, and still the most eloquent tribute would fall short of the deserts of Father Marsile so deep is the merited grateful appreciation in which he is held by all who have come under his influence. The careers of the succeeding presidents of St. Viator's: O'Mahoney, Ryan, Kirley, Bergin, Rice, Rheams and Maguire, are still, with one exception, in the making. St. Viator college Alumni is headed by the venerable prelate, the celebrant of today's Pontifical Mass, Monsignor Legris, the glory of whose mitre is dimmed by the lustrous halo of personal sanctity, the Golden Jubilee of whose fruitful priesthood will be commemorated later in the week by a visit of a great Prince of the Church, His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago. Cardinal Mundelein will be accompanied by his loyal and zealous Auxiliary bishop the Right Reverend Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, a brilliant jewel in the Hierarchy of the United States, who proudly proclaims that his footsteps to the episcopate were guided and directed from his youth by the Viatorian

Fathers and the greatest of all Viatorians, Our Own Beloved Monsignor Legris.

Today however, we are not so much concerned with individuals for we are celebrating the centenary of the foundation of a religious community, and it is of the very essence of a religious community that the individual be, if not submerged at least merged in the community as a whole. It is to the community, rather than to individuals that our thoughts should turn today. We are grateful to Father Querbes and those associated with him in the foundation of the Clerics of St. Viator. We are grateful to the pioneers who brought the name and spirit of St. Viator to the new world. We are grateful to the pioneer American Viatorian, Father Beaudoin, for his contribution to the strength of the Church in the United States. We of the Alumni of St. Viator college are grateful to all those men whose names are honored in every household where dwells an alumnus of St. Viator: Roy, Marsile, O'Mahoney, Rivard, Bergin.

Justice demands, on this centenary of the foundation of the Clerics of St. Viator that we pay perhaps a tardy but none the less a heartfelt and deserved tribute to those of the Clerics of St. Viator whose names are forgotten who because they were faithful in little things, because they not only suffered the little ones to come, but also because themselves as little children, the celebration of this centenary is possible. It is only because these little ones, these unknown and unsung religious, lived and labored and loved that the Clerics of St. Viator has grown and prospered. To me then it seems most fitting that on this occasion we should follow the customs of nations which had its birth in the at war and a war, I might say in passing in which St. Viator College had its heroes. The religious life is a is an army. It is a spiritual army engaged in a spiritual warfare. It has its officers and its men. But every member is first and last and always a soldier of Jesus Christ. He fights not with the weapons of this world. He fights not the battles of this world. He spends and is spent for Jesus Christ, his Captain and his King. His war is not merely over a period of months and years. His warfare lasts while life lasts. Here and there a name will flash out, will stand for a time in the public eye, but it is the army, the community at large which deserves the credit. It is not the prayer and sacrifice and labor of the one but of the many which makes possible the victory. In the faithful members of the religious community we have personified, not the sentiment, but conviction:

"There's not to reason why
Their's but to do and die."

Today is All Saints day, a feast established by the Church to honor unknown and uncanonized saints. Later this month we will celebrate Armistice Day with a tribute to the

Unknown heroes of our armies. In the spirit of the time, let us follow the custom of our own and other governments, a custom which had its origin in the Feast of All Saints by singing the praise of those unknown religious whose identity is lost, whose lives have been spent in obscurity and often in anguish of body and mind and spirit, who died unrecognized to rest perhaps like "some mute inglorious Milton" in an unmarked grave but whose works remain to the glory of the Fathers because as little children for the Kingdom of Heaven. All honor to those unknown soldiers of Christ, living and dead, all honor to their Gold Star Mothers who willingly gave their stewart sons to the Spiritual and material, there could have been no centenary of the Clerics of St. Viator.

We are celebrating a Triple Jubilee; the centenary of the Viatorian Order, the Golden Jubilee of the American Province of the Clerics of St. Viator and the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of Monsignor Legris. Let us make it also a day of three-fold prayer. A special indulgence has been granted by His Holiness Pope Pius XI through the Most Reverend Superior General of the Viatorians. A Plenary Indulgence from sunset tonight until sunset tomorrow, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory, can be gained by all the Faithful who under the usual conditions visit a Viatorian Church, Chapel or Oratory. May I ask you then to make these visits and to make a threefold prayer: a prayer to the unknown heroes and uncanonized saints of the Viatorian order; a prayer for the spiritual and material benefactors of the Viatorian order; and a prayer that the Holy Ghost may enlighten, guide and direct other young men to enlist in this spiritual army, that they may strengthen its thinning ranks, close the breaches where heroes have fallen, hold aloft in these dark and trying times the Cross of Christ and carry on the noble work of the Viatorian Order for God and Country and for fellow men.

Ominous rumors from the dark corners!—the quarterly exams are preparing an attack upon the student body—unofficial report.

NOTICE.

Copies of "The America" may be obtained from Brother Cracknell at a minimum price of five cents per copy.

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Viator Defeats Ill. College

Irish Defeat Charleston Teachers 13-9

FIGHTING IRISH DECISIVELY CRASH CHARLESTON LINE

Westray Scores for Viator.

Refusing to be demoralized by the quick nine-point lead gained by the Charleston Teachers in the first quarter of Monday's football game, the Fighting Irish of St. Viator came back in the second and third periods to score two touchdowns to pull the contest out of the fire and win, 13-9.

Charleston scored first, before the game was a half dozen plays old, and the cause of their scoring was the same as that which lost the DeKalb game for Viator and allowed Bradley her first touchdown—a fumble in the shadows of the Irish goal posts. Charleston kicked off to Viator and the Irish tried a couple of thrusts at the line. Viator punted, and Charleston kicked back. Viator hit the line, and then Ken Corcoran, recruit fullback, fumbled the ball behind the St. Viator goal line and fell on it for a safety, giving Charleston a 2-0 lead.

Teachers Use Wind.

With the wind at their backs, the Teachers resorted to a punting game, steadily driving the Irish backwards. Gaining the ball on St. Viator's 45 yard line, McClain hit the center of the line for a forty-yard gain, being hauled down from behind by Westray, fleet Irish half. McClain was sent plunging into the line twice, and the ball was over for the touchdown. Charleston elected to run for the point, and, catching the Irish off guard, made their attempt good. Score: Charleston 9, St. Viator 0.

The Irish were completely changed after the next kick-off. Fighting, tearing, semashing their way down the field, they carried the ball from their own thirty-yard line to a touchdown in an uninterrupted series of substantial gains. It was Westray who bore the brunt of the Viator attack, and the mighty halfback became a veritable football demon as he tore his way down the field, shaking off Charleston tacklers like leaves, and requiring four and five men to bring him down on every play. To vary the attack, the Irish used Red Harding, frosh halfback candidate, who swept the ends when Westray rested, and opened gaping holes for Ken when the Viator star carried the ball. Westray went over for the touchdown from the three-yard line, and the score stood: Charleston 9, St. Viator 6.

Irish Improve in Second Half.

The Irish returned after the intermission with renewed zeal, and fought the Teachers off their feet. The force of the Irish charge momentarily demoralized Charleston, and they grew reckless in their attempt to score again and put the game safely away. A long Charleston pass was intercepted by Red Harding, and the genial brick-top returned the ball to the Charleston 25 yard line before meeting with serious hindrances to his progress. On the first play, Harding took the ball on a reverse to the two yard line, whence the dependable Westray plunged across for the counter. The try for goal was good this time, and St. Viator led, 13-9.

Elmhurst, by trying to defeat that respected eleven on Bergin field.

Lineup.

St. Viator—	Illinois College—
Gibbons	L E
Bomba	L T
Thompson	L G
Dexter	C
Hunt	R G
Turner	R T
McNaughton	R E
Hedman	Q
Romary	L H
Westray	R H
O'Donnell	F B

Substitutions—St. Viator—Mustari for Hedman, Harding for Romary, Atkins for Westray, Pexa for Hunt, Corcoran for O'Donnell, Westray for Atkins, Hedman for Mustari, Hunt for Pexa, Zaza for Gibbons, Bernatorvics for McNaughton, Laffey for Westray, Atkins for Corcoran, O'Connell for Bomba, Anderson for Thompson, Mustari for Hedman, Meany for Dexter, Kelly for Turner.

Referee—Nelson. Umpire—Kearns, Head linesman—Kerr.

IN LITTLE 19 CAMPS

Frankie Leach, 135 pound Titan, led the attack in Wesleyan's triumph over Bradley. Incidentally, this is Leach's first year of football. In another month he may be the only man in the University with four major sports' letters.

Revenge was sweet for the Titans in their victory over Bradley. It marked the first victory over Bradley in eight years.

Basketball Coach, Hank Gill, has started basketball practice at Millikin. Twenty-five candidates graced the floor in the initial work-out.

If Millikin comes through at Peoria November 14 it looks like a "Big Blue" Championship.

"Old Normal" gave the old proverbial "Dope Bucket" a resounding blow when they dethroned Carbondale from the peak of the Little Nineteen, to the tune of 14-0.

Elmhurst nosed Eureka out 4-0. It was a very unusual game. Safeties in the second and fourth quarters proved to be the Christians downfall.

Two former Trinity stars grace the Normal Red Birds lineup. "Red" Bennington, who has been shifted to the backfield by Coach Hancock, and Stanley Sleeper, end.

Tough football is popular as an intra-mural sport at Monmouth.

McKendree, after a long absence from the Illinois Wesleyan schedule, will appear in Bloomington for a game.

Eastern Illinois Teachers, whom Viator defeated Monday, Nov. 10, are coached by Charles P. Lantz, who has served in this capacity for 23 years. Lantz and Will Horman of Illinois are deans of the Illinois coaching fraternity.

McKendree is an improved outfit according to Fred Young, sports editor of the Bloomington Pantagraph. They toppled Elmhurst last week and hope to repeat at Wesleyan.

The Normal cross-country team meets the University of Chicago harrriers in a dual meet between halves of the Normal-Charleston football game, Saturday, November 14. This is the first taste of Big Ten competition a Normal team has enjoyed in the last quarter of a century, and it is natural that Cogdal and his men are pleased to have an opportunity to try their skill in fast company.

Someone please write a novel on the following: Macomb lead State Normal 7-6. A missed kick, the ball balancing on the cross bar and falling inside prevented State from tying the score at the start of the fourth period. Normal scored later in the quarter kicked the extra point and lead 13-7.

The outlook was exceedingly drab for Macomb. A moment later Macomb threw a 20 yard pass, a State man knocked it down, it bounded into the arms of another State man who juggled it artfully a few seconds, then lost control, a Macomb substitute happened along to grab the ball before it touched the ground.

He ran like a scared rabbit to chalk up the touch down and just as the gun popped Bryant heaved a pass to Harding to register the extra point and gain the victory 14-13.

BLOOMINGTON TO SEE CHARITY CLASH.

Wesleyan University field will be the scene of a charity football game in Bloomington on Thanksgiving Day between the alumni of Bloomington High and those of Trinity High. Quite a few sons of Viator, stellar performers, will see action for Trinity. While others on the squad have seen service with such schools as Notre Dame, Wisconsin, Wesleyan, and Illinois State Normal. The following are the Viator men expected to mix with a formidable Bloomington aggregation: Paul Custer, Vince Mooney, Bill Gibbons, and Jim Lee, all able linemen. The backfield will be able to rely upon Web Callahan, Marty Toohill, Ken Clothier, and John "Buck" Conley.

Bloomington will present an impressive lineup with names culled from the Little Nineteen lineups and those of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana Central and others. A rip-roaring game is in store for those fortunate enough to be able to see it, as Trinity and Bloomington rivalry is far-famed, and it's not likely that the alumni of these institutions playing in this game, are going to forget it. The entire proceeds of the contest will be utilized in Charity work.

HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

1. What is the meaning of Taj Mahal?
2. What island is larger than the U. S.?
3. What is the length of the average novel?
4. What is the largest University in the country?
5. What chemical is used in etching glass?

Did you know that:

That a school for the deaf and dumb Brothers of the Clerics of St. Viator is located in Canada?

That Uncle Bob of KYW is a Viator graduate?

That Walter Eckersall once coached at St. Viator?

DEKALB GRIDDERS CONQUER IRISH

Karr and Weber Injured.

St. Viator was just another Iowa University trying to regain some of its prestige with a crippled team, but the odds were too great and DeKalb scored a 6-0 victory. However the Irish did check the mighty Mustapha, who had, single-handed, defeated the Green Wave last year thereby gaining a mora victory. The Saints outgained and outplayed their rivals but bad breaks at crucial moments cost them their opportunity to score.

Weber and Karr Injured.

Forced to enter the game without the service of his regular fullbacks Coach Dahman found a line-crasher in Abhoo Weber. But the injury jinx was still following the full backs and Weber left the game in the third quarter with a broken arm. He had been playing inspired ball and the team will surely miss his familiar face the rest of the season. This was not the only loss to the team for Ralph Karr, veteran quarterback, was carried from the field, severely injured. He will be out of the Viator line-up for the remainder of the season. To replace Karr will be no easy task for it was it his generalship that had made the rejuvenated Irish a threat. His punting will be greatly missed.

DeKalb Scores.

The Teachers scored their touchdown in the second quarter, having advanced the ball to the Irish twenty-six yard line and failing to gain through the line, they tried a pass. The pass was incompetent but was allowed when the officials ruled that the Saints had interfered thus giving the ball to DeKalb on the one yard line. From there Captain Sutfin scored the touchdown the first play.

Lineup.

DeKalb—	Viator—
Pace	L E
C. Swanson	L T
Hicks	L G
Maxwell	C
Dissinger	R G
Kaiser	R T
Vanderbeck	R E
Mustapha	Q B
J. Swanson	L H
Dudley	R H
Brown	F B

Touchdown—Sutfin.

Substitutions: DeKalb—Court for C. Swanson, Sohne for Sutfin for J. Swanson, Sohne for Sutfin, C. Swanson for Court, Thompson for C. Swanson, Sutfin for Sohne, J. Swanson for Sutfin, Court for Brown, Minnegan for Maxwell, Maxwell for Dissinger.

St. Viator—Corcoran for Weber Westray for Harding, Mustari for Karr, Pexa for Hunt, Romary for Laffey, Harding for Romary, Gibbons for Zaza, Kelley for Bomba, Romary for Harding, Atkins for Westray.

Referee—Karnes, Illinois. Umpire—Dale (Wabash). Head linesman—Clark (Illinois.)

NOTICE.

As THE VIATORIAN goes to press it is unable to obtain copies of all of the speeches made at the Centenary. Those addresses not given in this issue will be printed in ensuing publications.

RAMBLERS LOSE TO IRISH 12-0

Harding and Laffey Register Touchdowns.

A new comet streaked across Bergin Field in the personage of "Red" Harding to thrill the Irish home-comers and defeat Illinois College. Red was the fireworks of the evening with his brilliant off tackle slants one of which gave the Irish their first touchdown. It was Red who was called time and again to make the necessary yards for a first down and seldom did he fail. This offensive brilliance was the high spot of the game but we would be bigoted if we overlooked the defensive work of Emmerson Dexter. "Dex" as the boys call him was on defense as "Red" was on offense. He played as if inspired, often coming from nowhere, it seemed, to stop White and Blue plays before they got started. He was down on punts, recovered fumbles, very evident in the pass defense and backed up the line like an All-American.

The Irish had a very successful evening on the whole, outplaying their old rivals. They scored their first touchdown in the third quarter after Gibbons had caught a beautiful pass from Westray good for 28 yards to put the ball on the 12 yard line from where "Red" Harding carried it over on the final play. They again counted in the last few moments of play when Pete Laffey ran around right end for thirty-two yards and a touchdown. This was all the scoring that was done but it was enough for a victory.

Another commentable point of the game we cannot overlook was the wall the Saints threw up when the downstaters threatened to score. Hedman had fumbled a punt and Illinois College recovered on 35 yard line. They made a first down with three line plunges and then threw a beautiful pass to the 5 yard line. They made a yard on their first attempt to cross the last chalk mark but in their second attempt failed and were penalized 15 yards on the same play for illegal use of the hands. But they came right back with another threat when they passed to the two yard line. In two line smashes they didn't gain an inch and Viator received the ball on downs. This was the only time the visitors threatened to score during the game.

If the Saints were outplayed in any phase of the game it was in punting. Choosing to punt instead of playing the ball, the Illinois college punter, Woods, repeatedly put the Saints in a hole and it was his ability to kick that really kept the Saints out of scoring distance much of the game. Westray also did some creditable kicking for the Irish. At one time he kicked out of bounds on the fine yard line which is no easy task when you try to place it thereabouts.

The game brought to the front the strength of the Irish which has been rather dubious this season, due we believe to the injuries and bad breaks which otherwise might have given them a better record. However, the Saints came through last evening without a scratch, and will try to end the season by avenging the defeat they encountered in their final game last year at the hands of

Continued on back page.

Cupid's Column

The following letter came to me some time ago, and my reply was likewise of a past time, but I print it here because I feel that it may be of use to others at times of similar nature.

Dear Jack,

I am just a college man with many aspirations, but little or no inspiration. I feel that I have within myself the power and the courage to slay great fire breathing dragons, whose bodies are longer and more lashing than the lectures of many profs. There is within me the urge to do things, to build skyscrapers of deeds that all the world will admire. But, as I said before, I lack the inspiration. Now on the thirteenth of November, there is to be a dance at the college, as you know. To come down to brass tacks, how in the name of our college mascot, am I going to get a date? I have asked one co-ed who, I blush to say this, has been the object of my silent admiration for two years. But she has already invited her cousin to escort her. I did not know that she had a cousin, but then, I find most girls have a great many cousins. I approached another with much trepidation. With reason, did I so for she answered my request, by saying: "I have not despaired of better luck, as yet." Again and again to the nth number have I been rejected. I am much befuddled as to what may be the reason. When I was in high school, I was a member of the glee club, and I played a ule with much dispatch. I have always been considered a rather dashing wit. I seem to bring happiness in my cheerful manners. When I join a group everyone smiles joyfully and seems delighted that I have come. They hang on my every word, and verily choke with laughter at my sallies. So I must have some good points, I grant they may need sharpening. Now there is just one more chance for me. There is a girl I know up town, her name is Susie. She is the only one of my acquaintance I have not asked. Susie's a swell girl, and a real good dancer. I know because she said she took dancing lessons. She is good looking in her own way, though a Nevertheless she has, like myself, her points. I am afraid to ask Susie, because she is my last hope, and if she refuses me, I shall have to remain in the solitude of my lovely rhode on the evening of the big game and dance. Should I be forceful, or rather should I assume the attitude of indifference, so as to gain her acquiescence?

Edward Ulysses Cayshun.

I took the problems of the young man under serious consideration; he must, indeed, be very delicate in this business of his last hope for an engagement for the big game and dance. Here is what I at last decided to advise him. I quote the letter in full.

Dear Eddie,

By all means be forceful. You are, no doubt, possessed of amazing physical perfection and attraction, and, in addition, possessed of a certain amount of intellect. The latter is of minor importance, but at times it is useful. You will probably make arrangements to meet Susie at the corner of Court and Schuyler. Then follow these directions faithfully. It was a major doctrine of Doctor Whiffle, our instructor in feminine psychology, that ladies were attracted by good taste in dress and manners. Therefore wear your best suit. If it is brown, and your shoes are that becoming shade of yellow that is sometimes worn, I would advise that you add

the last final touch of sartorial perfection in the form of a crimson colored necktie. That color is as attractive to ladies as it is to toros the world over. A bit of eau de cologne would not be amiss. Be just a little late in arriving. Susie will be much later, but it is not good taste to arrive anywhere on time, even when the appointment is with a train or steamship. Affect to be surprised when you see Susie approaching. I thought to have you tip your hat, but such an unwarranted display of manners might cause a fainting spell. However you may follow your advice in this manner. You know Susie better than I do. You may talk pleasantly for a few moments about the weather, the best policy to follow. You may ask her how her pa's lumbago is stand-

ing the dampness of the fall season. Then I would ask her in to the soft drink parlor to have a green river, or a root beer, if she prefers. (they have both and other flavors as well). While you are sipping your liquors, you may broach the subject in this manner: "Susie, I have known you for some time, I feel that I can now ask you a question that has long burned within my bosom (if she looks at the crimson tie at this time, it will be well). Could you—pause—blush—find it in your heart to go to the dance and big game with me?" I leave the rest to you. If there is a little doubt in your mind as to whether you were very generous in asking Susie, banish it at once. I wish you the best of luck, but do not call at the office to thank me for the results.

Fighting Irish

Continued from page seven.

The remainder of the game was kept well within control of the Irish, and the game ended with the ball in St. Viator's possession on the Charleston one-yard line.

Westray is Star.

The scintillating Ken Westray covered himself with even more glory as he ripped his way through an obdurate Charleston line in the encounter. Weaving, side-stepping, faking, he threshed his way through the Teachers' forward wall almost at will and was good for heavy yardage every time he tucked the ball under his arm. It took two tacklers to stop him on every play, and four was the usual rule.

If the glory of the game could be

divided, the remainder would go to Red Harding and Emmerson Dexter. Harding was the right-hand man of Westray in the backfield. He was a constant threat to the Charleston ends, and blocked like a veteran. Dexter, playing as a regular for the first time, stood up like an old timer. His passes on the offensive were quick and accurate, and he backed up the whole line on the defense.

Four and twenty gay birds
Feeling rather dry,
Went over into Canada
To get a case of Rye.

When the Rye was opened
Those Yanks began to sing,
"We're loyal to our country!
But—God save the King!"

"Of course I smoke Luckies —they're kind to my throat"

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Ina Claire



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