



MOST REVEREND ALEXANDER CHRISTIE,  
Visiting Prelate, November 13, 1908.

Photo by Matzene.



# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

VOLUME 26

DECEMBER, 1908

NUMBER 3

## QUALIFICATIONS FOR PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

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UCII has been written and more spoken on education. It has concerned the deepest minds of our day and the literature on the subject is prolific. However, there is one phase of the matter that has not received the consideration becoming a problem fraught with such importance to the community. I allude to the education of professional men. This is becoming more significant daily, and since in the course of development our civilization has assumed such multitudinous forms the demand for men of moral worth and intellectual power is more urgent. Our material and mental progress manifest the need of leaders whose education will enable them to direct the course of affairs intelligently. Dr. Brownson says that "the bulk of mankind are born to be led and can only follow their chiefs, the few born to lead or who continue to usurp the place of natural born leaders," and whom assuredly should the people follow with more faith and confidence than the men skilled in laws, human and divine and the laws for the conservation of their being? These men are the logical leaders of the community in which they reside, for their ability and integrity reflect the standing of the people whose representatives they are, and on whom the conscience, health and honesty of the vicinity depend.

I intend to confine myself in an especial manner to the moral and mental equipment of the members of the three great professions of classic tradition, law, medicine and theology; for to them my remarks will be peculiarly applicable since they mold the minds of men and direct their modes of life and tend more to the moral and intellectual uplifting of their fellow-men than those pursuing other avocations dignified in these latter days as professions, such as, engineering in its diverse ramifications, archi-



ture, banking, etc., who, while they exert no inconsiderable influence on those with whom they come in contact, nevertheless seem to represent material, rather than mental, development. These avocations have their importance and very important it is that men of high repute and character should embrace them for they wield an immense influence on the economic and material growth of the community, and concern themselves with material progress through developing the wealth and resources a country affords. However, it is not my purpose to dilate on the qualifications necessary for the successful and felicitous pursuance of their manifold occupations, although in passing I may venture to say that men assuming such responsibilities should be thoroughly trained, theoretically and practically, in their professional duties, and moreover be men of character and of approved integrity; for as Kant says, "All good which is not based on the highest moral principle is but empty appearances and splendid misery."

We expect our priests, lawyers and physicians to be men of irreproachable character, of spotless life, of unblemished integrity, the soul of honor and right living; but this is not all we demand. We look to something more—we require learning commensurate with their station in life. Men who direct the conscience of a nation, molding its religious sentiments and thoughts; men who make and enforce, as well as interpret, the laws of the land; men who, in their every-day practice, hold the life and death of human beings in the hollow of their hands; should have more than moral worth to commend them; nay it is imperative that they be skilled in the sciences they purport to represent. Not only are we disappointed if we fail to find it, but we are indignant that those to whom so much is entrusted and on whom responsibilities of such great moment rest should be so negligent or so careless as not to be properly equipped for their respective vocations. We can and actually do condone many things and pass over matters of lesser importance, but in affairs of such vital and fundamental consequence, criminal carelessness is not pardonable; for such we can without the slightest trepidation designate wanton lack of knowledge in our professional men. We cannot in fairness demand as high a degree of competency in all professional men, but we at least are not unreasonable in claiming as indispensably necessary a competency judged by men of ordinary prudence. In the words of Bishop Spalding: "Their mission is high



and holy, it is God-like, and to fulfill it rightly, the best gifts thoroughly cultivated are not too great."

Since men are prone to sin, to litigation and to disease, is it requiring too much to expect from the community as counsellors well-trained men? They are a necessity of our civilization; the multiplicity of concerns of every-day life render the avoidance of mistakes impossible. the moral caliber of mankind, so diverse and various, render crime and injustice inevitable; the corruptibility of our bodies and their inclination to all forms of physical evil bring disease into being; the temptations and pleasures of our carnal existence are efficacious causes of sin and moral turpitude. Since then, the physical and moral constitution of mankind is such, and moreover since the course of true being is to nobler and better life, to higher perfection of self and greater concord and preservation of the social amenities amongst mankind, it is essential that our professional men be endowed with sufficient learning.

In the tremendous progress made by the civilized nations and especially our own country in the last half century, these sciences have undergone corresponding development and explication, and instead of sciences taught chiefly from a few general principles, a comparatively slender outline, requiring unraveling for practical application, the process of unfolding has kept apace the growth and development of society until the mastering of these sciences now, even superficially, requires a long and painstaking study of particular principles evolved and deduced in the light of experience, until in their expanded form they constitute immense bodies of minute rules.

Not only is a professional man required to be conversant with the details of his profession, but more is expected of him. A man who devotes his entire time and energies to one branch of study will unquestionably become authoritative in it, and hence from this very exclusiveness of intellectual pursuit his judgment will naturally follow the lines of that study, his mind will become warped and narrow-mindedness will result, the inevitable consequence of strict concentration on one branch of knowledge. More especially is this true today when the exigencies of time and expertness demand specialization whereby a man confines himself to the practice of one sub-division of science to the exclusion of others. This resulting narrow-mindedness is very repre-



hensible in one to whom the community is accustomed to look up. "He should be a representative of the science and culture of his age. Where the standard of education for the liberal professions is low, the life of the nation cannot be high." But what is the cause of this one-sided view many professional men take of things? Is it that their mental vision is obscured by the prejudices of their caste or is it to be ascribed to an intellectual obumbration? I would say that it partakes of the nature of both. It is traceable, according to my view, to a narrow education or knowledge had prior to professional study and negligence in failing to supply this deficiency. A man of little or no liberal education is undoubtedly handicapped in the prosecution of professional studies; his knowledge of matters requisite for liberal education so essential to one assuming the position of a man of culture and education is indeed very limited, and he is hampered by this imperfect knowledge. Superadd to this a specialist, say in law, and you have a man who judges everything coming within his mental purview according to views apposite to his specialty. Now were he a man of liberal education his scope would not be so restricted, the vast panorama of knowledge would spread itself out before his well-equipped mind and his view would be broad and liberal. Such a one would be "a representative of the culture and science of his age." Of course this does not imply by any means that a liberal education fits a man to judge of every phase, and in many things no doubt his opinion would be erroneous.

"Vain was the man and false as vain,  
Who said, were he ordained to run  
His long career of life again,  
He would do all that he had done."

I simply mean to insinuate that the broader, more profound and more accurate a knowledge we have of things, the truer and clearer will our notion of them be, and consequently the more authoritatively will we be able to discuss them, nay counsel, guide, direct others,

"All his thoughts now flowing clear  
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks around  
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks."

Hence it is that the necessity of a solid foundation upon



which to erect the superstructure of professional learning becomes evident. Aubrey de Vere's caution is pertinent:

"Lay foundations deep and strong  
On the rock, and not the sand."

In these days the authorities of the different states have lent some little attention to the question of antecedent education necessary for those intending to practice law or medicine, and I believe that they now require almost uniformly throughout the Union a high school education or the equivalent thereof. This is a noteworthy step in the right direction and gives the community some confidence in its representatives. Yet I am not concerning myself with the education they are supposed to get, but the mental training they actually do receive. There are many men today practicing law and medicine who, although given the opportunity to profit by a liberal education, regarded it as an obstacle to be overcome or something which must be acquired before their susception of professional studies. Others, on the contrary, although denied the advantages of a very complete preparatory education, have recognized the importance of a fuller knowledge to one placed in their station of life, and by assiduous study and earnest application have obviated their early deficiency. With such men, complaint is out of the question. They are a credit to their profession, and now that the laws demand a more thorough antecedent education, men of this stamp will take steps to acquire the necessary preliminary learning before undertaking their professional studies. "As the moonlight clothes the rugged and jagged mountain with loveliness so a noble mind transfigures its vesture." The truly conscientious man, cognizant of the eminence of his station, labors to overcome the deficiencies of education and adorns his mind with the knowledge he should possess and leaves no stone unturned to realize expectations. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher-emperor of Rome, says that a man is worth just so much as the things about which he concerns himself. Hence I do not inveigh against those who have striven to improve themselves, but against those who, given the opportunity, have neglected to avail themselves of the golden hours which have passed forever, who regard the acquisition of the knowledge required as an absolute necessity for the undertaking of profes-



sional studies and consequently slight it as much as possible, never reflecting on the importance it is to play in after life.

"This could but have happened once,  
And we missed it, lost it forever."

That we may attain success, we must take advantage of every opportunity not casting aside anything which makes for our further perfection; for our value to society depends on our own diligence and industry. Study strengthens the mind, and enables us to grasp intelligently the great questions of the day whose solution depends on a careful and minute attention to their innermost difficulties, hidden to the superficial man. Bishop Spalding says: "Higher things remain to be done than have yet been accomplished. God and His universe still wait on each individual soul, offering opportunity." If we do not make our own the fruits of opportunity when it presents itself in the guise of a friend, but ruthlessly repel it as an intruder and enemy, can we expect to benefit the community of which professional men are by virtue of the dignity of their position, the natural leaders? "Is it conceivable that awkward, undisciplined intellects should rightly apprehend the deep and complex sciences which are the subject-matter of the learned professions?" It would be a vapid and inane hope lacking common sense and good judgment; for man's intellect is finite, very limited at best and only hard and diligent application fructifies it. "So runs the round of life from hour to hour" and vain are the regrets of him who ignores the precious gems a vanishing moment may offer! Omar, the second Caliph of the Moslem empire, one who contributed in no small measure to the early success of the Sword of Islam has this to say: "Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity." Indeed did those who fell beneath the ruthless arm of the Mussulman realize the truth of this adage when too late, when their scattered and enervated legions gave way before the fanatic zeal and ardor of the Arabian hosts! Would that they could recall the past and live their lives over, and how great would the preparation have been to repel the advancing barbarian!

Man comes into this world an infant; in the ordinary course of nature he goes out of it a matured being. His childhood is one of dependency, of easy impressions and of development. The



law, in its wisdom, does not consider him *sui juris* until he has attained his twenty-first birthday. Why? Because the time prior to that momentous epoch in man's existence is consecrated by nature to the developing and unfolding of his powers—of body and soul; it is his period of probation, of preparation; for the struggle once commenced ceases only with the call of that dread visitant, Death. Since in the very nature of things, this time is set apart in which to build up mind and body, why, when opportunity is not wanting refuse to comply with nature's behests? Why reject her disposition of things and cause a deordination in our own being? The simple, homely adage that has come down to us through the long vistas of time is worth serious consideration,—that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." Why undertake responsibilities, great and onerous, without due attention to essential preliminaries, and chance the dangers of error, trusting to repairing damage as it occurs. A thing once done can never be undone. However we strive to correct mistakes, if they are of sufficient consequence we can never arrange things as they should be. We cannot push time back as we can the hands of a clock. It is inexorable and waits no man.

The question of what constitutes the proper subject-matter for the antecedent education of professional men now becomes importunate. To say exactly what should be the curriculum of a preparatory school of this kind is difficult. In a general way, however, we might assert that a reasonable knowledge of the classical languages be required. Why? Because whether it be law or medicine or theology, the technical expressions peculiar to the respective sciences are often expressed in Greek or Latin terminology, and for a fluent command of English, these languages are, I might say, essential. A medical student should possess a fair knowledge of the physical sciences; in a law student a knowledge of the political and social sciences should be a prerequisite; as to a student of theology, we should demand a moderate acquaintance with social and political as well as scientific questions inasmuch as he exercises the duties of father, judge and physician, and therefore a more comprehensive erudition is deemed necessary for him than for the others. Of course we do not think that he need be as deeply versed in these questions as medical and legal students only in so much as they influence the religious thought of the day. Such is but an outline of what



I would deem essential as preparatory to a satisfactory prosecution of professional studies. Professional men should not be ignorant of these sciences as they are intimately linked with the subject-matter of their respective professions, the ignorance of which is to be deprecated by all having a high ideal of the qualifications a professional man should possess. Wordsworth's words are applicable to those who postpone the acquisition of this necessary knowledge:

"And oft, when in my heart was heard  
The timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray:  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may."

Moral power, the strength of character as well as of intellect should permeate the being of one who aspires to lead others. "In a democracy, if the people are to escape the rule of demagogues and thieves, they must have the guidance of superior minds and great characters, and where shall they be found if not in the learned professions?" With the eminent bishop whose words I have just quoted, I ask where else shall we expect to find them?

Not only is the axiom: "Honesty is the best policy" one of moral counsel, but it is also solutary as a maxim of practical expediency in the conduct of professional life. If one is to occupy a high station, to command the respect of his fellows, to win their love and esteem, he must be honest not only in a financial sense but in a broad sense, honest in thought and expression. He must be a man of character, thoroughly imbued with the truth of moral principles. It is an absolute necessity in these days that men of highest integrity should head great movements; for such movements are so momentous and of such far-reaching import that it would be exceedingly hazardous to entrust them to men of doubtful reputation.

"The significance and importance of a man lie in the vital truths he sets forth and embodies, whether in deeds or in words." Truth is a correspondence of the mind with reality, and since honesty of life is true reality, truth necessarily exists wherever there is honesty of conduct. Bishop Spalding again gives utterance to those words: "The highest in the universe is a person and the essential thing in personality is moral character." Without it one will never attain true success. He may receive the





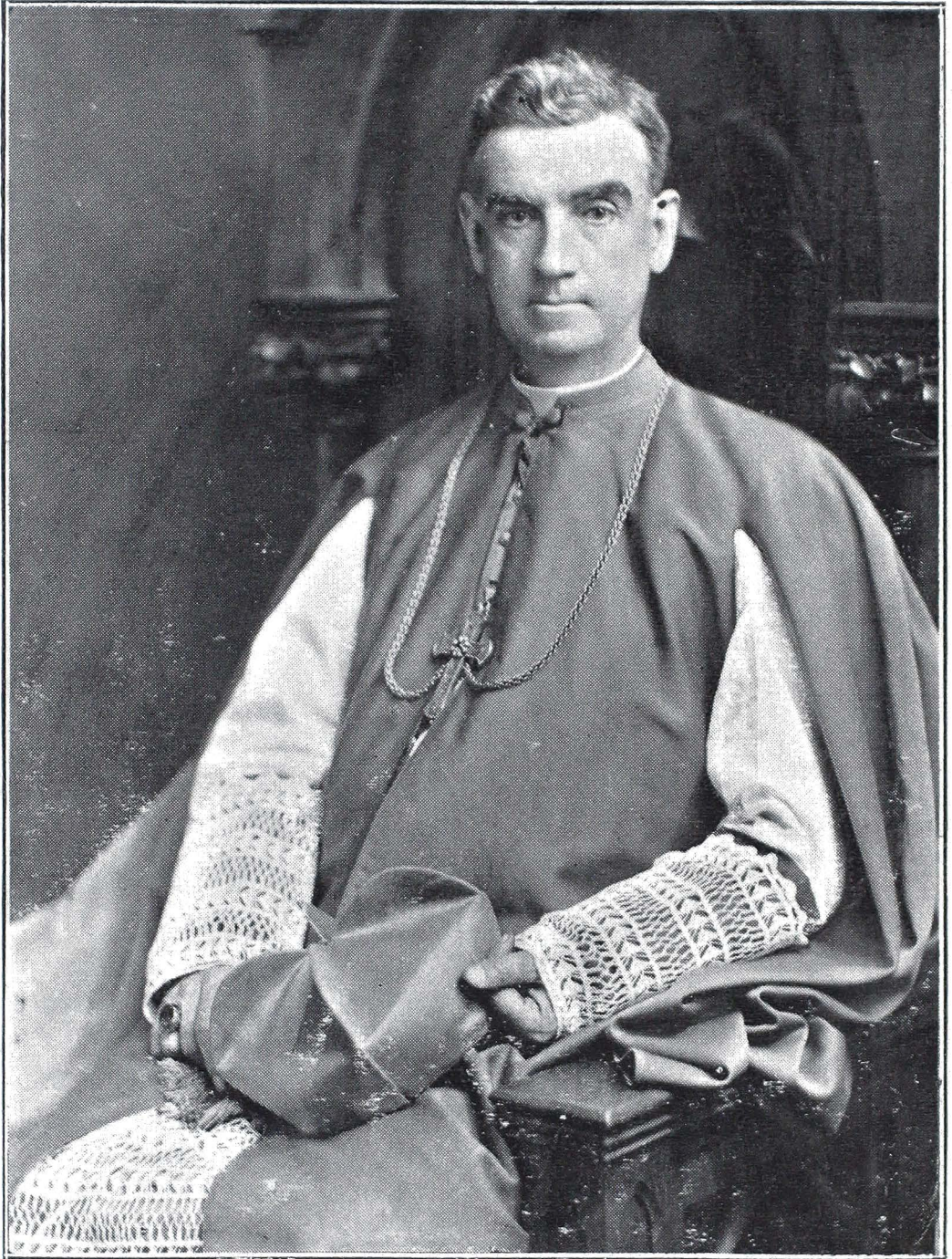
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RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES O'REILLY,  
Visiting Prelate, November 13, 1908.

Photo by Matzene.



eclat of the vulgar; fatuous admirers may bestow kudos of praise on him; he may accumulate vast wealth and revel in all the luxuries of opulence, but that inward satisfaction, the greatest earthly reward, will be wanting, that response of the soul which assures him that he has fulfilled his mission, and without this joy of conscious right-doing, all the external glory and pomp of power and place, and the flattery of inane and vapid men avail nothing. The vacuous prattlings of such do not constitute a man great or noble, and do not add any moral distinction to a life of selfishness and self-indulgence. "He alone is a true and good man who makes the formation of his character the guiding purpose of his life."

Again Descartes, the great French philosopher, speaks thus: "The sovereign good for each one consists in the firm will to do right and in the consent which such will produces; for there is no other good which seems to be so great or so entirely in the power of everyone." Moral character is possible to all men, and it is the indicia of true manhood. All men can, nay will be honest and true if they only follow the dictates of right reason and adhere to the mandates of the law that is in them.

However, it is a fact worthy of notice that too many of our professional men depart from the teaching of the golden rule and resort to unscrupulous and dishonest methods to acquire a temporary good; for it is not permanent, not even in this world. They risk detection, and the disgrace and dishonor consequent upon it. However much men may scoff at the honesty of the people, it is an undeniable fact that one caught in dishonest practices loses the esteem and respect of his fellow-men, and in their own souls, dishonest and corrupt professional men know that the uncovering of their inmost professional existence to public gaze would render ruin inevitable, yet in their moral callousness and selfishness, they persist in their nefarious schemes, hoping almost against hope that their vileness will not rise to the surface. Many of them have, as a certain public official said a few months ago, "a plethora of faults and a paucity of virtues." A day of reckoning comes for all men when their iniquities shall be laid bare and their transgressions made plain under the steady glare of an offended justice, and too often does this happen to professional delinquents before their earthly course is run, and when that time comes there will be no fawning admirers or sniveling sycophants and cringing parasites to "throw the iridescence of hope



athwart the gloomiest and darkest sky." In prosperity, there is a plenteous herd of ready admirers to pamper your vanity and love of flattery, but when the hour of adversity comes with all its ominous forebodings of ruin and social annihilation, they will fall away and leave you as rats desert a sinking ship. In joy one has company, but misery is solitary. Such is the daily, yea hourly, dangers of those practicers of professional chicanery, who reveling in the uncertain mirage of their turpitude, are in imminent peril of legal and social punishment befitting their dereliction of professional honor and character.

Another point which many overlook who look forward to professional careers is their utter indifference to the profession they intend to take up. They look upon it as a money-making scheme, pure and simple, a sure highway to honor, social prestige and political preferment, as a means of easy and luxurious life. They do not stop to consider whether they have a vocation for this or that kind of work, whether it will afford them a true pleasure to follow it, whether it will engage their interest and attention, whether it is their proper field of activity. To such, professional life will be a rude awakening, and their air castles will topple over and come crashing to the ground, that is, if they be men of honor and conscious of the obligations of duty. They will find that neither priest nor lawyer nor physician recline on the bed of roses they imagine. It is a life of strict attention to duty, which implies a close study of the various developments occurring in the subject-matter of their professions. The man who attends closely to business is the one who succeeds. The so-called business lawyer and doctor, as some men call one who "gets out with the boys," (although a misnomer and contradiction in terms) and engages in the social whirl, in contradistinction to the man who gives his cases the careful and thorough consideration they require, who studies their manifold phases and circumstances in minute detail, will meet with but indifferent success. These same "boys" whose company he so much affects will not trust him with matters of very serious importance. Rather will they seek his confrere, who they know will not neglect their interests, who will leave no stone unturned to handle their case in its best possible form. It is true that professional men, being in a sense public men, must take some part in the social world, but these social duties need not interfere with their profes-



sional duties, need not entail the neglect of them. There is, of necessity, no conflict. Fault is found only with those who neglect professional duties in order to fritter away their time on the social gaieties. Professional life is not one mad whirl of pleasure, but it is a life of hard work, of care and study, of responsibilities and duties, in which the more successful one is, the harder does he labor. Browning says:

“Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain.”

Hence it is that a man, conscious of the onerous duties and obligations of a professional career sincerely interested in his life-work, who has profited by the careful training necessary to its undertaking, will be a man worthy of the confidence and esteem of the community, jealous of the honor of his profession and of its members and a safe leader of men. Of such a man might Richard Hovey have spoken:

“I do not know beneath what sky  
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;  
I only know it shall be high,  
I only know it shall be great.”



#### Random Arrows.

—Even a crosseyed fellow may have a single aim in life.

—The one who doesn't walk straight is not always the one with the bowlegs.

—If streets were paved with resolutions many would look like alleys.

—To praise well, one must first forget how to blame.



## *What Aggie Did for Jones*



AGGIE, perched behind her basket of flowers at the park entrance, gazed admiringly, and lovingly upon the beautiful ladies as they passed her, riding luxuriously in the cool December breeze. Aggie knew them all. There were the French ones in their gaudy colors, whose chattering she could not understand; the sweet English girls with delicate silk bows under their chins, and—the Americans. Aggie believed that she loved the pretty Americans best,—they laughed so merrily, bought such large bunches of holly, and glided away, bidding her “keep the change.” It was on this day that Judge, the little fox-terrier, was riding in Lincoln Park with his mistress, Miss Charity Brooks. This charming young creature loved the dog dearly, but somehow she failed strangely, at this moment, to respond to the upward gaze of the terrier, lying at her feet. The dog stood up and yawned. A gay crimson auto puffed into sight,—the horses shied,—and as the carriage gave a lurch Judge unnoticed was tossed from the vehicle. The dog terrified and shivering, sheltered himself under a bench in the park, where the snow had failed to cover the grass. Miss Brooks, unaware of the terrier’s fall, and failing to hear the one sharp yelp that Judge had uttered, was driven on through the park and into the busy thoroughfares.

Miss Brooks decided to alight at North Avenue to visit a friend. Picking up her purse and muff, she missed Judge. She shook the soft folds of her gown, and searched beneath the soft cushioned seat, but in vain. Judge was not there. He was lost. Shaking the coachman roughly she bade him turn quickly about and drive back to the entrance where the flower girl was stationed. After much excitement she finally enlightened the bewildered coachman: “Judge fell from the carriage, you know, and that is why I am making you drive back; so keep a sharp lookout James, and return exactly as you came.” At the described entrance a man stepped from the curb and Miss Brooks see-



ing him, bade the coachman stop. He made his way to the carriage and bowing over the hand extended him, exclaimed: "Ah Signora, you have passed me many times zees day and did not see me!" Without apology and in much excitement the unhappy young lady cried: "Oh, Signor Buzzi, Judge is lost; if you would only go through the park and search for poor dear Judge—if you would find him—" She stopped short and burst into tears. The Signor's face brightened as he turned toward the park, muttering aloud: "It must be,—I must find ze dog." Miss Brooks' carriage rolled on, stopping many times as she met friends, to whom the sad story of the loss of the much-loved terrier was told over and over again.

It was late in the day. The sun had set and the few remaining carriages had rolled gaily from the park. Aggie sat dreaming over her remaining flowers, and longed for the evening meal. A horse galloped briskly from the park and was checked at the curb. The rider looked searchingly about him and caught sight of Aggie. He motioned. She gathered up her flowers and ran to his side. He shook his head impatiently saying: "No flowers, Signora, if you please. A leetle fox-terrier has today been lost in ze park! If you find him, stop him and bring him to me." He reached into his pocket and drew forth a dazzling jeweled case, and handed Aggie a card. "I geeve a reward, Signora—liberal." Tipping his hat, he bowed low to the young girl, mounted his horse and rode away. When the man was out of sight, Aggie glanced eagerly at the card. She looked closer. "Whew!" she exclaimed,—*"Signor"*—she stopped short stumbling over the name of Buzzi. "And he spoke to me? to me—"

"Ah say Miss"—

Aggie looked up and before her stood a man excitedly twirling his mustache and a gold-headed cane, dressed in neat spotless attire.

"Ah say," he repeated, "a friend of mine lost a valuable dog in the park this afternoon,—a frisky little spotted thing, don't you know?"

"Yas," mockingly replied Aggie, with a broad accent on the "a."

"Well, if you should see him, or hear anything of him, just let me know; most probably you would be paid if you bring me any news as to the dog's whereabouts."



"Ul right sir, I'll kinder watch out fer de dog" answered Aggie unconcernedly.

"Ah, thanks so much!" The young aristocrat daintily touched his silk hat and strode haughtily away. Aggie glanced at the card, which was a very neat affair, but was displeased and decided immediately that if she found the dog she would give it to the Signor. A cab stopped at the curb and a tall, handsome young man in evening dress sprang to the walk and smilingly approached Aggie.

"My lady, I'd like to buy you out. How much?" Aggie knew he was an American. His accent betrayed him. Aggie named her price, and a generous sum was placed in her hand.

"Keep the change," he said, burying his face in the fragrant blossoms. And if you should see anything of a small spotted fox-terrier loose around here,—grab him—he's a pet of a friend of mine—he was lost in the park this afternoon. He comes to the call of "Judge." The young man laughed, so did Aggie.

"What'll I do with im, if I ketch im, sir?". "Bring him to me, little lady, and receive your reward."

Handing her a card, the gentleman read: "Arthur L. Jones, Hotel Montrose".

"I can read sir," interrupted Aggie proudly.

"Bully," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "I'll bet you find Judge."

The young man entered the park and walked through the trees, whistling softly. Presently he returned and addressed Aggie.

"You know, little lady, the dog belongs to a friend, a young lady, who loves him dearly and for her sake—" He stopped, seeing Aggie eyeing him suspiciously.

"Good night, little friend," he said, and returned to the waiting cab.

"He's the one that gets the dog, he'll do," murmured Aggie softly.

She stood up, tossed her stool into the empty basket, and placed it against the iron pickets. Going into the park she began her search, looking cautiously about under benches, and masses of dried leaves which lay heaped up against the trees. Changing her harsh voice to a gentle persuasive one and whistling softly, she crept along, seeking the quietest nooks. She searched and searched, until finally, tired and hungry, she fell exhausted into a



bench. All sorts of thoughts passed through her busy little mind.

"If I only could ketch that dog," thought she, "I could buy that new outfit fer pore little Mary who lives near us and hasn't any nice clothes nor nothin' and she's awful pore besides. That dress 'ud please her a lot, 'an 'specially if I gave it to her fer Christmas." She had seen the coarse costume on a wax figure in a second hand shop on Sheridan Road. On it was pinned a sign which read: "Five dollars buys this costume outright." To be able to buy that, what wouldn't she give! Something was moving under a near-by evergreen. It caught her eye. She watched anxiously. The sniffing of a dog came from beneath the shrub. Aggie fell upon her knees and called softly over and over again: "Come Judge, nice Judge." The little terrier came forth cautiously and in a tremble. He came nearer and nearer. Aggie unable to wait longer snatched up her spotted friend, petting him gently and speaking soothingly to him. She walked back to the gate with pleasant visions of herself buying the Sheridan Road costume and presenting it to little Mary. But Aggie was not a selfish child. In an instant she thought of her mother. She looked inquiringly at Judge and seemed to ask him: "How about ma? I can't buy Mary de costume and give ma somethin' all on five dollars. I'll try the gent fer another five," she said gaily, and holding her restless treasure under her shawl she took the car for home.

The next morning found Aggie at the park gate, sitting behind a fresh basket of flowers. It was early, too, when Mr. Jones arrived in a cab. He alighted, and greeting Aggie asked anxiously:

"Any luck little lady?"

Aggie, trying hard to avert telling a lie, shook her head and began twisting some stems. Mr. Jones looked disappointed and troubled.

"I haven't given up yet, sir," came guiltily from Aggie.

Mr. Jones, shaking his head, strode into the park. Aggie's first impulse was to run after the poor fellow and tell him she had the dog—but no, she wouldn't; another five first. "The pretty mistress will get the dog anyhow in a few hours," she said. When Mr. Jones was out of sight she sat down and lifting a shawl from a small box, peeped in. The dog seemed restless and Aggie feared lest he might whine or bark and frustrate



her plans. She was covering it hurriedly when the loud "whoa" of a cabby attracted her attention. A man thrust his head from the cab and Aggie recognized her old friend, Signor Buzzi. He motioned to her, but instead of obeying his call, Aggie pointed to her flowers. The Signor stepped from the cab amazed at the girl's conduct. However, approaching her he bowed courteously and smiled, asking expectantly:

"I suppose, Signora, you have ze dog?"

"Nope, not yet," replied Aggie firmly. The quick tempered Signor, disappointed and angered, threw up his hands wildly, muttered a few words in Italian, and entering the cab, was driven quickly on. This passionate affair was amusing to Aggie who sat watching the retreating cab and giggled foolishly to herself. "I wonder what the other'n 'll say? I'll make short work of him," she said merrily.

She did not have to wait long, for soon the gentleman strode confidently up to the entrance. Brushing his silk hat, he began:

"Ah say, have you found 'im?"

"Nope, never seed 'im," replied Aggie.

"Deuced funny," he continued slowly; "it's very important to me, don't you know? The lady will simply have fits over me, if I find him," he exclaimed.

"Fairly love yer," chimed in Aggie.

The Englishman blushed but smiled. "Very sharp little tack, you are," he said, recovering himself.

"Yep," she added quickly, "Ma says so, too."

Promising to look Aggie up again, he prepared to depart. Turning to Aggie he said: "Ah, say, thanks awfully," and he went the way of the Signor. Shortly after entering the park he spied Miss Brooks' carriage, and moving toward it, lifted his hat and shaking lightly her hand, stepped into the carriage and they rode away. She was sad and pale and tears were sparkling on her long black lashes. As the carriage passed the entrance, Aggie noted the sad expression on Miss Brooks' face and a pang of remorse shot through her heart—there at her feet lay the means of restoring joy and happiness to the sorrowful mistress,—she had bought flowers and paid generously; she was beautiful and kind, and always had a pleasant smile and a cheery word for Aggie.

A few hours passed and Mr. Jones emerged from the park, tired from his futile hunt. Aggie motioned to him. He came



quckily toward the stand. In a moment Aggie, slipping her hands into the box, brought forth the long-lost Judge and placed him in Mr. Jones' hands. When he saw it he let a joyful shout and snatching up the dog hugged it affectionately. He tried hard to express his thanks to Aggie and a volley of questions were hurled at the happy little Aggie. But before he could finish the carriage of Miss Brooks was seen approaching. The fair young lady was riding alone. Jones stepped to the curb and the carriage stoppd. Miss Brooks' lovely eyes shone bright with happiness as she held out her arms to receive her "Judge".

"Oh Arthur, Arthur, how good of you!" she exclaimed joyfully, resting her bewitching eyes meaningly upon Jones. The glance was not missed by the sharp little Aggie. "But really Arthur, haven't I acted foolishly about losing him?" she asked, as she hugged the terrier lovingly.

"No," replied Mr. Jones thoughtfully, "I am very glad it happened," and they both laughed merrily. As the carriage rolled away Aggie heard: "Yes, Mr. Jones, tonight at seven!"

"Tonight at seven," he murmured softly, watching the retreating carriage. His day, his happiness, was won! Turning to Aggie, he showered upon her his thanks and reaching down into his pocket he handed her two shining gold-pieces.

As Aggie chinked her coins together and looked after Jones' retreating form, she murmured slowly: "He's the one; he'll do!" She resolved that it was too early to buy the Sheridan Road costume outright. "I'll wait till 'tonight at seven'."

J. Edward Harvey, II English.





# The College Forum

## The Comic Supplement.

In the large cities of this country there are few newspapers that have not a comic supplement. This feature of every newspaper was at one time remarkably attractive but it is fast losing its hold upon the American people. It was evidently introduced for two purposes: to increase the sale of papers, and to entertain. It no longer serves the first purpose and it is rapidly failing to fulfill the second. It is time to eliminate it and substitute something new. Like every entertainer, when it has played its part it must exit. The American people want something new. This is one of the causes of their restlessness, hurry, and thrift. The comic supplement has played its part well and the people have been generous with applause; but it has done its part and they will not tolerate its hanging around. To make a timely exit is one of the triumphs of a career. Now is the time.

J. Fitzgerald, '11.



## Fagots.

This is a time of happiness. A familiar picture is that of the family gathered around the fireside chatting merrily while the flames on the hearth leap high in the chimney and send their bright beams to illumine the happy faces gathered around. A pile of fagots stands close by, ready to be thrown upon the fireside to keep the warmth aglow. There is something similar to life in this picture. Life is a vast fireside, a fireside that cannot be kept ablaze unless it too is furnished with fagots. We all have our bundle of fagots to carry and contribute to this vast hearth, the fagots of encouragement, of sacrifice, of cheerfulness. Unless we carry these and contribute our share of them, life grows cold and dismal. The season is replete with lessons and this is one of them.

J. Lowney, '11.



## Dad.

We happened into a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the motto worked in letters of gold, "What is



home without a mother." Across the room was another brief, "God Bless our home." In many homes will be found these mottoes expressive of love and devotion felt by the members of the household for the holiest and happiest of earth's blessings—mother and home. "Home, home—sweet home, be it ever so humble there is no place like home." But there is another factor in the blessedness of home that is too often forgotten, or at least perhaps sometimes not fully appreciated, and that factor is dad. We want to preach a little sermon in dad's behalf today. It is no disparagement to mother to say that, alongside of the motto referred to above, this other would be appropriate: "God bless our dad." Dad gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs a dinner pail, and wipes off the dew of the dawn while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout to the butcher, the grocer and the milkman. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up. If there is a noise during the night dad is nudged in the back and made to get down stairs and find the burglar. Mother darns the socks, but dad buys them first, and the needles and yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit well, but dad buys it all, and jars and sugar cost like mischief. Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself, and draws a neck from the ruins after every one else is served. "What is home without a mother?" is all right, but—"What is home without a father?" Ten chances to one, it is a boarding house; father is under a slab, and the landlord is a widow. Dad, here's to you. You may have your faults—you may have lots of them—but we will miss you when you are gone. Yes, dear old unappreciated dad! The motto ought to grace the walls of a cottage or a mansion in your honor wherever you may appear. You may tread the pathway of life, bearing burdens ungrudgingly and never live to see your name among the honored brave. Nevertheless, in the cold gray days when you can no longer answer the call for your service, when gentle hands have snugly tucked you in your last resting place, we'll know what home is without a dad.

Jim.





## THE VIATORIAN EPISCOPAL GUESTS.

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The recent missionary congress held in Chicago brought a number of church dignitaries to that city and gave many institutions and parishes the honor of a visit from these prelates. While St. Viator's Institute in Chicago was the hospice for some of these princes of the church, the college at Bourbonnais entertained two as its guests, the Mt. Rev. Alexander Christie of Portland, Ore., and Rt. Rev. C. O'Reilly, Bishop of Baker City, Ore. Accompanied by Father Bergeron of Chicago they arrived at the college Nov. 13 and were received by the President and faculty. After dinner they were escorted to the college hall where, amid the applause of the students and the melodies of the college orchestra a formal reception was tendered them. Father O'Mahoney introduced both visitors and Archbishop Christie was the first to speak. His remarks though brief were interesting and instructive. The students learned from his discourse what a vast field the northwest presents for Christian work. It was pleasant to follow the archbishop as he led his hearers over the scenes and through the hardships of the early Catholic missionaries who, filled with the spirit of zeal for souls were the first to penetrate forest vastnesses and blaze the way for religion and civilization. Devotion to God and country, to the cross and the flag was the spirit pleaded for. "It is impossible," he remarked, "to be a good Catholic and not a good citizen and what the country needs today is more institutions like St. Viateur's that will give the nation good Catholics and good citizens."

Bishop O'Reilly made an eloquent plea for laborers to enter the vineyard of the great northwest and an earnest petition to the community to open a college in his diocese. There was pathos, sincere, earnest, soul stirring pathos in his request for toilers for souls to go back with him and help in the work of Christ among the faithful and separated. During his address there was a burst of feeling noticeable throughout the hall and it rose to a striking climax when he turned to the president and students and pleaded for volunteers. It was not without good results and the visit of the Bishop will probably secure him several laborers to help him in his unselfish labors for the salvation of souls.

—J. Meany.





# Our Bardic Choir



## SNOWS.

---

Beneath the snows of winter  
Somewhere the earth is green,  
Behind the storm-clouds somewhere  
The sky is still serene.

Beneath the snows of sorrow  
Some joy may still be found,  
No lyre so plaintive in its tones  
But has some mirthful sound.

No heart or soul so trouble-tossed  
But sees some port of calm,  
No life so full of elegies  
But has one joyous psalm.

Myles.

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## A YULETIDE SONG.

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F. Cleary, '11.

Bring back the years that have passed us,  
And mem'ries that long since have flown,  
Bring back the joys of a Christmas,  
Before youth into manhood had grown.

Remember the hopes for a Santa,  
And the stockings that gently were hung,  
Remember the kiss from a grandpa,  
And the beautiful carols he sung.

I wonder if time will not change us  
And bring us to boyhood again;  
I wonder if hope for this Christmas,  
Will make us the boys we were then.



SHADOWS.

---

Have you noticed how a shadow  
Clouds your path when e'er you feel  
That for you life holds some sweetness—  
Then 'twill o'er your spirit steal  
Robbing you perhaps of pleasure.  
When you deemed the cup just filled  
Then perhaps the heart you valued  
Most on earth, in death is stilled.

Why is this you asked in anguish  
When this shadow crossed you first;  
But as time rolled on, full knowledge  
Of the truth upon you burst.  
"Whom he loveth he chastiseth  
Blessed be his holy will,"  
In this thought seek consolation  
And sweet peace your heart will fill.

Yes and though the shadow deepens  
O'er your path—obscure from sight  
All life's sweetness, all your loved ones,  
All you deemed would make life bright;  
Do not murmur! just that shadow  
May have tempered sunlight's glare;  
May have some way proved a blessing  
May have turned you from a snare.

Do not murmur! In His wisdom  
God who doeth all things well,  
In His own good time will show you  
Reasons why this shadow fell.  
Do your best! Be not impatient  
If you ask, strength from above  
Will be given to sustain you,  
Proving to you—God is love.

—G. M.



IN THE PLAYGROUND OF YOUTH.

---

Oh for the olden golden days,  
The fond old mudpie times;  
When the things I sold were make believes  
And you paid in paper dimes.

When we had the yard and all its wealth  
Of space and stones and sand;  
When we thought ourselves the king and queen  
Of a real old fairy land.

When you came and said that times were hard  
And paid with a cherub smile;  
Then sauntered off to busy cares  
In a real old matron's style.

Those were the times when hearts though young  
Were fond and sweet and true,  
And all the cares our childhood had  
Were only fancy's few.

Come back in soul to the childhood realm,  
To its scenes, to its joys, to its songs.  
And secure we will dwell from the cold heartless world,  
With its snares, its deceits, and its wrongs. R.

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CHRISTMAS SCENES.

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S. T. Wedge, '11.

Before the yulelog's ruddy glow,  
The grate-fire softly gleaming,  
We sit and form a pensive row,  
Of good old Christmas dreaming.



## THE VIATORIAN

The sparks leap high and crack and hiss,  
 The logs both smoke and sputter;  
 The corn pops up with seeming bliss  
 To meet its sister butter.

The apples in a tempting row  
 Upon the hearthstone simmer;  
 The chestnuts hold a pow-wow dance  
 To make the fire grow dimmer.

The foaming punch-bowl, lively stirred,  
 Sends clouds of steam ascending;  
 The glasses clink and each doth drink  
 To pledge a faith unending.

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 ALONE.
 

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J. A. Pilon.

The troubled years bring added fears,  
 The months are sorrow-sown;  
 The weeks that glide as slips the tide  
 Have each their plaintive moan.

The golden days, the purple haze  
 Of twilight, all have flown;  
 The dreamy hours that waked the flowers  
 To memory scarce are known.

The moments spent that came and went  
 Were moments Time did loan;  
 The moments since that blink and wince  
 We count our very own.

And all the world is dreary,  
 And life is waste and weary,  
 And nothing is there cheery  
 To me—alone.



# THE VIATORIAN

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

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Editor in Chief—S. MORGAN, '09.

Exchanges—T. WEDGE, '11.

Alumni—A. SAVARY, '09.

Athletics—D. BOYLE, '10.

Locals—F. CLEARY, '11.

Personals—I. RICE, '11.

Societies—F. WELCH, '10.

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*Entered at the Bourbonnais Post Office as second-class matter*

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*All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

*Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance.*

*All business communications should be addressed: Rev. J. F. Ryan, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

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## EDITORIALS.

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At this time of the year when nature is clothed in the cold white garb of winter, the resplendence of the holiday period bursts forth in all its good cheer, enlivening the listless appearance of everything and filling all Christmas with the spirit of happiness which permeates it. To us, and to all students, it means a happy reunion with loved relatives and friends. To those engaged in the busy whirl of mercantile and professional life a sweet respite is given. To the Christian world in general is the Christmas thought welcome, because of the memories which the day recalls, memories which should be sacred to all men by reason of the benefits conferred on us by Him who on Christmas Day entered into a life of suffering for our sake. The festivities and good will indulged in by most of us on this day have more than once reminded us of the Canticle that reverberated throughout the wintry skies of that bleak December night, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." These words express the ideal condition of a Christian life, but in common with many other



ideals it is seldom realized. Constant antagonism, the quarrels which daily arise throughout the civilized world, the petty grumbings which we often hear, all inform us that this is too true. We realize that Utopian condition is not practicable but why not avoid these faults when they arise. The avoidance is comparatively easy, the results are sweet. We are not seeking the impossible, but are merely hoping for better things. Let us keep in mind the angelic words quoted above, and together with the desire of their accomplishment, we extend the heartiest compliments of the season to all our friends, wishing them a "Merry Christmas and many happy New Years."



A notable feature of the year 1908 is the number of religious jubilees denoting the growth and progress of the church in the United States. Not the least significant of these

**Sisters of Charity Jubilee.** is the jubilee of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, celebrated on the feast of All Saints. A little more than fifty years ago a packet sailing up the Mississippi river carried Bishop Loras and five Sisters, the nucleus of the community in the west. There were obstacles and difficulties to be met, but the heroic band worked with hearts undaunted and faith unswerving and the growth of the community was marvelous. Today they conduct schools and academies in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Missouri; and the children under their instruction are numbered in the thousands. It must be pleasing to the members to see such blessed prosperity and it must be particularly gratifying to Mother Mary Gertrude, one of the first novices, and for twelve years Superior General of the community. It would be a valuable contribution to saintly lore were the life of Mother Mary Clarke published; but published or unpublished, one memorial she will always have—the self-sacrificing devotion of the women who preserve her spirit, who fulfill her ideals, and who go down through the ages building the kingdom of God. Surely, the finger of God is here.



PERSONS AND PLACES.

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Simplicity, grace and useful information give an unusual charm to the essays on Gaelic subjects contributed to the New World by Thomas O'Brien of the seminary department.

The parsonage of the Rev. A. L. Labrie, recently damaged by fire has been repaired and the Rev. Pastor has returned to his dwelling.

Rt. Rev. J. M. Legris attended the reception given to Bishop Muldoon at Nazareth Academy, LaGrange, Dec. 3.

We expect in the next issue to give an account of the dedication ceremonies of the new church at Chebanse, Ill., which will take place Dec. 14.

For four years Frank Coyle has been at Empire, Panama, in the employment of the government as foreman of conductors. Christmas holidays give him a furlough and we hope to shake hands with him then at the college.

W. Emmet Conway was recently elected lecturer of the Knights of Columbus in Sioux City, Iowa, and he has already provided novel and interesting entertainments for the benefit of the knights. He is occupied with the study of law in the offices of the ablest attorneys in Sioux City.

Our sincere sympathies go out to the faculty and students of St. Jerome college, Berlin, Ontario, for the loss inflicted by fire on November 30th. We know what it is to pass through such an ordeal, and with our sympathies go our hopes for a greater St. Jerome's.

Andrew Carnegie's generosity to Catholic institutions continues. A recent donation is \$11,850 to the Benedictine college at Covington, La., which was destroyed by fire in December, 1907.

The Rev. clergy visiting during the past month were: Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C. S. V., Chicago; Revs. M. P. Sammon, Bloomington, Ill.; J. G. Libert, Canton, Ill.; N. Raymond, Lake Linden, Mich.; L. Duford, P. Menard, Escanaba, Mich.; Thos. McCormick, C. S. V., Chicago, Ill.; J. D. Laplante, C. S. V., Chicago; W. G. Irish, Lincoln, Ill.; L. Goulette, C. S. V., Chicago; Francis Dickman, Rutland, Ill.; F. N. Perry, J. P. Dore, J. Finn, Chicago; W. J. Cleary, Rock Island, Ill.; J. P. Flanagan, Rapids City, Ill. Other visitors were Dennis Carroll, Chicago; Mr. Lomax, Chicago; Richard Lamb, '86 and Miss Weber, Minnesota.



## SOCIETIES.

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Juniors Make Debut.

Once again St. Viateur's halls resounded with the voice of social welcome. Another knot was tied in class organization by the Juniors on Monday evening, Nov. 28, when they clasped hands with their fellow-classmen for an evening of social gaiety. The reception hall was artistically arranged. Branching out from the center of the hall were numerous lights entwined with the colors of the classes. Spread directly beneath this dome of splendor were tables bountifully laden and artfully arranged. While the eye feasted on the beautiful decorations, the mind was given a literary treat by the speakers of the evening. The evening closed with many glowing eulogies on the entertainers and their committees.

## Seniors Arranging Program.

The men of '09 are diligently preparing a program. While no definite plans have been made public it is rumored a minstrel is well under way.

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Obituary.

*"Have pity upon me at least you my friends."*

Sister Mary Hilda Curley, Convent of Mercy Chicago, Ill.; Sister M. Veronica O'Connor, Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, Ill.; John Cleary, Danville, Ill.; C. Mahoney, Chicago, Ill.; Loretto McCarthy, Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. Frederick Mona, Manteno, Ill.

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Resolutions.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call unto himself the father of our esteemed classmate, John M. Perdsock;

Whereas, His family has been bereft of a kind and loving father and his wife of a kind and faithful husband, Be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1909, extend our heartfelt sympathy both to our classmate and his bereaved family. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent to his family and another published in the Viatorian.

CLASS OF 1909.

JOHN V. WALSH,	}	Committee.
HARRIS A. DARCHE,		
VICTOR U. LECLAIRE.		





## Athletic Notes



### St. Viateur's 6, Downer's Grove 0.

On a sea of mud the varsity defeated the fast team from Downer's Grove, by the score of 6 to 0. Although the score indicates a close match, it offers no fair criterion, for judging the merits of the locals on that day. Crippled by the absence of Capt. Legris and Ryan, the varsity was unable to put up its best game, yet the playing was always in foreign territory and only unfortunate fumbles when within the 15 yard line held down the local score. Old time formations were used for the most part by the locals, although they varied them now and then, by a few forward passes, which on the whole were unsuccessful owing to the condition of the grounds and slipperiness of the ball. The individual stars in this game were few. Mugan and Moran played the best game for St. Viateur's while F. Moore was the whole show for the visitors. This was the first defeat which the Downer's Grove team suffered in three years. Line-up:

#### St. Viateur's College, 6.

Morgan, Quille  
Moran  
Phelan  
O'Brien  
McClure  
Shaeffer  
Carroll, Munson  
Quille, Mugan  
O'Donnell, Walsh  
Fitzgerald, Carroll  
Karpin, Shannon

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

#### Downer's Grove, 0.

Van Grift  
Smith  
Freedman  
Jones  
Reilly  
J. Moore  
F. Moore  
Kittleman  
Murphy, Stevens  
Kellinger  
Knox

Touchdown, Fitzgerald; goal from touchdown, Mugan. Umpire, Schmidt, U. of Ill. Referee, Langan, Kankakee high school. Field judge, Hayes. Head linesman, Silverman. Time of halves, 20 and 15 min.

### St. Viateur's 33, Hyde Park Blues 0.

On Sunday, Nov. 15, the locals ploughed through the Hyde Park Blues eleven to the tune of 33 to 0. It was the finest exhibi-



tion of open play seen here this season. End runs were sprung on the visiting eleven in handsome style. The forward pass was also used to splendid advantage, and toward the end of the game the variety of play was so bewildering that the visiting eleven began to look ridiculous. The defense of the varsity line was so strong that the visitors did not gain first down but three times in the whole game.

At 2:30 promptly Cooper kicked off for the visitors and the game was on in earnest, Mugan received the ball on the twenty yard line and advanced it twenty yards before being downed by Nash. Legris was sent through tackle for fifteen yards; Carroll made fifteen more on a forward pass, then by a quarter back run. Mugan scored the first touchdown of the game. Capt. Legris missed a difficult goal. Cooper again kicked off this time to Capt. Legris. "Pat" advanced the ball twenty-five yards before hitting the ground. By a series of on side kicks, forward passes and line plunges, the ball was brought to the visitors' ten yard line; here Capt. Legris was pushed over for the second touchdown. Pat also added another point by kicking goal. Legris kicked off to Kohl on the three yard line, who advanced the ball fifteen yards before being downed by Carroll. Two attempts at gaining failed so Cooper was forced to punt; he booted the ball to Legris on the forty yard line. Pat advanced it ten yards before being downed. There was another repetition of the former march until the locals reached the ten yard line, and two line plunges failing, Morgan was sent over for the third touchdown on a forward pass. Legris added the sixth point, by the air line route. Here time was called.

The second half was a repetition of the first, line plunges, and forward passes netted three more touchdowns, one by Fitzgerald, one by Mugan, and one by Legris. "Pat" missed two difficult goals but made the third. Carroll, Legris, Fitzgerald, Mugan and Morgan were the individual stars for St. Viateur's, while Nash and Cooper starred for the visitors. Line-up:

## St. Viateur's, 33.

Carroll  
Shaeffer, Morgan  
O'Brien, Shannon  
Nourie  
McClure

L. E.  
L. T.  
L. G.  
Center  
R. G.

## Hyde Park Blues, 0.

Smith  
Grant  
McCarthy  
Dunn  
Long



Moran	R. T.	Marvin
Morgan, Munson	R. E.	Keane
Quille, Mugan	Q. B.	Nash, Stringer
Walsh, O'Donnell	L. H. B.	Cooper
Fitzgerald	R. H. B.	Matthews
Legris (Capt)	F. B.	Kohl, Singer

Touchdowns, Legris (2), Mugan (2), Morgan, Fitzgerald. Goals from touchdowns, Legris (3). Referee, Lee of Kankakee high school. Umpire, Ryan, Vanderbildt. Head linesman, Hayes. Timekeepers, Davenport and Greeley. Time of halves, 25 min.

### St. Viateur's o, Notre Dame 46.

The local varsity met the strong Notre Dame team on Cartier field on Nov. 18, and were overwhelmed but not disgraced by the large score of 46 to 0, as this team achieved fame by defeating Indiana, Marquette and DePauw, while they only lost to Michigan by a low score. The varsity were clearly off color in the first half, making first down but once, while Notre Dame rolled up a total of 25 points. Capt. Legris won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. It required just a couple of minutes for Notre Dame to make the first score. Philbrook kicked off to Mugan on the five yard line and the ball was advanced fifteen yards. After two unsuccessful attempts to circle the ends Legris punted to McDonald on Notre Dame's forty yard line. Schmidt and McDonald went around the ends for fifteen yards each, and then Dimmick added seven across tackle. Collins advanced the ball ten yards on a forward pass. Vaughan and Dimmick brought the oval to the ten yard line where Schmidt took it over on a run around left end. McDonald missed the goal. Three more touchdowns were made in that half, before time was called.

The second half started by Legris kicking off to McDonald on the goal line, he carried the ball 45 yards before being downed. Then Vaughan raced 65 yards for a touchdown. Here the varsity took a brace and gained seventy yards on four successive forward passes, then failing to gain, Legris attempted a drop kick, which he missed by a narrow margin. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field. Carroll, Legris, Mugan, Fitzgerald and Walsh starred for St. Viateur's while Dolan, Schmitt, Moriarity and McDonald were the Notre Dame stars. Line-up:



St. Viateur's College, o.

P. Morgan, Munson

Moran

O'Brien, Shannon

Nourie

McClure

Morgan, Schaeffer

Carroll

Mugan, Quille

Fitzgerald

Walsh, O'Donnell

Legris (Capt)

R. E.

R. T.

R. G.

C.

L. G.

L. T.

L. E. Matthews, Maloney, Burdeck

Q. B.

R. H. B.

L. H. B.

F. B. Vaughan, Edwards, Clement

Notre Dame, 46.

Collins, Danick

Dimmick, Dolan

Dolan, Duffy

Sullivan, Martes

Phillbrook, Freeze

Edwards, Deiner

Moriarity, Bentz

Schmitt

McDonald, Dionne

Touchdowns, Schmitt (2), Moriarity (2), Vaughan (2), McDonald, Maloney, Clement. Goals from Touchdowns, McDonald. Referee, Dwan, N. D. Umpire, Scanlon, N. D. Linesman, Miller, N. D. Time of halves, 25 min.

### St. Viateur's 28, St. Ignatius 5.

The local varsity closed the season, Thanksgiving day in Chicago by defeating St. Ignatius by the score of 28 to 5. The score should have been much larger, but costly as well as unjust penalties handicapped the locals. The game was characterized by rough and loose playing on the part of the St. Ignatius team. The locals played a strong game, both on offense and defense. Legris, Walsh, Fitzgerald, Mugan, Ryan, Carroll and Moran starred for the locals, while Doyle and J. Kevin were the individual stars for St. Ignatius. Line-up:

St. Viateur's, 28.

Carroll

Schaeffer

McClure, Morgan

Nourie

Shannon, T. O'Brien

Moran

Ryan, Munson

Mugan

Fitzgerald

O'Donnell, Walsh

Legris (Capt)

L. E.

L. T.

L. G.

Center

R. G.

R. T.

R. E.

Q. B.

R. H. B.

L. H. B.

F. B.

St. Ignatius, 5.

Curda, Kelly

F. O'Brien

Caverly

Ludwig

Sharbaro, Goughan

Dolan

T. Kevin, McCue

J. Kevin, T. Kevin

Higgins, McGeever

Rylands (Capt)

Doyle

Touchdowns, Walsh, Ryan, Fitzgerald, Carroll (2), Rylands.



Goals from touchdowns, Legris (3). Umpire, Doseff (Chicago U.) Referee, Jones, Chicago. U. Field judge, Anderson, Chicago, U. Head linesman, Caplice. Time of halves, 35 min.

Class '09, 11; Class '10, 0.

The after-results of the glorious Thanksgiving day victory had scarcely been celebrated when the classes of 1909 and 1910 met on the stamping grounds of the varsity to settle the question of class supremacy and to regale the spectators who defied pneumonia with a brilliant taste of aggressive football. After a long drawn-out struggle filled with thrillers, the doughty men of '09 left the field jubilant, followed by all the undergrads who had witnessed them triumph over their rivals by the close score of 11 to 0. Capt. Shannon and Moran, the 210 pound full-back of the '10 men, starred for their team, while the Seniors' backs and ends paved the way to victory by two long marches down the field. The work of both teams while clean was the deadliest seen here this year, as the stars of the Varsity squad were pitted against one another, and this one fact, combined with the frozen condition of the field, made the hospital list the largest of the year. O'Connell and Stack performed well for the "naughty niners" and were ably assisted by Capt. Morgan, Walsh, Carroll, McClure and Shippy. The Line-up:

## 1909-11

Carroll  
Maguire  
LeClaire  
Darche  
Hayes  
McClure  
Morgan (Capt)  
Shippy  
Walsh  
Stack  
O'Connell

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

## 1910-0

Shannon (Capt)  
Welch  
Kulzcheck  
Boyle  
Kelly  
W. Jecke  
Foley  
Mugan  
Quille  
Burke  
Moran

Touchdowns, Carroll, Stack. Goal, Stack. Referee, Berry, '11. Umpire, O'Donnell, '08. Field judge, O'Brien, '05. Head linesman, Schaeffer, '11. Timekeepers, Davenport, '12, and Munson, '11. Time of halves, 20 min.



1911, 11; 1910, 6.

Another class game of renown was the game between a team composed of six Sophs. and five preparatory students, which defeated the Juniors, 11 to 6. The Juniors were crippled by the absence of Mugan, Stephenson and Rommier. Capt. Cleary, Quille and Fitzgerald starred for the Sophs, while Capt. Shannon, Burke, A. Quille and Foley were the stars for the Juniors. The Sophs also defeated the Freshmen 11 to 6, in a hard fought contest.

### The Juniors.

The Juniors, under the able direction of Coaches Hazen and Quille, closed a very successful season on Thanksgiving day, by playing St. Ignatius' college second team in Chicago, on a cinder path, although they did not win, they showed their grit and nerve. Outweighed fifteen pounds to the man, they fought gamely, and after forty minutes of hard and steady playing the St. Ignatius team had only registered 12 points while the Juniors drew a blank. Line-up:

St. Ignatius, 12.

Muracco Healy  
Wettins  
Burns  
Beasley  
Killian, Fitzgerald  
Killian, Maroney  
Keefe, Brundage  
McClintock  
Gaffney  
Rhee  
Doyle

St. Viateur's Juniors, 0.

L. E.	Marcotte
L. T.	Knoerzer
L. G.	Lind
C	Hansen
R. G.	Tolbert
R. T.	Scott, Degnon
R. E.	Gallegan, Leddux
Q. B.	Quille
L. H. B.	Lynan
R. H. B.	Corcoran
F. B.	Legriss

Touchdowns, Doyle, Rhee. Goals from touchdowns, Doyle (2). Referee, O'Brien. Umpire, Wyatt.

### Minims.

The Minims closed the most successful season ever played by a team of that department Saturday, November 21,—by defeating the Sheridan Parks of Chicago by the score of 6 to 5. The visitors, who outweighed the little giants ten pounds to the man, scored early in the first half, but the plucky Minims came back in the second half and by a series of forward passes, on-side kicks and

line plunges, finally obtained the six points which kept them from suffering defeat for the first time. Much credit is due their coach, McDonald, who spares neither time nor energy to make his department a success in all athletic departments.

### Basketball.

Now that the football season is at an end, that the pigskin and heavy padded war clothes are laid aside, basketball will once more absorb the attention of athletic activity. We were successful in this branch last year, considering that it was our first year at the game, and every possible effort should be made to place a team in the field which will equal the standard set in our other branches of athletics. Coach Fitzgerald will take charge of the old as well as the new material. Of last year's team, Berry, Carroll, Morgan, Shiel, Stack and Rice have returned. The new material is composed of many stars. Blake, Carmichael, Cleary, Zarillia and Quille, are five who will bear watching.

#### St. Viateur, 46; Kankakee Y. M. C. A., 16.

The local quintet opened its regular basketball season Saturday evening, December 6, defeating the Kankakee Y. M. C. A. team, by the large score of 46 to 16. This is very promising to the followers of the game as it was the first time the team were together. The teamwork displayed by the Varsity, all things considered, was creditable to all. Fitzgerald, the new member on the team, showed splendid form, and gives promise to shine during the season. The work of Stack, Berry, Morgan, Carroll and Fitzgerald was superb, while Bachant, Sanesac and Platte were the Kankakee stars. The line-up and score:

St. Viateur's, 46.		Kankakee Y. M. C. A., 16.	
Carroll, Rice		Right Forward	Platte
Fitzgerald		Left Forward	Bachant
Stack (Capt), Kotzenberg		Center	Sanesac (Capt), Healy
Morgan, Blake		Right Guard	Healy, Sanesac
Berry		Left Guard	Rex

Baskets—Fitzgerald (8), Carroll (7), Kotzenberg (4), Stack (2), Berry, Bachant (4), Platte (2), Healy. Free throws—Fitzgerald (2), Platte (2). Referee, Wunderlich. Timekeeper, Davenport. Time of halves, 20 min.



**Minims Again Champions.**

The Minims' football team of 1908 has retained the county championship which was so courageously wrested last fall from nearby teams through the zealous efforts of the doughty squad of '07. Though last year's team won the banner on their merits, still they had the misfortune of being defeated once, but no such disgrace has marred the present squad's record, for a series of nine victories tells the story of their career. The happy captain was A. Gundelach, who also played the position of right end. However, he was unable to finish the season owing to sickness and was thus deprived of much of the glory that otherwise would have been his. The same young head that engineered the Minims' machine last year and steered it to its pinnacle of honor enjoys the pleasure of duplicating his feat this year, for Jimmy Boyle was quarter-back. Parker at right half was ever in old time form, which says a great deal. He frequently played the line for long gains and was always in the game from start to finish. Tiffany starred at left half and was also a remarkable ground gainer. Tif was a bold tackler, and in the open frequently made tackles that would make even the mighty Steffen envious. Ralston played full back and though a new man in the team, he showed that he had the makings of a good football player. His reckless plunges and tackles singled him out as a man fit to replace Captain Gundelach, and in the latter's absence he acted as such. Jacobi at left end was a whirlwind for speed and probably carried the ball over more territory than any man in the team. Right end was well taken care of by St. Pierre, who factored greatly in smashing up the opponents' interference. Sherman at center has a splendid record. Without exception he was the most fearless tackler in the team. It was not uncommon after a scrimmage was cleared away to find Sherman at the bottom firmly grasping the leg of his unfortunate opponent. Mallaney at right guard was a tower of strength, as was also Lonergan at left. Both men could make openings at will and were usually first through the line. They were quick at recovering fumbles and often made splendid gains. Magee and Conklin alternated at right tackle and played their position well. They were especially good on the defensive and saw to it that none of the opposing players would ever get through them. On the other side the left tackle's position was guarded by Rend and Betourne. Both are new men and both gave a fine account of themselves. With either of these two in the game,



their team-mates feared little danger from the enemy in that quarter. Nor were their hopes poorly grounded for the enemy always found this position impregnable.

The Viatorian wishes to congratulate these young athletes on the splendid exhibition they have given and wishes them the same success in all their other undertakings. It also congratulates Bro. St. Aubin, their coach, to whom in a great measure the Minims' success is due. He has shown himself a master coach and one well instructed in all the fine points of football, basketball and baseball. May the same success crown his basketball team that has already crowned his baseball and football squad.

A. Decker.



Well done **Labarum!** You are interesting when prosaic and sweet when poetic, and you are always one or the other; but now you come to us with the fullness of interest and sweetness. When we closed the November issue it was not to put it aside but to hold it and dream, and peep between its covers now and then to be refreshed with the breath of real poetry which, when absent, makes one feel

“a loneliness

For something gone that with the soul maketh our perfectness.”

If the heart element makes poetry then there are few prosaic lines in the essay on the Founding of the Sisters of Charity. We followed it with tears. A pity that the life of the saintly foundress is not printed—we were going to say written but it is written; written with her spirit in the hearts of her followers where it will never be effaced. We would continue our comments but the editor-in-chief cautions us that he has something to say on this theme. Good fiction, excellent verse and solid essays make your number a nonpareil.



In **The Mercury** for November we are pleased to see so scholarly an essay on The Spirit of Self-Sacrifice. The author treats his subject remarkably well and deserves considerable praise for the good order and even balance maintained throughout. The style is neat and the examples given are well chosen. In our opinion it is the best composition in the November issue. A Defense of Football in the same paper is a timely article. The arguments advanced are not only logical but true and should be read by every college faculty and timid parent in the country. There is no very great degree of literary excellence in this article but the style is as it should be, in keeping with the subject treated. The Dance of Death is a rather gruesome subject for a short story but it is told in such an interesting way and the plot is so novel that we read this little bit of fiction with bated breath and almost fancied that we could hear the rattle of bones and the sighing of the wind through the trees.

The editors of **The Exponent** deserve praise and commendation for the production of so excellent a magazine as the one last month. Its general appearance both inside and out does credit to the purpose of this edition. It is a well merited tribute of love and devotion to the Holy Father. His life and history are ably related by Mr. Biendl, and other affairs relating to the Papacy are ably advanced in a pleasing manner. The History of the Papal States and the description of The Vatican are both worthy of praise. The verse in the Exponent is very good indeed and shows a bright cluster of budding poets, to whom we wish success in the fullest bloom.

In **The Manhattan Quarterly** for October, the short story His Telephone Girl rightly holds first place and must be awarded the blue ribbon as a clever piece of fiction. The plot is well developed and the writer undoubtedly understands the intricate and baffling character of woman. One of the greatest questions now confronting the public and one that seems to defy solution, is that of Capital and Labor. This subject is admirably discussed under the title of The Evil and the Remedy, by Mr. McMahon in the journal above mentioned. He seems thoroughly to understand his subject and puts forth his views with true rhetorical skill; and clearly and concisely suggests logical means for the solving of this national riddle. The story Bitter Sweet is a praiseworthy attempt and was read with interest. We fully agree



with your estimable plan mentioned in the latter part of your exchange column and think, with you, that the relations existing between alumni and students are considerably strengthened and the bond of friendship and loyalty better cemented, by the following out of your scheme.

The **Villa Shield** is always a welcome visitor. The general makeup is distinctly artistic and dainty. Its careful arrangement shows that the magazine is in the hands of competent editors. The initial poem on My Dead is doubtless from an alumna who writes from sad experience, for throughout the article runs the sad strain of melancholy that lends it its charm. Miss Simpson is to be congratulated on her success in writing the story of The Turkish Bowl. The plot is original in all its details and the story is told in a fascinating and charming style. Let us hear from you again. The parody on Anthony's funeral oration on Caesar is full of ready wit and pleasantry, and offers us a literary recreation after wading through the deep waters of the orations found in some of our other exchanges.

The **St. Mary's Messenger** contains a fairly good description of the history of aerial navigation and shows the author to be of a scientific turn of mind and in possession of substantial facts that make useful knowledge. The article, Mr. Crawford's Story is right in line with the spirit of the season, but the plot is capable of fuller treatment. The verse De Profundis is good and is expressive of noble thought.

We acknowledge the receipt of: The Solanian; University of Ottawa Review; St. John's University Record. St. Jerome Schoolman; The Fordham Monthly; The Collegian, Oakland, Cal.; Queen's University Journal; Columbiad; Georgetown College Journal; Young Eagle; and St. Ignatius Collegian.





LOCALS.

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—Merry Xmas.

—First Student: Were you out hunting?

Student with gun: Yes, and I killed three rabbits dead on the road.

—First Minim: The Seniors gave the Juniors a smoker.

Edgar: Gwan, 'taint so, the Juniors' ain't allowed to smoke.

—Although the frost is here, green tops are still very much in evidence—.

—Teacher: What is the masculine for duchess?

John: Dutchman.

—Pedestrian clubs will soon be all the go—when the cars are gone.

—Ed: They say John is a first-class fellow.

Ned: Yes, he's a freshman.

—There was a young man in a tie  
Who said, shall we wed by and by;  
But the maiden said no,  
Out the door you shall go,  
And the youth tottered off with a sigh.

—Prefect: Were you out late?

Wise Roomer: Yes, but I got in early.

—They say the cars are not going  
And that them we will awfully miss,  
But isn't that just what they've been doing  
Long before we ever wrote this?

—Chemistry Teacher: Did you take in any of the gas?

Student, after explosion: No, I blew out at the time.

—Jim: Did it take you long to learn roller-skating?

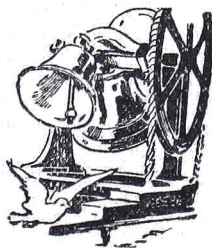
The Sore one: Oh, I soon tumbled.



—If you ever get in trouble.  
And the world just throws you down,  
Remember that you're worth just double  
When you smile instead of frown.

—Bill: They say he's got the makings for a speaker.  
Junior: Gee, where is he? I'm dead for a smoke.

—The following is by Leo:  
He hails from Gunther's candy shop  
His name is known to all,  
He says he is a pitcher  
And a semi-pro at ball.  
They call this gent old Kiddo  
Because he has the walk  
And in the baseball season  
"Eck" will still be all the talk.



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