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OUR NATIONAL VICE

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WE ALL admit the existence of a moral law manifested by God to man. And though the basis of this law is the same in all, nevertheless, as a certain author reminds us, "there is no authentic copy of the moral law, printed, framed and hung up by the hand of Nature in the inner sanctuary of every human heart." We all know in a general way that we must do good and avoid evil but we have our own peculiar notions in what good and evil consists. It seems the one thing in which God permits of private interpretation for, provided we follow the voice of conscience, though we may do objective wrong we cannot formally sin. The interpretation of this moral law differs not only in individual from individual but even in nation from nation. Or rather it did so differ, for, with the coming of Christ, what, in the moral law was vague and indistinct, has become clear and luminous. The law of charity that previously extended only to one's countrymen, now includes the most abject and the most hated; the law that told Plato and others of the ancients to kill their deformed children and expose babes of doubtful origin, now leads to the erection of foundling institutions and asylums for the crippled; the law that prompted Hannibal to put to death in cold blood three thousand prisoners to avenge the death of a grandfather, now compels man to turn the other cheek to the blows of an assailant, while harking these words of the Scriptures: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

But though all Christian nations at the present time interpret this moral law in largely the same way, they are nevertheless differentiated among themselves by reason of what we might call national virtues and vices. That these are national virtues and vices and not different ethical standards is evidenced from

the fact that each nation as a whole has a correct conception, nothing different from that of the other nations, of the particular virtue or vice of which it is an exponent. It might be interesting to trace the growth of these national vices, for we are little concerned in the present discourse with the virtues, but time will not allow. They are probably the outcome of the environment to which the people are subjected and such different causes as the climate, the soil, the occupation and the history of these nations may account for their existence. To illustrate: if the German is stubborn, while the Frenchman is fickle, bearing in mind that the one wrests his crop with hoe and spade from the unyielding earth, while the other gathers his from the swaying vines and the bending boughs, we have a plausible explanation therefor. Anyone that has stood on a sandy plain beneath the unrelenting rays of a torrid sun, will comprehend the inflammable temper of the Spaniard; anyone that has visited some southern city like Mobile or New Orleans, that has loitered beneath the palms and the bamboos of the tropics, will conceive the passion that boils in the blood of an Italian; anyone that has paced the deck of a fishing smack and felt the biting cold of a Labrador climate, while shaking the brine and sleet from his benumbed limbs, will appreciate the grasping spirit of the Norwegian; anyone that has sat for hours on a high stool weariedly making out a trial-balance, or has stood behind a counter forcing a sickly smile at each incoming customer, will realize the craftiness of the Englishman; anyone that has lived in a straw-covered hut and, as a child, peeped terror-stricken from the door while the soldiers have taken the older brother as a recruit to the army or perhaps dragged the aged father in chains to Siberia, will understand the revengefulness of the Russian; anyone—but no, I shall proceed more slowly to tell you what the American is and why he is as he is.

America, we are told, is the land of opportunity or, to commemorate the work of a well known priest and lecturer, "The Land of Possibilities." Everyone feels, everyone knows that in this country he has an equal chance with his neighbor. No matter what the condition of his forebears may have been, the boy whose cheek is bronzed by the sun of Sunny Italy can as well attain eminence as he whose cheek displays the rose, emblematic of Albion's Hills. Side by side they sit in the same school, side by side in the same lecture hall, side by side in the same

accounting room; side by side, until fortune or talent or pluck or perseverance, be it what it may, lifts the one up and sets the other down. And yet it is these very possibilities which everyone feels himself to possess, these possibilities that generate bravery in the one, bravado in the other, and boastfulness in all, that account for our national vice.

Do you know what the foreigner thinks of us, the peasant of Germany and Switzerland? He considers us as a semi-civilized being, at heart a barbarian, who has picked up something of the language and the learning of the Europeans but none of their culture and refinement. And no wonder! We swoop down upon the hallowed quiet of their lives in all our gewgaws of fashion, and the European, never having seen an Indian in war-paint and feathers, fancies there can be but a difference in color between the two classes of Americans, the one being red and the other white. With a ruthless disregard for their traditions, our drummer goes around preaching the Gospel of Discontent, replacing the old wooden plough for a steel one made by our Harvesting Combine; our tourist, with rare nonchalance, peers through the window at the affrighted children of some mountaineer or perhaps forces the door leading to the privy council of a king, while our capitalist amuses himself by employing some one to steal a valuable painting from the Vatican Library, or else by buying an Earldom for his eldest daughter and, with traditional Yankee craft, he succeeds in having the Earl thrown into the bargain. And after we have completed our whirlwind campaign of nearly two months, but two things stand out before the bemuddled mind of the European as reminders of our visit, gold and brass, the gold being here used in a literal sense and the brass taken figuratively.

I am willing to concede that the American at home and the American abroad are not the same, that the American as conceived by the European and the American as he is, are two different beings; but I am not willing to admit that the American is wholly misjudged and misunderstood by his European brother. Our own conception of ourselves is not in the main different from that of strangers, the only difference being that the element of novelty enters into the one notion while it is wholly lacking in the other. Let us see. Take a man whom you consider as thoroughly representative of your community and a worthy ex-

emplar for your young hopeful. He may be a merchant, he may be a real-estate agent, an insurance solicitor, he may be a professional man; but one thing he surely is, he is a conspicuous man. Of course, you say, otherwise you would not have picked him out. But your representative man is conspicuous not only in what he is or what he has, in what he has been or expects to be, but he is conspicuous in his very person. He does not need an advance agent to tell you about himself, he does not need a coterie of admirers to herald his praises, but somehow you just see him and you know that he is some unusual personage, elevated insuperably above the common herd.

If anyone imagines that I am not adhering strictly to facts, let him summon his own experience to his aid and with that to checkmate any overdrawn description or subtleties of argument, let him follow me through the rest of this discourse. I have said that above all our representative man was a conspicuous man and conspicuous in his person. If you were to ask me just what I meant by this last statement, I confess I would hardly be able to give you a precise explanation, as it is one of those things that elude definition; but no one misapprehends, no one is at a loss to know what is meant by the phrase, conspicuous in one's person. By the expression we probably mean a sum-total of all those things that more immediately affect us at a first meeting. The poise of the head, the carriage, the tone of voice, the gestures, the clothes, all enter into the aggregate person. And now let us see if our representative man is not as I have described him.

We perhaps meet him standing with a bevy of friends on some street corner or in the hotel lobby and from his very handshake and easy address we can tell something about him. Or rather through his handshake and address he tells us something about himself. And if we listen attentively we shall hear much more during the course of the following five minutes' conversation. After the first brief introduction, our eyes naturally fall on his clothes and from these we learn something of our type. If he is a man below middle age, his suit is just a little bit swagger, if beyond middle age, his suit, though not extreme in style, is noticeable for its faultless tailoring. A diamond stud gleaming from the folds of his tie will tell us that our newly found friend is engaged in some prosperous business enterprise, a pair of

prince-nez glasses will indicate the professional man and the emblem on the lapel of his coat evidences the fact that he either takes long trips to the various cities under the guise of insurance and fraternity, or else remains away from home nights planning with the other club members, the betterment of the civic community. You can tell nine out of every ten men you meet by the clothes they wear and you can pick out a drummer from a lawyer or doctor just as infallibly as you can distinguish a soldier from a clergyman, and they don't have to wear Roman collars or brass buttons at that.

But love of clothes is not our national vice. We hold that conjointly with the other races. It is only one of the smallest elements that enter into our besetting sin, though it is exterior evidence of our passion to be conspicuous. But let us go back to our type. During the five minutes that we talk with him, we learn more about him than we would by remaining with a European for a month. And yet he does not talk about himself. In fact he is rather diffident in regard to his own affairs; it is only incidentally that we discover he is in the city in attendance at a banker's convention. Incidentally, likewise, we discover that he was born of poor parents, that by honest endeavors and close application to business, he has stored away a comfortable nest-egg for a rainy day; incidentally we learn that he is mayor of his city and prominently mentioned as the probable successor to the Congressman of his district. It was incidentally, I may add, that the paid biographer of a certain presidential candidate discovered the photograph of the little old log cabin where this deserving man was born, but it was not incidentally that a certain magazine discovered the engraver who had made the plate from a drawing.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Americans are proud and boastful, though they are so covertly. Instead of going around heralding his own praises, our estimable citizen confides his secrets to a friend; the only point being that nearly every one is his friend; the athlete, after a brilliant exhibition of his prowess, tries to escape his admirers by concealing himself under a row of seats but he always makes so much fuss about it that they invariably discover him; the blushing bride who has planned a quiet home wedding, always sees that the doors of the paternal mansion are left open to some hundred friends who just insist on

being there. In all ranks of life we find this prevailing craze, this desire to be conspicuous. It is the original, the only "dementia Americana." If it is not present in any one community it is because the people thereof are not yet naturalized; they will acquire it with their papers of citizenship. It is a germ that infests and infects every portion of our commonwealth and we have thus far been unable to discover a preventative against it, much less a cure. If a farmer has but ten acres of stump-covered weed-grown land he will point with pride to the fact that the turnips grown thereon are sweeter and juicier than those grown anywhere else in the immediate neighborhood; if the village idler had no other claim to distinction, he will merit and demand your recognition by the size of his quid or his facility in carving; while the shock-haired son of some immigrant living in the tenement district of a large city, however obscure he may otherwise be, throws out his chest with pride as the patrol wagon dashes down the street and pointing to a crouching figure thereon, attracts attention to himself as he says with no little feeling, "Dat's me brudder."

I confess there is some word to be said for the policy of "putting the best foot forward"; some thought to be applauded in the advice of the Puritan maid, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John"; some truth to be recognized in the ideal of the Strenuous Life; but in these things, we Americans need no instruction; we rather suffer from over-education. We have reason to be proud of our achievements, reason to be elated in the push, the pluck and the persistence of our race, reason to be jubilant over our progress and prosperity; but we have no reason to be boastful. Praise comes best from others and true greatness is always accompanied by true humility.

And now, my dear friends, I must conclude though I feel that I could continue indefinitely with illustrations showing you the existence of our national vice. However, after what I have said and, more particularly, after what I have left unsaid, it must be patent to every observant man that we have a prevailing passion and that that passion is conspicuousness. And do not, I pray you, from the exaggerated nature of my illustrations, conceive any prejudice against the underlying truths of the argument. I am willing to admit that in some cases my examples may have been a little bit overdrawn, but the very nature of the subject has occasioned this. If I were dealing with a great big vice and one

easily observed I would not be forced to such expedients; but to expose a defect which baffles the scrutiny of sincere and honest men and which even passes for a virtue, this requires heroic measures. And herein lies our difficulty in combatting the vice; its apparent harmlessness and its interwoven connection with the virtue of activity which we justly admire. If we were able to convince ourselves as a nation that the vice lies deep down and threatens the very bulwark of our liberties through supplanting industry by indolence and true love of toil by a false shown of effort, if we were able to convince ourselves of this, then I say the task of rooting out the vice would be easy; but, until then, I fear, not much can be hoped for.

THE UNEMPLOYED

STEPHEN J. MORGAN, '09



In past times there have been moments when the nation trembled with anxiety and blanched with dread of the future. Within the memory of the present generation situations, grave and fraught with danger, have arisen. The American people today are facing one of the sternest trials that ever confronted a nation, a situation that is more difficult than was the war with Spain, a situation more demanding of attention than the Panama canal, a problem that is immediately affecting the minds and bodies of a half million of men and their dependent families, the problem of the unemployed. Great has the import of this one subject become. It is filled with care and worries to the men at the helm of the ship of state, it is a problem of alarming delirium to those affected, for at any moment the cord may snap and all will find themselves facing a chasm depthless in its miseries containing the same spirit, because it is from the same cause, that transformed fair France into a seething bed of anarchy, terror and blood. And why? In the city of New

York alone, a low estimate places the number of men not at work at 70,000. On these are dependent an average family of four, making the woeful total of people affected in one small part of our country, 350,000. And from coast to coast, from the Canadian border to the Mexican gulf the same plaintive song is echoed, louder and more miserable in its cadences. From the mountain ribbed border of the West the wailing cry of children feverish from hunger and cold is being carried even to the myriad waves of the seething Atlantic. Well might anyone say in the words of the gospel: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children."

The causes of this unhappy state of affairs are many and pitiful. First, and greatest among them in its merciless might is the destroying movement and underhand method of modern capital. This one primal cause of panics, hard times, and hungry children operates mostly on a small street in New York; it however ramifies into other localities all of which are controlled by the Wall street clique. The small manufacturer deluded by the gold, gleaming wealth which our "Captains of Industry" have corraled, eagerly invests his small sum. He has initiative, temperament, imagination, and the courage, oftentimes fatal, to do and dare. These qualities generally create an incentive that is overdone, and, as has happened several times in the last decade, something breaks. The jolt is felt, and some are paralyzed. Chaos and downheartedness grip the small manufacturer, and the child's cry echoing that of his parent, who once worked for this small producer and is now unable to, is caught up on the wings of dark, desolate, despair and carried into the awful night of gloom that permeates the length and breadth of the land. Before this break everything had a silver lining. Prosperity was everywhere. There were no idle men. The earth was yielding its treasures of enormous riches in the shape of crops, and precious metals, and coal, and iron. Everything save one was healthy, vigorous and sound. Everything was in good condition, save the money. There had been too much "juggling" and there wasn't enough money in the country to satisfy the craven carrions that hide their insatiable greed under the glittering halo of gold, and as a result chaos reigns covering all in abysmal darkness save the few whose hoarded wealth "glows through the dim immensity of gloom."

The second great cause is the lamentable attraction which the glare of the city has for the poor untutored immigrants. Unaware, for the most part, of the halcyon bliss which the modern farmer possesses, they come into the cities and gaze at the busy throngs crowding the marts of the cities, and spellbound they continue gaping. They are not aware that the farmers, comparatively speaking are rich, that their farms, for the most part, are unencumbered with mortgages, that he has a good home, money in the bank and also in his purse. This prosperity of the farmer, has elevated him to a loftier plane of life where the poverty of starvation cannot obtain. There are societies which meet their countrymen on landing whose sole purpose is to ameliorate the condition of the poor and unsophisticated immigrant. These societies purchase tillable land in goodly sized sections, and sell it on easy terms. They realize that the farmer, whose soil is giving a rich harvest, will continue to give his family all comforts. If not, why not? Knowing this they seek to impress it on the plastic mind of the newly arrived. In some cases their efforts meet with success. In others they are rebuffed and are forced to realize that to some people indeed "ignorance is bliss."

Another prime factor in causing the unemployment of willing workers are the abuses of the labor union. While it must be admitted that in some cases the union does good through its mutual benevolent policy and protection, the fact remains that thousands of honest men are unable to procure the work they desire, simply through some slight to the heads of the different "locals." Again, the frequent strikes with which employers are having to contend are leaving the workingmen with no rainy day hoard to fall back on in case of need, for the money gained by intermittent work is lost in the periods of strike. These strikes are either won or lost. If won, the unions demand the discharge of all men who do not possess a card, and many are the hearts that have ached through the loss of work in this event. If the strikes are lost, fifty per cent of the manufacturers cease to have anything to do with union labor, and as a result the unions are out of work. In either case some of the workers are thrown out of employment. Added to this dilemma, it is a known fact that after every serious strike the prices of food products, of textiles and of household goods advance. This advance in price affects only the workingmen who daily are heard grumbling, but never see a direct

cause in their labor unions. If the abuses of the unions are eradicated, or if they at least are made to learn decent methods the government will be greatly aided in its attempt to solve the problem of the unemployed.

Having seen some of the causes of this misery, it would next be well to examine some of the remedies. On every hand agitators are working to gain adherents to the cause of red handed socialism. The followers of this theory are loud in their complaints on the system, they are daily demanding the approach of the so-called "millenium," they are always barking like the watch dog in the night of the abuses of our government. But it must be said that to change our present system to their weak theory would be to leap from the frying pan into the fire; to witness the approach of their "millenium" would be equivalent to self destruction, and to substitute our government for their utopia would be to convert an abuse of power into a power of abuse. Miserable as are the conditions of some workingmen at present, how much more miserable would not their lives be if they accepted the tenets of Socialism, which has aptly been termed "a philosophy of misery and a science of discontent." All in all, Socialism would never do as a remedy for any misery, save as a tonic for diseased minds, it would be too much of a case of attempting to offset a poison by administering a poison still more virulent.

One remedy for the unemployed would be in government regulation of trusts. Our able President, Mr. Roosevelt, at one time suggested this plan and even attempted to enforce it, but opposition from both the houses and also from the trust magnates compelled him to abandon it. Government regulation means "that the power to charter, regulate and dissolve corporations of every kind operating in this country must be vested in the national government to be carried out by general legislation and courts expressly created for the purpose." Watered stocks, paper investments and other methods of corrupt financiers will then be curbed, bargain prices in bonds and stocks will disappear to confound and delude the small investor no more.

Limitation of immigration will also help in solving the question of the unemployed. In limiting immigration the government will have ridded itself of a half of the vagrants, and will the more readily be enabled to set out in the task of employing the work-

ingmen who are daily tramping the streets in a vain search for work and the consequent alleviation of hunger and cold.

Another remedy which has been found effectual in England and Sweden is the before mentioned task of persuading the idle to leave the city and retire to the seclusion of the farm where a man will be his own employer and hence less liable to the ravaging attacks of financial wolves. There is plenty of land in the Western and Southwestern parts of our country which could readily be given up in solving this problem. And the land is of the best. In scope of resources, in charm and healthfulness of climate and fertility of the soil this land is second to none. There then is where the unemployed must repair. The government is opening sections almost monthly, and there is no reason why the unfortunate should not be given first chance.

After reviewing all these things, one fact looms through. If the movement and operation of capital are permitted to continue unrestrained, if the other various causes continue in their present lane, if no remedies are found adequate, the country will foster a festering cancer which will gradually consume the vitals and resources of the nation, which will be liable to turn the entire course of history by a repetition of the horrors of Communism, Anarchy and Socialism, with which France was assailed in the eighteenth century, and which will result in shattering the entire and magnificent forces of our country, substituting in its stead the weak, nauseating, theory of Socialism to which the masses in their ignorance are turning. When this is nearing accomplishment, then alone will the despoilers of finance harken to the call of their wiser selves, then alone will the manufacturers see the result of their "projects," which will finally have crippled themselves, their workingmen, and their country.

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A Fragment.

The modest fern that finds abode
In mountain cleft or desert road,
Tho pinioned close to earth's dark sod
Is ever reaching toward its God.

S. D.

HIS FRIEND

RALPH ROGAN



HE game was over, the players of the visiting team were in Thorton hall dressing and chatting casually concerning their defeat dealt them by the players of Dalton college, when one of their number announced that his watch was missing. After a close search of the room in which every one joined, it was concluded that some one must have entered and taken the watch, and again this was doubtful as no one else suffered any loss. At any rate it was thought best to make the fact known to the authorities and as the team was departing the prefect of Thorton hall was notified of the missing article.

At 5:30 p. m. when the bell was rung for prayer all the students assembled in the chapel and after prayer Father Leighton who was prefect of Thorton hall announced that he wished to speak to all the roomers in the literary room. When all had gathered at the designated place Father Leighton entered looking rather pale and excited. "My boys you are called here tonight to hear the happening of something unusual, a thing which I never had the faintest idea could occur in this building. This afternoon while the game was in progress someone entered the room used by the visiting team and stole a watch, and as this watch has to be returned to its owner to preserve the good name of the college, I want each and every one of you to go and open the door of your rooms so that we may search the room. No reflection will be cast upon anyone, but we must find the guilty party so that this will not happen again. All were indeed glad to do as requested to show that they were not culpable. After going through the rooms on the third and second floors. Father Leighton descended to the first floor.

On arriving at room 18 he found no one there to open the door, thereupon he sent for the owner. After a few moments Harry Lee who occupied this room entered the building and faced the prefect. "Mr. Lee would you kindly unlock your door?" asked the prefect. "Do you think I stole the watch?" "No, but

you will have to do as the others have done." "I don't see any use of you going through and upsetting everything in my room, if you don't think I took the watch." By this time a crowd of students had gathered about the prefect wondering if he had found the watch. But when they saw that he was at Harry Lee's room they immediately changed their opinion for Harry was known as a model student, and there was not one of all those standing about that did not have the firmest trust in him. "I will see you later" said the prefect as he retired to his own room. That night after supper the president of the college sent for Harry Lee. The president, an amiable father to each and every student, held Harry in high esteem and considered him an exemplary student. He could not understand how any such accusation should have fallen on him as was made by the prefect of Thorton. Father Leighton had concluded that when Harry refused to open his door it was because he had taken the watch. On entering the president's room Harry was greeted with that same warm reception that he had always received on his divers visits which were indeed of a very different nature than this one. After much difficulty on his part the president asked very kindly, "Harry what is this that I hear has occurred this afternoon? Is it true that you took the watch?" "No father I did not." "Why then did you refuse to open your door as the others had done?" To this he made no reply. "My boy I am very sorry to say it, but if this watch is not found or returned tonight you will have to leave the college, for there is no other alternative." "Father, I did not take the watch." "But the evidence is against you unless you can state why you did not unlock the door of your room."

Again Harry remained silent. The president with tearful eyes opened the door for him to depart. That night sleep was an impossibility. Harry lay awake all night thinking of what his father would say when he saw his only son return home branded with the stigma of expulsion, and his mother—at this thought tears overcame him—her heart would surely be broken. On through the night Harry's thoughts burnt with that seemingly everlasting shame which he would carry away with him from college. Indeed this was very different from that which he had aspired to when he had entered the college several months previous, with the ambition of some day getting his degree which would admit him to a university where he could pursue a course

in law and follow in the footsteps of his father who was one of the prominent lawyers in his home town. But now all ambition would have to be sacrificed to that stigma of disgrace—expulsion; it was this thought that made Harry shudder.

The next morning at eight o'clock as Harry was finishing his preparations for departure, one of his fellow students announced to him that the president wished to see him. With head cast down Harry walked to the president's room for it seemed to him that all eyes in the school were upon him as he was about to leave his chosen Alma Mater. On entering the president's room he was greeted with these words, "My boy I have very good news for you." Then the president handed him the telegram that had just been received at the college. (Telegram) "Mr. President Dalton College. Watch found last night in suitcase. Must have dropped while dressing. Very sorry for trouble caused you. Yours, E. J. Halloway." A faint attempt at a smile was made by Harry as he finished reading this news, for he thought that now he would be at peace with the college faculty, but no there was still more trouble for him. "Well now I suppose you will tell me why you refused to unlock your door last night."—Just then there was a knock at the door. The president opened it and admitted George Dilley. "Father," broke in George not waiting to be asked what his business was, "I came to tell you that there has been a false accusation made against Harry. He did not take the watch, I swear to it, and the reason he did not open his door was because I was in his room at the time and—and—intoxicated, so I came to confess that you might give me the punishment which is deserved, for I knew Harry would never tell." "Is this true Harry?" asked the president. "It is" stammered George. "Why did you not say so when asked?" demanded the president of Harry. "Were you willing to sacrifice your good name and reputation to shield the wrong of a friend?" Harry said not a word for he and George were indeed friends. They came from the same place, where they had grown up together. They had entered college at the same time and were almost constantly in each other's company. But George had the habit of disappearing occasionally from the campus and when he returned it was generally in an unsteady condition. This was his one weakness, one which Harry often shielded and reminded him of, but it seemed to do no good.

After a few moments of reflection in which he seemed to debate with himself his next move, the president dismissed Harry saying that he regretted what had happened, but that this would in no way interfere with their past existing friendship. After Harry departed the president looked sharply at George. "Do you realize the sacrifice that Harry was willing to perform in order to conceal your shameful act?" "I do" murmured George with bent head. "In return would you do the same under similar circumstances if the opportunity were to present itself?" "I would." "As a reward for Harry's mark of friendship I will permit you to remain in the college, but on one condition, and that is that you reciprocate this loyalty by promising that you will not touch a drop of liquor as long as you stay here." George promised, and when he left the president's room he realized more and more that his sacrifice would be merely a shadow to what Harry had been willing to do for him.



THE INCIDENT AT OXBOW

F. CLEARY, 11

THERE were very few, in that great and large school of Oxbow, who were unacquainted with the talent and intellectual abilities of Jim Weldon. He was the shining light among all his classmates and was always regarded as the brightest boy in school. The most remarkable fact of the case, however, was that he employed little time in study. He was not a shirker in anything but he did not have to struggle and work in preparing his classes like most of the other boys. He was a genius, and so much was this so, that he had only to glance over a lesson and he was ready for recitation.

However talent and character are far different qualities, and Weldon even though he possessed the highest sense of honor, lacked one very important trait of character, and that was unselfishness towards others. This phase of his character was in direct opposition to that of Walter Mason, the plugger of the school, of whom Weldon was very jealous. Mason was one of

those fellows who take their time in doing anything, and although naturally of a dull disposition, he never gave up to disappointment, but struggled on with the determination that success would one day crown his efforts. Accordingly, each succeeding examination saw him approaching the goal towards which his ambition and strong will carried him. At first he was just able to carry his studies, but as time went on his marks became higher at each test. Of course this was a source of much worry to Weldon, for he was striving for the general excellence medal, and to be outdone by such a boor, as he expressed Mason to be, was like being whipped by the smallest boy in the yard. This thought alone would not have been so bad in itself, if he had only used other means to attain his end.

The day for the final examination was near at hand; tomorrow would decide the fate of either Mason or Weldon, for these were the only two rivals left for the medal. Mason's perseverance had won out for him, and he stood in line of battle waiting for the final hour to arrive. The afternoon preceding the examination was the time set for the final reviews and both were looking over the matter with the teacher, who was marking out a few important subjects which they must be ready to answer if called upon. The rest of the class had been dismissed and so it happened that Mason and Weldon were left with the teacher.

"May I use your pencil for a moment?" asked Weldon of Mason? "Sure," said Mason, for little did he suspect the trap Weldon had planned to lay for him. He gave the pencil to Weldon and being directly in front of him did not even turn around to see what the latter was doing. The villain's move was quick and before Mason or the teacher, even saw or thought what Weldon was doing, he had pulled out of his pocket a tiny bottle, removed the cork, and dipped the pencil into the liquid contained in the vial. This liquid was known as lenzine and was derived from the root of the lenzinous plant, which could be found only in the glades of far distant lands. Its effects were in nearly every case deadly, and so it was that Weldon in a fit of mad jealousy, had done the deed by which he hoped to rid himself of Mason. And so after corking the bottle, with cat-like celerity he returned it to his pocket, and composing himself thanked Mason and passed the pencil forward to him. By this time Mason was ready to leave the class-room and taking the pencil placed it in his vest-pocket. Class was now over and the students were rushing to

the football field, for a game had been scheduled on that afternoon with Harlem Academy. This was the first game of the season and it meant very much to the 'Varsity team, for it was to decide the makeup of the team. Many candidates heretofore had been practicing daily and now they must display their best efforts or lose out.

Let us leave this for a moment, however, and go back and see what has become of Mason and Weldon. Mason had started for the field, but Weldon could not face his companions, for a while, anyway. "My God, what have I done?" he exclaimed, as he passed into a dark recess of the corridor. "It cannot be, that I will poison him." "No I must save him," and with these last words he turned and rushed madly for the stairway. But fate was against him, he stumbled at the head of the stairs, and fell headlong to the landing. How long he remained there, he could not say, only this, that he had fainted, and awaking he could hear the crowd as it roared and yelled in mad excitement on the football field. "I'll go if it kills me," exclaimed Weldon who by this time had regained enough strength to walk. So he did, but little did he know what was in store for him, or he never would have been able to reach the field, for while all his trouble had been going on a greater and more terrible accident had happened. A reporter had come out to get a few lines on the game for some daily paper, and standing along the sidelines had been taking down notes, off and on, of the plays and players, as they worked out in the game. He stood close to the sideline, and suddenly a fumble was made and the ball bounded over towards him. He jumped back, but by this time the crowd and players were all rushing around him. In the push and stir of the crowd he dropped his pencil and was unable to find it. The plays were very new to him and it was necessary to write a few more down, for this reason he was compelled to ask for a pencil from the crowd. "Here's one, spoke up Mason," and with that he handed the pencil to the reporter, who moistened the lead and started jotting down notes. But alas! It was the poisoned pencil, and in a short time he fell unconscious to the ground. Almost at the same moment the crowd surged around him and pushed and pulled in mad curiosity. However, two students who had rushed to the scene cleared away the crowd and applied water to his mouth and forehead, thinking he had only fainted. Unable to

restore him to consciousness by this means, they called for the doctor, and then carried him into the infirmary, where he lay pale and still. The doctor came and with him a priest, but both seemed useless as no sign of life was in him. The good Sisters of the infirmary did not give up hope, however, and worked with all might and strength to save him, and their efforts were of some avail for he opened his eyes for the first time. He could not talk, but by his looks hope brightened. "Who is it?" was the first question on the lips of everyone, but no one seemed to know. All thought he was a reporter but none remembered ever seeing him before. And so, all stood and waited in great excitement, trying to find out the details of the accident.

By this time Weldon had reached the field and looking wildly about him for Mason failed to understand what had happened. "Mason! Mason! where is he?" he loudly cried, and rushed around, half dazed from his fall. He looked up and down the field but Mason was not in sight, and as he turned to leave he glanced to the ground, and there before him lay the fatal pencil. He grabbed it in his hand, and by this time seemed to realize that something had happened, for he started on a mad rush for the nearest building, in which it happened was stationed the infirmary. He entered the building, saw the crowd, and was almost overcome when he noticed they were all around the infirmary. "It is Mason! he's dead!" was the first thought that came to his mind. Imagine his joy, when he met Mason at the infirmary door, but you must also imagine the terror which struck him, as he saw the face on the couch before him. "It's Tom! Tom Weldon! my long lost brother," "but what is the matter, why doesn't he speak?" "Is he hurt?" The story was related to him as the spectators saw it and no one could tell what ailed him save the doctor who said he must be poisoned. At the word poison, Jim Weldon shuddered; "could it be possible that he had got hold of the pencil?" he thought to himself. "What was he doing before this happened?" he asked of one of the boys. "Taking notes of the game, I guess, I don't know," said the boy. "I've done it! I've done it!" he exclaimed and he fell to the floor in a faint. "Done what?" said the crowd, but Weldon did not hear them. When he recovered from the faint he was lying close beside his brother and the first word he uttered was, "How is Tom?" "He is better" said the doctor, but it will be some time

before he can recover from the effects of an apparently strong dose of poison. Tom was now beginning to talk a little, and the joy that filled his soul, when he glanced at the face of his only brother, cannot be expressed in words. They embraced as only long lost brothers could, and Tom related how he had come to the game as a reporter and scout for Wicklow University, whom Oxbow were to meet in the near future. He could not tell how he had been poisoned except that a queer feeling from the moment he tasted the pencil-lead seemed to be felt all over his body. Jim had listened to all this, and well knew what he had done, but controlled himself as best he could. His remorse was great but he had to face the consequences. He called for Mason and then and there related the whole plot to him. How he had poisoned the pencil in order to keep Mason from the examination; how he had been overcome by remorse of conscience and tried to reach him before he would use the pencil; and lastly, he told Mason how his plot had turned against him and had claimed as a victim his own innocent brother. He begged for forgiveness and prayed that he might receive a just punishment for the crime, but Mason was too good a man to wish for anything but mercy, and so Jim was spared. Tom recovered, and the shining gold which had caused so much trouble was forgotten ever-afterward.

AUTUMN.

J. Cosgrove, '12.

The lifeless flowers lie withered,
The old brown leaves lie dead
The summer's parting from us
And Autumn comes instead.

The Red man's golden summer
Has come to visit here.
The golden time of Autumn
The gladdest of the year.



Our Bardic Choir



WINTER.

How gloomy the season that rests with us now,
It seems as though age has disfigured its brow,
But it's only for time, it assumes such a phase
Soon nature the curtain of Spring-time will raise.

The trees are deprived of the leaves they long bore,
Through the storm's fearful raging, the wind's mighty roar,
They are scattered afar, ne'er again to be seen,
Whils't they left the tall branches so bleak, so serene.

The meadows are clothed in a gloomy array,
The blush of the flowers has faded away,
The creek that once sparkled and rippled and fell
Is now a grey margin stretched out thro the dell.

The woodland where nestled the birds of the air,
Where but yesterday roses and lilies bloomed fair,
Is today cold and lonesome, deserted, alone,
Save the loud shrieking winds, which have made it their home.

But the time is not far when a season more bright
Will dispel all our sorrow and bring us delight,
When the birds will again their sweet melodies sing
When nature announces the advent of spring.

Each and every misstep on the pathway of life
Is a season that's freighted with sorrow and strife
But the hope of the future must e'er urge us on
Through the storm's fiercest raging to the portals of calm.

K. O. E.

MY IDEAL.

I would have her gracious and gentle,
With kindness to walk side by side;
With affection's smile for the sunny
With sympathy's tear for the tried.

I would have her tender and truthful,
A voice with sincerity's sound;
And above every act of her earth life
These virtues to ever abound.

With the air of the earnest and truthful,
Which can merge into merrier words;
And win with her warmth and her wisdom
All persons her presence includes.

With a spark of the fire of the fearless,
That can frankly and firmly defend
The right in its hour of oppression
And steadily stand by a friend.

With a conscience so carefully cultured,
And of such a delicate mould,
That naught of a doubt tainted nature
This crystalline chalice could hold.

I would have her womanly always
With fragrance that close to her clings,
For to be a womanly woman
Is the crown of all womanly things.

G. M.

THE LAY OF THE NOVELIST.

R. Heffernan, '12.

Oh! give me a shovel, a pick and a placer
A dirty old greaser whose worst is his best,
A gold mine, a girl and a lover to thicken
The plot; and I'll write you
A Tale of the West.

THE VIATORIAN

Oh! give me a colonel with plantations vast
 A kinky head darky, thick lips and wide mouth,
 A maiden beguiling, with a black steed well cast
 And lo; I will write you

A Tale of the South.

Oh! give me a show, a dress suit and scarf pin
 A tip on the derby, two bottles at least
 A sport who in all this wide world has no kin
 And see; I will write you

A Tale of the East.

Oh! give me a sport with a pipe made of willow,
 A pennant, a pillow or sweater for sale;
 A gym shirt, a football, a jolly good fellow,
 And of old Viateur's

I'll write you a tale.

Oh! give me some cranberries, turkey and gravy,
 A piece of mince pie and a good football play
 With a dollar or two to spend on a daisy
 And I'll write you,

A Tale of Thanksgiving Day.

 AN INDIAN MAIDEN.

J. A. Pilon.

Oh maid tho' thou art not divinely fair,
 Thy looks are comely and thy sparkling eyes
 Have all the liquid depths of Northern skies;
 Or flashing fire, seem meteors that flare
 In the still dead of night. And well thy hair
 In raven locks that o'er thy shoulder lies,
 Suggests a race whence warriors have their rise,
 A race that any hardihood might bear.
 Thy searching eyebrows, thy contour of face,
 Thine olive skin, thy cheeks faint-touched with red
 Are such as fighting Amazons might grace.
 A sculptor would give Joan such a head
 And from thy mould, Diana in the Chase
 Would fashion. Here, are Nymphs and Furies wed.

THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIALS.

Election Outlook.

The 1908 campaign and election is at last ended and the people as well as the illustrious candidates and their active partisans have settled down to resume the routine of their different avocations and to speculate on the future acts of the President-Elect. From present indications the election of Mr. Taft, although not meeting with the wishes of everyone, points to the same generous and equitable administration of the last few years. Now that the election is over, the industries of the country should again operate vigorously and the financial stringency should be removed. With the continuance of the same vigorous Republican policies prosperity should beam on the country on all sides. The trusts will be unwilling to resist authority by again forcing a crisis, for their interests are too severely crippled by the panic of last fall. Their lesson has been too severe, their attempt too perilous and prolonged, their vanity too well satisfied. Again, the ante-election promises of the Republican party offered pleasant food for thought and as Mr. Taft is known to be a man of his word fear for the future should be an unknown quantity. In the course of the next four years we may hope to see public affairs successful beyond even the most sanguine wishes of those who

have been striving to have their principles once more to the front, pressing the standard of state toward the heights of a stainless civilization. If this is accomplished pessimistic indeed would be the man who would desire otherwise.



The large assembly of prelates at the recent Missionary Congress evinced the wide interest which is being taken in missionary activity. The old adage "Truth is stranger than fiction" was never demonstrated to greater advantage. Through the medium of the Church Extension Society we had heard reports of the burdensome lives of the spiritual harvesters in the new lands of promise, we read of the desperate efforts missionaries are making to keep alive the spark of Faith, but it remained for the Congress to inform us that the reports were not exaggerated. It needed only the reminder of such a body to call our attention to the great work being done. This gathering opened needed discussion of affairs in the missionary worlds and it marked a new era in the field of missionary activity. It is giving the needed impetus to missionary endeavor and its results will undoubtedly assist the zealous workers in their various plans of colonization, foreign missions and church extension. It has helped materially in disclosing effectual plans and its inevitable result cannot be anything but the uplifting of struggling souls, the constituting of principles which make man "the grandest work of God."



Once again with the ceaseless advance of time we arrive at the day set apart by the nation to offer thanks for national and personal blessings. Thanksgiving Day is a day that should, and does, rank high in the estimation of the general American public, for it is distinctly American, and its purpose is most salutary. In spite of the nauseating statistics invented by perverted minds to show that the American people are, for the great part, non religious, the fact remains that the American nation alone recognizes the blessings which are being showered on the world, the American nation alone sets apart a day on which all business activity shall cease, in order that some thanks may be rendered to Him who provides for everyone. In doing this the

American nation shows a deeper insight into the nature of things than any other nation, as a nation it evinces gratitude a trait of every true American citizen.



SOCIETIES.

"Smoker to the Juniors."

On Tuesday evening Oct. the 13th an informal smoker was given by the Seniors to the Juniors. Although this was the first event of the season the spirit of good fellowship ebbed high and throughout the evening, it was a most noticeable feature. Each number on the programme was greeted with ringing applause. Favorable commendation was heard on all sides because of the splendid welcome accorded the guests; and if each successive bomb of social welcome explodes with such force of appreciation the monotomy of college life will be greatly relieved, "thanks to class organization."

"Juniors Promise Spread."

The Juniors, lead by the example and encouraged by the good fellowship of their upper classmen, decided in their last meeting to keep rolling the tide of fraternal spirit, by giving on Monday, Oct, 22 a banquet to be digested by intellectual treats.

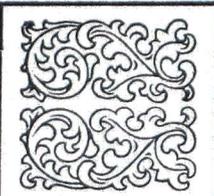
"Sophs and Freshies Not Idle."

The Sophs and Freshies vowed in their last regular meeting not to be outdone; as yet no definite plans have been given, nevertheless it is rumored there is a surprise coming from that quarter.

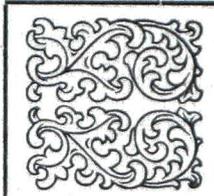
"Thespian Club Organized."

To the joy of all was announced the reorganization of the S. V. C. Thespian Club. A play has already been selected and is well under way. The old stars are promising to surpass their former achievements before the footlights, while a number of new aspirants evince ability to make a hit in the gilded world.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society will organize in the near future and "here" is hoping it will get active, for innumerable are the benefits to be derived from such a society. Many men both in the ecclesiastical and commercial world today place St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society as their initial success.



Exchanges



As the various college journals continue to grace the sanctum with their visits, we cannot help noticing the preference given, by not a few, to stories and anecdotes rather than to essays on current events and philosophical subjects. The college paper is intended to reflect, as closely as possible, the life and activity of the students. But many are prone to reflect only the light and frivolous affairs that take place in the ordinary routine of college life, leaving the more serious and intellectual topics out entirely. These latter seem to us to be of more importance than the former. Of course we do not mean to say that all levity and fun should be excluded. Far from it. But we do mean that the average college paper should serve to indicate the intellectual development and progress of an institution. Just as a book displays the character and individuality of the author, so also does the university magazine show up the standing and class of the college by which it is put forth.

Such a magazine is the **Mt. St. Joseph Collegian** for October which hails from historic Baltimore. The initial article, a poem on Indian Summer, is most deserving of commendation. The style is a reflection of that of our great American poet Longfellow both in the meter and in the subject treated. The plot is admirably worked out in verse and the imagery so essential to poetry is excellent. The meter is a trifle rough in two or three places but this is easily overlooked in the masterful way in which the author treats his subject. *Hearts of Gold* by the same gentleman is also worthy of mention. It is to be regretted that such works should be confined to the limited circulation of a college journal.

In last month's issue of **The Collegian** from St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, we are glad to see a good definition of Culture by M. J. O'Keefe. It is true that this subject might have been treated more fully but the style is excellent and the thought well developed. The short story, *When Ostler Came is*

also good and is told in an interesting way. The verse in this number is up to the standard and combines to make it a valued exchange.

The **Holy Cross Purple** abounds with short stories and verse. For the most part they are readable and the poetry affords some degree of pleasure. The Plagiarist contains an excellent plot and is well told. The essay on The Centenary of the Archdiocese of Boston is a good source of information not only for historical facts but for the progress made by the Church in New England.

From the Great Northwest comes **The Columbiad**, in which is to be found as good an appreciation of the Idylls of The King as one may hope to find in any of the current college magazines. The author has a firm grasp of his subject and thoroughly understands its merits.

St. John's Record from Collegville, Minnesota, contains a beautiful little legend told in verse under the name of The Potter By The Sea. The article entitled, Are The People of the U. S. the Source of Power? is published at a most opportune time and designates the author as one who is not only well informed but also is a person of firm convictions in positing remedies for the abuses existing at the present time in politics.

One of the best exchanges received last month was **The Mountaineer** from Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. It is full of intelligent essays, good stories and readable verse. Please accept our congratulations on the event of your centenary. Few colleges there are indeed which can boast of their hundredth birthday.

We acknowledge the receipt of: Victorian; St. Mary's Messenger; The Dial. St. Vincent College Journal; Scholastic; The Young Eagle; Purple and White; Loretto Crescent; Echoes; St. Jerome Schoolman; University of Ottawa Review; Pittsburgh College Bulletin; Laurel; Nazareth Chimes; Queen's University Journal; St. Ignatius Collegian; St. Mary's Sentinel; Abbey Student; Columbiad; St. John's University Record; Villa Shield; Fordham Monthly; Holy Cross Purple; The Redwood, and the **Ave Maria**.

Athletic Notes

St. Viateur, 26; Grand Prairie, 6.

St. Viateur marked the formal opening of Brown gridiron by defeating Grand Prairie in a well played game to the round tune of 26 to 6. The locals were strong both on offensive play and on defense and clearly out played their opponents in every department. The first touchdown was the result of a sixty-eight yard march down the field, with Legris, O'Donnell and Fitzgerald in the van, O'Donnell making the first touchdown on a cross drive for fourteen yards. A difficult goal was kicked by Legris for the sixth point. A few minutes later Grand Prairie made their only score by intercepting a forward pass Breneisa racing thirty-five yards and over the goal line. Schnurr kicked goal, thus tying the score.

On the next kickoff the varsity again pounded the visitors' line, until their forty yard line was reached. Here two line plunges failing to work, Capt. Legris dropped back to the forty-seven yard line and added four more points, the air line being the route of the score. The goal was as pretty a drop as has ever been seen on the local gridiron, the distance, angle, and a slight wind all being opposed to "Pat's" toe. The half ended with the ball on Grand Prairie's 36 yard line. In the second half the varsity showed the results of good training, and put life into every play, Grand Prairie failing to make their downs once. Legris, Nourie and O'Donnell each scored touchdowns, Legris and O'Donnell by strenuous end runs, while Nourie's came as a result of a fumble on the visitors' one yard line. Legris added a point on the try at goal. The individual work of Legris, O'Donnell, and Berry, with the assistance of their team-mates aided greatly to the victory. Breneisa starred for the visitors. Line-up:

St. Viateur, 26.

Munson, Carroll, Karpen
 McClure
 Kelly, Shannon, O'Brien
 Nourie
 Moran
 Schaeffer, Walsh, Stack

L. E.
 L. T.
 L. G.
 C.
 R. G.
 R. T.

Grand Prairie, 6.

Brown
 Schnurr (Capt.)
 ff Anderson
 Essington
 Healey, Smith
 Loge

Morgan	R. E.	Inkster, Ryan
Berry, Muga	Q. B.	Danforth, Miller
O'Donnell	L. H. B.	Cowan
Fitzgerald	R. H. B.	Breneisa, Allen
Legris (Capt.)	F. B.	Scamahorn

Touchdowns, O'Donnell (2), Legris, Nourie, Breneisa. Goals from touchdowns, Legris (2), Schnurr. Goals from field, Legris. Referee, Wheeler, N. W. Umpire, Langan, K. H. S. Head linesman, E. Quille. Time of halves, 25 min.

Marquette, 63; St. Viateur's 0.

St. Viateur's met the strong Marquette University team at Milwaukee, on Oct. 17, being overwhelmed but not disgraced by the score of 63 to 0. Against a team outweighing them 25 pounds to the man, a team which had achieved fame by holding Illinois U. to a 6 to 6 score, and which afterwards lost only to Wisconsin by the narrow margin of 3 points, the varsity fought gamely, and even out-played them at new football, as well as in the kicking department. Old time formations were used for the most part by Marquette although they varied them now and then by a few forward passes, all of which were intercepted by the local ends. These the varsity withstood for the first twelve minutes, but in the end weight and brute force told. Opposed by the overwhelming odds St. Viateur established a record for gameness among friends and foe. At new football St. Viateur gained over seventy yards on successive plays. This speaks volumes for the local coaches who did not anticipate meeting a mountain of beef. Legris' punting and kicking off electrified the throng, one of his attempts in the punting line being the longest ever seen in Milwaukee, traveling seventy-five yards before striking the earth. Time and again at kickoffs he placed the oval behind the goal lines. For Marquette Meyer and Cleary performed best, while Legris by his brilliant playing and the whole team through its display of fight, repeated the old slogan "St. Viateur never quits."

Line-up:

St. Viateur, 0.		Marquette, 63.
Carroll, Karpen	L. E.	Foley, Lee, Curtin
Schaeffer	L. T.	Hanley, Montgomery
Shannon, O'Brien	L. G.	Howsley, Winneman
Nourie	C.	Manning, Lehman
McClure	R. G.	Snyder

Moran	R. T.	Elsen
Morgan, Munson	R. E.	W. Meyer, Hansen
Mugan, Quille	Q. B.	Wright (Capt), Schaller
O'Donnell	L. H. B.	Bartley, Cleary
Fitzgerald, Walsh	R. H. B.	A. Meyer, Hanson
Legris (Capt).	F. B.	Wheeler, Cook

Touchdowns, A. Meyer (2), Hanley (2), Wheeler (2), Cleary (3), Schaller (2). Goals from touchdowns, Wright 5; Cleary 3. Umpire, E. A. Brady, McGill. Referee, E. Jennings. Marquette field judge, Dr. G. M. Ingham. Time of halves, 35 min. Attendance, 9,462.

St. Viateur, 29.

Phys. and Surgeons, 0.

St. Viateur defeated the heavy squad from the Physicians and Surgeons College in a game featured by many long runs, and incidentally the return to the game of Legris, the stalwart 'Varsity captain and full-back. The local squad showed up in great fettle on offense, and uncovered a variety of forward passes, on side kicks and end runs which completely "buffaloed" the husky doctors and left them panting in the rear. Soon after the kickoff, a neatly executed shoe string pass, Mugan to Ryan, resulted in a beautiful squirming run of 60 yards for a touchdown which however was disallowed, the referee ruling that a local held. After the penalty had been given another forward pass was tried and Legris romped over the goal line for the first touchdown. Legris added one to the total by kicking a beautiful goal. A few minutes later after the locals had worked the ball well into foreign territory, Fitzgerald shot through tackle for a fifteen yard gain and a touchdown. Legris again booted the ball for the additional point. An assortment of on side kicks and forward passes continued intermittently throughout the game, Legris, Walsh and Schaeffer being sent over for the points. For the locals the work of Ryan, Legris, O'Donnell, and Carroll were strong assets, while Smith performed best for the Medics. The improvement in offense and defense presages well for the Notre Dame game which is the next big game on the local card. The line-up:

St. Viateur, 29.

Phys. and Surgeons, 0.

Carroll	L. E.	Kestinger
Schaeffer	L. T.	O'Brien

O'Brien, Shannon	L. G.	Herrick
Nourie	C.	Puffer
McClure	R. G.	Elliott
Moran	R. T.	Hurka
Ryan, Munson, Quille	R. E.	McGinnie
Mugan	Q. B.	Sterling
Fitzgerald, Walsh	L. H.	Smith (Capt)
O'Donnell	R. H.	Langan
Legris (Capt)	F. B.	Martin

Touchdowns, Legris (2), Fitzgerald, Walsh, Schaeffer. Goals from touchdown, Legris (4). Umpire, Schmidt, U. of Illinois. Referee, Lee, Kankakee. Field judge, Hayes. Head linesman, Silverman. Time of halves, 20 min.

As we go to press the locals defeated Downer's Grove 6 to 0, and Hyde Park 33 to 0. A fuller account will appear in our next issue.

The Junior football team opened their season on Sunday, Oct. 4, by defeating a Kankakee team by the score of 6 to 0. They defeated the Bradley Riverviews on Oct. 11 by the score of 5 to 0, won again 17 to 0, and finally beat the ex-Juniors by the score of 4 to 0. To date no team has crossed their goal line and they have not played a team which did not out-weigh them. They have some players on their squad that cause the enthusiasts of the game to open their eyes. Capt. F. Legris, Corcoran, Marcotte, Tynan and Haynes make up the back-field. The forward pass and on side kick are their main sources of dependency, and the way they master these is wonderful. Capt. Legris, like his older brother is the mainstay of the kicking department.

The Minim football squad as in former years have organized, and have played several games, without knowing what defeat tastes like. They have met Kankakee organizations which out-weighed them sometimes 15 pounds to the man, but the cleverness with which they work the forward pass and various trick plays upset their heavier rivals. Their coach, McDonald, says he has never had a better team in the department. To date they have scored 173 points while their rivals only scored six. They have won eight games and lost none. Line-up: R. E., St. Pierre

Gunderlach (Capt); R. T., Magee, Conklin; R. G., Mallaney; C., Sherman; R. T., Betourne, Rend; L. G., Lonergan; L. E., Magruder, Jacobi; Q. B., Boyle; R. H. B., Parker; L. H. B., Tiffany; F. B., Ralston.

LOCALS.

—Have you met the man with the shady reputation?—Mr. Lo—is.

He certainly has hung a few on St. Viateur's.

—Sem., in scripture class: "They brought them frankincense and mirth."

—Willie: Did you ever live in Ireland Dick?

Dick: Indeed if I didn't I wouldn't be here now.

—On the Ginnie training table—A freak of a fish. What is it? A half back salmon (Sammon).

—Fred at 10 p. m.: Lux Fiat!

Willie: Looks always count after ten o'clock, don't they Fred?

—Willie: Did you ever see any snakes in Ireland, Dick?

Dick: 'Gwan with ye, I never touched a drop here or there.

—Reporter: What's the dope for football this week, Harry?

Harry: Same as ever. Witch hazel for the sore ones.

A tale of football let it be,
 A kick in the rib, a twisted knee,
 A smash in the head, an eye so sore,
 A broken leg, and something more,
 An ankle out, a back so lame,
 A bloody nose an injury tame.
 Just water bring and here's the cup
 For hurry on your minute's up.
 Thus jerk and pull him on his feet,
 And beg and urge to save defeat.
 So far, the tale so old to all,
 A game we love, it's this, football.

—First Student: The bazaar seemed to have its deadening effects.

Second Student: Oh sure, more than one pocketbook killed.

—Thanksgiving day is generally productive of two kinds of game—football, and turkey. Which do you prefer?

—Senior: Gee, I wonder why the store is always cold.

Junior: Why I know—To keep the candy man from sweating too much.



A Monody.

“Unwept, unhonored and unsung”
The crisp, cold day adorning
A turkey by his spindles hung
On good Thanksgiving morning.

J. Cosgrove, '12.



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