

# THE VIATORIAN

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## THE STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY.

J. J. Corcoran, '08.

**T**HERE is no need to make an appeal to the Irish people for a love of their country, for this is one of their noblest traits.

The seventeenth of March in every clime sees the Irishman with the sprig of green in his coat lapel; but true as the Irish are to their native land, they have grown somewhat indifferent as to a study of its history. We, the children of Irish parentage, should study the history of Ireland. Why? Because it speaks to us of the trials which Ireland has undergone; of her religious persecutions; of her statesmen, her saints, and the opposite of her saints, her enemies. If the History of Ireland is not on the curriculum of our schools, it should be the pride of every Irish father to purchase an Irish history and add it to his library. Let it occupy the same shelf as the Irish Lives of the Saints for both go hand in hand in completing the true history of Ireland. It is astonishing what a vast knowledge of Irish history some of our Irishmen have. It did my heart good a few years ago to hear a dear old Irishman relate to me many stirring events which took place in Ireland years ago, but it thrilled me more, when he related in verse, stanza after stanza, the brave deeds of Ireland's statesmen and warriors. This old man was but a tender of a tool chest for a street gang in Chicago, but in my eyes he was more than a common workman, worn out with years of toil, for he had within his breast the history and lore of dear old Ireland. Was he not a living history of that dear country which he called mother? Was he not a dutiful son, singing the virtues and brave deeds of that mother? No doubt he had been an eye-witness to many of the things which he had related to me. "We have been defeated," said he, "but not conquered." And I answered in the words of St. Paul, "Your country, dear friend, has fought a good fight; she has run a good race, and above all, she has kept her faith."



Through ages of persecution, religious intolerance from her English persecutors; the non-unity which has at all times been within her own political party, and the cruel coercion of the landlords; Ireland has displayed a most determined, long-lived perseverance. And this perseverance is about to receive its reward. It has been persecution that has proven Ireland's worth, and has won for her the eulogiums of nations. Even the individual Englishman, who at the bottom of his heart, dislikes Ireland or anything Irish, with the exception, perhaps, of his dear cousin, the Orangeman, who for centuries, has been noted as one of the most virile enemies which the true Irishman has had to contend against, even the Englishman, I say, has admired the noble spirits of independence and perseverance which the Irish people have manfully and heroically exhibited under all phases of torture, coercion, eviction or religious persecution, which the English government or its minions have deemed it necessary to use in the subjugation of a God-loving people.

Why should we study Irish history? Do you know that one of the chief means with which England uses to slander the fair name of Ireland is the dissemination of false facts? Do you know that some English historians would have the people believe that the Irish are an ignorant lot? That they were at one time, I concede; that they are still so, I deny. They are justified in making the charge of ignorance, but do they tell you the causes of such ignorance? Do they tell you that the English government made laws which the Catholic conscience would not accede to, although the education of their children was at stake? "All that human enactments can do to degrade the mind of a whole people to a state of brutish ignorance was done," says Bishop Spaulding. Does the English critic who throws such an aspersion in your face to tell you that all Catholic schoolmasters were driven from Ireland and in case of return were to suffer death? Does he tell you in order to prevent the education of Irish children in a foreign country that the legislators were ingenious enough to pass a law, viz: "That a parent should present its child any time a judge should demand its presence in court? No, he says nothing about such things, for he is English, and it would not do, you know, for an Englishman to say anything about such things, for it would be unpatriotic on his part, but it will be a patriotic act on your part to remind him of such things. Again, they say the Irish are poor. We are, but thank God, we are honorable. We are poor because we would not be bribed. The fleshpots of old England could not buy the independent spirit



of our forefathers. Our fathers fought for a principle, starved for a principle, died for a principle. Yea, they have suffered what the poor negro never had to suffer in the worst days of American slavery. In the words of a poet, that principle was none other than the sweet word, "liberty."

"I would not sell my liberty  
For palaces and chains of gold,  
For it is better to be free  
Than have all treasures earth can hold.

A mind at peace, a heart at rest  
Deep faith in life, high thought of heaven  
A will resolved to win the best  
For this my liberty is given."

Well did Cromwell say, "This country," meaning Ireland, "is worth fighting for." Would our critics expect us to be rich in the goods of this world? Elizabeth confiscated 600,000 acres of land in Munster. Charles I, 240,000 acres in Connaught; under the Commonwealth 7,708,237 acres were confiscated; William of Orange confiscated 1,060,000 acres. An act passed in the reign of Edward II. gave to the English landlords the right to dispose of the property of their Irish dependents as they might see fit. And suppose some of the Irish did become tenants under such landlords, what were the conditions? They were such that the poor tenants paid for rent two-thirds of what their farms produced. If they were successful and the profits were high the rents were raised. If a farmer or any Irishman owned a horse, it could be bought by his ever obliging Protestant neighbor for five pounds, notwithstanding that the animal might have been worth twenty times that. Where was there any chance for the Irish to progress under such conditions? The English took from them the means wherewith they could become progressive, and they flaunted to the world that the Irish were lazy. Can any fair-minded man, no matter what his nationality may be, dwell upon these facts and say, "Yes, the Irish were an indolent people?" Listen to the testimony of Lord Gray, one of Elizabeth's lieutenants: "Little was left in Ireland for her Majesty to rule over but carcasses and ashes." Do not the words carcasses and ashes bring home to us famine and persecution? Can we expect a people to be progressive under such conditions? If England had offered, and even at the present day, would give the Irish a fair show,



she would see that they can be a progressive people, maybe too progressive to suit the slow-going Englishman. The Irish have progressed in America, Australia, Canada, Spain and France. These countries are thankful for the spirit which our people have shown in the different countries of their adoption. In politics, literature or science they have held positions of trust and honor. The poor emigrant who came to work as a common laborer is now holding a responsible position in the company. Let England give the sons and daughters of Ireland a free field in which to display their activity and she will say after a fair trial has been given: O, people of Ireland, we have shackled your powers of progression for more than six hundred years, but to our dismay and shame we have found you a patient, frugal and progressive race, cast in heroic mold.

Another thing which our enemies may hurl at us and with more truth than the preceding charges is that it is of no use giving freedom to Ireland. The Irish are always quarrelling among themselves, and their representative political party is split into factions. Yes, there are differences of opinion in the Irish party. They have their squabbles; their animosities. But what family, even the best regulated, has not found at some time or other the same thing within its own household? The Irish as individuals have their differences, but they are as one man for the freedom of their country; the differences are caused by the diversity of opinion as regards the means to be used to obtain that freedom. The condition of Ireland bothers England not. But what does give England uneasiness is that Ireland wants Home Rule. Can she let such a valuable possession go? If she does, will not Ireland keep apace with her in the industrial world? Will not the shrewd Americans flood the country with their immense capital? That in itself is a menace to the lords who benefit most of all by the slavery of Ireland, for they govern the commercial arteries of the land, as a recent writer in *The Chicago Tribune* so well says: "The Commons govern Canada and Australia; but Ireland is left to the tender mercies of the lords." If England grants freedom to Ireland, what other possession can she overtax ten million pounds a year? Would not this result in extra taxation on her now overburdened English taxpayers? O, false England, who would fain at the present day to be the champion of the Congo Free States, how much longer will you keep a brave people in subjugation for such paltry motives? Put away such base motives and answer this question, Can the Irish govern themselves? "In every country I have been," says one



writer, "with the exception of their own, the Irish govern or take some part in governing." Even of late years in England itself, Irishmen have helped to make the laws. The exile whom England would not recognize as a citizen became the governing power in Australia, and dictated to that government which banished him from his native land. I refer to the Gavin Duffy. McMahon, one of Napoleon's esteemed marshals, became the president of France. These are a few of the facts which go to show that the people of Ireland are fully capable of governing themselves. All countries concur in this with the exception of rapacious old England. Every upright man attests that the best home is in heaven, but the devil and a few of his adherents say no, and so it is the same of England in regards to Ireland.

Again they attack the Irish upon being too faithful to the Catholic religion. A people is made great by its religious tendencies and not by its worldly possessions. It is because the Irish have adhered to the old faith that she has produced the most noble men. The Irish saints have not only learned the principle, "Do good and avoid evil," but they have put it into practice. Yea, even to those that persecuted them. Even England owes a debt of gratitude to the nation it would scoff at for its adherence to the Catholic faith. Alfred the Great owed not a little to Irish Catholic instructors. Ireland sent its noble representatives to Germany, Scotland and to England itself. "People flocked from all parts of Europe to take refuge from the miseries of the continent or to devote themselves to study and the practice of piety in the undisturbed retirement of the Irish monasteries." "Religion alone," says Hallam, "made a bridge, as it were, across and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization." We must admire the courage with which Horatius Cocles defended the bridge across the Tiber. And so too, we admire the spirit with which the Catholics of Ireland defended their faith whilst the nations of Northern Europe submitted to the heresies of the times because these heresies pampered to the passions or meant social prominence to its followers. Irish Catholics knew the religion they admired was not invented to pamper to a lusty king, nor a medium for acquiring a new so-called wife when the kings or princes were tired of their faithful spouses. They knew that through the moral teachings of the Catholic church their country could and can boast of the least number of illegitimate children of any country in Europe. It was for the love of that same religion that Ireland a few months ago sacrificed her chances, which were of the brightest since she has been fighting for



freedom, in order to help the Catholics of England. What was that sacrifice? The Catholics of England called upon the Irish party to assist them in overthrowing the Educational bill. What a dilemma for the Irish members of Parliament. They were called upon to fight the party they had helped to put in power. The party which had promised them Home Rule. If they harassed that party in any way the cause of Home Rule would be delayed maybe for fifty years to come, and maybe the cause would be lost forever, for as I have said before, the chances were never better. On the other hand the Catholic schools were in danger of losing that liberty it had for many years enjoyed. What did the Irish Catholic members do; they sacrificed their own cause in order to plead the cause of their fellow religionists of England. It was a painful sacrifice but they accepted it willingly and nobly. Here freedom was sacrificed on the altar of religion. It was for a noble cause, a cause which called for self-sacrificing men and those men were found in the Irish nation through its representative men—The Irish Parliamentary Party, "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." Ireland is faithful to the Catholic church because she knows she has an obligation—a debt to pay to the church of Rome, a debt which she will always owe Rome, and so far she has been faithful to that obligation. For it was through the kindly influences of the Roman Pontiffs that Ireland was christianized and civilized by her great apostle, St. Patrick, and his disciples. And it is my sincere belief that if the Catholic faith should be completely eradicated in every known country without the least chance of its ever being rekindled again, if such a thing were possible, I say even Ireland would remain faithful to the Catholic faith.

Would our critics laugh at us for admiring that church to which we owe so much? Do they forget they had St. Augustine for a civilizer and a spiritualizer? Would they know that it was a Catholic Archbishop with the co-operation of the nobles that gave England its constitution? Surely they must admit that the first foundations of Christian civilization in England were laid by the sons of that religion they would scoff at.

It was the same religion which gave Daniel O'Connell manhood enough to plead for the religious rights of his people before a crowd of prejudiced members of Parliament, who yelled and shouted in their efforts to ruin his cause. His duty to his religion won for the Catholics of England and Ireland emancipation. The same courage is found in the Irish soldiers, of whom there are and always have been many in the English army. Of this fact,



I do not boast for it is a shame for a young Irishman to join the English army. Did they ever desert their post when England most needed their help? Have they not contributed to many an English victory? Does it not show patriotism? Who taught the Irish patriotism? The Catholic church, for Ireland has never had any other teacher for centuries. Therefore a religion that can produce such sons must be admired and not scoffed at.

Dear Ireland, the land of my forefathers, you have suffered much. The tyrants reign, the keen pain of hunger, woe and wretchedness, through long centuries of hopeless miseries, have oppressed your people's heart. Your homes have been made desolate. Brothers and sisters have been separated by cruel hands. The purity of your daughters has been desecrated by lustful English soldiery. You have seen your loyal sons thrown into dungeons to dampen their ardor and patriotism. You have seen others of your noble children exiled for political reasons, and sometimes for no reason at all; the outcasts of English society, but heroes in the eyes of all true lovers of liberty. You have seen a price put upon your annointed of the Lord, to whom you have always been faithful and wherein lies your power of suffering. Yea, dear Ireland, you have suffered as valiantly and as patiently as that church of whom you are the fairest daughter.

"O, patient, frugal race,  
Cast in heroic mold;  
Who will your story trace  
Which still is left untold?"

Yes, dear Ireland, there are bright and glorious days in store for you. It must needs be that a nation which has suffered so patiently century after century must receive her reward. Your sufferings must move the God of nations to aright your wrongs and throw your enemies into confusion. The spirit of O'Connell still lives; some of your Parliamentary leaders are still permeated with that spirit. It is with such a spirit that the hope of your freedom lies; it is not with the sword, or anarchy, or intrigues; but the sole hope lies in that body of men which has made itself felt in the English Parliament.

"Oh in the future age  
When men shall nobler be,  
And a diviner rage  
Shall make best poetry;  
The hymn of liberty,



Some strong voiced singer shall arise  
Flooding with melody the skies  
In praise of you  
O, great and true  
Who, though but few  
Stood bolt upright upon this other world,  
Fronting the power of wrong,  
And backward into ocean's depths down hurled  
The invading tyrant's throng."

## SENIORS ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION

### OPENING REMARKS.

L. M. O'Connor, Pres. '07.

THE emotions that surge upward in our breasts tonight are feelings of genuine, heartfelt welcome to all our friends assembled here, and while it is not the first time that we have attempted to entertain you, yet I may say that tonight our meeting partakes more fully of the nature of the class. A vague feeling of sadness seems also to entwine itself around our hearts, only to change, upon analysis, as by the geni's magic touch, into gladness. It springs from a panoramic picture indelibly imprinted on our very souls. Against a background draped in the sable habilaments of night, under a sky cloudswept by storm, from which not a single starry gleam lights the mourning earth, upon whose bosom falls now and then a frozen tear, as though the very heavens foresaw the demon forces arraying for their destructive work, appears a darksome mass of buildings, towering skyward. But suddenly the inky darkness of the night is being dispelled by a gathering brightness, though touched not by Aurora's rosy fingers. The brightness increases as from an upper window comes first a glow, and then the circling flames, whirled aloft in the smoke's dense clouds and lost in the impenetrable darkness of the night. Higher and higher leap the flames, no longer silently and confined to one spot, but with a sullen roar and defiant crackle, that is but intensified as from other windows comes first a glow, then a burst of



light and then the flames, triumphant that another obstacle has been overcome. Now the building is a burning mass, its flames seemingly caress the sky. The falling of floors, the crashing windows, and our own wild heart throbs swell into a deafening roar that sickens us with its terrible intensity. But it has reached the zenith. The gluttonous maw of the fire-god having been filled to repletion, the flames subside, the crashes and falls of burning timbers become less frequent, and the break of day, of that day, the birthday of our nation's father, shows the blackened walls and smouldering ruins of the lesser St. Viateur's. This is the picture that rises before my mind tonight as I recall our purpose here. Yet, however sad the picture, its analysis shows nothing else than gladness, for the scene represents not the shattering of St. Viateur's hopes not a check to her development and growth, not a loss to her sons, but it is a magnificent holocaust ushering in the advent of the Greater St. Viateur's, whose threshold the class of '07 shall barely touch.

Thus are we met on this first anniversary an anniversary not only of the loss of old St. Viateur's, but also of the Greater St. Viateur's birth; not in sorrow, not in vain regrets, but in gladness and rejoicing—gladness in the presence of the Greater St. Viateur's, whose magnificent buildings are its forerunners, and pledge gladness in the loyalty of the "old boys" in whose number we shall soon be enrolled, gladness in strength of purpose and loyalty of our Alma Mater whom no reverse has weakened, no obstacle daunted, rejoicing that we are together, that against our names the terms coward and weakling can never be applied, as to one, who seeing, had failed to follow the path which duty and filial love had traced.

Yes, we are glad to be here, and each member of the '07 class feels a personal elation that shall expand and intensify as the revolving years will seem to pause on the fateful 21st day of February, before they usher in that glorious day, which it has been so well and aptly said, not only records the birth of the illustrious Washington, the Father of his country, but also, the birth of the Greater St. Viateur's—the center of our hopes, the pride of our heart, the future university of the west—and sees other assemblies met to celebrate the anniversary of the new St. Viateur's, to which the old is but a passing shadow. I say that personal rejoicing will be ours, for we can proudly say that the honoring and recognition of the first anniversary, as a festal day, was the work of '07 class. In our stead there will be classes far exceeding ours in numbers and in talents: in place of our modest efforts, greater pomp and



magnificence will there be than our fondest dreams can show. This is not an idle dream but a prophecy which the passing of years shall realize. Though we have gone, though our memory scarcely lingers, yet to us there will be a sense of personal exultation in the knowledge that the tree of our planting and first care is bearing an abundance of fruit. Though at this first celebration the sting of regret and sorrow still lingers, then there will be nothing but gladness and rejoicing. Though our efforts are meager and our program unfinished, yet we would not exchange tonight for all the pomp and glory that shall be inseparable from the chain of celebrations on February 21, of which tonight is the first link, for ours is the primal votive offering, small though it is, yet it represents our all, laid at the shrine of the Greater St. Viateur's.

Allow us to take advantage of this occasion, also, to ask, nay, to demand, a furtherance of your good will and loyalty to us. Though class organization at St. Viateur's is young in time yet it is to be feared that a tendency may spring up to regard it as already old and past the age of usefulness. With the novelty and newness of an enterprise worn off, too often it becomes trite and uninteresting. This should not be. With us, class honor and distinction are but college honor and distinction, and this alone fires our heart to greater enthusiasm in class promotion. The class organization is an instrument by which we may, in our college days, from the stainless marble of youthful endeavor carve our loyalty and admiration toward her—that sweet mother, who is moulding our lives and investing our souls with the armor of truth. By giving us your moral support you are offering another manifestation of your regard to your Alma Mater. We are all laboring for the same end, though unity and fraternity open up to us a vaster field for endeavor, in honoring that college which we have chosen to shape our lives. By your uniting with us, we are given the assurance that we labor not in vain, that our motives are not being misapprehended, for often in such aims individuals are regarded suspiciously as seeking personal honor or distinction, or attempting to flaunt a supposed superiority upon those outside the pale.

We do not deny, but rejoice in the fact that there is a gain to us, but it is the increase of friendship among our members who fight side by side for an unselfish end, it is the knowledge that we are bound together by the silken bands of organization, until in our life's journey, we shall have crossed "The Silent River," for while with the passage of June 17th next, we shall cease to be called Seniors, there will be no dissolution, but the society will endure



among the alumni as the class of '07, as long as its members survive.

It is the satisfaction that arrives from the knowledge that we are doing what we can, even though at times, we are met by incredulous stares from unexpected quarters. Do not look upon us as individuals and weigh our actions in a class scale, for oftentimes our actions may not bear the light of inspection, but as a class, and in class work our purpose is single, our aims high and open, and our meaning honorable. Therefore are we not justified in calling for the moral support of all—support that will make this class day and commencement, not only an epoch in our lives but also events that shall stand forth permanently in college annals; support that will add zest to our every undertaking; support that will show Alma Mater that never are we so near to her as in the time of need?

There is no need to call upon the juniors for this support, for we are confident that we already hold it. They understand our situation. They aspire to our toga, and I may say that the seniors' gown will hold for them the same rewards and obstacles, the same joy and disappointments, that it has for us, for history, it is said, ever repeats itself. Practically pulling the same oars with us, though with a lower stroke, we are glad to say that the juniors are with us for the honor of the new St. Viateur's.

I feel that my remarks are falling heavy and uninterestingly upon you, but I have tried to say what I felt and if I have failed, it is not because the theme or the occasion is lacking, but the ability to do them justice. As the occasion is one of gladness, put aside all formality and restraint and make enjoyment the end of your presence. We want all to feel that they are welcome and that they are not here simply because it could not be avoided, but because enjoyment rules the boards, my remarks to the contrary, notwithstanding for from the other speakers you will hear real eloquence and wit, qualities that I may never hope to attain.

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## TRIALS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

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A. M. Kelly, '07.

**F**ROM time to time we are honored by the presence of some of our esteemed Alumni and on many of these occasions we have the pleasure of listening to the advice and encouragement which these gentlemen are ever willing to impart to us. We listen with admiration when we hear them grow eloquent in their tributes to their Alma Mater and within our hearts are the same



sentiments, when they tell us of the debt of gratitude we owe her. But when they reach their climax and in the earnest and solemn tones inform us that these, our college days, are "the happiest of our lives" they strike a discordant note and we wonder whether they have grown pessimistic towards the world or have they forgotten the trials and difficulties they encountered while fitting themselves for their present positions and for the distinction of being called Alumni of St. Viateur's.

That many incidents have occurred which we will always look back upon and cherish as pleasant memories, we readily concede but that college days are entirely free from trials and difficulties we are not quite willing to admit.

We will pass over the awful torments we suffered during our initiatory course for it grates upon our dignity, as Seniors, to be reminded that at one time, we played the part of "alligator" for those who threw us the bait and that our presumed generosity prompted us to give our financial aid to such worthy causes, as buying flowers for some deceased student or perhaps for having masses read for the Pope. Nor will we speak of the obstacles we encountered while making our way through the classes, for we have found that they were mere trifles, yes, insignificant when compared to the almost insuperable obstacles which have confronted us since we have reached the lofty heights of philosophy.

Few, if any of us, have forgotten or ever will forget, such thrilling incidents as was our first call in philosophy, when after carefully preparing the matter, we entered the class room, fully convinced that we knew as much about ideas, syllogisms or first principles as did our friend Zigliara himself, and felt that we could dazzle our class mates by a brilliant recitation, should it be our fortune to be called upon and how when that awful silence which prevails at the opening of class was broken by our names being called and we felt the eyes of the entire class riveted upon us, a chill shot through us which seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins, our hearts bounded and rebounded with great thuds until we imagined that the tattoo, played by the faithful organ, could be heard by every individual in the room, when finally it occurred to us that our instructor was waiting a reply, to our utter dismay we found that we had lost the power of speech, and our extensive knowledge of philosophy had taken a speedy flight, and we were left with such a sickening sensation as can be imagined only by those who have gone through such an ordeal.

The trials encountered in trying to master the various proofs and propositions set forth by Zigliara and the difficulties we exper-



inced in answering the objections of our worthy opponents caused us too much trouble and anxiety to be forgotten during our brief existence. Nor is it probable that we will soon forget the awful sensation of our first appearance in the role of orator, before the Rivard Oritorical Society with our speech well memorized and a goodly number of gestures to help emphasize our most important arguments, we felt convinced that we were fully capable of winning to our cause, all who should be fortunate enough to hear us speak, so confident were we and so puffed up over our yet untried abilities that we disliked the idea of addressing such a small number as was usually present on such occasions. But what a change came over us when we had mounted the platform and faced the audience. Our first glance over the familiar faces caused our breath to come in short, quick jerks and our whole frame to tremble as if from ague, great beads of perspiration stood out on upon our brows, our knees refused to bear the weight of our bodies, and the graceful gestures, which we had prepared for the occasion were entirely forgotten through our efforts to propel our tongues which had apparently swollen to the size of cucumbers, but when with the aid of a table to which we clung with the grasp of a drowning man, we managed to finish our speech, we left the platform feeling that our first attempt at oratory was certainly a failure but somewhat consoled by the thought that we had furnished much amusement during the evening and had greatly lessened the task of the critics.

We are unable to give our experiences as we faced the board of examiners for the semi-annual examinations, for all things that transpired on this solemn occasion happened while we were in a state of semi-consciousness and reminded us much of some awful dream, but suffice it to say that we were very much rejoiced, on being awakened, to learn that the agony of the semi-annuals, though far from being a dream, was over.

Our recollections, however, of our course in literary criticism are not so obscure. Too well, perhaps, do we remember the many warm days in the glorious spring-time, when we had to recall our thoughts from the courting of the finny tribe of the Kankakee river and drag them through the awe inspiring scenes of Inferno, and when our considerate professor, fearing that we had not sufficient work to satisfy us, requested that we write a critical appreciation on some part of the Divine Comedy, did we not have to restrain ourselves from wishing that the immortal Dante had been deserted by his faithful guide while they were traveling through the ninth circle of the Infernal region?



Countless other incidents might be related to show that a course in philosophy carries with it numerous trials and difficulties, but that they may not appear discouraging let it be remembered by those who follow after us that nothing is gained without some sacrifice, and though we are still wrestling with the various obstacles which college days present to us, we will, no doubt, when we return not as students; but as alumni be foremost in proclaiming the joy and happiness of college life.

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### A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

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F. E. Walsh, '07.

**T**HIEF among the pleasures of the mind is that of memory. The thought of the present and the future is too nearly allied with duty and with disappointment to cause joy in its full measure of unrestraint. The mind, however, can gaze into the past without feeling the warning hand of doubt. There all is fact, all is accomplished. Pleasures of the past have lost the tinge of hope and fear which preceded their attainment. The care and sorrow of the past have through the kindly influence of the soothing voice of time, lost their sting, and are now become a not unpleasant source of reconciliation to our fate. Though duty bids us be not dreamers, but to look at the present and the future, yet at the present time when our minds are directed toward a sad and painful event of a year ago, let us for a few moments lay aside present cares and take a longing glance toward the pleasure land of memory.

We can all remember how in those happy, care-free days of childhood, our only knowledge of college life was that imperfect one obtained from story books. The idea of college, existing in the childish mind, is a vague concept of some ideal place of supreme terrestrial happiness, where the end of existence is to play football and develop the muscles. In this ideal college there is but little place for study, it is indulged in merely as a relief from play. But oh, how sad is the disenchantment of the first week. In the real college, there is an endless labyrinth of study hall and class rooms, while the campus is taken in at a single glance. As if to add to the disillusion, the prefect of studies soon appears on the scene with a list of unpronounceable names, suited to cause dismay in the heart of the poor beginner. In the ideal college the individual reigns supreme, but there is required but a short acquaintance with the reality, for the engendering of a most reveren-



tial respect for the foreboding frown and commanding voice of the prefect. The new student, however, is not completely matriculated until he has had his measure taken for a military suit and has subscribed his share of the fees of the physical director. With such happy awakenings, is passed the first year at college, and not until the second year does the true college life begin.

Since that mysterious first year there are upon the walls of memory pictures innumerable, which by their pleasant associations, never fail to arouse in the viewer a thrill of joy and of enthusiastic pride. We look with pleasure on the contests of the campus, of years past. The games of several years ago are still as clear in our memory as if they took place but yesterday. We remember every movement, every exciting crisis, every variance of luck. To the old student, the interests of St. Viateur's are personal interests. We remember how we have exultingly cheered for the success of the old gold and purple and mourned at their defeat. But it is a source of jealous pride that in contests of the campus the banner of victory has generally been in the possession of St. Viateur's. And here, let us give honor to whom honor is due. Those students are deserving of the highest praise, who have, by rigorous training and by the exertion of strength and skill, created and preserved that standard of athletics which exists. Of the baseball team especial honor is due to the men who have occupied the pitcher's box, through whose skill and headwork victory has often been attained, and to him, who by untiring zeal and skillful supervision has made our team what it is, acknowledged as one of the best of college teams in the middle west—Coach Bergin.

But the campus is not the only place dear in memory. Every room of the old building, every corridor has connected with it some incident, some pleasant occurrence which, as beautiful flowers, delight by their delicate fragrance, the senses of memory. The friends of those days of the past and scenes in which they took part are still before our eyes. The difficulties of Petrus and Mariah, in fulfilling their duty as janitor, still amuse us. We are yet mindful of the troubles of study hall and class room and of reproofs for unlearned lessons, but now those difficulties seem but trivial. There are few old students who do not hold as their greatest claim to distinction, the honor of having once been a member of the science class. To those so happily destined, a glance at the past can bring but pleasure. The memory of electrical instruments which failed to work, of explosives which worked too well, and of rebukes severe and stinging will always be a source of



regret for the swiftness of time. Few are they who at some time during the course, did not receive an urgent request to pay a visit to Father Bergin or Father O'Mahoney, and it is only through the leniency of the Doctor's good nature that the request did not receive the added impetus of one of the most forcible of the mechanical powers.

But now that those days are a thing of the past our relations with the Doctor have assumed a different aspect. I am sure the Doctor has long since forgiven, though perhaps not forgotten, those boyish pranks; and those same boys now look upon the Doctor as the best of friends, and as a genial and a learned man.

With the passing away of those happy times their scene of action also disappeared. The fearful scenes of that eventful night a year ago are still fresh in the memory of all of you. In a few short hours vanished the fruit of years of labor; our dearest possession; our home; our Alma Mater; the scene of our studies and our pleasures and the object of our filial pride. But in the destruction of that dear old building, as the smoke of the ruined structure soared heavenward, the St. Viateur's of old assumed an ideal form and was promised a more lasting existence in the memory of her students.

The events of the time since that sorrowful night are too near to be classed among those of the past. "Life in the Gym," with all the roughness of a western mining camp and the present inchoative system of "University Life," are too near to be appreciated as in fact, is all our college career. We do not now see in their fullness, the benefit of our privileges, the richness of our pleasures, and the comparative lightness of our troubles, but when mantled by the snows of time, they will assume a more glorious form. As they fade away in the distance they will become ideal, a beautiful and a pleasant dream. We hear old students talk of their college days and we wish ours could be as good, but in the distant and mysterious future when Mr. Fitzgerald is bishop of Pedunk and Mr. Kelly, mayor of Morris, there will be stories told of these days, which will rival those of the college days of our friend, Greedy.

In that far distant time, an old man feeble in health from hard work and old age, one of us here present here this evening, may perhaps, in looking over some old pictures of his youthful days, come across one, a picture of the old St. Viateur's, the one before the fire, and the sight will cause a joyful thrill in his palsied veins. He will then recall with delight his college life, these last few years, and will appreciate it as it deserves. He will laugh to himself as he recalls his timidity during the first year and the pleasures



which made happier the following years. Events and scenes which now seem commonplace will, when touched by the brush of years, assume a more delightful contrast of lights and shadows. Those dreary eyes will sparkle as the lagging mind calls back once familiar names and faces and incidents of the study hall and campus, of the refectory and the gym and perhaps, brushing away a tear, he will murmur with trembling lips: "O, happy boyhood days."

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### CLASS ORGANIZATION.

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J. Hayden, '06.

**A**S last year's senior class was the first to bring about class organizations here, the members of this year's class thought it would be fitting for this occasion if some ex-senior from last year would be invited to say something about our class organizations, and as the honor is incidentally mine, I can do no more than merely to relate to you a sort of commented history of that important institution.

As you know, we got together last year at the instigation of our brilliant friend, who is absent this year, and later on we conferred upon that gentleman the very exalted title of "President of the class of '06." We did more than that, we bought our president a gavel, wrote out a constitution, selected a class pin, adopted colors, and finally, got up a class day, and we thought that was going some.

But when school had opened up again last fall and the present class had succeeded us in the senior-ship, it was not long 'till things began to show that there were possibilities to this class organizing that we had hardly ever dreamed of. We can claim the honor of having started the class movement here, but we cannot claim the honor of Mr. O'Connor and his peerless seniors of having perfected it; of having breathed into it the spirit that has animated the class since the beginning of the year.

It would perhaps not be inopportune to offer a few considerations here as to the usefulness of such a society and not to detain too long, I will limit my remarks to that phase of its usefulness which has been so amply manifest since the beginning of the year, and which, properly speaking, needs no comment.

We can very easily admit that that society has at least a reason for its being, which immediately shows that it has for its object something higher, something better than merely to sport



around some colored ribbon or a distinguishing button that no one else has. These things may be well indicative of organization but their language is limited to that and to that alone, but, as we can very well judge of the nature of anything by the purpose for which it is, so can we judge of a class society by the purpose for which it has been instituted. Ours are but class organizations and consequently their purpose is something that pertains to students, and although there may be in other spheres organizations whose aim perhaps is nobler, yet that we must call a useful society in a college which does something at least, to keep up a true college spirit — the spirit of friendship and fraternity that should animate the students of a college one for another, and at the same time tends to keep up the union that long years of college associations have woven between classmen.

In the memoirs and personals of many of the world's greatest men, we often read how during their whole lives they have always clung with fondness to the memories of their college friendships, and surely it is not surprising for it does not take a powerful logician to show that outside of one's own kindred there is no friendship, there is no fraternity that has been so perfectly formed or woven with such a finished perfection as is the fraternity that has been born of years of constant college companionship.

They tell us that similarity is the root of friendship and as the similarity extends to many things, to the doing and receiving of many things in common, that the friendship strengthens. But the students of a college are bound together by a thousand chords of friendship. They are likened to one another by regulation and discipline, by study and prayer, and their union is strengthened by all those countless associations of pastime and worktime and pleasure which college life, and college life alone, can bring about. You will find a likeness amongst the students of a college, extending from the external routine of life to the very hopes and ambitions of their minds, for which you will search in vain to find a parallel. Divine Providence may have called us to different fields of endeavor in the life that lies beyond the closing of our college days but here our lives are animated with the same ambition. As it is the object of a college to equip young men for the life that lies beyond, the ambition of the student is but to receive the equipment. The same expectancy is written on the brows of all, seeking to nourish their souls in the fountain of learning. And as we watch the closing of our college days it is not without a trembling fear that we see its lightness dimmed by the



darkening shadows of the graver life that will soon surround us, but college friendships do not cease as yet, for together again we turn to the buoyant star, and it is the same for all, the lessons that together we have here received; and not only here do our hopes unite, but when we each shall have gone on the great voyage that lies before us and perhaps never again to turn back to the place that our hearts call Alma Mater, as we journey on across the mysterious and the unknown future the very lessons that together we will have here received, will be the polar star of our journey and our sole guide to the harbor of safety.

You have been asked to consider the many ties of lasting friendship with which the students of a college are bound to one another; merely in order that we may better judge the spirit that moves our classes here, and of the motives that are behind the little entertainment that they give us this evening, and not to this occasion only, but I would especially refer to the splendid lectures of the past that were given with so much grace by some of the grandest of the many grand men that this institution may boast of as alumni. And when we have considered all these things it is little wonder that at least in their senior year before turning their backs to their comrades and to their old Alma Mater that the feeling of friendship ripens and one can easily see that these little entertainments are nothing else than the expression of loyalty to the sacred memories of their college days.

But our subject carries us a little bit further. You have read perhaps how it is related of the few undaunted survivors of the famous crew of Cortez, after they had finally returned to Europe from the conquest of Mexico, where together they had gone through so many stirring vicissitudes that they cared not to part from one another and part they never did. And naturally too, when the final commencement day has come and the noise of the bugles has died away one does not care to forget right away those with whom he has made his college course. And I call that a useful society that will keep them together.

In conclusion, gentlemen, for my part I do not care to speak words designated to express gratitude to the class of '07 for the grand entertainment they have given us this evening nor am I able to render tribute to the noble generosity that has marked their career in the seniorship, but to you, class of '07, it must be said that in spite of the harmonic music that has flooded the hall this evening, in spite of the melodious songs that have touched the heart or your eloquent speeches that have thrilled the soul, there is



something here that is more beautiful still than anything expressed in your music or song or the spoken word, and that is the splendid spirit of friendship that you have so amply shown tonight.

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### SENTIMENTS OF '08 CLASS.

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Emmett Conway, '08.

**I**T seems but a short time ago that we were driven out of our happy home by the cruel and all-destructive fire of last February. Looking back to that eventful night we can still see ourselves as we grabbed our most worthless articles from our rooms and stumbled blindly over trucks and bannisters. We can still see one building after another sacrificed to the insatiable hunger of the flames; we can still fancy ourselves looking with hungry eyes towards the surrounding residences, wondering where we could find shelter for the night. Yet, although these events are still fresh in our minds, and seem as though they occurred but yesterday, one long year has elapsed. Hence tonight we hold this meeting to commemorate that eventful date, and to assure the faculty that the loyal spirit which caused us to endure hardships, that our Alma Mater might suffer no harm, still lives within us and awaits but the call of necessity to assert itself.

You have already been told that when the morning sun arose and penetrated the gloom which surrounded the ruins, a new college was found to be in the course of construction; to use a stereotyped expression, St. Viator's rose "phoenix-like from her ashes." You have heard how from these ruins the illustrious class of 1906 arose; how from the noble example set by this class our present sedate Seniors spring forth and are tonight entertaining you. But with all due respect to these distinguished classes and not detracting in the least from their good standing, I wish to say that there is another organization, which has sprouted forth and turns its fourteen buds toward the morning sun; which thrives in your very midst and tries to make itself heard over the din of the graduates. I need not tell you of what class I speak. To me as well as to all members of the organization, the class of 1908 is one of special interest and although we ourselves have to pay our own compliments, still we regard the class as worthy of a little consideration.

If you but take the time to examine the ranks of the Junior Class, you will there find men of great mental as well as physical development; men whose names are known all over the civilized



world; you will find the poet and athlete, the musician and philosopher, walking arm in arm with great harmony; you will hear the Chicago man asking the Easterner all about Niagara Falls; you will hear the Westerner freezing the blood of the man from the East, with blood curdling tales of the savage Indians. These and many other things you will find all bound together by the bonds of fraternal love.

Do you wonder why the '08 men are so well versed in the manly art and why their biceps protrude like those of the village blacksmith? Let me explain. In our class we have one who bears the name of the most clever padded-mit artist that ever lived. While our Corbett is not known as "Gentleman Jim" as is his illustrious namesake, still his prowess with nature's weapons will be attested to by many unruly undergraduates. Then again in passing laws and regulations which are a good not only to the class but to the entire college, we are regarded as a standard of excellence. And why? Because in the ranks of the Juniors you will find one whose name is famous in history as a wise lawmaker. We have our Solon who advises us of the legality of all of our movements and who instructs us in the intricacies of parliamentary law.

Thus we might go through the ranks of this Puritanlike band and we would find that each member adds his individual worth to the good of the organization. But it not my intention to force you to listen to words of praise concerning this class. However, in order that the good wishes and sentiments of the boys of "naughty-eight" might be more thoroughly understood and estimated at their proper value, I thought it useful to first place this class in an elevated position and from this point of vantage pour forth our innermost feelings.

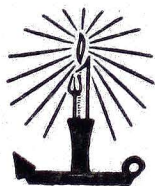
To the ever open eyes of the Junior Class the social functions and literary proceedings of that august body of "future greats" which is known as the Senior Class, have always been a source of great surprise and admiration. We have stood amazed at the gigantic proportions which the year's work of the Seniors has assumed. We have listened with delight to the lectures given by the Alumni under the auspices of the Seniors, and then while still talking of the last performance we scarcely had time to prepare for the next. Thus it has been from the tap of the bell last September up to the present moment. As the fire of last year brought forth a new and better college spirit, so has the class of '07 established a new standard in class proceedings.

To those who have watched the proceedings of our classes in the last year and who are acquainted with the situation in other



institutions, a spirit of great harmony has been evidenced. While each class retained its dignity and never allowed lax discipline to prevail, still their work has been characterized by a certain fraternal partnership which has instilled new energy into their work and brought forth seemingly impossible results. We in our present position as Juniors have felt the beneficent influence of the sedate Seniors when in the midst of our new surroundings we paused, bewildered and amazed; it was through them that we were gently initiated into the mysteries of that fathomless study, philosophy, which has occupied our time so completely since last fall; through their example we hope to bear with honor the name of Seniors.

If I had the ability, my friends, I would speak long and eloquently of the Senior Class; I would proclaim their merits strong and forcefully until you arose and spontaneously shouted your approval. But these things I would not do merely because of the high regard which I have for class organization in general, but because as a body of men, from the president and his necessary dignity, down to the most humble member of the class, I admire them, one and all. I voice the sentiments of the entire Junior class when I wish them success for the remainder of the term and in the years which follow graduation. Their work shows their calibre; they have established a standard which will necessitate great labor on our part, if we, as Seniors, should strive to emulate their examples and share the full glories which fall to the Senior Class. But, unworthy as we may seem to be, it is our fond hope that when St. Viateur's is the great Catholic center of the Union and her buildings are numerous as the most ambitious today predict, the new generation which shall follow us and spread broadcast the fame of our Alma Mater will say, in speaking of the classes which were born with the new college, "Here we have the trinity of classes with which Greater St. Viateur's began her new career, '06, '07 and '08!







# Our Bardic Choir



*"We love the green valleys and proud flowing streams,  
Every mountain and rock of our own native land"*

## DEAR OLD IRELAND.

---

J. M. Kangley.

O Island of Saints! thou hast suffered and bled,  
For ages thy altars and hearths were despoiled,  
And blest is thy soil with the blood which was shed,  
By the martyrs who died, ere thy fair name be soiled;  
To their country and faith were thy sons ever true,  
For their hearts dear old Ireland were beating for you.



Oppressed by invaders, cruel tyrant and king,  
Thy children were exiled from kindred and home;  
When the demons in vain from their hearts sought to wring,  
The old faith, thy sons planted wherever they roam:  
They defended the faith of St. Patrick, which grew,  
In those hearts, dear old Ireland, which beat but for you.

Far and wide o'er the earth they were scattered to dwell;  
In the world's greatest battles on sea or on land  
With valor and courage thy sons fought and fell,  
At the top of the great roll of heroes they stand;  
In all nations and climes they have won honor true,  
But their hearts, dear old Ireland, were beating for you.

Through the veins of thy sons flows the blood of the brave,  
Tinged with virtue and honesty, tried and found true;  
To their sons the same spirit of courage they gave,  
We are proud of our race, of our fathers and you:  
We love every fold of the red, white and blue,  
But our hearts, dear old Ireland, are beating for you.

We love the green valleys and proud flowing streams,  
Every mountain and rock of our own native land;  
There, kissed by the winds and the golden sunbeams,  
The flag of the free floats majestic and grand:  
We love our dear flag, the red, white and blue,  
But we're ready to die, dear old Ireland, for you.

Too long hast thou suffered cruel sorrow and woe!  
With hope in the future each heart gladly thrills,  
That the blessings of Peace shall o'er Erin soon flow,  
And sweet Liberty nestle among her green hills:  
Thy sons and thy daughters have always been true,  
To the love in their hearts, dear old Ireland, for you.

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### THE SHAMROCK.

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C. J. McDonald.

The month of March in Erin's land  
Finds not the white of winter's snow.  
Ah no! but blest by Patrick's hand  
Mid greenest grasses, shamrocks grow.



The blushing sun has kissed the dawn  
And slowly mounts his throne on high.  
The little dewdrops on the lawn,  
Like gleaming diamonds, please the eye.

The grandest scenes of Nature's art,  
May be a nation's pride and boast;  
But scenes that really move the heart  
Are those the people love the most.

Some souls true beauties fail to see  
In aught but Nature's grandest scene;  
But Erin's sons where'er they be  
Admire and love the shamrock green.

Three leaves distinct, one stem, one source,  
The triple grass was chosen well  
To be the image holding forth,  
Three traits which in the Irish dwell.

But though the leaves, Love, Valor, Wit,  
Portray the traits of Erin's land  
The shamrock still retains in it  
A higher image—thoughts more grand.

'Tis when the day in infancy  
Doth lave the lawn in purity,  
That then the leaf in fragrancy  
Portrays this thought—the Trinity.

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### DREAM FACES.

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L. M. O'Connor, '07.

As I muse at my desk ere retiring  
With tobacco smoke wreathing the air,  
My thoughts somehow ever untiring  
Seem to linger o'er memories rare.

With the smoke wreathes sweet faces are blending  
Half concealed by the slow curling veils;  
Some are smiling, some sad, yet all wending  
Into memories pipe drifting trails.



## THE VIATORIAN

Now they beckon, they call as if chiding  
Time's gulf disconnecting the past,  
And the hot tears I fain would be hiding  
Quickly fall and the vision o'ercast.

Then the tears with a touch that is magic  
Crystalize and encompass a face  
So winsome, half smiling, half tragic  
Softly toned by the smoke's filmy lace.

'Tis the real and ideal closely blended  
Which mortality's curse but divides  
And its presence seems whispering "I've rended  
Death's shroud to return to your side."

Then I stretch forth my arms vainly thinking  
That again would the real rest within  
And I call, but I catch my voice sinking  
For but silence, its pleading tones, win.

From the face now the smoke veils are lifting  
Like the sun does it ravish the soul  
But the wreath from my pipe ceases drifting  
And my dream face the shadows enfold.





# THE VIATORIAN

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## EDITORIAL.

Fraternal charity is a virtue of an exalted dignity and almost indispensable where one is thrown into constant associations with others. We are ever ready to obey its promptings in an occasion of great moment for none of us would stand idly by and watch a comrade perish if it were in our power to assist him. These occasions are rare and the medium of aid often hazardous, but there are occasions almost every hour of the day when fraternal charity loses none of its splendor, none of its charm, and is reduced to a medium within the reach of us all—that of encouragement.

It would be a long line of figures that would tell the number of successes in life due to a little encouragement and it would be a much longer line that would reveal the failures and disappointments that could have been avoided had a word of encouragement been offered. Such words are just as plentiful in our purse of vocabularies as others that we dispense with remarkable liberality, and they enjoy the strange function not to impoverish the giver but to enrich him, and every time he gives he nobler grows.

A coin may bear the image of Caesar and bring its worth in material wares, but a kind word bears the image of the Great Ruler and its returns are eternal.



## THE VIATORIAN SOCIETIES.

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### Father Roach

Owing to sickness and unavoidable absence the lecture course suffered a draw back for two successive meetings. But this delay was amply repaid by the lecture given on February 13th by the well known missionary of the Peoria diocese, Father Roach, who has proven himself worthy of the title "The most eloquent of the eloquent." In a scholarly and finished oration on the "Ideals of Civilization," the learned missionary strikingly contrasted the ideals and standards of the ancient pagan civilization with these of the Christian age. He contrasted the pagan ideal man as exemplified in Jupiter as a man of great physical strength, with the merciful and meek Christ the exemplar of the ideals of Christian civilization. He summed up the pagan ideal in the word man and the Christian in the word gentleman.

Father Roach is excellently qualified for his noble calling and he has the most sincere wishes of his friends at St. Viateur's, for his success in his holy work.

### Father Quille.

Father Quille, the well known apostle of the juvenile court of our great metropolis of the West, favored us on Feb. 20th with an eloquent discourse on that work for which he is devoting his life, the betterment of Chicago's delinquent children. His address was especially interesting on account of his native wit and skilled proficiency in the narration of stories. He feelingly described the needs of the neglected poor of the city, and described the work which he and his colleagues are doing for them. It is only when one hears from the lips of one so closely connected with that side of life, that he realizes the wretchedness of poverty and the good which is done by such noble men as Father Quille. St. Viateur's may well feel proud of sending forth such zealous men who can carry on such arduous work with the marked success which he has attained.

### Mr. Frank Burns.

The speaker for the evening of Feb. 27 was Mr. Frank Burns, an able attorney of Kankakee. His theme was his profession, "The Law," which he discussed in its different species, dwelling particularly upon the law as a profession today and fifty years ago. The faculty and students were present and spent an instructive evening with Mr. Burns.



## SENIORS

Seldom did the walls of the society rooms of old St. Viateur's echo to such a profusion of oratory, music and song, as was heard in the town hall, upon the occasion of a smoker and open meeting given under the auspices of the class of '07, on Washington's birthday. In the face of the difficulties and adverse circumstances that obtrude themselves at present upon any attempts at entertainments, the dauntless '07 men furnished an evening of real intellectual enjoyment and pleasure that was in every respect a credit and an honor to a graduating class.

There was no end of bright speeches which were copiously interspersed with clean humor, and an abundance of pleasing wit.

Mr. O'Connor, president, delivered the opening address, in which he explained the motives of his class in giving the reception, saying that a remembrance of last year's catastrophe, and a deep sense of loyalty to Alma Mater prompted them to arrange their program.

Mr. Kelly kept the audience in fits of hearty laughter, in the recital of the "Trials of a Philosopher." He portrayed exactly the feelings which run through the first year men upon his initial call. He took his hearers through many other hardships of the philosopher's career, making long slays at Dante and the Oratory class.

He was succeeded by Mr. Walsh in a "Grance at the Past." in which he revived many pleasantries, all distinctly remembered, and counted as so many landmarks along the road of college career. This speaker also caused bursts of laughter from the crowd, who followed him closely throughout his journey over the past.

A serious, well balanced talk was given by James Hayden, who represented the class of '06. His was the task to lay before the house the benefits and fruits derived from class organization. He instanced the evening as an example of one of the goods coming from such organizations, and though the oratory, music and songs of the evening were greatly to be admired, what was more so to be remarked was the charming spirit of loyalty pervading the entire hall.

Mr. E. Conway, expressing the sentiments of '08, honorably represented the class of which he has been chosen leader. He acknowledged a certain indebtedness to the Senior class, inasmuch as they set the pace and example which the younger class was to follow. He spoke very assuring words that '08 would try earnestly to keep up the high standard set up by '07.



J. B. Dube was selected to speak on the class motto, "Per Aspera ad Astra," of which he showed the real and figurative meaning and pointed out how its meaning could easily be adapted to the hard workers of '07.

The meeting closed by a trio-ology of addresses by Rev. Father Rivard, who spoke of the manifold difficulties attendant upon the class formation of last year. He recounted the generosity of friends in lending assistance to organize this class and further its interests and he took occasion to thank all those absent or present who thus lent their timely aid. Father O'Mahoney, adopting the title of one of the pieces of music, "Stand Pat," for his theme, spoke instructively upon the necessity of progressing intellectually even in the face of obstacles but to meet them manfully and beat them to the ground. The worth of glory is greatly measured by the pains, hardships and adversities overcome to attain them.

Father Bergen gave a short but stirring and convincing talk on true loyalty and the circumstances that make it apparent.

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### PERSONALS.

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We extend our sincere and heartfelt thanks to Messrs. G. M. Sutton and Jacob Schaefer for their kindness in giving an exhibition game for the benefit of the college. It was gratifying to see these two world renowned men surrounded by their families engaged in a great game before hundreds of spectators. The sons of both the gentlemen are in various departments of the college, and their daughters attend the Notre Dame academy near by. We regret that Master Jacob Schaefer has not been well and we are anxious to see him fully recovered and at the games again with his fellow minims.

To J. D. Kirley belongs the credit, not only for the invention of gigantic feats, but also for their execution. In less than a week a huge amphitheatre was built within the gymnasium, filling every available nook and corner and yet allowing avenues for transit. The seating capacity was estimated at one thousand. To meet the exigencies of the day he chartered special service on the I. C. R. R. and brought the first passenger train into quiet and poetic Bourbonnais.

We like the way the contingent from the Annunciation parish turned out and we are grateful for their friendship. We have always noticed a special fondness in these young men for St. Viateur's and



we feel assured of their loyal support in any undertaking in behalf of St. Viateur's. Among the number present were: Messrs. A. Burke, A. Mathei, W. Dimmer, M. Quinlan, M. Foley, W. Maloney, W. Foley, M. Kileen, W. Donohue, J. Gleason, F. O'Hara, P. Barrett, J. Goggin, G. Hughes and Misses M. Norton, A. Norton and B. McGary.

Attorney Frank J. Burns of Kankakee, during his lecture to the faculty and students at Gymnasium hall Wednesday, February 27th, on "The Law and the Lawyer," paid a remarkable tribute to a judge of the circuit court of this district. Speaking of the de-



ATTORNEY FRANK J. BURNS

lays of the law, as one of the crying abuses of its administration, and suggesting a remedy by limiting the right of appeal interminably and indefinitely, Mr. Burns said among other things, "Over there in Kankakee sits a judge in the circuit court, who, when he applies the law to a given state of facts as presented to him in a case at bar, never errs, practically speaking, and if the appellate court or supreme court of Illinois, or the supreme court of the United States, reverses Judge Frank L. Hooper, they are wrong and he is right. A trial judge can know

more about the facts in a case than a court of appeal, the former being on the ground, while the latter handles the case at long range upon printed summaries of the proceedings and upon the argument of counsel. And so far as the law is concerned, Judge Hooper never decides a case until he is a complete master thereof. He is not what might be termed a remarkably brilliant man, but he is industrious and conscientious and painstaking. There are numerous trial judges like Hooper and because of the exigencies of politics, and because of other influences, men greatly his inferior, morally, mentally and by inclination, frequently find a seat on the woolsack of the benches of courts of review.

Attorney Burns received his education at the great Catholic University of America at Washington, being admitted in 1902. He is a brother of Rev. A. J. Burns and Captain James T. Burns, both



old St. Viateur boys. He is located in the Trust Bank building in Kankakee. He and his brothers are consistent friends of old St. Viateur's.

Although J. B. Shiel, '06, is engaged in business pursuits, he finds time to satisfy his liking for study and spends his evenings with private tutors in special English classes at the Jesuit college, Chicago.

Cupid is a bold charioteer. He has whipped his steeds almost to the college gateposts and carried off Mr. Anatole St. Aubin and Miss Louise Ponton. *Omnia fausta.*

In order to recuperate from fatigue and physical exhaustion, the Rev. J. H. Nawn was given a two months' furlough. After a month's stay with his parents in the east, he has returned to resume his ministerial duties in Chicago.

March 3 was the feast day of the Rev. M. T. Dugas, C. S. V., pastor of Beaverville, and it was fittingly observed by the pupils of the Holy Family academy. A reception was tendered him in the academy hall where music and addresses of felicitation made up a pleasant program.

The Rev. J. Vien, C. S. V., is assisting Rev. M. T. Dugas, C. S. V., since the mission of Papineau was annexed to the Beaverville parish

At the Sutton-Schaefer game given in the gymnasium there was a notable group of representative business men, many alumni and all true friends of the college. In the party were: George W. Moxley, John F. Doyle, Louis R. Kelley, P. Lindstrom, Thomas A. Smyth, Joseph F. Kelley and A. Hanagan. Mr. Joseph Kelley, on behalf of the college and its friends, made the opening remarks of welcome to the visitors.

To Mr. John Doheny we extend our sincere thanks for the comfortable and efficient service he tendered us over the I. C. R. R.

Referee Mathews, who presided over the Sutton-Schaefer game, has filled the position of referee for years with distinction. He accompanied Mr. Schaefer on his continental tours and decided many of the world's championships.



Mr. J. McAuliffe, although a young man, has speedily risen to prominence as a clever and tactful manager. He is now engaged with arrangements for the great contest for the 18-1 championship, to occur between Sutton and Schaefer at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, March 11.

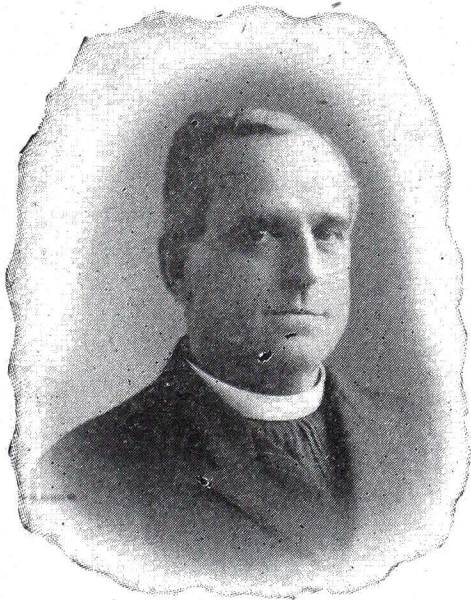
Other visitors of prominence Sunday were: Mayor Beckman, Dr. Bergeron, W. McKenna, W. Maguy, W. McAndrews, J. McAndrews, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boyle, E. Gillam and sisters; F. Coda, D. Horan, S. Dillon, R. Burke, E. Lister. Mrs. Shippy, Mrs. Hartigan; Dr. H. A. McMahon and wife, W. J. Collins and J. McGuire.

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## OBITUARY

On February 20, Rev. Joseph C. Lesage died at the Notre Dame rectory, 15 Sibley street, Chicago. After the last services were held over the remains of the deceased priest, his body was removed to Bourbonnais, where services were again held in Maternity church February 25. Solemn high mass was said, with Rt. Rev. J. M. Legris as celebrant, Rev. P. C. Conway as deacon

and Rev. P. J. Gelinas as sub-deacon. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., preached the sermon and paid a touching tribute to the life and work of the dead priest. Father Lesage was one of the first students to enter the classical course when it was instituted at the college and while pursuing his theological course he was connected with the faculty, teaching branches in both the classical and commercial departments. He was ordained in 1877 and after ordination remained a year teaching at the college. His first appointment was to St. George, Ill., where a convent and school remain as monuments to his zeal. While pastor here he attended as missions,



REV. JOS. C. LESAGE

Momence and Sumner. After laboring in St. George for several years he was sent to organize St. Joseph's parish, Brighton Park. In a short time he erected here the church, school and rectory.



This parish is the scene of his most arduous labors and after several years of tireless toil his health failed and his petition for a smaller field was granted him by the archbishop, who sent him to Aurora. It was here that he celebrated his jubilee in 1902. The two years preceding his death were spent in retirement with his class-mate and lifelong friend, Rev. A. Bergeron.

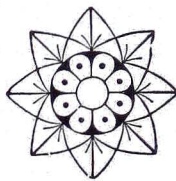
In the death of Father Lesage the archdiocese loses an efficient priest, the college a faithful alumnus and education a fervent promoter. He leaves behind him a memory of piety and indefatigable zeal in the vineyard of the Lord. The pall-bearers at the services were the Revs. M. T. Dugas, C. S. V., A. Granger, H. Granger, J. Vien, C. S. V., C. Poissant and J. A. Milot. Besides the pall-bearers there were present in the sanctuary the Révs. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.; W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., C. Fournier, C. S. V., P. Beaudoin, C. S. V.; J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., A. Caron, C. S. S. R., L. Fortier, C. S. S. R.; E. Bourget, E. Kowalewski, A. Tardif, C. S. V., Z. P. Berard, A. Beaulieu, A. Bergeron, J. Levasseur and Father Lebris. The college faculty and students attended in a body. The Viatorian extends its condolences to the bereaved relatives of the deceased priest.

Requiescat In Pace.

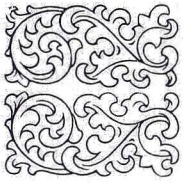
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### Notre Dame Academy.

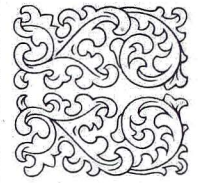
Mother Mary of Cenacle, superioress of Notre Dame academy, has returned from a mission to the mother house in Canada, where she laid before her superiors the needs and plans for a larger institution in Bourbonnais. It is her hope that the coming year will see the beginning of an institution that will rival the college in grandeur and be able to accommodate several hundred pupils.







# Exchanges



Strange as it may seem the roar of Niagara's tumult once more falls unchecked upon our ear, for the silvery tones of the individual, who sways the kingdom of college journalism, who stands alone par excellence upon the heights of the Ex. world and kindly and mercifully metes out justice—praises the good and charitable, turns a deaf ear to the mediocre, have died away leaving a mourning Ex. world. Indeed, so deep is the gloom among our sorrowing sister and brother editors, that each one is prepared to use its most strenuous blandishments to arouse our leader and our king from the lethargy into which he has fallen. We who have anxiously awaited the honeyed words of praise or the just one of censure, kindly softened, that come to us bi-monthly from the royal court in the shadow of the falls, feel unaccountably depressed at the quiescence that reigns in the royal mansion. To be sure, his words guide us still but they lack that fire, that boldness, that sincerity, that earnestness of conviction, that maturity by which they were wont to be characterized by his leige subjects. Indeed such a wonderful and deplorable change must have had its origin from some dire necessity or calamity, for effects should be proportionate to their causes. Yet we are unable to fix upon an adequate reason why our leader should no longer sway the rod of Ex-dom in his own inimitable manner. We have heard, but we have been feign to disbelief, that it is the weight of years pressing heavily upon his brow that forbids him longer to guide his neighbors, in his pleasantly autocratic way, in the path that leads to perfection in college letters. Yet, again had we heard that time—the cruel destroyer—had shorn him, like Sampson, of his hirsute adornment, which constituted his strength. But it seems base for us to think of our model in such a manner, he, without whom, the world of college exchanges would drift into the embrace of anarchy, and we are loath to believe such vile insinuations, nor will we believe them. We will even make bold enough to prophesy that in his next royal proclamation, there will be present that same boldness, that sincerity, that fire, that conviction, that has won for him his rightful place in the Ex. sphere. Doubters, we will let time bear out the truth of our prophecy.



A novel and commendable departure for an exchange, is the devoting of its issue to one subject, sketching it from many angles, viewing it by the light of many intellects, as has the Exponent done in its Longfellow number. His biography, various phases of his writings, speeches of some of his immortal characters, his value and place in literature. All these receive their mead of attention. Of the different articles, the most solid and pithy to our mind, is the comparison of Longfellow to the poet Bryant, for it is more critical, and has an analytic touch that tears apart the fabric of the poets and discloses the true worth of each, as rival claimants for poetic superiority. Its forceful and argumentative style peculiarly fits it for debate but, however, detracts from a graceful literary finish. It is more deep and thoughtful than the other articles, which border too closely on simple explanation and paraphrase, especially "The Symposium." "The Children's Laureate" and "A Longfellow Gallery" are graceful and artful arrangements of quotations aptly chosen to bear out their author's considerations, but "Divorce" has no place in The Exponent, although it is relieved by a clever editorial on the "Panama Canal" that speaks to us with all the persuasion of a born politician. The local news seems to be handled better in The Exponent than in most of our other papers—energetic, sprightly college chronicles that are well recorded.

From a poet to a saint is not a far stretch, for a saint's life is a living poem, and hence we do not feel any pangs of conscience in passing from Longfellow to the appreciation of "St. Bridget," in The Nazareth Chimes. Somehow or other, it claimed our attention and forced us to a second reading. Perhaps it was the beauty of the life portrayed; perhaps it was the poetic trend of the prose; its simple yet artful grace, that cast a charm over us. But we are inclined to think that it was the blending of the two that called forth our admiration. We have a lurking inclination toward the poetic; our phrenological friends ascribe it to our bump of foolishness asserting itself, and when it is found guided and directed by philosophy as in "Cheerfulness," our rapture is uncontrollable. The philosophy taught, while not new, yet is too little heeded. We feign would take up a study of this philosophy, whose first principle is "Be cheerful," but our innate pessimism, excuse us if we lapse into occasionalism, is too strong an obstacle to surmount, even if "faint heart, etc." However, we will try it, gradually increasing the dose; man can do no more. "Confidence" rings true and sincere, and its touch of pathos strikes a responsive chord. "Mamma's Angel" is not new to us, for that



experience once fell to our lot, but with a direr sequel. That "History repeats itself," is trite and true. We shall anxiously await the continuance of "The Romance of a Book," just to see the "old, old story" come out in the old, old way, with the same old happy everafter.

Since we have a predilection for poetic morsels, we came unto our own in The Georgetown College Journal, and feasted on "A Poet" and "The Night Herd." In "A Poet" there is that indefinable something that separates mere rythm and rhyme from real poetry, that touch that is called genius for lack of a better name. Fanciful and melodious, it is a song that must endure when the average ex-poem has been blotted out by the waters of oblivion. "The Night Herd" has the solemn swing that the author gives to his guardians of his herd. This voice of the wild, in its simplicity, appeals to us, bringing back memories of "the golden west"—the west that is losing its peculiar charms before the advance of present day civilization. "College Days Fifty Years Ago" proved quite interesting, and, strange to say, some of the present customs seem not to be a fifty-year sequence of the old. "Caxton" is a detective story of much interest, and is evidently from the pen of an inspiring follower of Conan Doyle, for the plot and its unraveling are not unlike the style of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Should not this be a compliment to the writer? This affords us another instance to moralize on what some Ex.—had said early in the year, we forget the particular one. It confined itself to the consideration that detective stories of the present are not noted for their originality and that the most noted writers of stories of this class today, follow rather closely in the footsteps of Poe and some early French writers, nor is a skilled eye needed to see the similarity between their productions.

The cowboy and the tenderfoot seem ever to make a good setting, around which the ambitious story-writer gathers his forces, for his first attempt to court fame as an aspiring author. Of course, by ambitious story-writers, I mean the geniuses that fill the pages of the ex's with the distinctive college brand of fiction, which may be divided into two classes—the one being concerned with the youthful version of the "old, old story;" the other the wild, rough, heroic style, that is best exemplified in the tales of the "wooley west." But we have wandered from the cowboy and the tenderfoot species, a good example of which is found in a new comer, The Cento, called "A Summer Diversion." It is not new but its breezy western colloquialisms are amusing and the tale is well told. "Old Centre by Night" shows an ac-



quaintanceship with the muse that is close, and a touch of the sublime seems to linger in its lines. We would call it the best article in *The Cento*. "The Play of Life," while very sweet, yet we fear, is the Utopian dream of the young.

Another new visitor to our table is *The Institute Echoes*, and upon its perusal, ours was a feeling of sorrow that we had not been numbered among its friends in the past, but we hope that the future will be kind to us by bringing it regularly to our sanctum. It brought with it a good character sketch of "Ophelia," one which while partly analyzing Shakespeare's famous tragedy yet is mostly concerned with, and dwells especially upon her characteristic traits, her purity, sincerity, unselfishness and simplicity. It is a well deserved and sincere tribute to her, whom the writer calls the most pathetic female character in Shakespeare. "An Exchange" is a rather original morsel of picture, and brought us back to the days of fairy tales and wonderful godmothers. "Sometimes" is a hopeful, poetic look into the future and companion poem, "St. Agnes" is sweet and ethereal—a poetic composition of narrative and prayer. The writer of the editorials is to be highly commended upon their excellence. The last one voicing sentiment, God being possessed, nothing is lacking, is particularly well written. It is the cry of a soul, gracefully softened by faith. Allow us to quote the beautiful opening lines. "For love deeply felt and not returned, for hope long deferred or never realized, for loss of every earthly thing thy heart holds dearest, there is one complete compensation—God."

We are indebted to *Loretta Magazine* for an appreciation of Longfellow, descriptive of his life, of his home and of himself, which we found quite interesting. But "A Wierd Experience" in its reading sent the cold chills up and down our spinal column until we found that it was only a dream. Coming from any other source we would call it cruel to work upon our sensibilities in this way but it is so graphic and withall so artfully done, the climax is reached so unconsciously and the denouement made, that is more than worth the start that it gave us.

Of the fiction of the exchanges of last month, that has come under our notice, we would unhesitatingly award the palm to McMaster's University Monthly for its two stories, "A Gentleman Unafraid" and "A Sacrifice to the Gods." Both have a leaning toward its psychological. They are original, deeply pathetic, yet not with the pathos that rises from weak sentimental raving, but with the strong, ennobling kind, that a man need not be ashamed to feel. Strongly interesting, there is an undercurrent running through them distinct from the mere pleasure that the reading of the tales inspire, something lasting, something of worth.





# Athletic Notes



## SUTTON - SCHAEFER CONTEST.

On Sunday, Feb. 24, we were honored by the presence of Messrs. Schaefer and Sutton, the champion billiardists of the world: moreover we were treated, in a manner never to be forgotten, by seeing these two experts in a friendly contest for the benefit of our athletic association. To say that the contest was enjoyed would be placing it mildly; the enthusiasm of the crowd was kept at a high pitch by the skill manifested by the well known players. In the 300 point game at 18.2 balk line, Sutton was the winner by the score of 300 to 170. In the 10 point three cushion contest, Schaefer won handily, 10 to 3. After the games, Schaefer gave an exhibition of fancy shots which won the applause of the audience.

A crowd estimated at 1,000 turned out to see the game. A special train from Chicago, bearing the contestants and families, together with alumni and friends of the college, arrived on the college switch early in the afternoon. At 2:30 p. m., the preliminary contest was started. It was first arranged to have Jacob Schaefer, Jr., the twelve year old son of the "Wizard," and a student in the preparatory department, play a 50 point game of straight-rail with Mr. C. Mahoney of the collegiate department. Jacob, Jr., was taken ill a few days before the contest and Mr. McAuliff, of Chicago, manager of the "Wizard," was substituted. While Mr. Mahoney was defeated, still his playing was excellent. He lacked the careful training, experience and acquaintance with the championship table which his opponent displayed. The game resulted in a victory for Mr. McAuliff, 50 to 36.

The big contest was started at 3 o'clock. Mr. Schaefer won the opening shot and in the first two innings registered 15 points to Mr. Sutton's 8. The "Wizard" held the lead up to the seventh inning, when Sutton forged ahead with a run of 27 points, keeping the lead for the rest of the game. In the twelfth inning Schaefer threatened to make a high score, but after running 43 points, he missed the next and a chance for a brilliant run by a narrow margin. In the fifteenth inning Sutton clinched the game by a magnificent run of 97. The "Wizard" seemed to make at times what might be termed hard luck shots, missing the ball and spoiling the run by a very small space.



In the three cushion game Schaefer easily won. His execution was at all times brilliant, bringing applause from the spectators, after many of his seemingly impossible shots. Mr. Sutton showed himself to be a master at cornering the ivories and holding them in position. His high runs were largely the result of careful nursing and skillful "masse" shots.

To Messrs Schaefer and Sutton the faculty and athletic association wish to express their thanks for the kindness and generosity of these two gentlemen who donated their talents to a friend in need. St. Viateur's feels proud to number them among her many friends. Also to Messrs. McAuliff and Mahoney, who entertained us in the preliminary, and to those who gave aid in the preparations of this event, the association gives thanks for the success of this memorable day. Score:

Sutton—6-2-0-0-3-1-23-27-30-22-63-33-3-97-8—300

Schaefer—4-11-0-0-11-27-6-0-12-4-8-43-7-0-1-36—170.

High run—Sutton, 97. Schaefer, 43. Average, Sutton, 18. Schaefer 10.

10 point three cushion—Schaefer—3-0-0-0-1-1-3-1-1—10

Sutton—0-0-0-2-0-0-0-1-0—3.

High run—Schaefer, 3. Sutton 2.

Umpire—Matthews.

### BASEBALL.

While spring is giving forth sure signs of its approach the candidates for baseball honors continue their tiresome strife. Each afternoon the batting cage is occupied by the men who intend to uphold St. Viateur's name on the field this season. And still we must continue to deal in "dope," but it is "dope" which daily assumes a more promising shape and will be selling above par by Easter. The enthusiasm of the candidates in their daily practice speaks well for this year's season, since the ability of most of them is already known.

The squad has been cut down to a small number, from which Captain Kelly will make his choice. He has a good bunch of candidates at his command. As a starter there are nine men in the squad who in the last two years have occupied regular positions on the team. They are accustomed to each other's style of playing, and we may expect great team-work in the coming games.

While the absence of Shiel from the pitching staff will be severely felt, we may well look to Stack to duplicate his stunts and rival him on the slab. Savary and Mahoney are young pitchers



who can be relied upon for some of the lighter games, or in case of accident to big Ed. In the catching department the heavy work will fall to Weber, who did such good work last year. B. McCarthy, who is a candidate for the outer gardens, is also good behind the mask and will be valuable as a sub catcher. First base looks like Martin's position, on account of his performance last spring. He did not finish the season owing to an injury to his ankle, but at the time was fielding and batting well, besides inspiring confidence into the whole team. Legris and O'Connell, both well fitted for the position, are candidates for the initial sack. While Kelly will be the regular second-sacker, his work last year being especially good, still Nourie will be a close second in that locality and should be useful as a substitute. For the positions at shortstop and third base, Donovan will be an active bidder and can be used handily in either position. Hickey, last year's captain and shortstop, graduated last June and will probably be succeeded at short by A. McCarthy, who made an excellent showing last year. Slatery undoubtedly has the call among the third basemen and should be a star in that position.

Among the outfielders, Conway is a safe bet in left field, unless, as has been rumored, he should be tried on the infield. Dowdle, hailing from Lewis Institute, is a candidate for one of the remaining gardens; he looks good from here, but we can't say much until we see him in the harness on the field. Right field will be well taken care of by one of the men who are dropped from the infield, probably Legris or O'Connell. Cannon, who tried for an outfield berth last season but was forced to quit, is again a member of the squad. This will leave most of last year's regulars on the squad and if we may judge the future by the past—well, let us be optimistic. Five of these men can hit well above the 300 mark, so we may expect to witness many a swatfest during the coming season. This is the way "Cap" Kelly handed the dope to us and if the line-up should be different next spring, just forget all about this article and help the team play winning ball.

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While we would like to have Ben Shiel on the pitching staff this year, still we are glad to hear of his success elsewhere. News has just been received that he has signed to pitch for the coming season with Callahan's Logan Square team in Chicago. This is one of the fastest semi-pro teams in the city and to be even considered by its management as a probable candidate is no small honor. We



wish Shiel all kinds of success and feel sure that he will cause the fans to sit up and take notice, the first warm day he performs. The western colleges and universities whom he faced last year can give him good recommendations, should he need them.

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### LOCALS.

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Fish down.

April fool.

Stand pat.

"Ignominious defeat?"

"You'll pay for that in free study."

"Young man, you're in danger of suspension."

"Well, I'll be hanged."

Handballville—end of the line.

"Why is there so much chicken pox during Lent?"

"Egg diet."

Junior jumps on new pumps

Senior thumps—effect lumps

"Doc" "humphs"—feels bumps

Junior cheers—cause mumps.

Geremo—(at batting cage)—American tent no good, see through him.

Visitor—"Who is that portly gentleman over there praising so highly the custom of fasting?"

Minim—"Oh, that's the cook!"

The batting cage was silent,  
 The roller skating stopped,  
 The basket ball unheeded lay  
 And handballs too were dropped.  
 The billiard balls ceased clickin,  
 Then like a fierce wolf pack,  
 All sprang upon the prodigal,  
 Yes—"Buddy from Essex" is back.

Teacher—"Give a sentence with the word 'apparent' in it."

Cal—"My father is a parent."



N—"Those coaches that brought the billiard players were pretty good ones, weren't they?"

O—"Yes, but it isn't the first time we've had good coaches in the yard. How about Dyer?"

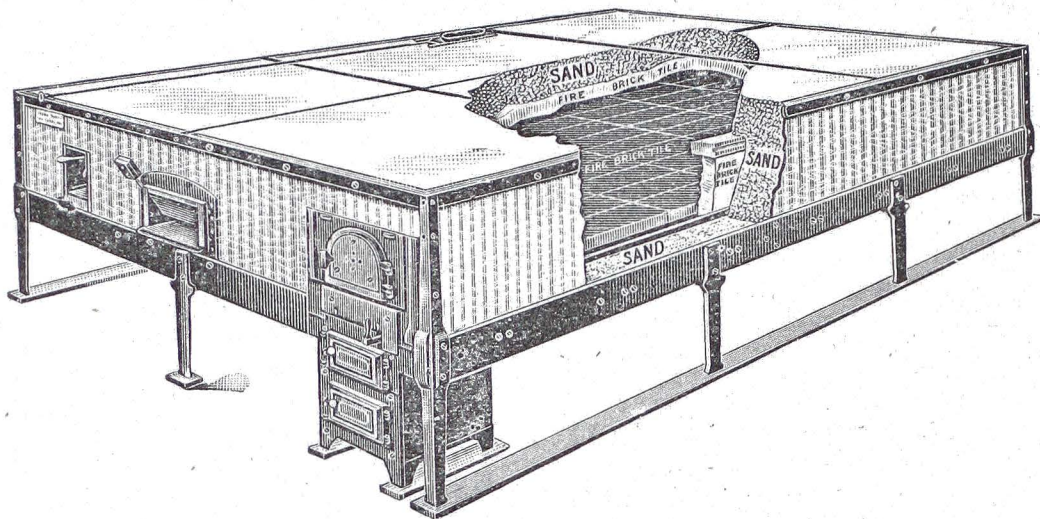
No doubt you've missed a set-up  
In the store or playing pool,  
Or perhaps you've set a miss up  
In some store a-playing fool.  
After all, a fire isn't so awful bad.

'Twas in 'o6 A. D. that A. G.  
Met a K. M. by name of K. T.,  
She would say to A. G.,  
"I'm an heiress, U. C.,"  
And what a hot air-ess O. G.





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