

# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

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## CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

C. Mahoney, '08.

One of the pleasing qualities of man and one we all admire is ambition. Ambition is the hope or desire of attaining a premeditated goal, or of accomplishing a future purpose. Christ, we may say, had an ambition. His was the ambition of saving man, and for the accomplishment of his purpose he suffered on the cross unto death.

What a train of thought that word ambition awakens in us. Like a harbor master it throws open the harbors or ports of our minds, and our thoughts as a white-winged fleet sail down the broad channel of time, down, down, down to the starting point of our cruise, to Romulus and Remus of Rome. Here stopping for a moment our pilot skilfully steers us back up the stream, touching at many islands; named Lycurgus, Solon, Cyrus, Alexander, Cicero, Napoleon and numerous others. These are all synonymous with ambition. They all had drunk of that sparkling cup of ambition, prepared by the hand of that fickle goddess—Fortune. Some, becoming intoxicated by the powerful fumes of ambition, sought to overthrow persons, cities, nations and even the whole orb. But there was a power above on whom they had not reckoned. He the omnipotent, seeing they were entangled in their own meshes, snapped their life-string before they had reached their zenith. They became victims of their own passion—ambition.

But we happen upon a name before coming to that of Napoleon which does not seem to be totally undone by the powerful draught. Braver heart never was. Most of his life an invalid, he displayed the highest constancy and courage. For, tottering upon the brink of the grave and supported by a king as feeble in health as himself, he faced and overcame the whole of the aristocracy of France. Such was the man in whom both Catholicity and statecraft were combined. Armand Jean du Plessis Richelieu, better known to us as Cardinal Richelieu.

Cardinal Richelieu, born in Paris, was first destined to the

career of arms. He was a marquis at the time his brother resigned the bishopric of Lucon. Now mark the ambitious nature of Richelieu beginning to peep forth like a tree pushing outward its blossoms as a sign of the fruits to come. He desired to succeed to the office of his brother. And to secure this studied theology, and at the age of twenty-two was ordained bishop of Lucon. This alone shows the material of the man and the nature of his ambition. And now that he was in a more advantageous place, he made apt use of his power. Step by step, little by little, but as surely as the light of day mounts to the azure sky and sinks again into the arms of night he made his position more firm. And his position must well be firm, firm and as indestructible as the rock of Peter. For in his brain startling schemes were maturing which were soon to be put to the test. And when they were disclosed he might expect a shock that would dethrone a king.

And now after receiving the cardinals he considered it a favorable time to unfold his policy, which was comprised of these stupendous designs. As a Catholic he desired to extend and strengthen his church. And for this end determined to rid the country of the enemies of the church, the Huguenots; as a patriot he strove to humble the pride of Austria and Spain and keep France, his country, up to that high pitch of greatness at which she had stood in the time of Henry IV. Lastly, as a statesman, he rose to crush the power of the nobility and forever prevent them from setting themselves against the king. What could be more startling than for a single person to give birth to these nigh impossible plans, and, more incredible, to take the execution of them upon himself? For a single man, practically unheard of, brought into the limelight of public observation only by his succession to the dignity of a cardinal, to uncover these extravagant designs, at such an inopportune time, when the nobility were in power, and the nation was torn by political strifes, intrigues, religious dissensions and discords, seemed as rash and futile as mere man to endeavor to master the very elements of nature. When we see the power of the Protestants in France at this time it seems hardly possible that he was not crushed at the very offset. The Huguenots, headed by the highest nobles in the kingdom, were aroused to the most fiendish crimes imaginable against the Mother Church. Like a fire long smoldering under the ashes of Protestantism their resentment and malice burst forth into flames of pillage, murder, arson and a fanaticism that threatened doom to the Catholic church. Priests and monks were murdered on their altars, churches were burned, libraries were destroyed, and even the Catholic laity did not escape, for at one city alone three thousand men, women and

children were slain as an offering to the religious frenzy of the Huguenots. Was this, do you think, a favorable time for a single man, a cardinal of the Catholic church, to reveal in pointed opposition to the Protestants his policy, which was to extend his church and rid the kingdom of his enemies? I think you will agree with me when I say that if he failed it would be no more than was expected. But if on the other hand he succeeded I am positive that you will unite with me in saying that the reward of his Catholic zeal, his statesmanship and his patriotism should be eternal fame and supreme glory. It does seem hard to believe that he was crushed at the start of his career, but with that masterly mind to will was to do. And he willed to withstand the storm. It was not to be thrown aside that he had paved his way so firmly. And he set out like another Hercules to perform his Herculean labors. His task was the subjugation of the feudal power, and the crushing of the nobility.

The establishment of a strong monarchical power was, as France was then constituted, the only chance for industry and commerce to lift up their heads, for the finer arts to develop themselves in security, for the intellect of man to have free course and for the poor to be protected from oppression. Much of this, if not all, he accomplished. The work of many succeeding generations was in this man's brain. As Bacon stretched out the lines within which science was to move in the days of Newton and Faraday, Richelieu marked out the lines within which French statesmanship was to move in the days of Colbert and Turgot, even to that grand blot on the French nation, the Reign of Terror. All things for the people, nothing by the people. This maxim attributed to Napoleon embodied as well the sentiments of Richelieu. The policy of Richelieu was to take up that cause which best expressed the real wants of the country. In England he favored the parliament. In Germany he was on the side of the princes against the emperor. In Italy he was in favor of the independence of the states against Spain, and in many other instances he showed his sagacity. It is this keen power of foresight which distinguished Richelieu from his predecessors.

Richelieu was not domineering through the mere insolence of power. If he was harsh and stern it was to the enemies of France, the nobles, who trod under foot the peasant and the serf; who considered the possession of power merely as a road to advancement of their private fortunes. Richelieu's ambition was not boundless, not infinite. He never aspired to more than he was able to perform. Never struck excepting for a purpose, and when that purpose was gained he was contented with his success. Richelieu

has as a rule been most severely and unjustly criticized. He was a truly great man and it followed that as such he had many enemies. Parsons, an impartial historian, shows him to be a great statesman and a true ecclesiastic. A man cautious and shrewd and crafty, but whose purpose was made holy by his love for his country. Bulwer Lytton, in his play of "Cardinal Richelieu," shows this great love by making the character of Richelieu say, "France, I love thee! All earth shall not pluck thee from my heart! My mistress France—my wedded wife! Sweet France, who shall proclaim divorce for you and me?" These words are indeed worthy of the man himself.

Richelieu is rightly ranked among the great men of the world, as a man who was ever true to his king, his country and his God. His fame survives, bounded only by the limits of the earth and the extent of the human mind. His fame will live in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children. And when the monuments he erected shall be done away with, when even France and the French nation shall have passed into oblivion, the name of Richelieu will rise in the sky of fame like a star untarnished, unstained by the dust of their ruins.

## Hugh Lloyd's Christmas

J. M. K.

The bells in the old church tower tolled out the hour of midnight over the city. Arc lights sputtering and flickering threw long, gaunt shadows down the deserted streets, whose giant buildings outlined their black profiles on the starless sky. A cab with its burden of late theatre-goers rattled over the cobblestones and vanished in the darkness. The city slumbered and her sons of toil lay in the arms of sleep, forgetfulness, save the weary guardians of the peace and Hugh Lloyd, cashier of the Peerless Woolen Mills.

Tall in stature, with hair slightly tinged with gray, possessing a fine, ingenuous nature, he had for many years by incessant devotion to duty enjoyed the confidence of his employers, with the exception of Theb Adman, late member of the firm. Very little was known of this gentleman since his advent into the city save that he was a good spender around town. His constant nagging, oslerizing remarks and frequent insinuations proved a source of much dis-

comfiture to Lloyd. The thought of his wife, the near approach of Christmas, his earnest desire of purchasing his loved ones some token of affection, and of visiting his feeble parents in a distant city often held back the deep promptings of his heart to seek employment elsewhere. But now the startling discovery of two thousand dollars shortage in the firm's money caused him ceaseless worry and anxiety. True, he was not guilty of stealing it, for theft had never entered his mind. The holiday trade was increasing. Jones, his assistant, at home sick, the charge of theft staring him in the face, made the lines deepen on his brow, his eyes sunken in their sockets, and wiped from his mind all hopes of a merry Christmas. With bent form silhouetted over the desk, his eyes like burning coals, he traced and retraced the long columns of figures which lay before him, but all were correct. It could not be that some thief had rifled the cash drawer, for he alone had access to the money. He had been most careful since the loss of the Union Toy Co. had been added to the long list of frequent robberies which had so startled the business district. Members of the firm, it was true, had entered his office that week to consult him, but surely he could not suspect the men who trusted him with their wealth. Who took the money; where did it go? That, he alone must answer. Thus night after night the light in the Peerless Woolen Mills burned long after midnight, revealing Lloyd at his desk. He had that day mortgaged his cozy home, added his savings and placed the money in the vaults, hoping thereby to liquidate the loss; but there remained five hundred dollars shortage. It was now the twenty-third of December and in another week the world would brand him as an embezzler and thief. The chimes struck two, and with brain afire he locked the safe, drew his coat tightly about his wasted form, plugged into the enveloping darkness and began his weary walk towards home.

For weeks the city stood in amazement as each morning brought reports of new robberies in which safes had been rifled of the money. That the person was an expert and the means used to open the safes entirely unknown to the police was certain. The utmost vigilance on the part of sleuths was unavailing. When Will Shea, the night patrolman, examined the doors and bars of the Merchants' bank everything was secure, so he continued on his rounds. From without the shadow of a neighboring building a figure darted quickly across the street. It was the work of a few moments with the aid of a neatly contrived electric saw for the burglar to gain entrance to the bank building. The steel bars whose joinings covered with a paste of soap and pepper were so replaced that when Watchman Shea on his rounds flashed the electric lamp upon them all was apparently safe and sound.

Hugh Lloyd, eager to shield himself from swirling snow and the cold blasts of wintry wind, hurried along close to the sheltering walls of the towering buildings. Great was his surprise and equal his fright when nearing the Merchants' bank to see a figure hastily crawling out of its lower window. Realizing the situation, he grasped his heavy walking stick with a tighter grasp and before his footsteps on the soft snow were heard by the robber he had dealt him a stunning blow which felled him to the sidewalk. Lloyd's cry of alarm was answered by Shea and neighboring watchmen. But what was his amazement and horror when on examining the unconscious form to find it none other than his employer's partner, Adman.

That morning the news spread like wildfire through the city. The newspapers appeared with startling headlines. Column after column revealed the dual life of the clubman and robber. His heavy losses at the gambling table were recalled, his lavish expenditures and riotous living were depicted in glowing colors; printer's ink was not spared in relating the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence led by Adman. The wonderful electric saw and drills found on his person explained how the hardest steel vaults had been entered. Memorandums neatly kept proved him guilty of the late robberies, even to the amount of two thousand dollars from his own firm. A hasty meeting of the Peerless Woolen Mills' directors was called, expert accountants labored over the books, but found nothing amiss, employes were questioned to no avail, and it was only when Lloyd told the painful story of his sufferings that the firm understood how there was but only five hundred dollars missing. After the directors had held long and lengthy consultation, examined the facts pro and con, repeated over and over their criminal partner's confession of having purloined the money when the cashier's back was turned, they realized that had it not been for the faithfulness of Lloyd to his duty they might have been forced to close their doors. With light step and happy heart the cashier hastened home that evening to assure his wife that their Christmas would be a merry one indeed. The firm had not only refunded his hard-earned savings and rewarded him handsomely, but told him that on his return from a vacation, in which time he might regain his strength, to attend the directors' meeting, to which he had been elected a member.

That night Theb Adman languished in his prison cell, and whilst the church bells were chiming "Peace on earth to men of good will," in the little home of Hugh Lloyd, which had been blessed with the good things God has in store for those who serve Him, two hearts filled with joy exclaimed, "Glory to God on high!"

# SAINT CECELIA

J. F. ROCHE, '08



In the center of a Roman garden of exquisite beauty there once stood a stately palace on the Campus Martina, the ancestral hall of Metellus X. I shall not describe the grandeur of this home, but crave your attention to its surroundings. All appeared like the fabled gardens of Fairyland. Here and there murmuring fountains which appealed sweetly musical to the ear; scarlet blossoms so beauteously bright, so smilingly serene, seemed to open their lips to impart messages of joy. Such a profusion of roses—yes and even the wild rose wandering from the confines of cultivation wielded his scepter of perfume in this magnificent garden. Beneath an arbor of white bloom could frequently be seen a maiden of tender years entranced in meditation. She was beautiful of face, and drapery of exquisite modeling modestly covered her form. This noble Roman maiden was Cecelia, a daughter of Pagan parents and belonging to one of the most illustrious families of Rome. Cecelia was born in Rome in the beginning of the third century, and during the years of comparative peace which followed upon the death of Septimus Severus. How or by what means our divine Lord first took possession of her young heart can be determined with no accuracy, but it is certain that He did so in her infancy and that her earliest childhood, though spent in a pagan home, was passed in all purity of Christian life. Like a lily among thorns she blossomed amidst the immorality of Rome. She scattered sunshine and blessings where only clouds and licentiousness reigned, and wore concealed within her girlish robes a parchment roll of the Gospel.

Distinguished no less for musical gifts than her birth and beauty, she played every instrument in a manner so entrancing that according to a pious tradition "an angel of heaven ravished with her celestial melodies descended from the clouds to listen to her strains." It is scarce likely that we would consider Cecelia a very remarkable musician, but we must bear in mind that she lived in a primitive age of music. Her fame rests upon the fact that she was the greatest musician of a musically ignorant age, and, as was natural, she excited astonishment by the display of her skill. Where then did she obtain this wonderful ability if not from heaven? Undoubtedly she received the education that was usual for the young women of her

day, that is a mediocre instruction in music, needlework and household duties.

The music masters were as a general rule the singers and instrumental performers from the theatres who were given large donations by the wealthy Romans to instruct their daughters in music. We read in history that young maidens were provided with lyres of small size, usually studded with jewels. That the lyre was a favorite instrument of St. Cecelia is very evident, as many great poems and paintings portray this belief. In his ode to St. Cecelia Dryden says:

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecelia raised the wonder higher,  
When to her organ vocal breath was given;  
An angel heard and straight appeared,  
Mistaking earth for heaven."

Music! Ah, what a wealth of meaning in that word! What enriches life more than love, joy and worship; and is not music the natural expression of these sweet emotions of the soul? Yes, it is the very ecstasy of humanity. Who then would not associate this divine art with heaven itself? Since we know it speaks to the soul messages of peace and hope, of courage and of inspiration.

Music:

"Thou art the angel of the pool that sleeps,  
With peace and healing hidden in its deep,  
Waiting thy touch to make its waters roll,  
In heaving murmurs round the weary soul."

Having embraced Christianity while yet a child, Cecelia became the intimate friend of Pope Urban of the Catacombs and was thought by him a very angel of mercy because of her charity to the helpless and poor. Wherever the faithful assembled you would find Cecelia, and she was one of the most devout in her visits to the tombs of the martyrs that lay buried in the Appian way.

St. Cecelia is said to have been the first to introduce music and singing into these early gatherings. Her remarkable and beautiful voice, trained by the best masters of her day, and her singing of the Psalms made a great impression on the Christians gathered for divine worship, until finally other maidens were led to join her in singing parts of the services. All this could not but prepare her heart for those heavenly interviews with which her divine spouse so favored her, and for those moments of ecstasy which she enjoyed in the silence of her chamber while in prayer she kept the watches

of the night. Little wonder that this chaste white dove of Rome won the hearts of others "when her voice echo rose to heaven like incense sweet and rare!" O wondrous melody that wafted like perfume to the very celestial courts of heaven. No wonder that God looked upon her and loved her, she who intoned the keynote that still vibrates in celestial chants throughout the Christian world. No wonder that Holy Church honors this immaculate lily by gloriously commemorating her feast and proclaiming her the patroness of sacred music and religious melody. St. Cecelia's girlhood days were comparatively peaceful. As dew falling in the silence of the night fertilizes the earth, so in the quiet of prayer grace comes to enrich the soul and makes it ready to bring forth fruit of holiness. If any thought the conduct of St. Cecelia strange, no one dared to enter charge against the favorite daughter of the house of Metellus.

Her trial and crown were deserved for her young womanhood. Whether or not like others she received the veil of virginity from the hands of the sovereign pontiff, she certainly received a special protection from heaven and the assurance that her hope of living and dying a virgin would in every sense be fulfilled. At the age of sixteen Cecelia's first severe trial appeared. Vowed to virginity, her only thoughts were centered upon her sacred art, her church and her heavenly spouse. But her parents, still pagans, decided and demanded that she marry a young Roman noble in the person of Valerian, who like themselves was a pagan. St. Cecelia stated her feelings as plainly and strongly to her parents as seemed to her justifiable. "My dear ones," she cried in her anguish, "I can love Valerian only as a brother. I can admire his high spirit and noble bearing, but I cannot give him the love which a bridegroom has a right to claim. Oh! I shrink from the obligations which I know I cannot fulfill." Resistance, however, was of no avail, for her parents would not listen to her pleadings. The wedding was fixed and the fashionable world assembled at the grand palace now brilliant with illumination.

Behold the lonely bride appears dressed in flowing robes of white, with her beautiful face hidden in the crimson veil which the Roman maidens were accustomed to wear. The marriage ceremony was performed and Cecelia withdrew to her bridal apartments. Standing alone in those rooms, she heard the door open. Valerian approached but drew back. For standing near his bride he could see an angel resplendent with a heavenly brightness and bearing in his hand a flaming sword. "Fear not, my noble friend," exclaimed St. Cecelia. "I have a secret to tell thee. I have for my lover an angel of God, who with great jealousy watches over my soul and body. Oh! noble Valerian, embrace the purifying waters of

eternal life, believe in the one true living God who reigns in heaven and I promise thee a crown in that home of perfect felicity." Valerian stood amazed. Never before did he descry such a scene of inspiration. "Cecelia! Cecelia!" he cried, and she answered not. To Valerian the silence that intervened seemed eternal. When suddenly the atmosphere was freighted with perfumes as if all the flowers of nature poured forth an exuberance from one vast chalice. Valerian, transformed by divine grace, felt a new fire within his pagan but generous heart. "Oh! come within my soul to dwell thou Lord of Light, that worthy my love shall be of Cecelia, my bride." St. Cecelia directed him to the venerable Urban, who gladly received him into the fold of our Holy Mother, the Church. Clothed in the white robes of the Neophyte, he immediately returned to his bride and there beheld her prostrate in prayer and by her side the angel of protection. The Blessed Spirit advanced bearing in his hands two beautiful crown of lilies and roses. Saluting St. Cecelia and Valerian, he exclaimed, "Receive these heavenly crowns which you have merited by the purity of your hearts and the sanctity of your lives." Shortly afterwards Valerian succeeded in winning his brother Tibertius to the faith, and both for having refused to worship the idol gods fell beneath the persecutor's axe and won eternal crowns of glory by their martyrdom. St. Cecelia yet remained! What was to be her fate? What would befall this noble daughter of Metellus, this angel of the poor, this virgin widow of a virgin martyr? Ah! it was soon determined. Almachius, prefect of Rome and an impious monster, instituted the persecutions of the Christians which have never been surpassed in history. This infernal demon in human form now sought to destroy the beautiful Cecelia. His first attempt was the confiscation of Valerian's estates, but Cecelia forestalled this by distributing all these possessions to the poor. Angered by this act and not daring to punish her publicly he endeavored to suffocate her by fiery vapors in the bath of her palace home. However, the intense heats did not affect our Saintly Cecelia, but like the three children in the fiery furnace of Babylon she was miraculously preserved intact. When the door opened, behold instead of a lifeless form there appears St. Cecelia singing the praises of Almighty God.

Finally an officer of Almachius entered, sword in hand. St. Cecelia walked proudly forth to meet her doom and would fain have embraced the sword that was to unite her to her divine spouse. The hireling executed his degraded office so imperfectly that after the third blow which was permitted by the Roman law his victim still remained alive. Oh! what agonizing pain she endured during

the three days that followed. Did she murmur? No! But she gathered around her the poor of Jesus, who listened to her heavenly colloquies and watched her smiles in the agony of death. But why did she linger? She lived till the coming of another and he came. Pope Urban entered the chamber, and kneeling over his dying child received her last wishes. Turning her beautiful eyes toward the saintly pontiff she softly said, "Oh, my father, I have supplicated heaven for this delay only that I might leave you my treasure, my love—my poor." Solemn silence prevailed. In the distance a scarlet-hooded summer sun was nodding drowsily westward, emitting amber rays that penetrated the windows of her room. An animated expression of St. Cecelia's countenance portrayed the conception of a divine inspiration, and pressing her hand to her heart she whispered, "Oh, Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, my life, my soul, my body.

"To die, ah no, that were not death which thus set free  
Her fearless soul, long thirsting for eternity;  
That were not fire that burned or knife that cleft  
Her virgin flesh, of every human trait bereft,  
But His great touch adorning for its martyr's place  
The body whose stern pain should give His fold new grace."

Decades upon decades of years have rolled by since the voice of St. Cecelia thrilled groups of devout Christians, but her influence is still felt and the great musicians of all times and climes pay her homage and worship her as the patroness of a divine art.





# Our Bardic Choir



## CHRISTMAS.

J. M. Kangley.

Through the great city's streets whirl the snowflakes so light,  
Slowly weaving o'er all dazzling traceries of white;  
Floating down with a motion so lightsome and free,  
From the heavens above over church spire and tree:  
There is joy in the hearts of the gay homeward throngs,  
And their voices are mingled in old Christmas songs;  
On the breast of the wind ascend carols on high,  
Odes of praise to our King, whom we now glorify.

Chiming bells send the tidings of joy far and near,  
"Peace on earth to all men" peals their music so clear;  
Every church is aglow, every altar is bright,  
With a wealth of rare flowers and the candles' soft light.  
Through the homes of the rich, stately palace and hall,  
Vibrates music and song of this great festival;  
The bright glitter of lamps and the breath of the rose  
Hover 'round the rich board where the wine goblet flows.

In the throngs there are hearts whose fond hopes now lie crushed,  
And the poor are forgot as the crowds onward rush;  
The frail cry of the homeless is drowned in the cheers,  
No one sees the wan forms or the eyes filled with tears.  
In the glitter and glare of the world's passing show,  
In the warmth of their homes by the fireside's bright glow,  
Men forget the cold wintry wind and the snow,  
They are blind to the victims of poverty's woe.

Oh, the charity Christ taught the world! has it flown  
From the hearts of all men, has their love sordid grown?  
Can the glitter and glare and the outwardly show,  
From our God up above conceal poverty's woe?  
As our homage and praise to our Lord we now owe,  
Let us cherish His words while on earth here below;  
"I say unto you that you love one another,  
For who loveth God loveth also his brother."

THE VIATORIAN  
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

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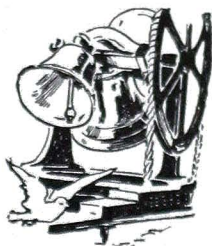
J. M. Kangley.

Ring out ye bells, 'tis Christmas morn!  
Glad tidings send afar and near;  
Unto mankind this day is born,  
The Prince of Peace, our Saviour dear.

The sky is filled with dazzling light—  
The courts of heaven with praises ring,  
The angel choirs with joy, delight,  
Now worship Christ, the new-born King.

Ring out ye chiming, deep-toned bells!  
Awake the echoes of the hills;  
Let music fill the vales and dells,  
The earth with happiness now thrills.

Men hail with joy sweet Christmas morn,  
Lift up their voices, hearts in prayer,  
For Christ the Lord today is born,  
Unto the world a saviour fair.



THE ADVENT OF NEW YEARS.

---

J. L. Dougherty, 'o8.

The old year soon will pass his manhood's prime,  
His aged form is bent, his locks are hoar,  
His garb is threadbare worn by ruthless time,  
The blessings are dispensed he held in store.

An infant year ere long his place will fill,  
Born unto Time amid winter's cold and snow,  
His bright young face each hoping heart will thrill,  
And make each heart with gratitude o'erflow;

Because he brings high hopes of greater things  
And makes ambition's pulse the quicker beat,  
As he presents to her the spreading wings  
With which to soar to inspiration's seat.

Now is the time for looking o'er our past,  
Let's turn our eyes and cast a careful glance  
O'er this old year whose life is ebbing fast,  
If we his blessings have misspent, perchance.

Upon this advent of a new-born year  
We will resolve though our resolves be few,  
(While for the old year gone we drop a tear)  
To treasure up the blessings of the new.

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### THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

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Emmett Conway, '08.

There stood by the side of a fresh chiseled tombstone  
A sad orphan child, whom sorrow had found,  
For his mother he sighed, as with heartrending moan  
He stood there in silence on Death's holy ground.  
In the distance his eye saw his desolate home,  
Where oft he was wont in the summer to roam  
Through the sweet-scented gardens, 'neath heaven's broad dome,  
And sing the soft anthem of "Home Sweet Home."

"Hard is my lot!" said the youth in his sadness,  
"From home and its pleasures to grief I am blown,  
The voice of my mother, resounding with gladness,  
Her warm words of comfort forever have flown.  
Oh! never again shall I bend at her knee,  
And pray to the Father to watch over me,  
Or hear her soft voice in sweet ecstasy  
Sing of the pleasures of "Home Sweet Home."

Hear me, my mother! Give ear to my cry,  
And lend your assistance, as in days of yore,  
My heart's full of sadness, my life is a sigh,  
The thoughts of my childhood but grieve me the more.  
The world and its pleasures in vain would appease me,  
Our union in heaven of all things could please me,  
When Death in its kindness from life will release me,  
And make us both happy as 'twas here before."

Who shall restrain me and guide my ambition?  
Who shall caress me and speak words of love?  
Oh! through the days of this hard earthly mission  
May I be guarded by kind eyes above!  
Grant that the Father will list to my prayer,  
And aid me in bearing each sorrow, each care,  
Till angels to heaven my spirit will bear,  
To serve the kind Master in humble submission.

Thus all the sweet memories fondly are pressing,  
Over my soul like the twilight's soft fall;  
The virtue and strength of your last earthly blessing  
Shall shield me from sin and from temptation's call.  
The beauties of nature! the bright stars above!  
The billowy oceans! the call of the dove!  
Are cherished by man, but a mother's fond love  
For her child left unguarded, seems dearer than all.

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### A MOTHER'S FACE.

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F. E. Munsch, '08.

I have ne'er before seen a face half so sweet,  
Expression so mild and so bland,  
In all life's far wanderings I'll ne'er again meet  
Such strokes of the Master's deft hand.

A countenance rare such deep beauty had shown,  
That defied either pencil or brush,  
Celestial rays had made it their throne,  
Devotion had left there its blush.

From those dark hazel eyes that were e'er filled with love  
Inspiration I drank without end;  
And every great trial sent to me from above  
Was assuaged by the light they would lend.

The touch of an Angelo, where'er it is placed,  
In grandeur and excellence fade,  
For a mother's fond face has lines thereon traced  
That on canvass or marble's ne'er made.

# THE VIATORIAN

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## EDITORIAL.

We are wont when speaking of tenderness or affection to associate these qualities with maternity and to attribute sterner qualities to the masculine sex. We often hear of maternal, but seldom of paternal affection. But happily the bosom of man is not ever cold and placid; never stirred by the gentler and more tender emotions.

There are men who stroll among us on whose manly countenance God has written in marked prominence lines of fervent love for those about them. The graces they received are not pent up within the narrow confines of self and hoarded there to become stagnant, but find an outlet in their faces, their palms and their feelings. The presence of such men is sunshine, their absence is gloom. The hungry cling around them and seem bountifully fed on one morsel of their affection. Their heart is a harp on which a sigh may play its plaintive theme or a laugh its merry rythm; a haven where the storm-tossed find rest, the grief-stricken, solace and the needy in soul, relief.

Truthfully has Irving remarked that a kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

ALUMNI GATHERINGS.

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Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., writes from Tucson, Arizona: "Life at the sanitarium is not quite so lonely now, as we have a number of patients. Last week there arrived one Father Sullivan from Kentucky. He is a young man, very bright and genial. He made his collegiate course at Notre Dame, and he is acquainted with many of the old students of St. Viateur's. He happened to be at Notre Dame the year our team received such a beating down there. I convinced him that we have his Alma Mater guessing when it comes to baseball. The weather here is delightful, and for some time I have been sleeping out-of-doors."

These joyful tidings are from Peter Dufault, Grand Seminary, Montreal: "Only a few words to announce that I will be ordained in Chicago by Archbishop Quigley some time during the Christmas holidays. I ask your prayers, for it is especially at this time that a young man needs them."

We are in receipt of the following lines from Augustine Mudd, attending St. Mary's College, Belmont, N. C.: "Here I am, down where the cotton blossoms grow. This is a pretty country, filled with hills and mountains. Tomorrow we are going for a picnic on King's mountain, and on the way we will pass over the ground where the battle of Cowpens was fought. Remember me to all the boys and send me a catalogue of dear old St. Viateur's."

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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One day as I was duckin' around de house to dodge the old lady so she wouldn't know I was swimmin' she calls me, and from the way she yelled I knew she meant bizness, so in de shack I goes. She looks me over kind of suspicious and says, "Tommy, do you know dat your father is going to send you to boarding school?" Of course I thought she was trying to trow a scare into me for not breakin' de wood dat mornin', so I says "No'em." "Well, he is, so you had better behave yourself."

Of course I felt sore at foist, but den I tought after I done de errands she would forgit it, so I skidooed to de store and washed me face before de old man comes home. He didn't say nuttin, so I feels that de woist has came and forgets all about it.

But de old lady's dope was good. 'Bout a mont after, me and

a kid in de next block had a scrap and he puts me left lamp to de bad, and when I comes home late for supper de old man was waitin' for me. He takes a gap at me bum lamp and den says, "Fightin' again?" I said, "No, sir, but a guy in de next block called me red head and poked me in de eye." "Oh, yes, I've heard those stories before, but dis is de limit. You pack your clothes, for tomorrow you hikes to school."

"Pack me rags?" I couldn't blow wise at foist, for you see I forgot de dope de old lady had handed out.

"Yes, pack your clothes; you are goin' to boardin' school tomorrow, see!"

Den I knew de jig was up and it was twenty-t'ree for mine. When de old boy talks like dat it goes and no kiddin'."

So de next day de old lady packs me duds in a swell new trunk, lights me up like a Christmas tree and sends me down to de "Guinies" to have me hair cut, and when I comes back de old gent is right on de job to take me away. Well, de old lady she does de weeps, and I feels like cryin' a few meself, but I knows de gang would be outside, so I was game. So de old goil has some more weeps, gives me a quarter and kisses me good-bye. When we gits out sure enough dere is de gang all lined up to give me de horse laugh. But when dey saw me guvnur all dressed up and lookin' solemn dey changes dere tune and comes up and shakes me mit and Dutchy says he hopes dey makes me captain of de team at de college.

Well, we gets on de rattler and in about two hours we blows into a burg called Kankakee. Me eye! but dat is a busy town; say its about de limit. It looks like Hyde Park on a rainy day—and den some. De old man was onto his job all right, for he trots me up to a trolley and we gets another blow, dis time to a burg called Bourbonnais. Dis is de burg where de college is. In we goes to de college and de old man asks for de president, and den de old man sits down while I looks at de pictures dey had glued on de walls. Dere was bunches of kids dressed up like soldiers, but dey coitainly looks de candy. Pretty soon de president comes in and de old man makes his company stunt and says "Howdy! Dis is me son Thomas dat I wrote to you about; shake hands with Father, Tommy." I shoved out me mit, and de president keeps lookin' at me and smilin', and I t'inks to meself he is either goin' to kid you about your glad rags or you looks awful good to father. But all he says is, "I'm glad to meet you, me boy. How old are you?" "Goin' on 'leven."

"Ah, what school did you attend before you came here?" "Public school." And I begins to get noivus, for I t'ought he was goin' to ask me joyography, and dat wasn't me strong point. But he

didn't say nothin'. Pretty soon de old man says he must be blowin' as he has to catch de next train to Chicago. Den I gets a pain and wants to go back to me happy home, but de old man says "nit," so I sticks.

When he had went dey leads me gently to de back yard and turns me loose. Gee, what a fierce bunch of kids dere was in dat yard. All dressed like me in dere happy rags, and dey all must have been left dere dat day, too, for dey all looked as dough dey lost dere pet mut or de New Yorks had de penant.

I didn't see no kids I knew so I just mooches around till I gets tired and den sits down. I was doin' some tall thinkin' about de gang at home, for I knows about what dey was doin,' for de day before I left we spotted a dandy pear tree, and it was a cinch to get at it, for de old guy what lived dere couldn't run. Well, while I was doin' dis tall thinkin' and wishin' I was home a guy comes out and rings a big bell and I tought dere must be a fire, but I didn't see no engines comin' so I didn't run like de rest of de guys—besides, I didn't care if de place did burn down. Pretty soon I was all by me lonesome when a big guy comes up to me and says, "What's de matter, son; got de blues?"

He looked kinda fresh, so I says, "Naw I ain't got de blues, but I wants to go home!" "Well," he says, "wouldn't you like a little supper foist?" "Sure," says I, "but where's de grub?" "Down in de refectory, where do you suppose? Come on and have some."

I never had no refectory, but it "listened" good to me just den, so I coaches after him. He takes me into a big eatin' hall where all de guys was feedin' dere faces, and he give me some grub. But we didn't git no refectory, for all I saw was meat, spuds, oleomargarine and old maids' delight, but seein' I was a new guy I didn't like to ax no questions for fear de kids would guy me.

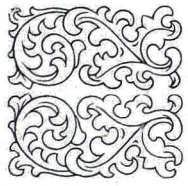
After supper when we was hangin' around a kid comes up to me and asks me for de makin's. I was just about croakin' for a smoke, but didn't have the noive to roll a pill for fear I'd get punched. So when I pulls out a bag of Dukes he falls on me neck and weeps and gives me de high ball, so we mooches down to de end of de yard and sits down behind de fence. Say, dat kid was de wisest guy I ever met; he coitenly was a peach. Dis was his second year doin' time and he was wise to all de ropes. He put me wise where I could swipe apples and told me which "prefect" to fight shy of. You know dey calls de guys what watches us kids "prefects." Dats what he said anyways, for when I asked him to quit kiddin' he told me I was easy money and dat I was too young to be around without me nurse, and borrowed me tobacco and forgot to give it back. So I think it was de goods he was handin' out.

We was just finishin' our butts when de prefect comes out and rings de dinger again. Dis time de guy what was with me said it was up to us to go in de joint. So in we goes and dey tells us to sit down in a big room with a bunch of desks. I freeezs onto one and sticks. Den after we was all settin' down de prefect hikes up in front of de bunch and begins. He tells us dat we was all expected to be good kids and study our lessons and a lot of dope that I couldn't get wise to, for a cross-eyed kid back of me was ticklin' me ear with a straw.

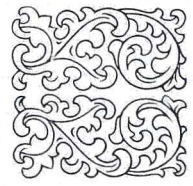
Den we all stands up and starts to pray. And right here I want to say dat I never saw a guy so slummed up in religion as dat prefect. Gee! he could pray for about an hour without no book just as dough it came natural to him.

When he comes out of his trance and finishes de religious gag he shags us all to roost. We goes up about steen flights of stairs and he races into a room dat looks like de accident ward in a hospital; two long lines of beds, and each kid makes a grab for de bed he wants. It was me to get even with de cross-eyed kid for de joy he had with me downstairs, so I gets a bed next to his'n, and when all de kids gets into de hay and de glimmer is doused I gets out and takes a poke at his nobbs. Gee! you should have heard the holler he puts up, but by de time de prefect blows in sight it was me to de bed with me lamps closed. So Mr. Prefect he says, "Yous guys had better shut your clams and go to sleep or yous won't be able to get up for church in de mornin'." So I says to de cross-eyed kid, "What's painin' de old boy? Tomorrow ain't Sunday." "Oh, rats," he says, "get onto your job. Where do you tink you are? In an old ladies' home? Tomorrow ain't Sunday! Sure no, but let me tell you kids, and dis ain't no dream, dat every mornin' yous are in dis place and till your old man takes you back to Chicago dat prefect will dig you out of de feathers at six P. X., and dats no kiddin'." I don't know maybe but he is tryin' to josh me, but if dat dope's good its me to de tall pines just as soon as I gets dat prefect out of me way.

"J."



# Exchanges



Once more, half buried beneath the productions of the college Ex. world, we feel that we can no longer deny ourselves the genuine and unrestrained pleasure of peering beneath the manifold designs of their covers and let our eyes revel in the land of sweets within. Indeed, to an ex-man, there is no greater enjoyment than the perusal of the college journals that are banked on his table. To him they have a personal interest beyond a mere partisan standpoint, for he is laboring with the entirety of his powers to place college journalism on a pedestal of true worth and value to the age. Hence poorly edited papers and clumsily written articles in prose or verse cause him a certain sorrow, not perhaps as much for the unit as for the field of college letters made up of these units. Likewise pleasurable are the feelings he experiences in reading those magazines, and we say that they are in the majority, whose papers are bright and replete with efforts of real literary value, and which are a credit to the institution from which they emanate.

But let us glance at our old friends. Here is The Abbey Student, fresh from the land of the sunflower. "The Rose Eternal" first smiles upon us as the leaves unfold, of flowing rhythm and sweet in tone. Following the poem comes an essay on a poet, James Whitcomb Riley, whom the author proceeds to delineate as one of the best representatives of the literateurs of the middle west. But what is this? "Surely nothing could be more grotesque than Hoosier sentiments expressed with studied grammatical and rhetorical correctness." Slam of slams! Poor Hoosiers, what must your thoughts and sentiments be if correct and rhetorical language would not embellish them! Verily to great depths must thou have fallen. But have hope, neighbor; we will not believe any such dreadful thing of you, if that is any balm for your "grotesque" sensibilities. For were it so, we feign would fear contagion, seeing that we are near your borderland. Nor yet are we ready, "Abbey Student," to accept a favorable comparison of this Hoosier poet to Shakespeare, Milton and our adored Dante. A candle light can scarcely outrival the dazzling brilliancy of the sun, and while Riley is undoubtedly lighted by genius, yet we would feel a repugnance in placing him in a Shakespearian category.

A clever appreciation of a poet and writer, devoid of any ex-

travagant gush or wild statements, a truly critical essay, appears in *The Redwood on Rudyard Kipling*, and is one that should serve as an excellent model of style for such writings. Of finished style, it denotes deep thought and study of this "uncrowned laureate" of England. The low and vulgar in Kipling is carefully segregated from the true and noble of his multitudinous works; superficiality and extravagance, faults attending most articles of this nature, are here entirely eliminated, while on the other hand it has a conservatism which springs only from a thorough knowledge of the entire productions of this wide-famed English writer. However, this is far from being the only literary efforts of merit in *The Redwood*. Indeed, its fiction is quite interesting and thrilling, and deeply breathes of that heroism which we have ever associated with the west, and which, doubtlessly, we acquired from our early study of the Deadwood Dick classics. All in all, *The Redwood* is a neatly garbed and ably edited paper.

Again we thrust forth our hand toward the journalistic gatherings and spread open the pages of *The College Review* and find therein one of the most eloquent printed orations of the month, "The Hope of Freedom." True American sentiment and patriotism reek from every line. But to one sentence, *Review*, we must take exception. In making a plea to the church for aid to correct the evils of the time, you utter these words: that the church of God is "too comfortable in her finery to care for the lost." If you mean by the church of God the Christian denominations taken collectively, I deny your statement. If you mean certain sects, I might be willing to concede your point, upon hearing them named. All have not ceased in their attempts to reclaim the "lost." The church of Christ that has endured intact for over nineteen hundred years is to-day putting forth as energetic efforts to bring back sinners to God as she did centuries and centuries ago. And in this field, then as now, her greatest efforts were exercised. But this statement I do not think the writer fully meant, but probably in the heat of patriotic fervor he strove to argue from the particular to the universal rather than vice versa.

In taking up the *Collegian*, from Oakland, Cal., we found a series of very ably written and instructive articles on topics that greatly interest the reading public of today. "Absolute Toleration a Myth," "The Yellow Peril," "Disarmament of Nations," "English Literature and Catholic Thought." Subjects like these are to our mind the proper sphere for a goodly portion of the college effort, and when they have been instructively and interestingly written, as in this instance, they cannot fail but have much influence upon

the minds of those with whom they come in contact and clear up many doubts and dispel fallacies with which we often struggle through a superficial knowledge of such subjects. The fiction is, however, not so good. "An Afternoon at Alma Mater" is a rather childish affair, but it is, however, somewhat redeemed by "The Man From Dawson," which, while not bearing any laurels of originality in plot, yet is a sketch neatly done. Thanksgiving seems to be the burden of the poets, and beyond a little heaviness of verse speaks well for the muse at Oakland.

Our eyes have just fallen on an old friend and always welcome visitor—Mt. St. Mary's Record—and it was with sorrow, really genuine, Record, that we learned that the Viatorian through some inadvertence had failed to make its eastern journey. This, we assure you, shall be immediately corrected, for we should regret exceedingly to lose such a bright and charming friend from our table as is the Record. "Winning the Martyr's Crown" and "Madame Swetchine" were read by us with sincere pleasure. But it is not to be inferred from this that these were the only "good things" in the Record. No, indeed, for its pages were filled with many bright and wholesome articles which render the Record's advent into our sanctum a pleasure.

As there is an angry looking personage, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes, waiting for the editor (he takes us for the office boy), we feel we must bid our exchanges a hurried but fond farewell until Christmas time comes to instill peace into the hearts of men.

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### PERSONALS.

It is with pleasure that we record the promotion of Rev. Joseph F. Kelly from St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, to the pastorate of Clinton, Ill. Before ordination Father Kelly was director of the musical department of the college, and with his assistance we were able to present the operettas which received much favorable comment from critics in Chicago. Father Kelly's first appointment was to the Cathedral of Peoria, where he labored zealously in the ministry, the school and the choir. His advancement is looked upon as a well deserved promotion.

The Rev. Michael Dooling, formerly of Clifton, has assumed charge of the flock at Farmer City.

Rev. E. Barnes leaves Keithsburg to replace Father Kelly at

the Cathedral at Peoria. Our best wishes follow these Reverend clergymen in their new appointments.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Rock Island Argus, from which we clip the following anent the success of James F. Murphy: "One of the younger members of the Rock Island county bar, Mr. Murphy, has won for himself a prominent place in the legal fraternity and is now secretary of the Rock Island County Bar asso-



ciation. Before coming to Rock Island to cast his lot six years ago Mr. Murphy practiced law in Chicago. He received his literary education at St. Viator's College at Kankakee, after which he took a law course at the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Murphy is a ready and pleasing speaker and has distinguished himself on numerous patriotic occasions in Rock Island county. He is interested in athletics and is a patron of all forms of legitimate sport. He is a member of the Rock Island club."

We extend our congratulations to Rev. P. J. Tinan upon his promotion to the irremovable rectorship of St. Columbkille's. Father Tinan's stay with us was not long, but it was sufficient to convince us that he is a man of sterling quality with all the nobleness of his sacred calling.

From time to time something occurs which brings new glories to Alma Mater. Recently she had the pleasure of welcoming back

one of her heroic sons, the Rev. John Armstrong of Bloomington, Ill. Not long ago Father Armstrong, while in the faithful discharge of his duties to the smallpox patients of a pest house, fell a victim to the dread disease, but fortunately has recovered, though still bearing prints of the disease as trophies of his heroism.

A visit from Rev. W. J. Cleary recently recalls a touching incident. When Father Cleary was leaving his college for ordination the entire community, faculty and students, actuated by a spontaneous impulse, left class rooms and halls and followed him to the car, and there with tear-dimmed eyes they bade farewell to one whom they loved sincerely and esteemed reverently.

Rev. J. P. Suerth, accompanied by Mr. M. Kerns of South Chicago paid a visit recently to the faculty and Joseph Kerns of the senior department.

Mrs. J. Brehany a gifted singer, entertained the students with many choice selections while on a visit to her son Edward of the senior department.

Our thanks to Mr. T. Hickey of Bradley, Ill., whose labors secured us a handsome sum from the residents of Chebanse.

Mr. J. Lonergan was one of our pleasant visitors lately.

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### SOCIETIES.

The junior class of philosophers has chosen maroon and white for their colors.

The senior class in their weekly meetings are keeping up loyally that spirit shown by the class of '06, and by the mysterious behavior of these august philosophers we infer that they are about to spring some surprise on their under students.

The initial number of the lecture course will be given December 5 by Rev. Dr. Gaffney. The second lecture will be by Rev. Shannon of Peoria.

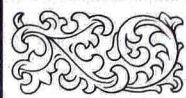
The senior class pin will be of gold and white.

The Rivard Oratorical society began its sessions October 26. F. Moisant spoke on "The School Problem," and C. St. Amandt on "The Spirituality of the Soul." At the meeting held on November 2 A. Shick discoursed on "Beauty," and H. Weber on "Creation." On November 23 J. Walsh delivered an oration on "The Origin of the Soul" and H. Fitzgerald spoke on "The Immortality of the Soul." At the next meeting a debate on the immortality of the soul will take place between L. O'Connor, supporting the affirmative, and F. Moisant, the negative.

The members of the Acolythical society were treated Sunday to a dainty spread of ice cream and cake.



# Athletic Notes



## ATHLETIC NOTES.

With the end of the football season now in sight, basketball is coming to the front and promises to produce good entertainment for the winter months. Captain Slattery has a large squad from which to pick his team, among which are some of last year's stars and a few new players who come well recommended. Steady practice will begin soon, after which a schedule will be arranged with our neighboring friends, the Y. M. C. A. and the Kankakee High School teams. It is even rumored that Piper City will honor us with a game, although we refuse to be responsible for the statement. Manager Kirley intends scheduling games with teams from Chicago and other neighboring burghs, but just now is busy trying to excavate the "hump" which so ungracefully occupies our athletic field. However, we may safely conclude that throughout the winter we will have a chance to see the leading teams of this section of the country in action.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the billiard tournament, the prize for the player with the highest average being a sweater-vest. The race is now between the five leaders—Mahoney, Martin, J. Legris, A. Legris and Savary. Johnson and Maher are having a warm fight at the other end of the percentage column.

It is possible that within the next few days the first of a series of pool games will be played between teams representing Knights of Columbus and French Club of Kankakee and the college. The leading contestants for positions on the college team are Rainey, Shippy, Legris, Mahoney, Martin and Slattery.

### Grand Prairie Seminary, 15; St. Viateur's, 4.

For the first time this season our goal was punctured for a touchdown, while, sadder still, the defenders of said goal, in an exhibition of the gentle game of football failed to imitate the example of their opponents, and but for the tried and trusty toe of Captain Kelly would have left the field with no souvenir save a zero with the circle blown off. It all happened on November 10, when at Onarga the Grand Prairie Seminary team cut capers in the mud and carried off the game 15 to 4.

The seminary presented an excellent team for our delectation,

outweighing us several pounds in the line and showing the results of good coaching. With an even break in luck and but for one or two questionable decisions we would have scored a touchdown in the first half and our opponents would have failed. Onarga kicked off to Legris, who was downed on the forty yard line. Kelly made a fifteen yard plunge off tackle, and Ransom followed with a ten yard run around end. Then Onarga held and for the next few minutes we were treated to a series of futile line plunges and long punts. However, owing to the skillful handling of punts the ball remained in the middle of the field. Towards the end of the half Onarga secured the ball on a forward pass which Onarga's official declared unlawful on our fifteen yard, after which Thrasher, finding a hole in the line, crossed the goal for the first score. He also kicked goal. The half closed without further scoring.

The battle continued evenly during the second half until with the ball on their thirty yard line Kelly executed a difficult drop kick. A few minutes later Thrasher duplicated the trick from almost the same spot. Towards the end of the half our line weakened and but for the daring tackling of O'Connor and Ransom a larger score would have resulted. Onarga secured their last score through a poor pass by Palmer. With the ball on our fifteen yard line Legris stepped back to punt out of danger. The pass was poor owing to the condition of the ball, and Onarga secured possession. Hutchins and Wand each gained several yards and then Thrasher was pushed over the line for the second and last touchdown of the game. One of the features of the game was an eighty-five yard run by Ransom. He dodged the field, but was downed on the five yard line by Schnore. Our boys showed lack of training, while Onarga's representatives proved to be in excellent physical condition. Moran and Nourie played well in the line, while the back field showed wonderful bursts of speed, besides playing well on the defense.

Grand Prairie Seminary—Merrit, Warwick, L. E.; Garner, L. T.; Schnore, L. G.; Thompson, C.; Kraymer, Schaeling, R. G.; Gose, R. T.; Huddleston, R. E.; Wheeler, Q. B.; Wand, L. H.; Thrasher, R. H.; Hutchins, F. B.

St. Viateur's—O'Connor, L. E.; Moran, L. T.; Nourie, L. G.; Palmer, C.; Hayes, R. G.; Johnson, R. T.; Ransom, R. E.; Quille, Q. B.; Kelly, L. H.; Weber, R. H.; Legris, F. B.

Touchdowns—Thrasher (2). Goals from touchdown—Thrasher, 1. Drop kicks—Kelly, Thrasher. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes. Referee—Rainey (Onarga). Umpire—Conway (St. Viateur's). Timekeepers—Donovan and Leigh.

## LOCALS.

Merry Christmas.

Thalt down.

"Gobblers," look out for the Thanksgiving ax.

Boner Ave. now has a place in the village directory.

Down in the cellar behind the ax.

Be a man, not a mouse.

B. S.—Well, Gerry, what's yours?

Gerry—Give me a hamburger a la mode.

Gwan and sell your old shoes.

Critic—Yes, sir; if Shakespeare had lived in my time he would have been a veritable has been.

News Item—M— was seen sending his sweater to the wash Saturday.

G—"What is that song so popular with the roomers?"

K—"Is it warm enough for you?"

## Some of the Boys.

We have lads from all directions,  
From the Rockies down to Spain,  
And now that you remind me  
Just a few I'll try to name.  
There's "Slats" from sunny Tennessee,  
He brought the "little bear,"  
There's "Shorty" from old Iowa,  
Good goods in small packs there.  
There's Matt from South Dakota,  
He can shoot with both eyes shut;  
There's Imas from Montana,  
From a place called Butte, not but.  
There's Timber Skull from Michigan,  
At football he's a peach;  
There's Jimma from Kentucky,  
Where the coons keep out of reach.  
There's Mike from Indiana,  
Mike D., of Scanlon fame;  
There's Dinny from Missouri,  
Kinda quiet, but he's game.  
There's Dick from far off Arkansas,  
Blew in on a slow train;  
And lastly but not leastly comes  
Don Thomas, straight from Spain.

Cal (in his sleep)—Yes, please, and a little more cranberries.

Said Buddy to Gerry, "Now why did you wait  
Until the November rain?"

Said Gerry to Buddy, "Our huskin' was late,  
So we missed our quarterly train."

Don Z. (in store)—"Say, B., what do you have the most calls  
for?"

B. S.—"Aqua pura."

Don Z.—"Give me a dime's worth."

E. C. contributes the following:

As I sit beside the table,  
In my room beneath the roof,  
And my contemplative fancy  
From the world is held aloof,  
Then I roam among the shadows,  
And I tune my bardic lyre,  
To the song "What Might Have Happened  
If it wasn't for the fire?"

Fondly then I deftly picture  
My old room in number four,  
With its chairs and college pillows,  
And a noiseless swinging door.  
Of the many rarebit luncheons  
I could think and never tire,  
But I'll have to take the lemon,  
'Cause you know we had a fire.

Think of all the tiresome walking  
Through the hostile wind and snow,  
And think of how the fireside  
In the corner used to glow.  
Then this village life was absent,  
There was no one to conspire,  
'Gainst the oft incautious student  
In the days before the fire.

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