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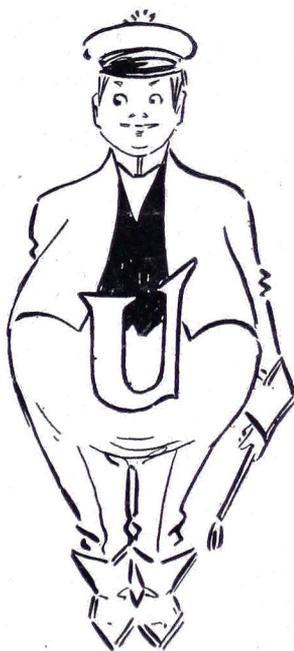
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KANKAKEE

THE VIATORIAN

Har et Spera

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THE POWER OF LOVE

A sunbeam bright once kissed my cheek,
As I lay in trouble and pain,
And whispered me, "Why dost thou seek
The answer of mystery to gain?"

"I come from the sun that courses the heavens,
And shone on the creation of man,
My light is the lustre that leavens
The breath of the breeze's fan.

And if thou list to the story I bring
From the realms of light above,
Thy soul shall begin with joy to sing,
For the answer of all is love.

Enlightning Love illumed my flame,
And studded the sky with stars;
It gave Night's radiant Queen her claim
To ride in her silvery cars.

Creative Love has made this earth,
And tears of Love the deep,
The birds were born of the very mirth
Of Love that does not sleep.

O, wondrous thought! Love stopped, and breathed
A sigh from God's own breast,
And man arose, divinely wreathed
As king of bird and beast.

But hatred saw this work so fair,
 And swore that man should sin,
 Then vengefully left his hellish lair,
 Revenge on man to win.

Then Love enraged, but loving more,
 Enflamed the depth of Hell,
 That saving fear of that fiery shore,
 In the hearts of men might dwell.

Then Crowning act, could human mind,
 Ere gauge a Love so deep?
 I hid my light, and wild was the wind,
 O'er the scene on Calvary's Steep.

For Love divine His life was giving
 Upon the shameful Tree,
 That man might ever more be living,
 And the Face of the Godhead see."

—S. U. N.

THE EAGLES AND THE CROSS

The Cross is the symbol of salvation. When the world was shrouded in darkness and gloom, caused by the fall of man and no finite power could dispel that heavy pall, the Cross on Calvary gave forth a light of Infinite magnitude that lit up the earth with rays of faith, hope and love. Christ came, took up His Cross and showed man the sign by which he should gain salvation. The faithful few will always rally around a standard that stands for right and truth and so it was in the days of primitive Christianity. The Church in those early days was severely tried and subjected to the most cruel tortures at the hands of barbarians whose ears were closed to truth, whose passions of the darkest hue were steeped in pleasures of every conceivable vice. However the promise of Christ that He would be with His Church until the end of time *reflected a glittering light* of faith, courage and perseverance which penetrated even into the Catacombs where early Christians had to retreat in order to worship

the true God. Surely this promise was a beacon light amidst the encircling gloom of Paganism, and that same promise now laden with the wisdom of ages, preached by the brightest intellects, has the same significance for us as it had for the faithful few in the days of Pagan Rome.

Let us for a moment travel back in spirit to the Rome of sixteen hundred years ago and view the deplorable conditions of that mighty empire just previous to the Edict of the Milan. There Rome stands dictating to the world; wielding the scepter of authority; proclaiming the state to be the supreme power; treating man as a creature subject to no law higher than that of the State, with no God to worship, no soul to save; teaching that unhappy woman is inferior to man both as regards mental and moral qualities with absolutely no right whatsoever; measuring the value of life by the standard of its usefulness and breaking up the sanctuary of the home. Truly the blight of error and corruption had fallen upon the stricken nation, and the Cross, which, three hundred years previous, had opened heaven, must save the world and restore all things in Christ.

Sad indeed was the plight of the faithful in those early days, yet valiant were the early Christians, nobly they fought and bravely they died professing their belief in one God whom they loved above all things, and served even unto death. The Catacombs of Rome tell the story of their lives, preach the eulogy of their deaths and attest to their right to be placed in the galaxy of the Saints and Martyrs of the Church.

Think of the appalling wrongs perpetrated; listen to the cries of the oppressed petitioning heaven for justice; note the decrees of the state trampling under foot the rights and liberties of individuals, and a clearer idea will be had of the tremendous change wrought by the teachings of Christ through the glorious work of Constantine. Thus it is that our Holy Father bids us glance backward sixteen centuries and reflect upon the divine mission and superhuman work accomplished by means of the Cross, and perhaps who knows, his heart yearns for the assistance of another Constantine that might come to his rescue and once more, in the sign of the Cross, conquer those godless enemies of the Church who rob and despoil the Church at every turn, who have divested and stolen the Patrimony of Peter and have usurped his power as a temporal king? Great battles have been fought and won in the history of the world; battles for the rights of nations; battles to satisfy the cravings of power seeking monarchs; battles

for the cause of might rather than right; but the greatest, the most glorious, the most unselfish, noble and far reaching in all history was that victory of Constantine over Maxentius at the Milvian bridge. It was great because the leader, Constantine, was heavenly inspired and had received from Heaven an insignia for his battle standard—the insignia of the Cross,—commonly called the Labarum.

History tells the story of this miraculous work, this divine intervention so efficacious in throwing off the shackles of tyranny and despotism. The Church alone could survive the storm; no nation, no institution could stand the trying ordeal and emerge more glorious, strengthened by three centuries of the most searching test the world has ever known. Yet three centuries of persecution could not touch the Soul of the Spouse of Christ for being a divine institution, no power on earth could harm her.

The bright triumph was soon to dawn and heaven singled out Constantine for, says the historian, "A wonderful sign, sent by God, appeared to the Emperor as he was simply praying. If the events were narrated by any other person, it would not easily be believed. But since the august victor himself told it to us, who write this history, some time after it happened; when, that is, we had become familiar with him; and since he attested the declaration with his oath, who can hesitate in believing it? * * * About the middle of the day, as the sun was turning to the west, he saw with his own eyes, he asserted, immediately over the sun, a figure of the cross made up of light and with it the inscription '*En touto nikà*' (In this conquer). At this vision both he and the soldiers, who were following him on, I know not what journey, and were witnesses of this miracle, were thoroughly stupefied."

Constantine was at that time a heathen, yet he did not hesitate to place the miraculous image of the cross on his standard, accepting it as a sign of victory; and his belief was confirmed by his victory over the standard of the Roman Eagles borne by Maxentius. From henceforth the Cross became the emblem of the military standards of the Emperors of Rome, replacing the emblem of the Roman Eagles.

The standard of the Cross had triumphed. "It was," says Cardinal Farley, "the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, of the Church of God over the persecuting Roman Empire, of the symbol of our salvation over the world's standard of mate-

rialism, of the followers of the lowly Nazarene over the legions of the mighty Cæsar."

Constantine, after that decisive battle in the year 313, issued the first "Edict of Toleration," the "Edict of Milan," which came as the dews from heaven to nourish those souls gasping for a draught of religious liberty and freedom of conscience. Liberty in matters pertaining to the worship of God was the keynote of Constantine's Edict, "We have therefore determined with sound and upright purpose," he writes, "that liberty is to be denied to no one to choose and follow the religious observances of the Christians, but that to each one, freedom is to be given to devote his mind to that religion, which he may think adapted to himself in order that the Deity may exhibit to us, in all things, his accustomed care and favor." Hence freedom of religious worship was proclaimed and man no longer had to separate himself from his fellow man and retire to a secluded spot to pray, and to worship his Creator. The "Edict of Milan," however, did not define the relations between Church and State, although it in some measure acknowledged the Christian religion, nor did it bring forth an immediate change in affairs; it did not wholly transform the prevailing conditions but gradually things began to assume a more favorable aspect. The time was not yet ripe for such a sweeping transformation as that of Christian citizenship, for like all successful movements it worked itself into the life and actions of the people. Furthermore the Edict was one of toleration and the Catholic religion could not be forced upon the people since the Edict granted religious liberty to all; and hence to force the people to accept the Catholic religion would be acting contrary to the spirit of the "Edict of Toleration."

Constantine, fully convinced that God used him as a means to "restore all things in Christ," did everything possible to propagate the Christian religion; to make the teaching of the Church apply to the mode of life of Pagan Rome. The Rome of Paganism, with its inhabitants steeped in vice and immorality, would be replaced by a Rome of purity and good morals wrought by the Cross—the only sign of salvation. This would necessitate not the development of new ideas, but the faithful carrying out of those preached by the Saviour of the world three centuries before. Soon, however, the political and religious aspect of Rome took on a new form. The Christian idea that all men are created equal began to take a firm hold and the slaves were treated in accordance to human custom and finally were freed altogether;

woman began to regain her rights; to be man's helpmate, not his slave; marriage was considered a sacred union and divorce noticeably lessened; human life was held as a sacred trust and children were treated as a gift from God; in a word the Christian religion had a firm grasp in the heart of Pagan Rome with its false gods and polluted altars. Yet how strange are the ways of God! This wonderful transformation took place through Constantine who was not as yet a Catholic, for it was only at the close of his life, as the weight of evidence shows, that he received the laver of regeneration, although from the day that the Cross appeared to him Constantine was at heart a Christian and the great and noble things which he did for the Church were prompted by a brave and generous nature. He gave freely to the Church; he endowed the Bishops and Priests and he was happy to be able to ameliorate the conditions among the poor. The kind deeds, the noble, the unselfish sacrifices he made for the Church testified to his love for its welfare. The young and old, educated and illiterate, rich and poor, could now worship at the same altar, partake of the same spiritual food, for the Cross had replaced the Roman Eagles, and the Cross stood for a true equality for all men; it alone could replace right and justice on their proper thrones.

It is the Cross today as in the days of Constantine that protects the weak against the strong; which teaches that all men are naturally equal, have the same rational nature, the same immortal soul, free will and powers of understanding. Constantine's Edict paved the way for the Church to make known the divine truths, but the Edict was not socialistic as some of our socialists would make use believe, for the Church for nineteen centuries never taught anything opposed to the fact that all men are not physically equal; that some are strong in mind and body; others are weaklings; that all are not morally equal, some are virtuous, while others are steeped in the lowest forms of vice; that some men labor, others idle away the precious moments of their existence. Hence the Church never taught that the idler, the spendthrift should be entitled to the same privileges, enjoy the same fruits, bask in the same good fortune as the man who toils, who labors, who devotes his best efforts and centers his energy upon accumulation of property. The Church is the mainstay of the nation and the laws of the state are not superior to the laws of the Church; the state binds us to earth, while the Church binds us to heaven and unites us to God more closely even in this life.

The state can help the Church protect the rights of individuals and property but it has no power, no authority to dictate man's form of worship. The Church and state were identical in the days previous to Constantine's Edict; to be a citizen was to be a Pagan and hence the Christians had no voice in the affairs of state.

A valuable lesson might be learned by those in authority by perusing, studying and applying the ideas contained in the Edict of Milan to the government of nations. The Christian and Pagan cannot but stop and marvel at the work accomplished, the permanent results attained, the glorious heritage Constantine bequeathed to a grateful people. Witness the Church emerging from three centuries of persecution; note the elevation of the home, listen to dying notes of Paganism; hearken to the word of the true God preached aloud; see the Apostles departing from Rome to Christianize the nations; look upon the magnificent temples erected to the one God and then compare the Rome of the Eagles to the Rome of the Cross and the comprehensive idea of the great, the glorious and the extensive effects of Constantine's "Edict of Milan" will be acquired.

JEREMIAH O'MAHONEY.

VIEWS OF OXFORD

(Editor's note.—The following is a communication received from Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., A.M. '11, who is attending Oxford University. Father Munsch was Censor of the Viatorian for several years and we are sure the readers of the Viatorian will enjoy reading his interesting communication concerning the University of Universities.)

Dear Viatorian:

I am sure you think it is rather low of me to have let you go so long without one single communication. Selfish of me, I consider, thinking only of drinking in the beauties of an Oxford, or rambling in the museums of Brussels, with an occasional trip into the heart of the heavenly Vosges.

And where shall I begin? Shall it be Brussels with its riches, or Oxford with its treasures? If Oxenford, again, where? What

a vision rises before my eyes as I sit here in Jette, St. Pierre, and think of 'Oxenford'! "The city of spires," "leafy among its towers." St. Marys, Newman's Church, its graceful spire rising from a nest of pinnacles! The lovely, slender, majestic Magdalen Tower! Merton gently lifting its charming form from meadows of the thickest, velvety grass! Tom-tower strong and massive, crowning Wolsey's college, "Aedes Christi," Christ Church, and looking down into the most beautiful "quad" in Oxford. The Italian spire of All Saints, the Bell tower of New College, the great large dome of the Radcliffe library. Just take a stroll down to the Hinkseys' country, made famous by Arnold's 'Scholar Gypsy' and 'Thyrsis;' turn on your way and look back, you will be rewarded by a most ravishing view of a cluster of spires and towers.

Methinks I am coming down the 'High,' considered one of the most beautiful streets in the world. I see "the streamlike wanderings of that glorious street." One sees Queen's on the right, then All Souls, on the left, St. Mary's again on the right with its exquisite porch and twisted columns. 'Oxford, the home of lost causes?' Mayhap, it surely is the home of rapturous beauty in stone, a place of refinement, learning and culture. Coming down the High I might have pointed out the 'Schools,' blessed place. Fully, one means the Examination Schools. By Oxford metaphor one doesn't take an 'examination' but he is in the Schools, or he has Schools, or Schools are on. Having recently been in the Schools, may I say something about this excellent institution?

For practical purposes, we may say there are some twenty colleges in Oxford. Each one is quite distinct from the other, each follows out its own genius, some are better 'working' colleges, others excel in 'sports.' The undergrads pursue any one of a number of courses, and lectures are given all over the town. Thus a 'man' in Balliol College may perchance have to go to another College for a lecture in one department of his subject. A man is doing Virgil, he finds that a Tutor is lecturing on the Aeneid at "Queen's," thither does he go. Printed lists are issued at the beginning of every term stating the subject, the lectures, the time, the place, and the fee. The point I am trying to make is this, that, whereas one may be matriculated at a certain college, and yet go to several for lectures only, there is one place where all the three thousand students must pass some day if they hope to get a degree, and that place is 'the Schools.' The Schools

is the great 'leveller,' hither all come irrespective of race, or creed social standing, intellectual worth, no 'class' distinction obtains, the scholar, the exhibitioner with long gowns, must rub shoulder with the 'commoner' in his short ungainly gown with streamers flying out from under the arm holes.

When Schools are on, the last waiting hall below is black with crowds of 'candidates' all in cap and gown wearing white ties;) if a clergyman, you may retain your clerical collar, an Oriental may retain his turban in place of a 'mortar-board.' Promptly at the set hour the fatal bell rings giving the signal to advance. Then a sort of mild Board of Trade drama takes place, managers are yelling "'Honour Mods' this way!" "P. Mods this," "Scripture here." "A-I, up the left stair case," "names from A, to S, in East School," etc., and the human mass starts moving. There is the blanched, drawn face of the hard 'reading' man, the fretful look of the nervous man who thinks he is going to 'plough' but will get a First; the jolly, smiling, rubicund 'sports' man without a care in the world, one is pulling at his hair, another playing a tune on his cap, yet another getting a last peep into his 'Hawkins,' or a Meno Crib. They disperse into several great rooms. The doors are drawn. Each looks out his name among a wilderness of small tables, but arranged quite orderly. He will find his name largely 'writ' on the corner of the small table. There you are! Your questions are waiting for you, printed on immaculate, white paper. They read with precision and accuracy, are so carefully worded that you are really unnerved. So proper and correct! If some word were pencilled, or a sentence corrected, how much easier one would feel, it would show that the examiners are after all, not infallible, and so perhaps, indulgent to one's 'howlers.' In the larger rooms three 'invigilators' preside in flowing M. A. gowns ever and anon parading the isles. One will in most correct and polite English ask, if he may be allowed to make some observations as to the length of time given for the 'papah,' and may he also ask the candidates to place their 'papahs' in the huge box at the end of the table. With these he makes no further requests. You set to work then, your aim being "satisfacere nobis examineribus." About a week after your 'papers' you come up before three M. A.'s once more, but this time to be 'Vivaed,' i.e., for your 'Viva,' I mean in American for the oral Examinations. The 'Viva' is a relic of the times when 'men' had to make a dissertation, or debate before obtaining their degree. The

point in this institution today is this, if your 'papers' are very good you get perhaps *one* question in the *Viva*, for you're already 'through,' if your 'papers' are very bad you commonly get only one question for you're already ploughed if by any chance you are on the line, in paper work, the examiners try to pull you through by giving you a long 'Viva,' in which if you do well, you pass. About two hours after this ordeal you return to find or not to find your name among those "qui satisfecerunt nobis examinadoribus." The list of successful candidates is placed up to public view. Perhaps a friend passing by looks in to see if you got through as you were expected to plough. You may be sitting in your 'digs' enjoying a quiet 'tea' when of a sudden your door bursts open and a crowd of 'men' rush in either in sympathy or congratulations. "Never mind, old chap, have another 'shot' next time!" is an oft heard refrain.

The Schools are magnificent new buildings with every comfort, materially speaking. They have one draw back from an aesthetic point of view. They are new and modern. At Oxford one must love the old, whether or not you can genuinely revel in an old doorway, a bit of lovely old wall; a charming Norman arch, at any rate in admiring the Schools, the new Oriel, or the Town Hall to be sure to add but they are 'so new.' If you are coming to Oxford cultivate a love for the antique, lament steam-pipes, 'lifts' and skyscrapers.

The old examination Schools still exist but they were found too inconvenient in these later days. Owing to the proximity of the Bodleian library they could not be fitted up with modern heating apparatus. The old School may be admired with all the enthusiasm at one's command, you may rave and go into ecstasies over the 'quad,' or sit and sketch on immortal canvas one of the doorways. Admire also the columns of the five orders, placed one above the other.

Speaking of the Schools may I just say something of 'Divvers' and then conclude by a few hurried words about the Bodleian library?

'Divvers' is an examination; now, no matter if you're to get Oxford's highest distinction a Double First you must pass through the low roofed 'Divvers or Divvahs.' Some few who go in for diploma merely are exempt the School, I beg your pardon, if, on the score of religious scruples you cannot take 'Divvers' you are allowed to substitute some part of Epictetus, in Greek, but as 'Divvers' is merely historical and not an all doc-

trinal, and as the substitution is admittedly more difficult, all practically, take the famous 'School.' Well, what is Divvers? Its right name is 'Divinity Moderations,' which one never hears.

It consists of two Gospels in Greek, the Acts in English. You get bits of translation set, all manner of questions on the subject matter, and contexts are given to be referred and explained. "What is said of Bethsaida in these books, or what of John, what events are recorded by St. Matthew alone?" One must 'learn off pat' the journeys of St. Paul and what he did in each place where he stopped. I won't vouch for this that it was once asked, "Who was the father of the Sons of Zebedee?" There are those who 'get up' Divvers in three hours, there are those who plough five or six times. At any rate it is the supreme boast of high 'class' men that they have been ploughed at least once in the examination. Of course each failure means an extra pound to the 'University chest.'

I am sure all candidates for this school feel deeply grateful to a Mr. Hawkins, M.A. (Oxon.) for his admirable little work called "Students' Guide to the Gospels and Acts." Mr. Hawkins is pre-eminently a guide. Here you have in a nut shell, boiled down, and compressed within the covers of a tiny two shilling book quite all that is necessary for 'ye exams.' In fact you don't take the exam in Scripture but in Hawkins. This leads me to say by way of digression I am afraid, that the Pass School at Oxford is open to a good deal of cramming. You can buy cribs, analyses, and digested subject matter of many of the books you offer for an examination, and get your school up pretty largely from them.

The Unseen translation and Prose make necessary, however, a fair acquaintance with the languages you offer.

The Honours Schools mean work. There is hardly a royal road to a First or Second Class. To do these Schools well, it is imperative to come up well prepared, reading then takes on more the form of a real delight and one enjoys Oxford thoroughly. Especially is it necessary to come up well read, for Oxford's greatest Schools, Honour Moderations, that is the Classics and 'Greats,' or Literæ Humaniores are largely philosophy. The aspiring young Englishman's whole education is turned toward these two schools, if he has done well at school he comes up and does them with great ease and gracefulness. Honour Mods is the crown of his Public School career. Public Schools do not mean

the same here as in U.S.A., Rugby, Eton, Harrow are Public Schools.

In speaking of Oxford one must always make the distinction between the Pass and Honour School. The former does enough to get a degree and affords a good ordinary college education, such as is obtainable in any capable college. The Honour School is a much broader, deeper and a more advanced training. The origin of the Honour School is interesting. At the beginning of the 18th Century learning indeed was at low ebb in Oxford, degrees were conferred without examinations, students pleased their own whims about attending lectures nay, Fellows were remiss about lecturing. This lamentable state of things went on for some time when the authorities began to deplore the disgrace into which learning had fallen. They resolved to lift up knowledge to a fitting level. They made 'exams' necessary and put into 'class' lists the twelve candidates highest in merit. Keble, I believe, was among the twelve. This distinction finally grew into the present Honour Schools. There are nine such schools in Oxford today.

One word about the Bodleian and I've done. In its library Oxford easily takes lead among the Universities of the world. People come from every corner of the globe to 'get read' in the Bodleian. The library really began in one of the chapels of St. Mary's, though Duke Humphery of Gloucester is quoted as being its real founder. Later on Edward VI's commissioners "dispersed the books to the four winds of heaven as being 'Popish!'" The Duke between 1439-1446 had given 600 manuscripts, and even helped to build a suitable library to hold them. After the ravages of the commissioners the library was left empty, and in 1556 the University devoid of books appointed a committee to 'sell the shelves.' Thomas Bodley next steps in, after a career of long service to his country as a diplomatist, he 'concluded at last to set up his staff at the library door of Oxford.' Under him it grew apace, he gave much and induced others to. The library now enjoyed a long period of benefactions and today stands replete with most valuable works, manuscripts, illuminated missals and breviaries. There is a copy of one of Queen Elizabeth's exercise books, and her translation of Ochina's 'de Christo.' Queen Margaret is represented by her 'Gospel Book,' Shakespeare's 'Ovid' is there, Milton sent a copy of his "Poems," Shelly's Manuscripts of Prometheus Unbound.

No book may be taken from the library, even King Charles

had to submit which he did graciously. To become a reader one must be well recommended by an M.A., one must state definitely what subjects he wishes to read in. No artificial light is used, hence in winter reading hours are short. Any violation of the smallest rule is punished by permanent exclusion from reading in the library. Readers are asked in red printing, not to carry matches on them when coming to study. No one is allowed in after dark, the strictness of this rule is well illustrated by the following story. A hard reader was once unconsciously locked in, when he came away from his books to leave, he discovered his plight. He frantically leapt to a window clutched the iron bars and yelled out to an undergrad who happened to be passing. But the student knowing Bodley's rules were iron-clad and never known to be broken reasoned thus: "No man is ever allowed in the Bodleian after dark. This is after dark. Therefore that is not a man." So saying he strolled off leisurely leaving the unfortunate man to his fate. The register shows the enormous number of readers that still throng 'Bodley.' Here work the undergrad reading for Honours, or doing a B. with the author doing a book, historians to read originals or to verify references. To all the most courteous and polite attention is shown by the attendants. It is a pleasure to read there.

I don't think, therefore, that the old verses once written by a royalist poet should be taken too seriously nor do they at all seem to apply today.

"Neglectos vidi libros multos,
 Quod minime mirandum,
 Nam inter barbos tot et stultos,
 There's few could understand 'em."

I am afraid I've kept you a long time over this letter, and crave your pardon.

I read the Viatorian with keenest interest, you can imagine how welcome it is in a far away country, and how pleasing it is to read the doings at S.V.C.

A toi,
 Rev. F. E. MUNCH, A.M., 'II.

PHRONEMATA

I have a cheap copy of a painting entitled "The Infant's Dream" in which is represented a small babe asleep in a cradle surrounded by several Angels. My first thought upon looking at this picture was, that, it was merely a fanciful conception of the Artist, but that it was entirely untrue, as I had been taught that we could only know things through the phantoms we form of them in our mind, and an infant could not possibly have any phantom of an angel. But on second thought while admitting the practical truth of this philosophical proposition, it occurred to me that possibly there was a greater vein of truth in the artist's concept than at first appeared. What is there hidden in a baby's mind? Perhaps if we could pierce the veil of babyhood, which separates that sacred period of life from the rest of life, we should know the answer to many questions that perplex us now. When I look into the wide open eyes of a newly born child I am not struck, like other people, so much by the possibility of future greatness that lie in that morsel of humanity, as by the stupendous greatness that is already there. God has just breathed into that body the breath of life, and perhaps that babe which still exhales the odor of God's sweetness knows more than philosophers will ever know here "For the soul confers on what she holds, her own divinity." "Here eyes do regard you from eternity's stillness" (Goethe by Carlyle) and in that stillness lies the solution of all things.

What a beautiful word is stillness, and what a depth of mystery is in it? It is not merely abstract, it is almost concrete. If you have sat beside the sea on a calm moonlight night, you have felt this stillness. Not a breath of wind is disturbing the silvery sheet of the water. The moon like a large diamond in an azure setting shines brilliantly down unobscured by a single cloud, and its rays are reflected gently back by the sea as if it feared to make a noise. Not even the gentle lapping of the waves along the shore can be heard. All is still. The stillness can almost be felt. In such a scene the mind can be at rest for it feels it is in the presence of the Infinite. It can look out over the sea and

it knows the spirit of God is moving over the waters as at the beginning of creation. Then all is perfect peace. There is no more reaching out after the Infinite for the Infinite is felt to be there. It seems that God is more really present to me in absolute stillness than at any other time. At night when all is quiet, when the voice of the day has been hushed and I am alone in my room I can work better, I can think better, I can pray better. On clear nights when the heavens are bejewelled with the stars I turn out my light, pull up my blind and I ask the stars the questions that Faith alone can answer. I always feel that the stars which looked down upon the consummation of Creation and upon that wonderful birth in the Stable of Bethlehem can help me to the solution of the problems that bother me.

What is the use of looking for great things to do when we all have a stupendous task at hand—the acquisition of self-knowledge and the conquest of self. Pride and self love enshroud the soul in darkness, so that it sleeps dangerously ignorant of its own fetid spots and illness. It is painful for it to awaken, light the torch of self examination and discover the passions that like dangerous germs are ever feeding on its life. But to discover one's self to find out one's passions is only half of what must be done. Then comes the fight which is only to the strong. We must struggle unceasingly against self in a battle, with no glint of steel or sheen of purple or gold with no world to look on and applaud our bravery, with no encouraging shouts of victory or despairing cries of the conquered, ringing in our ears. No, the battle is silent and not at all splendid, but One whose head is crowned with thorns and whose feet and hands are pierced looks down with loving approval on our wearying efforts.

I wonder if all experience the agony of loneliness of soul—the pain of being surrounded by companions and yet, being as much alone as if one were in the desert. The intense longing for another who can understand all the desires, feeling and inspirations of your soul hurts like a thirst that is never quenched. There is nothing more beautiful than intellectual and spiritual brotherhood between soul and soul, but perhaps this longing will never be satisfied till the weary soul is lost and rests in God.

S. U. N.

that thy brother have anything against thee; leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift." (St. Matt. V: 23-24.)

And why should man be jealous, envious, hateful and calumnious? What availeth it after all if a companion may excel in mental attainments, be more proficient in athletic contests, be more popular in the eyes of his fellow companions or be more admired by those who are placed over him? Why should one worry concerning the opinions of men? Why should one be sad because perchance, some uncharitable being—of the genus "homo" should take advantage of another's kind office or use the prestige of his rank or position to make one feel his insolence, his irritability, and his independence. These are they who are strangers to Charity, they may speak with the "tongues of Angels yet if they have not charity they are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." They glory in power, in wealth, in learning, they clamor for notoriety and popularity—"but why should others worry!" Indeed these have received their reward, while you may instead be laying up treasures in Heaven by being a "true man," for no man is truly such, unless his temperament is sweetened with Charity. What will wealth, the plaudits of men, the transient glory of honors and the vast amount of learning prevail, when God will summon them to Him? What will those whose lives have been spent for "self gain" and for "self" alone, avail them at that hour? Yet like Dives they too will some day recognize the virtue of Lazarus! What a blessing to all men it would be if each had for his motto, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and for his watch word, "Love one another." Practice charity then toward all men and you will be living lives "as pure as snow fields where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain," for Charity, the sweetest flower that breathes forth its intoxicating perfume in the Garden of Virtue, can only be cultivated amidst the other flowers of comparatively lesser beauty, namely, Humility, Kindness, Meekness, Magnanimity, to which we may add Faith and Hope "but the greatest of these is Charity."

The reconciliation with the Holy See of the English Benedictine Monastery of Caldey is a repetition of the reception of the Society of the Atonement of Garrison, New York, which was received into the Roman Catholic Church some years ago and grafted to the great Franciscan Tree.

**The
Conversion
of Caldey**

The coming over of this second order is the most noteworthy event that has occurred in religious circles in England since the Oxford movement. The English Benedictine community which was the solitary boast that religious life flourished in the Established Church, after mature and prayerful consideration arrived at the conclusion that true perfection is to be found only in following the Master after the manner laid down by His Disciples in the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

The conversion of the English Benedictines, be it understood, is not the result of a sudden change of opinion, but rather it is the result of many months of deep study. Thus the movement goes to show that careful and calm consideration of religious truths leads to the One Holy Catholic Church, the conserver of true Christianity. The conversion of Caldey is in part a fulfillment of the prophecy. "There shall be one fold and One Shepherd." On the same day that the Monks made their submission—the Auxiliary Sisters of the order also following the rule of St. Benedict were reconciled with the Church, at their principal establishment St. Brides' Abbey.

God speed the day that the Dowery of the Virgin Mother may be wholly united to the Church of Rome!

We hear so much of "College Spirit" and sometimes see so little of it that we often ask ourselves "What is "College Spirit?"

Perhaps no better answer can be given than this —"College Spirit is common courtesy." It almost goes without saying that courtesy, the consideration of the rights and feelings of others, and the observance of the common civilities of everyday life, is not only much to be desired but also very necessary to a proper spirit when many are living together in close relationship, the true college spirit is never furthered by the motto—"self first and others after," but on the contrary the furtherance of this spirit calls for a sacrifice of self-interest to the general well being. In other words the college is but a family on an enlarged scale and just as we would find it impossible to preserve peace

College Spirit

in the home, if each one, always followed his own inclinations in word and action, so too would we find true pandemonium within the walls of the college, if each student undertook to indulge his own fancies and desires, thus a spirit of forethought, forbearance and especially of forgiveness is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the college spirit, and this spirit is courtesy.

Once more the umpire's cheery voice sings out the gladsome strain, "Play Ball!" Ever since the gentle zephyrs have made

Base Ball

outdoor practice possible, the fields have been alive with future greats and now the National Pastime fully engages our attention. The Varsity players now hold the boards and merit the admiration of all. But how short lived is their reign of glory! Only for two short months may they indulge themselves in their chosen sport. For during the long summer vacation it will be scarcely possible for any of our stars to touch a bat or a glove, without being detected by some pure sportsman who will clamor for his disqualification from further participation in intercollegiate baseball. This is more vividly brought home to us by the misfortune of our great American athlete James Thorpe who was deprived of the honors won at the last Olympian Games. This raises the question as to whether the iron clad rules of amateur sports should not be modified. Why not allow our bona fide college students who have abilities in that line, to earn a few dollars during the summer months by playing baseball for money. As a matter of fact they cannot be prevented from doing so and furthermore they do play professional ball during the summer under fictitious names. Now why should young students be forced or encouraged to practice deception? Why not modify intercollegiate rules so that professionals could be really kept out and bona fide students given a wider latitude.



EXCHANGES

Humanum est errare, devinum est dimittere!

While we have had frequent occasion in the past to commend various articles appearing in St. Mary's Sentinel, we cannot say that we exactly admire their taste in the selection of advertisements, at least for the March number. Though we are not usually so curious as to peruse the advertisements of every magazine that comes to our desk, yet in turning the pages of the Sentinel we could not help noticing the glaring advertisement appearing immediately after the last page of editorial matter. Besides occupying so conspicuous a position, this Fatima cigarette "ad"—for such it is—is rather startling and offensive in its design. The cut—a whole page cut, by the way—portrays a young man supposedly a Thespian, in the act of divesting himself of his female attire. Though his body is in a semi-nude condition, he is evidently unable to proceed further in his divestiture until he has secured a cigarette. The picture is christened "Varsity Show Rehearsal." The moral of the picture, as tersely expressed in the "ad" is, "He's glad to shake that lady 'business' and get back to his Fatima.

The advertiser is, at least, consistent; the design of the "ad" is in rigid accordance with the nature of the thing designed. Both are offensive—the one to a person's sense of decency, or if you prefer, to his aesthetic sensibilities; the other is injurious to his physical being. Just how much physical injury, in the way of nervous wrecks, nicotine poisonings, heart diseases and weakening of the lungs is to be the use of cigarettes is not easy to determine. That the habit of cigarette smoking, however, contributes no small share to the above diseases, medical experts affirm with certainty.

The commissioner of internal revenue has recently announced that the consumption of cigarettes during the past fiscal year, exceeds all previous records. From July to February 8,500,000,000 cigarettes were consumed; this is an increase of 2,250,000,000. Truly these are record-breaking figures.

Do you not think, Sentinel, that the college students contrib-

ute their full share towards consuming the above number of cigarettes without being urged to greater efforts? It is true, we do not notice the customary "Please patronize our advertisers" under the "ads" of the Sentinel, yet we presume that it wishes its readers to do this—else why the "ads"?

Despite this full page cigarette ad, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Sentinel wishes to publicly encourage the practice of cigarette smoking. We are rather inclined to regard the appearance of this offensive "ad" in the pages of the Sentinel as an oversight on the part of the business manager—a failure on his part to realize the peculiar inappropriateness of such an "ad" for a college magazine. It is our intention to call his notice to this oversight, that he may prevent the reappearance of such advertisements in the future.

We are glad to welcome to our desk, a neighbor of ours, "The Kankakeean." If we mistake not, this is "The Kankakeean's" initial voyage on the sea of college journalism. We are happy to see it withstanding all the storms and buffetings which invariably accompany the maiden voyage of every craft. The department, "Who's Who and Why" is unique and rather interesting. We would suggest, however, that at least one serious essay should be given a place in the magazine, otherwise the paper becomes too light and frivolous, lacking any serious or sober article which would give to its contents a nice and equal balance. Of course, The Kankakeean admits of many other improvements but we do not wish to burden it with too much advice on its maiden journey. We wish The Kankakeean a happy and successful cruise over the sea of college journalism! Kankakeean, we say to you, "Bon voyage!"



SOCIETIES

THE SENIOR PLAY—"ALMA MATER."

Sunday evening, April 13, witnessed the successful production of the modern college play, *Alma Mater*, presented by the Senior Class under the direction of J. W. Maguire, C.S.V. One of the largest audiences in years honored the Seniors with its presence, and they sincerely wish to thank all who contributed to the success attained—audience, actors, orchestra and director of the play. To say that the play was well enacted would be putting it mildly—a brilliant success would be more like reality. "Alma Mater" is a play representing college life with its peculiar blending of the comic and serious, and was replete with lively incidents so appealing to all admirers of college life. The happy intermixtures of the grave and gay, the studious and extravagant, the mighty Eggleston, the exceedingly facetious "Olaf," the happy-go-lucky "Percy" and his loving sister, the sedate professor and his pretty niece, and the lumbering constable, together with the well rendered music of the orchestra kept the audience spell bound from the beginning to the end. Interest never lagged. The success reflects much credit upon the Seniors and the actors, but especially upon the man behind the scenes—J. W. Maguire, who staged the play and worked zealously in training the participants.

Mr. Edward Unruh was easily the star of the evening in his double role as leading student and athletic, performing his role with the skill of a professional.

Mr. Eugene Lienen, as the comedian of the play, was the peer, adding more laurels to his already enviable reputation as a laugh-producer. However, Mr. B. McGann breaks into the limelight as a coming star in comedy. His interpretation of the village constable could hardly be improved upon. Mr. T. L. Welsh as the sedate professor was a winner. He fittingly blended the studious with the ridiculous in his "bug" hobby. Mr. W. J. Lawler as the villain in the show is becoming a peer, while Mr. John Dougherty as cheer-leader cannot be equaled. He puts his whole soul into every yell. Mr. John O'Brien, as the studious student, enacted his difficult role with credit, and by insisting on the true duties of the student and the principal pur-

pose of college education in a forcible manner—fulfilled his role admirably well—much to the discomfiture of the other student actors. Among the women we have to give the laurels to Mr. Ed. Kennedy for acting, to Mr. Kekich for comedy, and to Mr. McMurchy for beauty. Never before was Mr. Kennedy more loving and beloved than in the person of Ethel Wilkins.

This is Mr. Kennedy's last appearance on the local stage and to say that he is one of the best actors that St. Viators has ever produced would indeed not be giving him his just due. We think he is the best especially since his many eminently successful roles have been both in male and female parts. We are indeed sorry that Ed. will not be with us again next year but no matter where he may take up his life work in the future we know that his kind heart and loving disposition will ever be present with us. During the play he was presented a large bouquet of American Beauties by his admiring friends.

Mr. Kekich was a typical widow—always living in the past, while Mr. McMurchy was as charming a beauty as ever appeared on the college stage. And last but not least we must give due praise to the singing of the remaining students under the lead of Mr. Dougherty.

But while thus showering due praise on those before the footlights we must not forget those behind the scenes. So to Brother Maguire and Father Sheriden and to all those who assisted them in preparing this play the Seniors are greatly indebted and again wish to thank them for their generous assistance.

The cast of characters of "Alma Mater," in the order of appearance on the stage is as follows:

Percy Williams, a student	C. G. Fischer
Marcus A. Gaskill, professor of latin, with a "bug" hobby	T. L. Welsh
Minerva Hope, Professor Gaskill's niece.....	J. T. McMurchy
Mrs. Poore, who boards students.....	E. A. Kekich
Mr. Fish Forgotson, a loan shark.....	W. J. Lawler
Frank Hanley, a student	J. A. O'Brien
Bullock Eggleston, "Bull with a Pull," a student..	E. J. Unruh
Olaf Nielsen, "the Assassin," a student.....	E. Leinen
Ethel Wilkins, Percy's sister, a society bud....	E. J. Kennedy
Tin-Star Shine, a constable.....	B. C. McGann
Tom Brown, cheer leader	J. A. Dougherty
James Hope, a student	L. Ward
William Wilson, a student	L. Moynihan

George Thompson, a student.....C. B. Jacobs
 Students, etc.—W. Schaefer, E. Kalt, W. Kennedy, F. Houl-
 ihan, J. Sullivan, L. Fey, G. Rooney, C. Kelly, A. Shea, O. Merz.

SYNOPSIS.

Act. I.—Garden and lawn of Mrs. Poore's boarding house.
 Time—Middle of September, just after opening of scholastic
 year.

Act. II.—Lobby of the club rooms of the College Oratori-
 cal and Debating Society. Time—Beginning of February.

Act. III.—Eggleston's room in Mrs. Poore's boarding house.
 Time—Two months later.

Act IV.—College Campus. Time—Class Day, beginning of
 June.

THE LAJOIE SOCIETY.

This society which has for end the culture of the French language among its students at the college gave its annual play at Easter. "Les Fourberies de Scapin," a three act comedy by Moliere proved to be among the best of Thespian efforts for this scholastic year and was without a doubt the most successful play staged by this society for years. Gerard Picard, in the leading role, which by *no* means, was a short one, kept the house in a constant uproar from beginning to end and thus upheld his enviable reputation as an actor. Almost equal praise must be extended to Mr. William Roy and Albert Tetreault in interpreting the characters of the two fathers. These were exceedingly difficult roles and to the excellent manner in which they were acted, is probably due the brilliant success attained. Mr. Yvon Dandurand and Arthur Picard, as the two frivolous sons, succeeded in drawing many a hearty laugh from the entire and appreciative audience by their clever and facetious interpretations of their respective roles. Mr. Louis Rivard, in a manner worthy of praise, acquitted himself in professional style and showed himself a good comedian. Mr. Justin Legris, as an attendant, displayed rare talents for a beginner, and Mr. Arthur Landroche, as Scapin's friend, added greatly to the evening's mirth and jollity. The declamations by William Cheffre were successes to say the least and could not be improved upon.

This comedy was staged under the direction of Rev. Duhamel, moderator, and it is to his untiring and persevering ef-

forts, as well as to the labor of the actors themselves, that the great successes attained are due; the cast is as follows:

Argente, brother of Octave.....	William Roy
Geronte, Leandre	Albert Tetreault
Octave	Y. Dandurand
Leandre, son of Geronte	Arthur Picard
Scapin, valet to Leandre	G. Picard
Silvestre, valet to Octave	L. J. Rivard
Maurice, attendant	J. P. Legris
Carle, friend of Scapin	A. J. Landroche
Declamation	W. J. Cheffre
The Orphan	Rev. Duhamel

ALTAR SOCIETY.

Since the beginning of the year the Altar Society has been busily studying the ceremonies of the various chapel exercises. During the remaining bi-monthly meetings, the members of this society will be entertained by papers on such subjects as, "The Vestments," "The Value of Serving Mass," "The Beauty of God's House," and other like subjects that pertain to the services of the Sanctuary. In accordance with this plan, the society, at the first bi-monthly meeting in March, was entertained by the following program:

1. "Lenten Thoughts" (From Ave Maria)—R. Russel.
2. Colors of the Sacred Vestments—L. Clancy.
3. St. Joseph (a recitation)—John Corrigan.
4. The Sacred Vestments (their signification)—Joseph Wesley.

Much credit is due to these young men for the splendid effort which they put forth in their assigned topics. We hope that these programs will be sources of profitable instruction both for those who prepare them and those in attendance, so that whenever an occasion may present itself these young men may be able to defend our Holy Church from the scoffing remarks which are often hurled against her many ritualistic ceremonies and against her various religious services.

I N T E R A L I A

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, who attended St. Viator College in 1893-94, formerly business manager of the Philadelphia Press, has just resigned to take up travel-lecturing.

Prominent Lecturer He leaves Philadelphia in the near future, to circumnavigate the globe and will spend the next six months in touring Ireland, Palestine, The Balkan States, the countries of the Mediterranean, Panama and Yellowstone Park, and upon his return will become a lecturer. Mr. O'Donnell possesses rare ability as a writer, thinker, and is an orator of merit. Hence he is peculiarly qualified for lecture work, which qualifications are greatly augmented by his experience in every department of Journalism. After leaving St. Viators, Mr. O'Donnell attended Notre Dame University, where he received his degree, after which he traveled extensively for a number of years in order to complete his liberal education. For many years he has been connected with prominent newspapers in leading cities of the country, being connected in a managerial capacity with the "St. Paul Pioneer Press," "The Minneapolis Tribune," "The Chicago Record Herald," "The Minneapolis Journal" and the "Philadelphia Press. Recently a company was incorporated in Philadelphia under the name "Hugh O'Donnell, Incorporated," and arrangements are being made by his manager for Travelogues to be given in the principal cities of the country. St. Viator's wishes Mr. O'Donnell every possible success and hopes that at some future date she may have the extreme pleasure of welcoming the prominent lecturer to her halls in order to hear him deliver one of his interesting lectures.

On Sunday, March 30th, the good Catholics of Pueblo, Colorado, witnessed a scene that brought untold joy to them and great satisfaction to the heart of their beloved pastor. The occasion was the dedication of St. Ignatius' Church, of which Rev. Thomas J. Wolohan, an alumnus of St. Viators, is pastor. Some six years ago the Rev. Father Wolohan was sent by his Bishop to begin the erection of a church in

Dedication of St. Ignatius Church

Pueblo. That he has been successful in his effort to carry out the wishes of the Bishop is to be seen in the beautiful edifice which stands as a monument to his untiring labors. It is only fitting that his friends should be acquainted with the wonderful progress Father Wolohan has made in the Lord's Vineyard. Born and raised in Girardsville, Pa., he attended the parochial school of that city and came west in his early youth to Leadville, working as a miner during the day and spending his nights in silent preparation for that future step to God's Altar. In due time he entered All Hallow's College, Salt Lake City, continued his course at St. Viator's, finishing his studies at St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore. After laboring for several years in various cities throughout the diocese of Denver he was appointed to Pueblo, where he has labored so successfully for the last six years. The full ritual of the impressive ceremonies of the church were carried out at the dedication at which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz of Denver pontificated, and today amidst the snow-clad peaks of the Rockies, there stands, within the shadows of the Mount of the Holy Cross, the beautiful church of St. Ignatius, a befitting Temple of God, a monument to the zeal of its beloved pastor.

On Thursday evening, the Rev. P. C. Conway of St. Pius' Church Chicago, lectured before the members of the Pastoral Theology class. His lecture is the continuation of the series of lectures which was inaugurated early in the scholastic year by Father O'Mahoney, but which was suspended during the Lenten season. Father Conway's lectures dealt with the "Relations that should exist between the Priest and People," and for more than one hour the interested audience listened to words of the Rev. Lecturer, words laden with the wisdom of more than twenty years' experience acquired as a priest of God and a pastor of souls.

Father Conway has a novel way of presenting his ideas and the manner in which he presents the grave and the gay is most pleasing, blending both harmoniously so that there is produced a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers. He urged the members of the class to understand well, that to be successful in parochial work it was necessary to treat all men on an equal basis—to become all things to all men in order to win souls to Christ. To become such it is absolutely necessary to study the

ways, manners and circumstances of those over whom the priest is placed as a guardian, consoler and above all as a spiritual ruler. The substance of his lecture may be summed up in the consideration that to be a true shepherd of one's flock, the priest should show extreme charity for all and show partiality toward none. This fact, said the Reverend Father, will be of invaluable service in solving the countless problems that beset a pastor of souls in his everyday work. The students of the Seminary thoroughly enjoyed Father Conway's lecture and sincerely hope that in the near future they will have the privilege of hearing him lecture again.

For the second time within the space of a few months St. Viators has had the extreme pleasure of sending forth one of her sons "to teach all nations," "to preach the Gospel" and "to heal the contrite of heart." On Wednesday, March the 12th, Rev. John Francis Kozlowski was raised to the dignity of the Priesthood by the Rt. Rev. J. Ward, D.D., Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas. The ceremonies took place in the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, the entire student body of St. Benedict's College being in attendance.

Rev. Father Kozlowski sang his first solemn high mass on Easter Monday, March the 24th, in St. Michael's Church, of which Rt. Rev. Peter Rhode, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago is pastor. The services were largely attended by the many friends and classmates of the young levite and several members of the faculty of St. Viator's were present. Rev. Kozlowski was assisted by Rev. J. Grembowicz as deacon and Rev. V. Nowicki, subdeacon, and Rev. F. Walczak—master of ceremonies. Rev. B. Czajkowski preached the sermon. Rt. Rev. P. P. Rhode was present on the throne, assisted by Rev. T. Boniface and Rev. F. Marcinek.

After the celebration a banquet was given in the Parish Hall at which many clerical and lay friends of the family attended.

Father Kozlowski was born in Germany, and came to America as a child. His early education was received in the parochial schools of Chicago, his collegiate course was completed at St. Cyrils College, he then attended St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, after which he completed his theological studies at St. Viator Seminary. He is the fourth of his family to follow the call of the Master, three of his sisters being mem-

bers of the Congregation of the Holy Family of Nazareth. Father Kozlowski visited the college on Monday, April 7th, and said Mass in the college chapel, after which he imparted his blessing to all. He departed the same day for Leavenworth, Kansas, where he will be pastor of St. Casmir's Church. The good will and best wishes of the Faculty, classmates and students accompany the Reverend Father and it is the earnest wish that naught but success and happiness will be his portion in his new home.

Frequently we receive news from Rev. George Mulvaney, C.S.V., '10, A.M., who is chaplain of the College of Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Tex. Besides his regular duties as chaplain of this prominent institution of learning the Reverend Father is also professor of Philosophy and several other branches of study. Father Mulvaney is a prominent Knight of Columbus and had the great honor of being chosen to deliver the sermon to the Knights on the occasion of the initiation ceremonies which were held at San Antonio on April 13th. The Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church in the presence of the Bishop of San Antonio. The following is a clipping from a daily paper of that city, concerning Father Mulvaney's sermon:

**Father
Mulvaney
Preaches**

The Rev. speaker took his text from Matt. XXII, 21: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's." He defined and explained in lucid terms the relations of Church and State, and the sphere of civil and of religious authority, showing that while the Church is, and of necessity must be, independent in the exercise of her Divine mission, nevertheless, she constantly teaches loyalty to the civil government and respect for all lawful authority. The jurisdiction of the Church in spiritual matters, unlike that of the State in civil affairs, is not bounded by any territorial limit—it is universal; hence her title, "Catholic." On these premises, he proceeded to point out the duty of Catholics toward their country; that they should be, as the Catholics of America ever have been, truly loyal to our grand Republic, and ever solicitous for its welfare and advancement. He closed with a stirring appeal to the Knights of Columbus to shape their lives in conformity with the teachings of their holy religion, to be always faithful exemplars of patriotism and civic virtue, and thus show themselves true Catholics, true Knights and true Americans. It was

an eloquent and beautiful sermon throughout, and created a deep impression on the immense congregation."

Governor E. T. Dunne of Illinois, has appointed the Very Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., president of St. Viators, as a delegate to the Fourth American Peace Congress to be held at St. Louis, May 1st to 3d.

Appointed Delegate The American Peace Congress had its inception some few years ago, when the various peace societies united their forces in order to further the cause of Universal Peace. Since then it has been customary to hold an annual peace congress at which delegates appointed by the governors of the various states attend, thus lending the moral support of the nation to the furtherance of the cause of Universal Peace. On account of its national character it is called The American Peace Congress.

During the latter part of March, Mr. Collier of the State Agricultural Department, lectured before the students in the college auditorium. The state of Illinois endeavoring to further the "Back to the Land" movement in sending lecturers to the different cities and towns through the state to make known the conditions of the farming class of the present day. Mr. Collier in his lecture compared the old and the new methods of farming; the old and new benefits accruing from the cultivation of the soil and clearly demonstrated in a forcible way that prosperity and success are the portion of scientific farmers today. The speaker showed that there is an erroneous idea prevailing, that the farm does not need trained men drilled in the elements of a commercial education and a thorough knowledge of farming. The old idea of belittling the farmer has been dispelled long ago; more and more as time goes on, men are becoming aware that the farm is after all the backbone of American industrial life.

Mr. Collier's lecture was highly interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by all the students who had the good fortune to attend.

O B I T U A R I E S

“Blessed are they who die in the Lord.”

On March 22nd, the soul of the Very Reverend Father Charles Ducharme, C.S.V., Provincial of the Canadian Obedience of the Clerics of St. Viator, winged its flight to the Throne of Christ, there to receive from its Creator the eternal reward for its Earthly labors.

Obituaries

Father Ducharme, although apparently in good health, had been failing for several months until it was found necessary, finally, to remove him to the Hotel Dieu in Montreal. His condition, however, became steadily worse until he quietly passed away fortified by the sacred rites of Mother Church and surrounded by his religious brethren, while the Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, Rt. Rev. George Gauthier, D.D., and Father Joly, C.S.V., recited the prayers for the dying. At the time of his demise Father Ducharme was 68 years of age, 42 of which he had spent as a cleric of St. Viator.

Requiem Mass was sung at Outremont in the Church of St. Viator on March 25th, by the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., American Provincial, Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal giving the last absolution and preaching the sermon. In the evening the mortal remains were conveyed to Joliette, where solemn funeral services were held on the following day in the Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Archambault pontificating. Interment was made in the Community Cemetery at the Provincial mother house in Joliette. On the same day Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, President, in the college chapel and the faculty, seminarians and students received communion for the repose of the soul of the deceased. The members of the American Province extend their heartfelt sympathy to the widowed Canadian province and offer their suffrages, that the soul of this great priest of God may rest in peace.

On March 26th, Mrs. H. Cavanaugh, grandmother of Masters James and William Carroll of the Academy, died at her home in Chicago. The deceased died of ailments consequent to old age and leaves to mourn her loss four married children and five grandchildren. Funeral services were held in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, interment was made at Mt. Carmel Cemetery. The sympathy of the faculty is extended to the mourning relatives of the deceased. May her soul rest in peace.

On March 11th, Mr. Chris. D. Burkhartsmeier, father of Mr. Chris. Burkhartsmeier of the Collegiate Department, passed away at the family residence in Chicago, after a severe illness. Mr. Burkhartsmeier was well known in the business world as the president of the Burkhartsmeier Bros. Cooperage Co., and the director of the Mechanics and Traders State Bank of Chicago. He is survived by a widow, three daughters and a son. The funeral services were held at the family residence and the interment was made at Waldheim cemetery.

The many friends of Mr. Ed. Stack, A.M., '11, wish to express their heartfelt sympathies in the death of his mother, Mrs. Ellen Stack, on March 17th. Mrs. Stack's health had been failing for several months and although her death came as a shock to her many friends it was not altogether unexpected by members of the family. The funeral ceremonies were held at St. Mathew's Church and the burial was made at Mt. Carmel cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

On Tuesday, April 8th, Mr. J. Pilon, father of Rev. J. E. Pilon of Superior, Wisconsin, died suddenly at the family residence in that city. The funeral services were held at the Cathedral of Superior, and interment was made in the Catholic cemetery. The sympathy of the many friends of Father Pilon is extended to him and to other relatives of the deceased who pray that the soul of the beloved husband and father may rest in peace.

On Wednesday, April 9th, Mr. Dennis Griffen, father of Rev. Patrick Griffen of St. Patrick's Church, South Chicago, died after several weeks' illness. The funeral services were

held in the Church of the Annunciation, Chicago. Rev. Father Griffen was the celebrant, assisted by former classmtaes, Rev. D. Croke, as deacon, Rev. Father Lynn of Fort Wayne as sub-deacon, and Father Cleary of Rock Island as master of ceremonies. Interment was made in Calvary cemetery. The sympathy of the faculty is extended to Father Griffen and to the other surviving members of the family of the deceased. May he rest in peace.

RETROSPECTION

Fond thoughts of youth oft come to me
Of happy days long past
When yet my spirit calm, care-free,
Life's lesson had not grasped.

The pleasant, idle, care-free hours
That then so oft were mine,
Were sweeter than the fairest flowers,
So pure, almost divine.

Though mem'ry sweet now o'er me steals
And takes dull cares away,
Yet keen my spirit ever feels
Full many a wasted day.

As heedless time e'er onward flows
And quickly passes by,
Each cherished hope the older grows
And whispers "Thou must die."

But now since youth has passed away,
And childhood days gone by,
My thoughts are of that happy day
When Christ I'll meet on high.

—C. B. D.

P E R S O N A L S

N. B.—On account of lack of matter on sports for the Athletic column this month, it has been found necessary to eliminate that column for this one issue of the Viatorian. Signed,
REV. J. A. WILLIAMS, *Censor*.

W. C. Cracknell, C.S.V., who for the past month has been an inmate of St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, is rapidly convalescing. The many friends of Brother Cracknell hope that they will be able to welcome him back to the college soon.

Mr. Frank Hangsterfer, student of '09-'10, was shaking hands with old acquaintances at the college a few weeks ago. "Hank" is doing well, and at present is employed in the C. E. & I. R. R. offices at Danville, Ill.

Verne Hanes, '08-'10, spent a few days at the college recently on his homeward journey to Los Angeles, after an extended trip through the east. Verne is attending the public schools in Los Angeles, while his brother, Leslie, is in business in that city.

On Low Sunday, at the Students' Mass, Rev. Dr. J. Munday delivered a forcible and practical sermon on the Gospel of the day; the Reverend Doctor also preached on April 13 the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

Mr. Leo Knoerzer, '09-'10, who has been employed for several years in the O. K. Machinery Co., of which his father is principle owner, has launched into business for himself, and henceforth will be connected with the Hammond Labor and Employment Agency. The many friends of Mr. Knoerzer wish him every success in this new undertaking.

During the earlier part of the month, Rev. Mother Fredricka, Provincial Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Names, whose Provincial Mother-house is in Hochelage, Canada, and Sister M. John the Evangelist, superior of the Convent at Windsor, Ontario, visited the college. The congregation of the Holy

Names is one of the strongest teaching sisterhoods in Canada, and also has many establishments in the United States. The distinguished sisters are visiting various houses of the congregation and are making arrangements for accepting the charge of several parochial schools in Illinois. While visiting the college they were entertained by Rev. C. St. Amant, Bro. R. Plante, and Mr. E. Ashe of the Seminary department, all of whom have relatives in the Sisterhood of the Holy Names.

Mr. Michael Crowley of the Collegiate department, has been forced to discontinue his studies on account of a severe affliction of the eyes. Mike's many friends sincerely hope that the ailment is only temporary and that they will soon be able to see him resume his classes.

On April 10th in the Chapel of the Provincial Motherhouse of the Clerics of St. Viator, Chicago, the simple yet beautiful ceremonies of profession took place. On that day two novices, Brother Casimir Gedwell of Chicago and Brother Stanislaus Swikowski of St. Joe, Michigan, had the singular happiness of pronouncing their vows thereby dedicating themselves to the services of Christ. The Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D.D., C.S.V., and the sermon was preached by Rev. M. J. Breen, Director of the Seminary.

The regular quarterly examinations were held in all the departments of the Seminary, College, and Academy, during the week beginning Monday, April 14th.

Mr. A. Coplice was the guest of Mr. Joseph Heeney of the Seminary department during the earlier part of the month.

Mr. Dennis McAuliffe, '08-'09, is at the head of one of the real estate companies of St. Louis. We haven't seen or heard of Denny for a long time, but we knew he would be successful in anything that he undertook.

Word has been received from Mr. Dennis Cullen, '11-'12, whose home is in Omaha, to the effect that he had the good fortune to escape the terrible tornado that swept over Nebraska recently. The Cullen residence is just at the edge of the district which was destroyed.

Occasionally word reaches us from Champaign Ill., to the effect that Ed. Hayden, Leo. Doemling and James Langan are doing well at the University.

Several beautiful pictures have been placed in the Seminary corridor of late and give this department a homelike appearance. Among the subjects are His Holiness, Pius X; His Lordship, Very Rev. J. E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago; The Sistine Madonna, The Angelus, Pope Leo XIII, St. Cecelia, Hoffman's Head of Christ and several rural scenes of Ireland.

During the later part of the month of March "Plantation Day," the comedy presented by the Thespian on Fire Day was given at the State Hospital for the Insane.

The Reverend Fathers W. Irish of Ottawa, J. Kiley of Merna, S. Moore of Urbana, A. Lentz of Piper City, P. Parker of Chebanse, and Joseph Stukel of Joliet, recently were the guests of the Very Reverend President.

During the earlier part of April the President and faculty had the extreme pleasure of entertaining Rev. J. T. Levasseur, D.D., of L'Erable, Illinois. Father Larasseur is the pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist, of that place. The president and faculty hope that the Reverend Father will soon again have an opportunity of visiting St. Viators.

The granite tombstones which have been obtained to replace the plain wooden crosses that formerly marked the graves of the deceased members of the Clerics of St. Viator have been placed in position in the Community lot surrounding the Central Cross in Maternity cemetery. The stones are very simple and bear only the names and ages of the dead. Stones of the same style were placed over the graves of other members who lie buried at Beaverville and Utica, Illinois.

Under the expert hand of Brother McEachen the beautiful lawns and flower beds of St. Viator are again being prepared. Those who have visited the college during the summer months have been able to appreciate the beauty in arrangement of the various flowers and the designs of the numerous beds. Brother "Mac" intends to cultivate a more numerous variety this year and to this end has been studying plant culture during the winter months.

Rev. J. A. Williams, C.S.V., Censor of the Viatorian and the Board of Editors, wish to extend their heartiest thanks and sincere appreciation to the editors of "The New World" of Chicago, Ill., of "The Western Watchman" of St. Louis, Mo.,

and to "The Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Company" of Bloomington, Illinois, who so generously loaned the beautiful cuts which appeared in the Easter number to the Viatorian. From time to time we have been acceded favors by these companies and hope that in the future we may return the favor.

Mr. E. McGown, former student of 1908-9, is at present connected with a stock company operating in the west. From last reports Mr. McGown is taking a leading role in the well known play, "The Time, the Place and the Girl."

A L U M N I

The Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, D.D., retired Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, who has been the guest of St. John's Sanitarium, San Angelo, Texas, for sometime, has returned to the north much improved in health. Bishop McGavick, the first of St. Viator's sons to wear the purple, was for several years Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago until forced to resign that office on account of continued ill health. The many friends of his Lordship, among the faculty and his old classmates, rejoice in the fact that his health is much better than it has been for sometime.

Mr. Ed. Reilly, H.S., '12, who is enrolled in the Law School of Notre Dame University, spent several days at the college, renewing old friendships during the earlier part of the month.

Word recently received from Father Kangley, Chaplain of the troops at Fort Screvin, Ga., states that life at the post is "going on like a song." At present he is giving a series of lectures to the Boys in Blue and he states that they are very enthusiastic over his talks. Already the Chaplain has given his third Post Dance and at present is planning a vaudeville show to be given in the near future. It goes without saying that the many friends of Father Kangley rejoice at the success which he has attained and sincerely hope that it will continually increase in the future.

On Wednesday, April 9th, several clerical alumni and friends were the guests of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D.D., and other

members of the college faculty. Among others we mention: Rev. Z. P. Berard, St. Anne; Rev. A. L. Labrie, Momence; Rev. J. J. Morrissey, Blessed Sacrament Church; Rev. J. M. Scanlan, St. John's; Rev. P. C. Conway, St. Pius; Rev. J. J. Flaherty, Nativity, and Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Notre Dame, of Chicago.

Rev. Fathers J. D. Kirkley, C.S.V., and Patrick E. Brown, C.S.V., former members of the college faculty, but now connected with the Viatorian Missionary Band, visited the college during the first week of April.

The Very Reverend E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Provincial, recently enjoyed several pleasant days at the college.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., president, attended the dedicatory ceremonies of Holy Cross Church, Champaign, Illinois, on April 9th. Father Frawley, former Chancellor of the Diocese of Peoria, is pastor of Holy Cross Church.

Many of the old students of 1892-3 will be pleased to hear that Mr. George Dostal, who attended the college during that period, is acquiring an enviable reputation in his chosen life work—grand opera. Mr. Dostal has just returned from Italy, where he has lived for the past six years, completing his musical education under the best masters of Europe. He has achieved fame as an operatic singer while abroad and now as a member of the New York Grand Opera Company of New York City his success is assured. The Very Reverend President recently had the pleasure of spending several hours with Mr. Dostal and his brother, who is interested in art, and who conducts a studio in New York City.

Rev. Father McDevitt, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, Oak Park, Illinois, has all but completed arrangements for the grand bazaar and festival to be given during the latter part of April and the earlier part of May at Ascension Hall for the benefit of his church. Among the interesting features of the festival are several dancing parties and card tournaments besides the bazaar proper.

On May 5th, "The Call," written by Rev. F. A. Sheridan of the college faculty will be given at St. Viator's hall, 3617 41st Court for the benefit of St. Viator's Church, of which Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V. is pastor.

BOOK NOTES

“Major John Andre,” an historical drama in five acts, by Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., Bishop of Belmont, N. C., is worthy of presentation before any audience and by any dramatic club.

It is a striking and pathetic presentation in play form of the sad story of patriotism, valor and death of the historical character, John Andre.

All the lines are good and afford ample opportunity for splendid acting—especially the roles of Major Andre and his aged father.

Of the twenty-five speaking parts, many are exceptionally strong, but at the same time not beyond the ability of zealous intellectual members of a college dramatic club.

The scenery of the five acts is not difficult, as but ordinary exteriors and interiors are used.

Colleges, academies and high schools for boys will find in this play—that boon often sought for but seldom found—a worthy play minus female roles. Copies may be obtained by applying to The Belmont Abbey Press, Belmont, N. C.

“Father Carson Explains”—is a cleverly written dialogue on early and daily Communion for all, and in a very original and forcible manner puts forth arguments in favor of the doctrine of the present Pope concerning the Reception of the Holy Eucharist.

This is a very important question and the manner in which the “doubts, fears and difficulties of the masses in receiving this salutary practice are settled are such that it cannot but assist in a marked degree, in making the teachings of the Holy Father clear on this point. We would recommend pastors to distribute it among their people and certainly it is a pamphlet that should grace the bookshelf at every church door. Published by the Sentinel Press, 185 E. 76th St., New York. Price, 5c a copy, or 50c per dozen, \$4.00 per hundred. The dialogue is by Rev. Ed. F. Garesck, S.J.

V I A T O R I A N A

Tom Fooleries.

April Fool!

Whose birthday?

Did you get stung?

A. S. "Do you have to cough when you undergo the medical exam?"

T. S. "No, you cough (up) after."

A few more Caseys here! (K. C's.)

Who was the goat on April 6th? (Ask J. O'B.)

Notice from Us Kids—

Our manager "Murphy" Harrison has two broken bats which he would like to trade for a first class base-ball, call at the Clubroom No. 228.

The extension on the Ind. Phone in Marsile Hall doesn't meet the approval of all.

Echoes from Baseball Field.

I wonder who caught that hot one!!!

All mine. (T. H.)

Who pulled a bone?

We want Plucard.

Do you think you own that ball?

Throw it to third.

E. K. getting ready to go to a dance.

"Got a smoke? Give me a light."

Let me take a tie. What kind of a collar have you? What size shoe do you wear? Give me some polish—Well I guess I'll go to the dance tonight! Where is your suit, Jacobs? I guess I'm ready now—Now who has a dollar and I'm off?

There is a certain perfect looking for the man who invented Japanese snuff.

Answers to Queries—

“We are unable to say whether our manager of athletics is related to the Mayor of Chicago or not. We have a man on the case.

“We are unable to say when the “squad” that is outing in ‘The Flats’ will be reinstalled in their former barracks in Roy Hall!!”

“Yes, there is a very steep grade on the I. C. and Big Four R. R. just past Tucker, which makes it very dangerous for passengers to jump off without signaling the engineer.”

“Yes, the college campus consists of 40 acres, bounded on the south by the southern fence, on the east by a fence, on the west by a fence and on the north by 2nd avenue—pass these and you are out of bounds.”

Why is the switch?—\$.02 prize for best answer given to D. Hickey. “To sidetrack the empties coming southeast.”

The interest in mathematics has increased since baseball has returned—figuring up the averages you know—also in precious stones—diamonds.

Our sap heads—SHEA & MOYNIHAN.

A. “Have you ever noticed the angle the college switch makes with the main track?”

B. “Yes.”

A. “If there ever were a wreck there would you call it a rectangle? (Let him up he's in our German class.)

“Why didn't you use your head, Ward?”

Ward: “I did.”

Spring poets are with us—

“She told me to wait.”—Bill Walsh.

I stood outside the grocery store
 Just as the clock struck half past four
 I should have gone, for it was late
 But I *was game*—for she said, “please wait.”

The height oft reached by college boys
 Is not attained by one big jump
 But while the “bones” but make a noise
 These “stu’s” are always on the hump.

Height of folly—ducking off to town after Chapel—(Ask any of ’em.)

Height of comfort—to sit at your window and watch the manager rake the diamond. (They all know.)

Height of loyalty—to play the outfield during batting practice. (Ask Kasper.)

Height of indifference—to “cadge” a smoke and not worry what kind of tobacco you get. (Ask Red. L.)

Height of physical perfection—(Ask Schaefer).

The height of foolishness—to sit in the grandstand and tell the centerfielder how to play the game.

The height of Mt. Vesuvius?—Don’t ask me!!

Hail, Hail the squad’s all here—By the Double Quartette—composed of Transient lodgers.

Kindly refrain from all jokes about the “sap”—we’re on the wagon now. (317-318.)

They talk about their baseball
 And all other kinds of fun
 But I think the liveliest stunt of all
 Is learning how to run.

I tried to sneak away to see
 The town the other night
 When someone started trailing me
 And scared me; it’s a fright!

It surely wasn't the big police
 Or prefect at the most
 But in the dark it looked like fleece
 So I took it for a ghost.

I didn't stick around to quiz
 But beat it up the trail
 The guy that chased me knew his biz
 While I was getting pale.

No more I'm going out o'nights
 You bet your Uncle Munn
 I've cut out all these risky flights
 Till I learn how to run.

—(C. G. B.)

A Communication—

Two young gentlemen of uncertain habits would like to trade two beds in the Flats for two rooms in Roy Hall. We are tired of the luxury of the Administration building and would like to get back to the simple life. The Flats have all the modern inconveniences, such as rising every morning at six and—and cold water.

Address all correspondence to L. Moynihan, care Study hall.

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Trials of a Bashful Youth.—O. Fat Connor.

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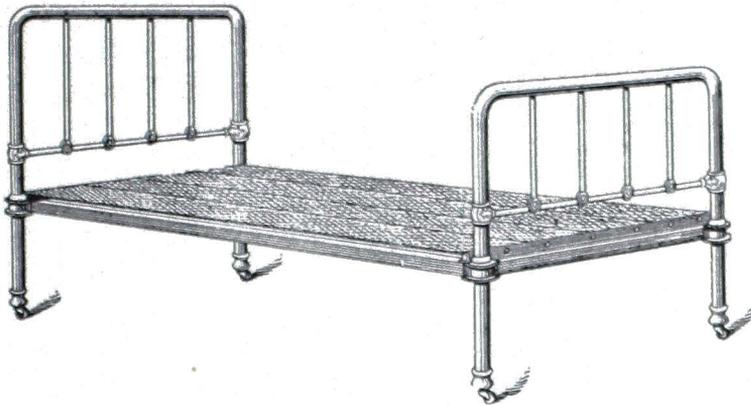
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