

Midsummer Number, 1916

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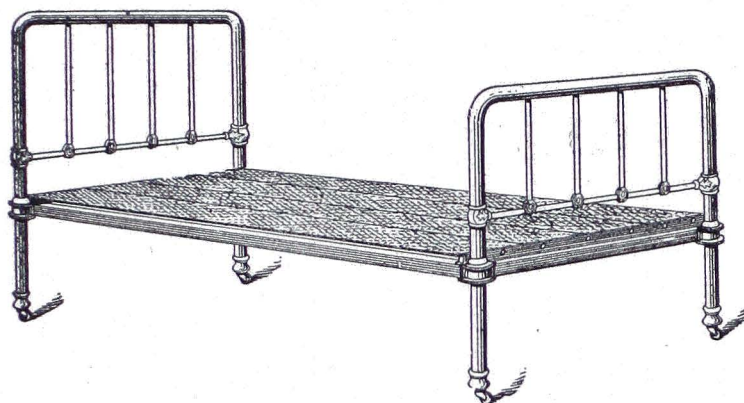
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FOURTH YEAR HIGH

Class Poem

CLAUDE M. GRANGER

*Amid the maddening melodies of youthful, joyful hearts,
The grey, sad strain of parting now all unbidden darts,
For happy, golden school days have reached their vesper hours,
And we who loved at noonday must part when evening hours.*

*The silver gates of childhood are closed for ever tight,
Together we passed their portals, alone we face the fight,
Of the stern, rough war of manhood, the battle of a life,
To prove the dreams of boyhood, to conquer in the strife.*

*In games on Viator's campus we have learned to play the man,
To scorn the mean, uphold the true, and win whene'er we can,
To take defeat with smiling grace, and laurel the victor's brow,
And thus to play the game of life we all will firmly vow.*

*We have tasted the spring of knowledge, we have gazed on its
crystal stream*

*We have sat in the courts of the mighty, and have shared in their
dream,*

*We have learned a little of the wisdom the sages of the earth can
give,*

We have knocked at the gates of heaven to learn the way to live.

*In the whiteness of the lily we shall dip our every thought,
And guide our every action with light from honour brought,
We shall fix our upward glances on virtue's snow crowned height,
And Truth shall be our mistress, our guardian and our might.*

*Fraught with the fairy fancies we dreamed when we were boys,
Littered with happy memories of joy that never cloy,
These halls of dear old Viator shall ever be a shrine
Where pure white thoughts of innocence like tapers ever shine.*

*Now joy and sorrow struggle to sweep the tautened strings
Of hearts o'erflooded with feeling, which within our being
springs,*

*Joy, we have won the guerdon, for which we fought four year,
Sorrow, that tomorrow we part from friends so dear.*

THE VIATORIAN

Har et Spera

Volume 33

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

Number 10

THE VOICE OF NATURE

CHRISTOPHER J. CROWLEY, '16

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar."*

For the seeing eye, and the thoughtful mind, every phase of the outer world has a meaning and an attraction. Such a one will, in Shakespeare's words,

*"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in the stones, and good in everything."*

On all sides we are confronted with the beauties of the heavens and earth. Before us, daily pass vivid pictures which touch the heart and elevate the fancy. How often have we been struck by the lustre of the rising or setting sun; by the sparkling concave of the midnight sky in which we can see the floor of heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold. True, indeed, it is, there is not the smallest orb which we behold but in his motion like an angel sings. Suppose those bright celestial bodies should appear but one night in a thousand years; how would not men believe and adore; and would they not remember for a lifetime the splendor of the city of God? But every night come out those envoys of the Almighty to lift the minds and hearts of men to that great Lord and Master from whom they derive their being. For—

*"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice.
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."*

Amazed and bewildered by the vastness, complexity, order, harmony, and beauty of the heavenly planets, the inquisitive

astronomer asks who moves those mighty orbs through the infinitude of space? How comes the holy silence of the night? Who is it that gives that lingering shimmer of evening crimson to the western sky? Who placed in the heavens those two fair lights, the golden sun and the silvery moon that alternately conduct us through life? All hypotheses of astronomers go back inevitably to that simple premise of Scripture: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." The story of the heavens necessarily presupposes a wonderful mathematician, who, from the beginning, presides over the spheres; an all-powerful God, who hung those luminaries according to the universal law of gravitation; a God who weighed them in the hollow of his hand; poised them in the depths of space, and appointed the mighty orbits in which they should revolve. Were He to suspend, but for one moment, that universal law, which holds together stupendous worlds and mighty suns, all would then fall back into anarchy and chaos. Not only have astronomers, mathematicians, and mechanists asserted this, but the poet sings it in immortal verse:

*"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land, the
Work of an almighty hand."*

But confining our attention to the earth on which we live, we find it is not necessary to peer into distant stars for evidence of God's power, wisdom and goodness. The earth as well as the heavens proclaims the glory of God.

Behold the habitat of man! A beautiful landscape! Mountains in the distance, clothed with dense woods. Higher up, snow-capped peaks, backed by fantastically rolling clouds which chase each other in rapid succession. Near by, a heaven-kissing hill crowned with bloom. On one side a broad field of upturned sod, with sprouting wheat and corn as far as the eye can reach. In the valley at our feet, runs the winding brook shaded by elms and weeping-willows. Here we pluck the bright-eyed field daisy; there a shining butter-cup; not even Solomon, in all his glory was arrayed as one of these flowers. They have a language for all: old and young, rich and poor. "For me," says Wordsworth,

*"The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."*

But still more wonderful and more deserving of our admiration are the animals, whose beauty, symmetry and proportion is worthy of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. *We are struck with the wonderful wisdom displayed in every part.* The most minute particle or cell revealed by the microscope bespeaks the hand of a divine fashioner. *In the whole animal, we find the most complicated piece of mechanical art,* the most astounding chemical laboratory that ever existed, and an excellent adaptation of means to an end: the bird has wings to cleave the air; the fish has fins to swim the depths of the clear bright sea; and so for the 500,000 species of animals now on earth—all are well equipped with means to suit the needs of life. Architects have never improved on the spiders web in structural planning; geometricians have never approached the perfection of the honeycomb, wherein is solved one of the most intricate problems in maxima and minima. Again, some animals show the most surprising knowledge of coming storms. Others lay up food for the winter. *Insects* provide food for the young which they never see. Birds hatch eggs without knowing the effects of heat on the embryo. The wasp performs an operation which defies the surgeon's skill, and so a thousand cases may be cited to show that there is intelligence in the works of animals. But this intelligence does not reside in the animal. All scientists tell us that each animal is perfect in its own way, and, that within their narrow limits, they are far surer in their operations than man himself. This is instinct, the voice of God speaking through brute animals, warning them of danger, and leading them to good. If these be the qualities of brutes, how immeasurably greater must be the qualities of man—who is king of the animal world and the mirror of the universe. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" None like man have that shapeliness, that grace, that excellence of movement, that beauty of form, that majesty of face, and that dignity of pose. No instrument of music has ever rivalled his perfect voice. An ineffable musician vibrates through him as he sings to his Maker a ceaseless song of praise and glory. God was pleased to make man,

*"Like the rich bloom of some delicate flower,
The Father rejoiced in the work of his power."*

But what is it that raises man to that lofty pedestal? and makes him walk with head erect to peer into the starry heavens and contemplate the wonderful mechanism portrayed therein? What is it that makes him walk forth with regal majesty to survey all creatures of nature? What is it that gives him power over brute nature by which he can convert its infinite resources to aid his own needs in the march of progress? What inherent power in man enables him to convert the lightning to his uses? What, in a word, makes him a monarch of all he surveys? It is that undying, immortal spirit within him, which makes him akin to angels, and which places an infinite chasm between him and brute creation; that immortal soul of which the poet Davies wrote:

*"Thou leavest thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite."*

Nature, therefore, is a great book of poems, wherein God has written, not in cold, dead letters, as man writes, but in living, moving creatures; each being is a letter; each species a paragraph; each family a chapter; each genus a treatise. Nature, then, is a great book written by the hand of Almighty God, whose voice is heard at all times, and whose majestic power is sensed even in the most common-place objects that hourly meet our accustomed gaze. Well, therefore, does Holy Scripture exclaim: "But all men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God, and who by these good things that are seen could not understand Him that is; neither by attending to the works have acknowledged who was the workman, for, by the greatness of the beauty of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby, for if men were able to know so much as to make a judgment of the world, how did they not easily find out the Lord thereof."

"EVERYMAN"

L. T. PHILLIPS, '18

At the advent of Christianity the classical drama had become so corrupt that the Church was constrained to abolish it. Mindful, however, of the great appealing force of the drama the Church wisely at a later age revived it in its pure form. So religious and liturgical plays made their appearance. Gradually, these evolved into moral allegories whose aim was to enforce moral truths.

Probably the best and most popular of these moralities was "Everyman." The authorship of this play is commonly ascribed to Dorlandus. Still there are many who maintain that the English version is a translation from the Dutch version "Elikerlyc" since this latter, which is similar to "Everyman," was published first. However the origin is of little interest at present, for we are mainly interested in its simple little story which briefly summed up is as follows: Everyman, a person devoted to the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, is suddenly apprised that he must make the journey of death. Terrified he seeks the companionship of Good Fellowship who flatly refuses him. In like manner he calls upon Kindred, Cousin, Worldly Goods, etc., and is likewise denied companionship. Finally he calls upon Good Deeds, who consents to accompany him and ease the troubles of the parting hour.

It is obvious that the characters are here represented under abstractions to give them greater force and interest. Thus under an abstraction Everyman represents the ordinary man who from childhood, through maturity and old age, gives little or no consideration to the interest of God and his soul. His only religion, if he can be said to have one, is the worship of himself and the goods of this world. Instead of making friends of the saints of God this poor, misguided individual gathers about him such characters as are designated by Good Fellowship, Kindred, Cousin, Worldly Goods, Beauty, Strength, Pleasure, etc.

Under the allegorical heading, "Good Fellowship," is presented the character commonly called the good natured fellow or the friend of the sunny day. This good friend is ever present to

cheer, praise, and worship the man as long as there is wealth and a good table. But let the dark cloud of misfortune lower itself and Mr. Good Fellowship abruptly takes his leave.

Under Cousin and Kindred are typified those relatives who like Fellowship are earnest in their protestations of fidelity as long as prosperity lasts, but who when the reverses of fortune come are his first and loudest denounciators.

Next the character styled Worldly Goods represents those goods to obtain which a man will expend all vital energy and even honor and life. He is unmindful of the fact that goods are only a means to an end, and that soon they will turn traitor to him and will inflict upon him, as upon Everyman, the most pointed reproaches.

*"Just for a little while was I lent to thee—
My nature it is man's soul to kill,
If I save one, a thousand do I spill."*

After all have forsaken Everyman he turns to Good Deeds. This character represents the only true source of consolation. At the time when fortune frowns upon him, Good Deeds like an angel of mercy comes to comfort and to console him.

Thus from the fact that Good Deeds alone remains faithful to Everyman it is easy to deduce the aim of this little morality. It brings forward the end of man's creation, namely, to know, to love, and to serve God in this life and to be happy with Him forever in the next. The drama also shows how simple, how vain, and how foolish is he who places his trust in temporal things and worldly persons. They, at the awful parting, will rise like hellish fiends to accuse him. Thus throughout the play a great lesson is taught which is aptly expressed in the words:

*Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which, in the end, causeth the soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as a flower in May,
For ye shall hear how our Heaven's King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning."*

VALEDICTORY

PATRICK J. BUCKLEY

*"Farewell, if ever fondest prayer,
For others weal availed on high
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky."
—Byron.*

It has been passed as commonplace that farewells are never times of joy but even among the happiest surroundings are tinged with regret, with nameless fears for the future, whose heavy veil no man can push aside.

Today it is our duty to speak a farewell to an institution which has been most intimately bound up with our lives for the past four years, which has led us by the hand through the field of learning, which has cheered us amidst every difficulty, which taught us to love and revere the time and the good, to hear and obey the voice of duty as the voice of God. We, therefore, owe her a debt of gratitude, which we can never fully repay, and least of all by mere words.

However, we cannot leave these hallowed halls of learning without giving voice to the gratitude which we feel for the numerous favors our Alma Mater has bestowed upon us during these years of our student life.

We wish to speak, then, of the special debt which every alumnus of a Catholic school of learning owes to his Alma Mater. That debt is special, because the Catholic school, in her God-given abundance, bestows favors upon her children, which secular institutions of learning with their affluence, their endowments, their splendid edifices and equipment cannot give. It is these blessings, lavished upon us without stint by St. Viator's, that make our debt incalculable, and hence must freight our leave-taking with a keener pain of parting.

What is the great and special indebtedness which the Catholic alumnus must ever have to his intellectual mother?

He, whom his Alma Mater sends forth a graduate, has received an education which is the result of ages of experience in the art of teaching, an education which is not a mere cramming

of the mind with bare principles and facts, but the development of the entire man, the expansion of his moral, intellectual, and physical faculties under the laws of nature and religion.

The Catholic institution alone has given its students the sublime lessons of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. She alone has pointed out to him his destiny and has taught him the duties which he owes to God, to his neighbor, and to himself. It is she who has painted for him the ideal which is the end of all education namely, "To seek the kingdom of God and His justice." She has imprinted her golden seal upon his character. She has stamped indelibly upon his soul the necessity of being at all times and under all circumstances sincere, strong, pure, truthful, and just. She has taught him to know that simple faith is more than coronets; an upright life, more than regal diadems.

And while the Catholic institution centers its strongest forces upon the development of man's moral nature, still, she does not neglect his intellectual development, but so trains his mind that he is able to meet without fear or favor the men of other schools.

By the training which he receives in Catholic philosophy, he possesses a solid rational foundation of future knowledge, whose principles alone are strong enough to withstand the errors which are spreading over the world today. Metaphysics has opened up to him the mysteries of being; Cosmology, the laws of the visible universe; psychology has unlocked the secret of the mind, while logic has taught him the laws of thought and has armed him with a two-edged sword to smite falsehood and error and to wage the battles of truth. Besides his training in Catholic philosophy, history has unlocked for him the dark pages of the past. Science has revealed to him the secrets of the sky and earth. Literature has expounded and visualized all the powers of the intellect; the memory is enriched with the gems of melodious verse; the imagination lifted to the highest heaven of invention; the fancy refined, and the analytic powers rendered keen and trenchant.

But even as the beautiful vistas of the mind are opened one after another, as the dark shadows of ignorance recede before the resplendent rays of learning's glory, he forgets not the deep significance of it all and from his inmost soul offers the sublime prayer of the poet in the presence of learning,

*"Let knowledge grow from more and more
But more of reverence in us dwell.
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before.
But vaster."*

Here in a few inspired words is the great meaning, the great end of true Christian education. The Catholic school even in its purely scientific training fills the souls of her children with reverence for Him, Who is the Author of all those things with which the mind of man concerns itself. This fear and love of God is the precious heritage which she bequeathes to all she has nurtured in the days of their youth, and like Mary, she has chosen for them the better part which shall not be taken from them. This then is the special debt which every graduate of a Catholic College owes to his intellectual mother, and such, I say, is the special debt which we, the graduating class of 1916, owe to our Alma Mater, St. Viator College.

She has struck for us the hard rock of facts with the rod of wisdom and made the brimming waters of knowledge gush forth. She made the sun of Christian truth shine full upon life's problems and in that light the meaning and the purpose of life's mysteries was revealed. She has set before us, not merely in the cold lifeless terms of abstract teaching, but in the winning and majestic form of concrete illustration the highest ideals of Christian manhood.

For years our teachers have labored zealously in our behalf, they have given us the best that is in them, and now as they send us forth to face the battle of life alone, we feel determined to live up to the high ideals which they have set before us. Whatever we have achieved or shall achieve is the direct result of the efforts of our professors and in return we offer them our sincerest thanks. And if in our after life we are successful, as we hope to be, the success will not be ours alone, but theirs also.

As proof of our gratitude to St. Viator's we pledge ourselves to do all that we can to spread her name and on all occasions to manifest filial love and uncompromising loyalty to our Alma Mater. And though the future may find us removed from here we shall ever remain here in spirit, where we have spent the happiest years of our life. The time draws near and I must say farewell, a simple word, but one which carries with it all the pain of parting.

To you Rev. President and your associates, to all the friends and companions of our college days we say farewell. And we fondly pray that our Alma Mater may ever look back with pride on this day when she sends us forth with her maternal blessings upon our heads.

"NO DIFFERENCE"

W. J. MARUM, '19

A runabout pulled up to the curb and no sooner stopped than a man wearing a dark suit and stetson hat, spectacled, and with a small grip which physicians usually carry, rushed into a beautiful mansion without knocking or waiting for an invitation. He went direct to a small bedroom which was richly furnished, and bent over the form of an old man who was enjoying a prolonged visit from Morpheus. The doctor grasped the man's wrist and took his watch from his pocket. Then the expression on his face began to change. The wrist dropped and the timepiece stole back to its usual haunt. The doctor shook his head despairingly, casting one forlorn look on the face of the dying man.

He quietly entered the sitting room and the eyes of all the inmates were staring on his somber countenance. The sick man's wife, an old lady with gray hair and wrinkles deeply impressed on her forehead, and heavy eyes portraying the effects of watchful waiting, immediately spoke in a worried manner, "Is he going?"

"Yes, Madam," said the doctor, "I fear he is and you had better get a lawyer to make out all the legal documents as soon as possible, so that it may save the risk of having more trouble on your hand after his death." This was answered by a flood of tears and audible sobs emitted simultaneously from the listeners of the announcement. The doctor, on being instructed as to the lawyer to send and when to come himself, departed.

Hardly an hour passed before a large limousine drew up before the same house at which the doctor's runabout had previously stood, and a young man stepped out with an unassuming air, with none of the signs of bustle so evident about the previous visitor.

This gentleman wore a Palm Beach suit, high silk hat and shoes shining like a looking glass in the sun. He took a paper fold from the car and with long, even strides advanced into the house as if he were going to a banquet. He was met by the same elderly lady and ushered into the beautiful room of the dying man. The sick man raised himself with a look that seemed to inquire: Who let you in? The lawyer having seated himself,

the lady of the house braced the man with two pillows and left the room. The visitor opened the paper fold and was first to speak.

"I was sent here to help you make out your will."

The man did not pay any attention to the remark, but only whimpered and groaned.

"What is the matter," said the lawyer, "Why are you groaning?"

"I don't know how to divide the money and the property," replied the man.

"Oh! don't let that part of it worry you in the least, just leave it to me," said the lawyer, meaning that he would assist the dying man in dividing it when they got to that stage.

"Well, I guess I might just as well for you'll get it anyway," answered the old man in a sarcastic voice. He straightened out, and with a few squirms of the body, died.

The Catholic Church.

*"A mild-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged:
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet hath she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds,
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die."*

—John Dryden.

"Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn."

—Addison.

THE ANNUAL CLASS AND COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The annual class and commencement exercises were held on June twelfth and thirteenth respectively. The class day exercises were in charge of the high school graduation class and were held in the evening on the college campus with Gordon McDonald, president of the class, presiding as toastmaster. The role of class historian fell to the lot of Mr. John Collins who described every important event from their "freshie" days to their graduating day with such accuracy, interest, and humor that would do no discredit to a great historian. Mr. Raymond Francis read the last will and testament of the class making the Reverend President, Treasurer, College Physician, and the class of '17 the chief beneficiaries. Mr. Glenn Powers, for the time being, assumed the role of a prophet and like another Jeremiah peering far into future disclosed the diverse destinies of each member of the class of '16. Lastly Mr. Claude Granger read the class poem, one of which the class of '16 may well be proud. The music for the evening was furnished by the St. Viator College Band.

The next morning, Commencement exercises were opened by a Solemn High Mass with the Very Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., as celebrant, Rev. Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, of Louisville, Ky., as deacon, Rev. Richard J. French, C. S. V. of Montreal, Canada, as subdeacon, and Rev. C. Marzano, C. S. V., as master of ceremonies. The music for the occasion was rendered by the college choir under the able direction of Rev. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V., and Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Nawn, of Corpus Christi Church, Chicago, Ill. The reverend father spoke in eloquent terms to the graduates of the grandeur of their mission, of what was expected of them as graduates of one of the leading Catholic colleges of the country, and of what they owed to their God, to their country, and to their Alma Mater.

The afternoon exercises began promptly at three with the Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, presiding. As this was His Grace's first visit to St. Viator's, Mr. Daniel T. Sullivan in behalf of the faculty and student body

extended to him the greetings of welcome and pledged him the loyalty and support of every son of Viator. The Bachelors' oration was delivered by Mr. Christopher J. Crowley. Mr. Edward S. Dunne delivered the Masters' oration choosing for his subject "The Boy Problem," a problem so dear to the generous heart of our Archbishop. Upon Mr. Patrick Buckley, president of the class of 1916, devolved the sad duty of bidding farewell to Alma Mater. After this the awarding of degrees, diplomas, medals, and prizes took place. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the following: Edward S. Dunn, Farmer City, Ill., William A. Aszukas, Wilkes Barre, Penn., John Farrell, Chicago, Ill., Thomas Lynch, Ireland, Thomas Donovan, Chicago, Ill., William Murray, Chicago, Ill., Alfred Rebedeau, Chicago, Ill., Leo McDonald, Hardin, Ill.

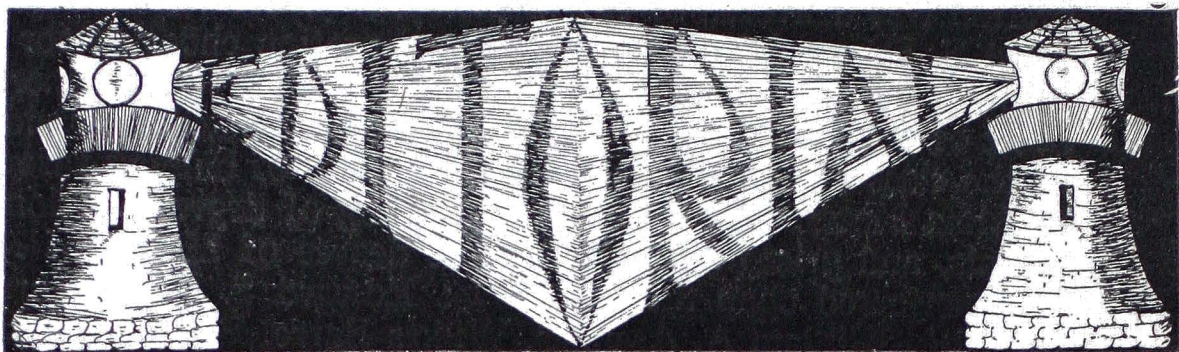
Upon the following the Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred: Mr. Patrick Buckley, Chicago, Ill., and Mr. Christopher J. Crowley, Ireland.

High School diplomas were awarded to the following gentlemen: John N. Collins, Penfield, Ill., John J. Udelhofen, Chicago, Ill., John F. McCarthy, Bradley, Ill., Robert L. Russell, Decatur, Ill., John P. Lynch, Decatur, Ill., Thomas J. Cavanaugh, Chicago, Ill., Richard M. Shields, Chicago, Ill., Raymond J. Francis, Alpena, Mich., Benedict A. Connor, Wilmington, Ill., Francis G. McDonald, Chicago, Ill., James P. Feeney, Melvin, Ill., William L. McGinnis, Kankakee, Ill., John A. Kearney, Chicago, Ill., Claude M. Granger, Kankakee, Ill., John G. Powers, Chicago, Ill., Francis X. Driscoll, Louisville, Ky., Melvin D. McCarthy, Chicago, Ill., Jeremiah T. Gorman, Sydney, Ill., William B. Enright, Listowel, Ireland, James L. Henneberry, Rankin, Ill., Maurice G. Lee, New Berlin, Ill., William C. Walsh, Mattoon, Ill., Joseph F. Sheen, Peoria, Ill., Louis J. Brais, Bourbonnais, Ill., Robert P. Caron, Kankakee, Ill., Louis J. Dougherty, Kankakee, Ill., Paul P. Somers, Kankakee, Ill., Vernon J. Lynch, Laurens, Iowa, Edward J. O'Connor, Peoria, Ill.

Commercial Diplomas were awarded to:

Alfred R. Houlihan, Stevens Point, Wis., Leo N. Gartland, Marion, Ind., Joseph E. O'Brien, Camp Grove, Ill., Robert A. Dinnen, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The exercises were brought to a fitting close by a brief address of our Archbishop. He spoke eloquently of the generosity and self-denial of men who enlist in the teaching orders of the Church, of the duties of the Catholic graduates, and finally of the bright prospects and opportunities of St. Viator College.



THE VIATORIAN

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With this number of the Viatorian volume thirty-three is completed. The Viatorian these many years has had a successful and happy cruise on the seas of college journalism. It has touched at many ports in the literary, scientific, social, and philosophic world, and probably has left these parts no little poorer for having called. In the last three years, however, one may say without fear of self adulation that the Viatorian has been sent forth each month freighted with literary values of very high class.

It has been the reflection of the best that has been taught in the higher classes of English and Literature. And when this is said all has been said. For the last three years it has been the eloquent spokesman of a course in these studies of an unusual

calibre. We have no greater eulogy to bestow upon our Professor of English and Literature, Mr. Elmer Kenyon, than the last three volumes of our College Paper which by all right owe their high standards to his excellent work. Therefore, do we most cheerfully and gratefully dedicate these volumes, so full of inspiration, scholarship, and merit to his name, hoping that future generations of students may turn to these volumes to catch some dim vision of the man who has animated these pages and so be inspired, as present students have been, with his zeal and devotion in quest of literary lore.

*"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

—Thomas Gray.

*"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."*

—Alexander Pope.

—————"Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe."

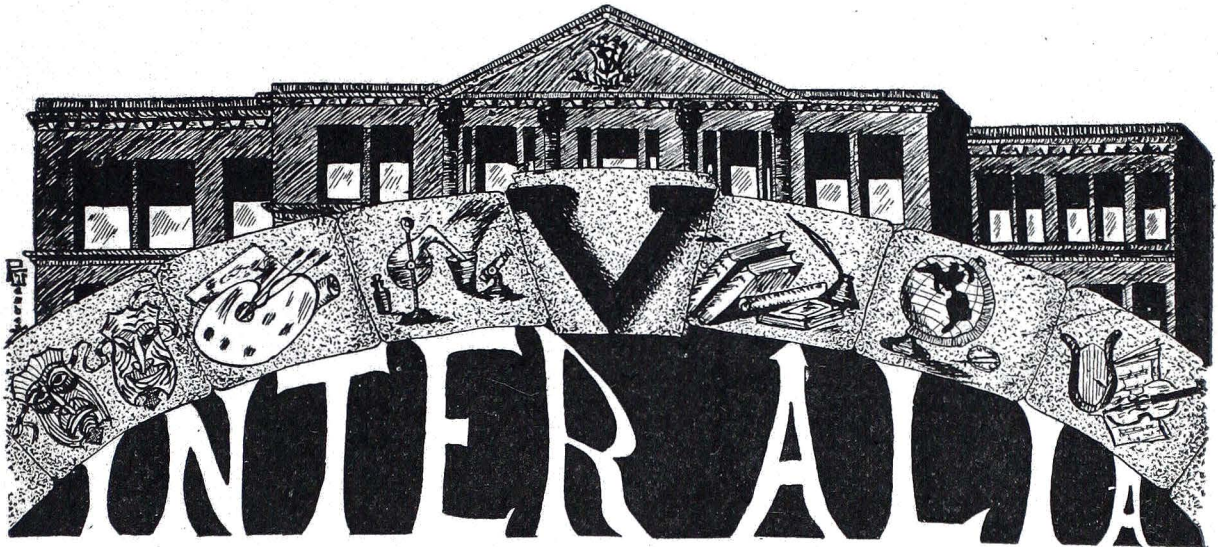
—Milton.



The critic like all other men needs and deserves a rest. We accordingly lay down our pens not without regret. We have however the pleasure of perusing during our summer vacation the following publications: The Georgetown College Journal, The Young Eagle, The Fordham Monthly, The Holy Cross Purple, The Buff and Blue, The Lorretine, The Helianthos, The St. Mary's Chimes, The Aurora, The Fleur De Lis, the Redwood, The Abbey Student, The Minerval, The Patriculanean, The Rostrum, The Niagara Index, The Patrician, The Boston Stylus, The Duquesne Monthly, The St. Vincent's College Journal, The St. Thomas Purple and Gray, The Schoolman, The Nazarene, The Symposium, The Collegian, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Mountaineer, The Ottawa Review, The College Spokesman, The Laburum, The Columbiad, The Canisius Monthly, The Franciscan Herald, The Pacific Star, The St. Anselm's College Monthly, The St. Mary's Messenger, The Wabash, The Solanian, The Carroll Echoes, The St. John's University Record, The Ignatian Quarterly, The Laurel, The Villa Sancta Scholastica, The Exponent, The Gonzaga.

*"He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor, indeed."*

—Shakespeare.



It is with feelings of both joy and grief that St. Viator's bids farewell to and congratulates Father Stephenson on his appointment of president of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D. It is with joy because he is raised to a position which his merits so well deserve; with sorrow because his appointment removes from the community at St. Viator's a beloved brother, from the faculty a valued teacher and from the student body a kind friend. Be the responsibility ever so great, be the burden ever so heavy, be the office ever so arduous we know that Father Stephenson is well able to direct the destinies of that fast growing college of the golden west.

**Father
Stephenson's
Appointment**

Father Stephenson succeeds Very Reverend M. J. Breen, C. S. V., who has been forced to discontinue his presidential duties by ill health. During the three years of Father Breen's incumbency the infant institution has continued to grow rapidly, enlarging its course of studies from a high school to a collegiate and seminary department. It is the fervent prayer of the Viatorian and his many friends that God will restore him to perfect health that he may resume his priestly labors.

**Father
Breen's
Illness**

The annual retreat of the clerics of St. Viator began June twenty-fifth and came to a close on July second. It was presided over by Very Reverend E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Provincial, and preached by Very Reverend Father Windenberger, O.P. of Louisville, Kentucky. At the close of the retreat Brother Charles Marino, C.S.V. of Chamberlain, S. D. and Brother William Cracknell of Chicago, Ill., made their perpetual vows.

**The
Retreat**

The past scholastic year has witnessed the revival of the college band. St. Viator's in former years justly prided itself on its band. But for some reason or other in late years the band organization was dropped. As the revival of this organization was desired by all Very Reverend W. J. Surprenant, when taking charge of the music department, secured the services of Professor Martineau, a well trained veteran in all branches of music. The prospects for the formation of a great band would have been most depressing for any other band-master without the untiring zeal and indomitable energy of Professor Martineau. The members of the old guard that had made St. Viator's band famous had passed from the portals of their college home. So latent and inexperienced talent was all that the good professor had to work with. This by ceaseless activity, and by kind and patient instruction, he transformed into a band of which the college may be justly proud.

If great credit is due to the good bandmaster no inconsiderable amount belongs to the members who faithfully day after day cooperated with their instructor. We feel safe in assuming that, under the able direction of Professor Martineau and the continued cooperation of the members, St. Viator's will have a band equal to that of any college in the United States.

St. Viator's had recently the pleasure of seeing four of her former students elevated to the sublime dignity of the holy priesthood. St. Viator's joins with their many friends in congratulating them and wishing them long and fruitful service in the vineyard of the Master.

Ordinations of Former Students

Rev. Frederick F. Connors attended St. Viator's for many years where he made for himself a host of friends. After leaving St. Viator's in 1911 he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where he received his Bachelor and Master of Arts Degree. After completing his theological studies, he was ordained on the twenty-fourth of June at Rockford by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon. On Sunday, June 25th, he celebrated his first mass at Wilmington, Ill.

Rev. Joseph Gordon completed his philosophical course at St. Viator's taking his Bachelor's Degree in 1912 and Master's Degree in 1914. The newly ordained priest distinguished himself not only in the class room but also on the athletic field. He is better known to the old students as St. Viator's best basket-ball

guard, being one of the members of the St. Viator five that took the championship of Illinois Colleges in 1911. After leaving St. Viators in 1912 he took up his theological studies at St. Paul, Minn. He was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dunne at Peoria, Ill., on June 17th. He celebrated his first solemn mass at Rantoul, Ill., on Tuesday, June 20th, 1916.

Rev. Martin Spalding attended St. Viator's for a number of years. After leaving St. Viator in 1912 he entered upon his philosophical and theological studies at the university of Louvain, Belgium. Forced to discontinue his studies there by the outbreak of the European war he returned to St. Viator's for the year 1915 and finally completed his studies at Washington, D. C. He was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dunne at Peoria, Ill., on June 17th, 1916, and on Sunday, June 18th, he celebrated his first solemn mass. While his time at St. Viator's was comparatively brief Father Spalding gained for himself a host of friends among the students and faculty.

Rev. Joseph Lareau completed his academic and college course at St. Viator's receiving his bachelor's degree in 1912 and his master's degree in 1914. While at St. Viator's Father Lareau was distinguished for his great oratorical abilities. After leaving St. Viator's he began his theological studies at the Grand Seminary of Quebec at Montreal. He was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein at Chicago, on June 17th. On Sunday, June 18th, he celebrated his first mass at St. Mary's church, Beaverville, Ill., in the presence of a large gathering of friends.

"Condemn the fault and not the doer of it."

—Shakespeare.

*"Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."*

—Shakespeare.

PERSONALS

The annual outing of the faculty was held on June fifteenth. On this occasion the community had the pleasure of entertaining Rev. A. Savary of Chicago and Rev. E. Souligne of Kankakee.

Rev. Frederick Connors recently spent a few days at St. Viator's making his retreat in preparation for his ordination.

Mr. Alex. Gearen, H.S. '13, visited St. Viator's on commencement day and renewed many old acquaintances. Allie now holds a lucrative position in the office of Armour Co. at Sioux City.

On June 20th Mr. Columbus Boyle visited St. Viator's. This was his first visit for many years. Columbus is now in the last year of his theological studies and expects to be ordained next summer.

So far as is known the appointments of the Ordinandi of this year are as follows: Rev. Daniel Monaghan at Moline, Ill., Rev. J. A. O'Brien temporarily at Bement, Ill., Rev. Edward Leonard at Ottawa, Ill., Rev. Dawson Byrnes at Huron, S. D., Rev. Patrick Casey at Mount St. Charles College, Rev. Jas. Daley at Joliet, Ill., and Rev. Jeremiah Holly at Nativity church, Chicago, Ill.

On June 16th Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., delivered the commencement address at St. Patrick's school, Kankakee, Ill., Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney recently delivered the address at the closing exercises of St. Mel's school, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. R. Plante, C.S.V., of Catholic University of America recently spent a few enjoyable days at St. Viator's amidst his old acquaintances.

On July 1st the following members of the juniorate entered the novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viator at Chicago: Glenn Powers, Robert Russel, John Lynch, Gerald Lee, Raymond Francis, Emil Derr, and Edward Raleigh.

The Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., pastor of the Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill., is now enjoying a much needed

rest in his own native Canada. During his absence Rev. Father Barrette is in charge of the parish.

On Sunday, June 25, the beautiful Corpus Christi procession took place. The Blessed Sacrament was borne throughout the length and breadth of the village amidst the solemn chants and prayers of two thousand devotees.

The faculty recently had the pleasure of receiving back once more into its midst the newly ordained priests, Rev. Dawson Byrnes, Rev. Patrick Casey and Rev. John Molyneaux.

Brothers J. Bradac, C.S.V., E. Swanson, C.S.V., S. Swikoski, C.S.V., of the Columbus College faculty, Chamberlain, S. D., are spending the summer months at St. Viator's, pursuing special courses in English and Science.

Rev. Jeremiah O'Mahoney, of Louisville, Ky., was a commencement visitor.

Rev. Francis Walsh, '07, assistant at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, has been promoted to the pastorate of Camp Grove, Ill.

Rev. Martin J. Spalding has been made an assistant at Holy Trinity church, Bloomington, Ill.

Rev. Jos. Lareau, '12, has been assigned to St. Margaret's church, Chicago, Ill.

Father Louis O'Connor, who for the past year has been the able assistant at Moline, Illinois, has been assigned to the pastorate of Piper City.

Rev. J. H. Nawn, formerly an assistant at Corpus Christi church, Chicago, has been appointed to the pastorate of Park Ridge, Illinois, by Archbishop Mundelein.

The Very Reverend President and Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., attended the recent meeting of the Catholic Educational Association at Baltimore, Md. Father Maguire read a paper on "Why Sociology should be taught in our schools." Father O'Mahoney was signally honored by being chosen as one of the vice-presidents of the association.

OBITUARIES

The sympathy of the faculty and students of St. Viator's goes out in a special manner to Rev. Gilbert T. Flynn in the loss of a kind and devoted mother. Mrs. Flynn had been failing for some time and it was hoped that she might live to see her son elevated to the lofty dignity of the priesthood. With many encouraging words and prayers of friends Father Flynn seemed hopeful that God might spare his mother for this happy event. As the time of his ordination drew near his mother began to sink more rapidly and it was thought best to hasten his ordination. Consequently he was ordained a week earlier with the Chicago students. On the very morning when he was being anointed with the oil of consecration the soul of his mother winged its flight to heaven. God knows best.

We extend our genuine condolence to Rev. Adhemar Savary, who deeply mourns the loss of his beloved mother. Now that she has departed what greater consolation to her bereaved family than to think each day that her son will be praying for the repose of her soul daily at God's altar.

Likewise our sympathy is extended to Brother T. Shanley, C.S.V., for the loss of his cousin Mary Shanley. May her soul and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

*"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."*

—Alexander Pope.

BOOK REVIEWS

ST. VIATOR AND THE VIATORIANS

E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.

This publication supplies a need long felt by the many friends of St. Viator College and the Viatorians. The career of this saint whose young and virtuous life has been the inspiration of men who renounced all that they might imitate him in the teaching of Christian doctrine and in the service of the holy altar should be read and be accessible to all. For, as Doctor Rivard remarks, one cannot come into contact with St. Viator without catching some sparks of the divine love which animated his pure young soul. It was, therefore, with the intention of helping others to share the inspiration which St. Viator is to every true Viatorian that Doctor Rivard applied his high and well known literary talents in giving to the American people a life of St. Viator and an account of the Viatorians. To the sketch of the life of St. Viator a collection of prayers, novenas, and other inspiring devotions to the saint are added.

The second part of this volume is taken up with an account of the Viatorians and their activities in France, Canada, Belgium, Spain and especially in the United States. Doctor Rivard traces in detail how Divine Providence inspired the saintly Father Querbes to found a community of catechists to repair the ravages which the Church in France suffered during the turbulent period of the French Revolution, how the zeal of the holy founder was blessed with a numerous spiritual offspring; how Providence directed a detachment to Canada to answer the urgent need of Catholic educators among the ever loyal French Canadians, and how fruitfully God blessed their labors there; how Almighty God sent them as His champions against the Chiniquy heresy that was ravaging the Church in Illinois and the vicinity; how these valiant soldiers of Christ ever ready and ever eager to go wherever the Church was in distress, crushed this heresy; how upon its ruins they erected an institution of learning that will ever attest their triumph, and finally how the American province has extended its activities in the educational, parochial, and missionary fields.

It is the fond hope and wish of the reverend author that "this exposition of the various occupations of the American Viatorians in schools and colleges, in parishes and the mission field will prove useful to young men who are considering the serious question of their vocation, and to teachers and directors of souls who will be happy to know the peculiar advantages and opportunities offered by the community of St. Viator."

The Fred J. Ringley Co., Chicago, Illinois.

"HEROES OF THE MISSION FIELD"

H. J. WEGENER, S.V.D.

That the age of heroes and martyrs is not a thing of the past Father Wegener clearly shows in the above named book. For in modern times just as in the days of Pagan Rome there are many heroic souls in the orient not only devoting their time and talent to missionary labor but even delivering up their lives under the most excruciating torments for a proof of the faith that is in them. One cannot read the lives of the thirteen saintly souls sketched in this book without feeling thrills of joy that even in this age of unalloyed selfishness the Church is ever true to her grand and sublime mission, "Go and teach all nations."

Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill. Price, 50 cents.

"THE HOUR OF GOD IN THE FOREIGN MISSIONS"

HILARION GILL, S. J.

We Americans living in a country where the blessings and comforts of our holy religion are easily accessible are inclined to confine our zeal and charity within the boundaries of our own country. As a result very few of us appreciate the great and pressing opportunity of bringing the countless heathens of the orient into the fold of our Holy Mother, the Church. In this little work Father Gill earnestly points out that now is the acceptable time, when these pagan nations are in an unstable equilibrium under the pressure of opposing forces in their religious evolution. "But once", adds Father Gill, "some determined form of religion or irreligion takes hold of them the possibility of change will be more remote." Then by a review of the forces, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mohometanism, Rationalism, Protestantism, and Catholicism, contending for the possession of the Pagan world, Father

Gill shows the paramount importance of taking advantage of the present religious ferment to gather countless numbers of souls into the pale of the true Church. For the accomplishment of this great mission he emphasizes the need of zealous missionaries and mission promoters for the "harvest is great but the laborers are few."

Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill. Price, 10 cents.

*"All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."*

—Alexander Pope.

"Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in the best order the results of their learning and wisdom."

—Emerson.

"Culture enables us to see how little worth most of our knowledge has, how little it deserves the name of knowledge. Learn to know and feel the soul of goodness, truth, and beauty, which, however, hidden, acts everywhere in man and in the universe, making the world fair and life precious."

—Archbishop Spalding.



FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1916

- Sept. 30.—Lewis Institute at St. Viator's.
 Oct. 6—Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington.
 Oct. 11—Lane College at St. Viator's.
 Oct. 21—Eastern Illinois State Normal at St. Viator's.
 Oct. 28—Open date.
 Nov. 4—Williams and Vashti at St. Viator's.
 Nov. 11—Notre Dame Freshmen at St. Viator's.
 Nov. 18—Open date.
 Nov. 30—Dubuque College at Dubuque.

"Power of concentration, of persevering application of the whole mind to what ought to be known and done, is a mark of genius, and it is also one of the best results of right education."

—Archbishop Spalding.

When we say a man is born free we mean nothing more than that he is born capable of making himself free by a process of gradual emancipation from the thraldom of ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality."

—Archbishop Spalding.