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FAC ET SPERA.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

The winds have tired of play and gone to rest ;
Night soothes the earth and rocks the deep to sleep ;
And bids the stars, her courtiers, vigil keep,
While she enthroned awaits the longed-for guest.
Then through the gates there hastes an angel throng :
He comes ! and in the arms of night caress'd
He smiles, then nestles on the Virgin's breast—
The while, the realm of night is filled with song.
The angels go to bid the Christmas morn—
While night unto the shepherds sends a star,
To share the joy they hasten from afar.
Hosannas ring throughout the heavenly spheres,
The world ecstatic smiles—the dawn appears
And men awake in peace, their King is born.

W. J. C.

A WINTER OUTING.

A point of never failing interest in the Kankakee woods is "The Old Mill" and its picturesque owner, a German veteran of the Franco-Prussian war. Many a time and oft indeed have we wended our way through the tortuous lanes and intervening patches of woodland to that pretty spot, "The Old Mill," embowered in trees and shrubbery and perched upon the high bank of a craggy ravine. It is a refreshing spot in summer; it is beautiful in autumn, when framed in many-hued foliage; in spring when the creek is swollen and the water tumbles in gleeful sportiveness over the dam and hurries gladly to the tune of its own laughter amid the rocks below, casting bouquets of white lace-like spray right and left to the nodding flowers of its verdurous banks, why, it is a theme fit for born poet. We were curious to see what the place looked like in winter, so a party of us—all good walkers—resolved to visit this favorite resort and see how Jack Frost adorned the shrine.

It was during the Christmas holidays, and in fact the eve of the joyous festival. Well garmented, gloved and shod, we proceeded peddling footprints over the intervening country which, had it been sand instead of snow, might have made us immortal, according to the specifications of the Psalm of Life. That was certainly a long and brave tramp against a sharp northwest gale that whipped our blood and urged us on, like young colts eager for the mere pleasure of exertion.

Our rapid pace over the sleek Wilmington road, well traveled at this season, soon brought us to the corner orchard, on whose frosty boughs scintillated a thousand diamonds in the clear sunlight of the early afternoon. One of the boys thought the old orchard seemed to have put on its gay winter blossoms in honor of the Holy Child, whose coming was a source of light and joy to the world. We rather liked his reflection and encouraged him to indulge further in apt and interesting remarks which the immaculate whiteness of the snow-clad fields suggested. Soon a rabbit emerged from the hedges that line the lane, and darting forward took the road—and we in hot pursuit after him. But Mr. *lepus* escaped all our missiles and his speed put a safe distance between him and his pursuers. This chase, however, brought us to the brink of the frozen brook and the "Old Mill," the object of our visit.

We were at once repaid by the gorgeous spectacle that met our wondering eyes. The deft fingers of the frost god had wrought wondrously indeed. The diminutive dam by which sat the silent mill, sleeping now in its shroud of snow, was one solid mass of pendent ice. Balusters with most artistically fluted colonnettes formed of icicles ornamented the rocky stairway down which the water leaped. From the hollow mouths of the small caves could be

seen gleaming in the dazzling sunshine what appeared like stalactites of every dimension and shape. The whole scene presented the aspect of a winter palace, the favorite resort of some hibernal diety.

After plying our kodaks on this delicious bit of scenery, we slipped on our skates and for a good half hour enjoyed the smooth ice of the pond above the dam. While three of us were thus engaged, John, one of our quartette, had remained below the mill to secure another picture of the scene; while adjusting his instrument, he slipped on an icy shelf of rock and falling sprained his foot. We came to his rescue, and finding that he could not easily use his foot, we took him to a near-by farm house, owned by a wealthy tiller of the neighborhood. As we entered the gate we saw the farmer's team, apparently ready for a trip to town. We were most hospitably received by the entire household, and after we had explained our trouble Mr. Latourelle, the master of the house, said in very fair English: "Well, boys, I am just going to Bourbonnais with my wife to do a little shopping and to go to confession, so we will take your crippled friend along, after he has had some refreshments." With the adroitness and lavishness of people accustomed to receiving princes, a most appetizing lunch was served for us all, and as we did not wish to offend such generosity by appearing bashful, we did ample justice to the viands.

Mr. and Mrs. Latourelle were soon on their way to the Grove with our John, in a neat winter conveyance. They left John at the college, where he received the immediate care of the doctor and the sisters, whom he much interested by recounting our adventures. Meanwhile we who had remained behind chatted a while with the Latourelle boys, three stalwart youths, and their little brother, Louis, their two little sisters and their aunt Emely, a retired school mistress, who was enjoying a life of leisure with her brother and his interesting family. Two of the senior brothers had spent a couple of winter terms at the college some years since and were ready with a number of anecdotes of their college days, and eagerly inquired whether the boys of today were addicted to the same pranks. We satisfied them by narrating a number of recent experiences more or less personal and others which were perhaps a trifle embellished for the sake of dramatic effect. Aunt Emely had become quite interested and also kept plying us with questions, as though she were making a psychological study. Before we knew it a good half hour had elapsed. No one had noticed the disappearance of little Louis, the youngest brother, a bright little fellow of 8 years. The boy had appeared wistful at the departure of his parents for town; he had pleaded with them in his very appealing French for something, the import of which we did not catch at the time. Apparently the parents had not deemed it op-

fortune to grant his request at that precise moment. We learned afterwards that he had asked them to go along with them to see the wonderful "creche"—the manger of the infant Jesus, of which he had heard such glowing accounts.

But, as I said before, no one had noticed his absence from our company. When we were about to leave, some one said he reckoned Louis had fallen asleep somewhere after his hearty luncheon with us. The boys insisted on showing us the garnered results of their labors, and we made a tour of the well-filled grain-aries and stables, in which their well-fed stock attested the Latourelle's scientific farming. Thanking them all very cordially for the great kindness shown us and our companion, we started back at a brisk pace in the direction of the college.

We had scarcely traveled a mile, when, turning into the lane that runs along a grove of walnut trees, we saw in the distance a little boy hurrying along the road. We soon overtook the child, and who was it but little Louis? He had been running and was well nigh out of breath. He was red in the face and was puffing big clouds of white smoke—his own clean breath and not cigarette smoke. He immediately recognized us as the late visitors at his home, and in his childish way he begged us to take him village-ward. Thinking of the annoyance which his absence would cause at home when noticed, we sought to induce him to turn back, but all our arguments availed naught. He kept pointing with his little hand toward the church steeple, which appeared in the far off distance. After mature deliberation we decided to take him back home. It was getting late and the sun was rapidly gliding down the horizon. Catching him up in his arms, Tom carried him part of the way, while we told of various things that might have befallen a little boy all alone along the big woods. Then, taking him by each hand, we made him walk, and finally—nearing the house—met the alarmed brothers, who, after failing to find him about the premises, were starting on a search toward the village. You can better imagine than I can describe their surprise and joy when they saw us bringing them back their pretty Louis, the pet of the family. Big Joseph L., one of the brothers who were driving out of the gate, jumped from his sleigh, and with many an endearing carress and many comforting words, now in French, now in English, picked the little treasure up in his arms and carried him into the house. "Come in," he said, "and tell us and Emely where you found him." Without further command we went into the warm and genial family room and soon were answering three or four questions at a time. Aunt Emely, who from her acquaintance with children as a teacher knew more about the boy nature, had half guessed that the little trickster had left shortly after his

parents and was following them to the village. As much interested in recounting every little detail of our capture of little Louis and our trip back with him as they were to gather every word we said, we had become entirely oblivious of the passing of time. We were made aware of the lateness of the hour by the sound of sleigh bells entering the yard. "It's Pa and Ma," said the boys, who knew well the familiar sound of their sleigh bells. Two of them hurried out to take care of the team, while Mr. and Mrs. Latourelle came in from the cold with arms full of bundles from the stores. While little Louis examined the packages, we and aunt Emely and brother Joseph related to the astonished parents all that had occurred since their departure. They were amazed at the singular attempt of their little boy to run away from home and were profusely thankful to us for bringing him back. "Poor pet," said his mother, who had taken him on her lap, "don't you know you might have got frozen in all that snow, and mamma would have lost her darling?" "Well, it's Christmas," said the father, patting the child's head, "and as he only wanted to see the little Jesus, his love would have kept him warm."

The good folk now insisted upon our staying to supper and proposed to take us back with them for the midnight mass. We rather regretted missing our college supper, but we resigned ourselves to the inevitable. Mr. Latourelle called up the college by phone and briefly told Father M— where we were and when we would return.

Soon after supper little Louis was put to bed, with many promises that he would be awakened in time to accompany us all to church to see the splendid "creche." During the evening Aunt Emely, who was a good musician, played many selections from the classic operas and accompanied one of her nephews, who, however, was less classical on the violin. After the arrival of an uncle, Mr. Lebeau (who had been expected), the rehearsal of several hymns in French and Latin was gone through. Mr. Lebeau and the Latourelle boys were all good singers and belonged to the church choir. We were delighted with these joyous French melodies, so expressive of the prevailing sentiment of Christmas. Next they took up the parts of a mass in which we had already sung at college, and as they pressed us to join them we did so gladly. Afterwards our friend Tom was persuaded to show his skill on the piano, and he came nearer becoming a lion than, perhaps, he will again for some time.

I haven't time to relate the vivacious discussion which after this was engaged in by Mr. Lebeau and Aunt Emely on the merits and demerits of plain chant. Mr. Lebeau is a bachelor and a much traveled man. He was in favor of plain chant, but re-

formed, he said, something like the proposed reformed foot ball. Aunt Emely would have modern music, as well as modern painting and modern sculpture in the church. There was much quoting of authorities, musical authorities, of course, pro and con, with the net result that, so far as this conference went, we must say "adhuc sub judice lis est."

By this time it was after ten o'clock and nigh time to start, as the boys desired to go to confession before the midnight mass. In a few minutes everybody was on foot making preparations for the trip through the night cold. Little Louis, who had been roused from his deep sleep some time before, was a very picture of happiness in his Sunday things. His face was brimming with joy at the expectation of things wondrous to see and hear. Aunt Emely and the two little girls would remain at home, we were told, and with this a hint that the auntie had some work to do for a certain old gentleman named Santa Claus. The horses seemed but spirit as they sped over the road. "Look, there is your 'Old Mill' now by moonlight," said one of the boys as we approached the bridge on the creek. We got but a glimpse of it, but it was a glorious sight. By eleven we had reached Bourbonnais, where a crowd of worshipers was fast gathering. The chorus of merrily ginging sleigh bells—far and near, shrill and mellow—sounded from the whole countryside like the gladsome prelude of the earth's psalm of joy. The church was a blaze of light, and the saintly personages in the stained glass windows seemed, as they looked out toward us without, to extend us a gracious welcome to the feast of the new born Savior. We invited the boys to the college chapel, where several priests were hearing confessions, and after performing this pious duty, all together we immediately returned with them to the church, where we were given places in the choir gallery. This commanded a good view of the splendid display of lights and flowers and greenery, which decorated the miniature stable of Bethlehem. Kneeling in front of this little work of art could be seen, among others, little Louis with his father. What things he had to relate of the sheep and shepherds, of the tiny babe and his mother, of the mass and even the sermon would be interesting to tell of, but enough is a feast. R. L. Stevenson, Jr.

THE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS.

In the great pine forests of upper Michigan, at the lumbering camp of De Veau & Halleck, dwelt a poor Italian woman with two small children. Her childhood days were passed under Italy's sunny skies and in the full enjoyment of luxuriant ease, for she

was of noble parentage. The mystic stream of life, with its ebbs and flows, had carried her, as it did so many others, into places and circumstances which at one time would seem to them like the silly dreams of a heavy sleeper.

Her husband, a rough, good-natured lumber-jack, who lived only for the present, was killed a year ago on a roll-way in a big drive. By doing the cooking, sewing and other odd jobs about the camp she managed to eke out a miserable existence for herself and for her children. But Christmas was now approaching, and it awakened in her the remembrance of many happy incidents of the long ago, around which the halo of the afar off had flung the mystic veil of poetic enchantment. At times her mind would float dreamily away on the full tide of imagination to sunny Italy, and through her eyes would glow the embers of a suppressed flame, but she would again sink back into deep gloom of mental darkness, as if blest to flee from light whose very glimpse was agony. The children, although very young, had noticed a remarkable change in their mother, for at times she seemed "lorn as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken since the sad day the master chord was broken."

It was now Christmas eve, and when supper was ended the children seated themselves around the fireside, for mamma had promised to tell them a story. With breathless attention they listened, while she told them of the great Christ child who was born in a manger of a Virgin Mother, who was clothed in the great white robe of innocence, who was warmed only by the all consuming fire of his love for men, who lived in the sunlight of God's invisible countenance, who drank at the eternal fountain of his own superabundant graces, who fed on the heroic deeds and self-sacrifices of the good, and who was finally crushed under the great weight of man's sin and ingratitude. She told them of the shepherd kings who followed a luminous star to the Babe of Bethlehem and there offered Him the most precious productions of their native land, gold, which signified the child's eternal and universal royalty, frankincense, His divinity, and myrrh, His Humanity.

She told them that the Child's mission was one of love, for He brought with Him from the bosom of His eternal Father the priceless gift of universal redemption, and in remembrance of this it had become an established custom among all peoples to give presents to their friends on this day. "Then our friends will come and give us presents, will they not, mamma?" asked the children. Tears welled up in the mother's eyes as she answered, "We have no friends save the one great Friend of all, whose birth we celebrate tomorrow."

The look of disappointed hope on the children's faces was

more than the mother could endure, so she laid them to sleep on the old couch and then gave her soul to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave succeeding in smooth seas when storms are laid.

Meanwhile in camp No. 3 great preparations were being made for the celebration of the morrow. The lumber-jacks had received their pay and were eager to get down to the village and celebrate as only lumber-jacks can do. Most of them were single men, and having no care for the future they determined to have a good time while their money lasted. During the past few days it had rained a great deal and this was dreaded by the lumbermen, for if the ice should break there would be great danger of a jam in the river. Scores of brave men every year lose their lives in trying to break up such a jam. The giant leader of the jacks took his lantern and went out to see if any such danger should threaten them. He found the ice and the logs still solid, so he turned toward his camp rejoicing. While pressing through the woods he noticed a faint gleam of light coming through the window of the widow's hut, so he determined to go in and wish the widow and her children all the blessings of the holy season. He knocked at the door and waited, but no answer came, so he opened the door and there saw the woman kneeling by the little couch with her arms folded as if in prayer. She arose and greeted him and after a short talk told him her sorrowful story. Without a word of adieu, he left the room.

A story of suffering, of love and of patience will continue to touch the human heart until the dread time comes when the selfishness of modern life shall dry up all the springs of human affection and the divinest examples of self-surrender and abnegation cease to touch the films of eyes that stare blindly, unknowingly at them. He immediately returned to the camp and told his comrades what he had witnessed. One clear idea awakened in the breast by memory's magic lets in all the rest, and many a strong man who would have laughed at the dangers of breaking a jam in the narrows turned his face to the wall and wept.

The next day when the two sleighs that were to take the men down to the village were drawn up, a third was added, which contained provisions and clothes to last the poor family through the long winter. All had a glorious time down at the village, but returned somewhat earlier than usual. The next day the mail carrier at the camp received a whole bag of registered letters, each containing money, and addressed to the mothers, fathers or destitute friends of the great-hearted lumber-jacks. Some holy influence was working in their souls which they could not understand, but had their eyes been open at that hour, had they been able to look above this world they would have seen a soft cloud-like in-

cense, but tinged with a rich carnation, rising from the bedside of a kneeling widow; prayer and a willing sacrifice of life breathed upwards together, which when it struck the crystal footstool of a mercy seat in heaven fell down again as a dew of gentlest grace on their noble hearts.

F. Hull, Prep.

A BIT OF POETIC VENGEANCE.

The heart of a great poet, throbbing with ardent and sympathetic emotions, is always exquisitely sensitive, and feeling most keenly, it resents bitterly whatever it conceives as an offense. It is this tenderness that marks souls whose gaze, in disdain of sordid things, is lifted to the intellectual beauties of truth and of moral rectitude. It is this same quality which makes genius direct its splendid powers to the avenging of wrongs sustained by truth and justice. We might search in vain for a soul burning with a more fiery zeal for truth and justice than does the soul of Dante. He stands the poet champion of truth in all its forms, inveighing most fiercely against what appears to him as an injustice. We cannot but applaud Dante throughout his *Divine Comedy* as the unyielding defender of moral truth, the untiring opponent of injustice, but at the same time we regret that his zeal sometimes overcomes his more sober thought, and makes him stoop to retaliation by far too bitter for the mere personal crosses and disappointments that inspired it. We must recoil at times from those severe arraignments and awful chastisements which he visits on individuals whom history allows us to view in a far kindlier light than that in which they appeared to the passion-dimmed eyes of the most impetuous poet that ever lived. As an example of this failing, let me mention the rough treatment that Boniface VIII, Dante's political enemy, receives at his daring hands.

This pope enters in several cantos of the *Inferno*, to be presented with generous doses of scathing rebuke. His coming is awaited in that circle wherein the wretched followers of Simon Magus endure their awful tortures. Finally in Canto XXVIII he figures in the background of a terrible picture where he is represented as having sought the advice of a certain Guido de Montefeltro, a famous soldier of Dante's times, who had abandoned the soldier's armour for a Franciscan frock. Dante makes this Guido affirm that Boniface had induced him, by promises of absolution in advance, to give certain advice by which the ruin of the Collona family might be effected. Guido is made to counsel him to use treachery in obtaining their strongholds. Now, what aroused

Dante's resentment was the manner in which Guido became the pliant tool of Boniface in compassing ends to which Dante as a politician was vehemently opposed—and Dante wreaks vengeance in this single passage on both the pope and the soldier-monk. This passage is interesting to us from the double standpoint of art and of history.

Artistically it is flawless. Its animation, the coloring of fancy, the warmth and vigor of invective, give it a high value of artistic execution. Historically it is worthless. There is but one historian of any consequence who has treated this incident seriously, and this historian, Villani, gives as his authority—Dante,—but in what matter is Dante's *Inferno* to be taken as containing historical evidence? The historian who builds his history on information gleaned from the poets would logically write philosophies from nursery rhymes. In poetry facts are mingled with the fictions of a vivid imagination in such clever fashion that it becomes difficult to set apart the facts without leaving some of fancy's vesture still clinging to them.

This affair is not without a parallel. Michel Angelo inflicted a similar vengeance upon Monseignor Bagio de Cesena, the pope's master of ceremonies, by painting him in the "Last Judgment," among the damned, adorning his head with a pair of ass' ears. That this reverend person was not worthy of a place in hell is manifested by the very fact that Michel Angelo placed him there because he had protested against the nude figures which appeared in this same painting. We must judge Dante's case in the same manner, and we are forced to conclude that since the representations of Dante want confirmation they must be taken as amounting to no more than an act of poetic vengeance which was as ingenious as it was severe and unmerited. Contemporary history, the chronicles of the life of Guido de Montefeltro, contain no intimations that Boniface had ever sought or obtained his advice on this affair. Parsons, a most reliable historian, after thoroughly sifting the evidence pro and con, concludes that it is no other than a piece of artistic vengeance—of literary, but of no historical value whatever.

F. Miller, '06.

WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

It was the second week in November and the college regulars were practicing hard and faithfully for the Thanksgiving game with Lake Monona. Great interest was attached to this game, as it was the hardest struggle of the year. The students were confi-

dent of a victory, and already were preparing for a big celebration, when their attention was directed to a different and far more amusing quarter. It was rumored about that a new student from Indiana had arrived. Interest was at once aroused and enthusiasm soared above par, for Indiana men were generally "easy" and made good targets for the student "jolliers." Accordingly, after practice, Ed. Conley called Jack Hogan, the half back, and told him the news. "He's the very best," said Ed. "I just had a talk with him, and although he considers himself a wise chap, I think we can work him."

"Well," said Jack, "after he has bumped up against the Automatic Trio and had his measure taken, I'll wager his luminosity will flicker."

"I'll go and put O'Connor wise," was Ed.'s reply, and off he went in quest of the other con man.

Meanwhile tidings of the newcomer and his boasts of wonderful deeds performed on the gridiron had spread rapidly, and, when the plotting three met for business they had some doubts as to the outcome.

"I don't believe we can 'rube' him," said O'Connor. "He's as wise as the next one. He'll catch us at our tricks and have the laugh on us."

"Stay your fears," quoth Jack. "Remember that I, who did the heavy villain stunt in Shakespeare, and successfully 'roped' Fat, have never met defeat, and do you think this Hoosier will be my Waterloo? I'll bring him around or know the reason why."

That evening, according to arrangement, they met in O'Connor's room, and, after a longer counsel than usual, they sent for the victim. In the course of a few moments he arrived and promptly proceeded to make himself comfortable. After saluting the gathering cheerfully he dropped into a rocking chair, threw his feet upon the desk and started to demolish an Havana. Finally he peered from behind the clouds of smoke and said, "My name's Newton." The Trio gazed in wonder a moment, recovered their fast escaping supply of nerve, and the court came to order.

"Did you ever play foot ball?" began Jack.

"Foot ball! Well I should think I did. I played center, quarter back and half back, and then, when I had been barred on account of my speed, I took to coaching."

"Well, no doubt you're a good man," Conly answered, "but that's for us to discover. We will examine you and find any defects. 'Dr.' Hogan, begin your examination."

Then the victim was subjected to a severe test. He raised and lowered weights until the watchers became tired counting. He stood on one foot, holding a Websters unabridged dictionary in

either hand at arm's length until his muscles were numb; he submitted to every test the ingenuity of the Trio could contrive. When at length the test was over he lay down tired and perspiring, while the judges smothered their laughter in handkerchiefs and pillows. The next morning he was led out in a track suit and given an hour's hard work in the cold, biting air before being taken to breakfast. Then when the conquest was well under way he was set free until the afternoon practice.

"I told you we'd bring him around," said Jack triumphantly when they met again. "Show me the man that can get the better of We, Us & Co., dealers in the festive jolly."

"Yes," O'Connor added, "he's the best we ever tried. He bites like a fish. But the best is yet to come."

In the afternoon he was taken to the gridiron and when the regulars had finished practice, for the time being, he consented to play "left-end-guard." He had not removed the shirt and collar, but had hastily donned the moleskins. As a result of the really trying practice his shirt was torn to shreds and his collar resembled a wet rag. The coach at once entered into the sport and devised difficult stunts for the "mark." He was placed at center, and the guard, by grasping his foot, threw him on his head every time he passed the ball. He was put in as full back, and the quarter back soon had the breath knocked out of him by the rapid manner in which he passed the ball. This continued for an hour, and when the practice came to an end the coach, calling Newton aside, said, with a wink to his companions: "You give promise of being a good player some day, but I must say you are exceptionally fast in learning signals."

"I always was good at numbers," was the reply. "Wait 'till I've had a few days' practice and I'll be a star."

"Do you smoke?" asked the coach.

"I should say not," Newton replied. "I wouldn't be the man I am today if I did."

Shrieks of laughter followed this remark, but the victim bore them very good-naturedly. Hogan could not resist the temptation to prolong the sport. When the regulars had left the field he once more resumed the test. He ran the Hoosier around the track until the aspiring athlete lay down for rest. Tom Hogan led him to the bath rooms and left him.

Thus it continued for several days. Every afternoon he appeared in a suit and was made the victim of numberless jokes. Every night he wandered about the "gym" singing and dancing, until all considered him more to be pitied than laughed at. Wherever he went he was the source of unlimited pleasure, yet he always wore that happy, innocent look. But the third day be-

fore the big game his countenance changed and he became more serious. On that day the coach, out of pity, had forbidden him to enter the grounds while practice was being held.

Thanksgiving day came, and with it the excitement of the big game. Already the team had gone to Lake Monona, bubbling over with confidence and enthusiasm. They had labored hard and earnestly and were about to reap the harvest. They intended to close the season with a last grand victory.

But notice the result! The wires brought the heart-rending news that Lake Monona had won by the score of 18 to 0! The supporters of the team refused to believe them. But when the players, downcast and disheartened, arrived and confirmed the reports, desolation reigned supreme. How could it have happened? The crowd gathered around Hogan for an explanation. "I'll tell you, boys, I don't know what was the matter. We couldn't make a gain. They were always waiting for us as if they knew the signals. I am completely nonplussed."

For three days the students clamored for an explanation, and for three days the players were unable to enlighten them. Then when they had resigned themselves to their fate they noticed the absence of Newton, the "mark." They began to speculate in an indifferent manner. Some said he had been taken across the river, while others did not care. But on the fourth day the mystery was cleared, when Hogan was handed a letter from Lake Monona which read:

Lake Monona, Ill., Dec. 3, 1905.

Dear Mr. Hogan:

Did you ever hear the saying, "It takes a wise man to play the fool?" While you were having a good time with me I was accomplishing my aim. Hereafter when you meet a "mark," be sure he is not a "spotter" before you let him learn the signals. Had you seen me with the rooters of Lake Monona you would have said things. Hoping we will not meet again, I remain,

Yours very thankfully,

Mark Newton.

"And I might add," began Conly, "that he who laughs last—"

"Shut up," roared Hogan, "or I'll—"

His threat was smothered in the groan which proceeded from O'Connor's corner.

Emmett Conway.

"MARY THE QUEEN."

A Life of the Blessed Mother for Her Little Ones. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. 16mo, cloth, \$0.50. Benziger Bros.

For the benefit of our young readers we publish the following review, which appeared in the December number of Benziger Brothers' "Catholic Book News." Parents would do well to present this neat and inexpensive little volume to their children as a Christmas gift:

"Mary the Queen" is a story of the life of the Blessed Mother told for the little ones by a religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. It is a sweet, interesting, instructive and pious book which discerning parents will do well to place in the hands of their young children, for whose dear sakes it was written, by one who evidently loves children and knows how to speak to them. And even though this new tribute to her whom all the generations shall call blessed be especially designed for her very little ones, it is quite certain that the Children of Mary and the Young Ladies' Sodalities throughout the land, and all those who delight in contemplation of a clean and fair type of womanhood, all those whose enlightened faith prompts them to enlist in the service of a gracious and powerful Queen and to seek spiritual aidence from and through God's loveliest and best beloved saint, will welcome this simple and edifying record of the life, the festivals, the titles and praises of Mary the Queen. She has been for ages the inspiration of saint, poet, artist and teacher, who have taught the multitudes her purifying worship. It is well the lambs should know the loveliness of the Mother of the Good Shepherd. The author of this book, like a kind mother, takes the children into her confidence and tells them the wondrous tale of Mary's life. The style of the book is very simple, the writer, with the tactful condescension of a good teacher, explaining words which are not commonly understood by children, such as "tradition" (p. 14), and the name "Mary" (p. 20). I fancy, however, that the word "dilatatory" (p. 136) will send the puzzled blond heads to their dictionaries. But this is not a mortal offense. As the book addresses itself to the picture-seeking eyes of young readers, a goodly number of illustrations have been added, and enhance the educative value of the book in many ways. The book is doctrinally correct. The "nihil obstat" of the censor and the "imprimatur" of the Archbishop of New York insure security on that score. The writer keeps close to the scriptural narrative and best traditions regarding facts in the life of the Blessed Virgin, and aims at preparing the children for the reception of the larger contents of Scripture, of ecclesiastical teaching and devotional practises as they grow older. And surely this book will introduce Mary into their young lives in such a charming way that they will as years advance, feel a yearning for a complete knowledge of the Queen of their tender years whom their later readings can only serve more securely and gloriously to enshrine in their affections

as the purest Virgin, the most loving Mother, the most afflicted yet most resigned sufferer, the humble handmaid of the Almighty and the glorious Queen of his heavenly court. It is a book which will help mightily in starting the children aright, i. e., with a grand, an inspiring, an uplifting ideal after which to fashion their lives. Every parochial school and every Catholic home in which there are young children should possess a copy of "Mary the Queen."

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V.

SYMPOSIUM.

What Will Become of Foot Ball?

A few days ago the members of one of the junior classes were given the above question upon which to express their opinion in writing during the thirty minutes that remained before the end of the class hour. The following answers are selected from among those given:

Now that the foot ball agony is over and that the last yell has died away and been properly embalmed and laid to rest, it may not be amiss to indulge in a little postmortem speculation as to the future of the game, which is considered a national sport by some, and by others a national misdemeanor. There is gradually growing on many sides such a strong prejudice against foot ball that the likelihood is the day is not far off when state legislatures will deem it necessary to enact prohibitory measures against the game. Such laws are usually framed for the repression of the abuse of liberty. The lovers of the sport should strive to avert the necessity of state interference by carefully eliminating from the game all objectionable features, such as unnecessary roughness and professionalism. Personally, I would regret the disappearance of foot ball, because it has many advantages. We need a game of this sort to take the place of base ball when the latter's season is over. It is a game which students all over the country like to play, and college men will no doubt make a strong plea to retain the sport whose popularity enhances its power for right physical and moral training.

J. H.

Foot ball is scarcely more popular today than were the roller skates and the bicycle of a few decades ago, and which are now rarely seen outside of museums. Foot ball shows all the symptoms of a craze. It will, like other popular fancies, run itself to death.

P. J.

Foot ball will be played as long as there are students to fill

seats in the lecture room. The game will undoubtedly undergo modification. What living thing does not? In many ways modern base ball differs from the base ball of twenty years ago, still it is base ball, and even better base ball than the old game. Foot ball is not unmodifiable. It has already changed since its introduction here. A desirable change would be the suppression of the mass plays, in which the officials are hardly able to see if there is any unlawful playing going on, and the introduction of the open style of play, which, in fact, is already adopted in many places. With this change, foot ball would cease to be a dangerous game and it would not cease to be the manly sport which so powerfully appeals to the strenuous American youth. A. K.

The Rugby game should give way to what is known as the Association game. The Rugby game is too scientific and requires too much practice. We do not attend college to learn to play Rugby foot ball. Besides, only a very limited number of students partake in Rugby. If athletics are desirable, they are desirable for all. So thinks Mr. James, the president of Illinois University. Association foot ball would have the advantage of affording vastly larger numbers of students to partake in the game. No one would be in any danger of physical injury, and all could play without going through a course of training which consumes most precious time. L. E.

I have a delicate constitution, and—well, I hate to say anything of my temperament—I detest a fight, even between dogs or cats. It grates upon my nerves, and grates the more according as the animals are larger. But I do like to see a foot ball game. It is such a scientifically adjusted application of the physical strength and skill of the players. I'd like to see it stay on until I, too, who now must be content with the office of innocent bystander, shall have acquired sufficient weight to become a participant in the manly fray. J. L.

Co-education in our schools and colleges has a tendency, it is claimed, to make the boys effeminate. Foot ball, with its strenuous ruggedness, not its brutality, though, is an excellent corrective of any girlish tendencies in young men and is in so far an institution highly to be prized. L. O.

Foot ball will become, during the few months of truce, the subject of academic discourses, of vehement denunciation, as well as of stout defense, of presidential interference, perhaps, and even of legislation. Changes will be demanded, but unless such radical changes are introduced as will make it altogether another game, it is doubtful if the Rugby game can be made to change its leopard spots for the immaculate whiteness of even the ungentle polar

bear. As Balmes says in speaking of the popularity of Spain's national sport, bull fighting, all people are naturally fond of exhibitions of skill in presence of danger. We are much like the rest of men, and it is precisely this element of danger in foot ball as now played which gives it its peculiar fascination. It is, however, within the power of the educational institutions of this country to educate the people to relish more gentle sport. It is up to the colleges, and presidents seem to be reaching out for the rope that will ring the death knell of old Rugby. T. M.

As at present conducted the players are the only ones who see the fine points of the game, the spectators being ignorant of what is going on, except when they see a man break away and run for a touch down. It is this secrecy that gives rise to cheating and, what is worse, to slugging. Open style of play would make the game both cleaner and infinitely more interesting for the on-lookers. B. B.

The gentlemen's agreement and new rules and important modifications of the American Rugby game will sufficiently minimize the dangers of the game to allow it to remain. B. S.

The death list of the present foot ball year has alarmed both parents and teachers. The list of maimed and hopelessly crippled is also far too long. The game will have to be modified so that young men may play without risking their lives. S. A.

ABOUT CONSCIENCE.

There are still people who carry about them such a thing as a conscience. It is an old-fashioned piece of moral furniture, to be sure, but they cling to it as to a precious heirloom. These people refuse to consort with the degenerates whose moral household is neither swept nor garnished and in whose pelemete disorder every sort of moral vermin—the whole brood of vices—disport themselves with the slippered abandon of the man at his own hearth, or of thoughtless urchins in their own back yard. Shall we call these by contrast the conscienceless? Why not? It is hard, I admit, to be called conscienceless, for conscience is the mark of the normally rational being. But when a man, so-called, has succeeded in so stilling the voice of conscience that he neither hears nor heeds its dictates, when he has lost that fine sense of apprehension of right and wrong, is he not the merest of moral infants? Nay worse; is he not become the most dangerous of animals, a degenerate of the species "rational?" Unfortunately, there exist such monstrous products in the social order. Their presence

is contaminating, their example begets the youthful criminal and the unashamed perpetrator of the most fiendish crimes, of giant frauds, of unspeakable treasons and tragic murders. To what awful beastliness would the race be dragged were there not those who consider an enlightened conscience as the most precious possession a man can hold! To defend themselves against the beating waves of moral degeneracy they erect in their inmost souls the effective barrier of conscience. They educate their conscience, they strengthen it with spiritual aid that imparts to it nerve and tone. It speaks, it directs, it commands and is obeyed. It becomes for them what it is really meant to be, the inward source of motive inspiration. At its dictates they act right and with daring, upbuilding the edifice of grandly human lives. "What stronger breastplate," exclaims Shakespeare, "than a heart untainted?" Dante was nerved to tell the truth by conscience, "the boon companion, who her strong breastplate buckles on him that feels no guilt within, and bids him on and fear not."—But—

More Anon.


A PSALM OF FOOT BALL.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 College life is but a sham,
 For the one is hurt who slumbers,
 If he's on the foot ball team.
 Scores of coaches all remind us
 Hit hard, when you hit the line,
 And departing leave behind us
 Footmarks on the rival's spine.
 Not in rooting, nor in cheering
 Is the destined way to win,
 But to find the goal we're nearing
 Then's the time for all the din.
 Life is real, life is earnest,
 Try your best to kick the goal,
 If your toe to dust resentest,
 With the game you lose your sole.
 Let us then be up and doing
 With a head for any pate,
 Tackle low, excell in bucking,
 Learn to belabor not too late.

G. J. Kiley, Prep. Dept.

THE VIATORIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

It goes without saying that we heartily wish our readers especially and everybody in general all the welcome things of the joyous Christmas season.

In compliance with the suggestion of one of our esteemed contemporaries, we have spent a considerable amount of our treasure to secure stories from college scribes. We got all our poetry free, however, and the jokes and other heavy articles were graciously donated.

That college authorities must cease to wink and must assert themselves in the matter of foot ball for the coming year seems imperious. Otherwise the comparatively mild pedagogical ferule will be replaced by the Big Stick.

The passing of the late beautiful feasts of St. Cecelia, St. Catherine, Thanksgiving, First Friday and the Immaculate Conception are good for the young Catholic and the young citizen. They nourish both religion and patriotism.

DEATH OF FATHER CHOUINARD, C. S. V.

The sudden death of Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C. S. V., was announced Monday evening, Dec. 4, by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., who requested the prayers of the faculty and students for the repose of the soul of the venerable priest, who, he said, had been long employed as an educator of youth in colleges. Father Chouinard

was a native of Riviere-du-Loup, P. Q., Canada, and would have reached his 76th year Jan. 18, 1906. He was ordained priest Dec. 30, 1860. He was director of Bourget college, Rignaud, P. Q., Canada, from 1867 to 1878. Thereafter he came to this obdience in the archdiocese of Chicago, and in succession occupied in a very worthy manner the pastorates of the Sacred Heart church, Aurora, of Manteno and of St. George; this last he resigned in 1903 on account of advanced age and feeble health. He spent last year in Aylmer, Canada, with one of his former pupils, Rev. Father Labelle. About a month ago he returned to Bourbonnais and took up his abode with the Very Reverend Fathers C. Fournier and P. Beaudoin. A few days before his death he went to pay a visit to Rev. T. Dugas, C. S. V., in Beaverville, who, we understand, had induced the good old Father to spend the winter with him in the quiet retreat of Beaverville. He sang mass Sunday, Dec. 3; Monday he suffered from heart failure and had barely time to be anointed before dying. The funeral took place Wednesday in Beaverville and was largely attended. Father Chouinard was a saintly priest and was much beloved wherever he went. Such men make our world better, but heaven at last claims them as its own. May his soul rest in peace.

PERSONAL.

Mr. H. Meehan, commercial graduate of '02, is now in the employ of the Southern Pacific at Galveston, Texas. On his recent visit here he expressed himself as highly pleased with his work and its results. Mr. Meehan was on his month's vacation.

Mr. Frank Holland is touring the country with his mother's theatrical company, of which he is director.

We learn with pleasure from "Les Cloches de Saint Boniface" (Manitoba) that the Rev. P. Houle, C. S. V., director of the industrial school for orphans at Makinac, is very successful in his efforts to raise funds for the maintenance and improvement of that worthy institution. Father Houle has as one of his associates at Makinac, Rev. B. Champoux, C. S. V., who for several years had charge of the finances of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago.

Work has begun on Father Bourget's new residence at Irwin and will be rapidly pushed to completion.

Rev. P. Griffin, of Freeport, paid his first visit to the college since his ordination about a month ago. It was a joyous occasion for his many friends here, who made his mass the occasion for the rendition of beautiful music, in which the Rev. Father often took a prominent part in his student days.

Rev. W. J. Burke, formerly of Ashkum, and Rev. W. P. Burke, recently from the Catholic University, are both located at Chatsworth, Ill., made vacant by the appointment of Rev. F. Quinn to the irremovable rectorship of St. Joseph church, Rock Island. Chatsworth becomes the headquarters of the Peoria band of missionaries to non-Catholics. Several other priests will become associated with the Fathers Burke in this important work.

Rev. M. Brennan was recently transferred from St. Patrick's, Danville, to St. Columba's, Ottawa, where he will assist the Rev. Dean. F. S. Keating.

Rev. J. McMullen, who since his ordination had been temporarily in charge of the parishes of Pekin and Pesotum during the absence of the pastors, was recently appointed to assist the V. Rev. Dean F. C. Duffy at St. Patrick's, Danville, Ill. Father McMullen spent a pleasant day here with his many friends while on his way to his new charge.

Rev. John Suprenant, of Ryan, Mich., gave his Kankakee and Bourbonnais friends an agreeable surprise last November in the shape of one of those rare visits. Father Suprenant was delighted to note the many fine improvements in the gymnasium, the chapel and the play grounds.

Dr. G. J. Rivard and wife, of Assumption, Ill., and Mr. J. Rivard, of Bourbonnais, were guests of Father Marsile and Father Rivard Nov. 27. The visitors were all much interested in the progress of the new building.

On a recent visit here with Rev. J. Lamarre, of Notre Dame, Chicago, Rev. E. Bourget, of Irwin, proposed organizing a musical concert, to be given in Kankakee, with Chicago talent, for the benefit of the new building. The musicale would be given some time in January. Such an entertainment, under the able management of Father Bourget, is sure of success in Kankakee, and we hope to see the worthy project executed.

Rev. L. Kroschowitz has been placed in temporary charge of a Slavonian congregation whose pastor is expected from Austria during the winter months. Father Kroschowitz resides at 604 S. Marshfield avenue, Chicago.

The new church at Farmington, Ill., erected by Rev. F. O'Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's cathedral, Peoria, has been given in charge to Rev. F. Fitzgerald, who recently took up his residence in Elmwood as pastor of both Elmwood and Farmington.

Rev. G. Mulvaney, C. S. V., of the senior course of philosophy, left for Tuscon, Arizona, Nov. 27, on the advice of Dr. Murphy, of Chicago. We all hope and pray that this promising member of the community of St. Viateur may soon be restored to perfect health.

Among recent visitors were the Rev. Father A. Tardif, C. S. V., of St. George, F. Dugas, C. S. V., of Beaverville, A. Granger, of Kankakee, J. Kawalecki, of Kankakee, A. L. Bergeron, of Chicago.

Mr. John Flanagan writes from the American college, Rome, that his time is so wholly taken up with philosophy, mathematics, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, plain chant and occasional promenades that he despairs of being able at the present moment to furnish the Viatorian those Roman letters which we know our readers would so thoroughly enjoy. Both Mr. Flanagan and Mr. Keefe find their companions congenial, the city interesting and the lectures illuminating. The Viatorian staff, which has just held a meeting, sends cordial greetings to its Roman members, and hopes they will visit this obscure sanctum by proxy when one of those frequent and restful Roman holidays allows them to lift their eyes from their books, and dispatch us a winged messenger bearing the sweet fragrance of the intellectual atmosphere in which they live.

The event of the past month was the much appreciated lecture of Rev. J. H. Nawn, of Chicago, at the Arcade theatre, Kankakee. Father Nawn did not deceive the high expectations of those who knew his ability as an interpreter of the great Shakespeare. Many a time in his student days here did he figure with the proficiency of a professional in the title roles of such plays as King John, Richard III, Hamlet and Henry VIII. In his lecture Father Nawn made very judicious comments upon the bard of Avon as a poet and as the matchless delineator of character. To illustrate these excellencies of the dramatist, the Rev. lecturer recited several apt selections from Richard II and Richard III and from Hamlet. The applause which greeted his splendid rendition was proof that the audience was able to appreciate fully what was indeed superlatively fine. We hope to hear Father Nawn again.

Rev. E. B. Gauvreau, of Beardsley, Minn., visited the college on his way to Irwin last Sunday.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor G. Legris, D. D., has resumed his classes of moral theology and church history. All are happy to see him so completely well.

The Sunday Herald (Chicago) of Nov. 19 contained an interesting sketch of Mr. Joseph Cremin, an alumnus of St. Viator's. Mr. Cremin has won himself an important position in the real estate world of Chicago and his illuminating opinions are frequently quoted by the daily papers on questions of property values, building sites, improvement of transportation facilities and other matters of general municipal interest for Chicagoans. Mr. Cremin is optimistic in his views of the future of Chicago. He

says: "Chicago by no means occupies the position it is destined to attain in the near future as a center of population, of industrial activity, and as a railroad and grain center. It holds forth today, to the conservative investor, a golden opportunity to acquire property which is bound to increase enormously in value."

Mrs. Lester, of Lafayette, Ind., spent a few days of the Thanksgiving season visiting with her son William, of the mining department.

Frank and John Donovan, of the senior department, had the pleasure of an unexpected visit from their mother, who came all the way from Paducah, Ky., to spend the Thanksgiving festival with her sons.

Dr. J. Remillard, formerly a pupil of the Viatorians at St. Remi, Canada, visited the college Dec. 1, in company with Father F. Dugas, C. S. V., of Beaverville, his former director. Dr. Remillard, we understand, is soon to come and locate in Beaverville, where he will take up the practice of one of the local physicians, who goes to Ohio.

EXCHANGES.

As we intimated last time, our stern, critical nature is not susceptible to the wiles of fair damsels, yet, somehow, we are unable to refrain from saying nice things about our feminine exchanges. This month **Mt. St. Mary's Record** (which is, by the way, a new and welcome visitor) calls from us a few words of sincere praise. This paper, in its general tone, is suggestive of the convent. Take as an example the poem which heads the table of contents, "Jubilee Lines." Its air of peace and spirituality, joined with the fact that it describes most feelingly the career of one devoted to God, would lead us to infer that it was written by a sister. The short prose allegory that follows, in our opinion, lacks but two things—rhyme and metre. The essay, "A Literary Parallel" has somewhat shaken our faith in Dr. Johnson; the writer, with keen, critical insight, in a smooth, rich style, proves the identity between Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" and Juvenal's Tenth Satyr. We were strongly impressed by "The Commune," an historical sketch, which related vividly and with proper indignation the atrocities which Paris experienced during the rise of the third republic. In fact, from cover to cover the work in this journal, the **Record**, is of the first quality, far superior to the usual contents of college papers.

While speaking of young ladies' journals, we cannot forbear

confessing that we have been reading a fairy tale—"Prince Long ago"—in the **Loretto Magazine**. Now, this is the first time we have done such a thing since those carefree days when we wore kilts, and owing to the excellency of this fairy tale we are not ashamed to admit it.

We cannot get into the habit of reading the funny columns of our exchanges (meaning offense to none in particular), but feeling in the humor we recently dipped into the joke departments of several of them. The only thing that altered the woeful expression begotten on our countenance by a number of jokes that we read were the funny things contained in the **Queen's University Journal**. We went further and we found some more jokes that were neither forced nor mossy in **Transylvanian**, a new friend from the heart of the Blue Grass region. "The Lament of a Collegian Staff Editor" likewise contained provocation for a smile.

Before passing by the **Transylvanian** we cannot resist commenting on its contents. "A Son of the South" is a biographical sketch of Henry H. Grady, whom the writer terms a potent factor in the reconciliation of North and South. "Fame and the Roses" is somewhat difficult to classify, but reflects considerable knowledge of human nature and its foibles.

St. Joseph's Collegian, hailing from the land of the McCutcheons, of Riley and of George Ade, brought with it a literary treat of genuine literary Indiana flavor. The person who wrote on Hamlet evidently penetrates into the true undermeaning of that variously interpreted play. "The Poetry of the Marble Farm" shows intimate acquaintance with that classic romance. But the writer of "French Joe" seems to have the proverbial Indiana mania for dialect, the faulty imitation of "Canuck's" talk being the only fault in a story otherwise intensely dramatic and interesting.

The **Boston Stylus** came to us in battle-array. It appears that a certain Prof. Emerton, of Harvard, recently published several volumes of mediaeval history in which occur most glaring misrepresentations of Catholicity and the Papacy. The **Boston Styles** picks up the gauntlet thus thrown at the feet of American Catholics and takes the professor to task. The Styles presents in a careful compilation of historical references a telling refutation and its arrangement of materials is so methodical, so forcible that the professor's rout could not be more complete.

We cannot withhold our admiration for the manner in which the Stylus is conducted. The material make-up of the issue before us is flawless and the contents of the paper are worthy of the manner in which the printer has presented them. "The Passing of Monsignor" is a character study done in the manner of Le Gallien and Anthony Hope. "Ajax Telemachus" is an entertaining

piece of fiction, but is built on that hackneyed subject of a ghost that turned out to be no ghost. But it is the order in this paper that pleases us most. The different contributions and the several departments of the paper are methodically and harmoniously disposed, giving the whole an orderly coherence that we do not always discover in college papers. The sedate individual who edits the exchange column is worthy of that exalted dignity. He advances a few very serious ideas on modern literature, announcing that, "if we thought less of our books now-a-days the books would be better." After proceeding at some length in this strain he finally devotes three short paragraphs to his exchanges. He then speaks of St. Mary's Exponent in a patronizing way and after commenting on its "charming pictures" he terms ones of its poems "a worthy little effort." Now, what puzzles us is—how did he condescend to do it?

Once upon a time and long ago (thus runneth the story), a brave cowboy in hot pursuit after the festive buffalo was rudely deposited by his upstreperous broncho in the vicinity of the campus of a Kansas college. As the students were engaged in a howling foot ball game, the traveler thought they were Indians solemnizing the anniversary of some tribal victory with some sort of triumphal war dance. As he knew Indians and was reckless enough not to be afraid, he boldly ventured among them and soon found they were white men in disguise. After some parley with the coach he was elected to an important position on the team and was duly inscribed on the catalogue of students. As he proved a bright fellow in the class room he was soon promoted to the responsible position of exchange editor of his college paper, same as I was! After he had conscientiously discharged his onerous duties for a goodly season, he heard the call of the wild and disappeared, leaving his exchange page a widow, not in grass, but in weeds indeed. Maybe we have dreamt this, but anyway the *Dial's* ex. ed. is missing.

The following interesting postscript was found in a letter received from our last year's exchange editor, who is now in Rome:

P. S.—You've heard the story of "what becomes of bad little boys and good little boys," etc., but has this ever presented itself to you: "What becomes of the bad ex. men?" It is solved here at the American college. Hardly had I landed when I bumped into Lemper, of the College Spokesman, and after continual search I found McNeil, of the Abby Student, and Conway, of the Allegheny Laurel. There are four of last year's revilers here—including the Viatorian—and we all speak to each other. Lemper and I are particularly good friends and have many a giggle over last year's work. It's a small world after all, isn't it?

F. Miller, '06.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

St. Viateur's, 18; Pontiac Indians, 0.

On Nov. 3 the varsity defeated the heavy Pontiac Indians in a hard and interesting game, on Bourbonnais field, by the score of 18 to 0. While the college men showed better form and more systematic team work, the visitors played good ball and made several long gains but were unable to reach the college goal. The first touchdown was scored after five minutes of play; McDonald kicked off to Dewey, Wann downing him in his tracks. Pontiac was unsuccessful in an end run and two line bucks and St. Viateur's received the ball. Hickey and Dyer netted thirty-five yards for a touchdown by four line plunges, Hickey going through tackle for eighteen yards and the score. McDonald kicked goal. Another touchdown was easily made before time was called, and the first half ended with the score 12 to 0.

In the second half Pontiac took a brace and played better defensive ball, at the same time making decisive gains by cross-bucks off the tackles. Hickey scored another touchdown and McDonald kicked goal. The last ten minutes of play were marred by frequent fumbles on both sides. Twice did the varsity fumble within Pontiac's fifteen yard line; the visitors obtaining the ball punted out of danger both times. Kelly, Dyer, Hickey, Wann, and Flaherty were the college ground gainers, while Shiel did grand work returning punts. Carrol, Stack, McDonald, Moran and Wann all did good work on the line. Wann's "open tackles" were among the best and most spectacular ever witnessed on the local campus.

For Pontiac Campbell showed good head work in the direction of his plays, while Dewey and Huber covered the most ground. Head and Foulk did great defensive work and gave good interference on the offensive. Line-up:

St. Viateur's (18)		Indians (0)
O'Connor	l. e.	Head
Wann	l. t.	Erickson
Carrol	l. g.	Norton
Stack	c.	Cuivizer
Moran	r. g.	Taylor
McDonald	r. t.	Huber
Flaherty-Stahle	r. e.	Foulk
Shiel	q. b.	Campbell
Kelly	l. h. b.	Volginsinger
Hickey-Flaherty	r. h. b.	Blue
Dyer	f. b.	Dewey

Touchdowns—Hickey, 3. Goals from touchdowns—McDonald, 3. Referee—McKenna. Umpire—Gray. Timekeepers—Kelly and Blue. Linesmen—Maguy and Arnold. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Armour Institute, 12; St. Viateur's, 6.

The "old gold and purple" received its second defeat of the season at the hands of Armour Institute in Chicago, Nov. 11, by the score of 12 to 6. The teams were about equal in weight and speed, but a wet field and "better wind" enabled the home team to land the game. The first half was an evenly fought battle; both teams put up a stubborn defense and only twice was the ball advanced within either thirty yard line. In the second half our men started with a dash, played Armour off their feet and scored a touchdown, but our backs had been too severely grueled in making the score, especially the halves, who were unable to offer much resistance to Armour's cross-bucks and mass off tackle plunges, which netted the Chicago team two touchdowns during the last thirteen minutes of play.

Capt. Kelly won the toss and received the ball; Frary kicked over the goal line, Hickey made a touch back and McDonald out from the twenty-five yard line. Armour commenced a fierce attack on the line and advanced the ball to our twenty yard line, where Dyer's men strengthened and forced the home team to punt. Shiel returned the punt ten yards, and then by a series of well played mixed plays our men advanced the ball to the middle of the field, where the magnificent defense work of both teams rendered much ground gaining impossible, and the repeated exchanging of punts was the feature. Both McDonald and Frary did excellent punting, with the odds slightly on McDonald's side. By frequently punting out of bounds, after the ball had traveled a considerable distance he made it impossible for Armour's fast quarter back to run the ball back.

In the second half McDonald kicked off to Trinkhaus, who after advancing the ball five yards was downed by Wann. Armour then by a series of line plunges and mass on tackle plays advanced the ball to their forty yard line, where they were forced to punt. Shiel returned the punt ten yards. Hickey, Kelly and O'Connor encircled the ends for good gains, while Dyer found several openings in the line. The Chicago men then held and McDonald punted to Matthews on Armour's five yard line, Flaherty tackling him after a ten yard advancement. On the next play Armour tried to punt out of danger, but the ball was passed high and Frary endeavored to run with it; Hickey downed him on the five yard line with such force that he fumbled the ball and Dyer recovering it crossed the line for a touchdown. McDonald kicked goal. Score, St. Viateur, 6; Armour, 0.

Armour received the ball on the kick-off and began a series of cross-bucks off tackle which our defensive halves, weakened by their terrific offensive playing were unable to break up. Twice did Cook's men march the length of the field from three to ten yard gains, and each time they sent Pegus over for the touchdown. Frary kicked goal both times. The last touchdown was made with eleven seconds to play.

Both teams played hard, clean ball and the game was won on its merits, though the muddy field was a great hold back to the varsity. Neither side was penalized during the entire game, not even an off-side play being made during the hottest part of the fight in the first half. Hickey made the greatest gains for us and once had a clear field, but lost his footing on the muddy ground. Dyer and Kelly made good gains through the line, while Flaherty played great defensive ball. O'Connor and Wann made several sensational tackles, while Shiel did great work handling difficult punts. The line played the best game of the season.

For Armour Pegus, Frinkhaus and Frary were the best ground gainers, while Matthews showed good head work at quarter back. Line-up.

St. Viateur's (6)		Armour (12)
O'Connor	l. e.	Hepp
Wann	l. t.	Davis
Carrol	l. g.	McDonald
Stack	c.	Uhlendorf
Moran	r. g.	Henning
McDonald	r. t.	Silverman
Flaherty	r. e.	Edwards
Shiel	q. b.	Matthews
Kelly	l. h. b.	Frinkhaus
Hickey	r. h. b.	Frary
Dyer	f. b.	Pegus

Touchdowns—St. Viateur's, Dyer; Armour, Pegus (2). Goals from touchdown—St. Viateur's, McDonald, 1; Armour, Frary (2). Referee—McKenna. Umpire—Iverson Linesmen—Quille and Woldenberg. Timekeepers—Trinkhaus and M. Hayden. Time of halves—Twenty-five minutes.

St. Viateur's, 23; Waukegan, 5.

The varsity easily defeated the much touted Waukegan Athletics Nov. 18 on Bourbonnais field by the score of 23 to 5. The college men clearly outplayed their opponents in every stage of the game, and but for the costly fumbles at critical times would have easily piled up a much higher score. The visitors reached the college twenty yard line three times during the first half, and each time tried a drop kick with no results. After the last try at

goal, Shiel, receiving the ball behind his goal line, instead of touching it back, seemingly unnoticed sprinted the length of the field for a touchdown. The game was called in the second half on account of darkness. Aided by semi-darkness and a fumble the visitors crossed the college goal line, but failed to kick goal.

All the college men played a hard, consistent game, while McDermott starred for the Athletics. Summary: Touchdowns—St. Viateur's, Dyer, Shiel, Kelly, Hickey; Waukegan, McDermott. Referee—McKenna. Umpire—Cunningham. Head linesman—

Lake Forest, 49; St. Viateur's, 0.

The varsity met their most disastrous defeat of the season on Nov. 25th, when Lake Forest defeated them on Farwell field by the tremendous score of 49 to 0. Dyer's men were outweighed ten pounds to the man, while the Lake Forest Blue had a charge that bowled the varsity men off their feet. Gibbs and Milner starred for Lake Forest, while Black did great work in breaking up interference. For us Hickey, Kelly and Dyer were the best ground gainers, while Shiel did fine tackling.

St. Viateur's (0)		Lake Forest (49)
O'Connor	l. e.	Callahan
Moran	l. t.	Charleson
Hayes-Carroll	l. g.	Hnenings
Stack	c.	Chapman
Camon	l. g.	Williams
McDonald	r. t.	Gibbs
Flaherty	r. e.	Stoltz
Shiel	q. b.	Milner
Kelly	r. h. b.	McCrea-Beltzner
Hickey	l. h. b.	Black-McKee
Dyer	f. b.	Grant

Touchdowns—Beltzner (3), Gibbs (3), Grant, McCrea. Goals from touchdown—McCrea (2), Grant, Callahan (2). Goal from field—Callahan. Umpire — Ivison. Referee — Callon. Head linesman—Kalsott. Time of halves—30 minutes.

Indoor Base Ball.

Now that the foot ball season has closed, Manager Brown is busily engaged arranging an indoor schedule and picking material for a strong team. Among those who played on last year's team and will undoubtedly fill positions this year are: Kelly, Maguy, Slattery, J. Hayden, Stack, Shiel and Conway. W. M.

VIATORIANA.

Merry Christmas.

It is to laugh; how sad.

Ibsen says heavy meals prevent keen brain work; which explains why so many of us are so bright.

The following, "Usually in the Back Yard," was captured just as it was about to escape over the transom of the versification class-room:

The porter clanged the bell for evening feed,
The wearied students greatly felt the need;
The village students homeward trod their way,
And thus was closed the usual college day.

Scanlon—"Did you take the prefect apart and ask him?"

Callahan—"No, but he almost fell to pieces when I told him."

Fat objects to the boys rough housing his new hat. The other day, after a bold junior had alighted upon it with all fours, he exclaimed: "Be careful, don't you know my derby is susceptible to breakness."

Ted stood on the coaster slide,
A wishin' it was winter,
When suddenly he lost his hold
And now—he wears a splinter.

Hammond Aigs (at table)—"They ought to cut the noses off these fishes."

Liven N. Bacon—"Why?"

Hammond Aigs—"To keep them from smelling."

We are willing to admit that "every dog has his day," but we think Shippy, he of the genus felis, intrudes upon our good nature when he tries to convince us that every cat has, or at least is entitled to, his day.

Lost—An ancient thought, between study hall and class room No. 4. As these are very scarce articles during these days of strife, finder will please return to "Happy Cal" and receive—abuse.

The following, after a number of tests, has been found to be the best method to pursue in a modern college initiation:

Take half a dozen "wise" sophomores and to these add a brainless leader. If it is a winter night, break the ice on the river and give the victim a ducking. Send for the father and tell him the joke played on his son. He will enjoy it immensely. Then take the candidate to the nearest railroad track and, after binding him securely to the rails, retire to the woods. In a few hours return to the scene, and, if no train has passed, give the victim some "Apetizo" and again retire. When you feel certain that he has

been properly mangled, return and pick up his remains on a blotter. Some prefer burying the remains, but we advise you to place them in a glass case in the fraternity meeting rooms as a remembrance of one who successfully stood the "hazing." Give him a class pin and teach him the yell; he is then a full fledged member. There is but one objection to this method—the member is sometimes a "dead" one.

They had been two days at sea and Willie had a bad case of mal de mer. He was groping around the deck, unable to keep anything on his stomach except his hands. His companion, seeing him, sympathized at once. "You are pale looking," said John. "Not necessarily," groaned Willie, "a bucket would do."

Said the lad from Montana
To the youth from Urbana
I'm just gettin' riled—take care;
You've railed on my manners,
You've railed on my dress,
But of the 3rd rail, I warn you, beware.

Maguy says no one gave him that black eye; he claims he always had the eye, and some one merely laid on the coloring.

Out of consideration for the street car company and its employes students will please observe the following rules:

1. If the main electrician is acting as conductor, do not object if he fails to ring up the fares. Perhaps he has a wife and children.

2. Stand quietly by and let him abuse you, for, no doubt, his mind is filled with thoughts of the insurance scandal or the drainage canal.

3. If he is out of temper get off at Bradley and walk home; remember all high officials and children are cross when kept out at night.

4. If the chief of police comes in sight, salute him and cry: "Hail, Rabbi!" Then heave a brick.

A "sub. con." often is a dangerous thing,
He thinks deep, and the fare forgets to ring.

Scanlon, the geometrician, computes thusly: If Ted had maintained the speed he assumed in descending the slide, when he fell off the sled, and barring the splinters he acquired thereby, he would have traversed the 238,000 miles to the moon in a little more than 4.003 63-133 seconds, providing he had permission from the prefect of discipline and that the meals were satisfactory.

Crajewowski—"Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money?"

Czechowiyichz—"Because it's not currant."

Prof. (in astronomy)—"Now, boys, follow closely, and we will

now leave the earth and pass to the moon."

In memorian to the "has been" humorist. With apologies to Curly Generski:

And when I think of one who in his youthful beauty tried
To be a humorous writer, and he perished at my side,
He wrote with all precautions, to precept he was true,
But he didn't please the editor, who with a pencil blue
Did always unto others, as you would do yourself,
He grieved for him—he was so young—then laid him on the shelf.

We were especially fortunate in securing a detailed account of the Tinker-Bill Jones fight:

Round 1. They fiddle for an opening. Tinker threatens to hit with his left. Upon second thought he apologizes. The first time Bill hit Tinker he missed him. The next time he missed him where he had hit him the first time. Tinker shattered the atmosphere with his right. Bill uppercutted with his left where he had last seen Tinker, but missed. It being Tinker's turn to hit, he swung wildly with both hand. Bill hit Tinker in the shins. They embrace lovingly and both are pulling hair and making faces when the gong rings.

Round 2. Bill led out strong—with the feet. Tinker slapped Bill three times on the wrist. Bill threatened to hit him if he did it again. Tinker was game and repeated. Bill hit Tinker a fierce punch in the face—almost. Tinker rushed at Bill, but missed him and knocked the enamel off the wall. Bill fainted with his left and forgot to hit with his right. Tinker saw an opening and was about to knock Bill out of existence when the gong sounded. Both fell to the floor for want of gas. Decision—a draw.

Now that the foot ball season is over and the training table removed, let us return to our studies and at the same time look into the leading questions of the day. Let us consider one of the problems that is occupying the minds of the people today: If Mrs. Chadwick was guilty and McCurdy was wise enough to command a huge salary, does this account for the Tammany landslide in New York? Again, suppose Chief of Police "Collins" of Bradley went beyond his jurisdiction, and granting that the conductor has a mean disposition, does this excuse Patrick Henry for arousing his hearers by saying, "Veni, vidi, vici?" No! For although the moon is uninhabited, and we think we were "kinda there," yet the price of beans has not fluctuated and our alumni hall is bound to grow.

At that time there lived within a certain S. D. town a strenuous youth, who delighted in billiards and porterhouses, yet pursued with reluctance the "flowery path of knowledge." And,

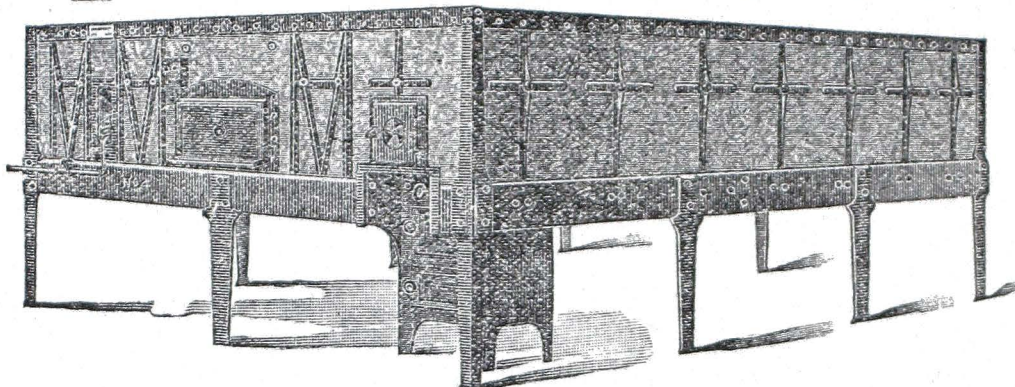
when he was of a goodly age his father decided to send him to "an institute of learning, by jingo." And it was so, for we saw him with us. But he was unhappy and tired of masculine company, and one night he blew. And it came to pass that he wandered to a certain Wisconsin town, where, after spending his shekles, he was fain to scrub the decks of a freighter for his daily bread, when he much preferred macaroni. And after many weeks he grew weary and said to himself, "Alas! Why should I labor thus while my former companions enjoy themselves? I will go back to school." And the prefect, seeing him from afar, cried, "Behold, the prodigal. Here is where we have some fun." And for many days the penitent digested long and tedious passages from Shakespeare, and the boys made much sport of him. And after he was reconciled he was heard to say, "At last I have found true peace of heart." Moral—No matter how dark and stormy the night may be, remember, she is still your mother. Scido '016

You will take the Big Four o'clock train at half past three, and not before.

MAJORITY RECEPTION.

On Friday, Dec. 1st, James Mullaney, student at St. Viator's college, celebrated very pleasantly his twenty-first birthday, at the home of his parents in Bradley. The house was tastefully decorated in college colors, while the K. of C. emblems were also prominent. During the afternoon the host entertained his young friends from Notre Dame academy and the college and during the evening received his friends from Kankakee and vicinity. An excellent dinner was served during the afternoon, at which, perhaps, two hundred and fifty guests partook. Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., was the guest of honor during the afternoon, and in his own pleasing way congratulated the host and wished him success. Mr. Mullaney's friends presented him with a diamond stick-pin as a token of their regard. He was also presented with a beautiful diamond stud, the gift of friends. Mr. Smith, of Kankakee, in a short speech, made the offering, to which Mr. Mullaney responded in a few well-chosen words. The Viatorian joins with his host of friends in wishing Mr. Mullaney unlimited success and happiness in the years to come.

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