

THE VIATORIAN

"FAC ET SPERA"

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THE DAISY'S SECRET

I culled a dainty flower,
Which blossomed by the way,
I pressed it gently to my lips
And heard it softly say—

"A secret I'll unfold to you,
Kind friend of but an hour,
Who plucked me from my native haunt
And brought me to thy bower.

"I am the star-eyed daisy,
My haunt the field and lea;
Each morn I greet the rising sun
As he looks down on me.

"My dress is of a spotless white,
My heart like fairy gold,
'Tis just formed like crystal cup,
The precious dew to hold.

"I represent a spotless soul,
A soul both pure and true;
For this, I've made my secret known,
For such a soul have you."

I kept the precious flower
In a vase near by my side;
It brought in life sweet confidence
And hope when it had died.

—J. A. W.

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE

G. T. BERGAN, '12

NO doubt you are all lovers of history and in reading its classic pages have noted among the many great happenings several large conflagrations. Readers delving into ancient history recall the mighty shafts of flame and smoke which issued from ancient Troy and regal Rome; our fathers vividly recall that terrible night of the Chicago fire and St. Viator students never cease talking of the greatest of all fires, the St. Viator. We all love to hear of the heroic deeds accomplished in these four great events, of the lives saved, the sacrifices offered, the beautiful buildings wrecked, and the daring rescues. But the real object of our inquiry is not the above, but the real cause of these four epoch-making events of history.

The cause of the first three is well known to all historians. We easily remember the story of the wily Greeks setting the torch to Troy; how capricious Nero used Rome as a candle for his own illumination; the sad story of Mrs. O'Leary's cow and the dire results following need no renewal, but what caused St. Viator to become a pyre? The question has oft been debated and discussed and manifold reasons have been presented, yet notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary, I take the stand that the St. Viator fire was caused by a student's oil stove, and shall give a brief treatise of the oil stove as to its origin, evolution and beneficial use as a piece of college furniture.

In the early days before the advent of Rockefeller the only purpose oil served was for illumination; its mechanism was simple, its results beneficent. It shone forth with great luster and was a great improvement over the tallow candle. Then the notion arose that perhaps oil could also be used for cooking purposes. It was a success and had a long, useful, harmless reign. But both of these fell into utter disability before the triumphant entry of the lightless, heatless and smellless oil stove. Perhaps you may wonder what such a mechanism is, but here is the true story of its entrance into St. Viators:

A crafty sales agent comes to a party of students on the third corridor of St. Joe Hall, and places one of these new, up-to-date

and latest oil stoves before them. When the astonished youths saw the little bit of iron they were delighted. Here was a regular gold mine! Imagine a stove designed especially for college students; a stove that concealed its own light, consumed its own heat, and swallowed its own odors tho they be of such a penetrating nature as onions and hamburger. The advantages of such an apparatus were obvious. No prefect walking on tip toe or rubber heel, stealthily down the corridor could detect the brewing of cocoa or sizzling steaks which generally advertise themselves for blocks. A sumptuous banquet could be prepared, the only wise ones being situated around the stove.

But alas, good things do not go on forever, and an end must come. On the afternoon of February 21, 1906, an orgie of cocoa was being indulged in, in a certain room of the forenamed corridor. The afternoon was damp and misty, and the fellows were reviving their down-cast spirits by imbibing large quantities of brewing cocoa. All went well and the afternoon was a success. The prefect rooming but a few doors away was so engrossed over his favorite author and his pipe and clippings that the effluvia escaping from the overworked stove was not detected,—hence the catastrophe.

During the early evening whilst the students were witnessing a basketball game in the gymnasium, the stove having been overworked, and misused, revolts and gets a severe attack of indigestion. It refuses to consume its own light, heat and smoke, with the terrible result that a nearby copy of Cæsar's Interlinear was set on fire. Then the flames spread to the furniture, the curtains and walls and the great fire resulted, not as the Chicago fire, by a cow, but by a student's harmless pet, a pony.

Here in short is the true and only reliable story of the origin of the fire. There is also a moral and a little advice clearly linked with this little tale, and that is, beware of oil stoves while you are at this institution, for they are banned, excluded and execrated from these walls, and recent authentic historians tell us that the appearance of an oil stove on the second corridor of Ray Hall four years ago created a panic and dire results happened both to the stove and its owner. If you are hungry, buy something or borrow something to satisfy your want, but if you have a dread of assassination, if you think life is sweet and the world is a good place after all, keep away from oil stoves.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MACBETH

T. A. ROWAN, '13

IN each of Shakespeare's plays there is a distinct atmosphere. In his comedies all is light and joyous, bordering sometimes on the fantastical. Music and song and sunshine prevail throughout. In his tragedies all is dark and foreboding. Unrest, blood, darkness, distrust, and treachery have their domain here. But whatever the atmosphere of the play is, it is easily recognized. And so, it is not necessary to turn many pages in reading Macbeth before we are fully cognizant of the atmosphere of the tragedy.

The curtain rises on a stormy scene; thunder rolls and lightning flashes. The first characters to appear are the wierd women who, although at first sight grotesque and uncouth, become "terrible beyond description" as we see more of them. To their minds "fair is foul and foul is fair." They love moral gloom as well as the physical and elemental amidst which they make their entrances and exits. This first scene, although it is of no great duration, begets in us a certain sense of gloom. The following one is full of blood, the opening line is, "What bloody man is that?" Then the bleeding sergeant is led in and he proceeds to relate the incidents of an extremely sanguinary battle, until he falls fainting from loss of blood, his "gashes crying for help."

The two elements which are so clearly brought out in the first two scenes of the tragedy are found in all parts of the play. All the principal scenes take place either at night or in some lonely spot. The characters "seek out some desolate shade" for their actions. In the earlier part of the play, before they have stained their hands with blood, Lady Macbeth and her husband welcome the night as a shroud for their evil deeds. Lady Macbeth says, "Come thick night and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell." Macbeth calls on the stars to hide their fires. The night of Duncan's murder nature seems dead, witchcraft celebrates, the wolf howls, the owl shrieks. The morning after the murder Heaven is troubled with man's act. "By the clock 'tis day and yet night strangles the travelling lamp. Darkness does the face of earth entomb when living light should kiss it."

Macbeth plans Banquo's murder to take place "ere to black Hecate's summons, the shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums,

hath rung night's yawning peal." He calls for "seeling night" to "scarf up the tender eye of pitiful days" and the deed itself is perpetrated at that time when "spurs the lated traveler apace to gain the timely inn."

The second element which goes to make up the atmosphere of Macbeth is blood. It is one bloody tragedy from beginning to end. A bloody dagger dances before the eyes of Macbeth and Banquo's ghost shakes his gory locks at him. Lady Macbeth tells her husband, "Get some water and wash the filthy witness from your hand," and then she goes to "gild the faces of the grooms" with Duncan's blood while Macbeth stands gazing at his bloody hands and wondering "will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" Morning discovers the chamber of Duncan, the grooms, "their hands and faces all badged with blood," the king "his silver skin laced with his golden blood."

At the banquet scene, the murderer of Banquo appears, his face besmeared with his victim's blood. Banquo's ghost sits at the table with "twenty trenched gashes on his head." Macbeth says, "I am in blood," stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er."

A third element in the atmosphere of the play is that of terrifying imagery. This, like the other two elements, is interspersed throughout the entire action. One can scarcely conceive anything more frightful than to see Lady Macbeth in a terrible paroxysm of passion invoking the aid of "Murdering Ministers to fill her from the crown to toe topful of direst cruelty," "to unsex her" and to take her "milk for gall." Woman, the tenderest and most fragile of all God's creatures, uttering such sentiments. Later on when Macbeth falters for an instant in his purpose we find his wife, who should be his help-mate in everything and a potent influence to right doing, goading him on, and taunting him with cowardice and sundry other faults. And certainly nothing more ghastly has ever been written than Lady Macbeth's avowal that she would dash out the brains of a helpless babe rather than swear falsely as her husband had done. Were Lady Macbeth herself not a mother, these lines would lose some of their disgusting savagery. Could we think that she had, in the fury of her passion, forgotten the fact, they would be less horrible; but she is a mother and she has not forgotten it, for she states it boldly in the beginning of her speech.

In other places, also, we find this imagery. After the murder of their master we are told "Duncan's horses contending 'gainst obedience as they would make war with mankind they ate each other to the amazement of mine eyes." Banquo's ghost with marrowless bones" and "eyes without speculation" shaking his gory locks to the terror and confusion of the guilty Macbeth; the "secret black and midnight hags" in their terrible orgies with the repulsive, uncanny and odious ingredients of the cauldron; the apparitions with prophetic powers which they conjure up; are all images of terrifying aspect.

Lady Macbeth's plight in the end of the play is pitiful as well as terrifying. "Unnatural deeds have bred unnatural troubles." No more does she call for "thick night" and dunnest smoke of hell," but on the contrary, by her command "she has light by her continually; and in her restless slumber she murmurs, "Hell is murky." No longer does she lightly say, "A little water clears us of this deed," but almost unceasingly she washes her hands and cries out in her anguish, "Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Of such scenes as we have described are made up the elements which constitute the atmosphere of Macbeth. It is easy to point out the passages where gloom, blood and frightful imagery occur, but it is almost impossible to effectively describe them. It is something that we feel within us and is indefinable. The atmosphere arises from the dark plots, evil designs and terrible guilt of the evil characters. And although they baffle description the elements are so pronounced that the reader cannot fail to recognize them.



A FANCY.

The Night-Queen's smile is cheerful-bright,
My heart is thrilled with calm delight,
I gaze at starlit dome above
And Fancy whispers "God is love."

J. A. W.

SMOKE

THERE are various lines upon which I might develop the many thoughts to be found in the subject of my speech, and I suppose just as many conjectures as would fill a good volume, but since my time is limited and there are so many other good things to come I will confine my subject to its social aspect. Of course, you know that with the many illustrious men in our midst as the Duke of Fife, the Earl of Coffey, Asst. Brig. Gen'l. Crowley and our esteemed officer and vice-president, Dr. Parker, I must take care lest I overleap the bound of village law and violate the smoke ordinance; still since we have substituted the old and far-famed, long-tried San Felice for our younger and more illustrious Cordy brethren, I have no fear but that the smoke nuisance will be eliminated, barring the entrance of any Ducator. With your kind permission then I will elaborate my plan of attack by striking first the vital spot. Alas! the hair is missing, still, in order to be bald we must be first balled out, and in order to recover from the attack we must administer a slight dose of Dr. Parker's Ready Restorer, and then bow to the Grand Knight to restore order while our worthy attendant proceeds to administer the sleep producer; so being ready, do not fear I will call you in time for the next number on our program.

Match in hand we ignite the weed whose fumes do or do not betoken the satisfying smoke. Such is the course of life. Ambition selects for us our standard, we grasp it and proceed to weigh its worth in an every-day smoke. Yes, whether it be Perfecto, Havana, or a filler, ambition leads the way. We have made the selection, we must continue with the smoke even though the fumes be dense. So it is with the problems of life, social or intellectual. We are just what we make ourselves and we are left to make the selection. Man dwells in the world but is not distinctly of the world. His is a course of pilgrimage, the destiny of which is another life. Hence, my friends, I call your attention to the importance and absolute significance of a well defined purpose in everything we do. We are often gathered for our social meetings, but this is not the only end, we are assembled in order that man may know man, in order that his finer and nobler traits may be developed. We learn from others;

as for ourselves, we must be taught, our scientific knowledge is in itself very limited, hence we are forced to visit the scenes where life's problems are unraveled, to keep company with teachers and to find in social activity its true purpose, that of cultivating the mind, advancing our interests towards the higher elements in life. Here briefly I have been summoned to tell you, to smoke up, let the light of your lamp burn brightly, the fire of your heart keep its constant glow, suffer not, your hidden sensibilities to be ever in the mouldering. Inflammé your mind with the thought of social, intellectual and moral activity. Arouse your slumbering talents and make this pilgrimage of life one round of pleasurable endeavor. Seize your Perfecto, inhale the clear fumes of a Havana and let the perfume from its exhalations penetrate the rounds of life's circle. Scatter the ashes of its fire over the minds of men and leave there the impress of your work. Dream in your contemplation the dreams of great things, fire up the mighty boilers of your heart, belch forth the smoke of a roaring furnace whose energies are moving the thunderous wheels of a busy world. Do not suffer yourselves to lie dormant in this branch of social life, but smoke up, enjoy the happy satisfaction of a good, clear smoke, in season, out of season and let your fellowmen know that you are working and doing the work of men.

C. F. A.



MAN'S REWARD.

No pen can trace on virgin sheet
What joy awaits man's erring feet,
Nor artist paint in rainbow hue
What untold bliss awaits the true.

From mortals, God doth mysteries hold
Yet each can his hereafter mould,
As life is spent, so death will be
Then joy or woe eternally.

J. A. W.

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EDITORIALS

Within the short month of February, a time when all is dreary and sad, when storms beat against us and snow and ice abound, when all seems darkness around us, still there are two stars ever shining in the clouded firmaments, the bright and brilliant birthdays of Lincoln and Washington. And these guides are so radiant and sparkling that we forget the darkness and storms and lift our heads and spirits above the gloom and obscurity. Washington and Lincoln! What feelings of joy and admiration pass through every American at those names! What a wealth of thought is contained in those two words! Washington and Lincoln separated so far apart, yet linked so closely together. The lives of these two men for the most part are so well known to us and loved by us that it is wholly unnecessary in a short treatise like this to try to bring back any incidents in their illustrious careers. But the thought comes to us of the differences between these two men and the men of today. Politicians and men who wish to serve their country today are to a great extent far different from Lincoln and Washington. Seeking their own personal advancement rather than the good of the community, suffering no qualms of conscience in doing wrong, always for their own honor and glory, surely they have never

studied or have neglected to follow these two great Americans. Lincoln and Washington will live forever. They will always be in the hearts of every true citizen, and we may justly claim ourselves as their followers. Let us therefore always have them foremost in our minds, let us pattern our lives after theirs and let us strive to have again in our own country, other Washingtons and other Lincolns, whose whole aim and all of whose labors will be directed toward the welfare of the great republic.

The sixth anniversary of the St. Viator fire vividly brings back to our minds this one great and grand lesson, that of meeting hardships and difficulties as they present themselves. It was certainly a gruesome picture that presented itself the morning after the fire at the college. Here was the work of a

Facing

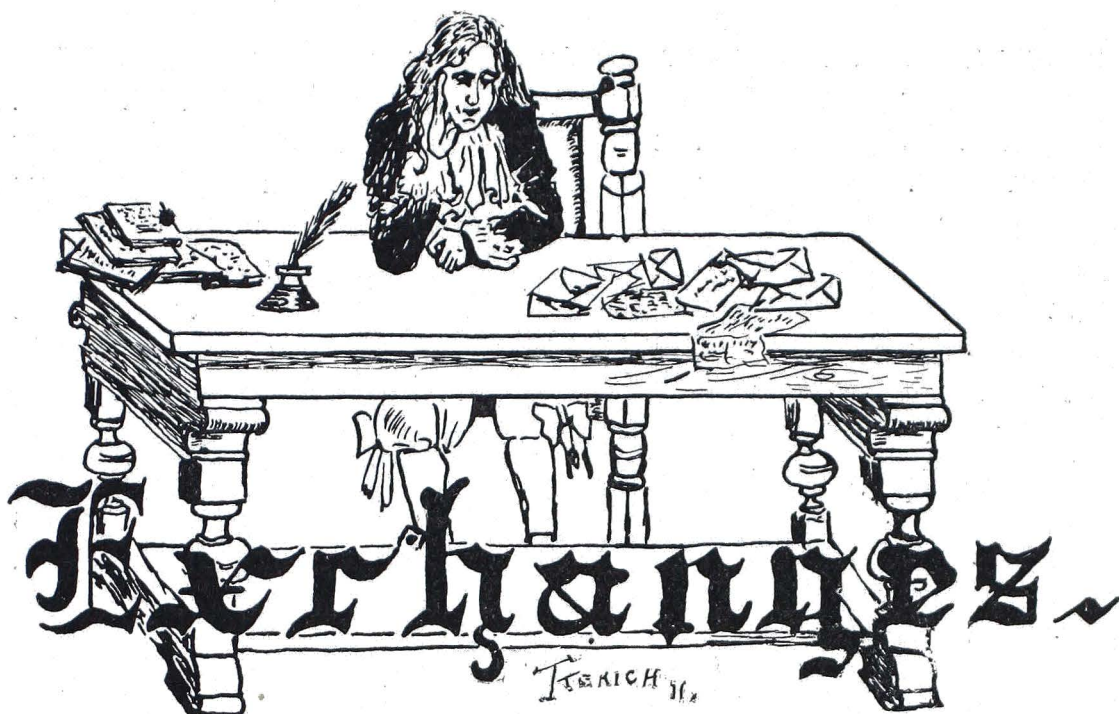
Difficulties

quarter of a century, a work that taxed the brain and brawn of religious for so many years. Just as they were beginning to lay plans for a greater and nobler St. Viators and thought the foundation sure and firm, a single night wiped it beyond, what they then thought, ever rising again. Desolation and destruction were everywhere. The faculty and students had not hardly enough clothes to wear, everything was lost. But did they despair and say that all was over? No, the Viatorians are made of sterner stuff, and hardly had the sun risen in the morning but its golden rays infused into their hearts the courage and determination to overcome this difficulty, to lift up, and go forward. Immediately steps were taken for a greater St. Viators, and the result is obvious, the beautiful buildings and splendid courses and equipment speak louder than human voice of their efforts and their success. This has its lesson for us students. No matter what trouble may be ours, no matter what sorrow or affliction may fall upon us, no matter how dejected and forlorn we may be, still we should look up and say, "I will proceed." Life is not one continual summer with beautiful flowers, pale blue skies and gentle breezes. The warm glow of the sun and the silvery twinkling of the stars will not always bless us. We may not hear the singing of the birds, and the rippling of the brook may pass by unnoticed. Friends will not always be near us, to lend help and encouragement, no, we may be entirely alone, and this vast world may be a prison, bleak and dreary. Gloom and evil forebodings may rise up as sentinels to keep us guarded and to chain us to some despondent pillar. Still, with everything ap-

pearing against, with utter failure facing us, with despair foremost in every thought, still we can rise, still we should take heart. There is no burden but the shoulders can support, no cross but we can bear. It is not a good thing to have the world always one joyous paradise, to have life one continual song of mirth and happiness; trials must come, but when they do come we must face them as did the little band of brave hearts face the fire on that memorable day six years ago. Take the resolution that no matter what may be our lot, if it be sad and weary, if the way at times does seem rough and hard and our bruised and weary limbs feel like resting, though our throats be parched and our heads burning, still our hearts will be courageous, our wills firm and we will meet the obstacle and surmount the difficulty, no matter the cost, nor how hard the sacrifice.

Half the year is gone! But five more months of school remain! It is a fact that almost makes one shudder to think that time has gone so rapidly. Yet it is not for us to talk at great length on the past. The January examinations have come and gone, we have either been successful or we have failed. If successful then we should keep up the good work and if possible improve upon the past semester; if failures, then it is high time that we become active. There is still plenty of time left for us to make up for the past but the whole secret is, begin now. Begin now to labor and the time coming will be laden with the most precious fruit and benefits. No one cares to say at the end that he has been a failure, but if we do not labor we shall have to bow our heads in shame and say this year has been wasted. A whole year full of grand and glorious opportunity has been let pass unnoticed. This was a time when I could have improved myself, but I failed, this has been a year in which I could have perfected myself and I did not wish to do so. Start now to recover from this false state and then when June arrives our hearts will be glad and our countenances bright with the pleasing consciousness of success.

A Retro-spect



Now that our belated numbers are beginning to reach the ex-desks of our fellow journals, we are expecting to feel the sting of criticism. Fairness is all we ask. Realizing that we are not perfect, we will profit by your suggestions and criticism so long as they are just and merited.

St. Jerome's Schoolman in its new form is on our table. We congratulate the *Schoolman* on its neatness and attractiveness. *The American Negro*, by C. W. James, is a well written essay, which presents this question in an interesting style. *The Justice of Ireland's Demands*, by R. Devlin, also merits praise; while Mr. Jos. McConnell's article on kind words cannot be praised too highly. This essay shows how at the present time we are prone to attempt to appear witty and smart, to provoke a laugh even if it must be done at the cost of another's feelings. Common politeness, charity and kindness are forgotten by such people and the golden rule sinks into oblivion.

The Ideal College Student, by E. M. Betowski, an article of material interest to all college students, together with several good essays and stories, brings the *Fordham Monthly* up to its usual excellence.

The Laurel in its holiday number equals the standard of its previous edition. The articles on the New American Cardinals and the criticisms of the Ode on the Nativity are very readable.

The *S. M. I. Exponent* furnishes the greatest surprise of the year, a most original plan, and a variety of excellent articles on the timely topics of Charles Dickens' works. The articles bespeak much careful reading and research work. The staff deserves credit and the writers of the several articles commendation.

It is hard to believe that an "Evening Song" in the *Young Eagle* is the work of a freshman, although such is the name appended to it.

The Mountaineer for January contains two well written essays on Socialism and The California Missions. The short stories are also cleverly handled.

The Solonian is a well gotten up journal. Some contributors have as many as three articles in the January number. This shows industry as well as varied talents.

Echoes from the Pines for January is an interesting and instructive magazine. "The Call of the Wild" is a story of more than the average merit. Autumn at the Pines and moonlight on the Hudson are two good models of the descriptive essay. Our Lady of Guadalupe tells a beautiful story of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Mexico. The verse is also good and the several departments are capably handled.

We also gratefully acknowledge:

The Catholic University Bulletin, Mount Saint Joseph's Collegian, McMaster's University Monthly, University of Ottawa Review, Georgetown College Journal, Duquesne Monthly, Manhattan Quarterly, The Patrician, Buff and Blue, St. John's University Record, The Loretto Magazine, Villa Sancta Quarterly, Morning Star, S. C. Calumet, St. Mary's Messenger, Wabash, St. Mary's Collegian, Nazareth Chimes, Loretto Crescent, The Oscotian, etc.



THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

Without a doubt, no other of our societies has a larger membership, a loftier and yet more practical aim, and, a more opportune and noticeable influence on the entire student body than the "Society of the Most Holy Name." Practically every student from the stately senior and rough-and-ready junior down to the frolicsome minim, has enrolled under the wide-spreading banner of this admirable society. Having for its aim reverence and sincere respect at all times for the sacred names of Jesus Christ and God, this society cannot but prosper and reap most beneficent results. It is sad yet only too true that the besetting evil of the present day is this execrable habit of taking the names of Jesus and God in vain. This evil has spread with such astounding rapidity that it now boasts of our Catholic youth as one of its strongest factors. Hence, a society organized to battle against this vile habit and to imbue its members with a profound respect for these sacred names, is certainly most opportune and practical. It enters into the every-day life of the student. It makes him a better boy, a stronger man, and a model Christian. The casual observer cannot but notice its marked influence on the student.

At a recent meeting the following competent officers were elected: Pres., Mr. Francis Cleary; Vice-Pres., Mr. James Fitzgerald, and Sec., Mr. Gerald Bergan.

PHILOSOPHERS.

During the first semester the philosophers drank deeply of the pierian spring under the able direction of Rev. W. J. Bergin,

C.S.V., and are now entering on a new field of endeavor. Having thoroughly mastered many of the difficult principles of logic, they are now about to turn their knowledge to a practical purpose, in the form of debates on many interesting questions drawn from "the most sublime and impressive drama the world has ever beheld"—Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and also from *Hamlet*. As a preliminary to this action the philosophers have recently been testing their powers as orators in extemporaneous speaking. Such a rich gold mine of orators "in potentia" was revealed to the Reverend teacher that he immediately determined to become an "actus of being" and bring these young Ciceros into actuality. Accordingly the following excellent and all-embracing programme was arranged by the "actus of being:"

February 15—Resolved, that *Hamlet* was guilty of murdering Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. Affirmative: Messrs. Gerald Bergan, Timothy Rowan and James Daley. Negative: Messrs. Joseph Lareau, Joseph Gordon and John O'Brien.

February 22—Resolved, that *Macbeth* was more guilty than Lady *Macbeth* in the murdering of Duncan. Affirmative: Messrs. Richard O'Loughlin, William Sammon, and Frank Shea. Negative: Messrs. Joseph Heeney, Edward Unruh, and Emil Kekich.

February 29—Resolved, that the reading of Shakespeare is on the whole injurious to character and good morals. Affirmative: Messrs. F. Brady, Thomas Grant, and Harvey Langlois. Negative; Messrs. Gilbert Flynn, Joseph Cassidy and Edward Leonard.

March 7—Was Shakespeare a hater of the common people? Discussion by Messrs. Thomas Harrison, William Aszukas, and David Scully.

March 14—Shakespeare's teaching on ambition, Mr. Clarence Fischer; Shakespeare's teaching on sensuality, Mr. James Murphy; Shakespeare's teaching on ingratitude, Mr. Thomas Welch; Did Shakespeare favor the aristocracy, Mr. Leo Dougherty.

The initial debate was hard-fought and closely contested. The speakers on both sides produced weighty and convincing arguments, showing earnest and deep study of the question. After a ten minute "deadlock" the judges decided in favor of the affirmative—Messrs. Bergan, Rowan, and Daley. The victory was due to the "highly polished irony" and the destructive rebuttal of Mr. Gerald Bergan, while Mr. John O'Brien, on the

opposing team, waxed eloquent in his well-prepared oration. The judges were Messrs. F. Brady, F. Shea, and T. Flynn.

Although "reading maketh a full man" yet "conference maketh a ready man" and a thorough student. Nothing is more conducive towards making the student soundly and deeply intelligent as debating on the matter studied. In this way many phases of the study heretofore obscure and even unknown are brought to light. The student delves deeper into the study and even delights in the work. Debating also develops the oratorical abilities of the student. The ability of being a good speaker is a very valuable asset for the man of to-day. It gives him a great advantage over his less-favored fellow-man, and adds much in enabling him to attain success in almost any line of endeavor. So with these advantages offered the philosophers-as members of this Debating Club we are sure that they will work with sincere earnestness and make this beneficial enterprise a brilliant success.

EUCCHARISTIC LEAGUE.

We are happy to enroll under the long list of our distinguished societies the "Eucharistic League"—a sparkling effusion from the youthful yet ambitious Minims, under the experienced direction of Brother St. Aubin, as moderator. The object of this society is to instill into its members a sincere love for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, and hence develop in them the wish of our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Tenth,—a frequent reception of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In order to carry out the superb aim each member must visit the "Dispenser of all Graces," at least, once a week. Furthermore they must go to communion twice a week—once for their fellow-members, and secondly for any intention the society may determine upon.

In the organization of this society is perceived one of the practical results of the Retreat. Its members are now filled with true Catholic sentiments derived from the Retreat. We are sure that this zeal will not only continue to glow in its present fervor, but, under the experienced and wise direction of Moderator St. Aubin, that it will even take deeper root and reap many beneficent results in the near future.

The officers of this society are: President, Maurice Dillon; Vice President, Thomas Shea, and, Secretary, Cyril Camp.

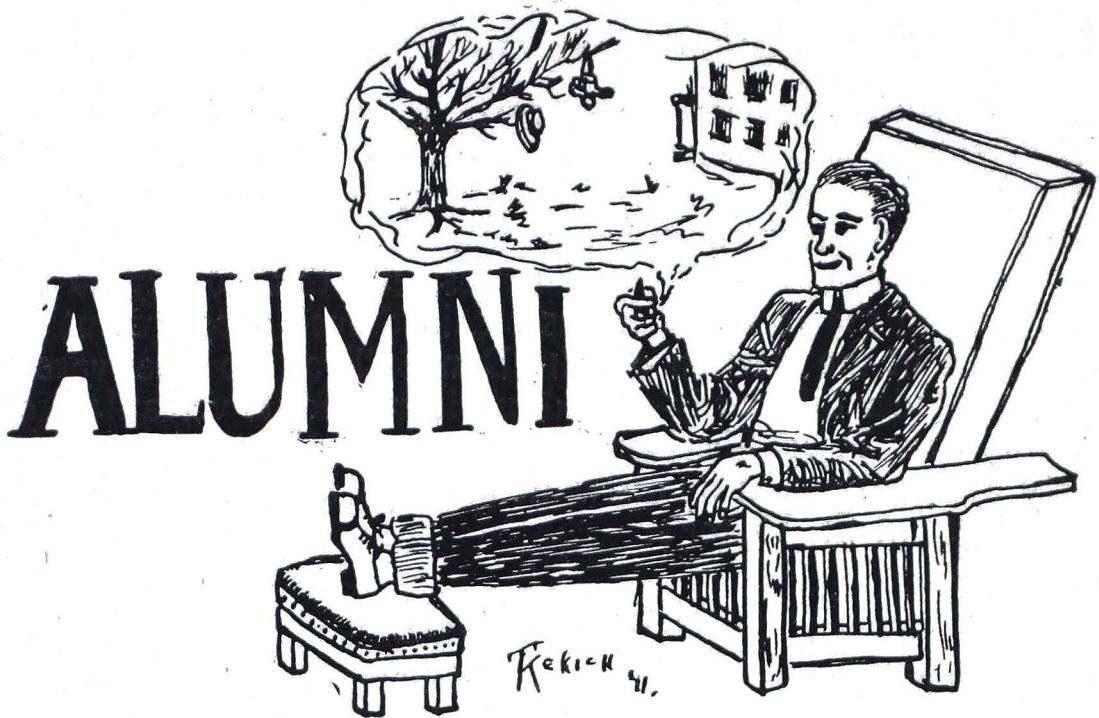
ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society has lost an energetic member in the person of its president, Mr. Lucius Wall, who departed from the college recently. Mr. Wall was, also, president of this thriving society last year, and under him it had a most successful year. Although regretting the loss of its popular president, this society is also rejoicing in the fact that it has obtained such a competent and able man in the election of Mr. Dan Sullivan to the vacated office. Under this newly-elected president and its versatile Moderator, Rev. F. A. Sheriden, C.S.V., we feel sure that this society will continue in its erstwhile prestige, as becoming the oldest society at St. Viator's.

LAJOIE SOCIETY.

Recognizing the many prolific advantages and great practicality derived from debating, this society has scheduled a number of interesting debates. In order to further the aim of the society these discussions will be carried on in the French language. On February 7, an animated debate was held on the question: Resolved, That Napoleon was a greater general than Wellington. Mr. Joseph Lareau and Master A. Picard were on the affirmative and Messrs. G. Picard and L. Rivard were on the negative. The affirmative side was victorious. On February 23, there was a well-contested debate on, Resolved, That the utility of the horse is a thing of the past. Messrs. A. Landroche and G. Picard on the affirmative defeated Messrs. E. Gravelin and L. Rivard on the negative.





Rev. Father Munday, '05, is now studying in Rome. He had the honor of being present at the banquet held, at San Silvestre, Rome, in honor of Cardinals Farley and O'Connell.

Mr. James Dougherty, '08, is now practicing law in Kankakee, Ill., and is affiliated with Attorney Granger. After graduating here he took up the study of law at Washington University and finished his course there in June, 1910. Everything points to a brilliant future for Mr. Dougherty, and our sincerest wish is that his efforts will be crowned with success.

Rev. John O'Connor, who was ordained from here last December, has been stationed at Holy Trinity Church, Three Forks, Montana.

Cupid has certainly made a resolution to work hard the coming year, for no less than three of our stalwart and brave alumni were attacked by him in the short space of ten days.

On January 6th, the wedding bells were chiming in far off Philadelphia for Mr. Edward Stack. He was united in marriage to Miss Catherine Dwyer, in St. Rose's Catholic Church, at that place.

While here at the college "Eddie" won a name for himself as a baseball player, and it was largely due to him that St. Viator College has been raised to rank among the great colleges of the west in regard to her baseball ability.

Immediately after leaving here Mr. Stack went into the big leagues and made good. Last year he played with the Philadelphia Nationals and made a good record. He will play with Brooklyn the coming season. Mr. and Mrs. Stack will be at home to their friends at Brooklyn after March 1st.

Mr. Alex McCarthy was united in marriage to Miss Irene Shields, at St. Patrick's Church in Kankakee, Ill., on January 10th. Rev. Father Bennett performed the wedding ceremony.

This seems to be the month for baseball players to be captivated by the goddess of love. For Mr. McCarthy is also a ball player of great renown. He has also aided in raising athletics here at the college to its high standard.

Mr. McCarthy was one of the fastest shortstops that ever played at St. Viators and he is holding the same record in the big leagues. Last year he played with the Pittsburg Nationals and will again the coming season. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will make their future home in Pittsburg. To both couples the Viatorian extends heartiest congratulations.

Mr. F. J. Lynch, student '11, is now in the plumbing trade in Chicago.

Mr. A. M. Kelly, '07, who completed his law course at Notre Dame is at present practicing at Gary, Ind.

Mr. E. P. Dougherty, student '08, is acting as city sales agent for Crimmins & O'Connor, who are engaged in the real estate business in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Leroy Carroll, student '10, is at present managing an undertaking establishment at Flanagan, Ill. Roy is a live "dead one."

Mr. H. P. Keeley is now associated with his father in the fire insurance business at Joliet. Keep up the good work Harry.

The following gentlemen called on old friends and acquaintances recently: Messrs A. O'Connell, J. Dougherty, A. McCarthy, S. McCarthy, L. Bachant, C. Langan and E. Dougherty.

P E R S O N A L S

Rev. Fr. Lonegran, best remembered as one of St. Viator's diamond stars, but now of the Rockford Diocese was a recent visitor.

Rev. J. E. Belair, C.S.V., treasurer of St. Viators, who has been ill at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago, is rapidly recovering.

Rev. J. Ryan, C.S.V., former treasurer of St. Viator's has been appointed pastor of St. Viator's Church, Chicago.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., former teacher of philosophy at St. Viator, who is now Master of Novices at St. Viator, Normal Institute, Chicago, assisted Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., in the recent examinations of the Philosophy class, both to the joy and sorrow of the students.

The annual retreat for the students, which follows the semi-annual examinations, has been finished. The exercises were successfully conducted by the Rev. Fr. Sylvan C.P. The spirit manifested by the students was a source of gratification, both to Fr. Sylvan and the faculty.

Mr. Emery J. Munson was recently married to Miss Pearl Gardiner at LaSalle, Ill. "Troy" who is a law student at the University of Michigan, and star base ball player at the same institution, is well remembered as one of St. Viator's loyal sons. The Viatorian extends heartiest congratulations.

The Thespians are all activity in preparation for their play, which will take place in the near future.

Mr. James Mallaney, who since leaving St. Viator has been interested in wheat culture, was the winner of first prize awarded for the finest wheat in Illinois.

Rev. T. McCormick, C.S.V., former pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, has been added to the faculty of St. Viator's College.

Messrs. Graham and Kelley of the Seminary Department of St. Bernards, Rochester, N. Y., were recent visitors to Messrs. Cassidy and Walsh of St. Viator's Seminary Department.

Mr. Clarence Langan, student '08-'09-'10, who is now attending the University of Illinois, visited old friends at St. Viators recently.

Rev. P. E. Brown, C.S.V., will give a mission extending over a period of three weeks during the season of Lent at Johnstown, Pa.

The Rev. J. D. Wildenberg, O.P., of Washington, D. C., spent several days at St. Viator's during the past month as a guest of Rev M. J. Breen, Master of Semnarians.

Rev. J. Carey, Prefect of the Junior Department, who has been quite ill with bronchial pneumonia, is on the way to recovery and we sincerely hope will be on duty in the near future.

Mr. V. Marzano, who is attending the Northwestern Medical College, spent several days at St. Viator's with his brother C. Marzano, C.S.V.

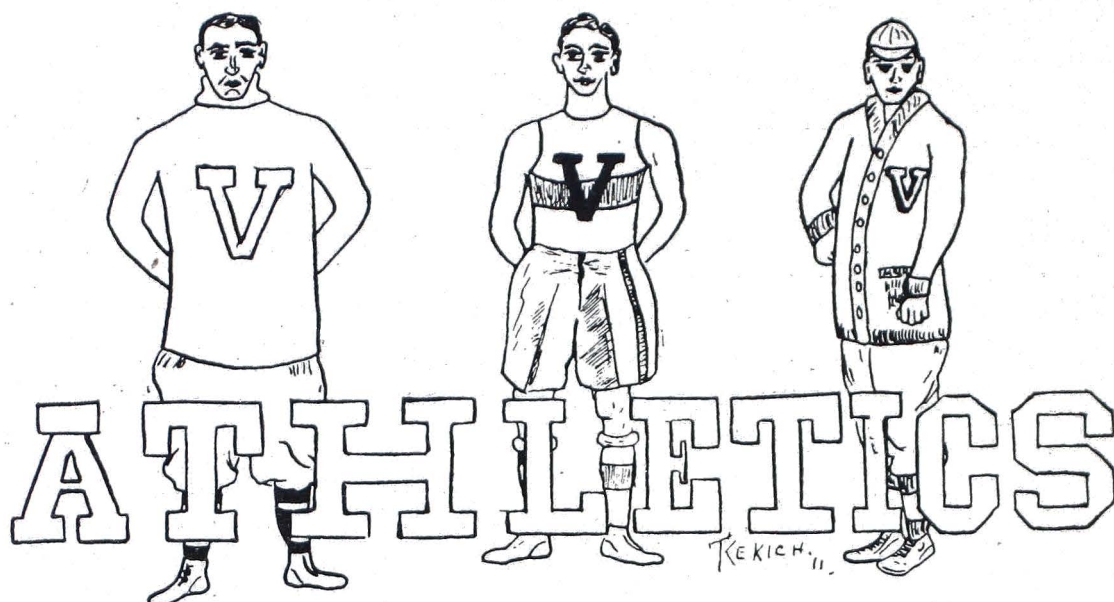
Visitors during the past month were: Rev. J. J. Mockler, St. Ignace, Mich.; Rev. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. J. Burke, St. David's, Chicago; Rev. Fr. Scanlan, St. Dominick's, Chicago; Rev. J. Martin, Homewood, Ill.; Mrs. H. A. Mulcrone, St. Ignace, Mich.; Mrs. A. M. Waters, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Timmins, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Loretta Mombteau, St. Anne, Ill.; Mr. J. Murphy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. E. Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. A.O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Fallon, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Hanley, Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. T. Corrigan, Ransom, Ill.; Mr. James Dougherty, Kankakee, Ill.; Miss Cox, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. T. W. Cullen, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Vicery, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Dougherty, Piper City, Ill.; Mrs. Slattery, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Wineg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Rhineck, Chicago, Ill.



LOST HOPES.

I saw a star sail through the air -
 It fell into the placid sea,
 The while it circled in its course
 'Twas wrapped in dazzling brilliancy.
 And so it is with fondest hopes,
 Like stars that rise and brightly glow
 Oft ere they lead the soul to light,
 They fall into the sea of woe.
 And there like phantom nymphs they dwell
 Beneath Despair's high surging wave,
 Beyond the reach of you and me,
 And haunt us from their silent grave.

J. A. W.



BASKET BALL

ST. JOSEPH, 35—ST. VIATOR, 14.

The return game with St. Joseph was played at St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Ind., January 16, 1912. The St. Joseph boys showed a reversal of form in contrast to their first game of December 16, and turned the tables on St. Viators five, with a score of 35 to 14.

St. Joseph had the advantage of playing on their own floor. Their speed and luck won their victory. A slight case of flooritis coupled with too much Three I., put St. Viator in not the best conditions for their first game away from home. The whole team worked in a very creditable manner, but were unable to cope with Beckman and McArdle's fast floor work and skill in tossing the baskets.

St. Joseph		St. Viator
Beckman.....	R. F.	Bergan
Deery.....	L. F.	Donnelly
McArdle.....	C.	Fischer-Lawler
Moran.....	R. G.	Gordan
Winters.....	L. G.	Lawler-Duffy

Fields Goals, Beckman (7), Deery (1), McArdle (7), Moran (1), Bergan (2), Fischer (2), Lawler (1). Free Throws, Fischer (4), Beckman (2), McArdle (1). Umpire, Reed. Referee, Jacobs.

MORGAN PARK, 4.—ST. VIATOR, 46.

St. Viator's quintet entertained Morgan Park squad with a remarkable exhibition of basketball on January 20th. It was

remarkable from the fact that Morgan Park boys proved to be a very attentive audience and watched the forty minute demonstration with very little interference. The game was decidedly uninteresting from the spectators point of view, it being a total eclipse of Morgan Park. St. Viator team played a fast and furious game. They were handicapped in nearly every position by height and weight, but their team-work and passing the ball was a reminder of "11" style. Fischer showed his old form and played rings around Wade, while Bergan, Lawler and Duffy showed the results of their constant training. Gordon who is ever "Reddy," showed the track star Hazlett how R. G. should be played. Morgan Park's crew were completely lost from start to finish and lacked team work and ball passing to a painful degree.

In the first half St. Viator scored twenty-seven points against two points scored on fouls for Morgan Park. Seven of the first halves points were scored on fouls, but in the second half Morgan Park failed to arouse the stamina required to produce a foul. The second half, closed with nine baskets and one free throw for St. Viator against one lone basket thrown by Ruehl.

As a Ruehl, Parker Hazlett only Hubbel score, but Fischer Waded in the centre so furiously, that just to break the monotony, the boy with the Ricketts Coyled up in the corner and they allowed him to toss two fouls just to please the Bold Soldier Boys.

Morgan Park, 4.	St. Viator, 46.
Hubbel-Ruehl.....	R. F. Bergan
Ricketts.....	L. F. Lawler
Wade.....	C. Fischer
Hazlett.....	R. G. Gordon
Coyle-Parker.....	L. G. Duffy

Fields Goals, Bergan (6), Lawler (5), Fischer (7), Gordon (1), Ruehl (1). Free Throws, Ricketts (2), Fischer (8). Referee, Jacobs. Umpire, Sauer.

DE PAUL U., 22.—ST. VIATOR, 33.

To date the fastest and hardest fought games of the season was played January 26, on the home floor between DePaul U. and St. Viator. De Paul with a newly polished quintet trained to the utmost, again fell before the varsity five. With an overhauled squad and the usual number of many season's postgrads.

on the team, De Paul was somewhat humbled before an enthusiastic crowd. Wathier of Lewis Inst. fame and Quinlan of St. Mary's, Dayton, have been added to De Paul's payroll since last season.

With "courage screwed to the sticking place," St. Viator lined up with three of last seasons squad in the game. Cleary the star guard of "11" championship team, played his first game of the season. True to their "reps" Gordon and Cleary played a marvelous game against two such reputable forwards as Kolb and Wathier. Quinlan the giant centre had a shade the best of the contest in the circle, yet Fischer played his game on the floor and landed seven baskets to Quinlan's four. Quinlan had the advantage of the jumping, yet St. Viator's guards were on the job for all De Pauls signals, which rarely if ever worked beyond the toss at centre. Bergan and Lawler held down the forwards and fought with the vim that puts them in the limelight as a fast duo.

The first half ended 16 to 13 in De Paul favor. But during the second half, for reasons known only by themselves, De Paul ceased throwing field goals; playing the entire half without a field goal. As is customary in the second half, St. Viator's five descended upon the Chicago quintet with such a rush that they were completely outclassed at every stage. Seven baskets against none, and five free throws against six, express perfectly the temper of the second half. The game was a thriller, which can be vouched for by Immenhausen, who refereed a faultless game.

De Paul, 22.

St. Viator, 33.

Kolb.....	R. F.	Bergan
Wathier.....	L. F.	Lawler
Quinlan.....	C.	Fischer
Fitzpatrick.....	R. G.	Gordon
Ward-Lyman.....	L. G.	Cleary

Field Goals, Quinlan (5), Bergan (4), Fischer (7). Free Throws, Kolb (12), Fischer (11). Referee Immenhausen.



BASE BALL

Baseball is in the air and until the starting of the craze, from now on we can look for active serious work. Of the veterans of

last year, Bergan, Kelly, Sammon, Leinen, Duffy, and Harrison are here and will form the nucleus for a speedy fast crowd. Manager Bergan is busy on the schedule and has it almost completed. Following is schedule:

April 20 De Paul at St. Viators; April 23, Arkansas at St. Viators; April 27, St. Joseph at St. Viators; May 4, Northwestern at St. Viators; May 11, Loyola at St. Viators; May 18, open; May 25, open; May 30, De Paul at Chicago; May 31, Notre Dame at Notre Dame; June 1, Culver at Culver, (pending); June 5, St. Joseph at Rensselaer, Ind.; June 8, Northwestern at Naperville. Games are also pending with Armour, Millikin, Beloit and Cathedral Colleges.

Juniors

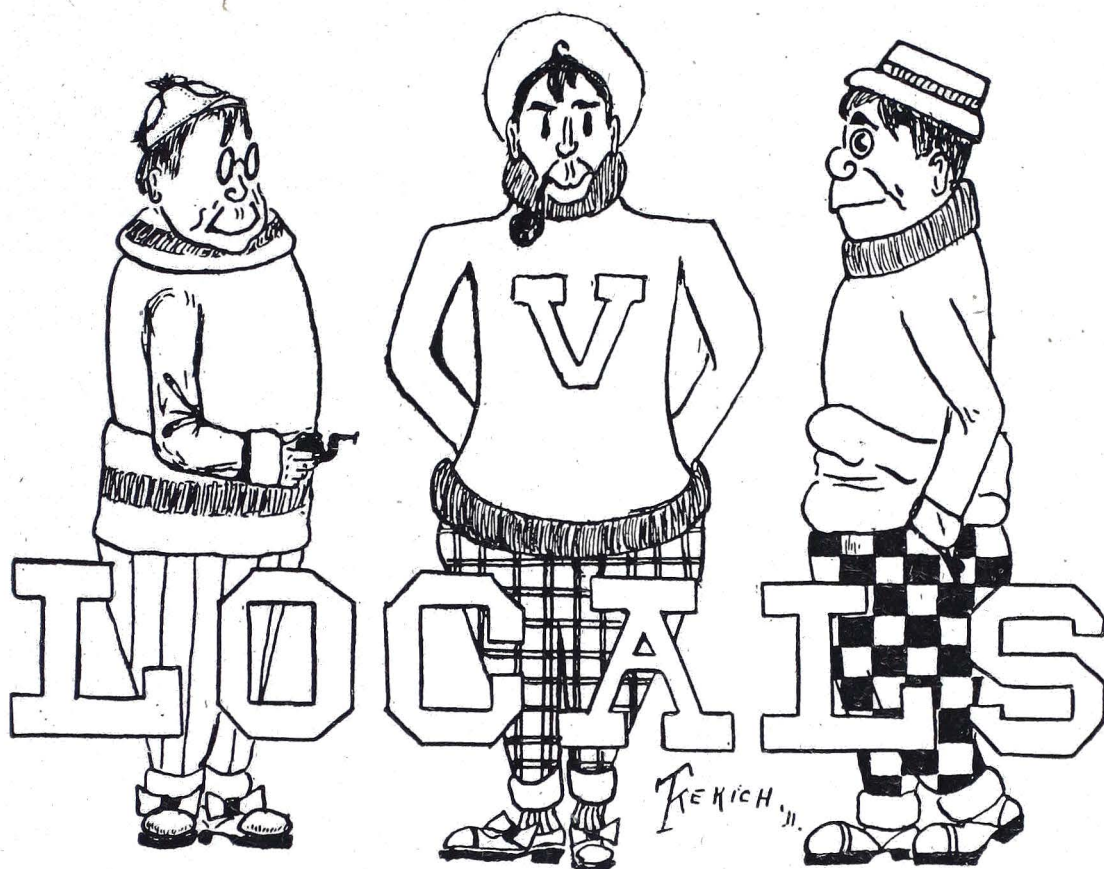
The Junior Five, although having suffered three defeats in the three games so far played is really displaying the best basket ball work known to the Junior department this year. On Jan. 13, Seward Park of Chicago defeated the Juniors in a very fast contest by the score of 23 to 21. McGee at right forward did splendid work for the Juniors. Miller featured for Seward. Line up: St. Viator Juniors—McGee, r. f.; Gartland, l. f.; Sullivan, c.; Kelly, l. g.; Boisvert, l. g.; Shea, r. g.; O'Connor, r. g. Seward Park—Connors, r. f.; Miller, l. f.; Johnson, c.; Andrews, l. g.; McVey, r. g. Score—Fields Goals, McGee (8), Sullivan (2), Miller (7), Johnson (2). Free Throws—Andrews (3), Gartland (1). Referee, Fitzgerald. Time of Halves, 20 minutes.

On January 27, Loyola administered another defeat to Viator Juniors and by the dangerously close score of 26 to 27. McDonough, Loyola's fast guard was the star of the game. Lineup, S.V.A., McGee, r. f.; Gartland, l. f.; Kehich, c.; Kelly, r. g.; Sullivan, l. g. Loyola Academy—Murphy, r. f.; Dempsey, l. f.; Hilderbrand, c.; McDonough, r. g.; Cort, l. g. Score—Field Goals, McGee (5), Gartland (3), Kehich (3), McDonough (8), Murphy (4). Free Throws, Gartland (4), Cort (3). Referee, Fitzgerald. Time of Halves, 20 minutes.

On February 3, the Junior quintette surprised the Palmer Park Monitors, undefeated in seven years, by holding them to the score of 30 to 28. The game was hard and fast with luck in favor of Palmer Park. Duffy, the pride of Chicago's 125 lb. teams, was as efficient as usual. Sullivan, Kelly and McGee were

the greatest factors in giving the Monitors their greatest score in seven years. Lineup: McGee, r. f.; Gartland, l. f.; Kehich, c.; Sullivan, r. g.; Kelly, l. g.; O'Connor, l. g.; Shea, l. g. Palmer Park—Duffy, l. g.; Mahon, r. f.; Leviton, c.; Christenson, r. g.; Johnson, l. g. Score—Fields Goals, McGee (5), Gartland (4), Kehich (3), Duffy (6), Leviton (11), Johnson (3). Referee, McDonald. Time of Halves, 25 minutes. The Juniors promise to round up into a successful season.





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Tim. Are you a Latin student?

Mike M. No I am a full blooded American.

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Yes, Leo D. has his old job at backstop.

We are not able to tell why the boys from the "Second Flat" are moving to Marsile Hall.

Yes, Some more "Exiles from Erin" are coming.

No, Dick B. will not race at Indianapolis this summer.

Yes, she lives in Kansas and not in Dakota.

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Why? ? Or the Pilgrimage to Milwaukee. By Duke K.



MY TRIUMPH.

A great triumph is mine today
Its glory makes earth's fade away,
The grandeur of the ages past
Will fade, but mine fore'er will last.

And why? I have not found new lands,
Or broken chains from slavery's hands;
Nor on the rostrum gained repute,
Or freed sweet music from the lute.

No warrior's laurel decks my brow;
No rabbles to my sceptre bow;
No column stands to bear my name;
No chiseled bust in hall of fame.

My triumph's greatest on this day
Its glory ne'er will pass away;
'Tis told by words in letters bold,
Not writ on scroll, nor wrought in gold.

On mystic pages of Life's book
On which no one but angels look;
'Tis written clear without display
Beneath my name—"Sinless today."

J. A. W.



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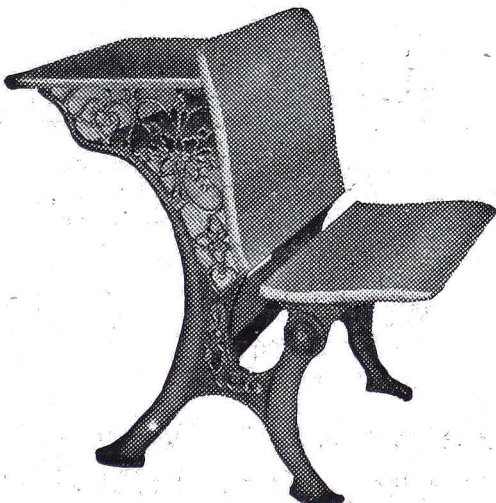
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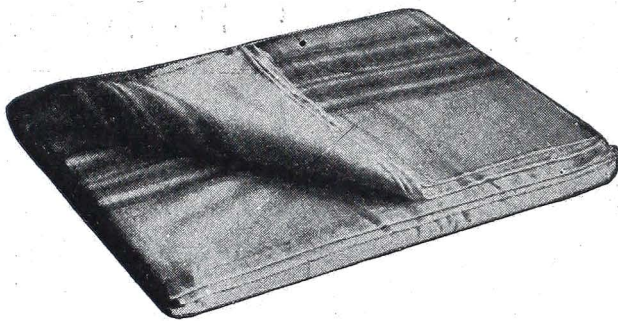
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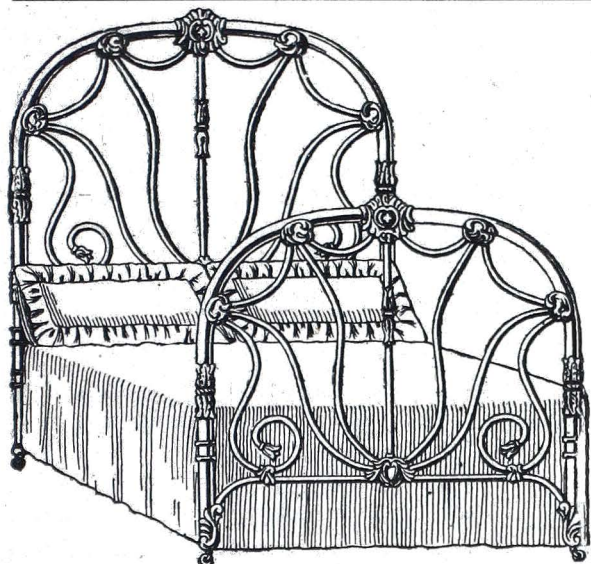
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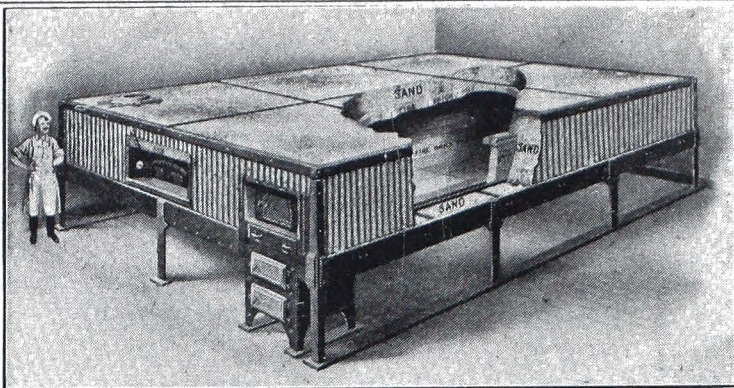
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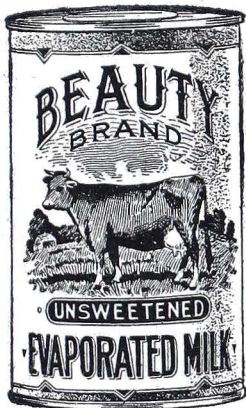
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