

# THE VIATORIAN

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## WOMAN AND HER EDUCATION

W. Emmett Conway, '08.



On the average person, far removed from the ennobling presence and influences of those closely bound to him by family ties, there is perhaps no exercise of the mind which begets greater or more genuine pleasure than does the mere contemplation of the parental abode—home. The very sound of the word strikes a sympathetic cord in the most unresponsive heart: it penetrates the mask of the most impassive worldling; it pierces the soul of the exile with unrelenting severity and makes his punishment all the more severe; it disturbs the peace of the stoic and the scoffer and reduces all to a common level—human and sentimental. The undying love of home is plainly seen, when, during the yuletide, men and women, young and old, endure the discomforts of limited transportation and journey to distant points, at great expense, to engage for a few brief hours in the pleasures of home. What is the cause of this universal and undying affection for home? This question can be answered individually. It is not luxury or wealth, for in the humble peasant cottage the love of sons and daughters thrives as firmly as in the most opulent mansion. No! the possession of worldly goods holds little place in our thoughts in the contemplation of home. Far and above this shines the love and esteem for those who brought us into the world and who have been our guides and models after which our lives have been patterned.

In this picture which we mentally conjure before us there appears a figure which we at once place in the most attractive position and around which we drape the other component parts; it is woman, whose beneficent influence is felt especially in the home, her divinely appointed kingdom. She is the inspiring personage in the concept of home, who diffuses her light to every part of the picture and reveals the beauty of the surroundings. She is the never-failing mainstay of the abode, to whom we hast-

en in the moment of glory as well as in the time of adversity; she is a necessary personage in the concept of home, the removal of which causes our picture to appear common-place and unfinished and robs it of its greatest asset.

Who, among us, with his frail and limited intellect, can examine the abstract goods of the world and measure the virtuous possibilities which a mother possesses? As well attempt to conceive the infinite, for her powers are beyond human reckoning. With her lies the possibility of sending forth sons and daughters prepared, by their early training, to battle with the world and improve it by their efforts; she may impart to a younger generation the precepts of a learned and pious mind and inspire them by the examples of a virtuous life, so that when the world sounds its often repeated cry for men and women of moral and intellectual worth, they will stand forth, willing and prepared to perform their share of the labor in the betterment of human existence. Upon her, to a large extent, the nations of the world must depend for their future condition, for upon the home depends the state. To her they must turn when they wish to fill an office of vital importance to the nation; upon her they depend for the production of men who will be able to rise above the commonplace level of humanity and effectively benefit the race. In her ear is the ever resounding cry, "So educate the coming generation that we may fill our public offices, schools and other important positions, with persons who possess not only intellectual ability but sound, moral, convictions!"

Since woman possesses such great possibilities for working good and must assume such grave responsibilities, it follows, that if she, herself, is misguided in her reasonings or actions, proportionately great evil will follow. Whether she chooses to preside over a home—which position is generally conceded as most favorable to women—or enter into the lists of those toiling in the world, she should be suitably trained for her occupation. We preach, continuously, of the benefits of higher education for men and pity those to whom it is denied, but we may well be called narrow-minded if we would attempt to deny these privileges to the opposite sex. Education, in any aspect, is essentially beneficial, and since woman has been raised from the depths of pagan degradation and placed in her present exalted position, she should not be denied the blessings of the present day education. Let her quench her thirst at the fountains of learning and thus enlarge and beautify her field of labor; permit her to drink deeply at the Pierian spring, that, returning she may be all the more beneficial to the world and its beings.

It is generally conceded, by all who have given the subject deep thought, that for a man to succeed in the world along intellectual lines, he must partake of the higher forms of education. We see colleges overflowing with young men, who, in anticipation of the study of a profession, spend years in those branches of study which will give them a more general education, and also serve to broaden the mind. But since we admit that man must be well prepared for his advent into the intellectual world, are we not inconsistent when we regard these same privileges as needless to woman? A glance over the history of the past twenty-five years will convince us that woman as a wage earner is no longer regarded as a curiosity but almost a necessity. In the ranks of the professions, in offices and in schools, they number in the thousands where a few years back, they were practically unknown. And since woman chooses to throw aside the customs of the past and engage in the struggle even as men do, who will say that she should be denied the same amount of preparation which they receive. She should be given every advantage which will tend to augment her success, and the most reliable asset she can acquire is higher education.

Much as we might say of woman as a contender in the world's strife, it is especially in the home that we regard her as essentially in her element. Here, away from the treachery and avarice of worldly minds and immune from the care of worldly support, she may, in the greatest sense, exercise her beneficial powers and prove herself a godsend to man. As an educator of children, whose future success depends largely upon their early education, she must prove herself capable or else the unlimited possibilities of her teaching office will be lost. To impart to the young the virtues which will be remunerative in later years; to guide them over the many pitfalls which present themselves at the turning point of life; to train the child to be, at all times, a person of character, unswayed by prejudice or temptation—these are but a few of the duties which fall to the mother in her divinely appointed office. Yet would you say that these offices can be entrusted to one who has received little or no intellectual training? to one who is ignorant of her responsibilities and whose ideals are not above the common-place? No! we must readily admit that the training of children requires an educated mind. It requires great moral faculties, so that when the child faces the temptations of the world he may recall the inspiring words of his teacher and direct his steps in the correct path. President Eliot of Harvard cannot be accused of exaggeration or undue enthusiasm when he said that training children "is the most intellectual

occupation in the world." Her responsibilities and opportunities are so many that, to truly perform her functions as a teacher, she must be educated that she may realize the former and improve the latter.

Education, with its manifold advantages, cannot be too abundantly bestowed upon any individual. We cannot say that either man or woman can be too highly educated. But with all its recommendations, it may prove worse than useless if the wrong kind of learning is imbibed or if it is taught in a faulty manner. Thus we would not advise a course in mechanics as an essential to a statesman or a minister of the gospel, and he would be an object of pity were his knowledge limited to this branch. Yet in our co-educational institutions of today the condition of female students is in some respects as ridiculous. These institutions, founded and established strictly for the training of men, with a curriculum admirably adapted to the needs of male students and the courses especially established for our young men, today admit as students, women, whom they expect to conform to the rigorous and essentially masculine courses of study. Does not this appear most inconsistent and border on the ridiculous? To say that woman, whose most marked characteristics are essentially feminine, and who is the most admirable inasmuch as she possesses womanly traits—to say that she in order to educate herself, should enter the lists with young men, conform herself to their mode of study, adapt herself to their manner of thinking and imbibe the golden words of wisdom in a manner most suited to man, is to say that the feminine charms in woman are useless and that all, regardless of sex, should cultivate the same habits of life. She is not fitted for the work as it is offered in co-educational schools. I do not mean to say that woman is mentally incapable of performing the work—for past experience has proven the contrary—but I wish to impress upon you that to acquire an education, which will be beneficial in all the term implies, she must choose an institution whose work is suited to her feminine sensibilities, whose aim is to impart abundant and practical knowledge, and at the same time enhance the admirable qualities which constitute "woman, the fairest flower on earth."

There must be some distinct aim in view in educating woman, the same as in man. Too often do we hear the term, education, applied to woman in that vague, abstract sense which means merely the spending of an allotted period of time and the acquiring of an amount of profound though impractical learning. Woman, with her admirable virtues and sensibilities, so susceptible of development, should not be burdened with an abundance

of impractical knowledge but should be trained and educated in those studies best suited to her individual character. At the completion of her college career she should be so prepared that if she chooses she may enter into the work of the world and instead of being a rival and a detriment to man, prove herself a valuable helper, an important acquisition in the world's great work. But if her mind is crowded with a superfluity of vague and impractical ideas; if she is filled with learning suitable only to man, if she is imbued with the thought that all the conventional differences between man and woman should be laid aside, can you not see the result? She will be inclined to develop the traits of men, to throw aside as beautiful though useless adornments, those womanly characteristics of which poets love to sing and which man most admires in the opposite sex. A tendency to despise her lot in life will develop in her; she will long for the seeming freedom of masculine ways, which, once acquired, makes her despicable in the eyes of men; unhappiness and discontent follow rapidly, and thus the former beautiful ideals of womanhood are shattered to give way to the advent of the manly woman.

In the midst of all these deplorable results, which we recognize as inevitable consequences of co-education, there looms up a powerful institution upon which we may rely—the college for women. Here, surrounded by all the conditions adapted to her nature, woman may engage herself in the most advanced intellectual work and at the same time preserve and foster her refinement and culture. She must be granted all the assistance necessary in perfecting herself in the manner intended by nature. While her intellectual world is being enlarged her moral development must not be hindered but vastly improved through the acquisition of the inspiring ideals of Christian womanhood. Thus will woman work for her own betterment, for it was through the elevating influence of Christianity that woman was raised from the depths of pagan degradation, and it is through Christianity that she must expect to retain her present exalted throne. To retain her hold upon man's respect she must receive the right kind of education or else assume the risk of degenerating. As Dr. Shields truthfully remarks in his new book, "If our Catholic women are to retain their sweetness and refinement they must be educated by women, in schools for women, and along the lines demanded by woman's nature."

We are accustomed to hear on all sides the warning that we are degenerating, and that as Rome fell so shall our country crumble. We need not accept these fanatical declarations in their full sense, but we may ponder over the possibilities of such an

event. It is possible that we may not always be the powerful nation we are today, but so long as the women of our country are thoroughly and practically educated we may hope to improve instead of deteriorate. The pages of history abound in the illustrious achievements of woman, and since her field of activity is but enlarged through education, we may expect to see her add greater laurels in the future. Through education we may hope to see her fully acquire the ability to labor successfully in the world and improve it by her presence; we may expect to see her preside over homes in the future as in the past, and never suffer the home to deteriorate from the high esteem in which it is now held; through education we may expect to see her mingle in the world, without contamination, and by her useful and virtuous life inspire man to greater and nobler deeds.

## Saint Catherine of Alexandria

WM. A. McGUIRE, '08



EVER since the dawn of Christianity, when woman was raised from her low degradation and elevated to the exalted position which she now holds and so charmingly graces, the companion of man has not only, by her loving tenderness and disinterested affections, shown herself worthy of ruling over the hearts of men and reigning as queen in the domestic and social order, but she has also, by her noble virtues and indefatigable zeal, instilled into man that brilliant spirit of true Christian chivalry; by the ardent flame of her piety and self-sacrifice she has dispelled the gloomy mists surrounding her early thralldom, and by the penetrating and effulgent rays of her glowing ardor she has written her name in letters of gold on the scroll of fame and elicited the praise and admiration of ages.

Since by the doctrine of the incarnation, Christianity rehabilitated the whole human race, so also by the doctrine of the divine maternity did Christianity ameliorate the sorrowful lot of woman and raise her from her own especial degradation. From

this time-dividing epoch nothing great or noble was to be accomplished within the bosom of the Church without some women participating in the deed, and the history of the Catholic Church is replete with innumerable incidents of the truly wonderful and heroic achievements of her daughters. We read with tear-dimmed eyes and hearts overflowing with sorrow and compassion of those frail and delicate bodies torn to pieces by the savage beasts in the amphitheatre, and again our heart goes out in sympathy and admiration to those noble women who banished from their minds all wordly thoughts and shared with the holy anchorites the possession of the desert.

However, the saintly daughters of Eve were destined to take a more active and important part in human affairs and through their heroic efforts they wielded such a powerful and beneficent influence over mankind that they imparted a renewed vigor and added splendor to the refinement and civilization of every Christian age. We read of the artistic mind of the illustrious St. Cecilia, under whose name music is glorified, and we find the heroic and pious queen Blanche, the purity and splendor of whose life shines forth as a beautiful example of the queenly mother of a saintly king; and again we see the glistening tears of St. Monica redeeming the errors of her wayward son and giving to the world the great philosopher and theologian, St. Augustine, but there is one saint, the holiness and purity of whose life seems to me to stand pre-eminently above all others and should command the respect, veneration and love of every true Catholic; a saint whose pure spotless life won for her the noblest virtue that can adorn the Christian's crown, virginity; a saint whose invincible firmness in her adherence to Christianity and whose indomitable courage in the face of death won for her the crown of martyrdom; a saint whose remarkable wisdom and purifying and illuminating knowledge procured for her the exalted and well-merited title of patroness of philosophy—St. Catherine, the virgin martyr and philosopher of Alexandria.

No doubt you are well acquainted with the life and deeds of this saint, but a brief description of her short and remarkable career will probably freshen in your minds the memory of a saint whom all true lovers of virtue and wisdom should admire and imitate. Catherine was born of royal parents about the fourth century, in Africa. As a child she was remarkable for her wisdom and acquirements, reveling in the philosophical treatises of Plato and Aristotle; as a maiden she was famed for her beauty, riches and learning. At the death of her father this young princess fell heir to the kingdom and during the short period of her

reign she gained the good will and love of the people by her wise and just laws; but her subjects became very much displeased at her unwillingness to marry, asserting that her gifts of noble birth, beauty and wisdom should be transmitted to future generations. To all their entreating petitions and supplications this unworldly virgin had but one answer, saying, that the husband whom she would wed must be so noble that kings would worship him, his beauty must be such that angels should desire to gaze upon him, and his benignity so great that he could forgive all offences. This answer, as we might imagine, disheartened the people of Alexandria, for they knew of no such prince, but Catherine remained persistent in her determination to wed the prince of her choice or none at all. The beautiful story continues to relate how through the vision of a holy hermit, to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared Catherine received the joyful information that the spouse whom she desired was none other than the Divine Son of Mary who alone possessed all and even more than the requirements she demanded. We can imagine with what joy she received this message and with what eagerness she awaited the appearance of the mysterious prince. A few nights after, her peaceful slumbers were disturbed by the vision of a beautiful angel who guided her to the presence of the Divine Son. Recognizing in His sublime countenance the prince of her choice, she knelt before Him in adoration; but her joy was soon to be turned into sorrow for she heard coming from the Divine lips the words, "She is not fair and beautiful enough for me." At these words Catherine awoke, and unable to account for her wonderful but sad dream, wept bitterly and seeking the holy hermit for advice she inquired by what means she could become worthy of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Having explained the meaning of the vision, this holy recluse instructed her in the true faith and together with her mother she was baptized. The following night in a similar vision the Blessed Virgin appeared to her and, presenting her to the Divine Son, said; "Behold she hath been baptized and I have been her godmother." Hearing these loving words Christ smiled upon her and plighted his troth by placing a ring on her finger. When Catherine awoke the ring was still there and in words steeped in the glowing fervor of her loving heart and undying devotion, she made a vow that thenceforward she would despise all earthly things and live only in the hope that some day she would join her Heavenly Bridegroom in His kingdom of glory.

The glorious career of this saint now formally commenced, for it was from this time onward that she displayed to such

great advantage in the interest of her new faith, those noble virtues and that remarkable wisdom which were characteristic of her childhood, but which now seemed to shine forth with a brilliancy and peerless splendor illumined by the glowing flame of sincere devotion and happy contentment in the zealous practice of the true religion. St. Catherine now devoted herself to a life of secluded contemplation and austerity, sacrificing her rich mental gifts and the pleasures of this life on the altar of the God whom she so devoutly adored; and so zealous was she in the cultivation of that most sublime and beautiful virtue of virginity, that she truly seemed as a sacred blossom of infinite delicacy and sensibility which was blooming in the soft and vivifying light of faith and was finally to blossom forth into a beautiful flower of ravishing colors whose sweet perfume was soon to be wafted on the breeze of time, communicating to future generations its refreshing fragrance and instilling in men a spirit of goodness and greater devotion for everything pure and holy.

St. Catherine lived in an age of tyrannical oppression and open persecution of Christians, in an age which was deluged in the blood of those innocent mortals whose sole ambition it was to live in the zealous practice of their religious convictions and to die in their defence; but our fearless young saint, nothing daunted by the severity and ferocious cruelty of those blood-thirsty persecutors, emerged from her voluntary seclusion and openly acknowledged her firm belief in the religion of Christ. This was during the reign of the Emperor Maximin, the worthless son of a worthless father, who instilled with the hereditary hatred of his ancestors for the Christian, and imbued with an unconquerable and fiendish desire of satiating his gluttinous appetite in the blood of the Christians, declared a persecution against them throughout his empire.

Those surpassing gifts of purity and holiness which excited our unbounded admiration and love in St. Catherine are now lost in the dazzling glow of her zeal, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice which she displayed, when guarded by the unsullied shield of virtue and armed with the weapons of her own true convictions, she appeared before the tyrant, and engaged him in a discussion and utterly confounded him. The emperor, incensed by his ignominious defeat at the hands of a woman, ordered that fifty of the most learned men of the kingdom be brought to dispute with this young philosopher. In the disputation which followed, St. Catherine, sustained by the power of God, not only vanquished them in argument but converted them to her own true faith. After witnessing this display of her wonderful learn-

ing and the conversions of his foremost scholars, the fury of Maximin knew no bounds and in the heat of his fiendish anger he commanded that the new Christians be burned to death; but the heroic and unflinching St. Catherine, undaunted by the fear of death, stood by this ghastly pile of human victims and in words of comfort, she told them that their blood would be their baptism and the devouring flames their crown of glory.

Having failed by various perfidious means to overcome the virtue of this noble and heroic princess, the emperor cast her into a loathsome dungeon where she remained for several weeks without food or drink, but when the prison doors were finally opened, St. Catherine came forth more beautiful and more radiant than ever. The news of this unmistakable and wonderful miracle having spread rapidly throughout the city, the empress and many nobles proclaimed their conversion to Christianity, and as their reward they were all made the happy recipients of the martyr's crown.

The buoyant and unshaken spirit of St. Catherine was now to undergo a final test. This hell-inspired monster who made Alexandria run red with the blood of those heroic martyrs, now offered to enthrone St. Catherine as the mistress of the world if she would but listen to him; but the proposal was spurned and as a fitting punishment she was ordered to be bound to four spiked wheels which revolved in different directions so that she might be torn to pieces while the emperor would revel in the horrible sight of her convulsions of agony. As soon as Catherine was bound to this instrument of torture, the God whom she so devotedly loved, baffled their cruel designs and to the amazement and despair of Maximin, the chords which bound her were snapped asunder by the invisible power of an angel, the wheels were consumed by fire and the fragments were thrown about with such force that the executioners and many of the spectators were killed. But the emperor, still imbued with his fiendish hatred, remained utterly and stubbornly blind to this manifest intervention of God; and in order to rid himself of her hated presence, he compelled her to suffer the penalty of her fearless courage and unflinching constancy in the practice of her faith, by ordering her to be decapitated. Thus ended the glorious career of one of the noblest and holiest women of the fourth century.

In making a study of the life of any saint our mind is forcibly drawn toward some inherent and predominating characteristic of his life, some virtue, the especial cultivation of which distinguishes him from others,—it may be either piety, self-sacrifice, or purity of life, but in St. Catherine we not only find all these

virtues united in one harmonious whole, but our attention is principally attracted by a most beautiful combination of qualities, a combination of piety and learning, the harmonious blending of her extraordinary spirit of sanctity enhanced and illuminated by the brilliancy of her mental gifts, of her remarkable wisdom which was sanctified by her extraordinary spirit of piety. Thus we find, in reading her holy life, a saint who by her intimate communion with God learned that the peerless soul of a virgin is the most beautiful thing on earth, a saint whose fearless courage and invincible firmness in the defence of her religion should be the object of our admiration and sincere veneration, a saint whose womanly accomplishments and surpassing mental gifts should call forth our wonder and worshipful reverence.

We know from history that God has frequently chosen the meek and humble frame of a maiden for the most extraordinary manifestations of His power and goodness, hence we are not surprised to find in St. Catherine that love of learning and that remarkable zeal with which she devoted her life to the attainment and perfection of the most excellent of all human sciences—philosophy; that science which, guided by the luminous torch of reason, explores the dark and gloomy caverns of highest causes; that science which throws open the inexhaustible treasure-house of knowledge and adorns the minds with the priceless gems of wisdom; that science which made Cicero exclaim in admiration: "O philosophy, thou art the guide of life, the guardian of virtue and the banisher of vice! What would the life of man be without thee!"

There is perhaps no other saint who should have more claims to our respect and veneration than St. Catherine, for who is there better fitted to administer to our spiritual needs than that saint who preferred her virtue and chastity to all worldly advantages, and who is there more capable of ministering to the wants of our mental faculties than that saint whose remarkable learning and brilliant talents illumined the dark by-ways of error by the torch of her wisdom and guided those erring souls to the sunlit path which leads to the resplendent gates of heaven.



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# THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

FRANCIS E. MUNSCH, '08



IS IT true that many young men today are tramping the streets without work and often without an enviable reputation, but with an A. M. or an A. B. from some college? People, especially those who never made a college course, are wont to help circulate such a report with a certain contempt for colleges, and with the secret insinuation that a college graduate is hardly ever able to take a position in the world and successfully cope with the stern realities of life. The college-bred youth is rather looked upon as an idle visionary or an effeminate character, without stamina, one who has always had what he desired, who never knew want, and who was never inured to toil and knows not what earnest work is. While it is a melancholy truth and a fact to be deplored that many an A. M. or A. B. is today leading the life of a worthless citizen, or a life little becoming his college education, still it is not only a partial, one-sided and prejudiced view, but it is purblind strabismus to see nothing of worth in our college graduates and to see the majority of them pursuing a low path in life.

Those people who are forever finding graduates a worthless lot, and who thereby cast covert slurs at college education, must remember that if a student fails to acquire an honorable position in life, if he is incapable of holding a responsible place in the world, the fault is almost always subjective, and consequently the blame must rest on the graduate and not upon the institution, which has done its best to equip him for his life work. If the student has successfully passed his examinations for degrees he is entitled to them; whether or not he pursues the right path, once he has left his college, is largely and solely due to himself. And surely no one can reasonably say that his future unsuccessful, unedifying and worthless career is traceable to the ennobling influences of a school of intellectual and moral culture. No, this would be gross falsehood and would be challenged by anyone having the slightest regard for truth. And why so. Because it is within the college walls that the student receives a noble impetus and every sort of wholesome influence; it is there that he is constantly brought into contact with stimulating examples of virtue, with living types of true, Christian manhood; it is there that the loftiest ideals are held up for his imitation. If afterwards he neglects to follow out these inspiring principles, he cannot plead ig-

norance of them. Let him say then in self accusation, as the great saint of Hippo, "I know the better things and approve them, yet I in weakness pursue the worse." Let no one then underrate the high moral influence of college life, for indeed, for one worthless graduate that issues from Alma Mater's sacred halls, a dozen can be found who have been wrought within her hallowed precincts into men of sterling worth.

The less offensive but no less irritating accusation that the college graduate is seldom fit for a position in the active, busy world is grossly exaggerated by many. Consider the student's entrance into college and follow his sojourn there. Is his not a rigorous training? He has a purpose in coming to college, he has an end for which he desires to be prepared and educated. He is set to a curriculum of studies which he must pursue with attention and earnestness. Every day finds him with a portion of work which he is expected to accomplish. He is given trials and examinations which he must pass successfully for promotion. This systematic work is pursued for years till finally the day comes when he is pronounced competent in his branch and able to enter the field he has elected. Little doubt can remain then that the college man who occupies a professional station in the world is ably prepared to encounter all that can be reasonably expected from him. If the graduate has attended a real college he knows personally that it is by dint of continued effort that he has won his laurels. He knows what work is.

Is not the college man fit for the toils and ennui of the strenuous life? Is he not equal to the work attendant on the busy editor, doctor, lawyer, and business man? Has he never met toil in his long course at college? Was everything milk and honey to him there? Ah! no. The true student will tell you what work is. How often has he burned the midnight oil pondering over his volumes. After such a laborious career he ought to be equal to any task that his profession may call for, and to grapple with it with a will and not faint under its weight or be disheartened by difficulties. Long hours in the office will not find him growing prematurely weary or fatigued. The habit of work has been formed at college and has become a second nature. Besides being thoroughly proficient in the subject matter, and in the distinct requirements of his profession, the college graduate makes other acquisitions at college which render him more capable and suited to secure a successful career in the world of activities. He has received at college a certain refinement, he has acquired a firmness and fineness of character which is not acquired at once, cannot be assumed at will, but grows slowly and imperceptibly.

His environments have had a humanizing influence on him and have taught him how to live with others sociably, and hence people will recognize that distinctly cultured air and manner which attaches to a college-bred man. This is not effeminacy, it is simply good manners, the good breeding of an educated gentleman. By the friction of the educational process at college the native roughness and crudities of youth have been smoothed till our student becomes a polished gentleman. And what an advantage does he possess in the professional or business world, who is known as a real gentleman? Habits, too, of regularity and punctuality have been cultivated at college—dispositions quite indispensable for success in any avocation.

Equipped then with such knowledge of his profession, together with well-formed habits, must the graduate fail and that too precisely because he is a graduate? It is preposterous. True, experience and practice are lacking but nothing can take the place of these. It is safe to say that in a short time, growing in age, practice, and experience, the student will become a leader in his field, because he possesses many distinct advantages over those who have not received the opportunities of the college course. Away then with this platitude that men from college fail and must fail in the world because forsooth a few A. B.'s now are adrift who scarce can eke out a miserable living. It is the duty, and we hope the determined ambition, of every graduate here this year to make false the assertion in his case. Let all the members of the '08 class, in emulous rivalry of their predecessors, go forth fearlessly to meet the tasks that await them, and as worthy alumni of a Catholic College do such perfect work as will again demonstrate the advantage of college training.

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## AS THE TWIG IS BENT

L. G. LIBERT, 08



WHEN the gentle South winds with their soft breath dispel from the sky the dark, threatening, wintry clouds; when the glorious sun shoots forth his glittering beams and lifts up the snowy white mantle which has covered the plains these long months; when the migrating birds have returned, warbling their sweet love notes to their mates and search for fit and favorable surroundings in which to build their nests; when the plains, the valleys and the forests assume a

verdurous hue which pleases the eye and rejoices the heart, then we know that spring is at hand; that the time preparatory for sowing has arrived. The fields which but yesterday seemed barren wastes are today carefully prepared to receive at the most propitious time seeds from which will grow tiny plants; these will be tenderly trained and cultivated in order that their development may reach its utmost capacity, and that yielding fruit most abundantly they may attain the ultimate end for which the ploughman strove so laboriously.

If the season of the year must be so carefully selected, the soil prepared with assiduous care and labor for the reception of seed, the plant trimmed and nurtured so diligently that it may not be dwarfed, stunted, and prevented from attaining its fullest development—fruit; if so much care is required for that insignificant seed to propagate and perfect its own species, how much more minute and constant is the care that must be given to the education of the child, God's own seedling which is full of the most varied possibilities. The body, the animal part of man, grows by intussusception, and this physical growth in childhood, youth and early manhood is attained with the help of manual labor or athletics or both. The body becomes strong, sinewy and muscular, capable of strenuous activity, a fit abode for a sound mind. But an excess of physical development presents before our eyes the picture of a typical ignorant barbarian, warlike, brutish, sensual, regardless alike of right or duties, of education, law or religion; he seeks nothing but the performance of feats of endurance and strength such as carrying on murderous wars, killing, slaughtering and bathing in the blood of his victims, burning, plundering and satisfying his lecherous passions amidst his weird and gruesome debaucheries; this is the height of his ambition, the boast of his glorious achievements, and the summit of his happiness. On the other hand, an excess of mental development will produce an object of pity, a weak, puny and stunted body; a mind selfish, supercilious and precocious.

The soul of man, composed of intellect and will, must be trained and educated. If you fill the intellect in the most thorough manner by compelling it to master all the principles found in extended mathematical, scientific, and classical courses and have not the will under control, you have succeeded to an eminent degree in putting into the hands of a madman a double-edged weapon for his own undoing as well as for the destruction of others; yes the possessor of an intellect crammed with all sorts of knowledge, with no power over the will, is like a pilot entering into a harbor with a rudderless ship or an engineer running at

terrific speed with a broken throttle at his side—he follows a path leading nowhere but to wholesale destruction. The results of pernicious education stare at us from all sides; criminals of every description are yearly turned out by the wholesale, and why is it that in the year 1905, we, the enlightened people of this prosperous republic, attained the sad pre-eminence of having a higher percentage of suicides than any European country? Why is it that the judges in our courts of justice are daily obliged to listen to the most scandalous, disgusting, and filthy accounts of matrimonial infidelities, grant decrees of divorce whereby these parties may mate again and lead poligamous lives? Why is it that we have so many mysterious murders, so many dollar-worshipers who are accumulating enormous fortunes through disreputable means, so many evil-doers openly defying the laws of the country, so many gentlemen thieves who manage to elude their deserved abode, the penitentiary? The fault is ours, it is in our lop-sided system of education; the cry is to educate the intellect, follow materialistic principles to attain this education as though this were the sum of education. From different quarters is also heard the cry to teach general principles of morality in schools, and why such a dismal failure? Because there is a lack of knowledge and authority in teaching the primary principle upon which is based the control of the will. The will must be educated, but not unless through the intellect, for the will has no power to will or desire anything unknown by the intellect; as the will is free, it is capricious, and if not led and made to appreciate different goods by the intellect, it must necessarily seek goods of its choice, led by deception of the emotions and the allurements of the passions. For whatever comes to the intellect comes through the gateway of the senses; all our sense impressions are acquired images of external objects, mostly through the eye and the ear, the most spiritual of the senses. All these impressed species are wrought upon and dissected by the powers of the intellect, whence the will is trained to appreciate and to choose different goods guided by the directing voice of conscience.

“Conscience,” says Balmes, “signifies the judgment which we ourselves form of our actions as good or evil. Thus, when we are about to perform an action, conscience points it out to us as good or bad, and consequently lawful or unlawful; and thus directs our conduct. The action being performed, it tells us whether we have done well or ill, it excuses or condemns us, it rewards us with peace of mind or punishes us with remorse.” Quoting further, “conscience is formed under the influence of all the causes which forcibly act on our hearts.” Then conscience, that vi-

tal spark implanted in us with the first breath of life by the Creator of the Universe, must necessarily be formed into an illuminating blaze under His most salutary direction whereby this being will attain the glorious end for which it was destined. As God has willed the end, He has also provided the means for the attainment of that end. God, since the creation of man, has always directed his creatures, during the first 4000 years by means of his prophets, and since the Christian era by his own Son, Christ, who founded His Church and remains with her for all time, teaching all things to all men through his divinely appointed teachers. Scarcely is the child able to utter a few monosyllables than that little trusting heart, throbbing with love for all those that surround it, is taught by its parents whose powers are delegated by God Himself, to discriminate right from wrong, good from evil, justice from injustice, truth from falsehood, and virtue from vice. Armed with these first theoretical principles, conscience throughout the life of the individual, ever under the watchful guidance of that infallible Authority, directs the will to appreciate different goods from the knowledge acquired by the intellect. This is a theoretical and practical education of the feelings and of the heart, of the mind and of the soul.

What a deplorable fact it is that our modern teachers, while advocating the teaching of moral principles in schools, ignorantly or willfully confound the powers and faculties of the heart and soul. "Intellectual education," says Compayre, "is surely the best preparation for moral education." How may this be understood if it is not simply putting blazing torches in the hands of children? While educators clamor for moral education in schools, the law strictly and explicitly forbids religious education to be inculcated in schools, and yet morality is the offspring of religion. What is the reason for this chaotic predicament and this miserable state of ignorance into which multitudes are plunged? Is it prejudice or narrow-mindedness? Is it willful ignorance or malice. Nay, God forbid, that these people be in such pitiable condition through their fault. The fault is not theirs, but their leaders, a few proud, conceited and passionate men who a few centuries past deceitfully led the masses into error where both the leaders and the led found themselves in an almost irremediable and abject slavery of the heart, mind and soul. However much the modern instructors glory and boast of the success attained in their teaching of morality in schools, yet the fact remains that that much vaunted principle has led and is leading yearly a numerous horde to skepticism, infidelity and atheism.

As the mariner on the high seas guides his vessel to safety by the light of the Polar Star, so also must we children of earth have a guiding star to lead us through this hazy and troubled life to a haven of safety and joy; yes, and this beacon light is no other than Christ, the ideal man, the model and exemplar for all men and for all time. Friends, just think of this; just think of what it means that the God-man came down upon earth and obeyed His creature Mary, His mother in all, even the minutest details of life, while she obeyed her son, her God. What a more sublime picture can be conceived for the painter's brush and the poet's pen? How can perfection of authority and obedience between God and His creatures be better exemplified to our minds and to our hearts? What more perfect ideals can be put before the young learner's eyes than Christ, the ideal man and Mary the ideal woman? Surely none, for as soon as these ideals are removed from the sight of both young and old they are bewildered, they find themselves in utter darkness, and seek but seek in vain, for they despised and spurned their only guide, that true and perfect authority. "Man," as defined by Aristotle, "is a religious animal," Hence, all his education must be based upon religious principles, otherwise all his attainments, all his knowledge, is like a massive building erected on a defective foundation. This fact is recognized by many of our consistent, modern educators who are trying to devise means to remedy this defective system of education.

As we Catholics, living in this age of inventions, progress and prosperity, are fully conscious of and realize the fact that we possess the only true, perfect, and substantial Christian system of education, a system which has stood external assaults as well as internal dissensions for nearly two thousand years and emerged from each successive encounter with victorious colors unfurled higher and higher skyward, a system which educates the whole man and which was founded and directed by the highest authority—that authority which can never fail or lead us astray so long as we heed its commands and adhere to them; we who are conscious of all this must labor zealously and conscientiously in propagating and teaching this only system of education which develops the whole, the perfect man, and thus help to make the age in which we live a glorious and a worthy age.



# THE MAN OF THE HOUR

W. J. REMILLARD, '08



AUGUST 1, 1889, was the twenty-first anniversary of John Cleary's birthday. He was the only son of William J. Cleary, a wealthy and prosperous banker of Fifth avenue. The young man had been attending college for several years and had returned home with the sorrowful news that he had failed to obtain the required graduation average, and being discouraged he informed his father that his college days were over, and that he would not make another attempt in the educational line. Half of the vacation had already slipped away and each day heard John make the avowal that he would have no more of college life. Each afternoon found him with his friends, spinning along Broadway or through the gorgeous parks in the Cleary touring car, and each evening he was surrounded by a host of acquaintances at the bar, at the ball, or at the theatre. He hardly realized that vacation was over, enjoyment of every kind had so surrounded him in the past two months. Finally, one evening in the first week of September his father called him into the library just as he was about to leave.

Mr. Cleary had partly ignored John's protestations in regard to his return to college, but now he felt that it was his duty to step in and use his parental authority.

"Well John," he began, "have you decided when to leave?"

"Leave for where?" questioned the young man with surprise. The father mused for a moment, and then continued. "Look here my boy, you have enjoyed yourself this summer about as well as any young man in New York, and it is time now that you take a different view of affairs. Tomorrow at 1:25 p. m., you will be prepared to leave for Buffalo, where you will continue your studies and make another attempt at graduation." Two fiery eyes met the authoritative glance of the father.

"I cannot and moreover will not go," was the impudent reply. No motive is better calculated to inspire the hatred of one being for another than the abuse of the former's good graces. The kind and loving father lost all patience with his impudent son. A disgraceful dispute arose between parent and child and ended in the awful words, "Go where you will, but never cross

my threshold again." That night when the city bells rang out the midnight hour, a middle-aged gentleman was still reclining in his spacious apartments mourning the loss of an only boy, and at the same moment a young man was leaning over the railing of an observation car, torturing himself with a farewell view of his native city and the memories of an affectionate father.

It was October the 1st, 1889, at 5:45 p. m., that the long west-bound limited slowed up at Hastings, Nebraska, for the accommodation of a single passenger whose long journey ended here. He alighted on the platform, and as he did so a close observer would have noticed not only the perplexity which seizes one when he arrives at a station where he is totally unknown, but also a look of deep-hidden and long-endured mental agony. He was dressed neatly in black and carried a light telescope at his side. He walked briskly over towards a conspicuous building which bore the inscription, "The Western Home," registered, and was shown to a neat apartment with the maid's kind greeting, "This is your room sir." He entered, spent a few moments in the refreshing lavatory, and soon found himself enjoying his evening repast with a dozen cowboys who had just returned from a cattle-drive and were on their way back to the ranch. He said comparatively little during the meal but had the pleasure of spending the evening with the overseer of the gang, who alone remained at the hotel, while the others spent the night at Tampa Cafe.

"Well," concluded the overseer, "if you're lookin' for a ranch job I think you might as well start out with us tomorrow, as we need another man right away."

"I am heartily thankful to you," said John, "and I will do the square thing towards you, and will give you my best service. I will be ready to leave at sunrise."

Indeed John had no trouble keeping his word as he slept very little during the night. In fact, he was up and dressed long before any of the others, so that when the eastern sky began to change from purple to crimson he had saddled his broncho and was rapidly covering the narrow road-way with his companions. A long, hot and sultry day closed just as they reached the ranch. John sat around the fire after he had partaken of a hearty meal, and before he retired for the night he had won the friendship and good will of every one of his cowboy associates. Of course he was a so-called "tender-foot," but the initiation did not last long and the gang's admiration of him increased with each succeeding day. He became a wonder in his new state of life, and from his

excellent horsemanship and self-control he merited the cognomen, of "Brainey Jack."

It would here be trespassing upon the novelist's grounds to record the events which took place during the following nineteen years. Enough to say that he became a thrifty cowboy and before wrinkles had crowned his brow, John Cleary was a prosperous and wealthy ranchman.

It was October 12th, 1907 when Jack was making one of his ordinary trips to Hastings that a storm overtook him and continued with such violence that he was compelled to put up for the night in "The Western Home." He was the only stranger there, so the long dreary hours brought a cloud of lonesomeness over him and forced his thoughts to wander back to the scenes of his boyhood days. He could not endure the torturing memories, so he picked up a newspaper which lay beside him and began to peruse the different headlines. He was startled for a moment, and then read on: "Terrible Financial Crisis," "Many New York Bankers Involved in Big Money Trouble," "Wm. Cleary Accused of Heavy Speculation"—

He seized his hat, ordered the clerk to inform his ranchmen that he would be absent for two weeks, and was soon speeding eastward over the harvest-laden territories of Nebraska.

The great financial trial took place in New York November 1st. An elderly gentleman, known as Wm. J. Cleary, was seated in the defendant's chair surrounded by several prominent lawyers. His snow-white head drooped upon his breast as the judge stood up to read the sentence. The court room was filled with Fifth avenue bank patrons who listened intently to the thrilling words of the speaker.

"Wm. J. Cleary, president of the Fifth Avenue National Bank, has been accused of speculating with the capital of said bank, and found guilty of same. Wherefore the Supreme Court judges it fit herewith to impose upon him an imprisonment of fifteen years."

The deep silence which had hitherto filled the court room was suddenly broken by the footsteps of a middle-aged man who walked up the centre aisle, placed his hand upon the railing in front of the judge and calmly remarked: "Your honor, I would like to be informed of the amount of money said to be out against Mr. Cleary." The question was rather uncalled for, but the judge answered abruptly:

"Sixty-one thousand dollars."

"Then," he said, tossing his purse over upon the lawyers' table,

"put his accounts down to my name. That elderly gentleman is my father."

The applause and cheers which arose from the courtroom were deafening and overwhelming.

When the refreshing breezes brought Wm. J. Cleary to his senses he found himself spinning through Belvin Park in a roomy automobile seated beside a middle-aged man who was peacefully exhaling the vapors of a La Madevia, and glancing interestedly over the latest publication of the rise and fall of the western stock markets.

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### THE CURTAIN CALL.

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Clarence P. Conway, '08

All the world's a stage—at least 'tis writ—  
 And we, the actors, often are discussed;  
 The scenes in which we make our little hit  
 Are used by others, when we are but dust.  
 Thus college life, in which the young perform,  
 And fondly hope in future years to star,  
 Brings forth the man, 'tis as a noble norm  
 By which we later live—and make or mar.  
 The Freshman, free from care, the victim of abuse,  
 Thinks light of worldly woes and mortal strife.  
 The Soph'more of his station makes good use  
 And with awakening mind views worldly life.  
 The Junior, full of joy, yet more restrained,  
 Than all his younger brethren, longs to meet  
 The day of conquest, when, well trained  
 He'll lay his talents at the worldling's feet,  
 The Senior, stern of face, with brow perplexed  
 Thinks of future trial—the great unknown,  
 The deeds of men by which we're pleased or vexed.  
 All these he sees—and he must fight alone!  
 Commencement, with its joy and sweet refrain,  
 Brings, too, a sorrow in its joyous tone,  
 The graduate would live it all again,  
 This glad, sad day forever would postpone.

## TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

Francis E. Munsch, '08.

**O**N a warm afternoon in August, Father Benton, president of St. ——— college, was sitting in his huge arm-chair, trying to get a few moments of rest in the seclusion of his room. He had been unusually busy in the forenoon in entertaining several callers, mostly parents who were contemplating sending their boys to college next season. So then just now Fr. Benton, his room darkened, was dozing off into a peaceful nap. He was in the last scenes of a beautiful dream; he was thinking how pleasant it would be were some rich man to make a handsome donation to his college. This thought produced a thousand pleasing imaginations which chased themselves through his head. Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie by a rather loud knock on the door. "Come in," he answered, but didn't arise from his chair. A man of middle age stepped in, tall, well built, neat but not stylish in his dress, and introduced himself as a certain Mr. Wallace. The priest was quite aroused by this time and was preparing to talk over a prospective student. The visitor went on to say that he was a retired merchant from Chicago, that he had heard of the recent disaster at the college, and had come to learn if a princely donation would be acceptable. Imagine the surprise of the president. He was fully awake now, and so excited as quite to forget to raise the shades in his room. His mind tossed with a thousand and one things. The improvements he would make about the college; he would equip a laboratory, increase the library, and institute a new chair in this and that branch. Meantime the wealthy gentleman had drawn a checkbook from his pocket. The priest's face was aglow with pleasure, his eyes were beaming as they were fixed on the note-book; he was saying all sorts of things to the donator, praising and thanking him for his charity and generosity. Just then a loud rap was heard at the door, and without pausing two men stepped into the room. They cast a hurried glance around and immediately seeing the man, walked over and laid hands on him and conducted him back that afternoon to the insane asylum whence he had escaped that morning.

# THE VIATORIAN

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## EDITORIAL.

The portal of graduation through which we are to enter upon the broad vista of the actual world lies open before us, but so thick are the mists which hang over the surrounding landscape, that the different paths which we are to follow lie in obscurity. Oh! that we could throw aside these vaporous tissues, and behold what the future has in store for us, but we cannot. However, let us not labor under the delusion which, unfortunately, is so common—that the world is waiting for us with out-stretched arms, anxious to place us on pedestals and offer us homage; if this is what we expect we are doomed to bitterest disappointment. Graduation is not the "end all"; it is but the beginning, the commencement of struggles, strifes, and contentions, and our graduation, our receiving of degrees, is but a mark of our fitness and ability to take part in these. Our college, by conferring graduation honors upon us, vouches for our capability, hence we are under a most

solemn obligation to our Alma Mater, to prove to the whole world by our actions that she has made no mistake in selecting us to be the exponents of her moral and intellectual training.



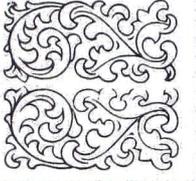
In our opinion Catholic graduates, taken as a whole, are done a grave injustice when the imputation is made that they do not support the Catholic press "unless lured into doing so on a plea that such support is a contribution to charity." We would ask, is the circulation of Catholic periodicals decreasing? We believe not, but on the contrary it is gradually increasing.

**Are We  
Rightly  
Blamed?**

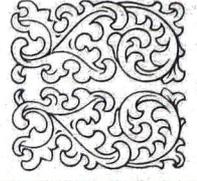
To what is this increase due. It is due chiefly to the efforts of priests, who are certainly Catholic graduates and who are ever urging their people to subscribe for and read Catholic papers. As to Father Mullany's charge that students at Catholic colleges neglect Catholic literature, we are forced to believe that if he carries his investigation far enough and visits a sufficient number of schools, he will be obliged to pass a more favorable opinion. As we write there are before us prospectus' of seven or eight Catholic colleges and their several courses in literature are materially the same as the one given at St. Viateur's, and we are certain that no one can accuse us of neglecting the works of Catholic authors. No, we cannot agree with Father Mullany. There is another side to this question, and it is, does the Catholic press support the Catholic graduate? We hardly think so. While we do not expect the press to offer positions to the great number of graduates coming each year from Catholic schools, there are many ways in which it could encourage and materially aid him. We hope to see the circulation of Catholic periodicals double and treble itself, and we graduates of St. Viateur's all pledge ourselves to support our press, but we wish to see the press do its share too.

J. L. D., '08.





# Exchanges



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With the closing of the scholastic year comes the graduates pictures, the Senior Number, and the ex-man's farewell; all of which are supposed to depict the wisdom of those concerned and serve as models and sources of inspiration to those aspiring mortals who look forward to taking up the work during the next year. Of course we must feel great regret over this sad affair, viz: the laying down of the critic's pen and the abandonment of the disorderly sanctum—and should hasten to congratulate those who are so fortunate as to be chosen our successors. All of which we will surely do, but we do not bind ourselves to refrain from acquainting the future ex-man that his heritage is one of little value in this world, that his most pretentious efforts are likely to pass unnoticed, and that the compliments and boquets which he so ardently covets will surely pass his door and serenely deposit themselves at the feet of some other worker. Having informed him of these facts, we will next proceed to make known to him this grand opening for the display of his modesty and spirit of self-sacrifice; he may labor industriously, and each month fill his allotted space with the words of advice and wisdom, re-enforced by the strength of his critical insight, and when this is done he may feel sure that his efforts will be highly appreciated by those who have been the recipients of his laudatory terms, and that he will bring down upon his head the abuses and anathemas of those whose efforts he has so magnanimously and so unselfishly criticised. Of course these considerations have a tendency to discourage the new ex-man, but he should view the situation in a different light for even though the work is arduous and the returns few, still the department is an important one and it should be retained as a prominent feature of college journals. True, very often the department is abused or, even when well edited, it attracts only a few readers, yet it works a beneficent influence over college letters. From the exchange column the censor looks upon the college world, from which these many journals come; he sees the vast numbers of young people, who are the contributors, and they, under his watchful eye, fear for their literary productions and strive for excellence. The friendly criticism to be found in the average journal is an aid and an inducement to more excellent work, and hence this valuable department should not be suf-

ferred to deteriorate but should be encouraged in every way and its future existence assured.

Much as we desire, we cannot in truth say that the year just closing has been the greatest, grandest, etc., that the world of college letters has ever experienced. Our one year of experience will not permit us the use of such far-reaching adjectives, but we can say, from the very root of our fountain pen, that the work of the past year has more than fulfilled the highest hopes which we entertained at the beginning of the year. In the majority of cases there has been a great effort made to surpass all former standards of excellence, and in a great measure success has been achieved. It has been a pleasure, on our part, to mingle with these ambitious young people who unselfishly labor for the good of college journalism; we have enjoyed the just and friendly criticisms of our friends in the exchange world, and it is with no little sadness that we address them for the last time. Ours has been a pleasant year, and we think we may say it has been of great profit to us. We hope that the different journals will exchange more freely and even more peacefully in the future than in the past, and that the present ex-men and women will ever regard with genuine pleasure the work of the year just completed.

W. EMMETT CONWAY, '08.



## Athletic Notes



### St. Viateur 8; Knox College 0.

On May 14th the Varsity made its debut before the elite residents of Galesburg where the stalwarts of Knox College were defeated and trampled on to the tune of 8 to 0. Stack, the local whirlwind, was on the hill for St. Viateur's, and to say that he was the major, chief tooter and general musician is not an exaggeration. He had the Knox boys biting hard, sending ten back to the bench on strikes and holding them to three scanty hits. While Stack was doing the stingy act, St. Viateur pounded the horse-hide to all corners of the lot, ten hits for sixteen bases being the combined result of the Varsity's efforts. O'Connell was the stick hero of the day. He secured three hits of different dimensions, a single, a double, and a triple. Legris tried hard to

keep step with the big boy and clouted two floaters for doubles. McCarthy also was there with the big stick. McClure did the best work for the down staters. Fielding stunts were at a premium, the work of the local battery minimizing the chances. Berry's fielding featured the game. The score:

St. Viateur						Knox					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
Mahoney, ss ..	2	1	1	1	0	West, 2b..	0	0	2	2	0
Conway, lf..	1	0	3	0	0	Ellis, lf..	0	1	3	0	0
A. McCarthy, 3b..	2	2	0	2	1	Richardson, 3b	0	1	0	3	1
O'Connell, 1b	1	3	5	0	1	Mettler, ss..	0	0	0	1	0
Shiel, rf..	0	1	0	0	0	Essick, cf..	0	0	0	0	2
Berry, 2b..	0	0	6	1	0	Grant, p..	0	1	1	5	0
Legris, cf..	1	2	1	0	0	Heubner, 1b..	0	0	4	0	0
Bachant, c..	0	1	11	4	0	McClure, rf	0	0	8	0	1
Stack, p..	1	0	0	2	0	Lilly, c..	0	0	9	2	1
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total ..	8	10	27	10	2	Total ..	0	3	27	13	5

	H—0	1	1	2	2	0	1	2	1
St. Viateur	R—0	0	1	1	4	0	0	0	2—8
	H—0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Knox	R—0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Summary—Earned runs, St. Viateur 6. Three-base hits, O'Connell, Shiel. Two-base hits, Grant, Legris (2), O'Connell. B. B., off Grant 1, off Stack 4. Wild pitches, Stack, Grant. Passed balls, Lilly, Bachant. Struck-out, by Stack 10; by Grant 9. Stolen bases, McCarthy, West. Sacrifice hits, Mahony, Lilly. Time of game, 2 hrs. Umpire, Bartell.

**St. Viateur, 4; Monmouth, 2.**

The next day the way to Knox was left behind and the team traveled to Monmouth where they defeated Monmouth College by the score of 4 to 2. The locals went after the game early, a base on balls in the first inning, followed by Stack's double, yielding a run. In the second the game was clinched. Two more passes were issued by Thomson in this frame, Shiel winning his own game by spanking a double to the center-field fence. At this juncture, Thomson was harpooned and dragged to the bench, Hamilton undertaking the job. Two hits by Monmouth in the sixth yielded them their only tallies. St. Viateur in this period added another run to their score. The willow work of Stack and

Shiel, and the fielding of A. McCarthy, combined with good pitching, featured the locals' play. The score:

St. Viateur's						Monmouth					
R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E	
Mahoney, ss	0	0	2	2	2	McClain, 3b	0	2	2	0	0
Conway, lf	2	0	1	0	0	McCoy, 2b	0	0	0	1	1
A. McCarthy, 3b	0	1	4	5	0	McMillan, ss	0	1	0	5	0
Stack, cf	0	2	2	0	2	S. Hamilton, p	0	1	0	0	1
B. McCarthy, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Thomson, p	0	1	1	3	1
Berry, 2b	0	0	3	1	1	W. Hamilton, 1b	0	0	11	1	0
Legris, cf	1	0	9	0	0	Nicol, cf	1	1	3	0	0
Bachant, c	1	1	6	2	0	Smith, c	1	1	6	0	0
Shiel, p	0	2	0	3	0	Cowick, lf	0	0	2	0	0
						Greenslet, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Total						Total					
4	6	27	13	5		2	8	27	10	3	

	H—1	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	1
St. Viateur	R—1	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—4
	H—2	1	0	0	0	3	0	2	0
Monmouth	R—0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Summary—Earned runs, St. Viateur 4, Monmouth 1. Two-base hits, Shiel (2), Stack, Bachant, Hamilton. Bases on balls, off Shiel 5; off Thomson, 5. S. O., by Shiel 6, by Thomson 4, by Hamilton 1. Hit by pitcher, Cowick. Stolen bases, Conway (2), Stack, Bachant, McClain. Sacrifice hits, Greenslet. Time of game, 2 hrs. Umpire, McKee.

**St. Viateur, 12; Monmouth, 0.**

The locals made the ninth stride towards championship honors by defeating Monmouth in a loose and one sided game on May 19th. The inside work, clever fielding, and hard hitting of the Saints made the game easy sailing, Stack routing the enemy by making thirteen of them strike where the ball wasn't. McClain led off for the visitors and banged a hard one to center when Shiel was on the job. McCoy imitated a bridge and struck out. With two down, McMillan was hit by a pitched ball, and a walk followed the anatomical stop. Thomson ended the inning by grassing to A. McCarthy, who whipped the ball to first for the out. Mahoney, the first one up for the locals, rapped a fly to center for the first out. Conway laid down a bunt and reached first, the catcher throwing the ball away, Conway going to second. Al. McCarthy sacrificed. Legris spanked a hot one over third, tallying the first counter. Shiel ended the inning, pitcher to first. In the second and third there was nothing doing for the candy legs. St. Viateur ripped open their half of the third with a clean bingle by Mahoney, who stole second and likewise third. Conway received a walk. Legris was also a Westonite. Shiel sacrificed for the second out, scoring Mahoney and Conway. Berry's

single scored Legris and made the score 4 to 0. McMillan opened the fourth for Monmouth with a single through third but did not reach the middle corner. St. Viateur again fattened their averages in this inning, securing two hits and three runs. Thomson was hooked and placed in pickle, S. Hamilton going out to descend the bumps. For the next two innings there was nothing doing, Stack alone being conspicuous, whiffing six men and trying his hand at whitewashing. In the seventh St. Viateur put more ice on the score, securing four runs on one hit and two bobbles. St. Viateur took their final slam in the eighth, getting another run, thus making a baker's dozen, while nine freshly laid goose-eggs were the result of Stack's desire to decorate the barberpoles. The score:

Monmouth						St. Viateur					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
McClain, lf, 3b	0	0	0	2	0	Mahoney, ss	1	1	0	2	0
McCoy, 2b	0	0	0	2	0	Conway, lf	3	1	0	0	0
McMillan, ss	0	1	0	0	0	McCarthy A, 3b	2	2	2	5	0
S. Hamilton, 3b, p.	0	0	0	5	4	Legris, 1b, cf	1	2	5	0	0
Thomson, p.	0	0	0	2	0	Shiel, cf, rf	1	1	1	0	1
W. Hamilton, 1b	0	0	11	0	1	Berry, 2b	1	1	0	0	1
Nicol, cf.	0	1	1	0	0	McCarthy B, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Greenslet, rf	0	0	1	0	0	O'Connell, 1b	1	0	6	0	0
Smith, c.	0	1	11	0	1	Bachant, c.	1	1	13	0	0
Perry, lf.	0	0	0	0	0	Stack, p.	1	1	0	3	0
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total	0	3	24	11	6	Total	12	10	27	10	2
	H—0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Monmouth	R—0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
	H—1	1	2	2	0	0	1	2	*		
St. Viateur	R—1	0	3	3	0	0	4	1	*—12		

Summary—Earned runs, St. Viateur 9. Two-base hits, Bachant, McCarthy, Legris, Shiel. Bases on balls, off Stack 2; off Thomson 3, off Hamilton 2. S. O., by Stack 13, by Thomson 3, by Hamilton 7. Double-play, A. McCarthy to Legris. Wild pitch Thomson. Passed balls, Smith. Hit by pitcher, McMillan. Time of game, 2 hrs., 20 min. Umpire, Fitzpatrick, Chicago.

### St. Viateur, 12; Minnesota, 6.

St. Viateur humbled the Gophers when the latter made their appearance on Bergin Field on May 22nd. Minnesota having achieved distinction by winning second honors in the Conference championship race, and by beating Huff's proteges of Illinois U., thought that the locals would be awed by their "rep," but the result was otherwise, for the local Varsity pounded Phillips to all corners of the field, securing thirteen drives for nineteen bases and twelve runs. Minnesota started the scoring in the second after two had been retired. Kesting reached first

on a fielder's choice and stole second while Rand was securing free transportation. Phillips bingled to center, Kesting scoring on Legris' bum chuck. Minnesota added two more in the third. Ernst tore this inning open by plugging a hard one between center and right. Boyle sacrificed, pitcher to first. Cahaley pounded one over second, scoring the runner. Green sacrificed, catcher to first, the runner going to third on the death. Borroman pushed his head in the ball's path and trotted to first. A wild pitch followed, scoring Cahaley and sending Borroman to second. Here Kesting ended the inning by grounding out, Shiel to O'Connell being the route of the put-out. St. Viateur, in their half of this inning, placed two runs on the score board. Bachant started things by securing a walk. He rached second on a passed ball. Mahoney smote a neat single to left, sending Louie to third. Here a neat double steal occurred, Bachant scoring and Mahoney roosting on third. Minnesota here developed a "furor loquendi," seeking to awe the umpire in hopes that Phillips might recover his wind. They took a brace here and put out the next two men, but found O'Connell to be an exception, when he pasted the ball to center, scoring Mahoney. Conway "MerryWidowed" on four pitched balls, but Legris struck out, ending the inning. The grand fire-works started in the seventh. With the score 4 to 2 against them, the locals came to bat fourteen times. After the smoke rolled away, the score board showed that ten runs had crossed the pan and that St. Viateur had added another victory to her long record, for the best Minnesota could do was to put over two more runs in the ninth, the misplays of the locals helping to a great extent. For the Northerners, Rand, Ernst, Borroman and Kesting did sensational fielding, while the batting of Stack, and spectacular catches by Conway, O'Connell, Mahoney, A. McCarthy, and good battery work, featured the locals' play. The score:

Minnesota	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Walker, cf . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	Mahoney, ss . . . . .	2	1	0	3	1
Ernst, ss . . . . .	2	1	3	2	1	McCarthy B, rf . . . . .	0	0	2	0	0
Boyle, 3b . . . . .	1	2	1	2	0	Stack, rf . . . . .	1	2	2	0	0
Cahaley, lf . . . . .	1	1	0	1	1	McCarthy A, 3b . . . . .	1	0	2	1	0
Green, rf . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	O'Connell, 1b . . . . .	1	2	10	0	1
Dretchsko, rf . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	Conway, lf . . . . .	0	2	2	0	0
Borroman, 1b . . . . .	0	0	7	1	0	Legris, cf, rf . . . . .	1	2	1	0	1
Kesting, 2b . . . . .	1	1	3	3	1	Berry, 2b . . . . .	1	1	1	1	0
Rand, c . . . . .	1	1	9	0	1	Shiel, p. . . . .	2	2	0	5	0
Phillips, p. . . . .	0	1	1	1	0	Bachant, c. . . . .	3	1	7	1	1
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total . . . . .	6	7	24	10	5	Total . . . . .	12	13	27	11	4

	H—0	1	2	0	1	2	0	0	1
Minnesota	R—0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	2—6
	H—0	2	2	1	0	1	6	1	*
St. Viateur	R—0	0	2	0	0	0	10	0	*—12

The summary—Earned runs, Minnesota 2; St. Viateur 10. Three-base hit, Stack. Two-base hits, Shiel, O'Connell, Legris. Base on balls, off Shiel 3, off Phillips 2. S. O., by Shiel 6, by Phillips 7. Wild pitch, Shiel. Passed ball, Rand. Hit by pitcher, Baroman, Ernst. Stolen bases, Ernst, Cahaley, Kesting, Rand, Phillips, Boyle (2), Mahony (2), Shiel (2), Bachant (2), Stack, O'Connell, Conway. Sacrifice hits, Boyle, Green, Berry. Time of game, 2 hrs., 30 min. Umpire, Fitzpatrick, Chicago.

### Armour, 3; St. Viateur, 2.

We met our first defeat of the season on Ogden Field, Chicago, May 26. The game was a beautiful pitcher's battle, with Stack in the lead until the ninth inning, when we received the worst bunch of luck our team has ever experienced. One of the sad features of the day was the field, which suffices well for a trackmeet but reduces the great national game to a farce when utilized as a ball ground. Evidently the powers that be, at Armour's, take little care of their miniature field, as the valleys and mountains on the infield testify; but worse still, was the right field. This garden is very small in itself, but to make it worse the fielders had to contend with a cinder path, flanked by and boarded in with planks raised several inches above the ground. Of course at the crucial moment the ball was hit to this barbarous territory and confusion followed. Things looked bright when Mahoney began the game with a clean single, took second on B. McCarthy's sacrifice, and scored on Trinkaus' error. In the third, with two down, O'Connell got a single and scored on Conway's triple to left field. Here Trinkaus became stingy and imitated Stack in his shutout stunt. Stack had the enemy completely baffled until the ninth, when Pickett suddenly lost his sight and deliberately (not to say maliciously) walked Ahern. Then Smith secured a hit on a grounder which went from one knoll to another and managed to escape Mahoney. Fey was retired when Bachant picked a foul off the backstop and Trinkaus struck out. Daley followed with the only clean hit of the day for Armour, the ball going to left, Ahern scoring on Conway's poor throw. Niestadt poked a grounder to right field, which Shiel, owing to the obstacles, was unable to handle, and two runs scored winning the game. Umpire Pickett's actions and decisions were anything but commendable. He permitted Trinkaus to use a palpably illegal delivery, despite protestations on Capt.

Conway's part. He allowed the game to be stopped during the ninth inning while the Armour rooters came from the bleachers in center field and lined up near first base, and was most severe on Stack in his decisions on strikes and balls. These are some of the features which marred an otherwise beautiful game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Armour—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3
St. Viateur—	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Armour	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Ahern, ss . . . . .	1	0	1	2	0	Mahoney, ss . . . . .	1	1	1	4	0
Smith, c . . . . .	1	1	8	2	0	B. McCarthy, rf . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Fey, cf . . . . .	0	0	3	0	0	Shiel, rf . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1
Trinkaus, p . . . . .	0	0	1	5	2	A. McCarthy, 3b . . . . .	0	0	2	6	0
Daley, 3b . . . . .	1	1	1	0	0	O'Connell, 1b . . . . .	1	1	12	0	1
Niestadt, lf . . . . .	0	1	1	0	0	Conway, lf . . . . .	0	1	0	0	0
DeSilva, rf . . . . .	0	1	0	0	0	Berry, 2b . . . . .	0	0	2	3	0
Jens. 1b . . . . .	0	0	11	1	0	Stack, p . . . . .	0	0	0	2	0
Struble, 2b . . . . .	0	0	1	3	0	Bachant, c . . . . .	0	0	7	0	0
						Legris, cf . . . . .	0	0	2	0	0
<hr/>						<hr/>					
Total . . . . .	3	4	27	13	2	Total . . . . .	2	3	26	15	2

Summary—Three-base hit, Conway. Bases on balls, Stack 3, Trinkaus 2. Left on bases, St. Viateur 4, Armour 2. Double play, A. McCarthy, Berry, O'Connell. Hit by pitcher, O'Connell. Umpire, Pickett.

St. Viateur 5; St. Ignatius 1.

Although they were defeated on their recent trip to Chicago, the local collegians journeyed to the Windy City June 4, and broke any hoodoo that it might have on them by defeating the St. Ignatius nine 5 to 1. Mahoney and Bachant were on the points for us, while Prindiville and Heckinger dished out the slants for the Chicagoans. Mahoney set a pace for himself in the first inning, by striking out the first three batsmen, and kept pretty close to it during the entire game, allowing but five scattered hits. Legris gave everyone a taste of big league ball by retiring two men at the plate on perfect throws from deep center; the star work of McCarthy, Berry, O'Connell, and Bachant were the fielding features. Mooney and Fox did the best work for St. Ignatius. Score:

St. Ignatius	R	H	P	A	E	St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E
Fox, lf . . . . .	1	0	3	0	1	Conway, lf . . . . .	2	0	2	0	0
O'Connor, 3b . . . . .	0	1	2	1	3	B. McCarthy, rf . . . . .	1	2	0	0	0
Chouinard, cf . . . . .	0	1	1	0	0	Shiel, ss . . . . .	1	2	1	4	0
Heckinger, c . . . . .	0	0	5	1	0	O'Connell, 1b . . . . .	0	0	10	1	0
Mooney, rf, 2b . . . . .	0	2	3	1	0	Legris, cf . . . . .	1	0	1	2	0
Crooke, 1b . . . . .	0	1	9	0	0	Berry, 2b . . . . .	0	0	2	1	0

1907-08 WESTERN COLLEGE CHAMPIONS



Top Row, Left to Right—Mahoney, Kelly, Manager; O'Connell, Legris  
Bottom Row—Berry, A. McCarthy, Bachant, B. McCarthy, Conway, Stack, Shiel (sitting in front)

Howard, ss...	0	0	3	4	1	Stack, 2b ..	0	0	1	0	0
Kevin, 2b ..	0	0	0	0	0	A. McCarthy, 3b	0	2	0	3	0
Prindiville, p...	0	0	0	8	0	Bachant, c ....	0	0	9	1	0
Roberts, rf ..	0	0	0	0	0	Mahoney, p..	0	0	1	3	1
Herman, 2b ..	0	0	1	0	0						

Totals ..	1	5	27	15	5	Totals ..	5	6	27	15	1
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St. Ignatius..	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
St. Viateur .	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	—5

Two-base hit, A. McCarthy. Bases on balls, off Prindiville 6; off Mahoney 2. Struck out, by Mahoney 7, by Prindiville 5. Stolen bases, St. Ignatius 1, St. Viateur 6. Umpire, Lyman.

St. Viateur 7; De Paul U. 4.

"Bunny" Burson, De Paul's star twirler looked like all the rest of them to the S. V. C. boys. On June 5 they pounded him to every corner of the De Paul field, securing eight hits for thirteen bases, and in the end romping away with the large side of the score adorning the St. Viateur's portion of the black-board. The North Siders made a hard fight in the ninth to overcome the lead obtained by the defenders of the purple and gold, and succeeded in scoring twice, they still had two men on bases when the boys from Kankakee pulled off some clever fielding stunts and retired the side, ending the game. Stack was never in better form, and it was evident that the De Paul youths were entirely at sea when trying to connect with Eddie's elusive twisters. They collected only two hits, that looked as though they might have been intended. Score:

St. Viateur	R	H	P	A	E	De Paul	R	H	P	A	E
Mahoney, ss ..	2	1	1	1	1	Scanlon, c ..	0	1	8	3	0
Conway, lf ..	0	0	2	0	0	Heckinger, rf ..	0	0	0	0	0
Shiel, rf ..	1	2	0	0	0	Stanley, 2b ..	0	0	5	0	0
O'Connell, 1b ..	2	1	9	0	2	Kennedy, 3b ..	1	0	1	0	0
Stack, p ..	0	1	0	4	0	Burson, p..	1	0	0	2	1
Legris, cf ..	1	1	1	0	1	Wilhoit, 1b ..	1	3	5	1	0
Berry, 2b ..	1	0	5	3	0	Obermeyer, ss	1	0	1	4	1
A. McCarthy, 3b	0	1	0	1	0	Brennen, cf ..	0	0	4	0	0
Bachant, c ..	1	0	9	1	0	McCarthy, lf ..	0	1	3	0	0

Totals ..	7	8	27	10	4	Totals. ....	4	5	27	10	2
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St. Viateur's	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	—7
De Paul ..	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	—4

Two-base hits, A. McCarthy, Shiel, O'Connell. Struck out, by Stack 9, by Burson 7. Bases on balls, off Burson 6. Double plays, Obermeyer to Wilhoit to Kennedy; Berry to O'Connell. Hit by pitcher, Wilhoit, McCarthy. Umpire, Tindall. Time, 2:05.

### The Team.

Capt. Conway, '08, is without doubt one of the best men in his position playing college ball. He is a good fielder, very fast on the bases, and knows when to steal and when to slide. This is his fourth year on the team.

E. Stack, '09, held down the pitching end of the game in faultless style. When not twirling, he alternates in the field and is a handy man at either place. He knows the game thoroughly, is a strong sticker and a heady worker. This is his third year on the team.

O'Connell, '09, covered the first sack with ever increasing skill. He came to the Varsity with a great base ball reputation built up in the Juniors, and he has lived up to it. He is the stellar batsman, knows the game thoroughly, and is always on the job. This is his third year on the team.

"Con" Mahoney, '08 has the reputation of being one of the best shortstops in the West. He is fast, shifty, and has all kinds of base ball intuition. "Con" uses his head from the first inning to the last and is always in the game. This is his third year on the nine and he has delivered the goods in constantly increasing packages in that time.

A. McCarthy, '10. This is his third year on the nine. "Al" held down second base for the first two years of his college career but this year he was switched to third, where he justified all the confidence placed in him. He is one of the best infielders ever seen on any college diamond.

J. Legris, '08, C. F. Fourth year on the team. Played in most of the games and always delivered the goods. He said "Pat will be there," and he was. Strong batsman, speedy on the bases, a fast fielder and strong arm. No ball was put over his head during the entire season.

"Ben" McCarthy, '09, R. F. Third year on the team. Caught in 1907, but played in field this year, where he made good with a vengeance. Whirlwind fielder, speedy on the bases, and a deadly whip, all contribute to make "Sol's" play luminous.

"Bo" Berry, '11. Second year on team. Second baseman; was always on hand with an aggressive game. Opportune hitting, clever fielding, and a good arm, constitute "Bo's" baseball makeup.

L. Bachant, '11, wielded the "big mitt" in grand style. This is his first year on the team, but he caught the three twirlers with

ever increasing judgment. He has a good batting eye, an excellent head, and possesses the necessary adjunct of all catchers—the snap throw.

B. Shiel, Post Grad. Pitcher and fielder. Always in the game and is a valuable man for any position. He has played short, third, pitched and caught during his career and has ably filled every position. He is a good batsman, an excellent twirler, and possesses a splendid cross fire.

#### Miscellaneous.

Since the last writing the Roy Halls have at last succeeded in playing two games, one taking place at Sheldon and the other at Union Hill. The contest at Sheldon was lost by the score of 5 to 1. However, the Union Hill aggregation was defeated by the score of 13 to 7. M. McGuinness and Chas. Daly, two commercial alumni, did great work for Union Hill, but their star playing was ineffectual when stacked up against "Bunk" Shannon's supply of twisters. A. Savary, who twirled the Sheldon game, was touched up for only four hits, and deserved better luck.

The Rooters' Club, under the supervision of Cheer-leaders "Doc" Rainey and "Turkey" Colleton, have succeeded in making the welkin ring during the past season. The success with which their efforts were met induced them to accompany the team to Chicago on the Armour and De Paul-St. Ignatius trips. Their yelling is the tintinabulation of a rooter with bells on. In other words, they are the "big noise."

With the coming of Commencement day, three men who have helped make history in Viatorian athletic annals, will say farewell. The names of Conway, Mahoney and Legris will be remembered by all the present students whenever another championship team is playing for St. Viateur's, for their stick-work, fielding and general play were considerable factors in landing the honors during the present season. Legris, beside being a stellar baseball man, has the distinction of being one of the best line breakers that ever wore the Purple and Gold jersey on the gridiron.

The prospects for football for the fall of 1908 are promising and all things point to a creditable eleven. Various names are under consideration for the coaching position and a clever team is expected by all. With seventeen men of college caliber in

school, and the usual number of Freshman candidates trying out, we think that we are justified in making any statement of this character. So saying, we look forward with ever-increasing eagerness to the day when the pig-skin will again be unpacked.

S. J. MORGAN, '09.

**The Minims.**

The Minims' team of 1908 has the proud distinction of being able to go through a season undefeated, a record which no other department team can boast of, for the mighty Juniors were sadly humbled by a team that wasn't made up of poor players or to use their own expression, "mutts." They also kept the championship of the 14-year old teams of Kankakee county, but it is needless to mention this since they always have had it, not only in baseball, but in football and basketball as well. Much of the success of the Minims is due to the coaching of Bro. St. Aubin; however, he possessed some of the best material ever seen in either of the lower yards. Capt. Lynch was a team in himself; Boyle wielded the "little big mitt" in grand style, Ralston had the arm, while Parker, Tiffany, J. Williams, Schaefer, Jacobi and J. McAndrews composed the rest of their machine. Their record is as follows:

S. V. Minims	.....9	Sarbonne U. School	.....2
S. V. Minims	.....16	Sarbonne U. School	.....3
S. V. Minims	.....13	All Stars	.....11
S. V. Minims	.....10	Bradley	.....2
S. V. Minims	.....3	Bradley	.....1
S. V. Minims	.....17	Riverview	.....2
S. V. Minims	.....5	Kankakee	.....3
S. V. Minims	.....9	Erwin	.....1
S. V. Minims	.....8	Bradley	.....2
S. V. Minims	.....16	Lincoln School	.....0
S. V. Minims	.....12	Juniors	.....7
S. V. Minims	.....2	Bradley	.....0
S. V. Minims	.....9	Kankakee	.....5
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	.....129	.....	.....39
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Average score	.....10	.....	.....3



## PERSONALS.

The transfer of Rev. P. F. Shewbridge from St. Patrick's church, South Chicago, to the Church of the Presentation, Chicago, gives to parishioners of the Presentation parish a man of whom they may well feel proud. His absence will be keenly felt in South Chicago where he was loved and admired by a people whom he zealously attended. No one perhaps will feel the loss more than the boys whose interests he unselfishly served during his stay at St. Patrick's. It has been our pleasure to know him for a number of years and we have found him an exemplary priest, a faithful friend, and a model of priestly charity. On behalf of the faculty, the Viatorian wishes him *omnia fausta ad multos annos*.

On May 27, Rev. William Irish and Rev. Edward Schuetz, of the seminary department, were ordained to the priesthood in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill. On May 31 Rev. Father Irish celebrated his first mass at the Cathedral. Rev. John McMullen acted as deacon. Rev. E. Barnes as sub-deacon, Rev. Frank O'Reilly as assisting priest, and Rev. W. Frawley as master of ceremonies. Rev. M. A. Quirk preached the sermon. After mass the clergy and laity were entertained at a banquet in the Spaulding Institute hall.

Father Shuetz celebrated his first mass in St. Anthony's church, Streator, Ill. Rev. W. J. Bergin acted as deacon, Rev. Louis Biskupski as sub-deacon, and Rev. William Joyce as master of ceremonies. Rev. Otto Ziegler, O. F. M. was assistant priest and preacher. The clergy and laity were entertained after mass at a banquet in St. Anthony's hall.

On June 13 Rev. William Joyce was ordained to the priesthood in Niagara University, N. Y. Father Joyce said his first mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y. Rev. John Biden, L. L. D., pastor of the Cathedral, was assistant priest and preacher. Father Joyce was ordained for the Helena diocese, where he will labor under Bishop Carroll after a few weeks rest at his home in Buffalo.



## LOCALS.

## A Night Before the Foot Lights. \*

—The class gave a very pleasing rendition of the comedy entitled, "A Night At Dew Drop Inn." There has never been so much talent, so many stars, on our stage before. Every character was so well interpreted that one could not have wished for better. Much credit is to be given the class for the way that they handled this master-piece. Had I space I would print some of the comments by the dramatic critics who were invited on behalf of the class. Below is given the cast, with their stage names.

Hotel owner—Jack Remington.

Hotel clerk—John Liebet.

Chef—Henri Leaski.

Orchestra—Philip De Werden.

Waitresses and broilers—Freida Conway and Geraldine Hunch.

White Seal Agent, a Guest—Wilhelm McGuire.

An Eccentric Old Gentleman, Guest and Gas Inspector—August Dougherty.

Boxing Promoter, Guest and Joke-writer—Jerry Conway.

A Happy Young Bachelor—Pat Legris.

\*This might have happened.

Reported by Carl Mahoney.

---

CoNway  
ConwAy  
MUrch  
McGguire  
MaHoney  
DougherTy

O'LEary  
Remillard  
LeGris  
SHeridan  
LiberT

---

—A certain student attended a dance but he went under a "consumed name."

**Evolution.**

—When you roam about with a haughty air  
And are just the goods with the maidens fair,  
But when called to recite, a vacant stare  
Betrays the depth of your dire despair—  
Then you're a Junior.

**—BUT—**

When you stride about with becoming pride  
Conscious of knowledge that's at high tide,  
And you're time for a call you hardly abide,  
To let out the learning, that's long been inside—  
Then you're a Senior.

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**Moonshine.**

—The time was in June; the place, Murphy's palm garden; the girl wasn't there; the weather was balmy but breezy. Four college chums sat in silence around a small table Munch-ing Nabiscos to the tune of "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," produced by the celebrated Inez band under the leadership of Philipino Sheridan. The band was so securely screened from view that its whereabouts might only be guessed at. Twelve minutes and four ticks later, save the occasional hoot of a solitary Owl secluded in the branches over-head, all was quiet. A bunch of Violets of sufficient size to decorate the merriest of Merry Widows, lay unnoticed upon the table, ever and anon lighted faintly by the foliage-filtered moon-beams sparkling in the grass. The scene reminded one of when he was a boy, and of the days when he sneaked down to the old swimming hole and returned with more than his ears blistered. "Speaking of nature fakers," remarked Pat apropos of nothing, "that Owl has a peculiarly wingless intonation in its hoot." "Did 'oo notice the conspicuous absence of every thing that looked like an Orchestral hall?" quiered Sam, always ready to help things along when his suspicions are aroused. "No," said Runt, not to be outdone in parading his observations, "but I thought I saw the moon wrinkle a short time ago." "Which reminds me," ejaculated Reminiscent Billiam, "of a conversation I once overheard in Ypsilanti, Mich. Two women were conversing and as I approached one remarked, with apologies to Life, "My husband went to church last Sunday," with a what-do-you-know-about-that toss of her head; but the other casually replied "Oh, our Sunday paper didn't come, too." Just then the tissue-paper moon flickered and went out, the Owl

slid down a tree and made for the nearest exit, the hidden band emerged from the shelter of a Merry Widow rim, and at Sheridan's command, "Turn, boys, turn," all turned over a new sheet and burst forth with the soothing strains of "The Mouse and the Clock." The odorless Violets withered and blew, and with a grunt the disillusioned four Tip-ped the waiter and amid shrieks of silence hurriedly left the garden. Anthropos.

—"I lacked the required nerve to perambulate in the direction of the paternal residence while the cosmic void was deprived of solar luminosity and enveloped in nocturnal tenebrasy," so explained Violet in answer to Stitchy's query. Stitchy fainted exclaiming, "So long, I'll see myself later."

—B is for Bill, we have both of them  
 C is for Clarence and Con, each V men  
 E is for Emmett so coy and sweet  
 F is for Frank and Francis, both neat  
 J for Jim and Pat who is Joe  
 L is for Lucien, by no means slow  
 P is for Patrick, the last in the bunch  
 Naught Eight is a winner  
 I've got a hunch.

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