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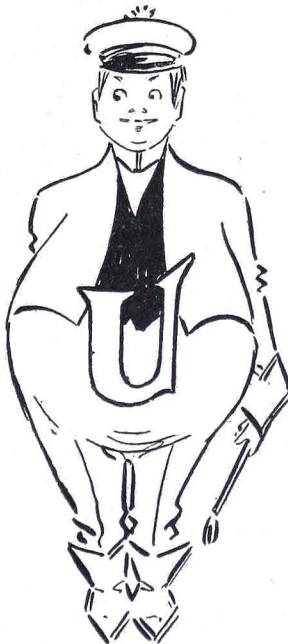
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# THE VIATORIAN

*Far et Spera*

VOLUME 30

DECEMBER, 1912

NUMBER 3

## THE COMING OF ARTHUR

### *A Study*

L. J. POMMIER

**A**FTER one has made a comprehensive study of Byron, and examined the mind of this great English poet as revealed in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which is truly considered the embodiment of man's noblest and lowest passions; of nature's sublimest aspects, of art's most precious relics—he seems to pass from the darkness of night to the roseate dawn of day when he undertakes the study of Tennyson's master-piece "Idylls of the King." After being confronted with Byron's stern and vivid realities of life, he seems to be fanned by angel's wings, or soothed by vernal zephyrs when he begins the study of Tennyson. Byron is like a summer storm. The thunder roars, the lightnings flash, the clouds pour forth their superabundance, while rivers foam in their flight through rock-bound caverns or plunge wildly over the precipice, in the cataracts leap, to reach the mournfully heavy bosom of the limitless ocean. Tennyson is indeed typified by the springtime of the year. The earth is gay in living green, the air is redolent with nature's bloom; the warbler's tune the children's merry voices. Byron is sublimely superior, Tennyson superiorly sweeter; one is the poet of thrilling passions, the other that of softer sentiments. Tennyson is essentially lyrical, and as such, he is the acknowledged master "of his generation;" still Tennyson's true worth was doubted, when he appeared in the poetic world. His first attempts at versefication were repudiated. Coleridge said that "he had begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre was." But when his memorial poem dedicated to Arthur Hallam appeared,



he was recognized as Wordsworth's true successor, and deserving of a place among England's peers of the Muse dialect. Later on his "Idylls" were revealed, and these form the basis of his literary merit. Still we find critics of no mean abilities, casting shadows on the Arthurian legend. They consider them as an unparalleled collection of airy, unsubstantial pen-pictures; a beautiful tableau, apparently in real life, but nothing more. They ask the question, "Are the Idylls of the King what they are supposed to be, an epic?" Do they carry that import, which the Iliad did to the Greeks, the Aeneid to the Romans, the Paradise Lost, to the world? Mr. Parsons doubts whether the Arthurian legend should be classed as an epic, and says that it can "hardly be regarded as a monumental work." To decide this point is no easy task. It is true that the "Idylls" have no historical import, nor has Paradise Lost, still the latter is acknowledged the best epic in English. It is true that the Idylls bears no significance to mankind? Let us see. What is an epic? What are its characteristics? Stating these, then comparing them to the Idylls of the King the answer in question is at hand. If we review the master epics of the world, we perceive that they are "the recital of some illustrious enterprise in poetical form." The epic like all other varieties of poetry has for end and purpose the giving of pleasure, by the exposition of "heroic qualities," strong feelings and striking characters. Therefore the characteristic mark of the epic is admiration through moral and physical sublimity. After examining Tennyson's Idylls of the King, we are forced to place it not in the hall of the epic fame, but in a niche by itself. In the first place it is an allegorical epic. If it is not, it is what Parsons says, "not a monumental work." There is more in it than the mere outward expression of the Arthurian legend. This Albion tradition concerning an eminent King of Britain, is simply the garb in which is couched a noble strife, a grand ideal, and this ideal is the Idylls import to mankind. The fable of the Round Table is to the Idylls what the "Hind, panther and wolves are to Dryden's unrivaled allegory. Many critics looking solely at the external, the bark of Tennyson's *chef-d'œuvre*, have disregarded it; but the searching eye of diligent and untiring study has seen an Eden of poetic luxuriance. You will not find undaunted heroes in quest of their country's cause, nor mail-clad knights shedding blood for honor's sake or the love of the fair; but a struggle old and new, which dates from



Adam's banishment from Paradise to this very day; a tournament which manifests more than physical strength and artificial skill, it is the noblest of combats, that of the Black Knight of Sense with the Immaculate Cavalier of the Spirit.

That Tennyson tried to create an epic is evident; that he gave the world an epic is not to be questioned; but how it compares with real epics is not so clear. Certainly Tennyson's Idylls lack that stamp of epic poetry. He seemed incapable of those strong and sublime sentiments; those lofty aspirations, so necessary for that song which was sung by Homer, Virgil and Dante. Another indispensable requisite which is found in the Iliad, Aeneid, and Paradise Lost is wanting, because Tennyson was not a painter of characters. His personages are often vague, ill-defined and unappealing; they do not represent personalities demanding reverence and admiration. His characters are myth-like and he leaves them such. Have we no excuse for this breach of poetic-law? Can we be allowed to say in his favor, that considering the subject matter, the import of his poem, namely the spiritual, he thought best to leave his Arthur, the Lady of the Lake, Merlin, and many others in an airy, nebulous world? I think so. Therefore if we attempt to class the Idylls as an epic by the simple consideration of the Arthurian legend, it is a complete failure. For, what is there to enlist attention, interest and sentiment in a worthless legend, whose characters are myths, whose exploits arouse not passion? But if we consider Tennyson as trying to paint the soul's combat with sense and its infernal and worldly host, on the battlefield of Earth and at the tournament of time; if we consider the choice of a dubious tradition as the garb for the presentation of his ideal to be given to the world because it can suffer to be applied to suit the undercurrent of the poem, then I say it is an epic, and one occupying a new pedestal in the museum of literature. In order to insure a correct insight into Tennyson's "Idylls," a critique of the first idyll, "The Coming of Arthur," will be given. We must constantly keep before the mind's eye, the two currents of this flowing epic. The upper-current is a connected narrative, with its characters, places, and actions, which shadows the struggle of the spirit and its allies with the body and its morbid host. But we must not be searching a mystery in every pen-picture, "a riddle in every line," a symbol in every character or action, for this would be driving interpretation" to the ridiculous. Guinevere as the



poem says is King Leodogran's daughter "the fairest of all the flesh," whose father's realm is devastated by petty princes, menaced by wild beasts, and harried by heathens. Here Guinevere is the daughter, the product of matter, but the "fairest" product of matter, namely the human body. The kingdom's frightful conditions manifest the body's state, when besieged by passions, and evil inclinations both from within and without itself. At this time a mighty knight appears of unknown origin and land, to whom Leodogran appeals for succor saying: "Arise, and help us thou! For here between the man and beast we die." This is the picture of the awful conditions of things, if no spiritual power existed in the material world and their yearning for such a power is graphic from Leodogran's supplication.

"Arthur had yet done no deed of arms" but responding to the King's fervent call, he unites his bravest knights and takes the field. The heathens are driven away; the forests are cleared of malicious beasts, and pathways made for knight and hunter. But now the great Lords and Barons of Leodogran's realm, had been waiting for an heir of Uther the lawful king of the country, but when Arthur takes possession of the land they flash forth and into war saying: Who is he that he should rule us? Who hath proven him King Uther's son? For lo! we look at him, and find nor face, nor bearing, limbs, nor voice are like to those of Uther whom we knew. These rebellious lords and barons typify the vices and passions upbraiding the soul's presence, and denying its kingship. Now Arthur, when going to war against these, meets Guinevere's eye, desires to be joined with her and thinks thus as he rode away.

"Her father said  
 That there between the man and beast they die.  
 Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts  
 Up to my throne, and side by side with me?  
 What happiness to reign a lonely king,  
 Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,  
 O earth that soundest hollow under me,  
 Vext with waste dreams? for, saving I be joined  
 To her that is the fairest under heaven.  
 I seem as nothing in the mighty world,  
 And cannot will my will, nor work my work  
 Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm



Victor and lord. But were I joined with her,  
Then might we live together as one life,  
And reigning with one will in everything  
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,  
And power on this dead world to make it live."

In these sweet accents of yearning is manifested the soul's connatural aptitude and desire of being united to the human body. The soul must live with the body, it must regenerate, must save the body from its enthralling foes; but for that end, it must be united to the body without lowering its nature. The soul must have full sway over the human organization, so as to raise it to the spiritual order. Arthur must take Guinevere to his stately court of Camelot. If that it does not do what is the world with all its pomp and glory to the soul? Nothing, mere show and dross. So Arthur plunging in the battle-field, a mighty struggle ensues. The lords and petty princes seem at first to overpower Arthur and his chosen knights, when heavenly forces stop the crushing tide of victory against the victors. Arthur leading his knighthood encouraged, overcomes the bewildered rebels. When the fray has become a deep silence and pleasant calm, Arthur smiles on his best loved knight, who exclaims:

"Sir and my liege, the fire of God.  
Descends upon thee in the battlefield:  
I know thee for my King."

But what is this heavenly succor, this fire of God, the symbol? This can best be answered by St. Paul, "God will make that grace issue with every temptation."

Tennyson having thus far advanced in his theme, has to bring up a question, which the poem requires. The question belongs to the province of philosophy, but Tennyson's poetic mind, which cannot be hampered by syllogisms and principles, must follow its inclination. The problem is Arthur's or the soul's origin. When Arthur's victory is still quickening his pulse, he summons three of his sworn knights and dispatches them to Leodogran saying:

"If I in aught have served thee well, (Leodogran)  
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."



Leodogran, having received the Arthurian knights, makes a grateful avowal of their leader's great assistance; but he, being a king, cannot afford to give his knightly daughter except to a king's son, of which prerogative, he is not assured as regards Arthur. In Leodogran we have a picture of a character still enmeshed by strong threads of materialism, and not thoroughly spiritualized, who doubts the soul's kingship. He desires evidence for Arthur's title. The king's chamberlain informs him that the secret of Arthur's birth lies in the mind of two sages, Merlin and Bleys. The latter the teacher, the former the pupil; but the disciple so far outstripped the master, that Bleys "sat himself down" to write what Merlin revealed. And in that great book the secret of Arthur's birth is kept. Now Merlin typifies Wisdom, and Bleys, knowledge. Merlin at present is Arthur's Councillor and guide; building his cities, planning his exploits, and regenerating the kingdom. There is a nice point of distinction here to be inferred, between Knowledge and Wisdom, which Tennyson again makes in "In Memoriam:"

"Let knowledge know her place;  
She is the second, not the first,  
For she is earthly of the mind,  
But wisdom heavenly of the soul."

Hence Wisdom is to tell Leodogran whence is Arthur or the soul. It must be remembered that Leodogran and his court wish to find out whether Arthur is Uther's son. If this is proved, Leodogran will cede. The three knights are then questioned. These answer "by faith, and not by knowledge," so that Leodogran is still in doubt and unsatisfied. While debating with himself, Bellicent, Arthur's reputed sister, the wife of Lot, a neighboring king, appears at court. Bedivere one of Arthur's deputed knights, had referred to Bellicent as knowing the origin of Arthur. Therefore Leodogran, by way of leading to that issue, asks Bellicent, her opinion of the stability of Arthur's kingdom. She answers him by giving an account of the founding of the Round Table, of which she was an eye witness. Now the Round Table is the symbol of the spiritual organization in man; the breathing of a new spirit in the purely sensual man. Therefore we infer that Arthur's knights are but the soul's agencies. When the knights took their knightly



vows, they became transformed like other Arthurs; they awoke as from a deep trance, dazed, bewildered and pallid, but when from Arthur's tongue came divinely encouraging words they were revived. And while he spoke three rays of red, green and blue darted from the crucifix and rested on three fair queens present, who brightened the room and promised to be the knights' abiding help in need. At this installation of the Round Table, Merlin and the Lady of the Lake, who gives to Arthur his famous sword the Excalibur, are present. This Lady of the Lake is said to possess a subtler magic than Merlin, and dwells "down in a deep calm" and whatever turmoil overturns the world, "she hath power to walk the waters like our Lord." Now this account of Bellicent, who typifies those to whom faith is sufficient, those who cannot see the Holy Grail unveiled, but those who receive Merlin or Wisdom's word on faith, because it has sworn, "Though men may wound him (Arthur) that he will not die;" we admit that this account is mystical and hazy to those who do not grasp the under-current of the poem from the beginning. By the three fair queens is typified the theological virtues, which guide and fortify the spiritual organism. That famous Fairy of the Lake, who presents for a time a mighty sword to Arthur, is the symbol of Religion, which furnishes to the soul during its earthly reign the spiritual arms necessary to keep away strange and troublesome ravagers.

Leodogran hearing this explanation of Arthur's immortality and kingdom rejoices greatly, but still he demands whence is Arthur. Bellicent although acknowledging him, her brother, though of a different complexion and mien says "These be secret things." But Leodogran's questioning forces her to relate what she had learned from Merlin.

Merlin had described to her Arthur's coming on a night when earth and sky seemed to meet, when in mid-air appeared a ship dragon-winged; and while the sea rolled and the waves dashed, an infant child was washed to the shore at Merlin's feet. Merlin took him in his arms and cried aloud, "The king." Who, then, is Arthur? Surely not Uther's son. Bellicent's account which she received from Merlin is the "soul's advent from that eternity whence it comes to human birth—to the shores of time. "It comes in flames of fire, the symbol of life." He, Arthur, is king not because he is the heir of Uther, but by virtue of the spiritual supremacy of the soul over the body.



It is the kingship of the higher over the lower nature. But Bellicent tells Leodogran that when she had questioned Merlin as to the truth of Arthur's spiritual advent, Merlin answered in "riddling triplets of old time." The import of the "riddling triplets," is that human curiosity should not pry into what is beyond its reach; still we may infer that Arthur's or the soul is that principle, that "rainbow" which passes through all the vicissitudes of life and survives even after death. Hence the soul's immortality. Leodogran's mind is changed but not convinced. While meditating between the "yea" and "nay" to be sent to Arthur he falls into a deep sleep and dreams. The import of the dream is the struggle of the lower against the higher nature and the survival of the latter.

"Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze  
Descended, and the solid earth became  
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,  
Crowned. And Leodogran awoke, and sent  
Ulfius, Brastias and Bedivere,  
Back to the court of Arthur answering *yea*."

Arthur received his deputies with joy and his chief knight Lancelot is sent for Guinevere, who is brought in Arthur's realm at Camelot, the city built with the "sound of music, therefore not built at all, yet built forever." The marriage feast is echoed by the songs and shouts of the happy knighthood. It is the springtime of the year, the beginning of a new epoch. Arthur says to Roman Lords who were present demanding tribute:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;  
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,  
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old  
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,  
No tribute will we pay."

"The reign of pagan Rome is now over; a new era has come in, a new law established." The spiritual king must reign, so Arthur and his knights:

"In twelve great battles overcame  
The heathen hordes and made a realm and reigned."

The Roman lords and heathen hordes represent the unlawful formalism to which the man of yore was subject, but since



the apparition of the Lady of the Lake and her ward, Arthur, ancient custom have been abolished, heathen superstitions and base idolatry has been blasted.

These are the chief points of symbolism to be gleaned from the first Idyll. Certainly, this work of Tennyson is a grand allegory. But the question arises, "Did he really mean, what modern critics have interpreted from the poem?" It is doubtful. The true meaning is so darkly hidden, there is such a distance and unconnection between the true and apparent subject-matter, that it is almost impossible for one to arrive at the former from the latter. Other interpretations of the "Idylls" can be given. It is an easy task to find appropriate characters of history to fill the myth-like personalities of a legend, when one has that bent of mind called association of ideas. Considering but the first Idyll, could not Arthur be regarded as Christ in his work of redemption? Merlin the symbol of Scriptures? Bellicent, St. John the Baptist? Could not Guinevere represent human nature? Lancelot, Judas? Would it be stretching fancy beyond its limits to consider the Lady of the Lake the Virgin Mother, giving to Arthur, Christ his Excalibur or human nature? Could not Leodogran's doubt and perplexity as to Arthur's legitimacy, symbolize the Jewish High-Priest, who referred to scripture or Merlin through Bellicent or St. John de Baptist for the testimony of Arthur's coming. Certainly I see no more incongruity in this interpretation than I do in Mr. Pallen's of which the greater part of this critique is the outgrowth, for the latter interpretation smacks not a little of Plato's unphilosophical theory of the soul's advent.

As to the Idylls' literary merit we must say that the style lacks that tone which an epic requires. The style is soft and sweet, and is void of that sublime magnificence, and grandeur of heroism, which is found in Virgil and Milton. The inversions lend an air of mysteriousness to the theme. The music is frequently broken by grating measures. The rhythm of the Idylls is totally unlike Tennyson's other works, whose particular charm are mellowness and smoothness. If the twenty years of work which the author has spent on the Idylls would have increased to thirty, modern English literature might have an epic to compare to that of Milton. But as they stand one must not begin to compare them with *Paradise Lost*. The latter is the tuned voice of a master; the former the gasp of a striving apprentice.



## MATERIALISTIC EVOLUTION VERSUS PHYSICS AND BIOLOGY

JERRY P. HOLLY '14

**M**ATERIALISTIC Evolution as a philosophic theory necessarily supposes the eternity of matter. If matter and force alone exist, then it follows as a necessary consequence that matter and force are eternal. The first fundamental postulate of materialistic evolution is thereby the eternity of matter. Many metaphysical reasons might be assigned to disprove such a theory, but we will disregard these and meet opponents of scholastic doctrine on their own favorite ground of Physics and Biology.

Everyone who is at all interested in the facts of scientific investigation must have heard of the "Nebular Hypothesis." That this is one of the basic principles of Materialism is also notorious to all. Let us for the sake of argument suppose this theory to be true. Let us suppose that in the beginning, the universe was a huge gaseous body, that the molecules of matter were at relatively enormous distances from one another. The universe was a great tenuous cloud, a gas or vapor. There was enormous intermolecular space. If this be true, then the question naturally arises, How did the molecules get apart to such enormous distances? By the power of gravity the molecules have a tendency to come together. Since gravity, so far as we know it, is a force inherent in matter, we would be led to suppose that in the beginning the molecules were very close together. How then did the molecules get apart? Materialism answers,—Heat separated them. But what caused the heat? In order to answer the question, Materialism refers us to a law of Physics—Heat is produced by the friction of the molecules: But the explanation supposes that the molecules came together of themselves. In the beginning they were apart and afterwards they came together: Evidently they must have been in motion. But who put them in motion? This is the final question which we would put to the advocates of Materialism. This is the question which materialism cannot answer. "Who put the molecules in motion?" Evidently we must admit the existence of a force distinct from matter, a force that was responsible for the motion of the molecules. But Materialists



reject such a conclusion. They suppose not only that matter is eternal, but also that motion and force must also be eternal. Their solution of the problem resembles the ancient Hindu Explanation," "The elephant supports the universe, the turtle supports the elephant. But what supports the turtle?"

Astronomers tell us that the original nebula, the great cloud of gas was in the beginning in very rapid motion. Its centrifugal force was so great that it threw off into space, the great central sun. The central sun in its rapid revolution threw off our sun. Our sun threw off its system of satellites, moon and stars, and in this manner our entire solar system was evolved. Now this theory may be accepted or not. There are facts in favor of it, there are facts again which deny it. All the planets with the exception of Mars are revolving from west to east. The fact that all the planets of our Solar system are revolving in the same direction proves the existence of a parent body revolving in that direction, yet the fact that Mars revolves in the opposite direction contradicts the theory.

But this is not *ad rem*. Consider how inconsistent with the facts of astronomy, is the theory of eternal matter. We know that this rotary motion of the planets is gradually slowing up. At the present time the earth rotates on its axis once every twenty-four hours. There will come a time when the earth will rotate only once a year. A day and a year will then be synonymous. This is true not only of the earth upon which we live but of all the other planets, Neptune, Mars, Jupiter, all of them are gradually slowing up. The universe is approaching the final completion of all these movements. I say it is approaching the completion for the retardation of this rotary motion is not yet completed. Now if matter were eternal this slowing up process would have been completed not millions upon millions of years ago, but an eternity ago. As a matter of fact, we know that the problem is still under way of solution. It will take time, not eternity, to solve it. So you see how absurd is the theory of eternal matter and a thorough study of our solar system shows how miserably inconsistent is the doctrine.

There is a law in Physics called the conservation of energy. In substance that law means that matter cannot be destroyed. We read of the existence of another law, a law which seems to contradict the law of conservation. It is called the dissipation of energy. While it is true that matter cannot be de-



stroyed, that man has not the power to annihilate it, nevertheless it is also true that energy which was formerly in a state useful to man, may be reduced to a state wholly unserviceable to him. When the cottage of a poor laborer is reduced to ashes by fire, the law of conservation is not violated. Matter is not destroyed but it is changed into a state wholly unserviceable to the laborer. The law of dissipation is going on throughout the universe at all times. We learn in Physics that a machine will never give back the energy which is put into it. We have heard of machines which were 47%, 60%, even 99% efficient, but whoever heard of a machine that was 100% efficient? Some energy must be lost and it is generally transformed into heat and dissipated in the atmosphere.

Let us apply this law to our solar system. We know that the center of our solar system, the sun, is sending out into space waves upon waves of heat and that only a small portion of this heat reaches the earth upon which we live. All the other planets are receiving some of this heat and surely the sun cannot go on in this way forever. It cannot continue forever to send out into space its heat waves for its supply is limited. What then is going to happen? See how the law of dissipation is working in our solar system—the sun is slowly cooling, its temperature is gradually declining. All the other planets are also losing heat but not as rapidly as the sun. Scientists tell us that there will come a time when all the planets will be of an equal temperature and when that time comes there will no longer be vegetation upon the earth, since heat is an essential requisite for the preservation of life. When the cooling process in the universe is completed, man will no longer continue in existence. All these events must take place in the course of time. How long we do not know for it may require millions of years. If matter were eternal, let me repeat the argument, this problem must also have been solved in eternity. We know as a matter of fact, that the problem is still under way of solution. Hence matter cannot be eternal.

Materialism explains the universe as it now exists by the theory of eternal matter. Yet we have seen from a study of our solar system that matter cannot be eternal. But even supposing the eternity of matter, then Materialism is brought face to face with the question "How do you account for life?" The evidence both geological and paleontological points to the fact that there was a time when life did not exist upon the



earth. In the beginning there was no life. Now life exists. Whence this life? In order to account for life Materialists are forced to make one more supposition—Spontaneous Generation. By this they mean the production of life from inert matter. Some time in the past, let it be countless ages ago, if you will, a single cell was produced out of the potentiality of matter. Just one little cell, a tiny speck of protoplasm. This is all they would ask us to admit and then these advocates of Materialistic Evolution would stretch their imagination to its widest limits and endeavor to explain every species of life now existing upon earth. Let us therefore examine this theory and see how it ranks with the facts of science. We can accept it only in so far as it is supported by actual proof.

There is not a single fact of science to substantiate it, for no scientist has ever succeeded in producing the most imperfect form of life from inert matter. In fact the experiments have not been upon inert matter, but upon decayed animal organism. Yet even then science could not produce a living cell; so that the most we can say in favor of Spontaneous Generation is that it may be so. Perhaps there are hidden forces operating in this universe producing life from inert matter. In fact this is the only argument which the materialists bring forward to support their theory. Tyndall gives expression to the argument when he says "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

I said that there was not a single fact to support the theory of abiogenesis, rather all the facts seem to point in the other direction. The famous experiment of Pasteur proved conclusively that life cannot spring from dead matter, and all subsequent researches in the field of chemistry and biology have only tended to widen the gulf between the living and the non-living. Hence we will end the question of abiogenesis for the theory is no longer considered by the scientific world as worthy of our attention, and many prominent materialists have long since abandoned it because as a scientific hypothesis it fails completely. The second fundamental postulate of materialistic evolution is therefore necessarily erroneous.

Before I conclude I wish to point to the fact that there is no controversy between Evolution, considered as a strictly scientific hypothesis and Christianity. The Church never has been in the past, neither is she to day, a barrier in the way of scientific investigation. Never was any statement more untrue than the accusation that the Popes prohibited dissection, during the middle ages. The Popes on the contrary have always been liberal patrons of chemistry and anatomy and many prominent members of the clergy were noted scientists. There is no controversy between religion and science. The Church today does not discourage investigation in the field of evolution and no discovery of science can ever undermine the foundation of Christianity. Let evolution be demonstrated by science and let us suppose that there is an evolution of species, this in no way will disprove the doctrines of the Catholic Church. For to admit that there exists in the force of matter the wonderful power of self-development in no way contradicts the Omnipotence of the Almighty but rather it manifests His Infinite Wisdom and Power.

#### THE CROSS.

Hail Sacred Cross! Ah! Who can paint  
The mystic strength and beauty found in thee?  
Emblem of truth; and wond'rous symphony  
Of each and every faithful soul and saint.  
The only gate of Heaven; the one restraint  
That keeps and guides the weary on their way,  
The mile post pointing to eternal day  
Encouraging the wayworn and the faint.  
In glorious Peter Hermit's holy hand  
It marshalled Christian forces to defense  
Against the crescent in that Holy Land,  
Where Saracenic hosts had shown offense.  
On Calvary's holy height where first it stood  
It e'er remains our strength—the holy rood.

*S. M. A.*





REV. J. A. CHARLEBOIS, C. S. V., D. D.  
Retiring Provincial, Appointed Pastor of Maternity Church  
Bourbonnais, Illinois



## REV. DR. RIVARD, C. S. V., APPOINTED PROVINCIAL

Word has been received from the General Direction of the Clerics of St. Viator in Brussels, Belgium, that the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., has been appointed Provincial of the Chicago Province. He succeeds the Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., who has filled the office during the last four years.

During his incumbency Father Charlebois formulated and brought to successful issue important plans for the development of the American branch of the Viatorian Order. To foster vocations and prepare young men for the novitiate he established a Juniorate in connection with St. Viator College, and also opened up at Bourbonnais a house of studies for professed members. He developed the missionary feature of the Order by establishing a Missionary Band, with headquarters in Chicago. Columbus College of Chamberlain, S. D., owes its existence to his energetic efforts.

The strain which was consequent upon his ceaseless labors began to tell upon Father Charlebois' health and necessitated a change of occupation. He has been assigned to the pastorate of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais.

The announcement of Father Rivard's promotion will be hailed with joy by a large circle of friends, for he is widely known in the United States by both priests and laity, and it will be generally felt that no better appointment could have been made. Father Rivard has spent the last twenty-eight years in the active work of education, and therefore is well equipped to deal with the problems that confront a community engaged in the work of Catholic education. He is also widely known as a scholar and literateur, being the author of a well-known work on Dante, as well as a constant contributor to Catholic periodicals.

Father Rivard was born about fifty-four years ago at Bourbonnais, Ill., and reared in the very shadow of St. Viator College. He received his primary education in the district school, which then, as now, was taught by two Brothers of the Clerics of St. Viator. He afterward proceeded to St. Viator College, where he completed his studies in philosophy. About that time the late lamented Father Fournier, C.S.V., was appointed first



Provincial of the Chicago Province, and he straightway opened a novitiate for the new province. Father Rivard was the first novice to enter this novitiate, and has therefore the distinction of being the first novice of the Chicago Province. After the completion of his novitiate he returned to the college to complete his studies in theology, being ordained June 6, 1885. After his ordination his superiors, recognizing his fine talents, sent him to Rome to pursue further studies for the doctorate in philosophy and theology, both of which degrees he was successful in winning. When he returned from Rome he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at St. Viator College, which position he filled with brilliant success until a year ago, when holy obedience called him to be Master of Novices.

During the twenty-five years that Father Rivard taught philosophy, many men now distinguished in various walks of life passed under his care. He was the ideal teacher, and anyone who was ever in his class will gladly bear testimony to this fact. He had the great teacher's sympathy with his pupils' difficulties, and had the faculty of instilling a great love and desire for learning into the members of his classes. Father Rivard always loved philosophy and poetry, and some of the abundance of his love used to overflow into the souls of his students. It was no uncommon occurrence to find a pupil who had not been noted for his intellectual attainments up to the time when he began philosophy, grow and develop intellectually in a wonderful manner under Father Rivard's teaching. "Father Rivard was my intellectual parent," a priest now well known for his intellectual attainments was once heard to say, and it is no exaggeration to say that many men in all walks of life can say the same thing.

Father Rivard was a great teacher because he believed in the grandeur and nobility of the cause of Catholic education, to which he had devoted his life. Personal ambition and advancement, ease and comfort, his whole being, in fact, were subordinated to the advancement of this cause. In the councils of his community his advice was always given with this in view, and every new measure that came up for adoption, and every new enterprise to be undertaken were always considered in the light of whether the cause of Catholic education would thereby be advanced. In the course of his career as a professor Father Rivard taught a generation of men who are now teachers themselves, and he always fired them with some of his own enthusi-



asm for the great work they were about to engage in, and inflamed their hearts and some of his love for it.

It cannot be doubted that Father Rivard has been a potent factor in the great work of Catholic Education in the Middle West. He has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the Catholic Educational Association, and when this splendid organization was in its infancy he was among the most active fosterers of its growth. He understands intimately the problems that confront the Catholic educators of today, both in the class room and outside, and has always been an advocate of everything tending to the betterment of education. Now that the Direction of the Province has been laid upon his shoulders, his sphere of usefulness had been widened, and it will be generally felt by those who know him that he is big enough to fill this wider sphere. No doubt, old students of St. Viator College will regret his absence from the class room, but they will know that the direction of a teaching community is in safe hands, and that he will instill into the young educators whom he now directs, something of the spirit which animates him.

#### WINTER.

The skies are drear, old earth is white  
Aeolus has set free his might,  
And o'er the hills and through the vale  
Grim Winter seeks his lonely trail.

Like monarchs stand the maples brown.  
Each lone and still with frosted crown,  
The blossoms too, have fled away  
For rude King Winter now holds sway.

The days are bleak, the nights are long  
And silent now the warbler's song;  
Yet fancy kind paints visions bright  
Of Summer scenes in colors light.

S. E. D.



## A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT

E. KEKICH '13

**D**AWN was coming in a mist of vivid red and white; morning, Christmas morning, was beginning to unfold its soft and pinky fog into bright light of day. The big city seemed hushed, hushed unusually, as if in reverence to the sacred Yule, as though it were the vital part of Christendom solemnly joining in adoration to the new-born Lord.

In one of the leading hotels of the big city, a certain Charley Bates, having finished his morning toilet, stood at the window of his room, languidly gazing on the Christmas dawn. He noticed, the thin flurry of snow descending slowly from above, the reflection of the sun's dull, but happy light on the tiny white flakes, the reign of calm and quiet over the city. Inadvertently and with a sigh he quoted that poetic heralding of the Yuletide: "The halcyon builds its nest on the tranquil sea." Christmas! But none of the traditional joys were for him.

Some minutes later Bates rather nervously stalked up to the hotel office. After a few casual and commonplace remarks to the clerk, he turned mechanically to the register. Six seconds later he uttered a low exclamation of surprise. On the left hand page, in the bottom space, he read, "Alexander T. Hamilton, 42 Maiden Lane, New York." In mingled wonder and anxiety, Bates quickly made his way to the little enclosure in which was installed the telephone apparatus and asked the hotel operator if he might speak to Hamilton.

Alexander T. Hamilton awoke with a start, the 'phone was clamoring wildly. Notwithstanding the temptation to throw a shoe at that modern annoyance and remain in his downy bed, said party wearily arose, yawned, stretched, and hovered lazily to the phone. "Hello, ah, Oh, what? Yes, Who? Oh my! Charlie! Sure I'll be down right soon."

Hamilton, now pretty well awake, by way of morning exercise, approached the window of his room and noted the identical things noted by Bates a little before; the Christmas dawn, the Christmas sun, the Christmas snow, and somehow was effected in the same way. None of the traditional joys



of Christmas were for him either. Then his thoughts turned to his one dear friend, the fellow who had just telephoned.

Later found an affectionate greeting taking place in the lobby of the hotel between Hamilton and Bates. As this brotherly salutation was going on, the observer finds that Hamilton is a clean-faced young man, probably twenty-five years of age, of slender proportions, neatly dressed and very handsome. Bates is large sized, somewhat younger than his friend, of an attractive appearance and manner. The observer might read in the air of these young men, well-being in its every sense, fruitful activity, success. But unfortunately the adage "Looks are somewhat deceiving," fits this case precisely.

Charley and Alexander were veritable members of the "down and out" club. In a very little measure they were conscious of this fact. Back yonder in the past they had both attended the same university. There, Alexander's sense of value developed in the football channel only. In football he had been willing to wear the badge of toil, but otherwise his attitude was nonchalant. His warm friend, Bates, was one of those gifted scholars who never opened a book and was accordingly much admired, as if such abstinence were reason of admiration. So these two creatures, very conspicuous in the doings of the large eastern university at one time, graduated therefrom, whether with honors or without, is not said. They parted ways, drifted aimlessly about for the period of a year or so and were finally ejected from their respective households, by their respective "paters," who branded them as worthless parasites, (though probably, they were not so bad as that), unable to get for themselves even a living. After their abrupt and disgraceful exit from home, more aimless wandering followed. Finally Charlie managed to manage "a job at bookkeeping." Alexander, in turn, was rapidly rising in the world by "stalling" eight hours a day in a newspaper office at a small sum. Both happened to be in the same city but neither was aware of that fact until the Christmas morning of which we speak.

Thus Hamilton and Bates, bosom friends, talented in their way, supposedly educated in their particular professions, and with every possibility of successful careers before them on leaving school, had nothing at present to look back upon save ill-spent years. So far their lives were comparative failures. Through it all, they had grown callous and indifferent.



As they, almost simultaneously looked from their windows on this Christmas morning, before their meeting, the whole aspect of nature breathed a spirit of Christmas, joy and happiness, the spirit of the happy home, and—success, causing in their hearts a vague impression of the desolateness of their lives, of the something that seemed missing. Their deadened sensibilities were slightly awakened but that was all. Worldly contact and association had wound a charm about them so that such impressions were but short-lived in their thoughts. But yet for the nonce, on this Christmas morning, these impressions left their influence dormant in the hearts of Bates and Hamilton.

After the friendly embrace, the hearty handshake, they strode with laughing sally and gay banter to the breakfast table. Together they went to the Christmas Mass. Together they partook of the Christmas dinner.

In a secluded corner of the small lounging room of the hotel, with its large windows overlooking one of the principal streets of the city, the two young men sat smoking, after the dinner, each in a comfortable wicker chair. They fell to recalling episodes and events of their college days, relating tales of this one and of that, of one thing and another. A chance remark, in the course of their idle talk surged into the soul of each like an ocean-breaker and for the time a sense of real shame, of real understanding of the pretense and hypocrisy which they themselves had played in their lives up to date, flooded their souls; each was aware of the feelings of the other, and as a result there ensued a profound and reflective silence between them.

The sun was shedding forth a bright and cheery light. The snow had stopped falling and gladness seemed to pervade all things. Already the streets were crowded. Throngs flocked to and fro, bent to enjoy the afternoon at the matinee or some other place of amusement. "Merry Christmas" was everywhere in evidence, in its cosmopolitan form. The two of the wicker chairs, sat motionless lost in deep reverie gazing vacantly through the windows, wondering what it all meant, why it was success was not theirs, neither the consequent genuine Christmas happiness; while everybody else seemed showered with all earthly blessings. Thus for the first time in their lives they began to weigh life's problems, seriously dreaming of possible



explanation or excuse for their wasted years, years of carelessness, with no thought of decent provision for the future.

The afternoon crowds had come and gone and only a few of the populace found occasion to remain on the street the majority of these being professional loafers and loiterers. Time slid by. The sunshine did not pour so freely and the dusk that is early in winter was slowly and quietly casting its shadows. Hamilton and Bates were still in their solitary corner now left in softer obscurity by the vanishing daylight. Both were wrapped in thought, eyes following somber dreams along the rugs in front of them. Though the scene lacked speech, they felt not the lack. Never before had they been in such near understanding, spirit and spirit alongside.

"Call for Mr. Jennings." Both men jumped up. Indeed they were quite scared for the moment and when again they faced each other, gave vent to hearty laughter, an inevitable consequence to such a circumstance. The bell boy had been merely going about doing his duty so had quite unconsciously and unceremoniously interrupted their sacred reverie and startled them by the suddenness of his cry. The laughter quickly subsided and the scene seemed to become surcharged with stillness. Hamilton broke the tension; with flushed face, decisive voice and motions buoyed up by the utmost confidence he said: "Charley, this is the most unforgetful Christmas. It is the turning point of our lives. From now, we are, going to make good. We have spent the "Yule holily and now," here he broke down, "we must say farewell, until we both succeed."

An inarticulate sob in their throats, a loving handclasp, and they parted.



# THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 219 WEST JEFFERSON ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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Application for entry as second-class matter at the Postoffice at  
Bloomington, Illinois, pending.

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*All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bloomington, Ill.*

*Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies, Fifteen Cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager,"  
The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois.*

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Two thousand years ago the angel choir burst forth in the heavenly canticle of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will,"

## Christmas

and the all-absorbing luster of God's love overshadowed the world. Today, again, with this holy season of Christmastide the same spirit permeates the air. The same "multitude of heavenly army praising God," peal forth their joyous strains; the effulgence of God's love again envelopes us; the hallowed spirit of Christmas is everywhere. If we but pause a while in our haste we cannot but recognize it. It knocks at the fleshy portals of our hearts and bids us open that it may enter and take possession. Let us not fail to admit it. Even Nature strives to do her part and with her fleecy mantle has clad the earth in its holiday costume. The Christ-like feelings of good will, charity and forgiveness are everywhere prevalent. The wanderer, the wayfarer, the student and all the scattered ones, bearing with them at least the Christmas smile, hasten to the family fireside to celebrate the day in the sacred precincts of home. Of all great feast days, Christmas is the one which is dearest to the hearts of the family. Like a gentle breath of youthful spring the Christmas spirit caresses the land, and joy and gladness follow in its wake. Everyone forgets his cares



and troubles and the salutation which greets us on every side is an intimation of good will. Let us accept and clothe ourselves in the true spirit of the season in order that our Christmas may be attended by all the joys which true friendship affords, and above all, a Christmas rich in the gracious smiles from Bethlehem's Babe.

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble." (Luke 1:52.)

### ***The Balkan War***

Mighty Turkey has fallen before the fierce onslaught of the loyal peoples of the Balkan states. Another crusade has been preached and executed; another oppressor has been crushed by the oppressed; another foe of Christianity has been trampled in the dust. History truly repeats itself. The defeat of Turkey is as momentous as any since the dawn of history. The Empire of the Sultan is now in its decline and the time is not far distant when Abdul Hamid will gather about him his decimated hordes and bid farewell to Europe "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Nourishing in their breasts, for generations, a spirit of resentment for the wrongs inflicted on themselves and their ancestors, by the relentless Turk, the people of the Balkan states fought with the courage that defied subjugation and now the terror-stricken Turk on the one hand sees his throne tottering to the very dust, and on the other hand, his former serfs arranging for the dissection of his European kingdom. Truly, an injured and outraged Deity "hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble."

December is truly the month that bids farewell to the golden autumn days and welcomes old King Winter to his throne. Al-

### ***Winter Recreation***

ready we have felt the hyperborean blasts sweep across the desolate fields, which, a few days since, were the scenes of abundance and frugality. The first indications of winter's approach have sent all scurrying indoors for shelter, and open air sports are now almost entirely abandoned. The gymnasium and the recreation halls have resumed their popularity after a long period of desertion, and those college students, having hibernating tendencies, have sealed up their places of abode and are getting nicely settled



for a long winter's nap by the side of the hissing radiator. This is, of course, but a natural tendency, yet unfortunately we have other natural tendencies which prompt us to do evil things, or, at best, things which are not beneficial to us. Our tendency to avoid, as far as possible, the icy blasts of winter, when yielded to, is certainly productive of little good. Investigations by eminent physicians have shown that the great amount of illness from which humanity suffers during the winter months, has not, as is generally erroneously supposed, been due to colds contracted in various portions of the body, but to the lack of fresh air. A large arm chair in a cozy room, the latest issue of your favorite periodical, and the curling wreaths of smoke issuing from a pipe or clear Havana have, we will admit, magnetic attraction, but we must remember that it is not always "better to be on the inside looking out than on the outside looking in."

On Thanksgiving day was celebrated, in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., the annual Pan-American Mass.

***The Pan-American Mass***

At this ceremony were gathered together cabinet ministers, justices of the Supreme Court, ambassadors and ministers from all the Latin-American nations, generals, admirals and the heads of the departments of the national capitol, including the President of the United States with his military and naval aides. A more befitting manner could not be devised for the celebration of this great American feast day. In this age of bigotry and prejudice it is, indeed, an inspiring sight to see the representatives of all the countries of the Western World assembled in the house of God to honor and to thank Him for His universal favors and blessings, especially to the nations of the Western Hemisphere. As long as such a bond unites the countries of the Americas we feel assured that peace and plenty will continue to reign. Let us hope that the Pan-American Mass will be a permanent institution, and be a means of more closely cementing the already strong ties that bind the hearts of the American Republics together.



## EXCHANGES

*"Humanum est errare divinum est dimittere."*

Christmas has come again. To the child it brings the long-looked-for Christmas tree, together with Santa Claus; to the man it brings an atmosphere of peace and good cheer. It is on account of this happy spirit which pervades our exchanges at this season of the year that we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of all our Christmas visitors from the invisible land of Ex-dom. They will increase our measure of Yuletide happiness and we hope that we, in turn, will add to theirs. Come, then, friends, from all over the great, broad land of Ex-dom and bring with you the bright and joyous spirit of Christmas. You will be received with open arms, while we again repeat to you the words of the angels, "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will."

St. Mary's Sentinel, from St. Mary's College, Kentucky, comes to us replete with interesting reading matter. The first two essays on the subject of Hamlet's madness present some interesting arguments in favor of their respective propositions. The first essay, "Hamlet's Madness—Feigned," points out the fact that the apparently insane utterances of the young prince are intended to draw suspicion from his actions and to free him from the watchful eye of his uncle, Claudius, thus enabling Hamlet the more easily to accomplish the mission imposed upon him by the spirit of his dead father. To our mind this is a point well taken. For, when free from the espionage of the king, Hamlet's actions and utterances are sane. It is only when Hamlet is subjected, or when he thinks he is subjected, to the surveillance of his uncle, that his actions appear abnormal. In the second essay, "Hamlet's Madness—Real," the author argues from the killing of Polonius that Hamlet's mind must have been deranged. To our mind this conclusion does not follow. A person might, upon the spur of the moment, under the overwhelming influence of a strong passion, slay a man whom he thinks is waiting for an opportunity to betray him. Yet we would not say that such a man must necessarily be insane. So it is in the case of Hamlet. To us, the position of Mr. Thomas,



in support of the feigned character of Hamlet's madness, appeals more strongly than the opposite view which, however, is not untenable. The topics, "Immigration," "The Church and Science" and "Evil Effects of Procrastination," form some instructive reading matter. The Editorials and the Exchange Department are well handled. The addition of a little fiction and more poetry would give a pleasing variety of subject matter to the Sentinel. As it is, however, it is well up to the standard of the average college journal and is always a welcome and awaited visitor to our sanctum.

The Columbia, coming to us all the way from Switzerland, and carrying with it the erudite atmosphere of Fribourg University, is one of our new acquaintances, whose hand we heartily shake, and to whom we extend a cordial welcome. The article, "Ephesus Today and Yesterday," is especially interesting and instructive; the editorial, "Our Tenth Anniversary," describes the trials and obstacles encountered and overcome by the Columbia Reading Circle in publishing an English periodical in a foreign land. The editorial on "Individuality" reveals a profundity of Thought, which is superior to that exhibited in most college journals. Success to you, "Columbia," and to your editors for their devotion to their mother-tongue, even though in a foreign country.

"Modern Journalism" in the November number of the University of Ottawa Review is timely and to the point; the bit of fiction, "Mr. Tulman of Ty Issa," affords some pleasant reading matter; the poem, "The Infidel's Dream," is far superior to the shallow rhymes found in many college magazines. In fact, it evidences higher poetical genius than we have encountered in any of our November exchanges. The University of Ottawa Review is an attractive, well-balanced journal, whose arrival is always awaited with pleasure.

The article in The Mountaineer, "James Rynder Randall," which consists of a critical estimate of his poems, evidences a thorough knowledge of the subject at hand, which has been acquired through extensive research work. The editorial, "Gambling Versus Human Nature," is well worth the reading.



The November number of *The Exponent* from St. Mary's College, Dayton, contains an excellent poem entitled "Autumn Leaves." The sentiment embodied in this poem is beautiful and the comparison is quite true to life. The article, "Some Curious Epitaphs," certainly lives up to its title. The would-be poet certainly must have been, in vulgar parlance, "hard up" for a rhyme when he wrote the following epitaph:

"Under this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost in the sea and never found."

The punster who inscribed the following epitaph upon the tomb of a departed soul, seems to think death a fit subject for levity:

"On Isaac Greentree:  
There is a time when these green trees shall fall  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

Incomparably better judgment is manifested by the man who dictated for his own tombstone the following sentence: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works shall follow them." While the *Exponent* possesses probably the most extensive Book Review Department found in any college journal, still we deprecate the omission of the Exchange column, as no college magazine can be complete without it. In the editorial "Classical Rubbish" the author, Mr. O'Brien, exposes the somewhat bulky ignorance of a certain "public library mentor" when he condemns such masterpieces as the "Iliad," the "Odyssey" and the "Divine Comedy." The editorial is well written. No wonder—look at the editor's name! The *Exponent* on the whole, is of a high literary standard, and always contains good, substantial reading matter.



## INTER ALIA

On the morning of November 25th, Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Illinois, was the inspiring scene of a High Mass of Thanksgiving in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Granger. The Jubilarians, their sons with their families, other relations and many friends attended the celebration of the Mass.

### **50th Wedding Anniversary**

Rev. A. D. Granger, pastor of St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, the son of the happy couple, celebrated Mass. He was assisted by his brother, Rev. William Granger, and Rev. C. J. St. Amant, C.S.V., of St. Viator's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Granger were among the earliest settlers of Bourbonnais, coming to this region from Canada in 1848. Thus they have seen St. Viator's grow from a struggling infant to a lusty youth of today, joyous in its prosperity. All of their sons were educated at this institution. Three of their children have answered the call of Christ—two becoming priests, and Marie, their only daughter, died several years ago, as a member of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal. The remaining children are well known and prominent business men of Illinois.

On account of the recent death of their son, Peter, no celebration was held at the family residence. The College faculty and many friends of the Jubilarians wish to extend felicitation and best wishes and hope that their lives in the years to come will be as calm and peaceful as the past 50 years have been.

The news of the appointment of the Rev. J. M. Kangley of Pontiac, an alumnus of St. Viator, as chaplain in the U. S. army, was received at the college during the month of November. Having been found worthy by the examining board at Washington, and having the required physical educational and professional qualifications for the position of chaplain, he was commissioned as such, and received the rank of

### **Father Kangley Appointed Chaplain**



First Lieutenant. Father Kangley received a percentage of ninety-five in examinations, and was highly complimented by the army officers and his religious superiors in his success.

Father Kangley is well known in the Chicago and Peoria dioceses; having attended St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and St. Viator's, Kankakee, Ill., at the latter place, receiving the degrees of B.A. and M.A. After a post graduate course at the University in Washington, Fr. Kangley was a member of the Mission Band of the Peoria diocese until it was disbanded by the Right Rev. Bishop Dunne; since then he has been stationed at Pontiac, Ill.

Father Kangley with his recognized ability as an orator, and his congenial disposition is well fitted for his new post. Of the seventy-one Catholic priests in the service of the army and navy, as chaplains, Father Kangley is the youngest in the U. S. service. He will be stationed at Ft. Screven, Ga.

Before taking up his new duties, Father Kangley spent a few pleasant hours at the college as the guest of the President and Faculty.

On November 13th, the second anniversary Mass for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Cyril Fournier, C.S.V., was celebrated in the College chapel, the students receiving Holy Communion in a body, in memory of the man whose saintly career, still lives in their memories and is an inspiration to his brethren.

### ***Anniversary Mass***

Father Fournier was the founder of the American Province of the Clerics of St. Viator, and was it's first superior. Capable, not only as a teacher of boys, but as a teacher of teachers, Fr. Fournier was the living fulfillment of the Divine command, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," the motto of the Viatorian Community. He labored incessantly in the vineyard of the Lord and it was this zeal that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Father Fournier was one of the greatest forces in Catholic Education of the middle west, and was especially esteemed by his hosts of friends among the clergy and laity, with whom he labored so long and fruitfully. May he rest in peace.



The ideal guardian of the orphan is found in the Catholic Sister. Under her care the little ones find what was lost in the death of their parents; under her care they receive the affections, the watchful solicitude of a mother; and under her care springs up a devotion such as only can arise from the tender and watchful solicitude of a mother.

**Collection  
For Sisters**

Every Catholic knows this and it is not surprising that when the story of the heroic death of the six Sisters of Charity, mentioned in our last issue, was told to the students by the Rev. President, it awakened the sympathetic admiration of St. Viator's Father O'Mahoney called to mind a lesson which the pleasure loving world might overlook:—the abandonment of self-love evinced by these Sisters, how that spirit of self-love had been put aside long ago for a greater one of self-sacrifice, a spirit which was inter-woven into their daily lives.

The suggestion that each student contribute his little mite, particularly with a spirit of self-sacrifice, in order to send the survivors some substantial token of sympathy met with a ready response. Members of the senior class were delegated to take the subscription, and the sum, though small, was a living manifestation of the faith that Christ taught, and of the spirit that keeps our Catholic Institutions on a firm basis.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was befittingly observed on Sunday, the 8th. Solemn Mass was sung by the Rev. J. J. Corbett, C.S.V., assisted by Rev. M. J. Breen, C.S.V., deacon, Mr. M. Mugan, sub-deacon. C. Marzano, C.S.V., Master of Ceremonies.

**Feast of the  
Immaculate  
Conception**

Rev. Dr. J. P. Munday preached an eloquent sermon on the "Immaculate Conception." He portrayed the life of the Blessed Virgin; showed the great dignity to which she has been elevated as the Mother of God. He laid particular stress on the purity of the Blessed Virgin, not only in her Immaculate Conception but in her daily life; for she was the Mother of the Savior, and no unclean vessel could have held His blessed Body and Blood. The Rev. Preacher recalled to mind the close union existing between Jesus and Mary on this earth and said that the same union was intensified between them in heaven.

In the evening Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. J. P. Munday, assisted by Rev. M. J. Breen, C.S.V., and Mr. J. Sprenga, sub-deacon.



Sunday evening, December 15th, was the occasion of the first of a series of lectures under the auspices of the Senior Class of St. Viator's. Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, editor of the New World, was chosen to deliver the first lecture. That the speaker was well chosen was evidenced by the able manner in which he handled his subject, "The Catholic Element in English Literature."

**Lecture of  
Dr. O'Hagan**

Mr. Thos. Harrison, president of the Senior Class, introduced the speaker to the student body, outlining the policy of the Senior Class in giving these lectures.

Dr. O'Hagan explained in his introduction, how literature was an expression of spirits co-operating with corporeal things and it was by its spiritual factor that literature was enabled to survive through the long ages. He showed how this expression of ideas was dominant in the art of any country, whether it was in sculpture, painting or literature. As an example, he illustrated how fatalism was the dominating note in Oriental art; Beauty in Grecian; and Majesty in Roman. He then showed how the same spirit of Catholicity which moved Dante to write his Divine Comedy, also moved St. Thomas, when he wrote the Summa and which later found its expression even in Gothic Architecture. Dr. O'Hagan's introduction was lengthy but really worth while for so broad a subject.

Beginning with Chaucer he led the audience through a maze of English poets contrasting one with another, explaining their poetry and proved that though there were only a few Catholics among them, how the Catholic spirit prevailed in many of their works, for Catholic truth comes from God, and in such moments of inspiration these men wrote better than was their wont. He then went on to show how many of these writers would have been much better if they had only fallen under Catholic influence, and had possessed the fullness of faith to lead them. How evident this was, he explained, by showing that the best in their works was indeed Catholic, and it is certainly to be wondered at that these bards could have written such beautiful lines and still remained outside of the Catholic Church.

Dr. O'Hagan's treatment of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Francis Thompson, Wordsworth, Browning and other showed him to be an able scholar on the subject of English Literature.

In conclusion he advised the students to strive by all means in their power to up-lift Catholic Truth, and even though it



was impossible for them to be all Francis Thompsons and write such beautiful poetry as flowed from his pen, nevertheless they should ever do all in their power to be conversant with literary offerings of today and should keep up with the teachings of our Faith.

The Very Rev. President Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney began the class in Pastoral Theology on December 12th. This course which has recently been introduced will give the seminarians an excellent opportunity to profit by the ripe experiences of priests caring for souls, for Father O'Mahoney's work will be supplemented by lectures given by pastors, friends of St. Viator's. Already ten dates for January are filled for lectures to be given by pastors. Father O'Mahoney's lectures are given to the class every Tuesday evening. His talks are fraught with practical advice and are as interesting as they are instructive. "Clerical Tact," formed the subject of his last lecture. This element-tact said the Very Rev. President, is so priceless and should be cultivated by observing the actions, the life, the manners, speech and in a word observing the world about us.

The seminarians are enthusiastic about the new class and hope to put into practice the valuable lessons imparted by the Very Rev. President.

The Very Rev. Father Charlebois, C.S.V., ex-provincial of the Viatorians, who has been appointed pastor of the Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill., was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., on December 12th.

***Banquet in  
Honor of  
Rev. J. A.  
Charlebois***

The dinner was given in honor of Father Charlebois' return from Europe, where he represented the Chicago Province at the Diamond Jubilee of the Superior General, and incidentally to have Father Charlebois meet the priests of the neighboring parishes. The dinner, elaborately served, was held in St. Joseph's Hall. After the repast, the Very Rev. President made an address and several of the guests responded to toasts. Among those present were: Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., Right Rev. Monsignor Legris, Rev. Fathers W. J. Bergin, A. Granger, W. Granger, J. Pugny, A. Labrie, Z. P. Berard, L. Poissant, J. L. Bourdeau, J. P. Munday, J. Bennett, J. Danz, W. J. Remillard, J. V. Rheams, M. J. Breen, J. J.



Corbett, F. A. Sheridan, C. J. St. Amant, P. O'Leary, T. J. Rice.

The public reading of averages for the first quarter of the present scholastic year was held in the College Auditorium about the middle of December. After the Rev. *Public Reading of Notes* J. V. Rheams, Prefect of Studies, had read the notes of each student, Rev. T. J. Rice, the Prefect of Discipline, read the conduct notes. The Very Rev. President, Father O'Mahoney, made an address to the students in which, he complimented them on the work they had performed during the first quarter of the year and urged upon all students who were in any way deficient in any branch of study to put forth renewed efforts during the remainder of the school year. He also announced that he had made arrangements which would enable all students who had failed to secure the required average in any branch of study at the last examination, to make up the required notes before the next quarterly examinations. In consequence, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons are devoted to special classes for these students who are deficient in their respective studies. When the deficient matter has been reviewed, examinations will be held, and if these students fail in securing the required notes in the second examination they will not be allowed to continue in that particular branch of study, and those who receive the required note will be allowed to continue in the respective classes.

"The man that hath no music in himself  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,"

*St. Cecelia's Day* could not be found at St. Viator's on the evening of November 22, for on this day, all without exception, assembled in the gymnasium to enjoy the splendid entertainment given in honor of the patroness of music—St. Cecilia. Judging from the generous applause extended the entertainers, all present enjoyed the recital as well as the sketch entitled "Circumstantial Evidence." When the curtain arose it revealed the largest Glee Club ever organized at St. Viator's. Then, under the direction of the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., the sweet harmony of many voices and the dulcet notes from violin, piano, and orchestra blended in one grand hymn of praise in honor of the Patroness of Music.



The quartette composed of Messrs. B. O'Leary, J. Hogan, W. Shaffer, and G. Galvin, were much applauded, especially the last named singer who was exceedingly delightful whilst immitating the banjo accompaniment for the number "Sing me a song of the South." Mr. B. O'Leary added new laurels to his recently acquired reputation as one of the best soloists we possess. Prof. Jochem lived up to his reputation as a master of piano-forte; he was ably assisted by Mr. F. Stevens. The violin renditions of the young participants were also well received and the splendid work of the young artists must be highly praised. All in all the entertainment of the evening proved that music partakes in a manner of the Divine and is a fit tribute to her whom we are told could produce such as only the angels are capable of. The orchestra, also, reflected much credit on its Director, in its pleasing renditions of popular music, including "St. Viator College March." The following musical numbers were rendered:

1. Orchestra "Broken Idol"
2. Quartette
  - a. "Kentucky Babe" *A. Gebel.*
  - b. "Sing me a song of the South"
  - c. Doan ye cry ma Honey *A. N. Noll*
 G. Galvin, B. O'Leary, J. Hogan, W. Schaeffer.
3. Piano
  - a. "Valse Brilliante" *Schulhoff*
  - b. "Lustspiel Overture" *Kela Bela*
 C. Jochem, F. Stevens.
4. Violin "Old Folks at Home"  
E. Kissane, R. Laplant.
5. Glee Club
  - a. "Just a song at Twilight" *Holcomb*
  - b. "Silver Threads Among the Gold."  
H. Danks.
6. Orchestra "St. Viator College March" *Jochem*
7. Vocal "Oh, Promise Me"  
"Goodbye, Summer."  
B O'Leary.
8. Violin trio "Lucia-de-Lammermoor"  
F. Sheridan, F. Carter, A. Marcotte.
9. Violin "Poet and Peasant" *Suppe*  
F. Carter.



10. a. "Absent" *Balfe*  
 b. "I Dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls" *Metcalf*  
*J. Hogan.*
11. Violin Quartette "Lullaby"  
 F. Sheridan, F. Carter, E. Kissane, R. Laplant.
12. Violin Sextet "Hope March"  
 F. Carter, F. Sheridan, A. Marcotte, R. Laplant,  
 E. Kissane, R. Glenecki.
13. Orchestra a. Ragtime Soldier Man.  
 b. Love's Mirror Waltz.

The Play: CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, a touching one act play written by F. A. McClure and dealing with the much mooted question, "Should a man be convicted on circumstantial evidence" was very cleverly performed. The star was Mr. E. S. Dunn in the principle role of James Wesley. The acting required in this part demanded unusual ability, as it was intensely tragic and pathetic. Its successful interpretation, hence, deserves much praise. Mr. E. C. McGann as Walter Hungerford, also acquitted himself in a credible manner. But the little much-desired humor in the sketch was furnished by Mr. J. M. Griffen. His acting produced much hearty laughter, for his naturalness in this part was very noticeable. As a whole the evening's entertainment was a success—fittingly celebrating the feast of St. Cecilia. The cast is as follows:

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Sketch by F. A. McClure.

#### CAST.

Jas. Wesley.....	E. S. Dunn
Walter Hungerford.....	E. C. McGann
Chas. Harris.....	C. E. Fisher
Wilber Johnson.....	A. J. Shea
Raymond Marris.....	C. K. Sherman
Dennis Finnegan.....	T. M. McGee
Percy Jones.....	J. M. Griffin
Albert Brennan.....	B. J. O'Leary
Hanse Nickelfritz.....	E. T. Leinan



William Lane.....W. J. Schafer  
 Harry Bryan.....O. H. Merz  
 Paul Sommers.....L. C. Fey  
 Jas. Cannon.....T. D. Sullivan  
 Scene—Jury room. Time—The present.

On December 2d, Rev. Moise Mainville, chaplain of the Hospital of Providence, died at Coteau du Lac, Canada. The

*Obituary* Rev. Father was well known among the Canadian clergy, and was sixty-eight years of age at the time of his death. Funeral services were held on December 4th at the parish church.

Interment was made in the cemetery of Coteau du Lac. Besides relatives in Canada the deceased is survived by two brothers in the United States—one Rev. A. Mainville, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Brimfield, Ill., and Rev. Brother D. Mainville, C.S.V., of Plankinton, So. Dak.

May his soul rest in peace.

The College faculty extends its sincere condolence to Mr. Leo Moynihan and to his family in the loss of their son and brother, Mr. Matthew Moynihan, who died during the early part of December.

May his soul rest in peace.





## PERSONALS

Mr. Will Phelan, student '08-09, recently paid a short visit to the College meeting old friends and acquaintances. Will is at present comfortably located at Kinsman, Ill.

Mr. Walter Clifford, '08-09, of Valparaiso, spent a few pleasant hours at the College during the Thanksgiving Recess.

Mr. Dan Bergan, famous football star, who captained the squad of 1911, recently visited his many friends at the College. During the past season Dan has found time, outside of class hours at the University, to coach the High School team of Valparaiso, Ind.

Word recently received from Fob O'Brien states that he is located in Denver, where he is working for an uncle who is in the automobile business.

Mr. Michael Crowley, who had the misfortune to break a bone in his ankle, during the latter part of the football season, writes that he will be able to return after the holiday season.

Dr. McGovern spent a few days during the Thanksgiving vacation visiting friends and acquaintances at the College.

Mr. Patrick Buckley, who has been taking treatment with a prominent Oculist of Chicago for some time has resumed his studies in the Seminary.

During the week preceeding the holiday recess, the regular examinations were held in the Seminary Department.

Rev. Tancred Dugas, C.S.V., formerly pastor of the Church of the Divine Maternity, Bourbonnais, Illinois, and who spent the past twenty years in the American Province of the Clerics of St. Viator, has been recalled by the Privincial of the Canadian Province and is at present stationed at Joliette College, Joliette, Canada.

The Seminary library is being increased almost daily; some of recent donations are a fifteen volume set of the American



Encyclopedia from Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Provincial, and a complete set of Canon Sheehan's works from Rev. James Cregan, C.S.V., pastor of St. Edward's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

Recently two new billiard tables were installed in the Seminary Recreation Hall; this indeed is a pleasing acquisition and adds much to the enjoyment of the winter evenings.

The Christmas engagements of the various priests were as follows: Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, Parnell, Iowa; Rev. W. J. Bergin, St. Ambrose Church, Chicago; Rev. M. J. Breen, Marseilles, Ill.; Rev. C. J. St. Amant, Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. J. E. Belaire, St. Rose Church, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. F. A. Sheridan, Earl Park, Ind.; Rev. P. J. O'Leary, Otterbein, Ind.; Rev. J. J. Corbett, Odell, Ill.; Rev. J. V. Rheams, Manteno, Ill.; Rev. T. J. Rice, St. Edward Church, Chicago; Rev. J. P. Munday, D.D., Momence, Ill., and Rev. W. J. Remillard, St. Stanislaus Church, Kankakee, Ill.

Professor W. J. Roach formerly connected with the faculty of Notre Dame University, has been appointed to the Professorship of Biology and Chemistry at St. Viators.

Recently Rev. J. A. Murray, pastor of St. Patricks Church, Clinton, Iowa, and Rev. P. P. O'Dwyer, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Illinois, were the guest of the President and college faculty.





## ALUMNI

Honorable Joseph Rafferty, '84-85 of Chicago, was chosen judge of the Superior Court, for the term of six years, at the recent election. The faculty, former classmates, and many friends unite in congratulating him on his success in being chosen to such a responsible position in state affairs and hope that his term of office will be marked by prosperity and continued success.

Rev. P. C. Conway, pastor of St. Pius Church, accompanied by Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor of Notre Dame Church, both of Chicago, spent a few pleasant hours visiting the college recently.

Rev. Thomas O'Brien, pastor of St. Catherine's Church, Genoa, Ill., spent several days as the guest of the faculty recently. Father O'Brien has been exceedingly busy since he has taken charge of his parish; just recently he completed his new church in Genoa, and already he is making plans for the erection of a parochial residence. Father O'Brien's many friends at St. Viator's congratulate him on the many successes which have crowned his labors since his ordination a few years ago, and wish him all possible success in the future.

Rev. A. Burns of Sterling, Ill., paid a hurried visit to his Alma Mater during the month. We hope the Reverend Father will be able to spend a longer time when we have the happiness of entertaining him again.

Word was recently received from Rev. John O'Connor, who is at present pastor of St. John's Church, Three Forks, Mont. Father O'Connor is well pleased with the west, and wishes to be remembered to all his friends at St. Viator.

Rev. C. A. Raymond, former professor of the college, is at present located at McMinnville, Oregon, where he is pastor of St. James Church. Father Raymond will be remembered by the students of former years as the successful trainer of the choristers and dancers who took part in the operettas which

were written by Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and which were presented on different occasions at the college and in Chicago.

Rev. Joseph Kelley, A.B., '04, A.M. '10 of the Diocese of Alton, has returned to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. This is Father Kelley's second year of post-graduate work at that institution and we sincerely hope that his labors will be crowned with that success which marked his efforts while at St. Viator.

Rev. J. F. Moisant, C.S.V., who has been doing missionary work in the Diocese of Oregon City for the past few years, was called to his home recently on account of the serious illness of his mother. Before returning to the missionary field Father Moisant spent a few days at the college.

Mr. Jerry Warren, H. S. '12, is at present holding a lucrative position with Hibbard Spencer & Bartlett Co., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Bert Reilly, Com. '11, recently spent a few hours at the college.

Among the clerical visitors during the month were Father J. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. H. Darche, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. P. O'Dwyer, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. M. Hennessy, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. Remmels, Askum, Ill.; Rev. A. Labrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. J. Moillard, Martinton, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Murray, Clinton, Iowa.





## SOCIETIES

"As letters some hand has invisibly traced,  
When held to the flame will steal out of sight,  
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced,  
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light."

*Moore.*

Probably on no other occasion during the scholastic year were these lines of the Irish Bard more remarkably verified than in the banquet which powerful '13 tendered to the undergraduates on Thursday evening, December 12. It was without doubt the most successful features presented at St. Viator's this year.

After a sumptuous repast, served in professional style by the members of the class under the able direction of Mr. Unruh, the intellectual repast began. Mr. Thomas Harrison, president of the class, welcomed the guests, and then, as toastmaster, proceeded to introduce the various numbers of the elaborate program. Mr. Edward Dunn gave a humorous description of the tyro scaling the philosophical heights, while Mr. T. Flynn recalled numerous happy anecdotes of last year's philosophy class. Mr. W. Lawler strikingly depicted the humorous trials of the candidate for gridiron honors.

Mr. O'Leary, who already has an enviable reputation as a vocalist, entertained the guests with a beautifully rendered selection. Mr. W. Roy ably represented the Freshmen class in a sincere expression of loyalty to class organization. The star orator of the evening was Mr. J. O'Brien, in his speech "The Banner Class." He seemed to have exhausted every possible combination of the so-called unlucky 13, but he proved to the satisfaction of all present that "unlucky" is clearly a misnomer, when applied to 13.

The Rev. W. Bergin, C.S.V., gave an interesting and instructive speech on "Strengthening the Weak," in which by clever argument, he conclusively proved that this title was a fallacy in this case. The Rev. President was called upon to deliver the closing remarks, and as usual his ready wit caused



much merriment. This banquet was truly a success in every sense of the word, and an honor to the largest graduating class in the history of the institution.

The entertainment committee, consisting of Messrs. J. O'Brien, E. Leonard and T. Unruh, deserve no small amount of credit for the success achieved. The program was as follows:

Toastmaster, Thomas Harrison, '13; Address of Welcome, Thomas Harrison, '13; "Scaling the Heights," Edward Dunn, '14; "Philosophical Reminiscences," Gilbert Flynn, '13; "Troubles on the Gridiron," William Lawler, '15; Vocal Solo, Selected, Bernard O'Leary; "The First Rung," William Roy, '16; "The Banner Class," John O'Brien, '13; "Strengthening the Weak," Rev. W. Bergin, C.S.V.; Closing Remarks Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V.

#### LAJOIE FRENCH SOCIETY.

Under the able direction of their moderator, Rev. J. E. Belair, this society has reorganized for the scholastic year. Considering the fact that this was one of the most active societies at St. Viators last year, we expect much from it this year. Progress should be the distinguishing mark of every thriving society for if a society fails to manifest this characteristic, there is always something amiss. But we are certain that this society is a model one, and, hence, we look for development during the year. Its object is to encourage the study of the French language. With this view it gives its members various opportunities to become proficient in this classical tongue by way of entertainment, debates, speeches and plays. The following officers were elected for the scholastic year:

President, Gerard Picard; Vice President, William Roy; Secretary, Louis Rivard; Treasurer, Arthur Landroche.

#### PHILOSOPHERS ORATORY.

Under the guiding hand of Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., the classes of '13 and '14 for the past two months have been developing along the oratory line. And "Mirabile dictu," each week witnesses ten speeches on deep philosophical subjects. The twenty-eight members of the philosophy class have been given the following list of subjects for their orations: (1) "Materialistic Evolution versus Intelligent design;" (2) "Versus Biology Physics;" (3) "Versus Animal Instinct;" (4) "Versus Materialistic Principles."



## ATHLETICS

LOYOLA UNIV. O—ST. VIATOR 13.

On November 9, Loyola was the scene of great football. St. Viator, weighing far less than the average, was conceded hardly a chance with the heavy Loyola eleven. Judging from the "volume" of the Loyola squad, and from the way they had torn up everything on their schedule, all the dope that had been woven against us seemed hopelessly correct. But the heft of the university men eventually proved more of a handicap than an advantage, for St. Viator by speed alone, upset all dope and literally spanked the "upstaters" to the tune of 13 to 0. The maroon and gold was once more lowered to the ground and trampled on by her old rivals and made to hope again for the dawn of her first gridiron victory over St. Viator.

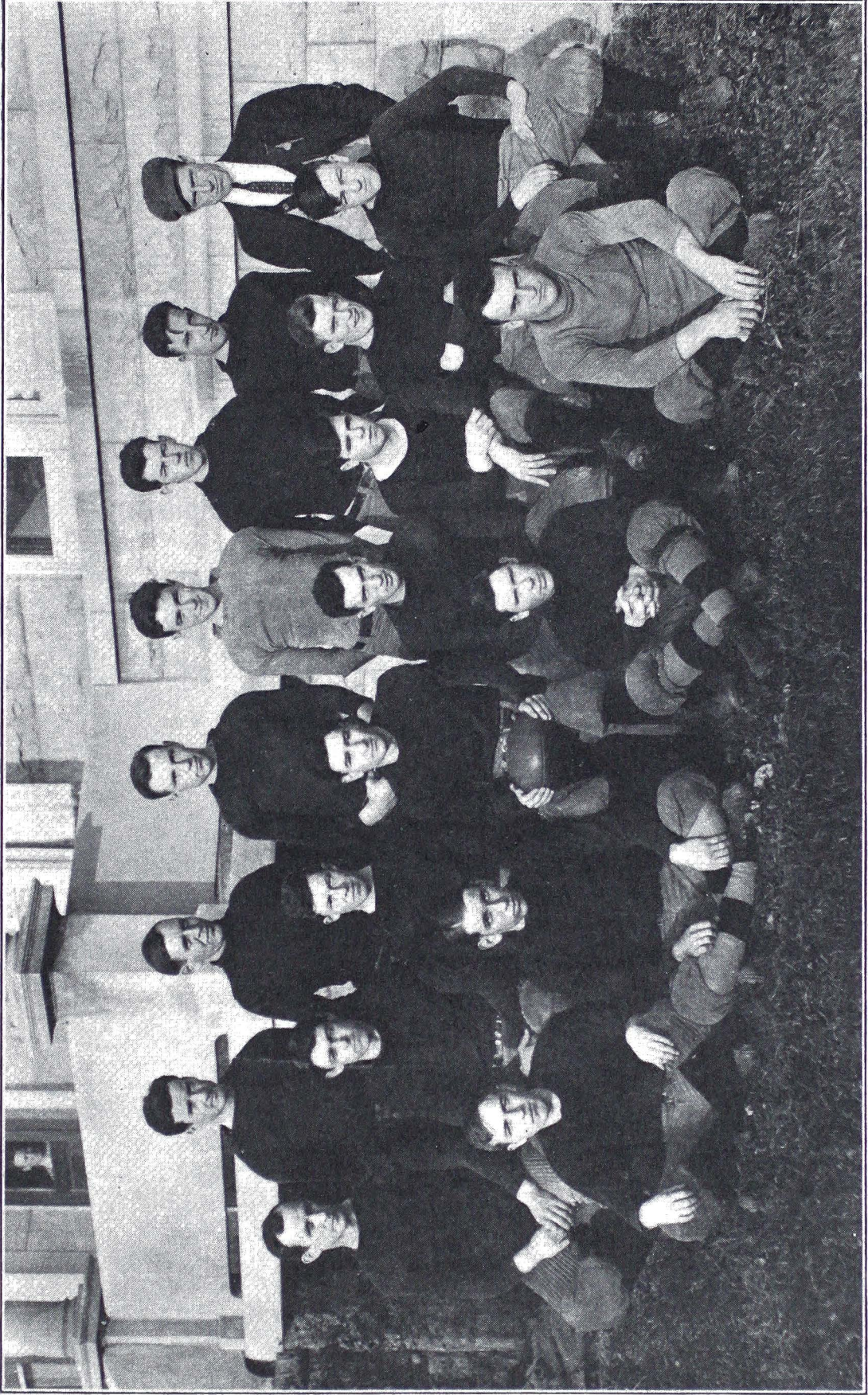
Welsh was the star. Loyola's quarterback, Daniel's, work featured on offense.

Capt. Harrison and right end McGee were big heroes of the fray. Welsh scored both touchdowns after thrilling the spectators many times during the game by circling end for long gains. In the final minute of play, he dashed eighty-five yards, through the whole Loyola defense, to goal.

Daniels kicked off to McGee, who shed half the defense, bringing the ball up the field for thirty-five yards. After running the ball within scoring distance St. Viator was heavily penalized. This process continued although gaining consistently and monopolizing the possession of the ball the varsity was unable to score because of inflicted penalties. After ten minutes of play, Loyola secured the ball for the first time on a fumble. Before Loyola was fairly on its feet time was called.

Lawler opened the second period by running the ball fifty yards down the field after a pass by Harrison. Welsh immediately surmounted the goal line by an off tackle play. Harrison kicked a difficult goal. Loyola again kicked off to St. Viator who fumbled on the first play. McGee's tackling did away with Loyola's chances. The remainder of this quarter was featured by St. Viator's interference and open field play. Loyola was entirely at a disadvantage, but before the varsity





VARSITY FOOT BALL SQUAD, 1912



could cross the line again the referee's whistle sounded the end of the first half.

The third quarter was a repetition of the first. Sullivan was substituted at Shea's position who was forced to retire on account of injuries. Loyola resorted to the old style game and gained repeatedly but not when gains were needed. St Viator monopolized the ball again, always gaining the necessary yardage by the pass or end play. At the call of time the ball was in possession of St. Viator in the middle of the field.

During the closing period, Shea, whose admirable pluck would not permit him to star on the sidelines went back to his position and Harrison once more piloted the squad. The maroons once more tore through our lines for consistent gains and finally had the ball on the 3 yard line, but their weight did no good in the face of the fighting spirit of the old gold and purple. After four unsuccessful attempts to cross the line, St. Viator pulled out of the dangerous territory by punting. Loyola worked the ball to the fifteen yard line, where Welsh intercepted a forward pass and scored the second touchdown by a sensational sprint of eighty-five yards.

#### Lineup:

Loyola				St. Viator 13			
Gerrity	R. E.	Lawler	L. E.				
Donovan	R. T.	Sherman	L. T.				
Duffy	R. G.	Shea, A.	L. G.				
Herschel, Beck	C.	Dunne	C.				
Kieter	L. G.	Clifford	R. G.				
Fromme	L. E.	Fischer	R. T.				
Boeha, Weber	L. T.	McGee	R. E.				
Daniels	Q. B.	Harrison, Sullivan	Q. B.				
Waugh	R. H. B.	F. Shea, Harrison	L. H. B.				
Walsh	L. H. B.	Welsh	R. H. B.				
Kleve	F. B.	Schaefer	F. B.				

Loyola	.....	0	0	0	0—0
St. Viator	.....	0	7	0	6—13

Touchdowns—Welsh 2. Goals from touchdowns—Harrison. Umpire—Dougherty, University of Chicago. Referee—Roblee, University of Michigan. Head Linesman—Quille, St. Viator. Time of periods—fifteen minutes.

## COLLEGIANS 7—ST. VIATOR 34.

On November 17th on a slow field the Varsity defeated the Collegians, 36 to 7 at St. Viator. The Collegians were made up of old time Viator stars, willing to give scrimmage practice to the squad preparatory to the annual DePaul University battle on Thanksgiving Day. Under the circumstances the Collegians put up a good argument against the regulars, having had only a week's training. Mugan, the veteran quarterback of '09 played his great game as of old. The work of Sullivan and Schaefer was up to form.

## Lineup:

Collegians 7		St. Viator 34	
Monaghan	L. E.	McGee	R. E.
Donnelly	L. T.	Fischer	R. T.
Hicks	L. G.	A. Shea, Clifford	R. G.
Rebideau	C.	Dunne	C.
Carey	R. G.	Shea, McGann	L. G.
Hogan	R. T.	Sherman	L. T.
Kelly	R. E.	Lawler	L. E.
Mugan	Q. B.	Sullivan	Q. B.
Pommier	L. H. B.	Harrison	L. H. B.
Walsh	R. H. B.	Welsh	R. H. B.
Cleary	F. B.	Schaefer	F. B.

Touchdowns—Welsh 3, Schaefer, Sullivan, McGee, Pommier. Umpire—McDonald. Referee—O'Brien. Head Linesman—O'Connor. Time of periods—15 minutes.

## DE PAUL 19—ST. VIATOR COLLEGE 12.

At De Paul field, St. Viator, on Thanksgiving Day once more was compelled to be the underdog to De Paul. With De Paul at the coveted big end, the final count stood 19 to 12. The game was extremely sensational, both elevens resorting to open field play, formations and shifts and the forward pass, and little old style football.

The field was in excellent trim and a hard and good battle was expected by the some two thousand fans. St. Viator had been greatly feared all the season by De Paul, while De Paul had up to this time beaten the best of the college elevens and had been reported very strong. Each squad was in perfect con-



dition but De Paul had the decided advantage in weight. They were anxious to settle the old score question with us and excitement both among the old gold and purple and the local rooters was raised to the highest string.

Three P. M., Capt. Clinnin of De Paul kicked off. Before the ball had reached the varsity backs, it struck the ground and began zizzagging over their heads thus disabling them to run the ball further then the 15 yard line. On the second play St. Viator unluckily fumbled. De Paul fresh for good offense easily worked the ball towards our goal. Byrne slipped over for a touchdown. No goal. St. Viator came back with a good hard drive and took good care that nothing else might be "slipped over them." To add to the unlucky fumble, McGee after a brilliant run off end was put out of business when some "huge" De Paul man downed him for good. Quille replaced him.

During the remainder of the period St. Viator was practically always on defense, but De Paul did not threaten to score again in this period.

Neither team could do much in the second period until St. Viator in the last few minutes disastrously invaded De Paul territory advancing the ball 4 yards from goal. At this juncture, halfback Welsh had to retire because of injuries and Sullivan was substituted. Four time St. Viator attempted to scale the gap between them and seven points, but failed each time.

The third period featured open field play. St. Viator was considerably handicapped by the loss of McGee and Welsh and were in for an uphill fight. St. Viator kicked off to De Paul by a series of splendid plays advanced the ball to the 40 yard line. Buckley received a forward pass from Clinnin and sprinted down the field for another touchdown. Clinnin missed goal. The come back of the old gold and purple was good to see. After the kickoff they marched the ball off tackle to the 10 yard line. Sullivan was playing wonderfully, shook off everything in his way and scored St. Viator's first touchdown by circling end. Harrison missed goal. In the last period St. Viator threatened to score at all times but because of injured players they only succeeded once. De Paul used the old style game and to good advantage. After five minutes work, Byrne crossed the line again. Clinnin kicked goal. St. Viator se-





ACADEMY FOOT BALL SQUAD, 1912.



cured a fumbled punt and brought it to the 5 yard line. F. Shea smashed the line for another touchdown. No goal. Darkness was fast settling on the field, making playing difficult. But St. Viator still fought and brought the ball to the 4 yard line. Before St. Viator could bring matters to an even basis and escape defeat at least, the referee's whistle sounded the end of the game, De Paul the winner.

#### Lineup:

De Paul University 19		St. Viator 12	
Buckley	L. E.	McGee, Quille	R. E.
Strauss	L. T.	Carey	R. G.
A. Ward, Potts	L. G.	Sherman	R. T.
J. Ward	C.	Dunne	C.
Geiger	R. G.	Shea, A.	L. G.
O'Malley	R. T.	Fischer	L. T.
Norgren	R. E.	Lawler	L. E.
McManus	Q. B.	Harrison	Q. B.
Byrne	L. H. B.	Welsh, Sullivan	R. H. B.
Clinnin	R. H. B.	F. Shea	L. H. B.
Stanley	F. B.	Schaefer	F. B.

Touchdowns—Byrne 2, Buckley, Sullivan, F. Shea. Goals from touchdowns—Clinnin. Umpire—Cermak, Illinois. Referee—Dougherty, Washington and Jefferson. Head Linesman—Corrigan, Illinois. Time of Periods—15 minutes.

#### REGARDING THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

The football season has been a success under the circumstances as every one knows. St. Viator was greatly handicapped we wont say by lack of material for the material comparatively is just as good as St. Viator ever had, however by lack of weight in this material, by ill luck that has favored the eleven all season and perhaps by not enough encouragement and support. The three good battles were won and the rest lost by St. Viator. Of the games lost, St. Viator "should have won" from Dixon and De Paul, the two hardest games of the season. Coach Kelly has worked hard with the eleven and has produced as good results as possible. In turn the players have played their level best, losing just as good-naturedly as winning. So we rightly conclude that the football season has been a success though not a grand one and we congratulate each in-



dividual member of the squad, Coach Kelly and Captain Harrison, for their good work on the gridiron for the season of '12.

IN THE LIMELIGHT.

"Welsh beats Loyola."

"A. G. Quille has been out with the squad for the final three weeks preparatory to the De Paul battle in which he played. We all say, fine work.

McGee was injured in the game at St. Louis and as a result was handicapped in the De Paul game. He retired shortly after the first quarter.

This is one reason why we lost.

"De Paul *'beats'* Welsh."

Another reason why we lost.

One of the biggest surprises of the season was Tim Sullivan's spectacular ground gaining in the last half.

Every time aforesaid hero carried the ball he was good for twelve yards.

Notre Dame has forced herself into more than recognition in the football world this season. We are exceedingly glad of this!

We are glad also that our erstwhile Coach, Coach Marks has achieved such great success with the Notre Dame team.

Ye Gods! How the fates decreed against us in the De Paul game. We had the ball on the four yard line, we needed a touchdown to even up and we had four downs in which to do it, when the referee's whistle butts in—ending the game.

The football season has been quite a success. Congratulations to each individual member of the squad, to Captain Harrison and Coach Kelly.

Basketball is "it" now.

Captain Fischer is back on the job again.

The recruits are "shooting" from all angles that are impossible.

In time they will wonder why it is that they become so rotten after their first dazzling brilliancy.

Lawler is tied to the strings of his old job at guard.

Frank Cleary is with us. Besides three veterans we have a few with reputations behind them; Monaghan, star forward of the invincible St. Bede Five.

All aboard for a good season.



The Board of Athletic Control has not yet decided who the wearers of the "V." will be, but the names of the winners will be announced in the next issue.

Our coach is going to stick with us the year 'round.

### BASKETBALL.

Captain Fischer issued a call for candidates to which a large number responded. Active practice began on December 3rd. Hard practice will continue daily until material is weeded out and formed. In the selection of the material, the coach, it seems, will have quite a job on his hands. While there are three veterans back, Fischer, Cleary and Lawler, there are numerous recruits showing up well. Manager Harrison announced that a good schedule is being prepared, so far Notre Dame, Lewis, P. and S. of Chicago, Wheaton, Decatur Y.M. C.A., St. Joseph, are contracted to play. The recruits that have reported are: McGee, Sullivan, Gartland, Kekich. Kelly, Merz, Kelly J., McGann, Carter, Riordan, Shea, Monaghan, Leinen, Hogan, Mulcrone, Kennedy and Kalt.

### ACADEMIC FOOTBALL.

Coach McDonald's little braves are the champions of the state in the 125 pound class. The Academic team has passed through the season without a defeat and has played a brand of football that cannot be equaled by any other team of their weight in the state.

Coach McDonald has turned out championship teams for the last six years in the Minim department and his success with the Academics was rather expected because of his great ability and long experience and because of better material than that at which formerly at his disposal.

The youngsters had proficiently mastered the forward pass, punting, interference and tackling and above all,—team play. Indeed it was as interesting and exciting to watch them as it was to watch the Varsity.

### ACADEMIC BASKETBALL.

Coach McDonald has excess material on his hands for basketball and has formed two divisions, lightweight averaging 105 and heavyweight 125 pounds. Of last year's five that



tore up things with honors, four members are back, making the old team almost intact.

Basketball drill between the two divisions is going on daily. The schedule up to date is composed of games with Hamilton Park, Armour Sq., Hull House, Manteno, Kankakee Y.M.C.A., and Mark White Square.

The veterans are: Fitzpatrick, Pepin, Senesac, Dandurand; the recruits: J. and T. Cassidy, Shields, McMurchy, R. Brundage, J. Brundage, Cyrier, Krebe, Flynn, P. Boyle, D. Boyle, J. O'Connell, W. Carrol, T. Carrol, McCarthy, Garrity and McMahon.

## VIATORIANA

Merry Christmas!!

Rare-bits—

O you, Santa Claus.

How I looked at the age of Ten (E. L.)

News Item—The Piper City Journal published an extra edition on account of the Xmas rush.

Owing to our limited space we are unable to give a detailed account of the reception, given by J. O'B—, in his room on November 22.

Hogan's lament—"O those faces that have deceived me."

Henceforth I am not responsible for lovelorn cries issuing from No. 219—F. T. W.

Have you heard the angry mob?

Have you seen Galvin's Rival?

Let me take your stocking!

Teacher—Say boy are you Done (Dunn)

George—No, I am Bacigalupo!

If Monaghan pawned his overcoat, what would Holly hock?



What time is it please?

Buns and Jam—in 222.

Dons—I wonder why Harrison is such a wanderer.

Tim—Unless he's following his Roman nose.

Are you there?

Jno.—Say Prof. I'm all riled up this morning.

Teacher—Well, well, the best thing for you to do is to “settle.”

Uncle—What are your standings at college this year?

Chuck (of the 4th Floor)—Fine, I can't possibly get any higher.

No one needs an ear trumpet when the cheer-leader is within a mile.

Very Frequently—A noise-fest in Room 317.

Have you heard Bill Lawlees new song? It begins thusly—  
“A whole hog and a biscuit for only a nickel—Come on gents  
—don't all order at once!”

Very heavy outgoing mail these days, all on account of Santa Claus.

Here are a few samples.

Dear St. Nick:

I am a fat good natured little German boy, 12 years old. Would you be so kind as to visit me before we go home for Christmas and bring me the following:—A Camera and all the latest magazines, and say, I like to eat all the time, so bring me a whole lot of good things when my big brother aint around. I room in 220.

E. KALT.

Dear Santa:

I am a cute auburn haired youth, and am my mamma's pet. My real name is Eugene, but I am generally called Zizzy. My hobby is to tease other people, and I seem to succeed very well. I also take particular delight in smashing things. Would you



please bring me a speedmobile with strong wheels, a shovel with an unbreakable handle, a bottle of Sloane's linament and a package of Bull Durham. As my sock has a big hole in it, you can put the things in my laundry bag. Room 216.

EUGENE LENIEN.

Dear Mr. Santy Claus:

My name is little Arthur. I live on the third floor—Roy Hall—just above the porch. I don't like to go to class very well but I do like to sleep. Could you bring me some pillows to make me rest easy at night, a box of sulphur matches that won't go out when the wind blows and some shaving soap. If you do I'll promise you never to bum classes again. If you can, also bring me a pony to Cicero—because I don't like to study Latin.

A. SHEA.

#### NEW BOOKS.

Narrow Escapes from Matrimony (a thrilling narrative)  
by C. G. Fischer.

In the Social Whirl—By Leo Dougherty.

Dodging the Prefect—T. Grant.

Thorough Course in Physical Development—E. Kekich.

Conjugal Disturbances in 218—T. Sheehan.

The Emmigrant Question Solved—J. Mulcrone—F. Carter.

How We Got Stung—Some Good Jokes—By B. McGann,  
Merz, etc.

A Few New Card Tricks—L. Moynihan.

My Sorority—By Blanche Aine.





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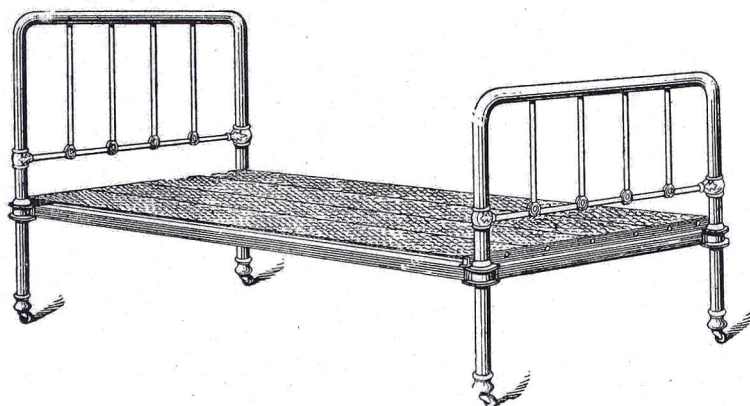
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