

ST. VIATEUR.

OH! who has trod Lyons' hallowed ground,
The home of Just, scene of thy youth,
And has not felt, aye more, not found
Amidst these scenes the seeds of truth
Which thou didst sow with patient care
Amid the rich, the destitute,
With trust in God, with sigh and prayer
That thy poor efforts might bear fruit.

When that just one, whose heart had bled
Would bid thee now a last farewell,
Thou too wouldst lead the life he led
And pray alone in cloister cell.
Loved ones in tears did bid thee stay;
But thou tookst up the cross of God
And 'neath thy burthen sweet didst pray
That thou mightst walk the way He trod.

When thou didst beg St. Just permit
His austere life be also thine,
Thou hadst upon youth's mind then writ
Indelibly precepts divine;
Long where the burning sand wastes lay
A hermit's life thou didst well keep;
'Twas there, when thou didst kneel to pray,
God's finger touched thee to death's sleep.

O Sanctuary's flower, and fair
 Young Lector of the sacred word!
 O sanctified by fast and prayer!
 How many hearts thy fame has stirred
 Thy saving mission to renew,
 And with the holy script in hand
 To teach youth well life's goal to view
 And than this earth seek fairer land.

Thus saintly Querbes, good priest of Lyons,
 His zealous band of catechists
 To rescue souls from roaring lions
 Under thy patronage enlists.
 And they thy name, thy work all bear
 Across the seas to distant shores
 And plant all truths and virtues fair
 That lead our youth to heaven's doors.

And never through the lapse of time
 Did they, O Lord, thy work forget,
 But taught thy law in every clime
 And heirs to thy house did beget.
 The young they took beneath their care
 In humble school and college hall
 And taught by precept and by prayer
 To answer God's and country's call.

O Viateur! nor blazoned urn
 Nor sculptured marble need record
 The zeal with which thy heart did burn
 To bring all men to love thy Lord.
 Oh! from these lofty spheres unknown,
 Watch o'er our footsteps in life's way;
 And when before God's mighty throne,
 Saint Viateur! then for us pray.

INFERNO--ITS DEMONS.

Oration delivered before the Dante Class Feb., 1903.

It is mind which uplifts man above his material environments and spurs him on to noble deeds. Thus the great pagan scholars and poets, soon tiring of the fetters of earthbound materialism, soared eagle like to the high summits of speculative philosophy, and in imagination transported themselves and their disciples to the sun illumined summit of Helicon where their souls held communion with the gods. They thought out great systems of philosophy and wrote epic songs that are the pride of man's creative imagination. If their works have been great and enduring it is because their makers introduced into them those elements of spirituality which are ever a pledge of immortality. That which is spiritual dieth not. Leaving aside Philosophy and all other arts except poetry, we must admit, after looking into the great epics of Homer and Virgil that they fairly teem with supernatural elements. At every turn we are confronted with gods and goddesses and demons; we assist at sacrifices, we are taken up to Olympus and revel with the gods, or we are suddenly plunged into Tartarus and witness its torture inflicting demons.

Christianity which contains larger and profounder truth and for completer beauty than the old pagans could even dream of, must necessarily produce greater and better men. Hence it follows that the works of Christian scholars and artists must be far superior to those of the pagans. And such indeed we find them. It is not my purpose, to pursue this comparison and to demonstrate the superiority of Christian philosophy, Christian art, Christian poetry, over that of the ancients, but I merely allude to this evident truth in order that you may more readily accept the judgment, viz: that our greatest and most representative Catholic poet does in fact far outshine all his predecessors, both in the general excellence of his work as well as in the

finish of its details. I have all but named Dante and his incomparable "Divine Comedy." To convince ourselves of the transcendent merit of Dante in the handling of details, let us consider the demons which he introduces into his Inferno. Flooding the deep dark abyss of hell with the twofold light of reason and revelation, Dante saw in these black demons the most finished types of perversity and the horrible instruments of Divine chastisement. Such is their twofold character. When we contrast the present most miserable condition of these fallen angels with their former state of bliss we may form some idea of their perversion. In the first they were spirits of light, enjoying the peace and brightness of heaven, in the second they are spirits of darkness suffering the pain and torment of hell. In the one most happy, in the other most miserable. In the former they were to serve, adore and enjoy God, to guide and lead men to Him; in the latter they curse, blaspheme and dishonor God, mislead and allure men from him and are ever miserable with Satan. All sense of kindness, of benignity has gone out of them, and they are fired with only the fiendish desire to inflict pain on the luckless souls they helped to ruin. We see that Lucifer the chief of these demons has placed them throughout these circles to execute the punishment of the sin they tempted men to commit. The diabolical faithfulness with which they acquit themselves of the charge assigned them makes this a place to be only described by these words of the inscription we have read on its gate: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." As soon as we enter the realm of woe we are attracted by a throng that stands on the shore of a great stream. This stream is the river Acheron, of which Charon, a demon, horny, white with age, and eyes like burning coals, is boatman. We hear this evil spirit, thus greet the doomed souls:

Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across.
Into eternal darkness there to dwell

In fierce heat and in ice * *
Those spirits faint and naked, color changed,
And gnashed their teeth as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed
The human kind, the place, the time, the seed
That did engender them and give them birth
Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the cursed strand that every man must pass
Who fears not God.

Leaving the Acheron and its boatman, already convinced with what we have seen and heard there of the horrible sufferings of hell, and of the true import of that warning of the wise man, "Remember man thy last end and thou shalt never do amiss," we arrive at the second circle, or hell proper, where we see Minos, judge of hell, dealing out the punishment of sin on the plan of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Just think of the vast throng always standing before this severe, ghastly featured demon, to receive the reward of their evil deeds, a place in one of the eight rounds of hell. See this horrible demon indicating to the damned souls the place of their torture by encircling himself with his venomous tail as many times as he would have them to descend degrees into hell. What a soul racking sight!

Descend into the circle of the gluttonous who are merged in mire and are continually under a storm of discolored water, hail and snow, and listen to the hoarse barking of the threefold throated Cerberus, a fierce demon who is ever ready to rend them piecemeal.

Descend yet lower and approach the demon-guarded walls of the flaming City of Dis. Here Phlegias, a reckless devil, rows the new comers across the Stygian pool. But the gate and the flaming towers and walls of Dis are guarded by an army of insolent imps and serpent-crowned furies. These devils are types of aggressive impudence and of irrepressible meanness. Such is the stubborn resistance which they offer to Dante and Virgil that the pilgrims can only gain admission through the

intervention of an angel sent from heaven, who disperses the demons and thus rebukes them :

“Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, and scorned!
 Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
 Lodge in you? Wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
 Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
 Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs,
 What profits at the fates to butt the horn?
 Your Cerberus, if ye remember, hence
 Bears still, peeled of their hair, his throat and maw.”

This speech, while it discloses the rebellious nature of these demons, also makes manifest how ineffectual must ever remain their resistance to the decrees of heaven “where will and power are one.”

But fearful as are these demons of Dis there are yet more monstrous ones. Along the bank of the river of blood in which are immersed murderers and all those who thirsted for blood, there are evil spirits who have taken the forms of Centaurs and are lead by a Minotaur. These monsters are types of most unnatural blood-thirstiness. In this is seen the woeful perversion of those fallen angels who by their nature are the friends of man; now they are ever ready to shoot keen arrows at the murderers when they appear upon the surface of the bloody stream or make any futile attempt to issue from out of its staining wave.

Again, good angels are conceived to be models of faithfulness and sincerety; this is certain. Now, in hell the demons are types of hypocrisy and fraud. They employ themselves in applying punishment to all those who have practiced deceit. But listen to Dante's description of the evil spirit of Fraud:

“Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appeared
 His head and upper part exposed on the land.
 But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
 His face the semblance of a just man wore;
 The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws
 Reached to the arm pits; and the back and breast

And either side were painted o'er with nodes
 And orbits. Colors variegated more
 Nor Turk nor Tartars e'en on cloth of state
 With interchangeable embroidery wove,
 Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom."

Now be not impatient. Be horrified rather at the pitiless rigor with which these devils incarnate execute the punishments inflicted by divine justice upon sinners. See how they lash these sinners. "Horned demons I beheld," says Dante, "with lashes huge
 That on their backs unmercifully smote.
 Oh! how they made them bound at the first stripe,
 None for the second waited, nor the third."

Thus are pitilessly scourged the souls of the seducers. The barterers or public peculators are plunged into a lake of boiling pitch and are tortured by demons, of one of whom Dante thus narrates.

"Behind me I discerned a devil black,
 That running up advanced along the rock,
 Oh! what fierce cruelty his looks bespake!
 In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
 Buoyant outstretched and feet of nimblest tread;
 His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp
 Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch,
 He held him the foot's sinew griping fast.
 'Ye of our bridge' he cried 'keen talon'd fiends,
 Lo! one of Santa Zeta's elders! Him
 Whelm ye beneath while I return for more;
 That land hath store of such."

I will pass with but a mention the wicked-tailed Malecoda and the bristly Barbaraccia and that whole living nest of fiends with which the evil pits of Malebolge swarm. I will but ask you to recall too that awful, that desperate struggle between the sinner Ciampolo and one of the winged demons. And fain would I draw the veil over that dread exuberance of woe where robbers tormented by serpents that remind us of the evil spirit

which induced our first parents unduly to pluck and eat the forbidden apple. But let us on to the frozen bottom of hell; let us see the giant guarded Cocytus whose icy wilderness is the prison home of all rebels and traitors, and there see Lucifer, the prince of these dark minions of hell, the emperor of this realm of pain, that monstrous bird, the beating of whose wings causes the wind that congeals the very waters holding him and his fellow rebels captive in the bottom of hell, buried beneath all there is iniquity in the world. Here you will set your eyes upon the fruitful parent of all the evils that have visited our poor humanity since the expulsion of our first parents from the earthly paradise.

This is the being who was once eminent in beauty and is now "the abhorred worm that boreth through the world," as hideous now as he was once luminous and fair, as powerless now for good as he is irresistibly bent upon causing universal misery. Hell conceals no more abominable monster than this prince of all the demons whom Dante saw standing forth at mid breast from out the ice.

"Oh! what a sight!" exclaims Dante,
 "How passing strange it seem'd when I did spy
 Upon his head three faces, one in front
 Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
 Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;
 The right twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
 To look on such as come from whence old Nile
 Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
 Two mighty wings enormous as became
 A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
 Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they
 But were in texture like a bat, and these
 He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still
 Three winds wherewith Cocytus to its depth
 Was frozen. At six eyes he wept; the tears
 Adown three chins disthill'd with bloody foam.

At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. ”

Such then is Lucifer, and such are the legions of demons who rule over the diverse circles of the hell of Dante. Those beings are not pure fiction of the poets mind. They are in their chief traits consistent with what revelation teaches us regarding fallen angels.

Dante has the merit of teaching us in his singing verse most striking truths and in a striking way. And in this does he prove himself a genius. His conception and picturing of demons is a living illustration of the great axiomatic truth, “that the corruption or perversion of that which is best is the worst of all possible perversions.” When we consider that these once bright and pure spirits, these paragons of intellectual beauty have become the types of every kind of moral ugliness which Dante makes them out to be, then we have been made to realize a great and awful truth; when we stand in presence of these moral perverts we cannot help being seized with a sentiment of disgust as profound as it is painful; when we see with our very eyes, as Dante makes us see, these spirits so mighty for evil and even bent upon our moral destruction we can but conceive great fear; and when we see that to these evil spirits will be committed the care of executing God’s punishments upon us for our misdeeds we cannot withhold from not only a passing shudder of horror, but from a salutary dread of God’s judgments. Because of their artistic, their poetic, their philosophical finish; that these demons of Dante have remained the outstanding masterpieces of literature in their kind, far surpassing the demons of Tartarus and Hades. Let the changeful ages roll on and let unbelievers spend themselves in impotent efforts to efface from men’s minds the belief in a hell, it will always be true that there is a real hell and that the devil is no myth. E. F.

THE ZOUAVE OF MENTANA.

The Eternal City was in a state of activity and excitement with people running here and there and carrying their possessions to any place that might afford a protection against the ravaging army of the Garibaldians then advancing upon Rome. The small papal army was busy gathering its forces to a part of the city which it thought would be first attacked.

In their advance upon Rome the Garibaldians stopped at Monte Rotondo and Mentana, making of these two places strong positions of defense, with Monte Rotondo as a basis of supplies. The people of these two towns were remarkable for their fidelity to the Catholic church, and the entrance of the troops filled them with alarm. Among the residents of Mentana was an old peasant whose son Giovanni was then visiting him. Giovanni was a youth of twenty-one summers and of strong athletic build. Beneath a high and noble brow, crowned with a mass of curly locks, shone two large brown eyes, such as can be found only in the sunny clime of Italy, and in these two eyes one could read Giovanni's generous and passionate soul. At the outbreak of hostilities he enlisted in the papal army and he was mustered into the Zouaves. Soon after his enlistment, his father fell sick and he was granted a three day's furlough to visit him in their home at Mentana. It was during his visit home that the Garibaldians entered his native town and it was only his strong will and prudent judgment that restrained him from meeting his enemies and denouncing them.

"Perhaps," he said to his father, who was now beside him watching the passing army, "I can be of some service to my country while I am here. After the troops are quartered in the different sections of the town I will devise means to go among them and after I derive a fair estimate of their strength and numbers I shall return and convey the information to my commander." This suggestion was approved by the father and Giovanni became over anxious for its execution. With an air

of impatience he threw himself upon a couch and picking up a newspaper he nervously scanned its headlines. Finding nothing there that he did not already know concerning the operations of the two armies he put the paper aside and thought out his bold scheme.

Late that night he retired to a restless and broken sleep. Several times he arose and paced the floor; at one time calm and pensive, and at another excited and nervous, as if unable to wait for the break of day. The bright blaze from the camp fires where the Garibaldians were quartered silhouetted his tall and stalwart form against the wall of his small, but comfortable room; and as his shadow followed him about he fancifully felt that he was not alone in his musings. Exhausted at last he lay upon his bed and was soon lost in slumber. The sun early emerged from the abyss of night and sent its beams of warmth upon the fatigued form of the Zouave. A rousing knock upon the door woke him from his slumbers, and hastily dressing, he went to the kitchen and ate sparingly of an appetizing breakfast. After this little repast he prepared his cart and loading it with the pride of his vineyard and orchard, drove towards the place of encampment. When challenged, he replied that he was conveying provisions to the General's tent, and as the sentinels noticed the richness of his load they did not question the truth of his reply for they thought that such a choice selection could be for no one else than the General, and so they let him pass unmolested, but not without casting envious eyes upon the contents of the cart. His quick reply saved his load of provisions, for, had it been intended for anyone else, it would have fared badly at the hands of the soldiers. Before reaching the General's tent Giovanni passed through all the places occupied by the soldiers and noted carefully the number of regiments and their strength in field pieces.

Arriving at the General's headquarters, he displayed the tempting load which the General personally sampled, and in addition to the price asked by Giovanni, he ordered to be given ten lire, remarking that he must surely be a loyal supporter of Garibaldi to provide so bountifully for his officers. While

Giovanni was busy unloading the provisions he heard the General make the following remark to a junior officer :

“Although our force exceeds the Papal force in numbers, yet I do not think it prudent to march upon Rome until we can bring up the reserves from Monte Rotondo, which cannot be done at for least four days. Meanwhile I will order the majority of the troops to be distributed along the road and among the hills from this place to Rome, that our numbers may appear the more formidable.” Here the two officers started to leave the tent and Giovanni put the finishing touch to his little scheme. Addressing the General, he remarked that he had very little trouble in reaching the headquarters, as he had with him the best products of his vineyard and orchard ; but now that his wagon was empty he feared that he would not reach home in safety. Immediately the General took a note book from his pocket and attaching his signature to a passport, handed it to him saying :

“This will pass you wherever my soldiers are stationed.” With a doff of his cap Giovanni mounted his little cart and drove homeward. He reached home late in the afternoon and found his father anxiously waiting for him. The satisfied and exultant expression on the son’s face told that he had been successful. Both sat down to a table and Giovanni put his notes together and made useful additions that were still fresh in his memory. This task over, the son arose, received his father’s blessing and departed.

The road from Mentana to Rome first ran in graceful serpentine curves between verdant hills and then straight through a lonely expanse of territory spanning the distance between the two cities. Over this road Giovanni was now traveling, urging horse to its greatest speed. Once out of the town, Giovanni thought that all was safe ; but as he ascended a hill he was confronted with a sight that suddenly brought him to a standstill. Beneath him, and at some distance up the road, was a company of Garibaldians on patrol and guarding the road to Mentana. He turned his horse to the foot of the hill where he was hidden from view of the soldiers. Here he dismounted and thought of

scheme after scheme by which he might protect his scroll; but all the plans seemed to offer him no assurance of safety. Suddenly a new idea flashed across his mind. Remembering that he had a rubber tobacco pouch in his pocket, he brought it forth emptied the contents, enclosed the scroll in it and rolling it into as small a size as possible, he tied it securely. Then inserting a stick upright between the horses jaws, to keep them open, he forced the packet down the horses throat; but not without a struggle. The poor little animal trampled and fussed to escape the ordeal, but all in vain, for the stout and brawny arm of Giovanni held the horse's jaws and after one or two gulps it was swallowed and the horse remained as undisturbed as if it had eaten an ear of corn. The success of this attempt gave Giovanni fresh courage and mounting again he resumed his journey. When he came within hearing distance of the patrol he was challenged by a sentinel. He produced the passport which the sentinel scanned and motioning to Giovanni to follow, he led him to the captain. This officer immediately recognized the passport and signature as genuine, but like a cautious soldier, he subjected Giovanni to a severe examination. Every article of his clothing was examined, but as no suspicious evidence could be found against him he was dismissed. When he disappeared from the sight of the patrol he spurred his horse to its fastest gallop and as the flying hoofs rattled over the stony road an occasional watch dog awoke to chide the rude disturber. The darkness of the night had no terrors for Giovanni, for the road was as familiar to him as were the fields adjoining his home. Many times had he traversed it in his youth in company with his father and as he grew to manhood he replaced his parent in conveying the products of their vineyard to the Roman market. Frequently the moon would steal from behind a sombre cloud, flooding the fields and road with its mellow light; but little did Giovanni notice the beauties of nature thus illumined, for his head was bent upon the neck of his horse encouraging the animal as one would encourage a friend. His fast riding soon brought him to the gates of Rome, where he was welcomed by his comrades.

“Where shall I find General Kangler?” asked Giovanni of one of the Roman soldiers. ‘He is now at the Piazza d’ Espagna,’ was the answer. To the Piazza d’ Espagna Giovanni directed his horse and arriving there he had very little difficulty in finding General Kanzler, as he and Charette were then discussing the morrow’s operations. Admitted to their presence, Giovanni related how he had gone among the Garibaldians and obtained valuable information concerning them; but when he told how he made his horse swallow the pouch containing all that he had noted, the General’s were inclined to be a little incredulous. The good standing of Giovanni, however, and his faithful services made them cast aside their doubts and calling the surgeon, they went to the stable and shot the horse. To the amazement of the Generals and to the delight of Giovanni, the surgeon’s skillful knife soon disclosed the pouch intact in the stomach of the horse. The information thus acquired was so serviceable that the Generals decided after a short consultation to take the offensive side and march upon Mentana. The next day Giovanni, donned a captain’s uniform, rejoined his company and his worthy predecessor was promoted to Kanzler’s staff. Scouts were sent out during the day and all returned with the same news that the hills and vineyards along the road near Mentana were occupied by the Garibaldians.

About three o’clock the next morning the Roman troops filed through the Porta Pia and marched towards Mentana. The morning was raw and cold. A drizzling rain was falling, but the troops were not dismayed, and none ever marched to battle with lighter hearts or greater courage. At one o’clock they met the first outposts of the Garibaldians, nearly two miles from Mentana. After the exchange of a few shots the hills were covered with soldiers and then a brisk encounter followed. The Zouaves advanced steadily and drove the foe before them towards the town. Unable to check the rapid advance of the Zouaves, the Garibaldians took refuge in the buildings and behind the walls of a farm known as Vigna di Santucci, and here they offered a stubborn resistance. This place now became the scene of a desperate struggle. From windows and walls a show-

er of bullets rained upon the Zouaves, who were forced to fall back to organize for an assault. Now came the time for another display of Giovanni's gallantry. He knew that in the rear of the farm there was a break in the wall partly hidden by a cluster of bushes. Thither he led his company and with a loud cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" they charged through the breach just as Kanzler ordered an assault from the other side. Caught between two fires the Garibaldians fled confusedly in all directions, leaving the Zouaves masters of the place. After this encounter they met with feeble resistance until they arrived before Mentana. Here a fierce struggle raged for some hours. Charge after charge was made upon the fortifications around the town; flank movements followed each other in quick succession; strategic manoeuvres were executed with the greatest precision and rapidity, but still the Garibaldians held their ground. Where the fight was hottest and bullets thickest, there Giovanni could be found fighting manfully and encouraging his followers. The long march and steady fighting began to tell on the Zouaves, and at three o'clock they were well nigh exhausted. General Kanzler now asked support of the French troops who had not yet taken an active part in the engagements. With their characteristic valor, they dashed upon the enemy, who were unable to resist their avalanche like attack, and fled for a last refuge to the centre of the town. Night now brought a cessation of hostilities and a rest to the combatants. When morning broke the Garibaldians were drawn up for surrender and the Papal forces took possession of the town. The residents joyously received the victorious troops; and relatives with eager eyes and fond hearts were anxiously seeking their loved ones in the ranks. Happy were the parents who clasped their sons to their hearts, but in all that group there was no one happier than the aged invalid who embraced that young hero, the Zouave of Mentana,

M. J. B. '04.

Mart. Breen

WHO WAS ST. VIATEUR?

AS there are, in the profound depths of the firmament, distant stars which have not yet entered our field of vision, so there are, not only in heaven, but even upon the church's scroll, saints, whose names and virtues have scarce reached our ears. We may say that Saint Viateur is one of those obscure saints who are complete strangers to many who hear their names mentioned. The name of Saint Viateur may even have become familiar to many of us, and still we know not who Saint Viateur was. It may be of interest then to relate, briefly, the story of the life of this young saint, whose name we are taught so often to pronounce in prayer.

Saint Viator, who gave to the world an example of the most admirable virtues, lived in the fourth century. We know not the exact date or place of his birth, but his title of Lector of Lyons, leads us to believe this to be his native city. We are also unacquainted with the year of his death, but this much we can affirm, that he sanctified himself while still very young. He is classed with Saints Stanislaus of Kostka, and Aloysius of Gonzaga, who in later years attained, like himself, a high degree of perfection, and have become the patrons of Christian youth. Saint Adon, Bishop of Vienne, calls Viator, "a very holy young man," an expression which excludes maturity, and still more, old age.

By a disposition of Providence, our saint received at his birth, the prophetic name "Viator," which in Latin, signifies, "traveler." He realized the meaning of that name in accompanying on his voyages, Saint Just, Bishop of Lyons, whose virtues he imitated so perfectly; he realized it especially by his absolute detachment from the goods and the vanities of the world; so, that in truth, all his life has been that of a traveler, who, while on his earthly pilgrimage, aspired with all the ardor of his desires to the possession of his heavenly fatherland.

Viator showed from his infancy, very amiable dispositions, and Saint Just, feeling an attraction towards the youth, propos-

ed to him to enter the ranks of the clergy. Knowing that through the bishop the voice of God called him, he consented to receive the order of lector, but his humility prompted him not to aim higher. He took great care to instruct himself in the virtues which the Church recommends to clerics invested with the rank of lector. Thus prepared, he began the work of his holy vocation; he read with reverence, the Holy Scripture to the faithful, he taught the sacred truths of religion to the little children; but most of all, he preached by his good example, walking in the way of righteousness and sanctity. His pure conduct and virtuous life were living commentaries of the Divine Word.

Soon, however, another destiny fell to the pious youth, as a result of an event which occurred in Lyons. In a fit of rage, an epileptic murdered several prominent citizens of the city, and the indignant populace, thirsting for revenge, sought the life of the guilty one. At that time there was granted to fugitives from justice the "right of asylum," which privileged them from a rest, providing they could find shelter in a church. The murderer, knowing this, sought refuge in the cathedral of Lyons; but the people, clamoring for his blood, followed him to the church, and were about to take him by force, when St. Just objected to a violation of the sacredness of the sanctuary and the right of asylum. Seeing the frenzy of the mob increasing, Saint Just, fearing a riot, felt that he was obliged to deliver the man; but he first made an agreement with the civil authority that the culprit should not be put to death without just trial. This being agreed to, the man was given over to the mob; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold of the church, when he was torn to pieces by the infuriated citizens. The sight of this terrible deed, ed the holy bishop that he took the resolution to go and expiate the holy bishop, that he took the resolution to go an expiate this supposed fault in the deserts of Egypt. For many years he meditated on this project, waiting for an opportunity to put it into execution. Thus in 381 A. D., after the council of Aquila, at which he assisted as legate of all Gaul, Saint Just thought the moment opportune to flee into exile.

The young Viator, a confidant of the bishop's secret, had promised to follow him into exile. The work of the council being terminated, Saint Just came back to Gaul, dismissed his attendants, under pretext of visiting his family at Tournon, but in reality to save his people from emotions and tears of the parting scene. Viator, advised to meet him at Arles, left Lyons secretly, abandoned his parents, his friends, his peaceful life, renounced the dignities to which his talents and his virtues would justify him to aspire, and hastened to meet the bishop. The holy old man was waiting for the youth, and together they departed for Marseilles, from whence they embarked on the first vessel sailing for the east. Arrived in Egypt, the land once blessed by the abode of the exiled Infant, our holy travelers rested not until they reached the deserts of Thebaid. Here they buried themselves in the silence of a monastery, and led a life of mortification and prayer, in the observance of the strict rule of the Fathers of the Desert. Viator, though very young, bore with patience the heavy yoke of monastic discipline, and imitated the good bishop in this life of contemplation and penance. On the second of September, a few years after their self-imposed exile, Saint Just breathed his last, but not before he had foretold to his young disciple, that it would not be long before he, too, would receive his reward.

The youth soon began to decline in health, and, on the 21st of October, his pure soul, prematurely rich in merits, went to receive in heaven, the crown of the blessed.

His remains were interred beside those of the bishop, and some years afterward were bought back to Gaul and placed in the church of the Maccabees, in Lyons.

In 1828, Very Reverend Louis Marie Joseph Querbes, parish priest of Vourles, near Lyons, in his zeal for the salvation of souls, founded a community, which he called the Institute of the Parochial Clerics, of St. Viator, and placed it under the protection and patronage of this youthful saint. The Holy Father, Pope Gregory XV, solemnly approved, confirmed and sanctioned the rules of the community on May 31st, 1839. The Institute has for its end, the "sanctification of its members, the

teaching of Christian doctrine in public and in private, and the service of the holy altar, according the intentions of the Council of Trent."

In the short time of its existence, the community has not only spread over all France, but it has extended to Canada and the United States, in both of which countries, by the untiring zeal and efforts of its members, for the cause of Christian education, it succeeds well in doing the very work in which Saint Viator sanctified his early years.

G. P. M. '06.

Mulvaney

THOU ART ALL FAIR.

O beauteous maid! O daughter fair
 Of God Almighty's love and grace!
 Thou dost in all thy figure bear
 His beauty's every living trace!
 So perfect fashioned is thy soul,
 So fit its fleshly vesture pure,
 That thee with angels we'd enroll,
 And of our holiest love assure.

O clearer than the crystal spring!
 O whiter than the driven snow!
 O lily fair the prophets sing!
 Would that all men thy beauty 'd known,
 And by its charms uplifted be
 From the dustful earth and things that soil,
 To crave pure realms of joy to see,
 And e'er for this great meed to toil.

Oft do we in this tearful vale
 Feel sore oppressed by nature's woes
 And sigh for joys of no avail
 The heart to heal of life's hard blows.
 O! show us then thy face serene,
 Thus in our hearts restoring calm,
 Induced by no foul drug of sin,
 But by thine own sweet, potent balm.

When treading nigh defilement's rim,
 When words that stain assail our ears,
 When friendship e'en its sails would trim
 To land us where to tread saint fears;
 O beauteous one and wholly pure!
 Let ray of thy clear star direct
 Our course to port where dwell secure
 Those whom thy holy hands protect.

Let e'er thy image stainless shine,
 Before our gaze, immaculate,
 Thy blue begirt white robe the sign
 Of thy benign protectorate
 O'er youth's unblemish'd purity;
 Thy flawless beauty e'er the type
 Inspiring to integrity
 That makes the soul for heaven ripe.

E. L. R.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Oney St. Cerney, whose illness was announced in our last number, passed away October 5. In answer to his last request, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., sang his funeral mass in Pe-kin, Illinois, and preached over his remains. Evidently his college lessons had left a sweet impression upon Oney's heart and enabled him to live, to suffer, and to die, in an edifying manner. We offer our condolence to his bereaved parents and our prayers for the repose of his soul.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

THERE are certain festive days during our college life to whose coming we look forward with eager eyes which when past, are cherished as the dearest remembrances of by-gone days. To the students of St. Viateur's College, the first, and, I may say, the greatest of these days, is the patronal feast, October 21st. St. Viateur's Day is always hailed by the students as a day of joyous festivity and solemn prayer, a day on which the soul and body unite to honor that great saint, who is their patron. As St. Viateur's Day is a religious feast, it is appropriate that in its celebration joy and piety should unite their sweet voices in glad unison of praise and thanksgiving, Hence, at an early mass, the students and community approached the sacred banquet table in a body, and thus, in a befitting manner, began to honor their great patron. At 8:30 a. m., all assembled in the beautiful chapel for Pontifical High Mass. As the soul-stirring notes of the sweet-toned organ poured their inspiring strains into the souls of the devout worshippers, and the long procession of acolytes and clerks, followed by the celebrant and his assistants, passed from the sacristy into the sanctuary, one could feel his very soul rising up in prayer and thanksgiving. The spotless white cassocks, worn by the acolytes, and the rich vestments of the celebrant and his assistants, shone forth in such a manner as to contribute to a scene that will not soon be forgotten by those who beheld it.

The celebrant, Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., was assisted by Rev. M. A. Dooling, of Clinton, as deacon, Rev. J. A. Kelley, of Gilman, as sub-deacon, and by Brother P. Brown, as master of ceremonies.

The choir, consisting of eighty well trained voices, sang in an inspiring manner. The "Kyrie," "Credo" and "Veni Creator," were taken from La Hache's Mass in honor of St. Theresa; "Gloria," from Battman's Mass in F; "Offertory," "Justus ut Palma," by Lambillotte; "Sanctus," with angelic choir, from Gounod's Messe Solonnelle and the "Agnus Dei" from Bollman's Mass in B flat.

The soloists were: Messrs. D. Feely, G. Eesterbrooks, M. De Sousa, E. McDowd, F. Anderson, A. Birren, J. Monahan, and Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V. One of the principal features of the mass was the excellent singing of the duet, "Justus ut Palma," by Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., and George Esterbrooks. The beautiful high soprano voice of Mr. Esterbrooks was never heard to better advantage. The difficult composition, well suited to his voice, was not only technically rendered well, but was sung with intelligence and feeling. The Bass part was well sustained by the rich and well trained voice of Brother St. Aubin. The new soloists, Messrs. McDowd, De Sousa and Anderson, also acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. Great credit is due Rev. A. St. Aubin, C. S. V., our musical director, whose perserving efforts were crowned with such signal success.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. J. McCann, of Elgin. He briefly reviewed the life of St. Viateur, speaking of his fidelity, and showing him to be a true Christian educator. He then spoke of the work being done by the clerics of St. Viateur in the great field of Christian education. From beginning to end Father McCann's sermon was instinct with a fine loyalty to his alma mater and to her distinguished president, the ideal priest and educator, V. Rev. Father Marsile.

At eleven o'clock all passed to the gymnasium, where a fine exhibition of military drill was witnessed. The College Battalion gave a dress parade and, though, they had but little time for preparation, and many new drillers were in the ranks, they executed their movements in a way that showed remarkable proficiency. The next number was an exhibition drill by the Columbian Guards. These boys gave proof of wonderful suppleness and precision in executing the most difficult and complicated movements, forming crosses, letters and other figures, with such rapidity as to astonish the audience. Their new captain, A. Birren, showed great tact and presence of mind in handling his company. The drilling manoeuvres were closed by the Ford Zouaves. These gentlemen, arrayed in their regulation Zouave uniforms, were greeted with continual applause

during their exhibition. Most varied and intricate movements both in marching and in manual drilling, were executed with graceful and almost mechanical exactness. For this well drilled squad, as well as for the S. V. C. Battalion, whose drills were exceptionally good this year, Col. Maher deserves the highest praise.

After dinner, at about 2:00 o'clock, all again assembled in the gymnasium to witness the presentation of Cardinal Wiseman's drama, "The Hidden Gem." A glance at the cast of characters will be sufficient for the patrons of the college to understand that the acting was up to the standard, and that the grand lesson of patience and self-denial, exemplified in Alexius, was beautifully brought out.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Euphemianus, a Roman Patrician	W. Cleary
Alexius, under the name Ignotus, his son	W. Maher.
Carinus, a boy, his nephew	J. Monahan.
Proculus, his Freedman and Steward	P. Legris.
Bibulus	A. L. Ecuyer.
Eusebius	R. Weurst.
Davus	Slaves, J. B. Shiel.
Ursulus	F: Shippy.
Verna	J. Legris..
Gannio, a beggar	C. Savage.
An Imperial Chamberlain,	An Officer.
Slaves; Two Robbers,	Dancers an singers.

As all of the members of this cast have already won laurels on the stage here and in Chicago, it is unnecessary to comment further on their acting. Suffice it to say that every one did his best and that the play was a grand success, and brought the day to a happy and triumphant close. W. C. McKENNA.

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EDITORIAL.

COLLEGE FEASTS.

College feasts are not only exclamation points that punctuate the students diary with joy; they are also distinctly educative. The elaborate celebration of a national hero's memory cannot fail to develop patriotism in boys who are always impressionable, and in young men whose open minds and hearts easily give themselves over to generous enthusiasm; and, likewise, the solemn observance of the feast of a patron saint, an apostle, a patron of art or of science, is excellently calculated to enshrine that patron in the minds of youth as the ideal of perfect human life, as a hero whose achievements for the spiritual and artistic elevation of mankind are most worthy of admiration and of imitation. The recent splendid celebration of the feast of St. Viateur, the patron of this college, must, we think, have produced such profound impressions upon all those who witnessed the glad festivities; it must have kindled in the hearts of all a livelier appreciation of the consecrated life of St. Viateur and a yet firmer trust in his gentle patronage. Many of us may soon pass from out these college walls and join the busy throngs outside in eager quest of a cherished aim; but that grand feast day of St. Viateur, with its deeply impressive religious ceremonies in a chapel that seemed bathed in light escaped from the bright abodes of the blessed, and which echoed

with sacred song as sweet and pure as angels sing in the heavenly courts, will ever shine before our minds with ray serene and recall its own sweet joys. It will cling to our memory with the inspiring accents of sacred eloquence which it called forth, with the intuition it gave us of sauctity and of devotedness to the welfare of others; it will be remembered as a happy reunion of college friends, all assembling again in these familiar halls to enjoy this annual feast of piety, of eloquence, of song, of military and dramatic art. And the very thought of this triumphal day, with all its sacred joy and inspiration, can but urge us to seek in yet more strenuous endeavors to realize in our lives the ideal we saw so vividly portrayed in a saint.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

It soon occurs to the young American that it is part of his inheritance of liberty to become self-supporting. And this idea is one which students will profitably keep before their minds. It will stir them to greater effort in order to more speedily fit themselves for self-support, and to overcome the obstacles that oftentimes threaten to entirely dishearten them. That observation we heard sometime ago is indeed very true, viz: that those upon whom we are now depending for support are not immortal, that an unsuccessful transaction may reduce them to instant beggary, and that we may, ere many months or years pass by, be left to fight our own battles alone. How precious then we should prize every golden hour that is given us to prepare ourselves for the tasks and duties that the future has in store for us! This preparation means work; it means study, constant and earnest application to the duties of each day and hour. Serious loss of time on the part of a student is not only the wanton wasting of golden opportunities, it is a downright theft. The idler robs himself; he shamefully robs his parents, and robs the community which will in all likelihood be constrained to provide for him in a poor house.

FATHER GAFFNEY'S BOOK.

“Song of a Life,” by Rev. T. Gaffney, S. T. L., is the true story of the beautiful and edifying life of a young man, Arthur L. Wassenbach, who was a model Catholic and an eminent musical artist. His accidental death by drowning put a sudden end to his career of charity, and withdrew from his friends and relatives one who, not only was dear to them, but was also a source of inspiration to higher and better things. The book, which was published by friends, as a memorial of their esteem for the deceased, and as a testimony of sympathy for the bereft relatives, is an elegant volume, well illustrated and printed. It certainly must afford much consolation to the parents of the deceased, and will be read with profit by any one into whose hands it may chance to fall. We congratulate our former professor, Rev. F. Gaffney, upon this, his first, literary production, which will, no doubt, be followed by other works.

EXCHANGES.

There is a custom obtaining among college ex-men, which has practically become a law in conducting an exchange column; and that custom is the prefacing of the exchange notes with a few general remarks. In nine ex-columns out of ten, you will find that the ex-man begins with a few general considerations, and then makes particular mention of the journals he wishes to criticise. Nor, is this feature of an exchange column, without its decided advantages. It may, and frequently does, help to remedy some defect in another journal. Again, it is a medium through which friendly relations may be sustained and strengthened. Moreover, it is a means well calculated to give expression to the exchange editor's opinion of the ex-world, and what it is doing,—(which opinion may sometimes be beneficial, but alas! is more often valueless).

Consequently, rather than violate this unwritten law, we wish to say a few words in general, before speaking in severe

or complimentary terms of some of the magazines on our table. Before we took up our "traditional pen," we had nothing in general to say, (no doubt not a few brother ex-men frequently find themselves in precisely the same predicament), but we never despair. At the eleventh hour, something generally suggests itself.

An exchange column, which is characterized by honesty and sincerity on the part of the ex-man, is undoubtedly a most admirable and beneficial feature of a college journal. Indeed, nothing can be better calculated to improve a writer in a way, than to have his excellencies and short-comings pointed out by some judicious, painstaking exchange editor, who clearly shows wherein the student's composition is in harmony or at variance with the principles of literary criticism. Now, this task of the ex-man, must be performed in a spirit of honesty and fairness, if the desired results are to be obtained. It is undeniable, however, that such is not always the case. Some exchange editors are woefully lacking, in what may be called, critical honesty. They never have a good word to say of those journals against which they are unreasonably prejudiced. Every article in them may be a literary gem, but still they will manage to find fault. On the other hand, there are some ex-men, who, in criticising the contents of certain journals, speak in the most laudatory and complimentary terms of decidedly mediocre literary productions. A few exchange editors there are, who, month after month, completely ignore the presence on their table of certain publications of superior literary merit. Suffice it to say, such tactics in conducting an exchange column, bespeak a lamentable want of honesty and sincerity. Show fair play to everybody; give each writer his just deserts; throw all prejudice to the winds, and then you will come near being the ideal ex-man.

The "St. Joseph's Collegian," is a journal whose essays, stories and poems, would suffer a great injustice, were they characterized as being mediocre. They generally rise far above the level of mediocrity, and the October number of that esteemed publication is no exception to the general rule. "Joy" is, to

our mind, by far the best poetical effort in this number. The spirit of hopefulness and optimism, prevailing the poem; its music and the noble sentiments it contains, must commend it strongly to every reader. The essay on "Chaucer," appeals to us especially among the prose compositions. Though rather brief, nevertheless, it deserves praise for the charming and concise style in which it is written; it is, throughout, instructive and interesting.

In the June number of the Viatorian, we were afforded an opportunity to defend the Church and the French Religious Orders from an attack made on them by the "Spectator" for May, from Capital University, Coloumbus, Ohio. The remarks which the Viatorian made on that occasion have not, it seems, met with the approval of the ex-man of said "Spectator," for that gentleman, in the September number of his journal, speaketh thusly:

"The Viatorian, for June, is certainly looking for trouble, with its page and a half of useless criticism." After a despicable sneer at the Sisters of Charity, Mr. Spectator continues: "Consider the evils and miseries which the Jesuitic orders are causing; and these are the orders which were especially meant in our previous article. An order whose purpose is to work against government secretly to gain the upperhand in a country, and whose primary principle is to know no authority except that of the Pope, is surely detrimental to a country, and such is the order of the Jesuits."

Well, Mr. Spectator, no doubt you feel greatly relieved, having delivered your soul of this mournful screech. We would completely disregard it, (for in itself it is a most insignificant and feeble reply), had it come from any other, save you. But the hostile attitude which you and your paper have ever taken against the Catholic Church, compels us to regard it as deserving more than a passing notice.

No, Mr. Spectator, we are not looking for trouble, and, if we were, we would not go to you for it, for we do not believe you could give it to us. We would have peace, and would like to be on friendly terms with everybody. We never say, "hello,"

to the devil until we meet him. But, last June, we are quite sure, we saw His Satanic Majesty represented in the self-opinionated ex-man of the "Spectator," and we reluctantly saluted him.—You refer to our "page and a half of useless criticism." We note, however, that "that page and a half of *useless* criticism" had the desired effect, in as much as it made you become more specific and definite in your charges against the Catholic Church.—So the Jesuits are the great Catholic bugbear and an obstacle to real national progress, according to your way of thinking. Somehow or other, they never have been very especial objects of the love of the Protestant heart. Mighty upholders and defenders of intellectual and moral truth, these Jesuits! Such mere bald-headed, weak-kneed assertions concerning them as those of yours, which I have above quoted, do not deserve notice, much less refutation. It is certainly difficult to understand how a so called University of this enlightened twentieth century of ours, allows such ruffraff and palpable falsehoods to appear in its journal. We can well imagine you, Mr. Spectator, seated at your table, literally blue in the face with Anti-Catholic bigotry, ransacking your shallow brain for a fresh charge against Catholicism, and having sought there in vain, we picture you drawing on your over-heated imagination for such delectable rot as you have given us in your September number.—Cheer up. Spectator! Happier and brighter days are in store for you, when you learn to appreciate justly things Catholic.

We do not hesitate in saying that the "Davidson College Magazine" for October, easily surpasses, in point of literary merit, every other exchange we have read for last month. The "Deterioration of the Negro" is an exceptionally able essay on the past and present condition of the Afro-American. Written in a strong, vigorous, English style, it carries with it an air of conviction that is quite overpowering. The "Page and the Princess" is a story, which, for plot and treatment, deserves a great deal of praise. "There was a Star," easily merits the palm of superiority among the poems of this most excellent issue.

There is an article in the September numebr of the Sentinel entitled "What shall we do with the Negro," which we have read with interest and certainly not without profit. The solution of the negro problem, which the writer sugests, impresses us as being most sane and practical, and, likely, the one which will eventually uplift the colored people of this country from their present lamentable condition.

Finally, in concluding these notes, we wish to say, we have read with interest and gratification, the many poems and essays on the lately deceased immortal Leo XIII; and his glorious successor, Pius X, who, God grant, may reign in peace, ad multos annos.

W. J. MAHER, '04.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. S. Nawrochi's new splendid church, St. Mary's of Perpetual Help, Chicago, was consecrated and dedicated by Most Reverend E. Quigley, D. D., October 24th and 25th. Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D., and Rev. J. Ryan, C. S. V., vice-president of the college, assisted at the ceremonies. Father Nawrochi was formerly an ecclessasical student of this institution and his brother, Mr. A. Nawrochi, is at present finishing his seminary course here. The Viatorian heartily congratulates Father Nawrochi upon the grand success which has attended his efforts.

Mr. William J. Dolan has recently assumed the functions of city attorney of Granite City, Illinois. We congratulate our former comrade upon the honorable office which he is called upon to fill.

Rev. J. P. Devane, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Sidney, Neb., in sending his generous subscription and congratulations to the Viatorian recently, acquaints us with certain facts which cannot fail to interest our readers. Father Devane says: "My parish extends east of Sidney ninety-seven miles; west, forty-six and northwest, ninety-five, so that my railroad fare alone would be enough to keep the company going. There is one place to

reach which I have to drive thirty-three miles by stage. I am sometimes inclined to feel a little proud when I think that I have unlimited jurisdiction like the Apostles.

“Recently an automobile was purchased to run on one of those long stage routes, but on one experiment, it was found to be too light for the roads. Two days were required to make the trip, but it never returned. However, it seems, that the purchaser more than made up the cost of the machine in that one trip. The roads were fenced up high on both sides, and the people were charged ten cents admittance.

“There are some highly cultured people out here, although we get credit for having only the other extreme. The social formalities observed in Sidney would reflect credit upon the New York four hundred. Father Lambert, of Chicago, will soon be here to preach missions to my scattered flocks.”

Mr. Adelard Boisvert and Miss Bertha Roy, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Oct. 20, in St. Rose's church, Kankakee, by Rev. A. Granger. May happiness ever attend our newly wedded friends.

Mr. Paul Wilstach, who is the literary advetizer of Mansfield, has furnished the stage with a number of very successful compositions. He recently announced that his new comedy, “Polly Primrose” would soon appear with Miss Adelaide Thurston as principal character of the cast.

Rt. Rev. Bishop A. McGavick, D. D., was unable to attend the festivities of St. Viateur's day here, having had to go to St. Paul. He promises, however, to pay the college a visit early in November.

Rev. C. Raymond, C. S. V., recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, and is speedily recovering under the gentle care of the Alexian Brothers in Chicago. Bro. Raymond proposes visiting the college during his convalescence. He will be welcome among his old friends.

Rev. Bros. A. Martel and A. Champoux, of St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Chicago, accompanied the V. Rev. A. Corcoran, C. S. V., upon his recent visit to the college. On the same

occasion, Rev. J. Cregan and Rev. F. McCormick, of Chicago, Rev. A Tardif and Rev. F. Dugas visited the college.

Rev. Francis O'Reilly, pastor of the cathedral of Peoria, and Rev. James Shannon, pastor of St. Marks church Peoria, two distinguished alumni of this institution, were the welcome guests of the faculty October 30 and 31.

VIATORIANA.

Now.

Chops.

Torpedo.

Chicken.

Didlets.

Calamity Jack.

Creaky creak.

The tower clock.

Get the rule book.

Oh! isn't it sad!

He is all smiles.

Please pass the olives.

The yacht race.

I am going to Japan.

Give me some thoughts.

Kindly return the napkins.

Oh feathers! how soft!

Where are my field glasses?

My favorite games are polo, cricket, tennis and golf.

Did you see the pumpkins on the golden vine?

Oh! yes I was on the Mayflower, and saw the Shamrock from a very short distance.

Dick—My- but this is weather.

Charley—Yes, indeed, a regular Kentucky blizzard.

Fred—Why do you sit here and gaze at the moon?

Mike—Oh! I like to look on the bright side of things.

Bill—When I finish the commercial course I think I shall be capable of striking out for myself.

Charley—I think you will, I saw you at the bat yesterday.

New Student—Are there any historic spots in this vicinity.

College Chap—Oh yes, there was a cyclone here once and it blew the mortgage from under a farm.

Joe—Well, I am very glad that the base ball season is almost over.

John—Why, I think it is the only game, and feel somewhat sorry to see it come to a close. Joe.—It is likely to become epidemic, because the game is so catching.

“He caled me a gibbering idiot,” shouted the junior. “Now I ask you candidly, what do you think of that?”

“I should first wish to know just what he meant by gibbering,” rejoined the cautious party.

Oh! Charley has solved the problem; the correct age is just eighteen years.

Dick—Did you ever see an Italian sunset?

Gus—No, but I saw a Dago.

Shorty—What four letters in the alphabet will frighten a burglar?

Bob—O. I. C. U.

Joe—What’s the heaviest piece of candy you have ever seen?

Charley—The heaviest piece of candy I have ever seen was in Paducah at a street fair, and it must have weighed about seventy pounds. Joe—Well I have seen heavier than that; while walking along the street in Chicago one day, I saw a big colored man fall from a three story building and I thought that was the heaviest chocolate drop I had ever seen in my life.

VISITORS.

Among the many visitors who came to help us celebrate our glorious feast day of St. Viateur, were:

Rev. J. J. McCann, Elgin, Ill; Rev. M. J. Dooling, Clinton, Ill; Rev. J. A. Kelly, Gilman, Ill; Rev. J. H. Nawn, Chicago, Ill; Rev. A. L. Gabrie, Momence, Ill; Rev. M. Brennan, Gilman, Ill; Rev. Wm. Granger, Chicago, Ill; Rev. A. Tapin, Papi-neau, Ill; Rev. F. A. Perry, Chicago, Ill; Rev. A. Tardif, St. George, Ill; Rev. T. Dugas, St. Marys, Ill; Rev. F. Nowacki, Kankakee, Ill; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shiels, Chicago, Ill; Mrs.

Woods, Chicago, Ill; Mr. Wm. Drennan, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Monahan, Chicago, Ill; Misses Josephine and Kate Sullivan, Chicago, Ill; Miss McCarthy, Chicago, Ill; Misses Nellie and Alice Long, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Schaack, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Cleary and Mr. Jas. Cleary, Momence, Ill; Mr. Nazare Lamarre Chicago, Ill; Misses Bell and May Ward, Joliet, Ill; Mr. Frank Kelly, Chicago, Ill; Dr. Brankin and son, Thorton Park; Mr. Jas. O'Connor, Joliet, Ill; Mr. Chas. Gordon, Rantoul, Ill; Mr. Jos. J. Connor, Chicago, Ill; Mr. J. H. Hogan, Seneca, Ill; Mr. C. Grogan, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. McCarthy, Kankakee, Ill; Mr. P. O'Connor, Irwin, Ill; Misses Mary and Kate Munch, Chicago, Ill; Miss R. Griffin, Chicago, Ill; Miss M. Mongoren, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Foley, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. J. H. Burke, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Stanton, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Agnes O'Donnel, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. C. Grogan, Chicago, Ill; Mrs. Owen Ahern and her sons, Arthur and Oney, of South Chicago, Ill.

FOOT BALL NOTES.

The Kankakee High School Eleven played two games with the varsity early in October, but were unable to make much of an impression upon the heavier college men. Sweeney at center and O'Connor, the new guard, showed up well in their first appearance with the varsity.

The first regular game took place on October 17, against the American medics, of Chicago. The contest was very close, despite the fact that the medics outweighed our team nearly twenty pounds to the man. For St. Viateur's, Lonergan, Savage, and Cosgrove, displayed fine form in the back field, and Sheil showed up well at quarter. The line charged much faster and lower than in the former games, McDonald, especially, playing excellently. For the doctors, Lonacre, Driscoll and Lindberg were easily the best, Driscoll making several long runs. Quille ran the men in grand style. The interference put up by the medics was the best yet seen here, and, backed up as it was, by an abundance of beef, it gave the college defense plenty to do. Neither side scored in the first half, although Jones, Lonagan and Cosgrove, by brilliant line bucking, reach-

ed Chicago's fifteen yard line. In the second half, Barry and Lonacre succeeded in scoring by terrific line plunges and mass plays on our right tackle. The rooters felt sick later on, when Barry reached our line with the oval, but he was tackled so hard by Savage that the ball was dropped and a touchback resulted. The Doctors were again within striking distance during the last half, but were penalized for holding in the line. The ball was in St. Viateur's possession on their forty yard line when the whistle blew. The line up:

ST. VIATEUR.

MEDICS

Wall.....	L. E.....	Lindquist.
McEvoy, Savage	L. T.	Converse.
Smith	L. G.	Wilcox
Sweeney	C.	Salliday.
O'Connor	R. G.	Norton.
McDonald	R. T.	Cowen
Collins	R. E.	Driscoll.
Sheil.. ..	Q. B.	Luille.
Cosgrove	L. H. B.	Linberg.
Jones, Savage	R. H. B. ..	Barry
Lonergan	F. B.	Lonacre.

The game scheduled for October 24, with Morgan Park Academy, was declared off, owing to the crippled condition of the academy team.

On November 7, St. Viateur plays St. Vincent in Chicago, and negotiations are on for a contest with St. Ignatins on Thanksgiving day. The latter game will also be played in Chicago.

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