

THE VIATORIAN

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OUR JUBILARIAN

Fifty years of toil have speeded,
Fifty years of work well done;
Fifty years! how they have fled,
Running quickly one by one.

Mem'ry oft goes back, dear Father,
And with joy we view those years,
Days of then, of now, of yester,
Days of hope, but mixed with fears.

Echoes of those years since '60
Float adown the aisles of time;
Stealing onward, gently onward,
And their setting beauteous shine.

Rough those years, but fitting better
Than a gentler life could fit;
Fifty years! we love to ponder
And enjoy them as they flit.

Poor those days, those days of wanting,
When the fibres of one's soul
Clung with weary, eager panting,
Anxious to attain the goal.

Choice those years now numbering fifty
Since His threshold you have trod:
Father dear, would we could fitly,
Praise and laud our dearest God.

ST. VIATOR SEMINARY
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Fifty years, we count but slowly
 Long they were but seeming few,
 Fifty years! years good and holy,
 Richly blessed with Grace's dew.

May your old age beam with sunshine
 May your presence ever be
 As a guide to bless and cheer us
 In our dear community.

—Pebble.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF ELIOT, DICKENS and THACKERY

Gold Medal Composition

T. P. GRANT, '13

(Continued from last issue.)

DID I say in my introduction, I would be brief? I take back the statement. The task before me is more difficult than even I imagined, and, if I have been long in my criticism of Geo. Eliot, I shall try to be more concise in my analysis of the remaining authors.

Chas. Dickens, the next to be considered, hardly needs an introduction, for I believe you, like myself, had heard and knew something of him before you had learned a thing of Thackeray or Eliot. Chas. Dickens, surely a man of great genius and imagination, gained his popularity from the naturalness and simplicity of his style, his homely but well chosen and appropriate figures, gaining the interest and admiration of all who read him. Though a man of less culture and refinement than Thackeray still the sublimity of his expressions and the grandeur of his style, do not fail to please even the most learned of classic students.

Dickens' early life was one of extreme poverty and privation, being compelled to eke out his scanty livelihood before he had reached the age at which most boys have attained a grammar school education. This only goes to prove that whatever Dickens was he made himself that by his own individual endeavor, through hard labor and unceasing efforts and perseverance. He

surely was not only a self-made but a self-educated man as well. He had the genius within him and it needed not an advanced education to foster and and develop it. It sprung from his very nature, and it was but natural for him to give expression to those wonderful ideas which filled his mind. Who could estimate the fame Dickens would have achieved had he cultivated his powers of imagery and apprehension in a school of learning?

As a parliamentary reporter Dickens laid the foundation of his success as an author. From this position he gradually pushed himself higher; disciplining his habits of industry, enlarging the circle of his knowledge, increasing his powers of observation and description until he reached the point where he could confidently take his pen in hand to write a story, knowing that it would find favor in the sight of his readers and would be appreciated by literary critics. Dickens' first real success was the *Pickwick Papers* written and published shortly before *Oliver Twist*, when the author was but twenty-one years of age. These two novels appearing in serial form took the English reading world by storm and captivated even those who are slow to appreciate true genius. Everywhere Dickens was read and criticised. His vivid pictures of London middle and lower life, his descriptions of the lowest, vulgar characters of the slums, his portrayal of the immorality and rottenness of such society, as also his laudable defense of the poorer classes, his ruthless attack on private schools and the discipline existing in work-houses, his masterly denunciation of the vice and corruption in the poor houses, permeated his works and gained for him a wide and immortal reputation as a man not only of superior genius but a man with strong, firm convictions of justice who had the determination to live up to his views and who did not hesitate to give expression to his thoughts when he was convinced he was in the right: Dickens always brought out his principles forcibly and convincingly but in so simple and natural a style that he was read with interest and pleasure by all. This was the peculiarity of his style, he interested learned and unlearned alike and was popular with all.

By some critics he is harshly criticised for choosing, as a background, the lowest and most filthy part of the city and as characters the most degraded of London's population. But Dickens upholds his position in his introduction to *Oliver Twist*: "Is it any better," he says, "to portray a Massoroni in green velvet than a Sikes in Fustian?" The truth must be told and whether like Thackeray, we choose the highest class of society and the

richest parts of the city, wherein to lay a plot, or whether we take the lowest, criminal conditions of society and the most cruel and God-forsaken characters with which to build a story and teach a moral lesson, it matters not. Perhaps it were better to take Dickens' view. For here evil is not dressed up in rich cloaks that conceal the inner man. Here we see vice and corruption exposed and laid bare before us: Sin appears more odious and hateful to us and we instinctively turn away and seek a better place. The dregs of life ought to serve the purpose of teaching a moral quite as well as its froth and cream. It is not the scene wherein the action is laid which counts most in judging the merits and real worth of a work, it is the manner in which the tale is told, the way in which the moral is brought home to us. Vice covered over with silks and lace can be made attractive but it is none the less evil for that. But when we see vice before us free from all worldly attractiveness and standing alone in its moral nakedness, surely we would turn away and resolve forever to abandon such a life.

The relation Dickens bears to novel writing is a somewhat peculiar one: He is more a caricaturist of life and character than a painter of portraits; yet we must admit that he possesses a keen insight into life and character and he is just as true a revealer of their meanings. Dickens' peculiar blending of humor and pathos is by some misunderstood and critics accuse him of "pumping for tears" and overdrawing pathetic scenes. But this is a somewhat harsh criticism, for if we read his life and learn something of his nature and disposition we cannot fail to see that it is his deep, sensitive temperament which carries him to extremes and in his effort to render a pathetic scene sublime his imagination might lead him somewhat from truth and reality. Dickens had a sensitive, easily aroused and mercurial disposition, and in parts of his works, breaking out in unrestrained emotion he is carried away by his too vivid imagination and led to commit many sins against pure literature which we would never find in the works of a stronger character or less emotional writer.

Here lies a great difference, and one especially to be noted between Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens' emotional power was so strong that in many places his pathetic and sentimental passages become blots upon the pages of an otherwise great and inspiring work. On the other hand, Thackeray's works are marked by a great restraint of emotion, though who can doubt that he had the power and feeling to paint such scenes after reading his

sublime, pathetic description of the failure and death of Col. Newcome.

In considering Dickens as a novelist, we should judge him from his peculiar standard of writing, and the results of his labor should be appreciated as the work of a peculiar genius. The naturalness and simplicity of style which characterize all the works of Dickens, proves him a master of the language. To express great and ennobling thoughts simply, is an art in itself and requires an artist to do it. Though he has not as extensive a command of the language as Thackeray—though he is oftentimes inclined to coarseness—and in mere literary perfection cannot be ranked with the greatest masters, and though he was a man of less culture than either Eliot or Thackeray and did not possess that delicacy and correctness of style which Thackeray always shows, yet he is none the less, as great a genius in his own sphere, as clever a novelist in his chosen field and as skillful and perfect an artist in his pictures of life. Above all this he is a man popular with all the reading world and an author who surely did more good in teaching moral lessons than either of these two contemporaries. He was a poet born not made; a man who labored and persevered in his chosen profession and who had won immortal fame even at an early age. His popularity alone would prove the greatness of his intellect.

Concerning Dickens' imagination what can be said? How different he is in this respect from Eliot and Thackeray. We wonder at the variety and fertility of his resources; his subjects seem almost inexhaustible; we are impressed by the minuteness, the clearness and the perfect conception of objects even to the slightest detail. Rarely is Thackeray carried away by his imagination, and though Eliot sometimes evinces a lively imagination it is generally held in check and seldom breaks out like Dickens' to wanton over the beauty of her page.

In his character portrayal, Dickens is somewhat below Eliot and Thackeray. Most of his characters seem unreal, unnatural and exaggerated. We know their nature from their exterior appearance and actions. The good characters are invariably pleasing in appearance and the wicked, vile and opprobrious. For example note how the description of Uriah Heep's appearance tallies with the description of his loathsome character.—His degraded and vulgar characters are pictured in all their hideousness so that we instinctively turn from them as from something odious and hateful. We fear to look upon, much less know and talk with them, so awful is our detestation of their vile character.

Though we recognize here the work of a genius, we wonder and are led to doubt whether such hardened and debased criminals could exist in such filth and rottenness and still be apparently happy. But we know that Dickens was a man of imagination and in endeavoring to bring out his moral lesson more strikingly he might have deviated slightly from truth and overstepped the bounds of verisimilitude.

Then again Thackeray is not nearly so great in power of portraying characters as Eliot. He—Thackeray,—gives us but one side of life; his men characters only are perfectly portrayed and few of these are really virtuous. He throws in occasionally as a light upon a dark picture, a character like Col. Newcome; but most of his female characters are portrayed as evil, hypocritical, worldly beings. On the whole though, his characters are not overdrawn, perhaps the contrary, but they are not as real or as perfect as Eliot's. Though his novels at first sight seem to contain many more characters than either Eliot's or Dickens', on analyzing his books thoroughly we find that both these writers surpass him in the number of real and properly developed characters they have portrayed. Few of his characters are as widely known as some of those of Dickens, but Betty Sharp and Col. Newcome will forever live in the minds of those who have read of them as two of the greatest character creations in all literature.

Enough has already been said of Eliot as a portrayer of character. The standard set by her in this line is too high for Dickens and Thackeray. They are forced to concede the palm to one who far outclasses them. Still Dickens and Thackeray deserve special laudation for the manner in which they so aptly brought out and developed their characters to suit their own purpose—to teach the moral lesson that punishment is meted out to all who violate the moral law.

Though Dickens' figures are not as dignified or as well chosen as those of Thackeray still beneath his exaggeration and strong emotion there lies truth and sincerity. In clearness and preciseness of figures Eliot also would be classed above Dickens. But though Dickens was inferior to these in the selection of his figures, yet his simple narrative is pleasing and his diction is such as the common people can appreciate with the result that his highest praise will be the thanks rising from the hearts of the great mass of the unliterary public who read to enjoy and not to criticise. Appreciation such as this is the greatest of praise.

(To be Concluded.)

CRITICISM of HUDSON'S REASONS FOR HAMLET'S INSANITY

W. A. SAMMON '12

HUDSON, one of the well known critics of Shakespeare's plays, in criticising Hamlet, says that Hamlet is really mad. He says that he is not deranged in all his faculties, nor in any of them continuously; but that he is mad at times. The question of Hamlet's madness is one upon which the critics cannot seem to agree, though none of them apparently have sufficient reasons for stating that he is insane.

Hudson gives four reasons for Hamlet's insanity. These reasons, to my mind, do not prove his madness, but are weak, and would not convince a student in the lower grades, let alone one who is supposed to be far enough advanced to study Shakespeare's plays.

The first reason he gives is that drawn from the natural structure and working of his mind; the second, from the recent events in the royal family; and the chief reason is derived from his instant view and grasp of the whole dire situation in which he is now placed. Hudson says, "from all of this he ought to be crazy."

I do not see how the structure and working of Hamlet's mind is in any way different from anyone else's mind, nor how the trouble in the royal family should drive him mad. Other people have had just as much, if not more trouble, and did not go insane. He says, "we might well be amazed at his morbid strength or the natural weakness of his mind if it were not so." We should be amazed at his morbid and unnatural weakness of his mind if it were so.

It is true that a person could go insane for this reason: If he brooded over his trouble for quite a while. If this were the case with Hamlet, there would be some ground for saying that he was mad. However this was not the case. He did not have time to brood over the matter before he appeared to be mad. Must a person go mad because his uncle, whom he suspects of killing his father, (for Hamlet was not sure that it was the truth that the ghost told him) and whom he disliked, married his mother? I do not think this reason has any force at all.

The second reason Hudson gives, is that it was a part of the old ghost-lore, that the being talked with by a ghost either finds a man mad or makes him so.

Now if this were true, why is it that Horatio, Marcellus, and the other soldiers that saw the ghost were not mad? As for Hamlet's strange behavior after he had talked with the ghost, I think he acted in that manner to throw his friends off the track as to what his real feelings were. For the disclosure that the ghosts made to him, naturally disturbed him, and he had to give his friends some kind of an answer, and as he did not wish to tell them the truth, he sought this manner of avoiding it. Or why is it, that in some of Shakespeare's plays, Julius Caesar for example, the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus and Brutus did not go insane? This reason seems to me to be very weak indeed.

Hudson's third reason is that all the other persons in the play believe that Hamlet is mad.

If Hamlet wanted to feign madness he would naturally do the best he could to deceive every one. He would not feign insanity before some of them and have others believe that he was not insane. This would soon ruin the purpose that he had in view. Nearly anyone could play the part of being insane well enough to deceive a few people. But Hamlet was better educated than most of the people that were in the court, why shouldn't he be able to deceive them? For him this was a simple task.

As for Hudson's fourth reason that Hamlet was mad. Because "many distinguished members of the medical profession, deeply learned in the science, and of approved skill in the treatment of insanity, say that Hamlet was mad," I think is wholly insufficient as an authority. How could these men tell from the study of the play whether he was deranged or not. We can see in our own times how every day men plead insanity as an excuse for some crime and eminent doctors declare them to be insane. The idea of a doctor proving that a man is insane is getting to be a joke. They are able to tell, it is true in cases where it shows plainly, but we always see that when a man pleads insanity that he can always make the doctors believe it. Why should we take this reason then as a proof? When the doctors are not able to ascertain, when they examine men personally who say they are insane, whether they are or not, how can they claim to pronounce from reading Hamlet that he is insane? The answer does not seem very evident.

On the other hand I think that Hamlet feigned insanity to cover up his purposes. He knew that after his talk with the

ghost that he could not act the same toward the King or his mother. So by feigning madness they would not suspect that he knew what happened. Of course, we read of the great cunning that some insane people have, but usually this cunning is directed to the end to make people believe that they are sane. They are not able to use all their faculties at all times and on all subjects. But the case is different with Hamlet. Take for example the occasion when the King wants to send Hamlet to England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He suspects that there is some plot against him. If he were insane, he would not be able to analyze the King's motives in this manner, especially as his mother wanted him to go to England. If he were mad would not he think that his mother was in the plot also? He says to the Queen of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, "My two school-fellows, whom I will trust as I do adders fang'd." Then again: Is it a madman's prank to give a play which is the exact reproduction of the murder of his father so that he could be sure that he would make no mistake in killing the King? Insane people are not so considerate of other people's lives. They kill first and then forget about it.

Hamlet's actions throughout the play I think are those of a man who has some secret which he wishes to conceal from every one.



AUTUMN

O Autumn, bronze-faced daughter of the year,
To thee I chant my mirthful roundelays,
Fair maid, whose sweet enchantment I revere,
I hail thee queen of these the harvest days.

Thy rose-lipped, fair-haired, sister passed away
Now peaceful rests upon the couch of Time,
Whilst thou thy Lord's command doth prompt obey,
And changest all things in thy youthful prime.

Thy burning touch is on the laden vine,
Thy fiery hand hath seared the forest leaves,
The eyes of night upon thee brightly shine,
And gathered are the harvest's ripened sheaves.

To tint the mellow wealth on bending tree,
And color golden fruit upon the bush,
Thou passeth o'er the earth at Heaven's decree,
Thy magic art defies the artist's brush.

The harvest moon climbs up the azure steep,
A silver orb upon a field of blue,
Her shimmering beams throughout the woodland sweep,
Their silver mingling with its golden hue.

The crimson sun sinks slowly down to rest,
And silent earth in golden glory thrills,
All nature is in garb of splendor dressed
When trails thy purple robe o'er distant hills.

J. A. W.

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EDITORIALS

To be engaged in one pursuit of life for fifty years, toiling onward and upward through din and strife, conquering seemingly insurmountable obstacles; always buoyed up by the assurance of success is an achievement worthy of special note. But when this calling is the grandest that can be bestowed on any creature, that of a true religious, real follower of Christ, the event is one of real splendor and grandeur. What work must not have been accomplished by Father Beaudoin during his half century of priestly ministrations? How many souls found solace and comfort at his feet? How many souls about to lift the shades of darkness from their drooping eyelids, with their last breath bid good bye to this grand old man? How many youths have been directed into the right path by following the lofty examples which he presented? Well may Father Beaudoin now in the glorious sunset of his illustrious career look back upon the dawn. Fifty years ago as a young man he heard those awful and solemn words that made him Christ's ambassador. Well may he reflect on the hardships which he underwent during the infancy of St. Viator College, when nothing but a wilderness surrounded the little institution, and well may he glory at having been an efficacious instrument in the hand of God.

Brother Mainville in his quiet and unassuming manner has always been a source of edification to his many friends. Caring

nothing for the pomp and false show of earthly realms, he sought the quiet seclusion of his cell, and now after half a century is still its prisoner. What great and grand lessons can we not learn from two such men? We, now in the full bloom of youth, may be impetuous and ambitious, but let us stop to reflect on the nothingness of it all. Let us come back to the ways of our Maker, let us practice those things so successfully accomplished by our Jubilarians! And on this occasion the Golden Jubilee of a priest and of a religious, The VIATORIAN extends Father Beaudoin and Brother Mainville its sincerest congratulations. Though they are now in the sunset of their careers, may the glorious light of their lives tarry long with us. We need men of their type now and always. Father Beaudoin and Brother Mainville are beacon lights to us sailors starting on the cruise for success. May they be spared long with us to exercise their pious ministrations over us and finally when the last summons shall call them may they, as we sincerely hope and pray, hear those words so near and dear to the souls of the Just, "Welcome, thou good and faithful servants!"

November with its moaning winds and rustling verdure, its bountiful crops, and bursting barns brings to our mind the generous Provider of all good things. Well may the United States as a nation give thanks on the great day set apart by the President. No wars menace her coasts, no plague or famine is eating at her heart, prosperity and contentment rule supreme.

***Grateful
America***

Time has always been a fickle creature. The sceptre of wealth and empire once belonged to polished Greece, then it passed to imperial Rome, to courtly Spain, and finally England had its share, while now Fortune has given it into the hands of her favored youngest daughter, fair Columbia. America is now at the highest point of her career, and wealth, plenty, prosperity and good citizenship are at her very feet. True, evils exist today as they have in the past, yet are we not trying to abolish them and we are striving to succeed. Socialism, graft, the strife of labor and capital, the problem of the trusts, rottenness in high stations, are all abuses that need time to be corrected. And while we on this Thanksgiving Day kneel in our churches with the humble thought of our nothingness and God's greatness, let us not forget that not only one day in the year but every day should be to us a real true Thanksgiving.

Much has been said and remains yet to be said of the freedom of the press. The question has been agitated and debated for many years and in spite of all argument still remains unsettled. It is not our purpose to speak of the benefits of clamping the lid on the newspaper, but to urge our readers as much as possible against the reading of pernicious and prurient yellow journals. At present there are pending in the west two murder trials, one of a doctor and the other of an unfortunate woman. Not content with merely stating the facts of the case and that a speedy trial would ensue, a certain yellow journal of Chicago has set itself to ascertain the most intimate and disgusting details of the cases. Such a policy as having a poor moral degenerate, now behind the prison bars, writing his own abominable biography for the "edification" of its readers is far beyond our poor limited powers of expression to denounce. To hold up before the youth of America in the bloom of purity and innocence, the naked life of a pitiable wretch, to have him paint, in glowing colors the motives and incidents in his crime, is certainly a woeful abuse of the liberty of the press. The youthful mind, hungry for excitement and adventures extraordinary, absorbs this stenching rot like a sponge, and hardly has time to digest it before the next day's edition is ready to be served. And what are the consequences? Perhaps the first time the young reader learns the shocking details, a blush will instantly crimson his cheeks but after repeated and more vivid accounts are presented, he begins to pity and admire that most beastly type of humanity. Is there no cure? What father sitting at the hearth stone in the evening surrounded by his children would dare read this "Home Edition" to his family? What young man could think of reading it to his mother? Must we young college students remain silent on such a vital question as this? Can not we, Catholic young men, American youths, raise up our hands and voices in protest and declare that such a rank obnoxious publication should be silenced forever? Is it not our urgent duty to refuse to buy such a paper and still more to refuse to read it. There should be a healthy public feeling among the students against such publications, and students who persist in reading the foul details of these trials should feel the brunt of the well merited contempt of their fellow students. It is moreover high time that some censorship should be exercised over yellow papers to prevent them throwing the morals and salvation of the public into jeopardy.

Cooperation is one of the main key notes of success at college. Many events happen at an institution such as this that do not pertain directly to the class room. The sermons and lectures that are given us, the many admonitions and advices that are so necessary for us should be carried out to the letter. Endeavor to embody within yourself all the truths and principles of a truly Christian life, and strive to benefit yourself. No matter what the event may be, whether it be athletics, the paper, society work, good behavior, always strive to be a helper, never join the anvil chorus, and then when success will crown our efforts as we sincerely hope it will, part of the laurel wreath will rest upon you.

**Student
Cooperation**

PHRONEMATA

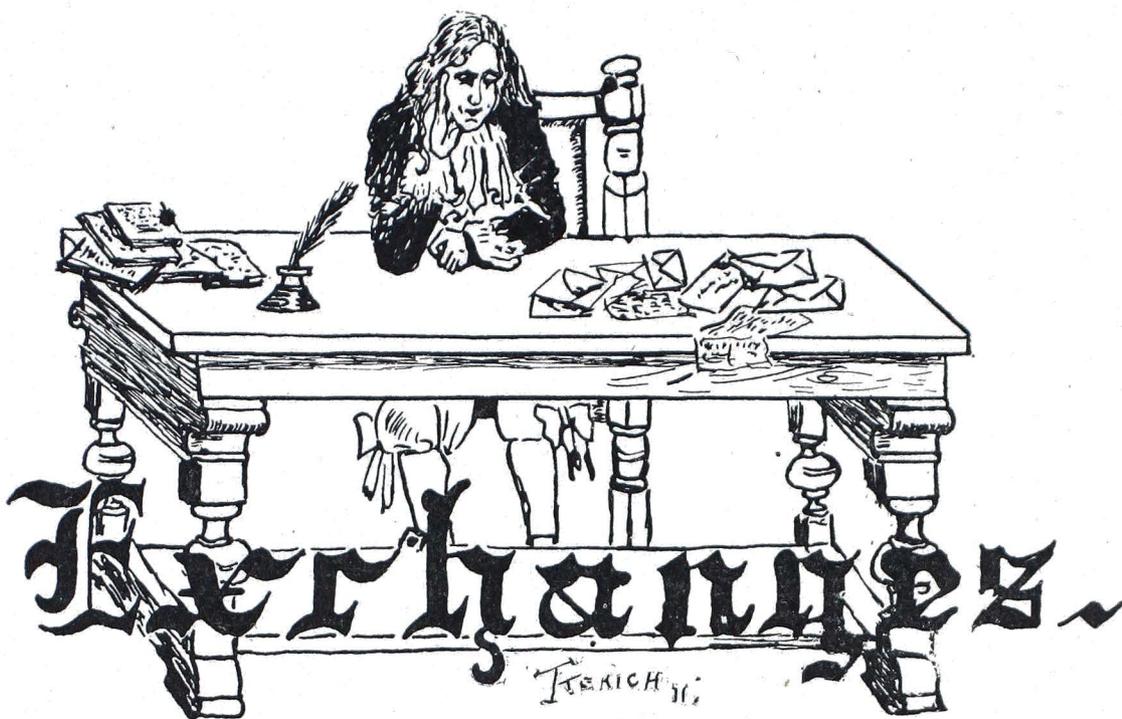
One of the wonders of the world is that some men should find it difficult to accept the truths of religion, because they contain mysteries. Mystery is for them a word that negates the truth. Men of this kind have the intellectual capacity of a clam, and shutting themselves up in their shells, refuse to acknowledge there is anything beyond their own pearlless integument. They shut their eyes to everything but what they choose to call evident, and forget that the very act of lowering their eyelids implies a mystery too deep for them to fathom. How do they move any one of their members? They do not know, and no one else knows. Doctors and physiologists may give learned reasons, none of which solve the difficulty, yet these same men, whom the word, mystery, terrifies, have no difficulty in assenting to the fact that they can open and close their eyes, raise and lower their hands, and do a thousand other things which they cannot really understand. Behind everything is a deep, inscrutable mystery, but that is no reason why we should not believe everything that is true. Human reason has never proved that it has such tremendous powers as to be able to apprehend the wherefore of even simple phenomena, and it is generally found that those with less reason than others are the ones prone to glorify its powers.

The new books about Thackeray which have been published upon the occasion of his centenary have not shed much more light upon the private life of the great novelist, a fact for which all lovers of Thackeray should be profoundly grateful. One of the abominations of the age is the rage to increase the strong

light that beats upon the thrones of the mighty, until its rays penetrate every hidden crevice of their lives. What good does it do me to follow my favorite author into his bedroom? If I saw him *in deshabille*, probably he would cease to be a hero to me, as few men can survive this test, and another of my ideals would be shattered. No, the Thackeray I know and love is the Thackeray who wrote that great lay sermon, "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis," and I care not a rap for the Thackeray who gambled and wasted his time. Any one who really reads intelligently knows enough about an author from the books he has written, and therefore gains little benefit from the work of the modern life-dissecting biographer, to whom no event of a man's life is too sacred, no intimate letter too private, to be flaunted in their nakedness before the unsympathetic and unintelligent eyes of pseudo-literature lovers. Every man has a right to privacy, a right he does not surrender by becoming a benefactor of mankind.

Sleeping Memory is sometimes wakened by the sound of an old song or the scent of a flower familiar in the days of long ago, and looks back through a mist of tears into the sacred cloister of innocent childhood. She cheats the departed years, and with her magic wand waves us back to the time when that tune was sung by a voice that seems to have been stilled, O, so long ago, and when its air lilted through our heads as we ran through the fields or stopped to pick the cowslips and primroses, never thinking but that life would always be merry and sweet like that tune. Or she wafts us on the perfumed breath of that almost forgotten flower into the garden where it used to grow, and express its sweetness into the balmy air, so that its odor seemed part of the joy of those glorious summers which knew no pain, because they had known no sin. We are standing again under that ivy clad wall we used to climb to look at the thrush's nest, and we see the meadow where we tossed and tumbled through long afternoons in the fragrant hay. We feel for a moment, thanks to kind Memory with her tear dimmed eyes, those exquisite joys of childhood, which can never return in their fullness again, and this old tune or the fragrance of this flower has lifted the weight of years from our shoulders, and given us strength to go more bravely, if a little more sadly, down the road of life; for after all this is the same world in which we were children, and which looked so beautiful then, but now sometimes seems so dark and drear.

S. U. N.



Like our first issue of the year, many of our Exchanges have been delayed by the printers, mails and other causes against which the editors fought valiantly but vainly. Yes, Fellow Editors, we must confess that we have passed through a protracted period of literary starvation, owing to the dilatoriness of the compositors' chefs and linotype lieutenants who prepare our favorite intellectual repasts. But now the feast is on and gray liveried waiters with unprecedented celerity are bearing to our table the tempting viands which issue forth from the literary culinary departments of our Exchanges. The first course has proved a delight indeed, and has placed a keen edge on our literary appetite. And now while we await the next course, let us sit back and cast a critical eye over the dainty morsels our kind hosts have sent us to digest.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, first to arrive, first in merit and first in the hearts of the editors. Although the *Scholastic* laments "the loss of the fairest flowers of the editorial garden," the issues of this year reach the usual standard of excellence. We note with pleasure the welcome innovation of publishing essays on American men of letters. Too often in seeking for genius we look afar and those rare flowers at our feet pass unnoticed. The short story "Socrates the Detective," is, to say the least, humorous. The editorial columns of *The Scholastic* is another strong

feature. We are deeply grateful to the writer of the editorial "Mispronouncing our Name." Even here we have the "fifty-seven varieties" of pronouncing Notre Dame and we are glad to be set aright.

The September number of *The Nazareth Chimes* contains a pleasing variety of poems, essays, and stories. Two essays worthy of particular note are The American Poets by Elizabeth Lane and a Study of Thackeray by Miss Marian Lyndale. Miss Lane's article devotes some little space to a just praise of the late Chas. J. O'Malley. A trio of essays extending over pages 29-36 might be omitted with little injury to the publication.

The leading article of *St. Mary's Sentinel* is well chosen. Although the article is a lengthy piece of descriptive composition, interest never flags as the reader's attention is held by the narration of incidents and anecdotes connected with Wyandotte Cave.

Aunt Catherine's Book by Miss Nellie Cooney in *St. Mary's Messenger* is an interesting short story, possessing a good lesson. The Influence of Music by an alumni shows that the soul of the writer is musical.

The Dial, from St. Marys, Kan., still holds foremost rank. *The Dial* is to be congratulated on possessing two such able poets as Messrs. Thurber M. Smith and Edward J. Weisenberg, who contribute no less than five poems, of more or less merit, to the October number. Mr. J. A. Butler writes forcibly on Greed. A well written story and several other essays also add to *The Dial's* value. The Editorial column could be strengthened by a few editorials on subjects of particular or general interest to students.

We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of The Villa Sancto Scholastica, The Young Eagle, St. Vincent's College Journal, and St. Mary's Collegian.



Societies.

SENIORS.

Probably no other gathering of "high-brows" ever received such a gracious welcome as did the honored guests of the senior class in the reception and banquet in honor of the Rev. Dr. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 12. Nothing could be more fitting than that the seniors should thus celebrate the visit of their former teacher and friend. He had unselfishly and zealously enabled them and many classes before them to "drink deep of the Pierian spring," and, consequently this reception, no matter how grand and brilliant a success, could never be too good for their old tutor.

Prompted by this admirable sentiment the Seniors labored zealously to make the first step of their last lap in class organization a propitious event. The College refectory was tastily decorated with pennants, banners and the class colors, artistically intermingled with the royal purple and gold of Alma Mater. When the guests had done full justice to the sumptuous repast generously spread before them, and while the soothing odors of Havanas floated lazily overhead the walls resounded to the voices of rising young Ciceros. Mr. Richard O'Loughlin carried away the palm of victory in his cleverly-written toast, "Dante in Tears," with Mr. William Sammon a close second. Mr. O'Loughlin with his irrepressible humour lambasted the "beef eating Englishman, Bill Shakespeare," in an unmerciful manner, and pathetically consoled the weeping and deposed Dante, while Mr. Sammon vividly described the cruel grilling which '12 received at the hands of "Doc" last year. Mr. Dunn's "New Worlds to Conquer" eloquently set forth the aspirations of the Freshmen. In his "Response" the Rev. Doctor thanked the Seniors for their kind and loyal reception; and surrendered them to

their new professor, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., with the greatest confidence that a successful year awaited them.

The programme was as follows:

Toastmaster.....	Mr. G. Bergan '12
"Our Honored Guest".....	Mr. J. M. Lareau '12
"Dante in Tears".....	Mr. Richard O'Loughlin '12
Piano Solo.....	Mr. J. M. Fitzgerald
"Junior's Loss".....	Mr. T. Harrison '13
"New Worlds to Conquer".....	Mr. Ed. Dunne '14
Piano Solo.....	Mr. C. P. Jochem
"Unpleasant Hours with 'Doc' ".....	Mr. W. Sammon '12
"Pleasant Hours with 'Doc' ".....	Mr. J. Gordon '12
Response.....	Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V.

The officers of the Senior Class are: Pres., Mr. Gerald Bergan; Vice Pres., Joseph Gordon; Sec., Jos. Lareau, and Treas., W. A. Sammon.

DR. WALSH SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Scientific Society has again launched itself on the expansive and dangerous sea of social life. The initial meeting was held in the society clubroom on Monday evening, Oct. 2. The members present evinced much enthusiasm for the society's welfare, and unanimously accepted the new slogan presented by the Rev. Moderator, namely: "Quality not quantity." In the light of such favorable evidence it is safe to predict that the probably small but nevertheless sound bark of this society will sail safely through the many storms and tempests, naturally expected during the voyage, and triumphantly bear its passengers towards the cherished goal—a successful year of social existence; that it will be stronger and better for having buffeted and conquered the towering and unmerciful waves of criticism which very often threaten all organizations; and finally, that it will proudly sail into port—the pride and honor of its faithful builder, the Rev. P. E. Brown, C.S.V. The officers elected for the first semester are as follows: Pres., Joseph Gordon; Vice Pres., T. G. Flynn; Sec., Jas. J. Daley; Treas., Thomas Welch; Custodian, William Roy; Curator, Walter Steidle; Serg.-at-Arms, William Sammon.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors, having received into their fold a new and enlivening element both of individuals and "ideas" are planning to

"spring a stunning surprise" in the near future which will do much in adding further strength and vitality to class organization. They can proudly boast of being the largest class in the Collegiate department. They are determined to produce social events proportionate to their size, and thereby prove beyond doubt that they possess not only quantity but also sterling quality. The Junior officers recently elected are as follows: Pres., Mr. Thomas Harrison; Vice Pres., Mr. T. G. Flynn; Sec., F. F. Brady, C.S.V.; Treas., Mr. Timothy Rowan.

THE LAJOIE FRENCH SOCIETY.

This Society, which has the signal honor of being the only one in the college devoted exclusively to the cultivation and study of the French language, recently reorganized under the leadership of the following competent men: Moderator, L. J. Pommier, C.S.V.; Pres., Harris Darche; Vice Pres., William Roy; Sec., Joseph Lareau; Treas., G. Picard; Serg-at-Arms, A. Landroche.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, the following select programme was ably rendered:

1. "L'Objet du Cercle".....G. Picard
2. "Le Gland et la Citrouille".....A. Landroche
3. "A un Enfant".....L. Rivard
4. "L'Automne"E. Graveline
5. "Le Bon Gite".....A. Picard

Master A. Picard, although the youngest participant, proved to be an elocutionist of no mean talent.

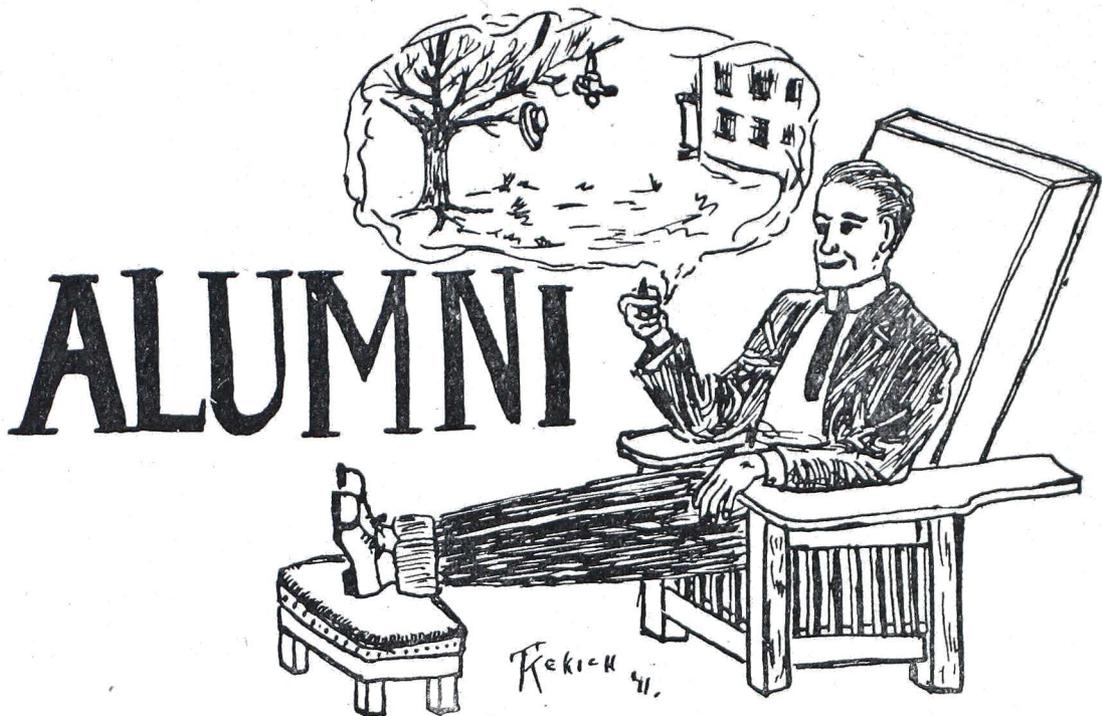
FRESHMEN.

The naive and unfledged Freshmen have certainly fulfilled our highest expectations by quickly following the example of '12 and '13 and organizing. A glance at their newly-elected leaders alone gives evidence of a class of "future greats" who will undoubtedly "do things" for the propagation of class organization. The officers of the class are: Edward Dunn, Pres.; Edward Donnelly, Vice Pres.; John Bradac, Sec.; B. McGann, Treas.

THE COMMERCIAL CLASS.

Again under the guidance of their first beloved Moderator and organizer, the Rev. W. J. Clifford, C.S.V., the Commercials have reorganized for the year. In view of the unusual development of this young organization during the past two years we confidently look forward to, and sincerely wish it a most successful year. The men selected to guide the destinies of this young society for the ensuing scholastic year are: Moderator, Rev. W. J. Clifford, C.S.V.; Pres., Joseph Kalt; Vice Pres., Maurice Gordon; Sec. and Treas., Cyril Kelly.





Many of the Alumni returned on October 21 to celebrate St. Viator's day in a becoming manner, and to feel again the joys that they felt as students here, when this great day came and bade all put away the cares and labors of study, in order that they might more fully realize the greatness and holiness of their patron.

Mr. Bert O'Connell, '09, who is associated with his brothers in the Artesian Stone Works in Chicago, spent a few days at the college recently.

Mr. Walter Nourie, '10, accompanied the football team to Onarga on September 30, where he refereed the game. Walter will be remembered as one of the greatest full-backs the Varsity has ever had. He is now studying law at Michigan.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, '11, has entered the seminary department.

Troy Munson, who is now studying law at Michigan "U," called on old friends October 3.

Edward Quille, '11, is now working in one of the large banks in Chicago. He visited here on October 13. Eddie was the speedy little quarter-back that assisted the Varsity in winning so many games last year.

Mr. J. F. Gordon was attacked by Cupid and fell a victim to his arrow. He was married to Miss Emma McEvily of Minooka, Ill., on October 18, 1911. Frank is now a successful business man at Gifford, Ill. The VIATORIAN extends congratulations.

Herbert Fitzgerald, student, '11, who is attending the "U. of I." this year, spent a couple of days at the college the first of the month.

Frank Alexaitis of Scranton, Pa., is taking a medical course this year at Jefferson City Medical College in Pennsylvania.

"Doc" Winsor is running a stock farm near Memphis, Tenn. "Doc" will certainly be successful in the undertaking if he takes as much interest in the practical work, as he did in reading the "Stockman's Journal."

FATHER McMULLEN

When honors come, they come thick and fast, and St. Viator College is beginning to realize this, for another one of her noble sons has been called to fill a position of dignity. Father McMullen, who made his Philosophy and Theology courses here, has been made President of St. Charles College at Helena, Mont.

Father McMullen was ordained in June, 1904, and was immediately appointed curate at Pesotum, Ill. He remained there for four years, and then he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Helena, Mont. Recently he completed the erection of a grand church and school in St. Mary's parish.

During the few years that Father McMullen has been ordained he has certainly taken an active part in all that added to the betterment and elevation of mankind. He made his superiors realize this by the scholarly effort, youthful energy and zeal he exhibited, and this is the reason that today we find him at the head of an institution that is noteworthy among the educational establishments of the far west. Everyone knows the duties and responsibilities that fall upon one who is at the head of such an institution, and the wisdom, prudence and knowledge they must possess in order to fulfill successfully the duties of their office. His ecclesiastic superiors having studied Father McMullen's character, were convinced of his high intellectual attainments and the result is they considered him the suitable man for the office.

St. Viator College is proud of Father McMullen and she feels highly honored to think that he completed his course here. The VIATORIAN wishes him success, and its sincerest hope is that St. Charles College will thrive and prosper, and that God will bless Father McMullen in the great work of Catholic education.



MR. JOHN HICKEY, '06.

HICKEY and TRUDEAU NUPTIALS

The ranks of our Alumni have again been attacked by Cupid. This time the arrow pierced the heart of one well known to all Alumni, Mr. John Hickey, of Kankakee, Ill. He was united in marriage to Miss Trudeau, of Kankakee, Ill., on September 25, 1911, at St. Rose Church. Rev. Father A. D. Granger performed the wedding ceremony.

Mr. Hickey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hickey of Kankakee, Ill., and is one of the foremost business men of that place. He attended St. Viator College for a number of years, receiving the greater part of his education here. He received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1906. Since that time he has been engaged in the undertaking business.

Mrs. Hickey is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Trudeau of Kankakee, Ill. She is a young lady of many accomplishments.

Mr. Hickey was one of the originators of class organization at the college, and this was indeed, a great step towards the developing of closer ties of friendship among the students. Its effects are being realized each succeeding year, and everyone considers it an honor to be a member of this organization.

His name has also been placed among the names of great athletes at the college. While here he upheld the honor of the "Old Gold and Purple" on the gridiron, and on the diamond he could stop the "hot ones" with the same skill and ease as "Hans" Wagner. He was captain of the baseball team for several years and generally led them to victory.

He has ever been a loyal Alumnus of St. Viator, and has always assisted her in all things that meant honor, progress and success.

The VIATORIAN extends to Mr. and Mrs. Hickey every good wish. May their bark sail over the turbulent seas of time, with sails unfurled and after a calm, successful voyage be wafted to a safe harbor to enjoy the blessings of Heaven.

P E R S O N A L S

Rev. P. F. Brown, C.S.V., graduate 1911 from the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., who is now pursuing post-graduate studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., spent several days during the month at St. Viator with his brother, Rev. P. E. Brown, C.S.V.

"Troy" Munson, end of the 1908 football team, who is now in his senior year at the University of Michigan Law School, was recently an interested spectator at the daily practice of the squad.

Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., former Professor of Philosophy at St. Viator, who is now Master of Novices at St. Viator Institute, Chicago, was the celebrant of the students' mass on Columbus Day

The Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., Provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator, paid a canonical visit during the past month to the college.

Brother J. Farrell, C.S.V., and L. Thaldorf, C.S.V., have been added to the faculty.

Rev. L. J. Goulette, C.S.V., former Professor of Music at the college, is now Chaplain of the hospital at Oak Park, Ill. He replaces Father Tardif, C.S.V., who goes to Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D. Father Tardif will also act as pastor at Plankinton, S. D.

The bowling alleys have been reopened, teams are being formed, and a busy season has been mapped out for the devotees of the sport.

Walter Nourie, star football player and graduate of 1910, after umpiring the St. Viator-Onarga game, returned to school with the players and spent Sunday with his many friends.

Father Marsile, C.S.V., former President of St. Viator College, accompanied by his two sisters, was a recent visitor.

The refectory since being enlarged presents a more lightsome appearance. Another entrance has also been provided.

Father Moisant, C.S.V., whose ill health keeps him from the duties of teaching, finds an outlet for his zeal doing missionary work. He is at present replacing Father Kinsella at Libertyville, Ill.

Among the recent visitors were Rev. Father Vien, C.S.V., Chicago; Rev. Z. P. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. E. J. Fox, St. Charles Borromeo, Chicago; Rev. F. Kelly, St. Gabriel's Chicago; Rev. Father Harmon, Church of the Annunciation, Chicago; Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V., Chicago; Rev. Father Parker, Chebanse; Mr. Ed. Carroll, Chicago; Misses Gallagher, Chicago; Miss E. Daniher, Streator; Mr. and Miss Ocon, Chicago; E. E. Donnelly, Bloomington; Mr. Lefebvre, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Kier, Chicago; Miss Kulczyk, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Slattery and Mrs. Lang, Chicago; Mr. Charles Weler and Mrs. M. Lang, Chicago.

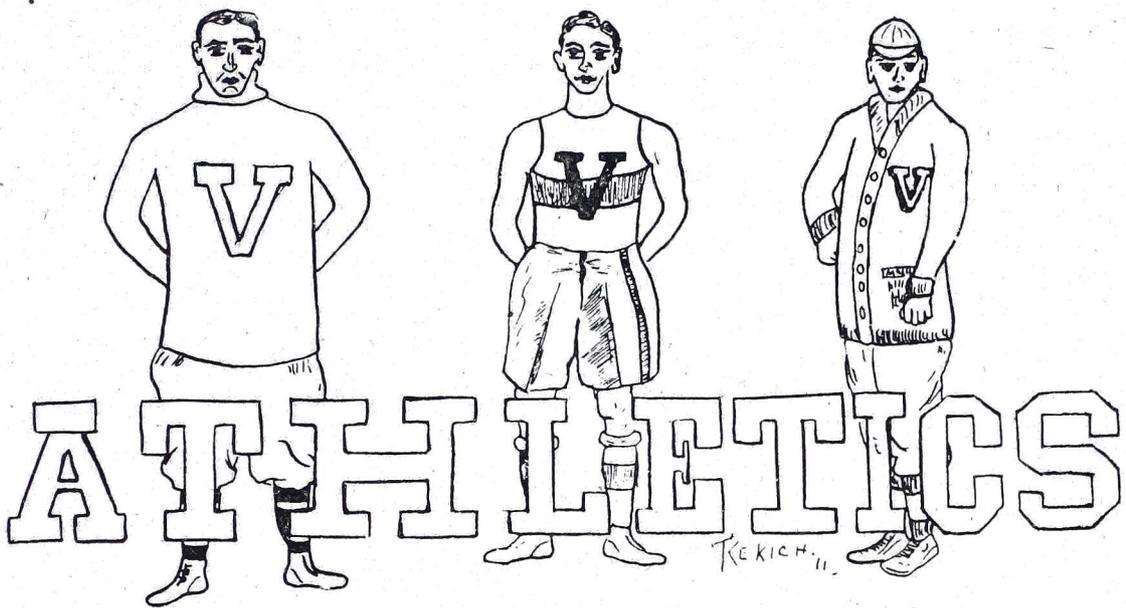


O B I T U A R Y

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. John Hayden, which took place October 13 at her residence in Elwood, Ill., of heart disease. Mrs. Hayden was the mother of Edgar Hayden, who is at present a student at the college and of Father Martin Hayden, one of our most loyal alumni. The funeral was largely attended, numerous priests being present. V. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., president of the college, represented the faculty. The sincere sympathy of the VIATORIAN is extended to the bereaved family, and especially to Edward, to whom the sudden news of his mother's death came as a severe blow. May she rest in peace.

The VIATORIAN extends its condolences to Mr. T. G. Flynn, athletic editor, upon the death of his uncle, Francis Keenan, who died October 16 at the advanced age of 90 years. Mr. Keenan was born in Ireland in 1821, and after coming to this country was for a long number of years a farmer in the vicinity of Elburn, Ill. May he rest in peace.





ST. VIATOR 22—ONARGA 0.

With good luck following them St. Viator's squad numbering twenty-four, journeyed to Onarga Saturday, Sept. 30, for the opening game of the season and defeated Grand Prairie Seminary 22 to 0. Under Coach Quille's strenuous work-outs the team was prepared for the worst and they played their first game with the vim that only a fearless captain like Bergan can arouse. Grand Prairie was completely overwhelmed in the first quarter of play, and the remainder of the game was a series of forward passes and sweeping end runs.

Some agreeable surprises developed out of the new material, Fisher, Ryan and Lawler playing the game of hardened veterans. Lawler, the new recruit from Spalding Institute, showed wonderful development in his two weeks of practice, and beat down Grand Prairie's defense for two touchdowns. Captain Bergan showed marvelous form and his work as full back places him before the public as a star to be watched throughout the season with great interest. Mugan, Q. B., and Welch, L. E., played their positions with the spirit of warriors, Mugan also kicking two goals, and Welch breaking loose for a touchdown. Cleary, L. H., and Walsh, R. H., backed up the team with their heady playing and completed the machine that held Onarga to a "goose-egg."

Onarga.

St. Viator.

Shearer.....	L. E.....	Welch, Sammon, Shea
Case.....	L. T.	Fischer
Khedroo.....	L. G.	Gordon, Carr, Canavan
McQueen.....	C.	Dunn

Essington.....	R. G.	Ryan
Jensen, Capt.	R. T.	Darche, Lonergan, Heeney	
Unziker.....	R. E.	Lawler
Danforth.....	Q.	Mugan
Bartram.....	L. H.	Cleary
Whiteside.....	R. H.	Walsh
Boeman.....	F.	Bergan

Touchdown—Welch, Lawler (2), Bergan. Goals—Mugan (2). Referee—Nourie. Umpire—Cammack. Head Lineman—Johnson. Timekeeper—Wall. Time of Quarters—10 min.

NOTRE DAME 45; ST. VIATORS 0.

On October 14 the second and hardest game of the season was played at Notre Dame, the game scheduled for Oct. 8th, with Hyde Park Athletics being canceled by Hyde Park. Following the Onarga game Coach Quill clamped down the lid in preparation for the sturdy warriors of Notre Dame. St. Viator suffered through the absence of their leader, Capt. Bergan, who was confined to his room with a severe case of tonsillitis. Cleary acted as captain and roused the team to the pluckiest showing they have made this year.

Notre Dame this year boasts of an exceedingly fast squad, and St. Viator fighting against great odds, went down to defeat 43 to 0, beaten but not forgotten by Coach Marks of Notre Dame. Notre Dame's end runs and offensive work won them their game. Bergman, Pliska and Berger swept the ends of our team, and repeatedly made long gains. A wet ball made accurate forward passes almost impossible yet the Indiana squad managed to get away with four passes. Considerable holding and off-side work was indulged in and "Coach Johnnie Marks" was caught with the "goods" and penalized fifty yards for coaching from the side lines.

In the first quarter Dorais drop-kicked a goal from the twenty-five yard line. Bergman circled the end for a touchdown. In the second quarter Pliska pulled down a forward pass and got away for a touch down. In the third quarter four touch downs were scored, followed by another in the fourth. Notre Dame repeatedly substituted men, greatly adding to their renewed strength and dash in the last half. St. Viator used sixteen men while Notre Dame used twenty-seven. Coach Quille's plucky ends and back field showed up Notre Dame at the tack-

ling game, St. Viator exhibiting much greater knowledge, in the art of tackling.

Dunn at center played a surprisingly fast game, but suffered a severe injury to his leg which may keep him from the game for the remainder of the season. Gordon, Ryan and Welch showed great form, putting up a defense that the weighty "Hoosier squad" could not break through. Harrison and Mugan held down Q. B., Harrison playing the game of his life; kicking as he never kicked before. Duffy at F. B. also showed up, carrying the ball in good style.

Greatly handicapped by weight and fresh men, St. Viator played a game that won for them the admiration of all Notre Dame as well as the public at large. With the loss of Capt. Bergan at F. B., Coach Quille is to be highly praised, on holding the "ex-champions of the west" to a score of 43 to 0. With several hard games scheduled for the future, the squad is still training at high speed. With Capt. Bergan back in the line Coach Quille expects to "clean up" all the remaining games of the season.

Notre Dame.

St. Viator.

Rockne.....	L. E.	Shea, Lawler
Oaas.....	L. T.	Fisher
Larson, Leblanc.....	L. G.	Gordon
O'Neil, G. Smith.....	C.	Dunn
Harvat, Jones, Yundt.....	R. G.	Ryan, T. Cleary
Kelly, Larson.....	R. T.	Canavan, Welch
Dolan, Crowley, Miller.....	R. E.	Sherman, Sammon
Finnigan, Dorais.....	Q. B.	Mugan, Harrison
Berger.....	L. H.	F. Cleary
Bergman, Pliska, Smith, Kelleher	R. H.	Walsh
Eichenbank, Jones.....	F.	Duffy

Touchdowns—Bergman (3), Pliska, Berger, McGinnis, Dorais. Goals from touchdowns—Dorais (5). Goal from field—Dorais. Umpire—Miller. Referee—Kettleman. Linesman—Callaghan.

THRU A KNOTHOLE.

One of the greatest football men St. Viator ever turned out is Walter Nourie, and Walter is one who has the true love of his Alma Mater. His work at Onarga on Sept. 30, stamped hm as an official who knows the game from beginning to end and

who gives his decisions with a fairness and firmness that counters no opposition. All the Onarga fans, especially the fair ones, were crazy over him and we wish him every success at Michigan.

Owing to a late start it has been a rather difficult matter to arrange a football schedule. Thus far the following games have been booked by the management and the Varsity is to be on the big end of every struggle.

Oct. 21—Physicians and Surgeons at St. Viator.

Oct. 28—Morgan Park Academy at Morgan Park.

Nov. 4—Dixon College at St. Viator.

Nov. 11—Loyola at St. Viator.

Nov. 18—Open.

Nov. 30—DePaul at Chicago.

The call for candidates for the Varsity Basketball team has been issued and the prospects are the rosier in years, and another state champion team is predicted. With such men as Fitzgerald, Cleary, Fischer, and Gordon back in togs, the other colleges had better use caution. The splendid results Coach Quille is having with the football team is eliciting much favorable comment with the students and world at large. Quille has the happy faculty of instilling "pep" and a good spirit among the candidates. He is a firm believer in work and while a member of the Varsity was never known to shirk. Keep it up A. G. we're all with you!

The Athletic Association has gone to considerable expense in fitting out the Varsity squad. From head gear to cleated shoe all is new and with their natty yellow moleskins and gray jerseys, all we ask is to keep on playing the game.

One of the most pleasing events that happened on the Notre Dame trip was the meeting of Coach Marks now running the Blue and Gray thru the training stunts. Mr. Marks is a coach of whom any institution may be proud and his work here last season will always be remembered and appreciated. While we are sorry to lose him, still we are happy to congratulate him in securing the position of coach of one of the best teams in the west. May every success attend you in whatever line you may engage in.

JUNIORS

Predictions regarding the Junior Football team have certainly been verified. A crack aggregation, the fastest ever turned out of the Junior department, was finally selected by Coach Carey, after a thorough search among the Juniors. The squad having been chosen, Coach Fitzgerald of the Varsity, devoted a good deal of his time towards its development, and as a result the line-up is now a perfect, quick working machine. The young "pigskin tossers" have already played three games in which they have set a very remarkable record, scoring 208 points over opponents, and playing defense so well that their goal was not once encroached upon. The line is the strongest ever known in the Junior department. Boisvert, Shea, Sullivan, Judge, and Whysocki, showing up in grand style, true to their physical appearance. It is safe to say that McGee and Richert are the fastest and cleverest 135 lb. ends in the country, both in defense and offense. The immortal Zorilla is again playing his old position at full-back. Few teams have not been seriously affected by Zorilla's presence in the line-up. He plays in fine form again this year. Mortell and Primeau are not to be surpassed in fast hard line-hitting. The brains of this fast hardy bunch is furnished by "hefty" O'Connor, whose natural tendency to "pep up" affords the right stamina for the squad.

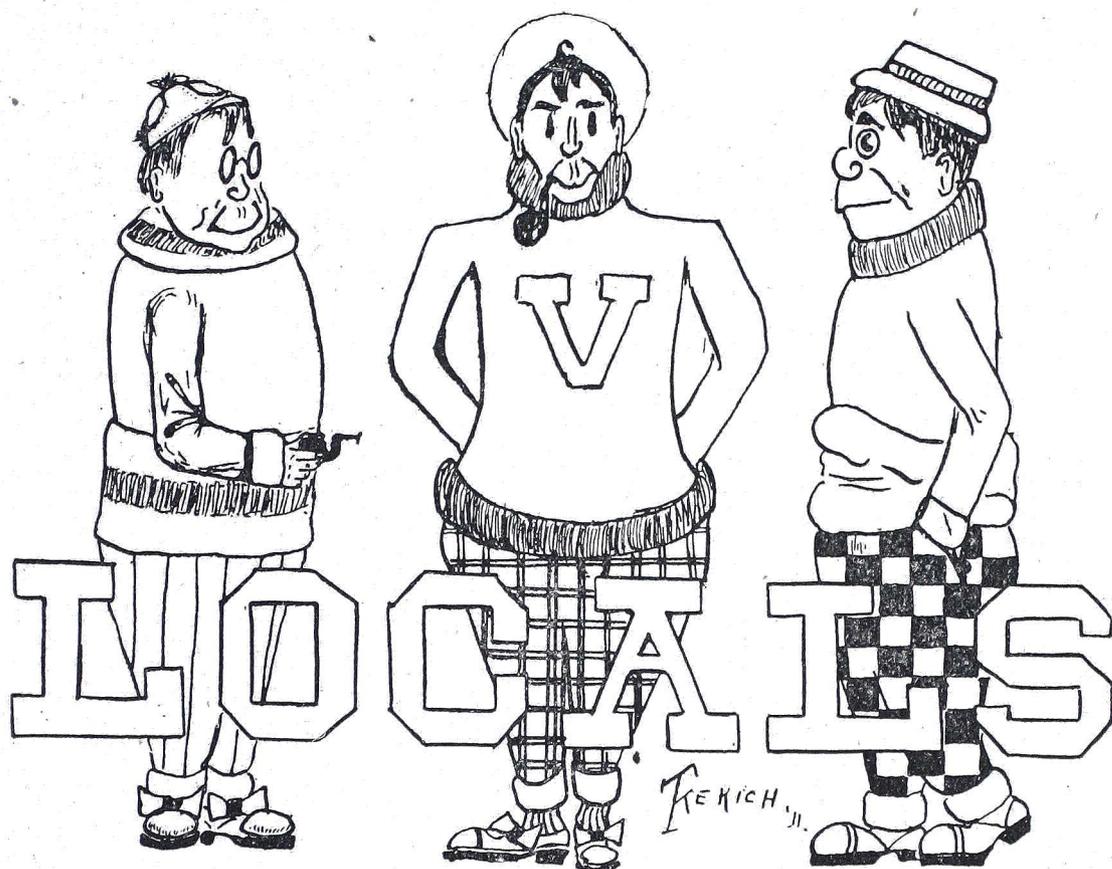
This line-up started the season off with a flashy victory over the Senior Independents on Oct. 8. Although slightly outweighed, they mercilessly overwhelmed the senior by a score of 21 to 0. McGee by brilliant end runs, Mortell by exceptionally hard plunging, and Whysocki and Judge by beautiful line work featured for the Juniors. Waters, Kelly and Steinhoff starred in defense for the Independents. Line-up: Juniors—McGee, l. e.; Shea, l. t.; Whysocki, l. g.; Judge, c.; Boisvert, r. g.; Primeau, r. t.; Richert, r. e.; Mortell, l. h.; Sullivan, r. h.; Zorilla, f. b.; O'Connor, q. b. Score—21 to 0. Touchdowns—Zorilla (2), McGee (1), Primeau (1). Goals—Shea (1). Officials—Mugan, Quille. Time of periods—15 minutes.

In the second game of the season, on Oct. 14, the Juniors gave the Presentation A. C. from Chicago a serious drubbing. They slightly outweighed the visitors, the remarkable interference and style of play spelled defeat for the Chicagoans. O'Connor pulled off a cute stunt, aided by fine interference, by running the ball from goal to goal on the kickoff. Zorilla and his co-back fielders starred. Brilliant end runs and forward passes featured

the game. Line up: Juniors—McGee, l. e.; Shea, l. t.; Whysocki, l. g.; Judge, c.; Sullivan, r. g.; Boisvert, r. t.; Richert, r. e.; Primeau, l. h.; Mortell, r. h.; Zorilla, f. b.; O'Connor, q. b. Presentation A. C.—Nichols, l. e.; Kanne, l. t.; E. McHugh, l. g.; Marcotte, c.; Hanley, r. g.; Henesey, r. t.; Quirk, r. e.; Duffy, l. h.; Burke, r. h.; Chamberlain, f. b.; J. McHugh, q. Score—103 to 0. Touchdowns—Zorilla (5), Mortell (3), McGee (4), Richert (3), Primeau (3). Officials—McDonald and Carey. Official time of periods—15 minutes.

In a game resplendent with beautiful plays, the Juniors defeated Irwin on Oct. 15, at Irwin, by a score of 84 to 0. The Juniors were outweighed by as much as 20 pounds to the man, but their craft in using forward passes entirely overcome this disadvantage. The backs and ends starred.





Did you drive over?

Can an umpire, umpire without a whistle?

Do you want to smell my rose?

If the Juniors made eighty-four points did Irwin?

Are 'ou there Dave?

I am, are 'ou.

Sid. "What do you think of Flynn"?

Dreamy-Eye D. "I think he is a sissy."

Duffy. "Did you cut your hand Dick?"

Dick. "No. I got run over by a boat."

If Pee-wee is mixing lime, is Red Leinen the field?

Is Columbus day a holiday of obligation?

President G. of the W. S. S. said: "I have been speaking all night. It is Mr. Turn's Flynn now."

A diary has been found and from these following extracts we have concluded that the author is Irish. Mar. 16th. "Shaved for St. Patrick's day." Mar. 17th. Got hit in the eye with a brick, tied in yellow ribbon. Hard luck.

A strong smell of liniment,
 A limp, and a complaint,
 Makes a football player
 Look like what he aint.

Woops, my dear. There's a ring around the moon.

K. K. K. Salesman.—This clock runs eight days without winding it.

D. S.—Sure, and how long would it run if you wound it up?

E.D.—I left my powder rag at home, what shall I do?

Did Kenny win the City Series or did the White Sox?

Who is the "Pinch Hitter" on the Independents?

Teacher—"What kind of a situation had Carthage?"

Student—"Oh, he had a pretty good one, but he lost it."

NEW BOOKS.

Brain, versus Brawn, or How I overcame the Caberry Blacksmith. By Blanche.

A Natural Born Flirt, or Making a hit on the Chicago street cars. By C. Olfax.

When I met my Master or The Caberry Billiard Shark. By Hunk, author of "Don't you think I got your goat," and others.

Three Wives at One Time or How I Keep Them Guessing. By Joe A. G. Very thrilling.

How it feels to be a Millionaire or Thirty-Five Cents for a Sandwich. By T. H. C.





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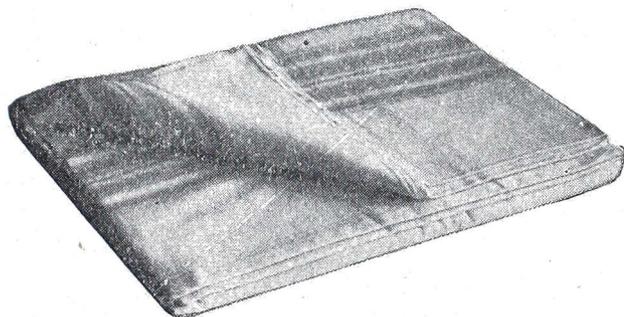
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