

# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

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## THE PATRIOT POET OF IRELAND.

J. L. Dougherty, '08.

In this age of graft, greed and gain, it seems that all those nobler, warmer and more elevating sentiments of the heart have been almost crowded out of existence, and as a consequence that tender language of the emotions, poetry, is woefully neglected.

At the present day poetry is not the product of many hearts, overflowing with patriotism, love and unselfishness, but it is prompted by the few dollars it will bring the author, if not too poorly written. It is cold, insipid, exhibits no warmth or glow of enthusiasm, no depth of feeling, and is made so servile to lucre that in the rhymes the clink of gold is almost audible. How vastly different those poets of past times, who wrote poetry for poetry's sake; who expressed themselves in verse because this was the only way in which they could give suitable utterance to their lofty sentiments. Every country boasts of those men who have so enriched its literature with poetic strains, and not without cause, as a literature without poetry would be as unpalatable to our literary taste as would be to our physical taste our daily food without proper condiments.

It happens in the literary world as elsewhere that certain writers do not receive that honor, praise and gratitude from succeeding generations which is due them. Oftentimes the memory of men who have wielded most eloquent pens in behalf of their country, sinks into oblivion if they were unable to accomplish their end. Let us hope that such may not be the fate of the memory of Thomas Davis, the patriot poet of Ireland, who used every faculty of his noble soul for the betterment of his downtrodden country.

As a poet who could express those impassioned feelings of the Irish heart, Davis is second only to Thomas Moore. Moore was generally regarded as Ireland's national poet, but for depth of thought, for patriotism, for vigor and robustness of expression, many give the preference to Thomas Davis. Although most of the poetry that flowed from the pen of this great genius was written for



publication in the "Nation," it was not prompted by any notion of worldly gain, but by a spirit of patriotism that can dwell only in a loyal Irish bosom. From his very boyhood his ambition was to do some noble service for his downtrodden native land, and as long as he lived this desire continued with him. This he tells us in the following beautiful lines:

"And from that time through wildest woe  
That hope has shown a far light;  
Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
Outshine that solemn starlight:  
It seemed to watch above my head,  
In farm, field and fain;  
Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
A nation once again."

He understood that to accomplish such a task as he was undertaking, that is, of making Ireland once more a nation and restoring to her her former splendor, he must lead a virtuous life, so that he could teach by his example as well as by his words:

"So as I grew from boy to man  
I bent me to that bidding—  
My spirit of each selfish plan  
And cruel passion ridding.  
For thus I hoped some day to aid—  
O, can such hope be vain?  
When my dear country shall be made  
A nation once again."

Davis was not a Catholic, but always adhered to the religious principles of his family, Episcopalian Protestantism, yet he himself said, "My best friends, my truest friends, my nearest friends are Catholics." How thoroughly he could interpret Catholic thought and feeling is clear from any line of his poetic lament over Father Tyrrell. This Burns of Ireland, as he has been styled, did as much for his beloved isle, and probably more, than many who unsheathed their swords in its behalf. O'Connell, to whom Davis was bound by the strongest ties of affection and friendship, wrote, "I solemnly declare that I never knew any man who could be so useful to Ireland in the present stage of the struggle." To say that Thomas Davis served O'Connell with unswerving loyalty and undying love is sufficient to prove him a patriot of the highest rank. The soul of the patriot breathes in and vivifies every line traced by the pen of this large and comprehensive mind. Note the sentiments (higher than which there are none) expressed by him in the first number of the "Nation" indicating the end and aim of that journal: "Nationality is its first great object, a nationality which will not



only raise our people from poverty by securing to them the blessings of a domestic legislature, but inflame and purify them with a lofty and heroic love of country, a nationality which may come to be stamped upon our manners and literature and our deeds. \* \* \* \* A nationality which would establish internal union and external independence; a nationality which would be recognized by the world and sanctioned by wisdom, virtue and prudence."

That his patriotism was of a most noble and elevated species is evident from what he says must be the character of the men who would sustain the Irish cause. He writes: "We want men who are honest men, men whom we would trust with our private money or our families' honor." In a few passionate lines he expresses the same view poetically:

"It whispered, too, that freedom's ark  
And service high and holy  
Would be profaned by feeling dark,  
And passions vain and lowly;  
For freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a godly train,  
And righteous men must make our land  
A nation once again."

Could such strong, patriotic words come from any but one who had nearest his heart the welfare of his country, from any but a staunch, zealous and true patriot? Could any one but a poet pen those verses which breathe but affection and love for his native soil? Oh, well has Thomas Davis been called the patriot poet of Ireland.

Under such a leader as he the Irish people would have surely been led out of bondage into the promised land of freedom. But while he was yet in the vigor of youth he was stricken by the hand of death. A more telling blow at Ireland's freedom was never struck. A more glowing tribute could not be paid this champion of Irish freedom than the following taken from the "Nation:"

"I see the hills of Ormond, Sionan's pleasant shore;  
I think how well you loved their sight, and you'll look on them  
no more:

You loved them well, Mavourneen, every stream and mountain  
blue!

You loved them in your bosom's core, Oh, won't they mourn  
for you?

Won't they sorrow, won't they sorrow, this sad and woeful day,  
And Thomas Davis lying low, within the darksome clay."

When the sunburst of Ireland's freedom breaks upon her verdant shores and displays her loyal sons, Thomas Davis will be found among the foremost in the glow.



# BORDER SERVICE

W. P. J.

We hear so much of Ellis Island now-a-days that when the subject of immigration is mentioned we immediately picture to ourselves ocean liners landing their human freight at the docks of New York. We never for a moment give a thought to our Canadian boundary line, which must be guarded with as great care as any of our large ocean ports, because the tide of immigration, while it may not be so great here, is as constant as at New York or Boston.

It is easy enough to protect the ocean ports from undesirable immigration, for here the only means of ingress are vessels which are not allowed to land until they have been inspected. But what about the Canadian border? In most places it is but the work of a few moments to cross from Canada to the United States. These ports then are the places that require the greatest vigilance on the part of the officers, for to quote their own words, "there is something doing every minute."

Since 1904 Uncle Sam has placed a head tax of two dollars on each and every individual entering upon his sacred domains who is not a citizen of this country, Canada, Porto Rico, Mexico or the Philippines. When a vessel lands at an ocean port the purser pays to the government two dollars "per capita" for every immigrant not a citizen of the above named governments. These two dollars in reality the immigrant pays himself, but as it is included in the cost of his transportation, he is in blissful ignorance of the fact. This head tax has been the cause of much trouble to the inspector, for when the agents from the different steamship lines go through Europe persuading the guileless foreigner to leave his happy home, he mentions this head tax, but with a solemn wink he confides to the peasant that if he will go by his line he will overcome this difficulty and beat the government out of these two dollars. Now two dollars is quite a sum of money to the average foreigner, so he concludes to buy the ticket *hic et nunc*. Although this particular foreigner desires to go to the United States, his ticket reads to St. John's or perhaps to Montreal. But, you will say, St. John's or Montreal is not in the United States. Certainly not. And perhaps the candidate for immigration will say the same thing. But



from observation it will be found that geography is not a strong point with the average immigrant, so when the steamship agent tells him that Montreal is but an hour's walk from Chicago the bargain is concluded and the ticket bought.

This, then, is the source of all the trouble. Thousands upon thousands of immigrants are landed yearly in these Canadian ports en route for the promised land of the United States, who find to their consternation that they have been stranded hundreds of miles from God's country, all through the guileless smile of a designing man and their native frugality to save two dollars. But no one can say that the European peasant is lazy, for he no sooner realizes his condition than he sets to work to earn the wherewith to get to the United States, and perhaps he will learn also that he has not escaped the dreaded inspector. Then he turns his ingenuity once more to outwitting the inspector, and many and curious are the devices he employs. It's strange the great affection he has for those two dollars. At last the money is earned. Does he then buy a ticket direct to New York, Tonawanda or Rochester, or wherever he wishes to go? Not yet. He has not been fleecing tourists since his youth for nothing, and besides he remembers with pain how he has burned his fingers on such a deal. So he buys a ticket for the town on the Canadian border near where he wishes to cross, and once more packing his "lares and penates" in a bed tick he hies himself thither.

Like Caesar he pauses on the bank ere he crosses the Rubicon and questions the natives. His pause here varies from one day to one month. The natives on the Canadian border are very few and far between, and are very shy of strangers. Well, during his enforced sojourn he learns what questions he will be asked, what answers are expected, and lastly that he must have at least twenty-five dollars besides the fatal two. He also learns whether or not a good bluff will stand with the inspector. Much to his surprise he discovers that Canadians are admitted free. So by a simple course of logic he immediately decides to become a Canadian subject (*pro tem*). With this noble resolve he once more folds his tent and proceeds to cross the bridge. This is just the point where the border inspection differs from and becomes more difficult than port inspection, for while inspecting a vessel the immigrants are all herded together waiting the inspector's coming; on the border in some places thousands of people cross daily who are not subject to this head tax, so the inspector must be on the alert and be able to pick the immigrant from among the tourists.

So our immigrant as he passes the inspector is "held up," and the first question naturally is, "Where are you going?" to which the



immigrant naturally answers, "Over here." Of course this is information to the inspector. So question No. 2, "Where do you live?" "Over there," is more information, as "over there" may mean any place from the border to the north pole. About this time the inspector knows that he has landed a "Yanigan," as the immigrant is commonly called, and he proceeds to business, as the next question shows "Have you paid the two dollars head tax?". The Yanigan also sees by the question that it is up to him, and that this is a strictly business proposition. Here is where his late training comes in, and he replies, "Sure me pay two dollars." "Where, at this port?" "No, me no pay here, me pay other place." "When, this year?" "No, one year ago." Then it is the duty of the inspector to locate if possible the time and place of payment, so he makes a guess from the necessarily vague description given by the Yanigan, whose imagination has been working over time, and he leads him into the detention room. The Yanigan sits down with a smile that says in double headlines, "O, this is too easy," thinking the officer is about to make out his passport. But what is the immigration officer doing? He is at the telephone calling up the office of the inspector in charge and sending in a full description of the Yanigan with his name and asking to have him looked up in the index, for in this office a list is kept of the names of every immigrant who has paid his head tax along the border. It requires but a few moments to ascertain that this particular European production has not as yet paid tribute to Caesar, and the inspector is notified forthwith, so back he goes to the detention room and if he is not too busy he tells the Yanigan that he must have his dates mixed, or that the particular brand of tobacco he smokes is too strong for his nerves; if he is busy, well then he tells him something else. However, he must pay or go back.

Patience is necessary, for it requires no little talk to convince the immigrant that the Uncle he is about to adopt refuses to be hoaxed and must have those two dollars. Convinced at last that his early Canadian education has availed him nothing and that he must pay, he reluctantly hands over the price. But all is not over yet, for he is then subjected to a number of questions, all answers to which are recorded as to name, age, education, avocation, length of time in Canada, name of port and date of landing, etc., after which he must pass a physical examination before a government doctor. This is really the test, for if he passes this and has the money to take him to his destination and support him for at least a week he is free to go his way. If not he is "rejected" or returned to Canada, where he may try in vain all the different ports for entrance. Such is one of the hundreds of cases an inspector deals with every day, which



frequently are rendered more complicated by the foreigner not being able to speak English. Every inspector, however, has a few languages which he calls into use as occasion demands. Commonly an inspector can make himself understood in Italian, French, German or Polish. But when he "holds up" a Yanigan who rejoices in the mother tongue of "Horowatz," he needs must call upon the official interpreter for assistance, and there are but a few of these in the service.

Besides these simple cases the inspector must look out for "Contract Labor Cases," i. e. foreigners that have been hired while in Canada. Then again there is the inevitable Canadian who endeavors to turn an honest penny by importing into this country foreigners who have been rejected on account of ill health, disease or old age. Also there is the Yanigan who has paid his own head tax, on the strength of which he thinks himself free to import free all his family including friends, relatives and benefactors.

Nor is the illiterate Italian or Pole the only one who objects to paying head tax. Far from it, for many and frequent are the clashes between the immigration officers and our English cousins from across the pond. We may be "blood cousins," as Kipling touchingly remarks. Uncle Sam will stand for that in poetry, but when it comes to paying head tax your Uncle Samuel becomes very hard to convince, so cousin and Yanigan all pay alike.

There are many people who think that the immigration laws were made solely to keep out natives of the Celestial kingdom. But in fact the heathen Chineese is a rare spectacle on the border, for if he ever should wander so far away from his laundry as to attempt to cross the line he receives such a warm reception that he immediately crawls into his shell till the storm is over and then gracefully retires to the Canadian shore, where he may look with envy upon his more fortunate brethren who are wise enough never to leave this country till they go back to China to stay.

When a foreigner has paid his head tax, passed the examination satisfactorily and been admitted to this country his description is sent to the office of the inspector in charge to be indexed. But at this port where he paid his head tax a book is also kept in which are entered his name, age and nationality, after which, if he is able, he signs his name; if he is not able to do this, "cannot write" is entered in the blank. Now that foreigner is free to go and come from Canada whenever he chooses, and if he is again "held up" he has simply to state his name and when he paid his tax, and when these are verified he is again released. This adds still another complication, for the foreigner is never too proud to assume a friend's name, if he knows that friend has paid his two dollars. If both parties



are unable to write, the inspector must trust to luck to trip him up with questions. But if the friend who has paid has signed his name then of course it is easy to compare signatures. Many times it occurs that the foreigner forgets to ascertain from his friend whether or not he can write, so when asked if he can write his name and he says yes explanations are in order when the inspector finds "cannot write" after his name."

But it is all in a day's work, and the strictest guard is constantly kept along the line. Sundays and holidays, in storm and sunshine. Empires may rise and fall, presidents come and go, but no matter what time of the day or night the immigrant may attempt to cross the border, he is met by Uncle Sam's deputies bearing the legion, U. S. I. S., with the eagle on his cap and with the self same old question upon his lips, "Have you paid two dollars?"

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### RECEPTION ADDRESS.

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Delivered by L. O'Connor, Pres. Class '07.

Today has witnessed the shattering of a tradition that has held St. Viateur's in its embrace since her infancy, and which but a short year ago would have been laughed to scorn and deemed an impossibility—I mean an uncelebrated St. Viateur's day. Today this stage echoed not to the tread of buskined feet, nor rang with the music and song of a Marsilean operetta, nor was this auditorium filled with a laughing, happy throng, as was its wont in the olden days. Severe, indeed, was the blow that forced Alma Mater to break away from the customs of years and leave her patronal feast pass by scarcely recognized and unsolemnized.

But the class of '07, for many of whom perhaps this shall be the last St. Viateur's day passed within these walls as actual students, felt as if it would be unworthy of them if this occasion were allowed to pass without some pretense of her former gala celebrations, and thus they have aimed to render a little program this evening, to rob a couple of hours of their dullness, and the merits of which they ask you not to criticise, but to look charitably at the spirit in which it is given.

The class of '07 welcomes you here tonight in the name of our Alma Mater, and calls upon you for that loyalty which you have already nobly evinced and for a spirit of good will and good fellowship among ourselves. The call upon you for loyalty is a mere formality, for of this she is confident and has never doubted. To stand by a friend in adversity is the greatest proof of friendship,



and likewise your unfaltering adherence to your Alma Mater in her days of gloom and disaster, from whose fair brow now the shades of sorrow are fast being dispelled as the first lances of the morning's light charge and put to rout the hosts of darkness, is surely the most convincing test of your unfathomable loyalty. No there is no need to call upon you for loyalty. You who have taken your stand with her in adversity will be triumphant with her in success, which is signified by the rising walls around us. You who comforted her in sorrow, in the hour of her gladness will not be remiss. Her time of prosperity is approaching. It is sung by the creaking of derricks, the blow upon blow of hammers, and by your own hearts.

Where there is loyalty there must necessarily follow good will and good fellowship. While these things are ever essential, yet perhaps never before will they be more fruitful than at the present time. In numbers this year we are far less numerous than of yore. There is less diversity of amusement, fewer resources upon which to fall back. In a word, "There's nothing doing." No more are the unsuspecting "freshies" made the victims of the gold brick system, or are the budding juniors initiated into the mysterious degrees of the "Iota Dacota." Even athletics are suppressed, I am told, for not long since a cold-hearted prefect forcibly detained an aspiring football candidate from early morning training at 4:00 a. m. Good fellowship among ourselves will more than abundantly make up for those deficiencies. Since we are together, let us work unitedly for a pleasant year. Let each one strive to make his own lot and that of his neighbor cheerful. Let social gatherings take the place of the discountenanced athletics and "freshies," and perhaps, men of '08, we may be able to give you degrees rivaling those of the "Iota Dacota."

We take tonight as an occasion also to outline to you some of our aims for enlivening the year and making it enjoyable and pleasant for all. But first we ask of you not to place too great expectations in us, for our powers are limited, and while we can "call" we cannot "raise" them. But we do renew the pledge given to the men of '06, that what we can do we are ready and willing to undertake, and that to the furtherance of this aim our greatest endeavors shall be considered as weak.

At present we are making arrangements for giving, under the auspices of the class of '07, a series of lectures during the coming winter months, which are dull enough at best, and whose one characteristic is work. The lecturers we aim to draw from the ranks of the Alumni and friends of St. Viator's, and if you will cast your eye abroad on the men who have gone forth from the classic halls of



St. Viateur's with the stamp of her approval upon their brows to reap the garlands of honor and success, and that other host, scarcely less loyal—her friends—you will be forced to see that in abundance and richness of material we lack nothing to insure success. That they will be willing to assist us I do not for a moment doubt. For who was it that has made St. Viateur's what she is? Who was it that caused the hallowed buildings of sacred memory to spring upwards and rear their heads proudly towards heaven's blue? Who was it that sprang first to the side of the stricken St. Viateur's with consolation and aid? Who is it that has made these grand buildings now going up around us possible? Who but the Alumni and friends of St. Viateur's, ever ready, ever loyal, ever faithful? No, indeed we need have no fear of their failing us.

We shall endeavor also to promote greater fraternity amongst ourselves by calling all together as tonight, for musical, open meetings and the like. But our primary motives are to bring the members of our own class into a closer union of friendship. To bind all together when, as Alumni, we shall bid Alma Mater a sorrowful adieu. To aid her in everything in which we can be of aid; to prove our loyalty by deeds, not words. Finally, to make class day and commencement not only the crowning but the grandest events of our college course.

To attain this we ask the good will of all, for if we have your approval and moral support we fear nothing, for the goal is half gained; but if, on the contrary—but why speak of the contrary, for you who have been loyal to us in the past we are confident will still remain staunch and true.

Especially do we call upon you, juniors, for co-operation and aid, not only because you are more closely united to us, but because you are the ones to whom whatever burdens or whatever glory we leave will descend. We ask you to carry on our work of last year and perfect our uncompleted labors. You will have a full year for your efforts. You have greater numbers, and your talent extends from Iowa's Indian city to Erie's shore, from Canadian plains to the land of the sunny south, so need we not expect a banner year from the juniors? Let us labor together to place class organizations on a firm and unshaken basis; to make them factors of loyalty to Alma Mater and of mutual benefit to ourselves. We wish to thank you for your promptness in organizing and for the determined efforts which you are making to place the class of '08 on a firm footing.

In conclusion, I ask your indulgence toward our brief program and the forbearance of your critical judgment. It has hastily been prepared. We lack the orchestra, and most of the Fathers are un-



able to be present. Give your imagination full sway and clothe our unpretentious numbers with all the pomp and glory of the St. Viateur's days of old, which are not dead but sleeping, and our entertainment will assume for you all the pleasure due to loyal sons of St. Viateur's.

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## OUR PRESS.

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By A. Savary.

It is seldom that an evil occurs without some admonition as to its impending danger. In his wise adjustment of things God has placed monitors along the highways of life whose duty it is to forewarn us of pitfalls and snares. He has given to man an interior counsellor, the conscience, to direct his steps, and he has given to society, among other protections, a Catholic press, and at no time perhaps was there a greater need for the exercise of this power than at the present.

To one who is abreast of the times the evils of society are no secret and that the daily press is a fertile medium for the dissemination of these errors is nothing covert. It is a potent fact that there is a feverish eagerness in this country for newspapers and magazines. The newspaper is a school that moulds the opinions and doctrines of the multitude, and the moral strength of a community is often in keeping with the tone of its leading papers. Now if newspapers have become morally insipid, if they have nothing to offer the multitude except base and vitiated matter, then we may not be alarmed at any consequences however distressing that may befall a community. Today France offers us a striking example of the evils attendant upon a degraded literature, and Cardinal Logue has said what has happened in France will happen elsewhere. The press is as powerful a factor as the school, and if a Godless school system is a lamented institution, so also is a Godless press.

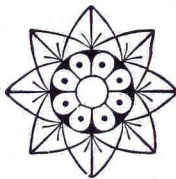
The pulpit is not the only medium in use by the Church for the dissemination of her doctrines, for her voice of instruction is heard through the columns of Catholic weeklies in this country, and the dailies in others. The Church realizes that the stability of a country depends upon the high moral composition of its people and that this composition is largely moulded by current literature. For these reasons it is her desire and aim to have a press pure in tone, sound in teaching and wholesome in spirit.

The family is the base of society, and the doctrines received at the fireside enter the veins of the family and eventually society.



The Catholic paper is essentially a family paper, and when the father opens its folds in the glow of the hearth he may read the contents from cover to cover to his tender offspring without a blush to color his cheek or a qualm to disturb his conscience. It has no special columns for crimes, suicides, divorces or social scandals. Glaring headlines are unknown constructions and the frivolous colored supplement has no relation with it. Should an article detrimental to the morals of society enter the Catholic editor's sanctum he feels in conscience bound to reject it. Had such been the principles of other editors no Voltaire would have inspired an attack upon religious orders, no Magzani would have completed the spoliation of Rome. It is a fact much to be lamented that many Catholics accept accounts of religious events set forth in the daily papers which frequently give reports not only mutilated but even maliciously constructed.

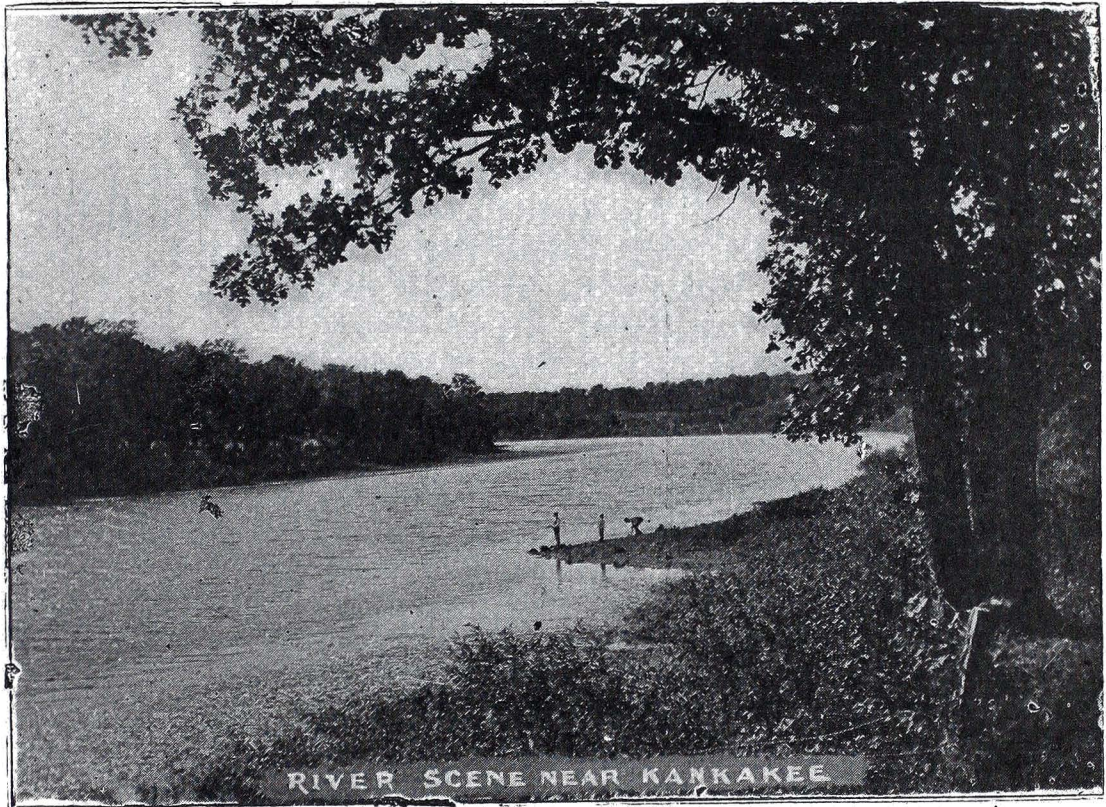
We sometimes hear it asserted that the Catholic press is not up to date, that it is not scholarly, but the only prop beneath this objection is ignorance, or rather blindness of facts that boldly stare us in the face. If those whose vision is so sadly impaired will give us their hand we will gently lead them to the learned portals of a New World, a Western Watchman, a Philadelphia Standard and Times and a Freeman's Journal. Would that it were in our power to arouse the Catholic laity from their lethargy to a deserved patronage of the journals of their belief. Then union would be strong, errors would be few, and they could lay claim to the title of well read in this pure and wholesome sense.







## Our Bardic Choir



*"Or waded the creek for the crayfish abode"*

### THE SUMMERS OF LONG AGO.

W. G. Irish.

O! For the summers of long ago!  
The summers of long ago!  
When over the meadows cool zephyrs blew  
The scent of the hay and the violet, too;  
When over the pastures at evening-tide,  
The great lowing cow-herd we dimly spied  
Now making its way so slowly along  
While sweet was the air with the milk-maid's song



As she farewell sang to the parting day,  
And the night bird answered her roundelay;  
O! For the summers of long ago!  
The summers of long ago!

O! For the summers when we were boys!  
The summers when we were boys!  
When just as the night gave new birth to morn,  
We hurried through fields of green waving corn  
To the haunts of the flutt'ring, feth'ry throng  
Then filling the breeze with their morning song;  
Or roamed through the woodlands and made our prey  
The fleet-limbed "bunny" and the squirrel gray;  
Or waded the creek for the crayfish abode  
Till noon came on, then homeward strode.  
O! For the summers when we were boys!  
The summers when we were boys!

O! for the summers of youthful days!  
The summers of youthful days!  
When up and down river we gently rowed—  
As the cock in the shed his "Good-night" crowed—  
To the lonely spot behind the old mill,  
Where the fish were caught in the waters still;  
Where we in the light of the smiling moon,  
Would hark to the music of lovers' croon  
As they kept their tryst 'neath the willow-tree,  
And whispered of love—fair youth's reverie.  
O! for the summers of youthful days!  
The summers of youthful days!

O! For the summers of long ago!  
The summers of long ago!  
To feel once again their entrancing bliss;  
To receive anew Nature's maidenly kiss;  
To roam the green fields, the flowery dells;  
To hear as of yore the old chapel bells;  
To sing to the one now fallen asleep  
'Neath the mossy mound o'er which willows weep;  
All—all would I give! fame, fortune—gold!  
Alas! Youth's treasures to Age have I sold!  
O! For the summers of long ago!  
The summers of long ago!



**The Seeking Soul.**

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(By F. E. Munsch.)

I asked the sun  
He answered "No."  
I questioned the winds so bleak  
I asked the stars,  
"Do you not know  
Him whom my soul doth seek?"

I asked the streams,  
The rivers, lakes,  
The clear blue sky on high,  
The blithesome bird,  
That music makes,  
Refused to quell my sigh.

I asked the hills,  
The flow'ry dales,  
The plains so vast and wide,  
The mellow moon  
That never fails  
The eastern skies to ride.

"We are not He,"  
They answered all,  
"But marks of His great love.  
If Him thou'dst find  
Let prayer thee guide  
And seek for Him above."

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**The Guiding Hand.**

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(From a Legend. by J. A. Pilon.)

An artist sat before a canvas where  
Thro' weary, vexing hours he tried to trace  
The faultless lines of the Madonna's face.  
To no avail, despite his every care  
His art would fail him. Yet he might despair  
To compass in a small, restricted space  
Supernal beauty, imitate the grace  
Of Mary, maid and mother, pure and fair.  
Yet were his patient, persevering pains



## THE VIATORIAN

Not unrewarded: Lo, our artist dreams,  
And dextrous fingers throwing off the chains  
Of conscious self do an inspired part;  
He wakes to see forth from that canvas gleam  
Work not his own, but of divinest art.

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## Love's Message.

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(By J. M. Kangley.)

Dear rose, my grief I tell to thee,  
And kiss thy perfumed petals rare,  
Upon my brother's silent grave  
I place thee with a heartfelt prayer.

And bid thee tell thy message true  
To those who passing pause to see  
The red rose laid upon the grave,  
Beneath the weeping willow-tree.

Tell them beneath that lonely grace  
A loved one dear now lies in sleep;  
That I in sorrow laid thee there,  
Sweet Rose! then watch them if they weep.

Thy every thorn shall speak of pain,  
Of sighs for strength to God above,  
For comfort in my grief and woe,  
Thy blushes they shall speak of love.

And though thy beauty fade away,  
Thy perfumed ashes still shall be  
Upon his grave to speak of love,  
My heart's true love that cannot die.



THE VIATORIAN  
THE OLD RAVINE.

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45

J. M. Kangley.

Again I tread a fond, familiar spot  
Near by the brook, whose rippling waters flow  
Through proud and stately woods, that old ravine,  
Within whose care the modest daisies grow.

I clambered up those massive walls of stone,  
Each step awoke the feelings of a friend,  
Through tangled vine, though rudely carved, there shown  
The names of men whose steps to fame now tend.

I traced the lofty surface with my eye,  
And read the names' initials on each flag:  
Mc and G.; P. C.; and F. Legris,  
Were boldly carved upon a towering crag.

I lingered to admire the wondrous scene,  
And dream again the joys of yesterday;  
Around, the flowers, the trees, are just as green,  
Adown the rocks the same spring wends its way.

Nor does my eye observe decay or growth;  
The old ravine, the brook, the hill where squirrels ranged,  
Are just the same as when our crowd were boys;  
I feel that I alone today am changed.

The friends of youth have drifted far apart,  
Each has his worldly cares, his joys and fears,  
Yet memories of this scene within his heart  
He carries through the swift and fleeting years.

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A REFLECTION.

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Wond'ring we gaze at the rainbow's hues  
Wrought by the sun and rains;  
Wondrous more still is the beauty that lies  
In a soul that is free from stains.

B.



# THE VIATORIAN

*Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois*

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## EDITORIAL.

With the passing of the 21st ult. another St. Viateur's day went into history. It took its place among its elder sisters in the calendar of feasts, not with their brilliant attire and highly be-gemmed tresses, not with their tread of solemnity and dignity, but with a modest garb and pace as remnants of her misfortune, and a countenance telling in spite of sorrows that though her possessions were few and her outward beauty marred, yet her heart was un-touched and that the spirit we love remains.

Recovery from an illness that has prostrated the body must be slow. To stand again in all one's former vigor is not the work of a day nor one of medicinal draught. Time and skill must play their parts without clash or discord. It is true that conditions this year were not favorable for a repetition of our accustomed rites of in-spiring chapel services and for a rendition of a Hamlet of a Mac-beth, but we have gained strength from our affliction, and future grandeur will be the glory of our endurance. When the chronicler of college annals exultingly recounts the triumphs of other festivals he will pause at that of 1906 to dry a moistened eye and then write in glowing capitals—fortitude.



VISIT OF HON. J. G. CANNON.

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October 23 will be remembered by the faculty and students of this college as an eventful day, made so by the presence of Hon. J. G. Cannon in their midst. His visit was an agreeable surprise, and needless to add he was received with all the warmth students generally feel toward such a distinguished and scholarly man.

Mr. Cannon and the prominent personages who felt honored in his company, having been given a hearty welcome by our reverend president, came over to the gymnasium, where he was greeted amidst rounds of applause by the student body. When this demonstration of salutation had subsided Mr. J. Kangley made the following address of reception:

Honorable Sir:

The pleasure and honor of your distinguished visit are as intense and highly appreciated as they were unlooked for. We are delighted to greet among us one who has rendered such signal service to our country that his name is proclaimed as second only to our peerless president in the great heart of America.

How it would have delighted us to have received you in the princely halls of the greater St. Viateur's which your kind interest is helping us to erect. But the ruins which you see attest what timely service you have rendered us when in the hour of our distress you condescended to petition a largess from the generous Mr. Carnegie.

With patriotic interest do we watch the ascensional movement of public men, who, as you have proved, are broad minded enough to champion every good and noble cause, and the protection of all sacred rights. It is such strong and fearless men that we would like to see scaling the heights of national honor.

We rejoice with the other sons of Illinois in welcoming you back among your own. You have shed honor and distinction upon our state which will vie hereafter with her elder sisters for first honors of statesmanship.

In this brief and hurried welcome we desire to assure you of our deep gratitude for the personal interest you have shown toward our Alma Mater, and to convey to you this feeble expression of our profound respect and admiration.

Mr. Cannon then arose to make response to the words that insured the appreciation of his visit. He thanked all for the kind reception offered him and presented in a brief speech some very thoughtful and sincere reflections.

His first remarks touched upon the philanthropy of Mr. Car-





J. G. Cannon



negie, manifest in his many donations towards educational institutions. He spoke pertinently of the gift Mr. Carnegie bestowed upon St. Viateur's and accounted himself happy to have been instrumental in obtaining this gift for the college.

His talk was addressed especially to the young men. "Our steps," said he, "are directed towards the setting sun; yours, young students, towards the rising sun." He dwelt upon the thought that the future of the nation rests upon the shoulders of the young generation, and he insisted upon the moral soundness and strength of the character of youth. "Be men," he said, "of principle and conviction, with unflinching fidelity to truth and honesty." Nor did he deny to youth lofty aspirations, but they should seek to fulfill these aspirations not for mere human applause, to use their talents not to insure the esteem of men, but only for the amelioration of the state of their fellow-man. Then Mr. Cannon laid stress upon thoroughness in every pursuit, in every study, classical or commercial, saying: "It is better to study one book than to make a hop, skip and jump through a library of books." In conclusion the speaker of the house again expressed his thanks for the reception offered him and granted the students a grand conge. In the party with Mr. Cannon were Senator Curtis, John F. Smulski, Len Small and J. B. Flageole.

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### ALUMNI GATHERINGS.

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W. J. Maher, '04, writes from Yale University, where he is following a course of law: "Since arriving here I have been writing to many of my friends and have been telling them all about my trip, arrival, feelings, expenses in getting a room and board and had to defer all news about Yale. Yale is a wonderful school in many respects, big, aristocratic, exclusive, with numerous attractions—and distractions. Mr. Cosgrove and I are boarding about five minutes' walk from the finest Catholic church in the city—St. Mary's—which is under the care of the Dominican fathers. I am carrying about eighteen hours of recitation and class work a week and have to put in about three hours of Trojan labor in preparing each one of my subjects."

From the Catholic University Fred Mliler, '06, sends these few lines: "I have about fifteen hours a week in lectures and I am supposed to make forty hours a week in study of law, and you can readily understand that after deducting time spent in bed and at the dinner table there is very little left to kill. What is left I try to kill in desultory reading and in endeavoring to be sociable. I am



attending the lectures on Introduction to Philosophy by Dr. Pace, but unfortunately had not time to attend those given on History of Philosophy by Dr. Turner. I am also attending Dr. Egan's lectures on technique of style. He is a very affable man, easy to approach, and he has two charming daughters to whom he is in the habit of having his students to be presented. I hope my invitation comes soon."

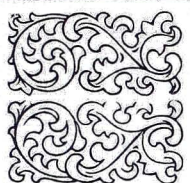
The following lines were clipped from a letter from the Rev. C. E. McCabe of Gas City, Ind.: "Besides the care of the parish here I also have the chaplaincy at the National Soldiers' Home at Marion, where I must also say mass every Sunday. There are several hundred Catholic soldiers under my humble care. There is a beautiful chapel there and a splendid choir, all furnished by the United States government. I find the old men generous, and of course a collection for dear old St. Viateur's will be in order there as well as here."

W. McKenna, president of '06 class, sends us a few words from Plainfield: "How are things at old St. Viateur's? I assure you that I feel very lonesome during these beautiful autumn days for St. Viateur's and the boys. It is quite a change to be at home during this time of the year. How are all the '06 men? I am already beginning to meet difficulties in locating the 'grads' since the fall term of the universities and seminaries has opened. Fred Miller, true to the predictions of the class prophecy, has gone to Washington to prepare for his future career as a German statesman."

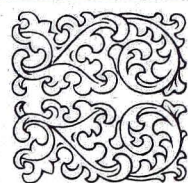
From the novitiate of the Paulist Fathers in Washington Joseph Lonergan, '03, writes: "I am very happy in my new home. I have no criticism to offer and expect to have none." Everything here seems as my own. Our little home is not a pretentious building, but I feel that it could not be better. I hope with God's help soon to labor among the weaker ones, to unite and strengthen the scattered sheep of the Lord."

Shortly after his arrival at the "Grand Seminaire," Mr. W. A. Schoenle, '06, wrote: "I am very pleased with my new home. I have been assigned to the second division of the first year of theology. We have three classes a day, moral and scripture alternating with church history in the morning and dogma in the afternoon. There is a genuine 'esprit de corps' among the students here which reminds me so much of St. Viateur's."





# Exchanges



Many are the college periodicals that have piled upon our desk since the opening of the year, good, poor and indifferent; but of their respective merits it is not my intention at present to speak. To what I would like to call the attention of some of these papers is the dearth in their pages of an ex-column. Why this is so is an enigma to us. Rarely does a person see his own faults, and if he never heard criticism passed of himself it needs not great acumen to depict the deplorable figure which he would soon present in any circle. On the other hand praise judiciously bestowed is a great incentive to endeavor. It is a spur to the weary, and to the tireless it is a motive for greater effort. If this is true of the individual, does it not necessarily follow of college letters, which are the work of individuals? It opens a field for critical effort, and we think it is not too much to say that it furnishes an attractive column rather than otherwise. While this movement of omitting an ex-column has not progressed to a great extent, yet we cannot tell how soon others may be engulfed in the same error. (Are we presumptuous?) If faults are at times evident in the ex-column, in what, may we ask, are they not found? And this should be all the greater incentive to enter this particular department and by a bright, clean column raise the standard.

Cheery and bright was the advent into our sanctum of the October Villa Shield, and our brotherly interest in the Villa received a new impetus when we learned that Rev. Father Cleary has been chosen to guide the spiritual destinies of the Villa students. We congratulate you upon the selection which has been made, not because Father Cleary is an honored Alumnus, but because his lofty character, sterling worth and intellectual attainments will honor any institution with which he is connected. "There is Clay Everywhere" is an essay in amplification of the world-old doctrines that opportunity comes but once and that talent is developed but by persevering labor. While a little rambling, yet with all this article is convincingly and cleverly written. "Father Marquette" is a well-handled historical sketch of that great explorer, simply and accurately portrayed, and of special interest to those who dwell in the regions hallowed by these early explorations. In the poetic field



"Rosa Mystica" and "All That is Must Pass Away" are a combination of graceful rhythm and beautiful thoughts which render them very pleasing and polished poems. But perhaps the best article of the Shield is "The Kiss of the Sky." Original in plot and possessing a style and language rarely found in college fiction.

"The Origin of the World" in the Niagara Index of October is a clear, logical and well substantiated upholding of the nebular hypothesis. While this theory must be accepted as doubtful at best, yet the author puts forth strong arguments, derived from scientific standpoints why this theory must be accepted as most probable. The character sketch of "Macbeth" evinces a deep study of this Shakespearian masterpiece. A keen insight has enabled the author to distinguish the innate promptings of good in Macbeth, and the ambitions, spurred on by a woman's wiles, which conquered a weak will.

"To Niagara's Alumni" is a poem far below the standard of the Index. In a labored quest for rhyme the ridiculous is often approached. Strange woes, are they not, in which kitchen and chapel could have a share in the same breath? For the tender wings of unfledged poets their flights should be confined to the lower realms of simple metre and rhyme.

We who have been compelled to battle against difficulties, who have had many obstacles to surmount to put forth a paper after the never to be forgotten sacrifice of our Alma Mater to the fire demon, can readily sympathize with the Blue and White, which has after the lapse of several months again entered the world of college journalism. We congratulate you upon overcoming the effects of fire and quake and we honor your spirit of loyalty and stick-to-it-iveness. But, as you have said, it makes no difference whether the sanctum is a luxurious apartment or an inverted cracker box if there is a spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty and co-operation among the students and "Old Boys," all heights are attainable.

Each issue of the "Notre Dame Scholastic" is longingly looked for and eagerly scanned, and its weekly visits to our table always bear a freshness and merit distinctly its own. In the last number that has come to hand its standard of worth has not lowered, but in the essay "Is Brutus a Real Patriot?" and the poem "To the Ocean" we have two articles of excellent college literature. In both the writers have thrown themselves boldly into their work and have given it the touch of that warmness and vitality which individualizes the products of the pen.

Vol. I. No. I. of the Columbian Free Lance, from Kentucky's sunny clime, came to us lately, small and unassuming, but never-



theless containing many a treat. Indeed our casual glance was turned to one of surprise and then of admiration, as turning the pages over a delicious banquet of fiction, essay and verse met our wondering eye. Keep up the standard of your opening number, Free Lance, and increase your volume. We bid you a hearty welcome and extend our congratulations.

Sweet and pathetic is the tale of "The Old Piano" in the Nazarine. It is a sketch by an idealist and a dreamer, weaving the filaments of fancy into the silken web of grace and beauty.

"The Fulcrum," Armour Institute, and "The Transit," State College of Kentucky, are new and welcome additions to our table. Come again.

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### PERSONALS.

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The Hon. Joseph Cannon, speaker of the house, was received by the faculty and students on October 23. In response to an address of welcome made by Mr. Joseph Kangley, our honorable guest made some interesting and instructive remarks. In vivid terms he showed the students the vast future that was before them and the good they could do in the span of their life time if they were true to the principles and doctrines received in St. Viateur's.

After five months of arduous and successful labors in Butte, Mont., the Rev. L. Goulette, C. S. V., has returned to resume his work in the musical department of the college. The Rev. L. Goulette has become an efficient master in the formation of boys' choirs, and the late Father Callahan secured his services for the summer, and the whole Catholic population of Butte watched the successful progress of his work with the boys of the Sacred Heart parish. Both Bishop Carroll of Helena and Bishop Scannell of Omaha endeavored to secure him for the same work in their dioceses, but owing to a pressure of business here he was obliged to refuse their request. It has been the glory of St. Viateur's to have a choir such as few institutions can claim, and it is the hope of our able musical director to equal his former triumphs.

Mr. Florence D. McAuliffe, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent an afternoon here with his son Dennis. Mr. McAuliffe was returning to his home in St. Louis from Chicago, where he was in attendance at a convention of the Knights of Father Matthew.

Rev. Joseph E. Belair, formerly director of the Catholic school



in Cohoes, N. Y., has arrived and he will soon assume direction of the commercial department.

The diamond ring presented by Mrs. Frederick Legris of Bourbonnais and raffled for the benefit of the college St. Viateur's day was won by Miss Catherine Connors, 515 No. Prairie avenue, Peoria, Ill.

Recent visitors at the college were Mr. W. J. Dimmer and Mr. M. Quinlan of Chicago. Mr. Quinlan not long ago made a trip to Ireland and the continent. With him on his ocean trip was Marvin De Sousa and his mother, who were going to London, where Miss May DeSousa is playing in Cinderella.

Mr. Frank V. Campe, accompanied by his father and niece, Miss Ruth Helms, spent a day with his son Cyrus recently.

Other visitors during the week were Mrs. Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Youngs and Mrs. W. Miller.

A scholasticate has been opened in close proximity to the college, where the young members of the community will follow their studies for the priesthood. Owing to the incompleteness of the buildings a house has been rented in the village and the young scholastics will reside here, but attend the courses of instruction given at the college. Rev. P. J. O'Mahoney has been appointed the director.

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### SOCIETIES.

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The senior class of philosophy were in frequent conclaves during the two weeks preceding St. Viateur's day and it was a current rumor that they had in course of formation some scheme for the benefit of the students. It was not long before it became authentically known that their project was to entertain the boys on the evening of St. Viateur's day, and this they did to their own glory and credit and to the satisfaction of every one present. In an earnest and sincere speech before the opening of the program the president, Mr. Louis O'Connor, set forth the purpose of the reception and the disinterested aims of the society.

The program was as follows:

Address—Louis O'Connor.

Piano duet—L. Goulette, C. S. V., and J. Roche, C. S. V.

Vocal solo—E. O'Brien.

Recitation—C. Mahoney.

Song—E. O'Brien and Minim chorus.

Piano solo—Master L. Swain.

Recitation—F. Shippy.

Vocal solo—J. Dube, C. S. V.



Piano solo—L. Goulette, C. S. V.

Recitation—J. Kangley.

After making very encouraging comments, the Rev. Dr. Rivard called upon the genial prefect of studies for additional remarks, who amusingly answered that as a period is a full stop and Dr. Rivard had placed a period at the end of his utterances, no more was to be said, and thus closed a pleasant evening.

It is the intention of the members of the senior class to secure occasional lecturers during the dreary winter months. The speakers will be drawn from the ranks of the Alumni and the series will be opened about the first of December.

The junior class of philosophers met for organization on the sixth of October and elected the following officers: E. Conway, president; C. Mahoney, vice president; L. Libert, secretary; J. Legris, treasurer. Following is the enrollment of members: F. Munsch, C. Conway, E. Solan, J. Dougherty, J. Roche, W. Remillard, M. Donohue, P. O'Leary, W. McGuire, F. McSheridan. Meetings will be held on Monday evenings in the school hall.

At the last meeting of the Acolythical society the following officers were elected: A. Quille, president; R. Cunningham, vice president; J. Madden, secretary; W. Nourie, treasurer; J. Becker, master of rules. Most of the old members have returned and a large number of new ones has been added to the roll.

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### OBITUARY.

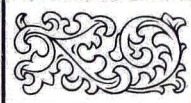
While the October issue of the Viatorian was in press news reached us of the demise of Rev. H. Boeckleman, pastor of St. Vincent's church, Elkhart, Ind. Besides pursuing his philosophy and divinity courses here Father Boeckleman was connected with the faculty and acted as professor in various departments. On August 30, 1902, he celebrated his sacerdotal jubilee and shortly after, in company with Rev. Father Bollman, paid a visit to the college and students remember them for their rich pleasantries. St. Viator's loses in Father Boeckleman's death one of her most faithful alumni.

On October 8 the angel of death summoned from our ranks Wilfred Shoemaker, one of our most esteemed and beloved students. He had returned to the school after the summer's vacation animated by the hopes of a successful year, but in consequence of a severe illness was obliged after a short stay to return home. The faculty and students will long remember the kind and gentle spirit of Wilfred and his edifying example both in the class room and on the playground. We are in receipt of a tender and grateful letter from the bereaved parents and family.





## Athletic Notes



After all, the "dope" had been cut and dried and "Rugby" had been politely interred for the present season, the old-time enthusiasm which had always kept the score on the right side of the ledger for the old gold and purple, began to make itself felt. After a glorious season last year Captain Kelly was re-elected for the season of '06. Then came the "big smoke" and for a time it looked like our incandescent half-back would not have a chance to show his abilities. But he couldn't see it that way, and accordingly located a miniature field, drove off the chickens and set his deputy to working the field. Next he picked up a few light, speedy men and now has a team which is on a par with the leading high school squads. It is a sad fall for St. Viateur's, but we feel grateful to those men who have swallowed their pride and, under the circumstances, are giving us excellent entertainment. So far we have had two very good games with the Kankakee High School and it is probable that a few other neighboring teams will be met. Considering the limited training quarters we have at our disposal, the lack of a regular coach and more important still, the want of a gridiron, the spirit shown is very commendable and highly complimentary to the students.

St. Viateur's, 11; K. H. S., 0.

On October 10 our athletes made their first attempt at playing debrutalized football and made a very creditable showing, winning 11 to 0. Their opponents, Kankakee High School, are among the fastest high school teams in the state, and, having been coached in the new rules, expected to win handily. The teams were of an even weight and a royal battle followed. At the start our boys lacked team work, but after a few downs were working with a machine-like movement. Our first touchdowns came towards the ends of the first half when Kelly, taking advantage of the new rules, punted to O'Connor, who ran thirty yards for a touchdown. Kelly kicked goal. In the second half attempts at trick plays, which resulted in fumbles, were frequent. Then, after a series of line bucks by Cannon and Kelly, "Pat" Legris went through center for a touchdown, Kelly missed goal. The ten minute half closed without any more scores.

Kankakee High School—Adams, R. E.; Taylor, R. T.; Vining, R. G.; Lee, C.; Moore, L. G.; Swannell, L. T.; Simmons, L. E.;



Langdon, Q. B.; Nutt, R. H. B.; Gleason, L. H. B.; Eastburn, F. B.  
 St. Viateur's—Ransom, L. E.; Nourie, L. T.; Walsh, L. G.;  
 Palmer, C.; Hayes, R. G.; McAuliff, R. T.; O'Connor, R. E.; Quille,  
 Q. B.; Cannon, L. H. B.; Kelly, R. H. B.; Legris, F. B.

Touchdowns—O'Connor, Legris. Goals from touchdown—  
 Kelly. Referee—Smith, Kankakee.

#### St. Viateur's, 22; K. H. S., 0.

The high school boys were again humbled, when on October 25 they were defeated 22 to 0. The first two touchdowns were the result of fumbles in attempts at trick plays. Both teams showed great improvement, the high school players being very successful with the forward pass. In one of the first scrimmages O'Connor made twenty yards on an end run, but fumbled the ball when tackled. Legris caught the ball and skirted the field for thirty yards and a touchdown. Kelly failed in the attempt at goal.

On the kickoff Gleason was downed on the thirty yard line. In the next play Henry fumbled and Donovan securing the ball made the second score of the game. Ransom kicked goal.

A few minutes later O'Connor came into prominence by cleverly evading Kankakee's tacklers and covered twenty yards, ringing up another score. He duplicated the trick in the second half and Ransom kicked goal. Score 22-0.

Legris' line bucking was a feature of the game. He shows great ability as full back and is a consistent ground gainer. Nourie played well at tackle, being especially hard to throw off his feet. The visitors showed great speed toward the end of the game, gaining a large amount of territory by a liberal use of the forward pass. On defensive work and recovering of fumble Henry led, while in ground gaining and interference work Eastburn and Nutt showed great ability.

K. H. S.—Simmons, R. E.; Swannell, R. T.; Moore, R. G.; Lee, C.; Vining, L. G.; Taylor, L. T.; Adams, L. E.; Henry, Q. B.; Gleason, R. H. B.; Nutt, L. H. B.; Eastburn, F. B.

St. Viateur's—Donovan, L. E.; McAuliff, Madden, L. T.; Hayes, L. G.; Palmer, C.; Walsh, R. G.; Nourie, R. T.; Ransom, R. E.; Quille, Q. B.; Kelly, L. H. B.; O'Connor, R. H. B.; Legris, F. B.

Touchdowns—Legris, Donovan, O'Connor (2). Goals from touchdown—Ransom, 2. Time of halves—15 and 10 minutes. Referee—Schoven, Kankakee.

#### Revival of Rugby.

The students were lonely, in fact they were sad,  
 The reformers were blithesome, they really were glad.  
 For football, the pride of the free and the brave,



## THE VIATORIAN

Out at Bourbonnais was laid in the grave.  
 The nose guards were buried, the moleskins were sold,  
 The pigskins were shining, the shin guards grown old,  
 While this o'er the grave of the old hero hung:  
 "In peace let him rest, his song has been sung!"  
 The halfback came trotting along down the lane,  
 To his old Alma Mater returning again;  
 He paused by the roadside and stared in surprise  
 On the fresh painted placard which met his dim eyes;  
 He looked at it sideways, then stood on his head,  
 But do what he would it said "Football is dead!"  
 "A lemon was passed to the old game," he cried,  
 "But dig up old Rugby, make sure that he died."  
 They found that he breathed and remembered them still,  
 He scoffed at the tombstone, he'd been through the mill.  
 He gathered about him a crowd from the school,  
 Then tried the ten-yard buck and whispered "Bum rule!"  
 But the "rooters" were happy, the campus shone bright,  
 The bats and the screech owls rejoiced through the night;  
 Then Freshman and Senior joined hands in the shout—  
 "Hurrah for old Rugby! You can't lay him out."

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 LOCALS.
 

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Montana Rag.  
 Weasel oil.  
 Are you a gobbler?  
 Shorty thinks he'll stay.  
 Who's your friend, Thomas?  
 What made Dick sick?  
 Shirtless Holmes is on the trail.  
 Come again, "Uncle Joe."  
 When does a fellow get time to cut his toe nails here?

It's not so long since Shorty Long  
 Said so long—short vacation;  
 And shortly Shorty Long will long  
 For a longer relaxation.

We three from Piper City  
 Think Chicago boys quite witty.  
 "Do you eat," one of them said,  
 "Very much of ma-ma bread?"  
 Such ignorance is a pity.



Every one has been thinking lately that A ——— has received a pretty full purse from home, because on every return from Kankakee his arms are filled with bundles, but the college sleuth has discovered that he buys in the five and ten cent store.

Said the cross-eyed junior to the bow-legged senior, "Why don't you walk straight?"

E.—See, they are fixing the roof of the new building.

C.—Yes, and they'll be doing the same to us soon.

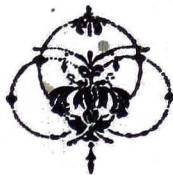
If things continue there will be need of an extra prefect to keep the lads in order when B. S. starts to cook those red hots.

Billy J.—Put my hamburger in the water and I'll be back after the game.

We like that sunny smile behind the store counter. Keep it up, B.

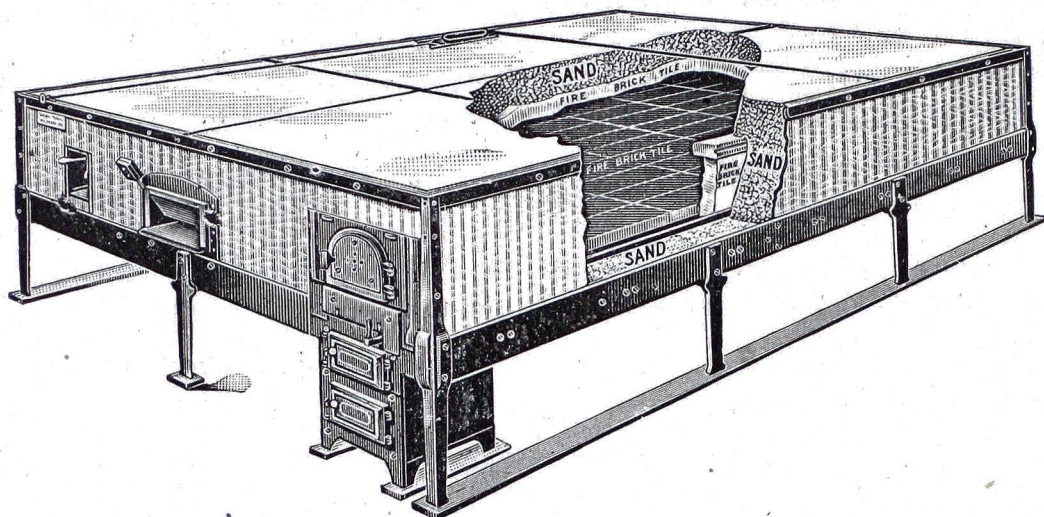
In the library.—A shower of books had fallen upon the head of F, who amusedly remarks, "What a decadence of literature." "Yes," answered L. quickly, "if your head was open now you would have a chance to get something in it."

We have often heard of a rabbit's foot as a good-luck charm, and also of the virtue that lies in a horseshoe, but J. has found some hidden enchantment in hot flat-irons, and every evening just as the curfew rings he can be seen stealthily slipping from the kitchen to his room with two warm irons which are close neighbors to his pedal extremities all night. What is there in it, J.?





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