

THE VIATORIAN

Far et Spera

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TO MY BABY SISTER

*Whence camest thou, angelic sprite,
With happiness and spirits light?
From Heaven I ween—is it not true
There alone are angels such as you?
Where did you get those star-bright eyes?
Did'st filch them from the azure skies?
Now tell me cherub, tell me, do—
Are they a piece of Heaven's blue?*

*Such dimpled cheeks, flushed as a rose
That sweeter e'er with summer grows;
And cherry-lips are hard to find
Save only in a poet's mind.
Thy silken hair—'tis sunset gold
Like princesses have, so I'm told.
'Tis like a fluffy flaxen wave,
The sort o'er which the artists rave.*

*Thy laughter is as music sweet
Which bids all sorrow haste retreat.
Like the music of celestial choir
It rivals that of harp and lyre.
And such a fairy form, dear child,
Thou art essence of all that is good and mild.
Thou art dearer by far than anyone knows
From the crown of your head to the tips of your toes.*

J. A. H.

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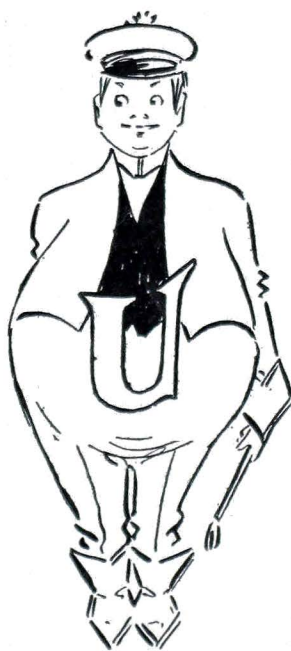
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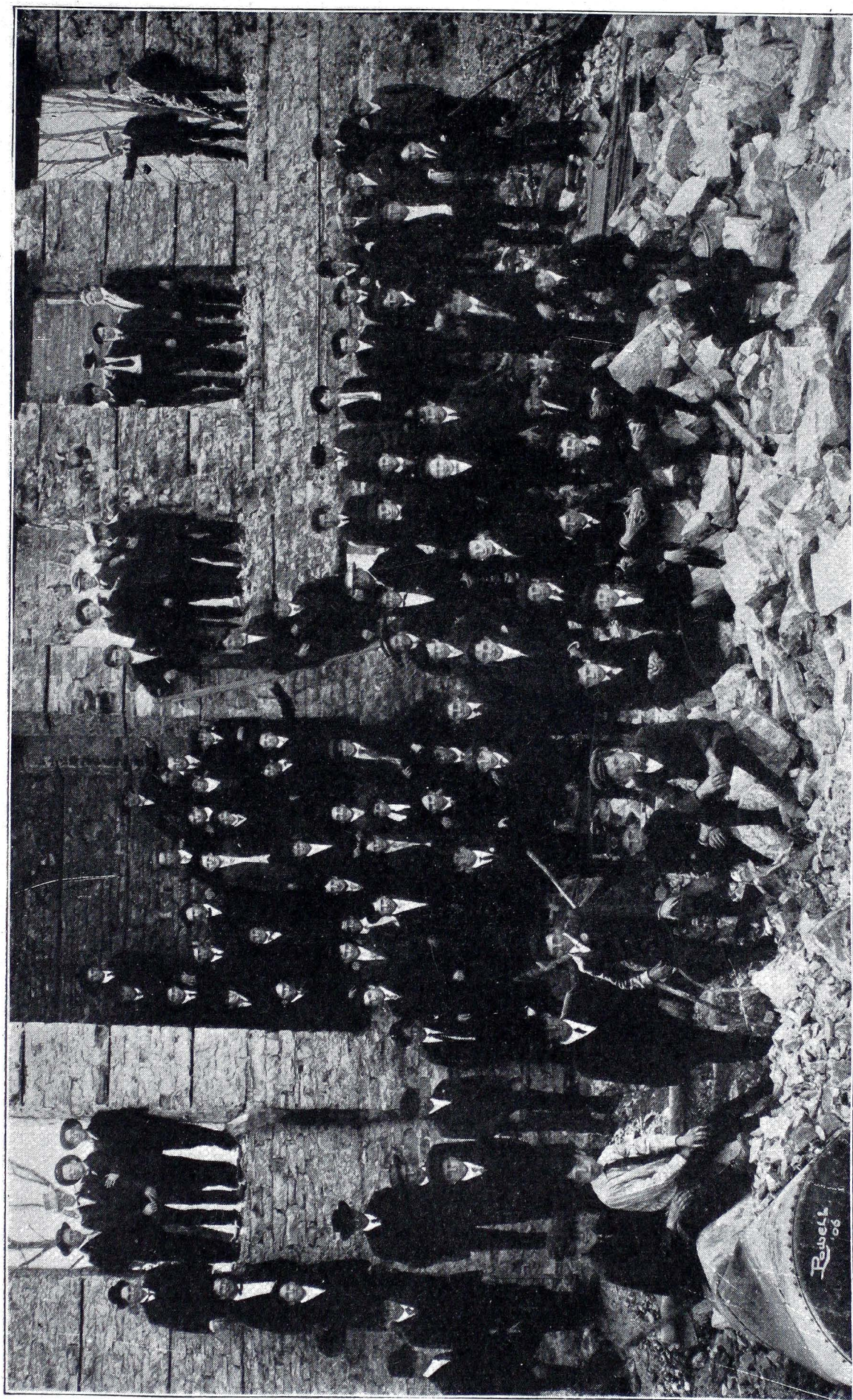
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STUDENTS AMID THE RUINS, 1906

**THE APPLICATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S "FAREWELL
ADDRESS" TO OUR PRESENT DAY GOVERNMENT**

CLARENCE L. HOULE

One of the present tendencies upon which the advocates of universal peace rely for the immediate establishment of their project, is the "contraction of the world," the drawing together of people by the remarkable improvements in transportation which has resulted in increase of travel and trade and the spread of education and learning.

That this project is creating an international public opinion is unquestionable. That it is steadily strengthening one of the factors which make against war and for peace is one of the hopes of our age. But its result should not be overestimated. If the contraction of the world is strengthening our ties it is also intensifying our frictions. The tension to-day in Europe is greater than at any other time in history and the dread possibilities of war more terrible.

We in America have no reason to think ourselves free from the dangers of this world tendency or able by the special favor of Providence to enjoy rather than to suffer the allotments of humanity. If there is anything salient in our recent history it is the fact that we are being swept more and more into the main current of international life and consequently have need to consider its unescapable responsibilities and relations, its dangers and difficulties. In the past, we have cherished the tradition that we have been free from entanglements because it has been our policy to avoid entangling alliances. Never has it been more important for us to realize that, however successful we may have been in avoiding alliances in the past we cannot escape relations and responsibilities to-day. We ought, therefore, to avoid overestimating our freedom from international complications. Our national optimism and our preoccupation with civil and commercial activities is too often the cause of our disregard of foreign affairs.

The American nation has need of retrospection, for it is our habit always to look forward and seldom to the past. From the beginning our imagination has been directed to the future, our vision fixed on the horizon ahead. This in itself

is good but it should be balanced by a respectful consideration of what has gone before. No people, perhaps, have so completely ignored the past as the American. It would be profitable for us to turn back the pages of time and investigate the records of the past.

Over one hundred and twenty-five years ago Washington in his Farewell Address took special care to instill in the minds of the people those virtues which a democratic state must possess, and to warn them against the evils which must be avoided in the preservation of the nation. He fully understood that no nation which is not composed of a people who practice the political and moral virtues can persevere.

In dealing with the problems of the day, Washington, himself, followed the policy which he later advocated in his address, "the richest heritage which has come down to us from the Fathers of the Republic." The doctrine he laid down holds true in our own day no less than it did in his. It will hold true for all time. It is expedient for us, aye, it is our duty, to follow more closely in his footsteps and to cultivate those virtues which he considers necessary for the maintenance of the Union, and to raise our diplomatic intercourse to the standard set by him. Politicians, diplomats and statesmen would do well to use this address as their guide. It is the key to the solution of our domestic and foreign problems. It is the *Ultima Thule* of our political creed.

Washington admonished the people to practice both moral and political virtues and notes the benefits which follow from the exercise of such virtues. He passes lightly over liberty, for he says, "the love of liberty is interwoven with every ligament of your hearts." He comments but briefly upon the political virtue, patriotism, which he believes is instilled in the hearts of all, but lays special stress upon the necessity of fostering religion and morality in the hearts and minds of the people.

Washington fully realized the variety of evils which beset a nation, not only in its infancy but in its maturity. History gave him the classic example of the rise and fall of the Roman republic. He points out the harmful effects which follow from characterizing parties by geographical discriminations. This discrimination gives rise to a "belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views and tends to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection." How well he understood the effect of such discrimination was

seen from the frightful havoc and evil consequences which followed the antipathy of the North and South in the Civil War. He enters no less a protest against excess of party spirit which he likens to fire, "Not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into flame lest, instead of warming it should consume."

The cardinal idea which Washington wishes to impress in the minds and hearts of the American people is the question of our foreign policy, and "the mischiefs of foreign intrigue." He warns the people that good faith and justice should be observed towards all nations and that peace and harmony should be cultivated with all. "It will be worthy," he says, "to give to mankind the example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." He admonished the people against cultivating either an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness for any nation and points out the evils which follow such action.

In bringing out the dominant note of his address, Washington says: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government." And again, "Excessive partiality for our foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see dangers only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other."

Washington's remedy for the baneful effects which will follow, "as the night the day," a misconception of our proper foreign policy may be summarized in a few lines. Our great rule of conduct in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith—"Here let us stop."

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities." In conclusion he lays down this axiom as a guide: "There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis

an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

If it was necessary to follow such principles when our government was an infant among nations, it is doubly so now when it is numbered among the greatest of all times. If the condition of our foreign and domestic affairs demanded such urgent measures in the past, it makes greater demands today. In the past, four or five weeks separated Europe from America. Today we can cross the broad Atlantic in as many days. This increased rapidity of transportation has brought the nations of the world closer together than at any other time in history.

With this closer connection our responsibilities have increased. We are no longer entirely an Anglo-Saxon people, but a people composed of all nations. These "unfledged" Americans complicate the situation and bring their respective mother countries in closer touch with our own. The Philippine question has become a burden on our hands, and the Mexican situation a thorn in our side. One could enumerate many more instances of the extension of our foreign relations and responsibilities, but these few will suffice to show the increased necessity of following such principles as Washington has laid down in his address.

With the widening of the scope of our domestic affairs and the extension of our foreign relations and responsibilities comes a greater need of cautious and farsighted statesmanship. Washington has given us the sesame. Let us open the doors to the correct solution of our present day problems. In the application of the principles advocated by Washington the various topics will be dealt with in the order in which they occur in the address.

There is today not the intense friction between parties that there was in the past. Formerly men fought for their parties as they would for their own homes. The intelligent voter today no longer is possessed of the consuming party spirit. He votes, not for any party in particular, but for the measures and the men advanced by a party. In the past, men in voting were guided by heart; today they are guided by the intellect. There is no longer the necessity of repeating Washington's overdrawn admonition. The citizens today have recognized the truth in his warning and have eliminated the danger.

The same can be said of the spirit aroused by geographical discrimination. The several parts of the Union no longer distrust one another, but constitute a harmonious whole. The

North, South, East and West are bound together in a degree hitherto unknown. The memory of our great internecine strife has caused our statesmen to act with caution in the disputes which have at times arisen between the several parts of the Union. The possibilities, however, of the growth of such discrimination are always present. We ought to be always on watch and to nip the cancerous growth in the bud.

The complications which arise from geographical discrimination have been amicably settled by our statesmen, but on questions of religion and morality they have done nothing to benefit the country. They are concerned far more with the material progress of our country than with any improvement in the morality of our citizens. Such measures, for instance, as have been taken by the authorities in Chicago for the protection of the morality of its young men and women ought to be followed, not only by other cities, but by the national government. With the establishment of a higher standard of morality will come a greater respect for authority, a more strict enforcement of the law and a more universal practice of those virtues advocated by Washington. This is a practical question and one of great importance to the welfare of the nation. Another question of great importance, and one which is now receiving the close attention of our statesmen, is the Mexican situation.

The Mexican situation and all it entails is not as tense as it was some time ago. Yet it still remains unsettled. The unlooked for strength shown by the forces opposing the present Mexican government has put Huerta on the defensive. The whole northern part of Mexico is in the hands of the revolutionists, who are making preparations to move upon the capitol. The government of Huerta is no longer looked upon as the government of all Mexico. There is a possibility that these northern states may form a separate republic, or may, as many European statesmen think, apply for admission to our Union. This is more than a possibility since we have already taken, either by purchase or conquest, over one-half million square miles of territory from Mexico. All Europe is closely watching the outcome of the situation.

Our present government has, so far, acted in a most admirable manner. With many of our citizens clamoring for war and with all Europe demanding instant intervention, the present government proceeded in a most cautious manner. Washington's policy, that in preserving harmony with all nations we

should take care always to keep a respectable defense posture, was followed by the President. Troops were stationed along the Mexican border, not only to preserve order, but to fight if necessary. In order that the situation might be settled amicably, Ex-Governor Lind was sent to Mexico as special ambassador. His visit was in the interests of peace, but his impolitic tongue nearly led us to war. Although Mr. Lind's mission has been for the most part a failure, the attempt of the President to avert hostilities is highly commendable. It is to be hoped that he will continue in his Fabian tactics to "maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity" towards all nations.

President Wilson, however, must be continually on guard to maintain this "relation of peace," for complications of greater gravity may at any time present themselves. In case the northern states do ask for admission to our Union his powers of statesmanship will be taxed to the utmost. Any attachment with these states will lead to a participation in their quarrels and a war with Mexico. This situation has not as yet confronted him, but such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. Washington was never actuated by the spirit of aggrandizement. Let our present government remember this, and if such a situation does arise let it reject every proposal of annexation.

The mission of Mr. Lind is the one great error of our government. Mr. Lind was not in Mexico twenty-four hours when his impolitic tongue so increased the tension of the situation that war seemed imminent. Peace was maintained, not on account of Mr. Lind's visit, but in spite of it. The mistake was not entirely his own, but must be attributed in part to the low standard of our diplomatic corps. Such a condition of affairs would never have arisen had a trained diplomatist been in charge. We cannot hope to raise the standard of our diplomatic corps without a radical change in our present system. Our envoys, ministers and diplomatists are the laughing stock of Europe. The remark, which is often made in England, "As downright as an American diplomatist," indicates the impotency of our diplomatists. This condition could be changed if the appointments of ministers and envoys were in the hands of a merit board and not in the power of political leaders. Washington understood this and admonished us to put an end to the power exercised by politicians. He says: "The necessity of reciprocal checks in

the exercise of political power has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern."

The best plan for remedying this evil is that which has been in operation for some time among European nations. The diplomatists of England, Germany and France are trained men. They are educated for this particular branch of service in government training schools. This service is put on a par with the army and navy service. Its results are far reaching. We would do well to recognize this need and to establish at once a government school for the training of diplomatists. Experience has taught us this lesson, let us overcome this defect in our system of government and raise our diplomatic service to the standard set by Washington. Our diplomatic service is now a subject of tears, let us make it a subject of envy for all other nations. When this is accomplished such missions as Mr. Lind's will be successful and the possibilities of unjust wars more remote.

In every instance I have enumerated, Washington has given the correct solution of problems and his far-sighted statesmanship enables him to foresee these varied storms which are wont to arise on the troubled seas of international life. Let us ever keep his words in mind and his principles forever in practice. Let us, like the prodigal son, return to the "Father of our Country" and receive from him the blessings which will follow our practice of those virtues he advocated, and let us never be tempted by the "wiles of foreign influence" and Heaven will continue to us the choicest tokens of its beneficence.

THE FOR-GET-ME-NOT

*There blooms a pretty flower
Upon the meadow green.
Its eye is like the heavens
So blue and bright, serene.*

*To him who loves true friendship
It speaks in accents sweet;
"Forget me not," it whispers,
Naught else it can repeat.*

—Adapted from the German.

THE POWER OF LOVE

The snow was madly swirling and dashing against the windows of the Knickerbocker Trust Co. as though endeavoring with all its might to enter into the warmth of the building. It was a wild March day; wires were down, traffic was at a standstill, and no cessation of the storm's fury seemed in sight. Bitter as was the storm, it had not stopped the postman in the daily round that brings joy to some and sorrow to others. It was not a measure of joy that he had brought to the heart of John Marston in his office in the Knickerbocker that morning. Nervously pacing the floor of his private sanctum, a crumpled letter clutched in his hand, John Marston was in a frame of mind that would have put the very elements to shame, so bitter and fierce were his thoughts. Suddenly he stopped, and spreading the wrinkled paper, for the fifth time he read the news that had so disturbed him:

"Dear Father:—

There is an old saying that faint heart ne'er won fair lady, and while I am not exactly faint-hearted, I have refrained from imparting this information to you, for I know that it is not what you desire, and then I wanted to be certain about myself before I mentioned it to you. The news that I am about to break is something which I feel you have never had the slightest inkling of. I, however, have contemplated it for a long time, and finally I have come to the conclusion that I have a vocation which calls me to the priesthood. I know that this is far from your thoughts, for you have often spoken to me of taking me into business with you when my college career was ended, that I might follow in your footsteps and continue the business that has been in our family for years.

Even though this may come as a shock to you, I hope you will have no objections to my desire. My college course will be ended in June, and it is time that I decide upon my future life. I am sure were my dear mother living, she would be more than pleased with my intent. Although you are not a Catholic, you have never said anything directly to me about my religion, nevertheless I once heard you express most bitterly your thoughts on

Catholicity when my dear mother, fatally injured by a fall on her way to early mass, was brought home to us. Young as I was, I remember the cruel words you uttered in your grief, about the religion that drew people at such unreasonable hours to worship. Fanaticism, you called it then, but in later years I have every reason to believe, especially since you have allowed me full choice in the matter of education, that you were not antagonistic to my faith.

Hoping that you will give assent to my plans, and anxiously awaiting a reply that will bear the joyful news, that I may do as I please in the matter, I am,

Your affectionate son,

‘TOM.’ ”

“Never will I grant it,” fiercely grated Marston through his clenched teeth. “Was it not enough that this religion, this superstition, this fanaticism, was the cause of my losing the one I held most dear, without taking my only boy from me? I cannot let him leave me; all my hopes are centered in him. No! no! he will never have my consent,” almost screamed the angry father.

Going to his stenographer, he dictated one short sentence: “Come home at once,” signed it and mailed it immediately to his son. The next day, “Tom,” amazed to receive the message, feeling that his own letter had much to do with the summons, hastened to obey them. During the dreary journey home, conflicting emotions filled “Tom’s” breast. “Had his letter been the cause of this curt command to come home? Yes, it must be that he felt, surely there was nothing wrong with his father, the message had been signed by him.” He was beginning to have a presentiment that something dreadful was to happen, when he was aroused by the shout: “All out for Omaha.” Hastening home “Tom” found that his father had not returned from his office. Entering the library, he sank into a chair, and began to ponder over the message and its meaning.

Ten minutes had elapsed when the closing of the front door awakened him from his reverie. Springing to his feet he hastened to meet his father. There was a clasp of hands, but not a word spoken. It was a tense moment for both. Father looked at son, and son looked at father. Then Mr. Marston led the way to the library.

The scene that followed will always live in the memory of “Tom” Marston. His father avoiding all commonplace re-

marks, launched immediately into the subject that was uppermost in his mind. Sternly Mr. Marston told "Tom" that he must give up his foolish idea, but "Tom" refused even to consider giving up in his intention to follow the call he felt had been made to him. The angry words that his father uttered seemed only to strengthen him in his determination. He was no longer a child; he must determine for himself. Like a volcano that has been peacefully slumbering and is suddenly stirred to action, Mr. Marston poured forth a denunciation of Catholicity so bitter that "Tom" could scarcely contain himself. "Either you give up this foolish desire, and follow the course I have mapped out for you, or you are no longer a son of mine," stormed the angry father. "But I cannot," answered "Tom," "I would be false to my God, to my best instincts, to myself if I did. No, father, not even were I to lose home and friends would I draw back now. Even——" "Enough of this rot," almost screamed the father, "I have given you your choice. Choose!" "I have chosen," sadly answered "Tom," "and there is no turning back for me. I hope to enter the seminary in September." Pointing to the door the angry father thundered, "Go then! and never again darken my door with your presence." "But father," said "Tom." He was speaking to the empty room. His father had just slammed the door.

Sorrowfully "Tom" made preparations to return to school. Money did not trouble him. His father had always supplied him with plenty, had even forced it upon him, and he had always taken care of it. He tried to see his father, but his effort was futile. Mr. Marston had left word with the maid that he had been suddenly called from the city.

Many years have passed and John Marston, sad and lonely, often dwells on the past. Bitter as he was in former years toward the Catholic Church, he thinks there surely must be something in the religion that can take children from their parents; that can make them give up the pleasures of home for the silence of the cloister and monastery; that can make them bear suffering in silence; that even makes them lay down their lives for that religion. Yet, the inborn stubbornness of human nature held him aloof. Old prejudices and bitter memories rankled in his breast. The loss of "Tom" had been a bitter trial. He had centered all his hopes in his boy, and now after all these years,

he did not even know where "Tom" was. As he grew older the longing to see his boy grew stronger every day, but then when he thought of him as a priest he would vow never to seek him.

Time had dealt kindly with Mr. Marston; his hair was a little more thin and quite gray about the temples, but he was as erect in form, and the old vigor was still evident in his sparkling eyes as it had been on that fatal night fifteen years before. The theater and club claimed most of his spare time now, as he sought to banish the longing for his son from his mind. The old home held no charms for him. It only recalled the things that might have been.

One night as he sat reading the paper his eye was attracted by this announcement in the columns devoted to amusements and notices:

Lecture on Socialism

by

Rev. Thomas Marston.

St. Ann's Auditorium.

Wednesday Night, Nov. 10—8 P. M.

"Rev. Thomas Marston!" How the name stirred him. Could it be his own "Tom" whom he had so bitterly cast out one night in the dead past? No, it would be a mockery of fate that he should come here. He tried to put the notice out of his mind by turning to the other news, but almost invariably he found himself turning, after a few moments, to the notice. "This is Wednesday, the tenth," he thought, "the very night of the lecture." Looking at his watch, he arose, called for his hat and coat, and started out for a stroll. He tried to tell himself he had no special place in view, and that he would just take a walk, yet he did not seem surprised when he found himself at the entrance to St. Ann's fine new auditorium. Entering the hall, Mr. Marston found a seat near the door. The audience consisted chiefly of the working class, men with whom he had never had much dealings. Rough and uncouth was the language that he heard about him, but he did not care for the crowd. His anxious eye was turned toward the stage.

Promptly at eight the speaker appeared. He was a handsome, well-built man, and as he stepped to the stage, there was a general murmur of approval and loud hand-clapping. In a moment all was silence, then advancing to the center of the platform, Father Marston began his lecture. Mr. Marston sat spell-

bound. Could this be his "Tom," this brilliant-looking man? Yes, there could be no mistaking him. A little heavier and more mature, but still the same boy of twenty he had last seen fifteen years ago. To the father, the oration was only of secondary importance, for with eyes never moving from his boy's face, he sat throughout the lecture, scanning those features he once loved so well. He still loved his boy after all these years, and oh! how he longed for him. If he could only take him home and begin where they had left off years before, how happy they would be, but—— no, that could never be; he would never give in to any man. He had made his decision long ago and now he must live by it.

As he left the hall at the conclusion of the lecture, John Marston cursed the fate that had lured him to St. Ann's that night. Why had he not been left in ignorance? He would not now have the heart ache that made him more miserable than he had been in years. Surrounded and jostled by the crowd he was soon recalled from his momentary reverie, and as he made his way through the throng, he found himself listening to the comments on the lecture and the lecturer. Suddenly he was startled to hear someone say that Father Marston was doing wonderful work since he had been made pastor of St. Ann's and almost without knowing why, John Marston felt elated at the remark. Then the thought that at least he would be able to see and hear, even be near his boy, without "Tom's" being any the wiser, pulsed through his mind. He felt a strange satisfaction in the situation, and upon reaching home pondered long upon the events of the night. Finally he went to bed, but sleep was hard to woo, and when at last he fell into a troubled sleep, it was to dream of his boy "Tom."

The next day and the one following, Mr. Marston could not help thinking of Tom, and on Sunday, the fourth day, he turned his footsteps toward St. Ann's. As he passed the church he noticed many people were entering. He continued his walk to the corner of the street, turned and slowly sauntered back. He thought he might as well go in. He had always admired the ceremonies of the Catholics, and since he had not been inside of a church for many years he would take this opportunity and renew his "acquaintance," and thereby pass an hour or so. Time was plentiful, he told himself, and he might as well spend some of it here. Mr. Marston entered the church, and as he gazed about, he recalled some of the old days when he was accompanied

by his wife and boy. An usher came forward and conducted him to a seat, just as the priest was going to the altar. For the next forty minutes he sat through a low mass and short instruction, gazing at the altar. As of yore, the ceremonies gave him a peculiar peace of mind, and as he thought of the past, he wondered if "Tom" would appear. But he looked in vain for the face that had so attracted him a few nights before. When he left the church Mr. Marston was handed a "Parish Monthly," which he thoughtlessly placed in his pocket. The rest of the day was very lonesome for him, and as he sat in front of the open fire he thought repeatedly of "Tom." Somehow, he could think of nothing or no one else. He reviewed the occurrence of the morning, when suddenly he thought of the paper he had received when leaving the church. He obtained it from his overcoat, and glancing through its pages, he noticed the time of the daily masses, half proposing to himself to go in the morning. "This would be a good way to see "Tom," he thought, "better, in fact, than any other way." "Tom" would not know him and he would keep well to the rear of the church.

The next day found John Marston at the eight o'clock mass, and his delight was unbounded as he beheld his son ascend the altar. After mass Mr. Marston learned, upon inquiry, that Father Marston said the eight o'clock mass every day. On the next morning John Marston was one of the first in the church. As he sat waiting for mass to begin he wondered if he was becoming sentimental. Somehow the ceremonies gave him peace of mind. There was a fascination in watching the priest move about the altar. Yes, there was something that was holding him, and it was not long before John Marston became a daily attendant at the eight o'clock mass. Day by day as he watched "Tom" he felt that the longing to be with his boy was growing upon him. Could he resist it? Yes, he vowed he would. But the Grace of God works in wonderful ways. Even though Father "Tom" was unaware of the eyes that followed him through the mass, he never failed to make his daily offering for the conversion of his father. He never doubted that his prayers would bear fruit, but that he was near the realization of his hopes, was not to be made known to him for many a day.

One day as Mr. Marston sat waiting for mass, he picked up a book that was in his pew. Idly turning its pages he noticed that the book seemed to open more easily at some pages than it did at others. Glancing at one page he read, "If a man has

pursued his inclination, forthwith he is burdened with remorse of conscience for having gone after his passion, which helpeth him not at all to the peace he looked for." John Marston paused. Was this advice for him? He had always sought peace of mind by having his own way in every thing; but had he always found it? No, he could not make this admission. He had always been proud and now in his old age he was beginning to find that he must submit to something better and greater than himself. Too well, he was daily realizing that the service he followed was having its effect upon him. Yes, if he was to have peace of mind, that inordinate love of having his own will in all things must submit to something higher than himself. As he mused in this manner, he glanced at the page that was open before him, "Grant me Thy grace, most merciful Jesus, that it may be with me, and labour with me, and continue unto the end." He looked up and mass had just started. Unconsciously, he fell to his knees, continuing the beautiful prayer he had just begun. He read here and there in the book and when the mass ended, he was a changed man. The very things he had fought against, the religion he had hated, was not now so detestable. He found himself giving way after all these years. The religion he had despised, was now worthy of his admiration. He had played his game, but the victory he had always thought was in his grasp, was not for him. He found himself inclining to the side of that which he had always considered his bitterest enemy, yet defeat was not so bitter; there was even a feeling of pleasure attached to it. He hastened home, and seating himself at his desk, wrote, "My Dear Son:—

For days and weeks, your proud father followed you through the daily mass, but not until to-day, although the longing to have you with me has grown stronger, have I really repented of that dreadful night when I sent you from my door. This morning as I sat in your church, something of the fervor that always animates your actions on the altar seemed to communicate itself to me. For the first time in my life I prayed; prayed that I might do the will of God, and that I might be reconciled to you. You may think that this is a bitter confession for me to make, but no, I have had my eyes opened and I am now seeking your pardon. Your pardon is all that I can ever hope for, but if you can think kindly of me, remember me in

your prayers, that I may continue to see the light that broke upon my vision this morning.

Wishing you continued success in your life work, I remain

Your father,

John Marston."

The next morning as Father Marston went through his mail, his heart gave a great bound as he recognized the old familiar writing of his father. "O, father," he exclaimed, half aloud as he read, "if you could only know how I have longed and prayed for this moment." He sat musing over the letter, and then suddenly sprang to his feet. This was not time for dreaming, he must act. Quickly dressing for the street, he hastened to his father's house, presented his card and was ushered into the library. How familiar it was to him; he glanced about, but almost before he was seated, a footstep sounded in the hall, and Mr. Marston crossed the threshold. He paused just inside the door, but as Father Marston arose, he made a step forward exclaiming, "My boy! my boy!" "Tom" was in his arms immediately, too happy to say anything, but "father." His hope was now realized; he had prayed long and earnestly for this moment, and God had not denied him. The desire of his life was now a reality; he had his father, and nevermore was he to be parted from him.

D. G.

A DELUSION

Killarney with its celebrated ruins, and castles possesses the most pleasing scenery in the Emerald Isle. As the mid-day sun was emitting its rays in its strongest glory, they struck the surface of the lakes and turned their rippling waters into fields of gold. This beautiful scenery was broken here and there by the presence of a boat. Turning from this picturesque sight and looking towards the town you behold the ever green arbutus casting its branches into the air, you see the hills rising in massive grandeur, and their summits clothed with purple heather. Romantic as this scenery was, it was not romantic enough for my boyhood spirit, so my friend and I boarded a

west-bound train to view the shores of the Atlantic where it washes the Kerry coast.

The journey between Killarney and our intended destination lay between barren hills, that lift their craggy peaks several thousand feet into the blue sky. Then you could hear the harsh grating of the brakes, the groaning and creaking of wheels, a shrill whistle, and with slackened speed and sounding bell our train steamed into the depot bearing its freight of holiday seekers. Then a jolty, jarring sensation as the great engine pauses to deposit its load, then a large crowd of happy faces stream onto the platform delighted to have reached the place of their destination. On the depot, confusion reigned supreme. You had to make your way as best you could through a hopeless pandemonium of officials, trunks, and all the other accompaniments of a seaside resort. We proceeded right away to the seashore passing through hills and valleys. The hills were glorious in the orange light of the evening, the trees were burnished gold and the birds were singing rapturous madrigals. Here we were face to face with the mighty Atlantic, and we spent several hours playing in its undulating waves before we proceeded to erect our tent.

We pitched it where the sound of the ocean smote our ears, and in a cliff where nature has lavished with no niggardly hand wild, rugged, and picturesque scenery. We erected our tent in the summit of this cliff which rose sheer out of the sea, and presented a magnificent surface of rock to the breakers, or to stupendous mountains of sea which in stormy weather spent their unavailing fury with white spray at its feet. At the foot of this mighty defile lay the blue waters of the ocean, kissed into ripples by gentle breezes, and the waters glittered like diamonds beneath the slanting sunbeams. The purple heather on the mountain top looked like a large field of wheat as the rays of the sinking sun played around it. Finally the sun withdrew his magic wand from off the face of the landscape, and twilight spread its dark and sombre mantle over the flames of living fire which the rays of the sun produced as it lingered on the surface of the mighty defile. Nature was quiet and at rest, and afar off the breakers could be heard to die away as they beat against the sandy shore whilst they receded once again to meet others on their oncoming. Mystic, massive, silent, the great hill and all the surrounding country was at peace. The only sound to break the monotony of the scene was the voices of

the tourists who were enjoying themselves at supper in their tents just above the Atlantic Ocean.

My friend and I prepared for supper, our appetites having been sharpened by the exhilarating breeze of the wild ocean. My friend being rather of a melancholic temperament, was in a despondent mood when brought into contact with such great forces of nature that now lay at his feet. He would not descend the rugged cliff lest he should be dashed to pieces on the boulders beneath. Supper being over, we sallied forth to meet our fellow tourists, who were come to rehabilitate themselves, and drink of the fountain of pleasure. We met all classes of people from the landed aristocracy to the humble peasant, and they were all enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Mirth and pleasure found a home on the top of this cliff which overlooked the wild ocean. We made numerous friends during our brief visit around this little village composed of campers. After all this jollity, sleep cast her slumbers over the face of this mountain peak, and all retired at an early hour, except my friend and I. We journeyed to our tent and enjoyed a sociable conversation. The topic of our conversation was the surrounding scenery, and building castles in the air for our brief stay at this seaport landscape. Finally my friend could not resist the temptation to soothe his weary nerves in sleep.

*"Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.
To Mary Queen, the praise be given,
That sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul."*

These words of the poet never became more realistic to me than in the present occasion. For a person in such a position with all around him asleep and wandering in the realms of imagination and dreams, then he tries to pass away the time by reading. I had a volume of Edgar Allen Poe's stories with me and I laid myself down to read. The first one to attract my attention was a "Descent into the Maelstrom." What a comparison between the seething, bubbling and gurgling waters off the coast of Finland, and the placid and slumberous Atlantic which lay reposing and motionless as far as the eye could reach. I got up and went to the edge of the cliff to contrast the waters of the maelstrom and the waters of the ocean which were rolling and heaving in solemn silence. After having read this blood curling description of Poe, I finally went to bed and after

some time the shades of slumber had drawn their dark veil over me. Every thing was as a blank to me and I knew not what was going on outside.

About midnight a low moaning sound as of a human being in distress was wafted to me and filled my over sensitive nerves with fear and anguish. I aroused myself from the lethargic feeling caused by a few hours' sleep. Now I heard it distinctly. It was the same low pitiful sound that seemed to issue from the base of the cliff several hundred yards down below. I was astonished, amazed, and frightened to the utmost degree, and my friend sleeping just opposite me only served to increase the fear. I formulated all means of devices as to how I could shut off that sound. All was useless, because in the meantime the same sound pealed forth its sad moans and echoes of distress. It was the most soul-piercing cry that ever issued from the mouth of any living creature. I finally came to this, which to my mind seemed the only solution to this intricate question. I surmised that the sound heard was that of some person, who in the darkness of the night missed his path, and was led into the cliff, and that he finally lost his hold on the crags and boulders which infest that wild scene, and that he was hurled headlong into the crags beneath. I hesitated and cogitated whether I should let my friend know about the trying situation which now stared me in the face. I finally decided in the negative. While pondering thus, the note of warning and appeal reached my ear. I summoned courage because it was a human being in distress. I walked boldly to the edge of the defile through whose intricate meanderings I was about to make the descent. Now the cry was becoming fainter and fainter and it seemed to me that this being must be in the last throes of death and agony. It also dawned on me that this suffering creature might be the victim of some brutal attempt to take away its spark of life. I stood aghast before the forces of nature which were strewn as insurmountable barriers across my path. I again heard the same faint cry for help, but I could only pray for a less dangerous way of descent. I finally got sight of the ocean, but was unable to perceive anything floating on its surface or on the rocks strewn near the shore, which were there like so many sentinels warding the attacks of the waves. The sea was not rough yet, it was surging back and forth angrily through the millions of stones at its edge. Its waters churned and were lashed into foam by beating against the massive rocks which

rose from the surface of the ocean to bid defiance to its onward course. I found myself helpless to aid this being who felt the pangs of pain and distress. I shifted my descent to a place where a placid rivulet wandered sometimes sleepily along and which on each side was richly fringed with heather.

But on each side of this stream the cliff lifted itself grand and stately against the sky. The murmur of the stream seemed to chant a funeral dirge over the dying corpse of the victim beneath. Yet, amidst all these discouraging scenes and trials I never wavered in my undertaking. Again I heard that low, gurgling sound and I fastened my clothes more tightly around me and prepared for the descent. It seemed evident to me that the most terrible torture of the sufferer arose principally not from the bodily pains it endured, but from the thought that it was to die away from the sight of any human being. I paused in my descent as the magnitude of the task grew upon me, but the hearing of the faint sound aroused me to energy. Another groan from the sufferer awakened me from my reverie. It foretold me that there was yet some possible chance for this victim to live. Here was a human being passing away by degrees. This moved the greatest incentive for my continuation in the descent. The path of my descent now stretched out before me, faint and gray in the distance, winding in curves and hollows into the rocks beneath. The only thing to enliven the scene was the splashing of the mountain stream and the rippling of the waves as they broke on the rocks beneath. I descended a little to the foot of the pass and followed a kind of bridle-path to the left and which was outright the sea. Once on this path I thought that I could not possibly go wrong and that it would finally lead me to the scene of my future action. Another groan escaped the suffering creature. It became more distinct. It left no shadow of a doubt but that the voice I heard was that of a human being in distress. On and on, still on I pursued my course through this desolate and lovely region, where no sound was heard save the sighing of the ocean breeze sweeping through the heather, and the crackle of wild reeds as I wandered through them and the prattling of the murmuring waters. Like silent sceptres in misty and dark shrouds the shadows from the flittering heather passed me. This was caused by the appearance of the moon just lifting its golden brow over the ocean. My imagination still kept before me the picture of the helpless human being struggling to save its life. From this

on the stream must be my guide, and a guide that would never mislead me. Another crag with lofty boulders had still to be crossed and the stream wound close around its base. Before I turned the southern side of this mighty rock, the fainting voice from the distance was becoming more soul-piercing and its complaints were repeated oftener. Finally I was brought to a standstill and found myself clinging to the side of a rock and standing on a ledge barely four inches in width. I looked around and saw beneath me a vast body of water. I became terror-stricken when I realized the position in which I was placed. One that was never in such a trying ordeal can never understand the thoughts that welled up within me. One misstep or a slip of the hand would find me hurled into the mighty ocean beneath or dashed to pieces on the rocks. I meditated there between earth and heaven and in this meditation the passionate cry for help aroused me. I finally decided to retrace my steps slowly and carefully. With much difficulty and perspiration I got out of this position and in a short time I was in the other side of the stream. The descent was easier, and a few precipice here and there, the only obstacles to safe walking. Finally I came to the end of the stream which served as my guide, and at its end it leaped white into a cascade of foaming mist which overwhelmed the moaning of the creature in distress. I kept gazing at the stream and listening to its murmurs as it struck against the rocks beneath, only to become part and parcel of the ocean. I moved away from the stream until its murmur became hushed and then I once more heard the peal for help. I moved in the direction of the sound and to my utter dismay the expanse between us was the roughest that I had yet to encounter. Having come so far I decided not to return without bringing some succor to the person who was in such need of the "milk of human kindness." I attempted the final part of the descent, which to my delight was not so rough as I had supposed. With a few slight rebuffs I descended to the rocks that were washed by the waters of the Atlantic. Here I stood unmoved, striving to catch the groan which I had heard from the summit of the cliff. Five, ten, fifteen and twenty minutes passed and about the twenty-fifth minute after my descent, I heard a faint cry. I did not detect the direction from which it came, but within a few minutes a loud shout rent the air, coming seemingly from a creature in the throes of death. I quickly walked towards the place from which the sound seemed to issue. Dur-

ing my walk towards the scene of the disaster were again wafted to me. There must have been two human beings there, I thought, and one was about to murder the other, if he had not already done so. I wavered a little because I thought that I myself might become another victim of the transgressor's rage. I gained courage because I had a revolver with me and I moved steadfastly to the scene of action. A faint groan again reverberated through the surrounding cliffs and caverns. I kept the revolver firmly in my hand fearing the assault at any moment. I could not detect the beings from whom the sound proceeded. The cavern in which the beings were hidden was enshrouded in darkness because the rays of the moon had not penetrated it. I finally perceived the creatures from whom the groans were emitted. What did I behold but two large sea-monsters which sleep in the subterranean caverns whilst the water flows around them. But they were now a long distance away from the water and were left there by the ebbing tide. They were groaning and tearing the sides of the cavern because they were a species of sea-bipeds that could not walk in the land. Their cries were shrill in the midnight silence. This was the sound which I heard in my bed at the summit of the cliff. Then it finally dawned upon me that I was the victim of a delusion. I sat upon one of the rocks watching the rippling waters of the Atlantic playing and kissing at my feet and thinking over my own delusion, and how to ascend once more, when slowly and by degrees I was lost in the darkness of peaceful sleep.

C. L. H.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RUINS

The wanderer in foreign climes, whether he views the ruined cathedrals of the Emerald Isle, or gazes in wonder upon the historic place of the castled Rhine; whether he visits the ruined glories of imperial Rome, or stands amid the ruins of classical Greece, cannot but feel the sacredness of those ruins—for to him they are connecting links that bind the present age to the ages of the past.

Before him traced out in the various styles of architecture he sees represented, ideas and events which actuated peoples,

racés, and nations, who have come and gone in the course of centuries, and of whose history naught remains to tell us of their existence, save crumbling ruins of marble and stone, crumbling arches, crumbling shafts and domes, that once were the glory of those who raised them, the pride of those who knew them, and an inspiration to those who saw them.

As the traveler pays court to charming fancy, he is transported to remote antiquity and peering through the vista of the bygone ages, he again sees in all their primal splendor and magnificence, these ruins which are now but blurred, abbreviated memories of the past; they are but dreams once dreamed by masters and sages, but alas, as dreams they have vanished, and naught remains but a fading mirage that belongs to another age.

To those who stood and gazed with tearful eye upon the smouldering ruins of the old St. Viator's, on that never to be forgotten day some seven or eight years ago, naught remains, save fond memories of the past. To those who of recent years have found a home within the walls of the new St. Viator's, nothing of the old ruins remain, save sweet tradition.

Perhaps every one who has heard of the College of St. Viator, has often heard retold the story of the great conflagration, which destroyed in a night the splendid group of educational buildings of which that institution consisted. How the angry fire-fiend attacked with unabated fury the various college halls; how the proud and hungry flames, like an avalanche of fire, leaped from belfry and dome, to steeple and tower—a burning monster which seemed to devour all in its path and which seemed to crave for more. How, ere many hours had passed away, that nothing remained but ruins, of that college which had taken years of labor and toil, of tears and blood to erect. What had once been the House of God was but a heap of crumbling ruins of masonry, heaps of broken pillars, masses of crumbling altars and piles of molten glass—all around was desolation; even the giant elms, which had lent their shade to generations would never more put forth their green foliage, and the lilac and the rose would no more freight the balmy air with their aromatic perfumes, for even here the fire's feverish touch had been felt.

To those who were witnesses, it will be remembered how for days and weeks the smouldering embers burned, and seemed as it were, a silent beacon light bidding the disconsolate anointed of the Lord to have courage. The bare black walls of College

Hall, were the only ones left standing and truly they stood as some lone sentinel, keeping the nightwatch over the dead upon the field of battle.

Likewise it will be remembered how from those bare and blackened walls, when the crimson hues of day had passed away, there came forth that ghastly light and sickening glare which reminded all of burning gases from some volcano's mouth, nor was their wierd beauty confined to the usual hues of a conflagration, indeed no rainbow ever rivaled the splendor of their varying shades—now a molten gold, as if the sunbeams had gathered there, now bluest of blue, as placid lake, or Italian sky, now livid green of opalescent dye—quivering tongues of flames, dancing and prancing, leaping and frisking about, hither and thither like the trail of a comet flying faster and faster—now a murky red blending into sacrificial crimson, leaping up through columns of smoke and lighting up those barren walls and naked windows, so that from afar it seemed the desolate ruins were once more aglow as for a holiday celebration. A spectre scene, a ghastly sight indeed, as if some kindly spirit had come bearing a memorial of that which once had been, and going out into the darkness of the night, left the weary hearts of the homeless alone in grief amid the ruins of their cloistered abode.

However, that antique sacredness and romantic air which captivates the heart of the traveler in historic lands was lacking in the old college ruins, for the crumbling remains were to be torn away to make room for a grander and nobler work—the beautiful and extensive buildings which now occupy the site of the old.

But why should we dwell upon the dark hours of the past or conjure up in the mind, the ruins of things that are no more? Naught remains to-day of the old St Viator's but its vivifying spirit, that spirit, that vital principle, that moral power which animated the builders of the old and ever animates the builders of the new St. Viator's. That spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal which makes heroes of the weakest and giants of the strong, that spirit which faces death a hundred times in order that its benign effects may be felt, that sublime power which lives and lets live—the spirit of true Christian manhood.

There is indeed a valuable lesson to be gleaned from the contemplation of the ruins of the old St. Viator's, a lesson which should strike a responsive cord in the heart and mind of every-

one who peruses these pages; the consideration of that courage, that faith, that generosity, which cannot but help in the formation of manly character, in such a manner that each will become a valiant member of society, a staunch supporter of the government and an immovable pillar of the church. Let not the ruins of your past life impede you, nor sit you idle and dream of things that might have been. Rather, tear away the blackened ruins of lost hope, of past mistakes and build anew; lay deep new foundations and become the architect of a grander and nobler life; raise high above the braggart and the coward the princely edifice of true Christian manhood and your "light will shine before men" that they "will see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven," and thus you will not only call forth "blessings an hundred fold" in this life, but also enjoy untold happiness in the next, for by being a true manly Christian you will not only be a success in life, a credit to those who have cared for you and have cherished you, but above all else you will be an honor to the institution which trained and guided your tender steps along the difficult road of knowledge—your Alma Mater.

J. A. W.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

LAWRENCE T. WARD, '14

He drifted in as such men do, with no reason for coming and no end in view, one of the innumerable parasites who throw themselves on the mercy of the world, asking only a living and giving nothing in return. For seven years he had led such a life, begging at back doors and sleeping wherever nature offered the softest bed. He went wherever fancy led him, following always the line of least resistance. One day he was in the country, the next day he was in the city. To-day he was in Clinton, a small but prosperous town, composed of a few wealthy farmers, whose early application to the soil had enabled them to spend their last few years in leisure. But the kind of a town it was meant nothing to "Sandy,"—for such was this character's familiar appellation,—he had come into it for the same reason that he had gone into many others,

because it laid along his route, the railroad, and he preferred to go through rather than around it.

Men passed him with a glance at his battered hat, patched trousers, shabby coat and worn shoes,—the uniform of his profession. Women's glances as they passed him, were as varied as their dispositions, some showed scorn, some pity and others would not even condescend to look on him. A few, more timorous than the rest, crossed the street at his approach, as if they feared him. But "Sandy" was used to such treatment. He knew his condition, and a memory of the life which he once led, explained these actions to him. He felt no apathy towards these people. As long as they did not slam the back door in his face, or request him to chop wood for his daily "hand-out," he cared not what their attitude towards him was. He was contented with his "modus vivendis." Such questions as production and distribution did not bother him; consumption was his sole look-out. His business was such that he had no financial worries, and he had so long ago subdued all feelings akin to remorse of conscience, that he had almost forgotten that he possessed such a faculty, not that he was a bad man, for he never did any one harm in his life, unless you can call such a trifle as picking a fragrant juicy pie from its roost on the back window, harm. He cared not whether the government was in the hands of Democrats or Republicans; he knew that neither would change human nature and as long as it remained the same he was confident of obtaining the few necessities requisite to keep soul and body together.

"Sandy" walked along a small and well-kept street in Clinton with eyes alert for a house which suggested hospitality. "Sandy" prided himself on his ability to infer the disposition of the landlady from the looks of the place. He couldn't explain how he did it and looked on it as an intuitive faculty similar to that sense of the horse which keeps him from going through open bridges in the dark. "Sandy's" attention was soon arrested by a large white house surrounded by a well-kept lawn and grove. Evidently this place filled the requirements and appealed to his intuitive faculty of perception, for he turned in at the iron gate leading up to the house which stood well back from the street. He approached the house with slow ambling steps and made the customary search for the back door; finding it, he knocked timidly—not through fear or timidity, but rather so that the housewife would not guess

her visitor. His knock was answered by a woman, to whom he paid no attention other than to ask for something to eat. Leaving the door open she turned to a well-filled table, and began assorting, from the remnants of the dinner, a delectable lunch. Naturally "Sandy's" eyes followed her movements, and when she walked around the table to pick a piece of fruit from a large tray, his eyes alighted on the profile of her face. He stared, started, and when the lady brought the food to the door, he was walking swiftly down the street. His actions surprised her, but he was only a tramp so she soon forgot the episode, but not so "Sandy." He walked blindly on until he found himself in the country. A large tree offered shade and he threw himself under it. The tension broke. "Viola," he murmured, "Viola," thank God she did not know me. My beard and clothes saved me. What is she doing there? Is she another man's wife? These and many other questions ran through his brain as he sat beneath the tree throughout that whole afternoon. People passed and looked at him wonderingly, but he was aware of nothing, except his thoughts. The pangs of hunger, which he usually noticed first, went by unnoticed. That night he crept under a neighboring hay-stack to sleep, but sleep would not come. For once, Morpheus had deserted him. He lay awake thinking, thinking, thinking. The realization of what he was, forced itself upon him, and, for the first time in years a blush of shame stole over his face.

In that short night, he fought a fight that few men ever know, and fewer win. A spark of manhood, self-respect and duty, that had lain latent and dormant in his soul for years, now bespoke itself, and with this he was fighting his evil inclinations. Before falling asleep he said, "for the sake of the love she once had for me, I will, I must change. She may be another man's wife now, but the memory of what might have been, will sustain me."

The next morning he awoke worn and haggard, but a new man. By riding when he was able to find a farmer going his way, and by walking the rest of the time, nightfall found him many miles from the scene of his transformation. Again he sought shelter under a hay-stack, but this time his sleep was untroubled. His only thoughts were to find work on the morrow.

The next morning he arose early and set out to find employment at some nearby farm. He espied a house about a mile

away, to which a little walking soon brought him. He approached a man who was watering horses in the barn lot, and asked him if the farmer needed a hand. "I am the farmer," was the reply, "and if I needed hands, I wouldn't hire bums." Argument proved futile and "Sandy" again set out on the dusty road, his first attempt a failure. But not disheartened, he tried the next house. The farmers had already left for the field, so he asked the woman at the house if they were in need of a man. "Yes," was the kind reply, "my husband needs another man badly, and if you go to the field, I suppose he will give you work." "Sandy" started towards the field, toward which she pointed, but she detained him. "You look hungry," she said, "wait a minute and I will get you something to eat." She brought out a very substantial lunch and "Sandy" ate voraciously, not interfering when she asked to duplicate it. Having finished, he set out for the field. Arriving there he found men busily engaged shocking oats, as he afterward learned, for he was not well versed in agriculture. He was shown to the boss, who being glad to get another man of any kind, promptly gave him work.

"Sandy" never knew such misery and physical torture as he passed through that first day. It was the first real work he had done for years. His back, his limbs, his hands, every ligament and muscle in his body ached. The intense heat from the mid-summer sun added to his misery. When noon came and the group of harvesters stopped for lunch which was eaten in the field, only "Sandy's" abnormal hunger kept him from crawling under the wagon and sleeping the hour away. After the lunch the work was resumed and "Sandy's" sufferings increased. He grew more tired and stiff, the sun grew warmer. More than once he almost despaired, but the thought of what he had seen two days before dispelled such ideas at once. That night he slept as he had never slept before. The next morning he arose with a universal pain. The farmer and the other hands eyed him with knowing winks at one another. These did not escape "Sandy," but he feigned indifference; he had expected to be made fun of more than he was, so he was well prepared to withstand such minor things as this. Days followed and "Sandy" still continued working, much to the surprise and joy of his employer, for the farmer, Mr. Clifford, as well as the other members of the family, had grown to like him. He seemed more intelligent and obliging than the help they were

accustomed to. "Sandy" had dropped all his old habits and ways, and now was no different, as a worker, than the average farm hand, except that he was more willing. The children had grown to be very fond of him and at night they would sit near him while he entertained the workers with a few of his experiences. His kindness to the children and his gentlemanly behavior around the house at once won him the good will of Mrs. Clifford, while his affinity for work and his intelligence made Mr. Clifford his firm friend.

When harvest was finished and less help was needed, "Sandy" was retained. Fall came and grew into winter, but "Sandy" was still with the Cliffords. Don't think that all this time his path was one of roses, for many and bitter were the temptations which he fought, each battle strengthening his will power. He refrained from going to places where his old desires might be awakened, but he had no way to escape the little beasts in his mind, who, taking advantage of times when "Sandy" was not feeling just right, tried to persuade him to fall back again into the rut from which he had so laboriously extricated himself.

When the new year approached, "Sandy"—let us now introduce him by his real name, James Corley—made an inventory of his assets, both material and otherwise, and found them satisfactory. The fight with himself was past, now it was with the world. He was not content to live the humdrum life of a farm hand, he aspired to higher things.

The Cliffords noticed a marked restlessness about him, which to them seemed strange for one of so steady a manner as "Sandy." It culminated New Year's morning, when, at the breakfast table, "Sandy" informed Mr. Clifford that, if it were not too inconvenient for him, he would quit that day. "Sandy" knew that there was little work to be done and that a hand was not necessary. He told the farmer that his sphere of life was higher than that of a farm hand, and now that he had the means, he wished to get back into the life he used to know. This did not surprise Mr. Clifford for he knew that, although "Sandy" was a model farm hand, he was capable of greater work.

After a breakfast, eaten in silence, "Sandy" pushed back his chair, studied a minute and spoke, "Mr. Clifford, I suppose you have been able to tell by my actions that up to the time I met you, I had not always led the life I was leading when

you first saw me, and since you have treated me so well, I think I owe it to you and to myself to tell you the facts of my life, and you can judge accordingly."

"I was raised in a fair-sized town in Illinois. My father was a successful lawyer. When I finished the local high school, I decided to follow my father's profession and went away to study law. I worked hard while at the university, and graduated with high honors when I was twenty-four years old. After a short vacation, I settled at home with my father and helped him with the business which was becoming too burdensome for a man of his age. We were successful in our co-operation and the business grew. Then my father contracted a sudden illness and died. My mother had died when I was young and as I was the only child, I was now left quite alone. My father's practice and a moderately large estate fell to me. With the experience I had, I found no trouble in attending to my duties alone and was getting along fine until something happened, something which shattered all my ideals and all that life held for me. To forget, I left my practice, left my town, and went to the city. There I followed the usual course of the weak, discouraged man. First I tried to drown my trouble in drink, then I gambled. Nothing was too bad for me, except crime and thank God I have not that to look back on. Six months found me penniless and alone, in a world which held for me no friends except the ones on whom I was not fit to look. For a while I lived from hand to mouth, then I began to lead the life I was leading when I came to your home. That day I saw some one who brought back memories, memories of the times when I was prosperous and happy. It was a woman, the woman who caused my downfall, and the sight of her brought me to a realization of what I was. There is no chance now for the happiness that I once expected, but I want to do something to atone for my past life."

After a conversation such as might be expected on such an occasion, Mr. Clifford and "Sandy" occupied a few minutes figuring the amount of money due the latter. Having settled this, "Sandy" packed his few belongings, bid a sad farewell to his fond friends and he and Mr. Clifford drove to the nearest railroad station. When they arrived, "Sandy," after a little farewell talk with Mr. Clifford, went to a clothing store and bought a complete outfit of clothing. When he passed from the store it was almost as a new man. The man who six months before

had been a tramp, was now to all appearances a prosperous man of business; no trace remained whatever, unless one were able to read the past from the lined face of an otherwise young man. At the railroad station he bought a ticket to Chicago, and the next moving train found him in that metropolis with nothing in view except an ardent desire to work and superhuman hopes of success. But these were sufficient. Here we will leave the man, for what happened in the next two years does not concern us.

On New Year's day, two years after "Sandy" made his departure from the home of the Cliffords', a man of perhaps thirty-five alighted from the train in a small town in Indiana. He walked up the main thoroughfare of the prosperous young town, made a few inquiries and directed his way to a small frame building on which hung a sign informing the people that this was the office of Robert Landor, whose business was real estate and law. He knew the name of the man he had to interview was Landor, but the Robert before it caused him to stop and look more closely. "No, it can't be old Bob," he said half aloud. He walked into the waiting room and took his place with a few other waiters. Being restless he gazed around the room, and seeing a class picture, evidently that of the lawyer's class, professional curiosity, (I forgot to say that our friend was the corporation counsel of a large railway,) prompted him to examine it more closely, so he walked over to where it hung. Various expressions crossed his face as he looked at the picture. He was so looking when the office girl informed him he was next. As he turned and saw the lawyer's form in the doorway leading to the inner office, he advanced quickly, hand outstretched, "Bob, by all that's good and holy. How are you!" The lawyer, surprised, looked inquiringly at the stranger, then with a start of pleasure he exclaimed, "Jim Corley," and grasped the extended hand. I will leave you to imagine the rest of the conversation between these two old classmates, one of whom you recognize as our old friend "Sandy." It was getting pretty late in the afternoon when our friends recovered their composure, so all business, whatever the nature of that business was, I do not know, was suspended, and "Jim" accompanied "Bob" home to dinner. During the walk to the house "Bob" did not seem to be so jubilant. "Jim" thought it was business cares and made no inquiry. When they reached the house "Bob" ushered him in and introduced him to his wife and child. "Bob" seemed more restless now than before. "Jim" was sitting with his back to the large door that separated the parlor

and dining room, and did not notice a lady who was coming in at the door until she was in the room. Mrs. Landor arose, "Miss Wirth, Mr.—," but she got no farther.

Viola!

Jim!

Bob gave Mrs. Landor a knowing look and they and the child left the room.

The two remaining occupants stood staring incredibly at each other. Jim was the first to speak. "Viola, what are you doing here? Why did Mrs. Landor introduce you as Miss? You are married? Speak!"

The strain was too great. Viola dropped in a chair, her face in her hands. "Jim, I thought—I thought you were dead. Where have you been all these years? Tell me, am I deceived?"

"No, Viola, it is I, I did not know you were here, or—well, it is over now."

"Please forget that, "Jim." I have tried to. It was my fault. I was wrong, and do not blame you. You did what any man would do, but do not blame me too much, I was young and—and jealous. When I grew older I saw that I had made too much out of nothing and was sorry. But "Jim," where were you? I tried to find you, but not even your closest friends knew. Oh, the years of misery that little act of jealousy has caused me."

"Come, Viola, let's forget that. It was my fault, too. We both acted foolishly, and we both have suffered. God knows I have. But, Viola, you have not answered me, were you not married?"

"No, Jim, why, and you?"

"No, neither was I, and why I thought you were is a long story. Do you remember of ever being in Clinton, Ohio?"

"Yes, I go there often to visit a dear aunt of mine," she said.

"Do you remember, about four years ago this summer, of a man coming to your aunt's house and asking for food? When you brought it he was gone."

"Yes," she wonderingly said. "But"—

"It is a long story, Viola. I was that man. You have a right to know and I must tell you, though you hate me for it. The way you saw me that day, had been my condition almost since we parted. I did not recognize you at first, not until you began preparing the lunch. What I did then you know. I feared you would recognize me. The shock was great, and worse because

I thought you married. That night I resolved to reform. It has been a hard and bitter fight, but for your sake I won."

"Jim," Viola said, "How you must have suffered. But let us talk of the present."

"Yes, that reminds me. Are you living here?"

"Oh, no, 'Mary,' Mrs. Landor, is an old friend of mine, and I visit her frequently. While here I have heard 'Bob' mention your name on several occasions. I told him and 'May' all. They have been my best friends."

Mrs. Landor announced dinner and the tete-a-tete ended. It was a happy gathering that sat around the table that evening. "Jim," of course, was the center of attraction, and his frank confession was most interesting.

Let us pass by the remainder of that day and night. Suffice to say that the inevitable happened, and the next day "Bob" and his wife said good-bye to a happy couple, whom they were afterwards to know as Mr. and Mrs. James Corley.



THE VIATORIAN

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Deep rooted in the heart of man, there is always some event which links him with the past. We like to recall some great occurrence in our lives and compare it with the affairs of the present. As it is with individuals, so it is with groups of men, and for this reason the fire of February 22, 1906, is indelibly impressed on the minds of the sons of St. Viator. No event of the past is more prominent in their memories than the awful fire, which, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, consumed the buildings which were a monument to their years of toil. When the dawn of February 22, 1906, revealed the desolation, which the fire demon had left in its wake, the proud spirit of Viator was for a moment downcast, but despair found no place in their hearts, for they were made of strong material. Courage and hope were born, and animated by these benign spirits, while the embers of their ruined home were still smouldering, they set out to overcome the many obstacles which beset them.

Fire Day.

The plans which had been made for a greater St. Viator took nobler form, and out of the crumbling and smoking ruins,

the rejuvenated spirit of an old and glorious past arose, aided by the ever loyal sons of Viator. Today the result is obvious. The splendid buildings and the ever-expanding curriculum, speak louder than tongue and pen. They show how determination to surmount difficulties, is always a step to advancement. The sorrow and affliction which the fire left in its path were enough to overwhelm the strongest heart, yet courageous hearts met,—obstacle surmounted difficulty, and although the sacrifices were many and difficult, the indomitable spirit of Viator triumphed, for being tried in the fires of affliction, as gold in the furnace, so likewise it became purified, and as such has increased in proficiency “an hundred fold” in carrying on the arduous work of Christian education.

Strife and vicissitudes come into the life of every nation. Either ruin and disaster result, or the strength and vigor of the people is severely tested. The United States has not been without its trials and tribulations, but we, the citizens of this great republic are thankful that the periods of strife which our country experienced have been for the best — the national fabric was tried and tested, and was not found wanting. The month of February brings all this to mind, it is a month of special significance to us, in that during this period we celebrate the births of two of our most illustrious Americans — the “Father of our Country” and the “Great Emancipator.” It is to the individual efforts of Washington, more than any other cause that a vigorous national life was made possible for our country. It is owing to Lincoln that this glorious gift should be held intact, and that the Union so highly desirable should not be disrupted.

The lives of these men hold many object lessons for every lover of liberty. Duty was the beacon light that animated and guided them; they made no effort to advance personal ambition, but on the contrary made complete sacrifices to the principles that are dear to the heart of every freedom-loving individual. The spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism of Washington and Lincoln should fill us with veneration for them. When we think of the struggles through which our country passed and of the devotion that these great men had for the principles of government, law, and order, we should be thankful that such men were raised in the crises of our country. These men will always live in the memory of our nation, and while we cannot be Lincolns

or Washingtons, we can be true patriots and defenders of truth and justice.

“Public oratory,” it has been said, “is the child of political freedom and cannot exist without it.” The history of Athens illustrates this truism; the records of Rome further exemplify it, and most any other nation can attest to the soundness of this principle. America today with its growing democracy, offers every opportunity to the man who can make his mark as a public speaker. The orator of ability can wield a power that is second to none. The cold printed page of a newspaper has not half the might to convey the appeal that a man of eloquence can make. Not every man can be an orator—genuine orators are few—but every man has the ability to make a good speech. It is necessary that he should have this power, for there comes a time in the life of every man, when he is placed in a position, where he must face an audience and make an address. The opportunities for such occasions multiply daily. Often a man’s success hinges on the moment, and if he acquits himself with grace and ease, he has a chance to elevate himself to a position of influence. Unfortunately, public speaking in our colleges is not given the place that is its due. It is an art that should be cultivated, yet it is an art in which we have fallen far below the standard set by the ancients. We all have latent powers in this branch of education, and it is our duty to develop them as much as possible. In most colleges, oratory is relegated to the back ground; it is an elective; it gains small notice; and has but few devotees. It is hard to understand why this is so, when a good orator is always a man of reputation. The sociological and economical questions which agitate our country today, need trained men to expound them. We have a large class of men today who do not think for themselves, but are swayed by the wind of every doctrine, regardless of its truth; plausibility is all that they require. It is to these men that the trained speaker must appeal, and if any one is to present the truth to these men it is the college man. It is needful, therefore, that the college man should devote considerable time to this useful art, and seek every opportunity to become proficient in a branch that offers such bright prospects in this land of the free.

EXCHANGES

The "Manhattan Quarterly" is always a welcome visitor. In it we always find instructive essays, which afford us room for salutary thought. The magazine is well worthy of the sound principles and philosophy which the students imbibe from their worthy teachers. "Worker, Whither Goest Thou?" is a well written article dealing with the economic situation of the present day. It shows forth the aims and ideals of the I. W. W. in their true light, and it also shows that if this organization is allowed to follow out their aims it would prove a detriment to the nation. The writer grants the fact that many evils exist in our industrial system, but rightly holds that these defects cannot be counteracted by the plans fomented by syndicalist labor agitators. The articles dealing with the poetical aspects of Coleridge and Wordsworth are well written and show careful consideration on the part of the writers. The editorials and other departments in this magazine are well edited, and the poetry can compare favorably with any we have seen in other college journals.

"The Fordham Monthly" is a publication that reflects credit on its editors, and we like the style of its make-up. "Caiseries" was the first to attract our attention, and demand our criticism. The ideas are well treated and written in excellent English. "The Eye of Krasaribh" is an interesting story and the plot is well developed. "Out of the Doldrums" is the most pleasing department we have seen in the pages of any college magazine. The writer must have spent several years under the tutelage of Beatrice Fairfax and Jean Libbey and the host of writers in our secular papers who comfort the afflicted of heart, and bring succor to those who feel "the pangs of despis'd love." But to our mind the writer, who has charge of this department in the "Monthly," treats the questions under consideration in such a pleasing manner as would knock the aforesaid dames into a cocked hat. The poetry in this magazine ranges from "A Subterranean Romance" to "The Atheist." The former pleased us very much and we can't for the life of us see why the author has such a humble opinion of his political capabilities. Taking this magazine, all in all, it presents a very pleasing combination.

The December number of the "Patrician" can certainly boast of a very attractive cover. "The City of David" is a well written article, and the writer treats the subject under consideration in a most thorough manner. In "The Catholic Church The Only Living Authority," the writer shows us in concise language the persecutions which the Church encountered in her infancy and that in our own day we see her attacked on all sides by those whose vision of her is begoggled with bigotry and prejudice. "Patrician" we would find your contents as interesting as your artistic cover if you had, at least, one short story which would enable us to refresh our weary mind after the perusal of your serious articles.

The Viatorian also gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following magazines: The Catholic University Bulletin, Duquesne Monthly, The Solonian University of Ottawa Review, The Creighton Chronicle, The Collegian, The Labarum, Loretine, McMaster University Monthly, The Pacific Star, The Georgetown College Journal, The Loretto Magazine, The Missionary, The Notre Dame Scholastic, and many others.

INTER ALIA

Recently the Reverend James E. McGarick, an alumnus of St. Viator's College celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy Priesthood. The Reverend Jubilarian is at present stationed at the Church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, Illinois. During his life as a minister of the Gospel, the Reverend Father has been stationed at the churches of St. Johns and of St. Elizabeth, where he labored with ardent zeal and great success in expounding the word of God. His Philosophical studies were made at St. Viator's and his Theological course was completed at St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, Maryland, where he received the highest honors of his class. The Faculty of St. Viator's and the many friends, both clerical and lay, of the Reverend Jubilarian, wish to extend heartiest congratulations to him on the joyful occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary, and unite in wishing him continued prosperity and success in the future.

On Sunday evening, January 8th, before a large audience in the Railway Y. M. C. A. of Bradford, Ohio, the Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., professor of Economics, delivered a most brilliant lecture on "Modern Socialism." In the course of his lecture he treated the subject from all viewpoints, pointing out its various fallacies, indicating the ultimate results of such pernicious doctrines, and presenting in his own artistic manner the present state of affairs and conditions which regard the masses of laboring classes. Great success crowned the efforts of the Reverend lecturer in Bradford, and we hope that elsewhere he will meet with due favor in explaining the array the difficulties that confront the people today.

**Lecture on
Socialism**

ASH-WARREN.

On November 27th, 1913, Mr. Eugene Gordon Ashe was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Sibyl Louise Warren of New York City. The nuptial mass was celebrated in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, by the Rev. B. Stuart Chambers, in the presence of a host of friends and relatives. Mrs. Ashe, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Warren, is an accomplished young woman and well worthy the man of her choice. Mr. Ashe, until the time of his marriage, was connected with St. Viator's for several years, as a professor in the Commercial Department, and also held the offices of auditor, and private secretary to the president. Mr. Ashe is an expert accountant, and it was due to his untiring effort that the present valuable system of book-keeping was adopted by the college. Mr. Ashe is a very able man and well equipped to take his place in the commercial world. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ashe wish to extend their heartiest congratulations and felicitations to them, and sincerely hope that their future life will be one of success and happiness.

**Wedding
Bells**

MOYNIHAN-UHLER.

Word has reached us bearing the glad tidings that another one of the "old boys" has submitted to the wiles of Dan Cupid. On November 26th, 1913, Mr. Frank Moynihan, football star of '10 and '11, was joined in marriage to Miss Edna Uhler of Chicago, by the Rev. John F. Fleming, in St. Jarlath's Church. The bride, an accomplished young lady, is the daughter of Mrs.

Mary Uhler. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moynihan of Chicago, and is a young man of splendid worth and progressive spirit. While at St. Viator's, Frank distinguished himself in the class room as well as in the athletic field. He always displayed an indomitable spirit of work and we are sure that he will continue to do so in fighting the stern contests of life. St. Viator's extend to the newly married couple earnest congratulations and good wishes, and hopes that naught but bountiful success and boundless joy will be their's during their lives.

During the week of January 4th, the farmers of Kankakee County held their annual Institute and Corn show in the College auditorium. The institute was the most successful one in years, and daily hundreds packed the spacious hall to view the various exhibits and to attend the splendid lectures on Scientific Agricultural subjects, and instructive talks concerning the raising of live stock, dairying and kindred subjects which, indeed, were very instructive and especially beneficial to those who are pursuing agriculture as a life work. Through the influence of Mr. James E. Mallaney, President of the Kankakee County Agricultural Association, the National Good Roads Exhibit was secured from Washington, D. C., which afforded the local men the opportunity of seeing the great advantages arising from good roads and of hearing several prominent speakers lecture upon this important subject. The attendance at all times was extremely large and keen interest was at all times shown on the part of the county's agriculturalists, which fact confirms the governmental report which states that Kankakee is one of the foremost and most progressive countries in the state, as well as one of the most perfectly organized counties in the United States as regards agricultural matters. The principal feature of the week was the able and exceedingly interesting address on Scientific Agriculture, delivered by the distinguished representative of Illinois, the Hon. Frank T. O'Hair. He spoke in a forceful manner of the great necessity of system on the farm and of the establishment of good conditions which should accompany the life and life work of the men who feed the world. Among the other features of the week were lectures delivered by Joseph E. Wing, Mechanicsburg, Ohio; James E. Mallaney, Bourbonnais, Illinois; W. E. Harris, president of the National Bank of Champaign, Ill., and a most instructive and pleasing stereopticon lecture entitled, "The Dawn of Plenty," by Frank Stockdale of the International Harvester Company of Chicago, Illinois.

During the latter part of the week the Domestic Science Department held their exhibit in the Assembly Hall of the Notre Dame Convent, and many and varied lectures were given by such able specialists as Mrs. Margaret Bangs, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. Josephine Corbus, Kankakee, Illinois; Miss Florence Harrison, Champaign, Illinois; Miss Ilena Baily, Washington, D. C., and Miss Crocroft, Chicago, Illinois. The Institute was brought to a close on Friday, January 9th, by the election of officers for the coming year.

The completion of the new parochial residence in the parish of the Blessed Sacrament, Chicago, Illinois, marks another step in the progress of the zealous work which is being carried on by Rev. J. J. Morrissey. Realizing the necessity of a new rectory, the Reverend pastor set about to erect one that would stand as a credit to the parish, and as a result of his labors a splendid structure, substantially built of brick and stone, with all modern conveniences and tastily furnished, stands a monument to the zeal of the pastor and the generosity of his people. Father Morrissey, who is an alumnus of St. Viator's, deserves much credit for the splendid work which he has done and is doing as pastor of the progressive parish of the Blessed Sacrament. St. Viator's and the many friends of Father Morrissey wish to congratulate him upon his latest achievement.

On Thursday evening, January 29th, Father Charles Cassidy, C. P., opened the retreat for the college students, which lasted until Monday, February 2nd. During the retreat Father Charles gave many instructive talks to the students, pointing out to them their position in the world today, and how their success or failure would mainly depend on the practice or non-practice of their holy religion; that adherence to the teachings of the church would be the bulwark against the temptations which assail all men in the world today. Great attention was paid to the conferences which, aside from being of most vital importance, were treated in a masterful manner, bringing home the dire necessity of faithful practice of Catholicity.

The retreat was brought to a close on Monday morning by the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., assisted by Rev. F. X. Hazen as Deacon, and Rev. C. A. Marino, C. S. V., as Sub-Deacon. During the Mass, Father

Charles delivered a very forceful sermon on "Virtue", after which the reception of new members of the Holy Name Society took place. After the Mass the Papal Benediction was imparted to the student body, after which the Te Deum was chanted by the college choir.

The afternoon of February 1st, marked the crowning of the successful labors of Rev. J. T. Bennett, A. B., '96, pastor of St.

**Laying of
Corner Stone** Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Ill., when the corner stone of the new parochial school of St. Patrick's parish was laid. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, D.D., professor of Moral Theology of the Viatorian Seminary, performed the beautiful and impressive ceremonies on this joyful occasion. After blessing the golden trowel especially designed for the occasion, the officiating prelate pronounced the solemn words of blessing, bestowing upon the new edifice the benediction of the church.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., president of the St. Viator College, preached the sermon on the occasion, and chose for his subject, the all important question, "The Necessity of Religious Education." In an eloquent manner he pointed out the dire necessity of religious training as a safeguard against the inevitable evils that confront the generality of people of the present age, and also paid a splendid tribute to the worthy pastor of St. Patrick's for his excellent work in Kankakee. Father Bennett is indeed worthy of the praise showered upon him by his many friends on this occasion, for he has accomplished great work during his eight years of labor as the pastor of St. Patrick's parish. We happily extend our congratulations and best wishes to the Reverend Father upon his worthy achievement and express sincerest hopes for continued success in the future.

The Pastoral Theology Class at the college was given a very pleasant treat recently in the form of an instructive lecture by the Rev. R. F. Flynn, A. B. '94, pastor of the

**Father Flynn
Lectures** Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ohio, Illinois. In his lecture entitled, "Building a Parish," he clearly pointed out the necessity of cultivating a feeling of good will and friendship with the people in order to bring about results required for the successful establishment of the Church of God in any locality, but especially in sparsely settled regions. He also gave many valuable lessons concerning the financial side of parish work, and insisted upon the

systematic ordering of money matters as conducive to the best method for procuring and protecting the spiritual welfare of the parishoners.

Father Flynn attended St. Viator's in the early nineties, but on account of ill health was forced to discontinue his course and go west. After recuperating sufficiently to pursue further studies, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, where he successfully completed his theological course. After another forced sojourn in the west, he was ordained in the Cathedral of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and after leading a missionary life for several years in that region, was recalled by his Bishop and appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church of Ohio, in which capacity he has faithfully served for the past fifteen years, doing the beneficent work of spreading the Kingdom of Christ and toiling assiduously for the salvation of souls. During his pastorate Father Flynn has been preeminently successful in "building a parish," and at present under his jurisdiction, are, besides his parochial church at Ohio, a free school, a home for the aged and a flourishing mission at Walnut, Illinois, at which latter place a new church was dedicated last year. It is the sincere hope that the opportunity of hearing Father Flynn again, will present itself in the near future, and it is the hearty wish that the Reverend Father will have continued success in the parish over which he has so faithfully and successfully served during the past fifteen years.

On Tuesday evening, January 20th, the Senior class of St. Viator College tendered their first annual banquet to the Collegiate Department. This occasion is one of the main features of the scholastic year, the evening on which all the collegiates assemble together to forget for a few hours the little troubles which they encounter every day, by partaking of a sumptuous repast and an intellectual banquet. The affair this year is one that will be remembered for years to come. It was carried through in excellent style and does credit to the arrangement committee and the Senior class. Mr. Edward Dunn, president of the class, gave the address of welcome, and then as toastmaster, proceeded to introduce the various speakers. Mr. E. Smothers gave a very interesting talk on "Cracking the Logical Nut," while Mr. L. Ward gave a humorous account of the "Trials of a Philosopher." Mr. G. McDonald rendered a few selections, and once more credited himself with laurels. Mr. G. Rooney depicted the

story of college troubles in a humorous story, "Under Way." Mr. T. Sullivan ably represented the Freshman class, and dealt with the trials of "Setting Sail" into college life. Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V., gave a very interesting discussion on "Thoughts from Abroad." The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris in his remarks congratulated the arrangement committee on the excellent manner in which everything was arranged. His talk was interesting and enjoyed by all. The Rev. President gave the closing remarks, and by his usual wit kept the banqueters in merriment during his talk. The arrangement committee, composed of Mr. T. Donovan, Mr. J. Rebedeau and Mr. L. McDonald, deserve great merit for the manner in which they managed the banquet. The program was as follows: Toastmaster, Edward S. Dunn, "Address of Welcome," Ed. S. Dunn, '14; "Cracking the Logical Nut," E. Smothers, '15; "Trials of a Philosopher," L. Ward, '14; Vocal Solo—Selected, G. McDonald; "Under Way," G. Rooney, '16; "Setting Sail," T. Sullivan, '17; "Thoughts From Abroad," Rev. W. Bergin, C. S. V.; Closing Remarks, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

When the angel of death summoned the Rev. Francis Noel Perry, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago, Illinois, to his eternal reward, the Arch-Diocese of Chicago lost one of its most notable priests, and St. Viator's lost one of its loyal alumni. Father Perry was born at Bourbonnais, Ill., February 9, 1862.

He attended St. Viator's College, receiving his Baccalaureate Degree in 1882, after which he attended St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he continued his theological studies and was ordained in 1885.

The first ten years of his priestly life were spent as an assistant pastor at the Holy Name Cathedral, after which he was appointed pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Ravenswood, which pastorate he held until the time of his death.

For several years past Father Perry has been failing, and it was in the search of health that he journeyed to New Orleans, where he died on January 30th, at Hotel Dieu.

The Most Reverend James E. Quigley, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, was celebrant of the funeral mass, assisted by Very Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, V. G., Rev. J. M. Scanlon was deacon, and the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., was sub-deacon, Revs. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., M. J. Dorney, P. C. Conway, and J. F. Callahan, were deacons of honor; Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, Right Rev. M. J. Legris, D. D., of St. Viator College, assisted in the sanctuary.

The Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, preached the funeral oration.

Interment was made at Calvary Cemetery.

Father Perry is dead, but his memory will ever live in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

May the God of Mercy, whom this great priest served so well, grant him eternal light.

May he rest in peace.

On January 16th, the funeral of the Rev. Stephen Brennock took place from St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago. The mass was celebrated by Rev. Wm. J. Ryan, assisted by Rev. Sidney Morrison of St. James, Chicago, as deacon, and Rev. John Doran of Mercy Hospital as sub-deacon, Father James Griffin of St. James Church, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. Morris J. Dorney, delivered the funeral oration. Interment took place at Mount Olivet Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

The College Faculty and Student Body wish to extend their sympathies to the members of the Seminary Department who recently lost relatives by death.

To Mr. Alex Baltutis, whose father, Mr. Peter Baltutis, died in Lithuanian, Russia, Dec. 29, 1913; to Mr. M. J. Heaney, whose aunt, Mrs. Mary Hoffey, Waukegan, Ill., slept peacefully in the Lord, on January 21, 1914; and to Mr. Albert Rabedeau, whose grandmother, Mrs. Katherine McMorro, of Grand Crossing, Chicago, Illinois, departed this life on January 30th.

May these and the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace.

A L U M N I

Rev. F. X. Hazen, C. S. V., A. B. '07, formerly of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. Dak., has been appointed Prefect of the Academy. Father Hazen succeeds Rev. P. J. O'Leary, C. S. V., who is now Master of Novices of the Chicago Province of the Clerics of St. Viator.

During the past month Mr. Clarence Fischer, A. B., '13, spent a few days with acquaintances and friends at the college. Mr. Fischer recently returned from Europe, and while here told many interesting tales concerning his sojourn abroad.

Mr. Jack Ryan, Com., '12, former Varsity football star, visited the college, and while here attended the Farmers' Institute.

Rev. Lucien Libert, A. B., '07, of Canton, Ill., and Rev. A. L. Labrie, A. B., '97, of Momence, Ill., recently spent several hours visiting the college faculty.

Word was recently received from Rev. J. M. Kangley, A. B., '01, who is the Chaplain of the army forces stationed at Fort Mills, near Manila, P. I., stating that he is now comfortably located at his new Post, and is well pleased with his new home in the far East.

The many friends and well wishers of Mr. T. Cosgrove, A. B., '04 wish to congratulate him upon his recent appointment to the important office of City Attorney of San Diego, California.

Recently word has reached us from Springfield, Ill., stating that Mr. Albert Kelly, A. B., '07 of Kankakee, successfully passed the examination for Deputy Fish and Game Warden for Kankakee County.

Bill Sammon, A. B., '12 recently spent a few days meeting his acquaintances and friends at St. Viator's. Bill is looking fine, and seems to be enjoying himself as a business man.

Rev. George P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., A. B., '07, Chaplain of the College of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Texas, recently underwent a serious operation. It is the sincere prayer

of the many friends of the Reverend Father, that he will soon recover from his affliction and be able to resume his former duties.

W. J. Nourie, A. B., '10 is at present associated with the law firm of Granger & Ruel, Kankakee, Illinois. The two members of this firm are alumni of St. Viator's, the former receiving the Baccalaureate degree in '98, the latter in 1901. Mr. Jos. Dougherty, A. B., '08 is also associated with this firm.

Rev. P. J. Durkin, A. B., '96, pastor of the Church of the Visitation, Kewanee, Ill., spent several pleasant hours at the college, recently, as the guest of the Very Reverend President and other members of the faculty.

Rev. William P. Burke, A. B., '97, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Chenoa, Illinois, has been chosen to deliver the sermon on the occasion of the celebration of the feast of St. Patrick at St. Viator's on March 17th.

PERSONALS

The regular semi-annual examinations of the Seminary Department were held during the second week of January. The Board of Examiners consisted of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris, D. D., Professor of Moral Theology, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., President of the college and Professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Eloquence, Rev. J. P. Munday, D. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Sacred Scripture, and Rev. W. J. Bergin, Professor of Philosophy.

The Thespian Club, under the direction of Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., is at present busily engaged rehearsing the play, which is to be presented on St. Patrick's Day. The play entitled, "An Irish Rose" is a delightful dramatic creation, with a distinctive Irish setting, and was written for the occasion by the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., whose several histrionic productions have pleased many audiences in the past. Among his favorite plays, we may mention "The Call," "Circumstantial Evidence," "Plantation Days" and "The Child."

The regular quarterly Examinations for the Collegiate and Academic Departments were held during the last week in January.

On the evening of February 3d, J. M. Carey, C. S. V., prefect of the 2d Corridor of Roy Hall, took the boys under his jurisdiction out for a sleigh-ride. All report having spent a very pleasant evening.

Mr. Ralph Davenport, a student at college during 10-11, recently spent several pleasant hours at the college. Mr. Davenport is now in the employment of the Brunswicke Balke Colendar Company, of Chicago.

Rev. Fidelus Paulding, O. C. C., who accompanied the St. Cyril Academy basket ball team to St. Viator, enjoyed a few hours here as the guest of the Very Rev. President and other members of the college faculty.

The Senior class has accepted the challenge of Notre Dame University, to a joint debate on the all important, and exceedingly interesting political question of the day, "The Initiative and Referendum." Preparations are being made and preliminaries are in order. Great interest has been manifested by the collegiates, and it is expected that this year's team will successfully defend the honors won by the famous team of 1913.

Recently Mr. J. T. Conway of Sioux City, Iowa, spent several hours visiting St. Viator's. Mr. Conway is the father of Rev. Clarence Conway, A. B., '08 of Carroll, Iowa, and Mr. Emmett Conway, A. B., '08 of Sioux City.

Mr. John Cosgrove, '07-'10, who is a third year theologian at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., called on his old classmates and friends recently.

As we go to press, word reaches us that the Provincial Novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viator, of the Obedience of Canada, has been completely destroyed by fire. Remembering our own destructive conflagration of seven years ago the community at St. Viator's College and the student body wish to send their sincere regrets at the loss sustained by the confreres of the Canadian Province and hope that from the ruins of the old, there may speedily arise a new and greater training school for new recruits to carry on the arduous work of Christian Education.

A new electric bell system has been installed in the various buildings, and the various hours of class are announced at regular intervals. The installation of the clock system is a much needed improvement and does away with many inconveniences attendant upon the old system. The new system was introduced through the instrumentality of J. M. Carey, C. S. V., who improved upon the system now in use in other colleges and academies.

SOCIETIES

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

The Holy Name Society is still carrying success with it at the college. The spirit of the crusade has been taken up by each member and each one is acting his part like a true knight of Arthur. At the last meeting every member was in attendance and all have joined together to make this year a successful one for the Holy Name Society. The boys of the society are working hand in hand and from the looks of things we will have one more year of success added to this society which is among the leading societies at St. Viator's to-day. It has always been the spirit of St. Viator students to do all in their power to advance honor and reverence for the Holy Name, and it is through the co-operation of the student body that the Holy Name Society has had such success at the college.

ALTAR SOCIETY.

The opening of the new year finds the Altar Society in good condition and ready to do the work of the coming year. At a recent meetings the members all pledged themselves ready to keep up the good work they had begun at the opening of the school year. Rev. C. Marzano, C. S. V., the moderator of the society, gave the boys a very interesting talk on the "Beauty of serving at the Altar." He also laid out the work for the coming year, and asked the co-operation of each member to help him make this year's work as successful as the past.

LAJOIE SOCIETY.

The French students of the college have found in this society, both amusement and intellectual purposes. Very interesting speeches have been delivered, and those among the best are "The Beauties of the French Language," "The Value of the French Language to a Man of Letters," "The Life of St. Francis" and "A Brief History of Canada." Now and then timely words by the President and Moderator enlivens the spirit of the members and they are making wonderful strides towards perfecting their Mother Tongue.

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

The basket ball team under the leadership of Captain "Bill" Lawler has begun a march which we feel can only terminate in the capture of the state championship title. Nor are our hopes based on any wild fancy, but rather on the substantial personages of Lawler, Fitzgerald, Flaherty, Gartland, Butler, Monaghan, Pemberton and Kissane. Most of these men need no introduction to lovers of collegiate basket ball at St. Viator's, for Lawler, Fitzgerald, Gartland and Monaghan have worn the Purple and Old Gold for at least one year, and have planted "Forget-me-nots" in the memories of all our opponents. It looks as if the new blood in the team, might also start a little garden this year.

Flaherty, a scintillator from Peoria, is one of the new ones, who will bear special watching, for he shoots baskets with the speed and accuracy of a Fischer, besides being an aggressive player who is ever in the midst of the fight. Butler from the Evergreen city is another new Mazda—(get that—sun's only rival) and his chief delight is to assist Capt. Lawler in presenting the other side from caging them; so far he has proven a fit running mate for the "Cap." Pemberton is another new recruit who is commanding attention. This is his first year in collegiate basket ball, but "Scoop" being a versatile creature has mastered all the positions and can take up any position and the

team not suffer either in offense or defense. Last and least comes Kissane—least—not in ability, but in weight. “Em” is the midget of the “five,” but he is a hummer for all o’ that and will undoubtedly be the cause of more than one grand ‘hurray.’

Nothing need be said of the “Vets” Lawler’s cool-headed work and leech-like tendencies are still fresh in our minds. True, Fitzgerald may be a stranger to some, but when I mention the fact that he was the stellar Captain of the champion team of 1911, the introduction is complete. Gartland is on the job as forward and when you hear his “Woof! woof!” you’ll all remember. Monahan of last year’s squad alternates with Butler at guard, and he is some alternator. A. N. St. Aubin is coach. “Nuf sed.”

GRAND PRAIRIE SEMINARY.

The basket ball season for St. Viator’s opened on January 17th, in the local gymnasium, Grand Prairie Seminary, assisting in the festivities, but not taking a very prominent part in the program on the occasion. The game at the beginning, gave promise of a well matched combat, but after the first few minutes of play Captain Lawler unlimbered his heavy artillery and Fitzgerald, Flaherty and Gartland routed ’em off the back-board with the speed and regularity of a machine-gun, Lawler and Monahan playing stellar defensive roles in the meanwhile. The pleasing feature of the evening was the work of Fitzgerald, who gave evidence of old time form, caging a total of 13 baskets. Ward, Harper and Dixon were most in evidence for the visitors.

St. Viator, (73).		G. P. S., (12).
Flaherty	R. F.	Ward
Gartland, Kissane	L. F.	Frobish, (Capt.)
Fitzgerald	C.	Harper
Lawler, (Capt.)	R. G.	Dixon
Monahan, Pemberton	L. G.	Gibbs

Baskets—Ward, (2); Harper, (2); Frobish, (1); Fitzgerald, (13); Flaherty, (12); Gartland, (4); Kissane, (4); Lawler, (2); Monahan, (1). Free throws—Frobish, (2); Flaherty, (1). Referee, C. G. Fischer. Umpire, Smith. Halves, 20 minutes.

ST. VIATOR—WHEATON COLLEGE.

On the afternoon of January 23d, the varsity met and conquered the old time formidable rivals—in a fast and furious game. St. Viator went into the fray minus the services of Gartland and Butler. With new men in their places the locals expected a hard battle. Kissane at forward and Pemberton serving for Butler, proved themselves equal to the pace set by the regulars, and dispelled the clouds of doubt concerning the efficiency of the “subs.” Flaherty and Fitzgerald resumed target practice and gave evidence of great skill at heaving the inflated spheroid at both long and short range. Team work of the highest order was shown by both sides, but the visitors altho’ putting up a good fight were totally outclassed by our warriors. It would be exceedingly difficult to point out the star performer of this occasion, but in passing, we might remark that Captain Lawler’s long unerring passes were marked features of the fray. Cork and Fisher did excellent work in attempting to stave off the defeat of the Wheaton aggregation.

St. Viator, (48).

Wheaton, (23).

Kissane

L. F.

Coakes

Flaherty

R. F.

Cork

Fitzgerald

C.

Maire, (Capt.)

Lawler

L. B.

Wagner

Pemberton

R. G.

Fischer

Baskets—Flaherty, (10); Fitzgerald, (18); Kissane, (3); Lawler, (2); Pemberton, (1); Cork, (3); Fischer, (3); Coakes, (2); Maire, (1); Wagner, (1). Referee—Harris, Chicago U. Umpire, Williams, Wheaton. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Grand Prairie Seminary.....at St. Viator, Jan. 17th

Wheaton College.....at St. Viator, Jan. 23d

West Side Browns.....at St. Viator, Jan. 24th

Exmoors.....at St. Viator, Jan. 31st

Wabash College.....at St. Viator, Feb. 5th

St. Joseph’s (Rensselaer).....at St. Viator, Feb. 7th

Eureka College.....at Eureka, Feb. 9th

Lombard College.....at Galesburg, Feb. 10th

Rock Island, Ind., (pending).....at Rock Island, Feb. 11th

St. Ambrose College.....at Davenport, Feb. 12th

St. Joseph’s College.....at Dubuque, Feb. 13th

Wheaton College.....at Wheaton, Feb. 14th

Grand Prairie Seminary.....at Onarga, Feb. 18th
 Lewis Institute.....at St. Viator, Feb. 20th
 Northwestern College.....at Naperville, Feb. 21st
 Northwestern College.....at St. Viator, Feb. 28th

ACADEMICS.

On Sunday, January 11th, William Lawler, the famous "Three V" man of St. Viator's, led the representative academy team to victory in the spectacular game played against the "Buena Park Five" from Chicago. The Academy line-up consisted of Captain McCarthy, right forward; Flynn, left forward; Sanesac, center; Tompkin, left guard; and O'Connell, right guard; during the game Shields and Hilliard were substituted at guard positions. Flynn starred in general all-around playing and starred at throwing baskets, closely followed by Sanesac and McCarthy, who scored 8 and 6 respectively. There is little doubt that Coach Lawler will soon have a team upon the floor that will be the rival of any team in the state for Academic honors.

St. Viator Academy, (48).		Buena Park, (7).
McCarthy, (Capt.)	R. F.	Smith
Flynn	L. F.	Alcoffe
Sanesac	C.	Sapski, (Capt.)
Tompkins	R. G.	Clark
O'Connell	L. G.	Deane

Baskets—Flynn, (9); Sanesac, (8); McCarthy, (6); Hilliard, (1); Sapski, (2); Smith, (1). Free throws—Sapski, (2). Substitutes—Shields for Tompkins; Hilliard for Shields.

In the second game of the season the Academics defeated the crack quintet from the Crane Technical High School of Chicago, Illinois, in a very fast and exciting game, by the score of 38 to 23. Pete Boyle, who had been out of the game on account of illness, was in his old position at forward and McCarthy decorated the center piece. Sanesac and Tompkins split the guard position.

Crane, (23).		Academics, (38).
Gilbert	R. F.	Boyle
McDonnaus, (Capt.)	L. F.	Flynn
Bernsteine	C.	McCarthy, (Capt.)
Cayne	R. G.	O'Connell
Seigel	L. G.	Tompkins, Sanesac

Baskets—Boyle, (5); Flynn, (5); McCarthy, (5); O'Connell, (2); Sanesac, (2); Bernsteine, (6); Gilbert, (2); McDonnaus, (1); Cayne, (1). Free throws—Bernsteine, (3).

One of the hardest teams which has played the Academy squad this year was the team from the Hebrew Institute from Chicago. At no time during this spectacular game were the academics permitted to "loaf," for from the whistle until the final toot both teams fought stubbornly and the game ended without the slightest shade of vantage in favor of either team.

Hebrew Institute, (19).

Lakowoitzck

Steine

Sleinhoffe

Bernsteine

Goldberg

R. F.

L. F.

C.

R. G.

L. G.

Academics, (27).

Boyle

Flynn

McCarthy

O'Connell

Sanesac

Baskets—Flynn, (4); Boyle, (4); McCarthy, (2); Sanesac, (2); Steine, (3); Bernsteine, (2); Sleinhoffe, (2); Goldberg, (1). Free throws—O'Connell, (3); Bernsteine, (1); Lakowoitzck, (2).

VIATORIANA

An interested reader arises to remark that he can't see the "Jokes" in this column. Milton has been dead for some time, else we should be influenced to ask him to write another ode on "Blindness."

O. you valentines!

Detective Jones was sure on the job, but he was off for a while too!

Sociology in the Parlor!!!

If Washington had been here after the fire, we would not doubt in the least—that he could not lie.

"Scaling the Heights."

Height of Vulgarity—

To enter the Editor's Sanctum to see whether or not your name appears in the joke column.

Height of Justice—

To hurl some onlookers out without ceremony.

Height of Nonsense—

To look up and inquire why a roomer has a pitcher of water on the window-sill.

Height of Charity—

To carry a breakfast up to a fellow on the 4th floor.

Height of Impudence—

To tell that same fellow he's too sick to eat the same.

Height of Folly—

To choose the 7th question in examination, just because one has his choice between the 5th and 8th.

Height of Courage—

To play againnst the Varsity squad.

Valentines *We* Received.

Dear Editor—your monthly jokes
Have sickened us like five-cent smokes,
We hope you'll soon take heart and shine,
Inspired by my Valentine.

Anon.

O sweeter than sweetest Valentine,
"My Creole Sue for you I pine."
Tell me—are you "that old girl of mine?"
When I dream of old Erin, my Valentine.
'Nony.

Bill Travers sends his little contrib.

Here's to the college team, my Valentine;
Here's to their playing skill, O, how divine;
Here's to the champs, fierce and bold;
Here's to loyalty, to the Purple and Gold.

Al.—What did you get in exam?

Joe—I got zero.

Al.—That's nothing—you should worry.

Prof.—According to the census of 1910, there are 101,000,000 people under the American flag.

Wise One—Believe me, that's some flag.

A new definition for a sacrifice hit—"Three men on base, two outs, then the batter is forced to hit"—(not only that, but he expects to play! Some chance, eh?)

Dear Tom—Copernicus was not born in Cork.

Editor.

I'd like to be a plumber,
Talented to the extreme.
My job would be a hummer,
Could I refix a pipe-dream.

At last the "beautiful" is here!
February is a short month—better hustle!

Teacher—What is basket ball?

Student—Basketball is disguised football or in other words it is mitigated football played under the pure food laws.

Sidney Smith was neither a cartoonist, a baseball editor, nor a Mormon, but an Anglican minister.

Past and Present.

(Apologies to Thos. Hood.)

I remember, I remember,
The Dorm' so nice and warm (?)
The large open windows,
Where the sun peeped in at morn.
It always came an hour too soon,
And brought too short a day.
With anguish I regret the night,
They took my room away.

Ab.—I must be getting dense.

Tom—Are you just realizing it?

Now that we have his ibex, we will cater to his voracious appetite.

Vitiated in a good word in its place, but—
Read the Wheaton line-up—

Mr. Wagner *Coaxed* the *Main Fisher* on his team to *Cork Lawl-or* throw *Fitz* so Flaherty sicked *Pembert-on* him. (Don't kick fellows, you ought to be *Hughes* to it by this time.) Here's another one—

The Academics broke their pledge during the Hebrew Institute game—they downed the three Steins—Stine, Steinhoff and Bernsteine.



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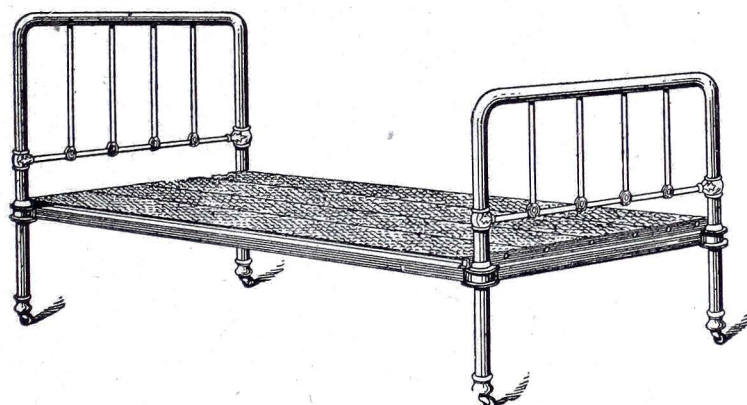
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