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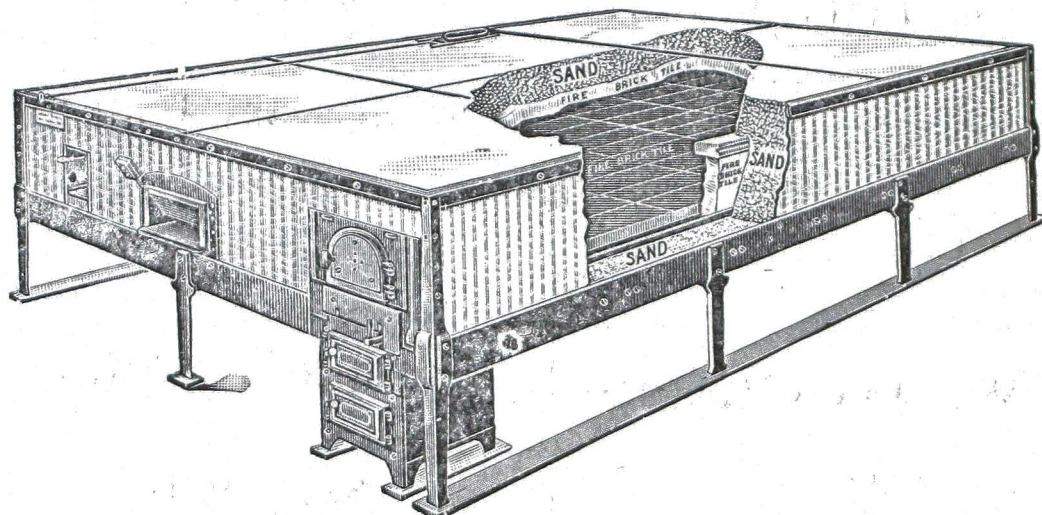
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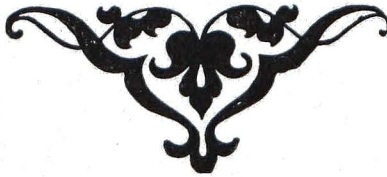
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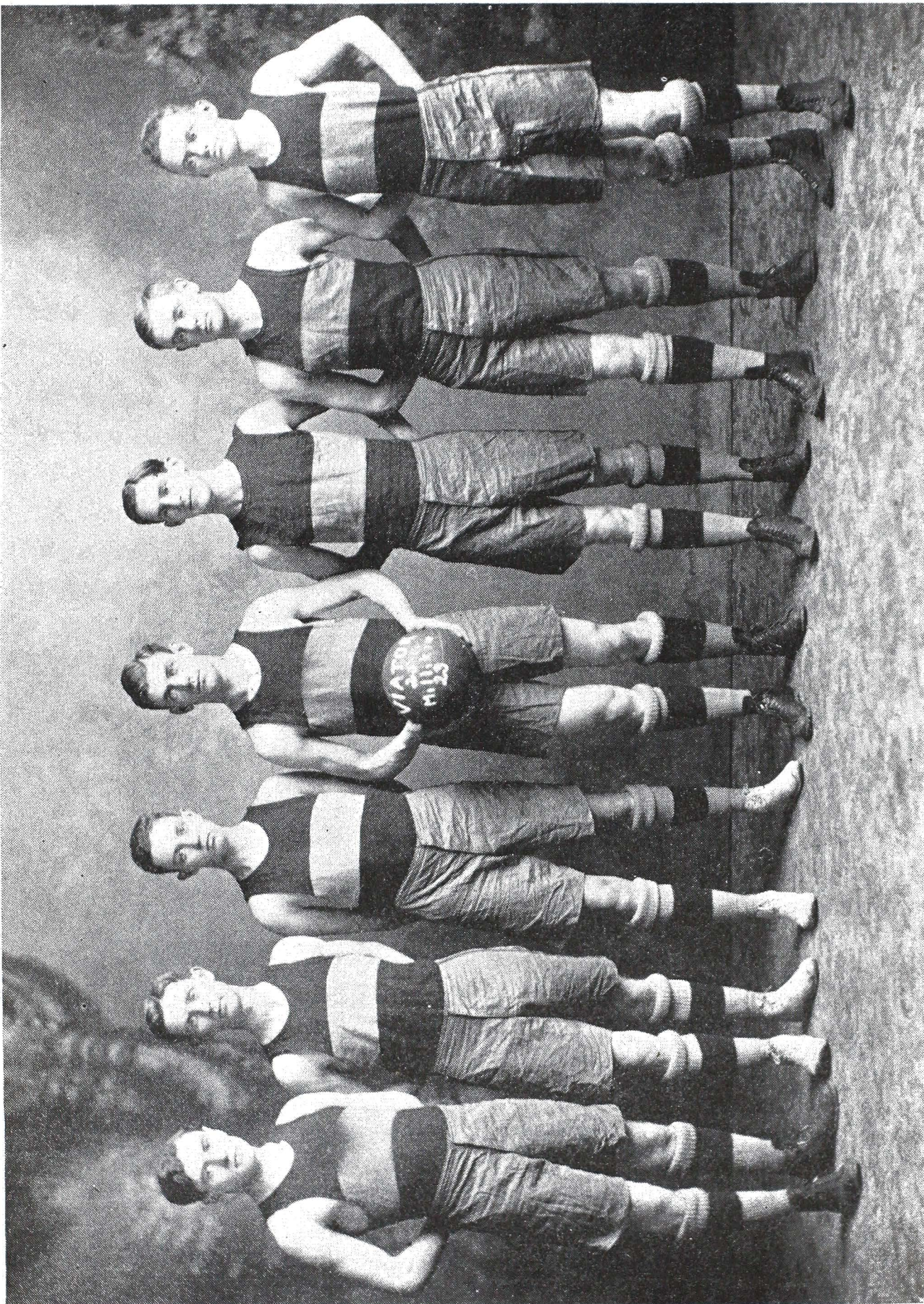
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"FAC ET SPERA"

VOLUME 28

APRIL, 1911

NUMBER 7

ANGELS IN DANTE'S PURGATORY

G. T. BERGAN '12

IN READING the works of every great genius, who has conceived and planned the scheme of this universe, we see that he has made room in it for spirits. His sense of perfect harmony, and pleasing symmetry, has plainly told him that between the purely natural things of this world and the most spiritual and absolutely perfect Being there must be intermediate beings. His sense of propriety and beauty tells him that between insignificant man, and his mighty Maker there must exist some bridge to span the awful chasm. There must be some link, some intermediary steps in the great hierarchy of being. The order which is manifest everywhere in this world, in the lowest forms of vegetation, the minute organisms of creation, up through all the wonderful forms that make up this universe, clearly shows us the gradual ascent in the scale of being and causes us to meditate upon the great Governor of Being. But just as there is gradation in the world so too is there order and arrangement in the rational and spiritual sphere and between man, the lowest of spiritual beings, and God the supremely spiritual, there are angels. This belief was shared by Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras who held their audiences spellbound by their wisdom and profundity of their mental genius.

So it is that Dante in his universal lyric, *The Divine Comedy*, takes a most comprehensive view of creation. There are no beings which do not fall under his poetic spell, and angels play a very prominent role in his world embracing poem. We find angels in every part of the *Divine Comedy*, in the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, but we shall confine ourselves to the spiritual and prayerful *Purgatorio*, where

the angels are celestial guides and guardians leading us up the steep and rugged mount of purgation, and keeping their guiding hand over us to protect us from harm. However it may be well before starting our ascent of the Purgatorial mountain to recall the angel whom Dante strangely yet artfully introduces into his Inferno.

The only gleam of celestial light that breaks through the eternal black of hell is the appearance of the angel sent from heaven to unbar the fiend guarded gates of the City of Dis. The bard and Virgil were on the outside of the walls gazing with terror upon the fiery castle with its many demons. Admittance was refused them when suddenly "there came o'er the perturbed waves loud crashing, terrible, a sound that made either shore tremble." Then lifting up their eyes they saw coming in the clouds an angel who, saying not a word touched the gate with his wand, unlocking the portals.

His very appearance makes the demons hide themselves with shame and fear. He rebukes their insolence calling them "outcasts of heaven! O, abject race and scorned!" His beauty so clear and luminous becomes only the more striking having the abysmal pitch of hell for a background. His spirit of kindness and benevolence breaks forth in glowing contrast to the demons of perversity, who though once good and holy are now entirely wicked, once fair and beautiful, now hideous and horrible. The angel is the personage who is not only not hideous and repulsive, but loveable for the kindly office he comes to perform, and awe-inspiring by the sacred might he wields; the only being we can admire, revere and love, through all the gloomy circles of the netherworld.

But let us hasten our steps to Purgatory where angels will welcome us at every turn, will lead us on through all the various processes of purification as they do in this life and also shield us from all harm. We shall have occasion to note as we proceed on our journey, the spiritual beauty of these celestial messengers, for the manner in which the author depicts them to us must appeal to our taste for all that is most ideally beautiful.

As hell has its demon boatman who carries the lost souls to the place of eternal torture, so Purgatory likewise has its pilot to carry the happy souls across the mighty ocean surrounding the rocky purgatorial hills on whose sides they are to expiate their sins. This angel is met in the second canto,

and Dante certainly shows skill in his description of him. In his picture there is a mixture of sweetness of sentiment and powerfulness of language. The passage is one of the most beautiful in the *Purgatorio*, and fills us with an admiration and love for the spiritual. The only words Dante uses to describe this personage are, "Visibly written Blessed in his looks;" yet in that short quotation what a depth of meaning lies concealed! What feelings and emotions must not have passed through the travelers' fatigued brains as they gazed upon this seraphic being! Here was light and refreshment, here was peace and contentment, not so in the regions through which they had but recently passed. The angel reminded them of heaven, the only thing in life worth living for.

Closely allied to the literal rendition of the poem there is found an allegorical and figurative sense. Here this devout son of the Church teaches us that each and every one of us has such a heavenly spirit as our guide; we all have a guardian angel ever close at our side, standing at the helm of our frail bark to moor us to a haven of rest after sailing on the tempestuous billows of life's turbulent sea. In all trials and temptations with the Evil One our guardian is standing near us, whispering into our ear words of strength and righteousness, directing our thoughts heavenward and shielding us from harm.

In Purgatory we also find angels in the capacity of guardians and defenders of souls in the midst of peril. In this calling they appear in the valley of Kings. Dante describes them in these glowing and beautiful terms, "and from on high I saw forth issuing descend beneath two angels with two flame illumined swords, broken and mutilated of their points. Green as the tender leaves but newly born their vesture was, the which, by wings as green beaten, they behind them fanned the air. Well, I descried the whiteness of their heads, but in their visages the dazzled eye was lost as faculty that by two much is overpowered." Within this passage we see angels as guardians, swooping down upon the serpent in the valley, keeping a protecting hand upon the travelers and driving the serpent to shelter. So it is in this life, they act as our protectors and in return ought we not respect them, and ask them to remain ever near us, so that

when our life's journey shall have ended they will grasp our hand to lead us into the realms of eternal felicity.

Thus far we have seen that the angels fulfill the functions, as guides who lead us through all the difficulties that beset our path; and as guardians, who protect us from the evil designs of our arch enemy. In Canto Nine another phase of these spirits life is pictured to us. Dante portrays the angel at the entrance of Purgatory as powerful, sublime and majestic. This power and dignity inspires us to reverence them and to fill us with awe. We see the angel resting on the third step of the entrance of this region, holding a brazen sword as brilliant as the sun. He inscribes the letter P seven times on Dante's forehead saying, "Look, when entered that thou wash these scars away." Then at the request of the wayfarer he plied two keys, a gold one and another of silver opening the portal. The angel here fulfills the duty of priest by using his skill and power in plying them. From this we may infer the dignity and power of the priesthood. These lines are full of hope and cheer to the Christian. When he is depressed and burdened with sin the consolation still remains that if he be but penitent and go to the priest all will be well and he will be numbered among the happy.

What sweet and kindly service these angels render us is taught at every turn of the Purgatorio. We can not look upon them with any other sentiments than those of respect and gratitude. "Behold," says Virgil to Dante, "behold God's messenger hastening toward. Wear thou in look and gesture seemly grace and reverent awe that gladly he may forward us aloft." His approach dazzles Dante, so bright and sparkling that mortal eye cannot reflect the image. This angel comes to show the poets the way to the next step. The angel hails them with these words of help and comfort, "Here enter on a ladder far less steep than ye have yet encountered." Again the truth is told us of angels being our guides, and this spirit in a sense of kindness erases the letter P from Dante's forehead.

In the seventeenth Canto we meet another celestial spirit who comes at the very moment Dante begins to grow despondent and despair. The poet is walking on the third cornice of Purgatory and sees no access to the hilly terrace above, and the coming of the angel is best described in the

words, "Even as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly new radiance strike upon the closed lids, the broken slumber quivering ere it dies;" thus from before me, sunk that imagery, vanishing, soon as on my face there struck the light, outshining for our earthly tears. Then the angel, with that same careful and anxious solicitude for the tourists exclaims, "Here ye mount" and assists Dante to the fourth terrace. Then the angel erased the second P and whispered "Blessed they the peacemakers, who know not evil wrath."

Throughout the Purgatory angels are encountered to offer helpfulness and good cheer to the strangers and to shield them from harm. All these passages have a very didactic import, and one of the most striking is noticed in the fact that the first time Dante sees an angel he is blinded by the splendor and brilliancy of the spirit. But according as he ascends, though the angels are still as bright and luminous, his eye gradually acquires the strength to withstand the glare of them. So it is in this life. The more we are freed from sin and become spiritualized, the more can we enjoy the sight of spiritual beauty, more grace will be given us so that there will be no difficulty for us to gaze upon the seraphs and angels after the close of this life.

If we but attend to the allegorical sense of the Purgatorio we cannot but see that these angels who help and encourage the souls through the various degrees of their painful purifications, who lead them ever onward and upward toward godliness, who protect these holy spirits from the insidious snares of the evil one, are only types of our own guardian angels who in this life follow us at every step who by their inspiration lead us to the right and withdraw us from evil. These guardians have lavished upon us their love and care from the very beginning of our existence, and have ceaselessly and perseveringly aided with us through all our trials and troubles. And if we were so heedless as not to listen to their warning but preferred to accept the short lived promises of the tempter, they by the voice of our conscience were calling us back to the path of duty. After we have returned to God they, with redoubled zeal and vigilance, watch over us so that nothing will ever cause us to deviate from the rough and narrow path. Finally when they have successfully piloted us to the harbor of rest what joy and happiness must not be

theirs, then they know that their watching was not unrewarded and their triumph is our triumph.

Lastly after seeing the angels at their blessed task as it were with our own eyes; after seeing with what faithfulness they lead us through all the dangers of life's pilgrimage; after feeling the security of their protective hand; after viewing their spiritual beauty; after participating in their goodness and admiring their power, how can we but increase our admiration and love of them, our reverences for them, and our confidence in them. Let us bring to mind the little prayer known by all children asking them to remain near us:

"Dear Angel ever at my side
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not though so near,
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear."

CHARACTER PARALLEL

TIMOTHY A. ROWAN '13



EVEN to the most desultory peruser who reads Eliot's *Adam Bede* and Dicken's *David Copperfield* the striking similarity of plot and characters must be evident. For every essential character in *Adam Bede*, *David Copperfield* has a parallel character and the main plot of *David Copperfield* is essentially the same as the plot of *Adam Bede*. In one case this similarity is portrayed in the characters of Arthur Donnithorne in *Adam Bede*, and James Steerforth in *David Copperfield*.

The first point of similarity that strikes us is, in the personal appearance of the two young men. Both are tall, well built and possessed of what the world terms good looks.

Arthur's winning personality is found in Steerforth in a greater degree. They occupy about the same station in life, both being members of wealthy families of the upper class. While there is a vast difference between their home lives, the opposite extremes produce the same effects on the characters. Steerforth, petted and pampered by an over indulgent mother, who lived only for him and gratified his every whim and fancy, grew up selfish and unused to self denial. Arthur, on the other hand, was reared in a loveless home, without the love of a mother or the guidance of a father, and his life too was selfish and he was unrestrained in his desires.

Our first impression of Steerforth is, that he is a cold, calloused selfish individual and it is a true impression. Arthur, when we first meet him is apparently honest, warm and good natured. But as we see deeper into Mr. Arthur's nature we learn that he is the same selfish individual as Steerforth. Arthur's kindnesses, promises, and freedom with his grandfather's tenants are for a selfish motive, namely, the gratification of his own pride. His great birthday celebration and the rewarding of Adam was all "a drama in which friend Arthur piqued himself on having a part to play." Eliot tells us that "He liked to feel his own importance and, besides that, he cared a great deal for the good will of these people; he was fond of thinking they had a hearty special regard for him." This is manifest throughout the story. Steerforth, too, liked people to make much of him and he easily adapted himself to his company and readily gained their esteem by his cleverness. This power of adaptability was peculiar to Steerforth and he possessed it in a remarkable degree but unfortunately he misused his power. Again, there is in both characters the same apparent frankness, and we find that it is only apparent and that beneath the mask lies treachery and deceit. Arthur "instead of acting like the upright honorable man we believed him to be, acted the part of a selfish, light minded scoundrel." Steerforth, while pretending to have an attachment for the sea faring life and pledging friendship for Dan'l Pegotty and all his household, was poisoning the mind of little Emily, ruining the life of Ham and preparing a crushing blow for old Mr. Pegotty. Arthur's character is more open than Steerforth's. We feel that we know Arthur quite well while there is always an indescribable air of mystery about Steerforth. We know

however, that this mysteriousness is a part of Steerforth's character and it makes it a greater creation while Arthur's character although it is carefully delineated is only that of the ordinary man of his type.

There is in our present highly civilized world, a class of men whose number steadily increases; a class of selfish cowardly sneaks who stop at nothing in the accomplishment of their selfish ends; who wreck homes, ruin lives and heap shame and disgrace on the shoulders of their innocent fellow mortals. Steerforth and Arthur represent this class. Both carry on clandestine relations with young women of families, every bit as respectable, but socially far beneath their own. Knowing full well that such relations can lead to nothing but evil, these men refuse to listen to the dictates of their better judgment, but rush on in their courses of wreck and ruin. Because their victims are of a lower class they do not look at things in the same way is the prevalent thought of these men. Steerforth says, "They are not to be expected to be as sensitive as we are. Their delicacy is not to be shocked or hurt very easily — and they may be thankful that like their coarse rough skins they are not easily wounded. Arthur shows that he takes almost the same view of the matter as Steerforth does when he says "Every pretty girl is not such a fool as to suppose that when a gentleman admires her beauty and pays her a little attention, he must mean something particular —. The wider the distance between them the less harm for then she is less likely to deceive herself." These two characters instill in us a hatred of sin and selfishness. We feel a repulsion toward Steerforth and shudder at the thought of becoming like to him. The sufferings of Arthur and his victims, innocent and guilty, writes in letters large enough for all to read "Beware lest thou do likewise."

There is one remarkable contrast between Arthur and Steerforth. In one we have resoluteness in the other indecision and weakness. This is a point in Arthur's favor and goes along ways towards softening our feelings toward him. We find that Arthur when he discovered that he was becoming entangled in the meshes of Hetty's charms, recognized the wrong he was committing and made some struggle against it. In his moments of cool deliberation he firmly resolved to avoid further evil, but unfortunately when temptation again assailed him he forgot, resolution, manhood, and everything

and was at the mercy of his passion. Steerforth on the other hand was more brazen. He did wrong knowingly and willingly and for the most part premeditated, as in the wrongs he did to the Pegottys. He knew that it would be dangerous to return to Yarmouth after his first visit, and that it would be best for all if he should go away and try to forget that he had ever met Emily. How differently he acts! Only once throughout the whole course of the story do we find him remorseful. His cool daring is well expressed in his own remark: "Ride on! Rough shod if need be, smooth shod if that will do, but ride on, Ride on over all obstacles and win the race."

We who know how impossible it is to gather together again the pieces of a shattered heart, to restore a soul that has once lost its innocence to its former stainless garb; to wipe out injury or to restore a friendship broken by deceit and treachery with any gift of gold or jewels must smile at the strange ideas of these two men. We find Steerforth a school boy, heaping insult and injury on the head of his humble tutor Mr. Mel; causing him to lose his position and thinking that a purse of gold will destroy forever on earth and in heaven the record of that wrong. Arthur Donnithorne, likewise, when, as a mischievous youngster he had spoiled the dinner of a poor gardener, offered in atonement for his act of disrespect and injury, his favorite pencil case and his silver hafted knife. As men these two characters still retain the false ideas of their boyhood. Steerforth thinks that the boat which he gives to Pegotty will assuage the grief that the loss of little Emily will bring to him; Arthur thinks that he will make full and complete amends to Adam, to Hetty and the Poyzers, by a few paltry gifts and a little sacrifice. But as Adam tells him "Sacrifices won't undo wrong when it's done. When peoples' feelings have got a deadly wound they cannot be cured by favors."

In a resume of the points, pro and con, of the two characters we cannot but feel that Arthur is a better character than Steerforth, and we find that retribution is meted out in accordance with our view of the way it should be meted out. Arthur is given time on earth to make some amends for the ravages he has committed, to repent for his wrongs and to wipe out by his own sufferings, at least a portion of the punishment due to him. Steerforth's end is a sharp contrast to

Arthur's. After his passion has spent itself he abandons Emily in a strange land and we do not see him again till his dead body is cast upon the flat at Yarmouth, almost on the identical spot where he had played the traitor, by wrecking lives and ruining a happy home. No word of remorse for the evil he had done, no plea for pardon from those he had wronged, nor mercy from the all just God does he utter. Justice demands that we think of him paying the penalty for his wicked life in that great land where all wrongs are righted and every deed is justly rewarded or punished.

THE TOILER'S REPAST.

A. M. Reilly, Fourth High.
"I've brought your dinner papa"
His little daughter said,
And she took from her arm a basket
And raised its tattered lid.
"Ma hadn't much to send today
But she said to give you this;"
And upon his worn and manly cheek
She left a gentle kiss.

And though the meal was scanty
He dined in happy mood
As his gentle little daughter
Spread out his humble food.
No banquet that was ever spread
Could give him such sweet bliss
As the laborer's plain and simple meal
That brought his daughter's kiss.

With her basket then aswinging,
She merrily tripped along,
A tear and smile met on his face
As he heard her fading song.
And I thought how many a misery
Of life and fate we'd miss,
If we had a little daughter
To bless them with a kiss.

A STUDY IN DANTE

J. P. O'MAHONEY '11



DANTE is anxious to explore the many hidden secrets, the many wonders, the many novelties of the terrestrial paradise. This new land is an immense forest. The forest wears a garb of green—the emblem of hope. Everything is almost stationary for the “breeze was not strong enough to disturb the birds which sang their morning song on the tree tops.” The scene transports Dante into a blissful state. The pleasant air breathing a delicious odor bathes his temples. Everything contributes to unify and harmonize the picture as it presented itself to him. The singing of the birds render melodious sounds which soothe the weary traveller. The feathered choristers announce and welcome the hour of prime. Never did Virgil hear from out the cavern such melody as did Dante that particular morning.

Dante proceeds on his way and comes to a stream that “to the left with little rippling waters bent the grass that issued from its brink.” This is a familiar picture; the grass usually bends under the force of the water. This is very skillfully described. No wave, no rill did Dante ever see on earth that compared with this for it was “transpicious clear.” Dante walked not, but his eyes wandered and took in the whole situation at a glance. On the banks grew beautiful foliage of various hues. The tender May flowers, truly the smiles of God, interspersed here and there, lent charm to the magic scene.

To crown this scene, Dante tells us he beheld a “lady all alone” whose path was carpeted with flowers. She was singing and now and then she would cull a flower. Matilda fairly dazzled Dante by the splendor of her eyes. Her modesty could not escape Dante’s keen eye and her graceful step towards him surpassed even the most featly dancer. Evidently Matilda represents the church as may be gleaned from her

speech to Dante. She quotes the Psalmist, "Thou Lord has't made me glad," and tells Dante that she shall answer all his doubts.

Dante has fears, misgivings and doubts for he cannot understand how atmospheric changes occur in Purgatory. Statius told him that "Tempest none, shower, hail or snow, hoar frost, or dewy moistness are ever seen." Dante hears those things; he sees them and cannot reconcile the speech of Statius with actual facts realities now present to him.

She tells Dante she will explain, God, she says, created man for happiness and furnished him with goods adapted for that end. But man of his own free will fell and changed joy into sadness, laughter into sorrow. The heavens revolve, so Matilda explains, and the living air revolves with them and in doing so comes in contact with the trees of earthly Paradise and thus the origin of the rustling sound of forest leaves. This explanation is offered not as adequate. The explanation of the spontaneous growth of plants is in keeping with scientific investigation. The wind is one of the mediums of transporting seeds. Dante here shows his knowledge of Botany and also incidentally touches the theory of spontaneous generation. She cautions Dante not to wonder, if plants, without apparent seed, are found, and besides there are many seeds which have never found their way to earth. The water she says does not spring from a passing brook, but from a fountain solid, undecaying sure. On one side it takes away the remembrance of offense and hence the name of Lethe applied to it. Happiness is not perfect if remembrances of evil deeds rush continuously to the memory. Sadness would mar one's life if haunted by remorse.

On the other hand it is a joy to dwell on good deeds accomplished. Memory, perhaps, may neglect to recall them, but the waters of Eunoe have this power of recalling the good deeds done. However, she tells Dante that both springs must be tasted before results will present themselves. No man is so stable in virtue that he will not some time fall and hence the first spring is needed. So likewise man must do good deeds.

Dante proceeds on the bank of the river while on the opposite bank Matilda "moves along." A sudden lustre surpassing that of lightning swept o'er the forest accompanied by a sweet melody as thunder after lightning. The air glowed with

light and vibrated with the sweetest melodies. Dante still keeps moving on and now "seven trees of gold" loom up before his gaze. They shone with a more ample lustre than the moon. These seven tapers of gold, representing the seven Sacraments were the beacon lights for the procession which followed. Their success, their safety, depended upon them. Without these they could not move.

The procession now moves along. Dante sees "a tribe clothed with the raiment of such whiteness as on earth was never." Four and twenty elders representing the twenty-four books of the Old Testament wearing a robe of faith of the most spotless white. They sang the song that Elizabeth the Virgin's cousin sang to her on the occasion of her visit "Blessed be thou among the daughters of Adam, and thy loveliness Blessed forever." Next in procession came four animals crowned with verdurous leaf representing the four animals mentioned in the Gospels. The space was surrounded by a "triumphal car on two wheels drawn at a Griffon's neck. Christ, the savior of the world is here represented drawing, guiding his Church. The old as well as the New Testament are represented by the two wheels. The human and divine nature of Christ is represented by the Griffon which is one animal of two natures.

The personages on either side were white, green and red, representing Faith, Hope and Charity. The red nymph of charity was so ruddy that she could not be discerned in a furnace of clear flame. The white of faith seemed as snow new-fallen. The green of hope looked as if the flesh and bones were emerald.

Another band clad in purple advanced representing the four cardinal virtues—Justice, Fortitude, Temperance and Prudence. Prudence leads them while her three eyes in front represent the past, the present and the future. There are many minor personages, related by Dante, who comprised the procession. [For instance "four others of humble seeming."

Seven more wound up the procession, they were robed like the first troop with the exception of the braid of lilies and instead their temples were wreathed with roses—the emblem of love. One voice is heard chanting "Come, spouse! from Libanus" and immediately a hundred ministers and messengers of life eternal answer "Blessed thou who comest!" They scatter lilies everywhere. Dante tells us that he

has seen and knows the beauty of morning when the sun rises and the sky is all serene and the eye rests as if fully satiated on that particular scene, but the cloud of flowers that adorned the inside as well as the outside of the car surpassed all he had ever seen.

Dante sees a Virgin in white veil, the symbol of faith. She was robed with the robe of charity—red, and wore a green mantle—hope. The old love is revived in Dante—the love of childhood, for Dante was only nine years old when he first saw Beatrice. Dante felt like a babe who flees for refuge, for help, for comfort to its mother and would have pronounced his love toward Beatrice, but reason intervened and Dante controls himself. However, the tears come streaming down Dante's cheeks and he hears the voice of Beatrice: "Dante! Weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay, weep thou not yet; behooves thou feel the edge of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that." Dante apologizes for mentioning his own name. Beatrice now stands before Dante, veiled in that "festive shower angelical." There are the symbols of Theology—faith, hope and charity. However, her robes were bound with the foliage of Minerva—Philosophy, the handmaid of Theology. Dante beheld her more clearly by means of this foliage just as Theology is approached and understood through the portals of Philosophy. She says: "Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am Beatrice. What! and hast thou deigned at last approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man! Thy happiness is here." Dante tells us his eyes now fell down on the clear fount and seeing himself he turned to the greensward—hope.

The angels need not be told things in order to understand them and hence they knew why Beatrice rebuked Dante, but Beatrice wants Dante to hear his faults enumerated in order that he may be more repentant. "That the sorrow may equal the transgression." She speaks then of Dante and of his natural gifts. She tells how she led him by the light of her youthful eyes in upright walking. But, as soon as she changed her mortal life for the immortal, Dante turned into another path—the path of deceitful ways—the path of false images and promises which are never perfected. His repentance was well nigh impossible until he visited the land of darkness—the inferno and the punishment of the doomed, and she concludes by saying that "It was a breaking of God's

high decree, if Lethe should be past, and such food tasted, without the cost of some repentant tear."

Beatrice addressing Dante says: "O thou!" "Say thou . . . if this be true, a charge so grievous needs thine own avowal. Answer me. The wave on thy remembrances of evil yet hath done no injury." Dante feebly, with a sense of confusion and fear answers "yea." So feeble, so inarticulate were his sounds that the moving of his lips and not his voice interpreted his speech. Tears and sighs showed Dante's repentance, pride was forgotten and sincere repentance ruled. But Beatrice still pursues him and points out to him the evils of his ways after she had left him. She demands the reason why he was attracted by allurements and promises; why he wandered from the narrow path which he always trod when she was on earth.

Dante sighs and says: "Thy fair looks withdrawn, things present, with deceitful pleasures, twined my steps aside."

She answers that whenever the sinner's cheek break forth into the precious-streaming tears of self-accusing, in our court the wheel of justice doth run counter to the edge." She reproves Dante for not having been true to his love; for forgetting her in death; for his evil ways when he should do everything to gain heaven by his good actions and thus meet her on the eternal shore. He should, she says, have pruned his wings for loftier flights. The inexperienced are caught in the meshes, but the experienced, rarely. So too Dante, now grown old and experienced in the ways of the world should have reformed. In his youth there may be an excuse for his actions as he was very young when Beatrice left him. Dante stands silent and ashamed at this retort of Beatrice. Dante looks up as requested and sees the angels cease their flowery sprinkling. He also sees that Beatrice "had turned towards the mystic shape that joins two natures in one form." She ever looked the loveliest of the throng as she did on earth. Conscience overpowers Dante and he falls to the ground. Matilda draws him through the waters of Lethe. Dante is then led to the Griffon's breast by the three theological virtues—faith, hope and charity. Dante comments on the eyes of Beatrice—green—considered beautiful in the olden days. Dante's soul feeds on the love and goodness of God as reflected in those eyes of Beatrice. The virtues bid Beatrice look at Dante who in order to look at her had travelled over

a perilous road. The sense of sight was the only one active in Dante and he used it, but is cautioned not to gaze too fixedly on Beatrice. The procession now too, turns toward the west—to heaven and the Griffon moved the sacred burden, with a pace so smooth, no feather on him trembled. Beatrice descends from the Chariot and with one voice all exclaim "Adam." She takes her position at a leafless tree, "despoiled of flowers" as well as of leaves and all exclaim "Blessed thou, Griffon! Whose beak hath never plucked that tree pleasant to taste; for hence the appetite was warped to evil." Here according to note the plant stands for the tree of knowledge and the Chariot for the Church. The tree, before the coming of Christ, was almost bare for morals were at a low ebb particularly in Rome, that in kingdoms subject to Roman sway Christ, according to above quoted passage, did not attack the rule of Rome but confirmed and strengthened it by sound principles of morality. Christ united the Church and state, the one has a necessary dependence upon the other. "He drew it of the widowed branch and bound thee, left unto the stock whereon it grew." The plant blooms, the Church rules and a new Rome arises. Dante goes into a trance and tells us he cannot describe the manner of his falling into sleep.

He hears a voice "Arise," and inquires as to Beatrice's whereabouts and she is pointed out to him "beneath the fresh leaf, seated on its root circled by associate choir chanting the melodies of heaven. Her choir, her circle were composed of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

The eagle representing the ten persecutions rushed through the tree—the church—and here and there separated the rind from the core but buds of a larger growth and leaflets of many hues peeped out and blossomed. Evils of the persecutors of the Church never touched the soul of the Church, on the contrary these evils made her faithful children more watchful and prudent to be ever on the alert and prepared for calumnies and slanders.

Heresy, too, in the shape of a fox rushed forth, cunning it is true and full of deception. It even sprang up into the Chariot's womb but with a force, a mighty force was driven at random. Yes, certainly the various councils nobly defended the doctrines of the church and likewise defined the

nature of them. It is believed that Constantine was the instrument by which the Church began to acquire earthly goods. The eagle's feathers symbolized the temporal goods at the sight of which a voice from heaven said, "O poor bark of mine! How badly art thou frightened." Heresy as well as schism then sprung up at the sight of these temporal gifts which dragged part of the bottom forth and went their way exulting. Plumes or evils grew fast and the vicious bird was arrayed with the most unsightly garments. False theology, false notions of right and wrong now took a strong hold everywhere. Now the chariot is drawn by Philip the Fair to Avignon.

The Virgins sing and Beatrice listens sad and sighing just as did our Blessed Mother beside the Cross. She speaks, "Yet a little while and ye shall see me not; and my beloved sisters! again a little while, and ye shall see me." She bids Dante rid himself of fearfulness and shame and tells him the Church which the serpent tried to break was and is not, but God's justice even wrath will be wrought on those who tried to spoil it. However one shall come who will set things aright. An interesting conversation takes place between Dante and Beatrice on earthly and supernatural wisdom and as Beatrice says Dante's learning halts when following the supernatural wisdom. Dante drinks of the water of Eunoe and returns regenerate as new plants renewed with foliage new.



THE VIATORIAN

MY ARCADY.

Come, stroll with me, through Arcady,
View sun-kissed hills and azure skies,
And glinting mists of hued cascades—
In cloistered groves with me abide.

The flinty harshness of life's paths,
The souls' turmoil by night and day,
Conjure sweet visions of surcease
And peace, akin to Arcady.

There would I while the hours away,
And breathe the scent of flowers' perfume
And loiter, at my own sweet will,
And be with nature all attune.

Thus reasoned I, and bent my steps
In wanton dalliance, all enthralled;
And held aloof from inner-self,
But soon, alas, the day-dream palled.

The vision fair I yearned to see—
Now placed in hollow of my hand—
Called forth no effort, perfection was
In stream and flower, in tree and strand.

And soberly did I recant
Joy of attaining without toil;
Of carving idols, without work,
Of reaping, without tilling soil.

And now my sleep is sweet repose;
Work and achievement mark each day;
And with satisfaction now complete
I roam with joy my Arcady.

—Robt. Ross.

THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL.

We are now in the midst of that holy and beautiful season of Easter. Lent has just closed and with glad hosannas we voice glad welcome to the newly risen Savior of men. Our hearts cannot refrain from singing joyous alleluias and to throb with nature reawakened from her winter's slumber. Earth teems with growing buds and blooming flowers. Through the air there is wafted the breath of warm sunshine bearing on the breeze sweet perfume spreading choicest blessings over the children of men. This new life comes with the resurrection of our Redeemer, and never fails to leave upon man something more than pleasure. Time then, serves only to increase the fervorous spirit at Easter.

THE VIATORIAN

Our college has been greatly honored this month, by the meeting held here of the "Educational Association." This association is comprised of the various institutions in the state of Illinois and is but one unit in the great United Educational System which is being fostered throughout the world.

The plan of this association is to so unify instruction that all the schools will enjoy the same high standard of learning, and by co-operation, help one another in the great problem of modern education. Let us hope that each year will find an increasing membership and a steady advancement toward the accomplishment of such a noble end as the advancement of man's mental powers.



We are more than happy to chronicle, with this season's many joyous occasions the visit of one, doctor and philosopher, Dr. James J. Walsh of New York City.

The college has been signally honored already, by the adoption of his name for its leading Scientific society, and now must point with pride to the happy moments spent in his company. Dr. Walsh is not only a man of science and medicine, but is likewise a world-man, a genius of his time. His influence has long permeated the medical world and we will long remember the happy moments spent in his never tiring company.



Of all the sports that any student of the present day enjoys, there is none perhaps, in which there is greater enthusiasm, or more intense excitement than baseball. For this game of all games claims a greater following and is America's National pastime. Since then, we are just opening our season let every student be a fan, and not only this, but a true sport and one who can afford to see worth in others besides in himself or his immediate friends.

Cheer when losing as when winning, give praise where praise belongs. With this end in view we cannot but fail to produce a winner and to maintain our ever increasing prowess.



SOCIETY NOTES



The formal opening of the Walsh Scientific Society's club room held Tuesday, March 28th, was a memorable occasion in the career of this society at St. Viator's. The beautifully decorated club room with its walls lined with specimens mounted by the members of the Taxidermy class, is some thing of which the members of the society may well be proud. It marks a great step onward of the society, and shows in some measure the work accomplished by the society.

On this occasion the society had as its guests the various class presidents, members of the faculty and all the representative men in the college. All present could not but be impressed by the tastily arranged tables and bountiful repast, after which an interesting program was rendered. Foremost and most important in the eyes of the society were the Scientific papers which were very interesting and highly instructive. These if nothing else showed the real work and benefit of a society such as this in our midst. The toasts were well handled and as well received, while the music furnished by the orchestra, the Glee club and individual numbers, did justice to the leadership of Brother Sheridan and Father Rheams. Program—Part I: "Address of Welcome," Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney; "Our Patroness," F. E. Munsch; "Vocal Solo," W. Lampman; "Scientific Paper," E. Souligne; "Selection," Society Glee Club; "Scientific Paper," A. Winsor; "Recitation," Wm. Roy; "Our Moderator," Jas. Daley. Part II: "Remarks," Rev. P. E. Brown, C. S. V.; "Vocal Solo," H. Keelev; "The Popes and Science," A. Rinella; "Violin Duet," selected, F. F. Connor and F. W. Carter; "Our Society's Future," F. A. Cleary; "One View of Sci-

ence," Chas. G. Fischer; "Our Scientific Course," Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., President.

Dr. James J. Walsh, who is at present on a lecturing tour will lecture before the Walsh Scientific Society Tuesday evening, April 25th. This society is making preparations to entertain its benefactor and patron, Dr. Walsh in its club rooms.

The debate given by the Sophomore and Freshman Oratory club on Wednesday evening, April 5, was a very interesting and closely contested struggle. Many forcible and convincing arguments were brought forth on both sides of the question, "Resolved, That Labor Unions are, on the whole Beneficial to Society in General in the United States," and the fact that the arguments on the opposite sides "locked arms," made it a close contest. After careful consideration of points the judges of the debate, Judge DeSelm, Lawyers Savary and Marcotte, decided in favor of the negative side. Judge DeSelm in a few remarks commended the Oratory club and the college on the high standard and ability shown by the debaters, all of which speaks much for the Moderator of the Oratory club, Brother Maguire. Negative team: L. Rowan, G. Flynn, M. Spalding. Affirmative team: F. Connor, T. Grant, J. Daley. Negative rebuttal, M. Spalding. Affirmative rebuttal, F. Connor.

St. Patrick's Literary and Debating society, keeping up the rapid pace along the line of literary and social achievements, conducted a "Mock Trial" at one of its regular sessions. The many guests who were invited to witness this unique proceeding enjoyed it very much as well as the various speeches, impersonations, and musical numbers. The youthful lawyers pleaded their cases well, and certainly must have commanded a round sum from their clients for services rendered.

The next regular meeting of this society was the scene of a debate on the question, "Resolved, That Gambling is more detrimental to Society than Drink." The arguments were well presented on both sides, and the judges were loathe to give a decision. They finally decided in favor of the af-

firmative. Affirmative team—F. Hangsterfer, E. Trainor. Negative team—A. Rinella, E. Dunne. Negative rebuttal—A. Rinella. Affirmative rebuttal—E. Trainor.

Mock Trial—Judge, M. Wilson; Lawyers for Defendant, O. Merz and C. Langan; Prosecuting Attorney, P. McCofery. Defendant, E. Reilly, charged with larceny; Complainant, J. Drain; Bailiff, M. Kenneally; Court Crier, L. McDonald. Witnesses, J. Bradac, C. Kelly, and J. Moriarity. Reilly was acquitted of the charge of larceny.

The altars in the Chapel have been tastily decorated with beautiful lilies during the Paschal Season, by the St. Viator Acolythical society.

The Senior class entertained the Junior class and a few guests Friday evening, April 14th, at a smoker in the College Banquet hall. As the clear Havanas disappeared in smoke, nearly every one present found inspiration for his part on the program. Many bass soloists were discovered and started upon a musical career which can have none but favorable results. A profusion of instrumental music talent was present, and everyone looked forward to his turn at the "Ivories." In order that the literary attainments of those present might not be underestimated those most proficient in the use of nature's most effective weapon volunteered a few numbers. Among these the thrilling story of "How I Crossed the Ocean," by Mr. Richard O'Loughlin was most appreciated. This graphic description, abounding in flashes of wit and deeds of daring, combined with Mr. O'Loughlin's pleasing presentation, was the climax of the impromptu achievements of that enjoyable evening.

ANOTHER STATUE.

Shortly after the erection of the statue of St. Thomas, another of St. Augustine arrived, the gift of Bro. A. N. St. Aubin, C. S. V. It is the same style of statue as the former, and represents the Saint in Episcopal bearing, with crosier and mitre. THE VIATORIAN on behalf of the college is happy to extend a word of sincere thanks to the generous donor and to ask for him the blessing of his holy Patron St. Augustine.



ALUMNI NOTES



Drama.

To the brilliant coterie of Indiana's famous sons, a loyal alumnus of St. Viator college has been added in Mr. Paul Wilstach, '93, Lafayette, Ind. Mr. Wilstach has been shining persistently for some fifteen years but his latest work, a dramatic version of "Thais," has given him an enviable place among the literati of our country and his reward has been a triumph all along the Atlantic seaboard and finally in New York where the newspapers are proclaiming his production as unrivaled since "Ben Hur." Arthur Warren of the New York Tribune said, "Thais is a notable contribution to the stage entertainments of the time. No other piece this season has been received with such enthusiasm." Adolph Klauber wrote in the course of a column of equal praise: "Thais is a drama of richness and power in a wealth of color and lavishness of scene. The prolonged and growing interest was punctuated by rapturous applause." Louis De Foe of the World found it "Dramatically as effective as the opera of Thais." The Journal sprinkles "wonderful" seventeen times in one column. Darton stamped it "a triumph," the Telegraph called it "the most impressive production of the season" and nearly every other paper phrased this praise in terms which a discreet press agent would scarcely have dared to dictate. So Mary Garden is vindicated and her declaration to a Philadelphia interviewer that "Thais in dramatic form will prove the sensation of the age" has a running start toward fulfillment.

At St. Viator college Mr. Wilstach was a prominent factor in dramatics both as an actor and as a playwright. After leaving college the young dramatist returned to his home in Lafayette, Ind., and entered the law office of his father, John Augustine Wilstach. While reading law he spent a portion of his spare time in editing the Dramatic Department of the Lafayette Daily Journal. When his father died, in 1896, Mr. Wilstach went to Washington, D. C., where he became dramatic editor on the Washington Times. It was now that

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

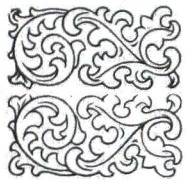
The feast of St. Patrick was celebrated at St. Viator's college, Friday, in a most fitting manner. Solemn High mass was celebrated in the forenoon by the Rev. Father Bergin, assisted by the Rev. Father Brown as deacon and John O'Connor as sub-deacon. The Rev. Father Moore of Champaign delivered the sermon of the occasion and at 1 o'clock an exhibition drill was given in the gymnasium hall by the Columbian guards. Their perfect execution of the many different maneuvers brought forth repeated applause from the audience and all pronounced it one of the best performances of the little fellows ever seen at the college.

At 2:30, the Thespian club rendered the drama: "The Malediction," on the college stage. All the actors in the drama acquitted themselves in their respective roles in a very creditable manner and it would be very unfair to them to make any special comment of any particular actor. However, as the leading roles required special ability on the part of the actor, Mr. Cleary, as Alonzo the unfortunate son who renounced his faith and his allegiance to his country to join the ranks of the Mohammedans, and was afterwards cursed by his father, certainly did justice in every way to this very hard role. Mr. Spalding, as the father who cursed his unfortunate son, Mr. Lareau in the comical character of Pedrillo, Mr. Savary, Mr. Helta and all the actors very ably impersonated their respective roles.

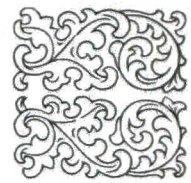
Two songs composed by the Rev. Brother Sheridan were ably rendered by Messrs. Keeley and Kissane during the play.

The whole was a wonderful success and much credit and thanks are due to the untiring efforts of the Rev. Brother Sheridan, who devoted much time to the exercise of the play, and the preparation of the entertainment.





Exchanges



Several college papers make it a practice of quoting other publications in their editorial columns. One paper particularly which reaches our sanctum weekly makes it a regular practice. Glancing over its editorial columns three weeks ago twenty-two quotations or editorials based on the opinions of other papers comprised the editorial make-up of that important weekly. The thought surely was not original and the editorials did not savor of local interest. It seemed a rather "good boost" for the papers which are weekly quoted. Nothing detracts from an editorial column so much as reading parts of editorials of another paper—a paper or papers which weeks before were on our desk. These papers who quote so lavishly verify the maxim "there is nothing new in the world of thought" especially when one glances down the editorial columns and reads, "This paper" says and "that paper" says but we want to know what our paper "says."

A comprehensive lecture on St. Thomas of Aquin—his life and works—is one of the features of *St. Vincent College Journal*. "The Oaks" shows us the final decay of the gigantic trees of the forest and the lesson drawn is the immortality of man's soul poor frail creature in comparison to sturdy oaks. The essay on the discourses of the Greeks and Romans proves the necessity of preparation for public speaking.

The leading essay of *The Columbiad*, of Portland, Oregon, is a tribute to the Apostle of Ireland. A few poems and one short story comprise the literary productions of the March issue.

"A memorial to America's foremost Martyr" forms the setting of a well deserved tribute to the eminent Jesuit Missionary to the Iroquois—Father Isac Joques. Undoubtedly never will monument or shaft testify to a nobler, purer, holier life than that of the martyred priest and servant of the first

settlers of America. The poems of the "*Xavier*" are perfect as to verse construction; the thought is elevating. The editorial is abreast of the times. One philanthropist donates \$10,000,000 towards the establishment of universal peace and then we learn his wealth was made in selling armor-plate. It is to laugh!

The Abbey Student deserves commendation for the opportunity it gives to amateur writers. Several contributions from the Academic classes are found in the April issue. The labor question—the much agitated and almost hopeless question—is the principal literary output of *The Student*.

St. Mary's Messenger follows Amiel's maxim, "Style is what gives value and currency to thought." We have thought and style in *The Messenger*. The variety of the contents makes the April number one of the best. Easter, its customs in many lands is told in a fascinating manner. A deep essay, "Dawson on Newman," is the product of a mind versed in philosophic lore. Chopin finds admirers at St. Mary's. Poems and other interesting articles round out *The Messenger*.

BOOK NOTICE.

The English Version of Denifle's Luther and Lutheranism.

By Albert Reinhart, O. P.

The Rosary Press (Dominican Fathers), Somerset, Ohio, have in preparation an authorized English Version of Denifle's immortal work on "Luther and Lutheranism." The translation is being made by Father Albert Reinhart, O. P., a priest of the Dominican Order. The first volume is on the press and will be published shortly after Easter. The entire translation will embrace five volumes, the volumes to be issued in as quick succession as possible. The first edition of the original German edition was exhausted in two months and today it is considered by both Catholic and Protestant scholars as the final word on the Reformation, and all admit that it is a work of such worth and critical and scientific value, that it must be reckoned with by any one who will in the future treat of either Luther or Lutheranism.



Athletic Notes



BASKETBALL.

St. Viator, 25; Millikin, 23.

State Championship.

St. Viator's classy basketball quintet closed its most successful season by defeating Millikin University, at Decatur, by a score of 25 to 23, and incidentally winning the state championship. The game brought to a close, a collection of contests that has given glory to the Varsity during the past session. Millikin had just won the championship at the tournament in Bloomington and expected little trouble from the locals but how fickle is fortune. St. Viator "came, saw and conquered." One of the largest crowds ever seen at a basketball game in Decatur was present who, with Millikin, tried to down the speedy Varsity.

The forty minute struggle was really a heart breaker, but a championship maker. First St. Viator would forge ahead, only to be a few points in the rear a moment later when Millikin would take a spurt. The first half was a guarding game pure and simple ending 6-6, and as a consequence no real basket shooting could be attempted. Both teams fought with a fierceness that only two such rivals can put forth, yet the game was clean and free from all gridiron festivities. It was in the second half that the squads got working. The excellent team play of the Varsity and splendid work of Moynihan ran the score to 17 for St. Viator while Millikin rested with an even dozen, but she did not doze. Gradually creeping up the score was tied 19-19. Then the locals threw a field goal only to be duplicated by Wills. With but two minutes to play Millikin threw another field goal and took the lead. With that same old St. Viator never die spirit Fischer threw two fouls, and Moynihan a field goal bringing the state championship to the Kankakee school. While it is a difficult task to pick out the leading light during the fray, yet Moynihan with five baskets deserves special notice. Besides running the floor his aim was true and his speed and dash proved too much for his towering opponent. Capt. "Fitz" was a regular eclipse on Starr the supposedly all state

center, time and again catching the ball on the toss up. The whole five were in excellent working order and will always be remembered as being the best team at St. Viator and the best team in Illinois. The following tells the manner of S. V. C. winning the championship:

St. Viator, 25.		Millikin, 23.
Moynihan	R. F.	Wills
Fischer	L. E.	Stablers, Evans
Fitzgerald	C.	Lyons, Starr
Kissane	R. G.	Nichols
Cleary	L. G.	Byrne

Field goals: Moynihan (5), Fischer (2), Fitzgerald (3), Kissane (1), Wills (3), Stables (1), Lyons (1), Byrne (1), Nichols (1), Evans (1). Free throws: Fischer (3), Wills (2), Stables (2), Starr (3). Referee, Dyer. Umpire, Jacobs.

BASEBALL.

The baseball team is showing to better advantage every day. Though handicapped by a rather cold and rainy spring, when outdoor practice was to take place yet the few warm days brought out the real article of baseball. The team had the misfortune to lose the opening game to Armour by a close score, yet considering the time they had been working together they did as well if not better than other teams would have done under similar circumstances. Captain Coss is showing his best form in the box, and with O'Connell, the Varsity need never fear for slab artists. Harrison and Warner can always be relied upon to fill the breach and will have several opportunities to show their skill before the season ends. At the receiving end Bergan is catching in major league style and with a little more practice with the bludgeon should make an ideal backstop. Fitzgerald will alternate, being a strong hitter and clever player. O'Connell and Lynch are on the initial station, while Kelly at the half-way sack promises to outshine his big brother of '06-'07. The short field is being stamped by "Eddie" Quille whose fielding stunts need no introduction to the fans. Scanlan at third is hitting the ball in fine style besides being speedy on the bases and possessing a strong whip. The outfield is holding Moynihan, Lynch, Warner and Duffy, all experienced and heady men, while Sammon showed in fine form until taken ill with pneumonia.

On the whole the team can truthfully be said to be of

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the same calibre as previous aggregations and will surely live up to the high standard of excellence set by the championship tossers of St. Viator. The schedule has been compiled after much effort by Manager Cleary, who has procured the best that could be found.

St. Viator, 4; Armour 6.

On April 22 St. Viator met their old rivals, Armour, in the first game of the season and were defeated 6-4. Considering the short time the Varsity had been together the game was a good exhibition. The locals had one bad session, the third inning, which set them off their gear. With one down in the third O'Connell struck out Maddox but the glue wasn't working right and Bergan missed the final strike. Quille then missed a double play on Mooney's roller and the sacks were filled when Kann was given free transportation to first. With the sacks occupied Hamilton scratched a bingle through third and Lindquist poled out a three sacker, putting the game on ice, only to be scored by Spencer's double. The Varsity couldn't get started until the ninth when with a regular St. Viator finish they put three counters across, on hits by O'Connell, Coss and Warner. O'Connell and Coss twirled in magnificent style and for the one bad, third inning the contest was interesting.

St. Viator	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	Armour	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Lynch, 1b-lf...	0	1	1	0	1	Mooney, c.	1	0	10	3	0
Kelly, 2b.	0	0	0	2	0	Kann, ss.	1	0	2	2	1
Scanlon, 3b.-ss.	0	1	0	1	0	Hamilton, p.-lf...	2	2	0	4	1
O'Connell, p.-1b.	1	1	6	1	1	Lindquist, 1b.	1	2	9	0	1
Bergan, c.	0	0	19	2	1	Spencer, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0
Coss, lf.-p.	1	3	0	1	0	Gleason, 2b.	0	1	3	1	0
Warner, rf.	2	1	0	0	0	Achison, lf.-p.	0	0	0	2	0
Moynihan, cf.	0	2	0	0	0	Hook, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Quille, ss.	0	0	1	0	2	Maddox, cf.	1	0	1	0	0
Doemling, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0						
	4	9	27	7	5		6	6	27	13	3

	R.	H.	E.
St. Viator.....	0	0	1
Armour	0	5	0

Stolen bases: Lindquist (1), Gleason (1), O'Connell (1), Quille (1). Two-base hits: Spencer (1), Coss (1), Moynihan (1). Three-base hits: Lindquist (1). Struck out: By O'Connell (7), Coss (14), Hamilton (8), Achison (2). Bases on balls. Off O'Connell (2), Coss (1). Off Hamilton (4), Achison (3). Umpire: O'Brien.

THRU A KNOTHOLE.

Champions of Illinois! Sounds and looks good to the many admirers of the Varsity basketball team. The victory over the title holders ended the most glorious season through which St. Viator has struggled and triumphed. It seems wholly unnecessary to speak of this championship quintet because their worth and work is already familiar to their many followers. Commencing the season with a poor start due to late practice, they gradually took on unbeatable style and lastly won the championship. St. Viator has never seen a better basketball team than Capt. Fitzgerald, Manager Cleary, Moynihan, Kissane, Fischer, Gordon and Doemling and has never seen a better record than the following:

St. Viator16	Wheaton28
St. Viator91	Onarga11
St. Viator30	Morgan Park14
St. Viator15	Lewis Institute45
St. Viator39	St. Joseph26
St. Viator34	DePaul19
St. Viator33	St. Bede21
St. Viator51	St. Joseph6
St. Viator29	DePaul17
St. Viator25	Millikin23
<hr/>		<hr/>	
St. Viator363	Opponents210

One of the closest races in the history of the college is being waged by the aspirants to act as purveyor of the paraphernalia and beverage for the baseball team. Mr. Bartley Guischen on account of his intimate friendship with the management is leading by a nose and will probably land the plum.

Manager Cleary has been very busy with his schedule and thus far has all but three dates filled. All the opponents of the Varsity bear excellent records and victories will mean much for the locals.

April 22—Armour Inst. on Bergin Field.

April 25—Arkansas Univ. on Bergin Field.

April 27—Millikin Univ. on Bergin Field.

May 3—Notre Dame Univ. on Bergin Field.

May 6—Open .

May 10—Illinois Freshmen on Bergin Field.

May 12—Open.

May 18—Loyola Univ. on Bergin Field.

May 20—Armour Inst. at Chicago.

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May 23—DePaul Univ. on Bergin Field.

May 25—Beloit Univ. on Bergin Field.

May 27—Open.

May 30—DePaul at Chicago.

May 31—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.

June 6—Alumni on Bergin Field.

June 8—Cathedral College on Bergin Field.

Answer to correspondent from Decatur. Sad to relate, Millikin had no parade on the evening of March 13 after the game, for many and obvious reasons. The parade was before the contest. Come again.

A Tennis club has been recently organized which threatens to grow popular at the very outset. The courts are being put in first-class condition and the racket wielders will have many a game resulting in deuce time and oft before the fatal Commencement day arrives.

Hats off to the Band! Their work this season will be appreciated by the fans, and they have the heartiest thanks of the management for their melodious strains. When it comes to winning games, don't place the S. V. C. musicians with the has beens.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors are at baseball with might and main and at present appear to be about as neat a bunch of juvenile diamond artists as can be found. The whole team is strong, no position is weak and the many speedy recruits keep the regulars on the hustle side. They will probably lineup thus: C., Capt. Sullivan; p., Wysocki, O'Neill, Zorilla and Ostroski; 1b., Warren; 2b., Mortell; 3b., Kekich; ss., Richert; outfield, Keliher, Gearen, McGee, P. Mortell and Gartland. A fast schedule is ahead.

MINIMS.

The Minims will continue their excellent work this spring with baseball of an A. No. 1 variety. Coach McDonald is most optimistic on their chances and claims to have "the" Minim baseball team and that means more than tongue can tell. Lineup will be: C., Senesac; p., Dandurand and Boyle; 1b., Pepin; 2b., Fitzpatrick; ss., Kissane; 3b., Loyd; outfield, Dillon, Flynn, Edgar, Lawson.

LOCALS.

—Happy days!

—Cold weather—April fu-el!

—“Never again ’till June!”

—B. G.—Say Frank, is it going to rain?

—“They never come back”—Earl didn’t until he struck Peotone.

—Halt, who goes there?

—Lev—Twenty-two errors, and not a hit.

—Why not organize a Piper City team?

—Coach Flynn is making the most of this fine weather and has garnered a host of recruits for tennis practice.

—Special Easter Notice—Tom has shaved, so beware and meet me face to face.

—Ha! Ha! Me-ow: “Things that you hear in the night”—Danny and Lefty.

—Item—Mike has departed on a spring hunting trip—to be gone all day.

—Frank M. and Lefty have established a training quarters on the Second Corridor—Any species of snakes, well tamed.

—Fido, alas! He was such a good dog. But you have mounted to your glory—Taxi—Taxi!

—All alone, all alone!

“Bonehead.”

—His head is made of ivory,

His arm it is made of glass,

His feet they cover the country,

He’s a hero, in his glass.

Now catch the drift of my saying,

And you’ll agree with what I’ve said,

This man who is always blowing,

He’s the one, the only bonehead.

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"The Weather."

—The weather man is busy,
His jokes on us, he tries to play,
And when we want some sunshine,
He sends a rainy day.

His schedule of fine weather,
Is behind, not up-to-date,
And when we do taste of sunshine,
It is always just too late.

This is the cry in the springtime,
When baseball is on the tap,
Why can't he favor the pastime,
Then we wouldn't give a rap?

New Books of Interest.

"Rolling Stones"—By P. Brown, compiled by E. Leary.

"The Life of a Baseball Magnate."—L. G. F.

"How to Become a Pitcher."—Lev.

"All Alone."—Dick B.

"An Actor's Life."—Eugene L.

"The Assistant."—E. W.

"The Morning Rise."—Matt & Mike.

"My Brother's Keeper."—John D.

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