

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 31

APRIL, 1914

Number 7

SHELLEY'S LYRICS

*"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,"*

Has been the passionate desire of many a poet whether he ever expressed it or not. Some poets never needed to offer up such a prayer; to them, the Muse had been bounteous in her gifts. Such favorite poets have been at all times precious rare. Shelley, I think, was such a favored poet, for in him are found all of those great qualities which distinguish the born poet. The lyrical fervor, rich imagination, intensity, harmony, genius for metaphor, rhythm, poetic diction—all of these were his. These he used as one inspired, and it is but natural that he should be considered the greatest English lyric poet. Of him it might well be said that he sailed "with supreme dominion through the azure deep of airs."

His world was one of dreams, of visions, of light elusive things, "with brede ethereal wove," changing and vanishing like the cloud of one of his most lyrical of lyrics. These visions glowed within his soul, and he pours them forth in magical imagery that envelops us with its dazzling splendor. He clings to "the whistling name of every wind;" he clangs "his chariot 'thwart a heaven, plashy with flying lightnings, and soaring like his own skylark."

*"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."*

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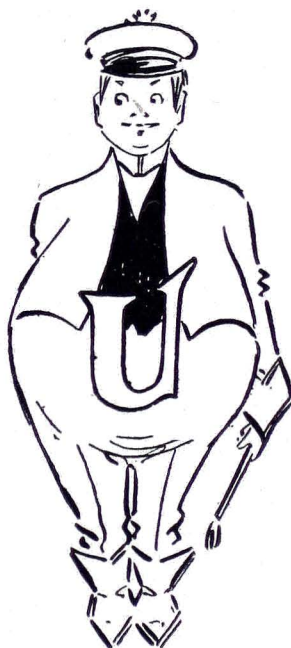
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A PRAYER

*Heart of Jesus pierced for me
On the Sacrificial tree,
Let thy sacred blood o'erflow
Sinful hearts of earth below.*

*May that crimson, cleansing flood
Of thy saving precious blood
Ere to sinful man be given
To bear his fragile bark to Heaven.*

—J. A. W.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

*I count the grandeur of true fame
The pride of an illustrious name
And glory, honor, all a loss
Compared with treasures of the Cross.*

*All wealth and power and jewels rare
And wisdom, these cannot compare,
For earthly gain is but as dross
Besides the treasures of the Cross.*

*I have not these, yet I lay claim
To greater, grander, nobler name,
Compared to which all else is loss
The title, "Soldier of the Cross."*

*This title, too, I claim with pride
For on the Cross, the Saviour died,
Hence earthly gain, aye, all is dross
If I refuse to bear His Cross.*

—J. A. W.



He sings and soars and soaring ever sings. His singing is enchanting, and often blinds us to the boldness of his imagery. These images indeed hypnotize, and we cannot sufficiently throw off the spell, even after repeated reading, to realize their extravagance. They flow from a nature ebullient with spontaneity, that at times should have been checked. With his figures, he was uniformly happy and he phrased them in a diction that in point of felicity has rarely been excelled. These qualities one finds in the lyric referred to above, "The Cloud." The haunting melody and perfect metre of the following lines show Shelley at his best:

*"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder."*

With the lyrical temper evident here, Shelley will ever be associated. His cry to the West Wind undoubtedly was heard by the Muses.

*"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies."*

He loved to carol like a singing bird, warbling lays that remind one of the harmonious madness of the Skylark.

*"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine."*

The liquid melody of this stanza is not Shelley's only tonal quality, as the spirited staccato of these lines from "The Cloud" shows:

*"The sanguine sunrise, with meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Jumps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead."*

The chord of joy, however, at times, with him, gave way to one of despair, for in the "Indian Serenade" he sings

*"O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love and kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale."*

Or in the "Stanzas—April, 1814":

*"Away! away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth."*

Such lyrics as "The Cloud," "The Skylark" and "The Indian Serenade," to mention no others, are characteristic of Shelley in their air of spontaneity. With Shelley, indeed, poetry sprang from sudden impulse, and art premeditated too often exercised but little control. He has not an artist's fondness for toying with imagery in paths and byways; he does not loiter about the base of the mountain, as someone said of George Meredith; he rides swiftly and surely to the top, accomplishing in the ascent marvelous feats of horsemanship; his imagery never contributed to a display of his intellectual ingenuity, it was purely the outpouring of a poetic soul.

It must not be inferred from what has been said of this exuberance of imagery that the thought of his song is clouded. On the contrary, Shelley's lyrics are delightfully simple. Their simplicity is compelling, whether the song be cheerful or sad. As an example of the latter, the yearning note of the "Ode to the West Wind" will occur to the mind.

*"Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One, too, like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud."*

The idea in these lines suggest a weakness in the composition of the poet. It suggests, to quote Byron, that Shelley "to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept," for we find much of this "unmanly moaning" a reflection of Shelley's life in many

of his lighter lyrics. It is expressed in the "Stanzas, April 18, 1814" quoted above and again in the following:

*"As the storms rock the ravens on high,
Bright reason will mock,
Like the sun from the wintry sky.
From thy nest, every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come."*

Again in "Stanzas Written in Dejection" he says:

*"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear."*

The spirit of these poems is more like that of a child than of a man. In some, the child is ill treated, as in the last stanza quoted, and in others, the child assumes a make-believe spirit, having "the glory and freshness of a dream." Truly, he does seem what Matthew Arnold, (who could not understand the poet) called him, an "ineffectual angel."

Angel spirit that he was, he withdrew from the things of the world as from the impure, and lived in a world of his own, in which abstractions became the food of his soul. The planets are his toys; he plays about the floor of heaven, while the "Moon with delight looks round her when the heavens are bare;" he watches "the rainbow come and go;" he twines Nature's vagrant tresses, banqueting with her in her wind-walled palace, underneath her azured dias;" he knew "the swift importings on the pale face of the skies;" he knew "how the clouds arise, spumed of the wild sea snortings;" with them he "joyed or was bereaven." When he joyed he sang of "The Cloud" and the "Skylark;" when he was bereaved he implored the "West Wind"

*"Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth."*

To the "Skylark" he cries:

*"Shadow of annoyance
Never came to thee;
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety."*

The titles of these poems rightly suggest that Shelley had favorite themes, upon which he lavished the best that was in

him. He loved nature. Unlike Wordsworth, he did not picture her just as she was, but tampered with her, and used her as the canvas upon which to paint his feelings and emotions. Nature, in his poetry, appears as his imagination reshaped her. He bathed his landscapes in a mist and bluish gauze, that throw around his pictures a charm, that the description of the real can never have. One feels this in this passage in the "Adonais."

*"Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears that should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindled day."*

Again he says in "Love's Philosophy."

*"See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;*

.....
*And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea."*

This quality, by the way, has been caught by that young poet, whose rare genius finally qualified him to appreciate the gifts of one whom he acknowledged as his master. I mean Francis Thompson. Upon reading these lines from Thompson's "Ode to the Setting Sun" one exclaims, "Shelley *redivivus!*"

*"The red sun
A bubble of fire drops slowly toward the hill,
While one bird prattles that the day is done."*

A poet so given to abstraction as Shelley might be expected to fall into frigidty and uninspired versifying that was so characteristic of much of the poetry of the eighteenth century. Even in the best of the poets of that time, one fears that they just fall short of the highest reaches in poetry, because their personifications want the warmth of life. These lines from Collins, fine as they are, will suggest what I mean:

*"For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day
.....
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car."*

Shelley succeeds, because, in his verse, he embodies the spirit of reincarnation, that animated all his varied forms with the *aura* of life. With him, "the junction lines of the visible and invisible" were never quite clear, and he shifted them as his fancy pleased. While not a mythological poet in the sense that Keats was, he resembles Ovid in the delight and naivete with which he paints, for instance, the Nereid.

*"Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag
With many a jag
Shepherding her bright fountains."*

or when

*"Alpheus bold
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountain strook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks."*

In this vitalizing of abstractions, Shelley has never been equalled and surpassed himself in that admirable elegy—"Adonais." Here Shelley represents the poet Keats as mourned by Urania, "the mighty mother," and by

*"Desires and Adorations;
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies;
Splendors and Glooms and glimmering incarnations
Of Hope and Fears, and twilight Fantasies;
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears.*

.....
*All that he had loved and moulded into thought
From shape and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais."*

"Adonais" seems Shelley's high water mark. In no other poem does he pierce the invisible with such miraculous ease. Technically perfect, musically triumphant, in imagery gorgeous, it is a poem upon which he might well have been content to found his reputation. In idea, the poem is apt to disappoint, for Shelley offers no strong and abiding hope in the immortal life of the soul after death. His first tentative solace is, that Adonais has become by his death, "one with Nature; there is heard

*His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of the night's sweet bird."*

He has become

*"A portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely."*

It is true that the unsatisfying element in this idealized Pantheism moved Shelley to rise to a conception of a personal immortality in succeeding stanzas when he says:

*"The soul of Adonais like a star
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."*

These lines seem to anticipate Shelley's later profession of faith expressed in "Hellas," and to give ground for Browning's belief that "had Shelley lived he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians." For in "Hellas" Shelley says:

*"A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapor dim
Which the Orient planet animates with light;
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose and it shall set;
While blazened as on heaven's immortal moon,
The cross leads generations on."*

In Adonais, as I said before, Shelley has reached the zenith of his powers. This poem, in honor of a dead brother poet, is "a gem of purest ray serene." It is representative of Shelley's fullest powers and peculiar art.

Shelley's work is true art. Art charged with meaning, because it conveyed Shelley's meaningful message to the world. Shelley may not be enjoyed by every one, he is for those who are tempted to follow his sky-lark-like fancy into the far skies of exalted imagination with ecstatic delight in the sweetness of his music and the aerial lightness of his flight.

EDWARD S. DUNN.

"THE LIGHT THAT ALMOST FAILED"

LEO McDONALD, '14

The bright rays of the January sun danced merrily over the deep waters of the slumbering Pacific and played upon the troubled features of Howard B. Light, as he stood at his office window staring out upon the broad expanse of the western sea.

Howard B. Light was not considered the wealthiest merchant in the prosperous city of Grafton, yet few men in the busy capitol were held in higher esteem. Honesty and integrity characterized his dealings with all men, and while the strict adherence to these principles had often hindered his progress in a material way, yet during his thirty years of frugal labor, he had accumulated a very comfortable fortune and had won what he cherished far more than wealth of property, the esteem of his fellow citizens.

He held a clear title to the large, modern well-stocked store that had a few years previous replaced a building too limited for his expanding business. Lately, however, Light had extended his business so as to include a new field. He had borrowed heavily and invested in a magnificent trading vessel, which his business experience persuaded him was a good bargain. The great ship had been sent on a trip to islands in the Southern Pacific, where he made wholesale purchases of tea, coffee, and other products of that warm clime, and some weeks ago a message had been received informing the owner as to the date on which the ship had departed on the homeward voyage.

But now, many days had passed since the vessel had been due in port, yet no other word concerning the ship had come to the anxious merchant. Stories of the fearful storm that had raged for many days far out on the great ocean, were familiar to every citizen in the city of Grafton, and fear for the safety of the ship and its crew gradually ascended, as hope slowly died, with the passing of days into weeks.

The creditors of Howard B. Light had been generous enough to grant him repeated days of grace, as long as there remained reasonable hope for the ship's return; but now, sentiment must give place to the formal demands of business principles. And thus it was, that Light's creditors were clamoring for their money. The magnificent store building with its wealth of merchandise was desirable property, and would just cover the amount of their loan.

Such was the state of affairs that caused the troubled countenance of Howard B. Light, as he stood this winter's evening by his private office window staring at the western sun. The sheriff was already waiting below, and when the great city hall clock would strike the next hour, he would hand over the keys of the store to the officer of the law, and go forth penniless, if not bankrupt.

Howard B. Light now realized how hard it was to give up the material earnings of a quarter century's honest efforts; to quit scenes of labors around which long association had wound many bonds of affection. Yes, the pioneer merchant's heart was heavy with care, as he withdrew his gaze from the golden waters, and sinking wearily into a chair he let his eyes wander about the cheery room which had so long been a source of comfort to the man, whom Providence had not blessed with affectional ties of family life. How many quiet, though happy hours he had spent in this same room when his day's work was over; the smoke of his daily Havana curling lightly upward, keeping aloft with his thoughts which took flight from the heavier cares of the day. How contented he had been, sitting comfortably in his great chair as the refulgent rays of a declining sun cast its final glance into his room just as it was doing at that moment, filling the room with a flood of golden light; touching those old college pennants, the very sight of which suggested many events suitable for an evening's meditation.

And there were the old photographs which never failed to recall fond memories; and oil-paintings which seemed to need but the last rays of a setting sun, to make them equal the work of an Angelo or Murillo.

Yes, this hour had always been the happiest of his busy days and it was hard to think of being deprived of it forevermore. Then there were the folks on the old homestead, back East, near the New England shore, whom he had not seen for nearly thirty years. When he had heard, only a short while ago, that his favorite sister of boyhood days could be cured of a lingering disease if only she had the means to pay for a new and expensive treatment, and of the almost simultaneous information that a brother had lost heavily in an unfortunate speculation, it gave him great pleasure to think that he could supply the means of assisting them in their troubles. Yes, he had already sent the good news that he would soon visit them and supply all their needs. But now his own great misfortune.

Howard B. Light for the last time let his gaze wander about

his neatly furnished office just as its beauty and comfort was being reflected in the radiant glances of the retiring sun. Suddenly the full sense of his loss overburdened his heart, and placing his arms upon the desk, he bowed his head until it rested on them. And all the while the glorious sun, as though conscious of performing the last service for a dear friend, tried in vain to cheer the grief-laden man by sending him its last messengers of golden splendor.

Thus seated, the merchant was unconscious of the passing of time. For his memory wandering back to that old New Hampshire home, re-enacted the scenes of his boyhood days, when care-free and happy he romped and played with his brother and sisters on the great green lawn, and vied with them in finding the first spring flowers in the nearby woods, or with them, sought for the finest red apple in the old orchard on the hill. Ah! how those youthful scenes crowded his memory this evening. And then those years when many tried to discourage him from spending his time in acquiring a college education. Apparently, he had derived no great practical benefit from his work in college, yet he never regretted the busy days spent with his books, even though his more serious nature had excluded him from many of the light enjoyments of college life.

His school-fellows had often told him that his scrupulous honesty and his inability to deviate a single syllable from the truth would hinder his progress in the busy world. But when his college days were at an end and Light made his way westward, he was firmly determined that if he ever attained success it would not be because he changed his ideals of truth and honesty. And now after his thirty years in the business world the citizens of Grafton willingly testified that though there had been times when the prospects of the merchant were not so rosy, yet the resolutions which moulded his character in early manhood remained unbroken.

Ever since his business had survived the struggles of its infancy and its prospective outlook less shadowed by the towering walls of opposition, Howard B. Light had dreamed of a future day, when fortune smiling on his efforts, would allow him to return to his native town and assist some less favored relatives. And now as he was about to realize the event he had so long looked forward to, he saw his cherished dream hopelessly shattered.

The merchant, immersed in grief and distracted by his sense of disappointment, did not hear the knock on his door, nor was

he conscious of an approaching step. He did not even raise his head when some one touched him lightly on the shoulder. Yes, it was time for the sheriff to call for the keys, but why should the unfortunate merchant hurry from the grand building which had required thirty years of his life to complete? Why should he be disturbed this evening as he sat for the last time in that comfortable room which faced the great heaving ocean, into whose sunlit countenance his business cares had frequently found watery graves?

Ah! no more would he gaze on the radiant sun preparing for its slumber, and bathe in its setting rays as they brightened his room and his mind. But men who fail in life must learn to forego many things, and Howard B. — What were those words that his rude intruder was uttering? “Yes, sir; we had a most distressing voyage, we were midway on our homeward course when the fearful storm bore down on us and drove us far out of our course, and finally left us in such a disabled condition that it was utterly impossible for us to reach port a blessed minute sooner than this afternoon, but your cargo, sir, is only slightly damaged.”

Howard B. Light, recognizing the voice of the captain of his ship, sprang to his feet, as one suddenly awakened from a dream. All that seemed lost but a moment before, now was saved.

Indeed, an hour before, the setting sun had gone to sleep on the bosom of the mighty Pacific, and with it had departed the stubborn courage of Howard B. Light, but in its place now brightly burned the star of hope, which shone with renewed splendor upon the disheartened merchant and that characteristic courage once more burned in the heart of “THE LIGHT THAT ALMOST FAILED.”

TENNYSON

THOMAS LYNCH

*“Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.”*—SHELLEY.

The inspirational power of music is indisputable. It lifts us from things material into the realms of fancy and imagination. A feeling for rhythmical harmonies has, indeed, been concerned

in the genesis of much poetry, and if we but keep our hearts and ears attuned to musical cadences, the full signification of this quotation from Shelley will dawn upon us.

This inspirational power, combined with poetic thought, is clearly demonstrated in Tennyson's verse, and remarkably so in his lyrical poems. Their harmony and the pleasing combinations of sound produce a pleasing sensation. He puts his thoughts into the most beautiful verse, and when once these elevating thoughts are robed in the choicest garments of fine expression, harmony and melody are produced.

The sublimity which music can impart to poetry is glowingly felt in Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington;" the music is so predominant in this poem that it furnishes us with sufficient evidence to warrant the assertion that the poet is closely allied with the musical composer. In this poem he shows a perfect command of external rhythm, or harmony based on accent. The rising and falling of tone make the musical element in this poem throb with reality and passion. The indefinable ebb and flow in the thought, imagery, emotion, and form, which the sensitive lover of poetry feels in this poem, stamps it as finely poetic. We may quote the following lines as illustrative of this exquisite internal rhythm.

*"Let the sound of those be wrought for,
And the feet of those be fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."*

Although Tennyson was of a retiring disposition, and held aloof from the turmoil and busy strife of life, still he took a keen reflective interest in the passing events of society. These he viewed from his study window and not in the thick of life itself. Though he lived apart from the passing events of society in general, nevertheless he heartily admired the men who protected the fair fame of England. It is no wonder then that he felt deeply in eulogizing Wellington, the great Duke, and honored him with these lines:

*"And let the mournful martial music blow
The last great Englishman is low."*

This patriotism does not prevent him from using melody to advantage. The melody in this poem is caused by repeating the same lines and very often the same words. This device of repeating the same words gives a melancholy strain to this ode, and this very artifice produces a wonderful effect upon the

reader. The lines flow along like a placid river and produce a marvelous effect upon the listener. There is a majestic and stately calm about the lines that makes it fit for the occasion. But we feel the repressed emotion of the "Ode" also, and Tennyson himself must have felt the same emotion. This feeling was due to the fact that the nation was bereft of one of her bravest sons and Tennyson sings the funeral dirge of

*"Honor, honor, honor, honor, to him
Eternal honor to his name."*

The superb diction in this poem suggestive of the inner emotions of Tennyson produces a magical effect. Here we see luxuriant beauty, and a perfect mastery of metre and language. Here Tennyson wielded a verse that is always harmonious and full of sense-suggestion.

A similar effect is produced by the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Impassioned feeling that needs neither spur nor restraint is accompanied by that rapidity of movement which is necessary for such a subject. This action creates such a life-like picture that we can almost fancy we see the six hundred in the midst of action. We hear the pealing note of the cannon reverberating through the air. It gives us a vivid picture of the fiery ordeal which these men underwent amidst shot and shell. This action is combined with the sonorous majesty of utterance and graceful style which makes this poem live long in the heart and mind of the reader. The beauty and movement that pervade the whole poem are in strong contrast with the theme. Who after reading it does not conjure up in imagination the efforts of this noble band of men? The efforts of these men as depicted by Tennyson will be revered wherever the English language is spoken.

Whilst the former poems bring out the narrative skill of Tennyson, "The Lady of Shallott" brings out his passion and delicacy of imaginative genius which gives such a play to our imagination that the mind loves to indulge in it. We find him here diffusing the seductive charm of reality and catching the peculiar sound in the rustling of the rye and the moaning of the wind. Here we find finished beauty of style and the exquisite charm of melody.

Beauty and repose are the marked elements of this poem. The thought and language move along in a stately and dignified manner. The various details narrated in this poem add beauty to the woodland scenes.

We feel ourselves wafted in imagination to the Island of Shallott. Nothing can impair the beauty of such a narration or the sonorous majesty of utterance which Tennyson so admirably gives us in this poem. The power of giving a description is not rare, but the power of giving descriptions such as the following belongs only to the favored few:

*"Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers.
And the silent Isle embowers
The Lady of Shallott."*

and:

*"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot."*

The masterhand of true poetic genius is needed to give us such dreamy and aerial touches. The lilies as pure and white as the driven snow are burnished into gold beneath the piercing rays of the sun. In this exquisite poem written in 1832 Tennyson's imagination first fastened upon the Arthurian legend. It is of an allegorical character and the Lady is suddenly stirred by a new-born love out of a world of shadows into one of reality. We can better understand the pictorial setting when we remember that the mirror was behind the tapestry to enable "The Lady of Shallott" to see the effect of her stitches without moving from her seat. The Lady actually works into her tapestry the life which she sees reflected upon the mirror from without:

*"And moving thro' a mirror clear
That brings before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear,
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot."*

This poem can be taken as autobiographical in that the situation of the "Lady of Shallott" represents Tennyson himself withdrawn from the public gaze, yet watching the onward course of events. Symbolical of his marvelous imagination he depicts the Lady as some personage distinct from himself. The "Lady of Shallott" weaves the magic web, as Tennyson weaves the magic web of poetry out of his imagination. We can never forget the enchanted descriptions of the Island, as we can never

forget the weird music and sweet rhythm produced from striking the chords of his imagination. The sound of the words falls sweetly on our ears, and the repetition of vowels and consonants produce a striking effect. There is more than technique in this poem, there is beauty, feeling, and imagination. These qualities produce various effects and make the poetry pathetic and sweet in simplicity. The sweetness and strength of this poem are remarkable. It seizes upon the imagination and in the simplest and barest phrase Tennyson presents to us mysterious solitude apart from the tumult of the city. Thought melts into thought, image into image, with a musical rather than a logical connection. The sense becomes plain, yet he speaks in a mysterious manner after the fashion of the greatest poets. In it we find the pure air and bright fire of a sweet song which has swift and leaping movement.

Not only does Tennyson give us a picture of romantic England, but he also depicts the brooding heat of Southern countries in "Maviana." In this production a remarkable union of imagination and feeling is combined with a cultivated and highly artistic expression. Here is a fusion of substance and form that is nothing short of marvelous. Here we feel that quickening thrill and sensation that ever accompanies the perception of perfect beauty in any form. But the real beauty of this poem seems to be in the almost perpetual presence of imagination. The opening stanza of this poem pictures a southern home and its surroundings. We can feel ourselves transported to the sunny south to glance at the stillness of the picturesque scene. Here we behold the mountains lift "their faint blue ridges" into the azure skies. The remarkable character portrayal of Maviana and the loneliness of her life can be seen in every stanza of this poem, as can be seen in the following lines:

*"Her tears fell with the dew at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven
Either at noon or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'"*

The repetition of the same lines at the end of each stanza produces a graceful effect and strikes a note of sympathy for the lonely maiden. The reader cannot help feeling this sympathy for the maiden as she sighs and longs for the return of her false lover. This sympathy is produced by the charm and diction which Tennyson displays in this poem.

A haunting music beautifies the poem and produces a baffling effect. There is in this poem an unearthly glory which lends it charm. To the beauty of the language and words is added an enchantment of scene. What wealth of imagination and pathos are gathered in the following lines!

*"And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face.
'Is this the form?' she made her moan,
'That won his praises night and morn?'
And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'"*

It is this fairy beauty that makes this poem gentle and classic and all but perfect. The poignant cry of the maiden makes the picture still more bewitching. This is a poem devoid of all sensuousness and which expresses the purest sentiment in classic style. This poem is the product of high poetic power and imagination. This imaginative element does not hinder the poem from possessing life-like reality.

An element of loneliness also runs through "Claribel." In this poem we get a pen picture of a beautiful English landscape around a churchyard. The works of an author are like a mirror in which may be seen the reflection of his character and the elements which it contains. The sublime, the beautiful, and the pathetic are often mingled and the effect they produce is often elevating. The pathetic is the most predominant trait in this poem, and it is liable to prevent one from detecting the beauties of natural description. The pathos in this poem is well expressed in these admirable lines:

*"Where Claribel low lieth,
The breezes pause and die."*

The beautiful picture of the gentle zephyrs adds intensity and melancholy to the scene. In strong contrast to the somber gloom of the churchyard is the carol and warbling of the birds in the neighboring trees:

*"Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
 The clear voiced mavis dwelleth,
 The callow throstle lispeth,
 The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
 The babbling runnee crispeth,
 The hollow grot replieth,
 Where Claribel low lieth."*

The same mingling of joy and sadness runs through "Tithonus." It gives us an exposition of the immortality of man and mortality of things. In the summer nature puts forth her luxuriant garments and we behold the countryside burnished gold beneath the slanting rays of the resplendent sun. All nature is clothed in her choicest raiment, but the piercing frost of autumn chills the leaves and they soon wither and die away. Man appears upon the threshold of time and "puts forth the tender leaves of hope," but a killing frost comes and the unexplored hopes of man lie dormant in the sunset of life.

*"Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a Summer dies the swan."*

The melancholy that is evident in this poem strikes a wild note on the mind of the reader. The pathos gradually increases until the climax is reached when we read that man is the only being that "cruel immortality consumes." Everything in nature is tottering to absolute decay, but man is consoled in the hope that he is destined for a future life.

There is also a certain amount of melancholy in "Break, Break, Break." This poem consists of four stanzas with a quasi-threnodic strain running through them. Here we behold the sea lapping against the rocks, chattering over the stones and murmuring in the wilderness. This is not only a picture of nature, but one full of harmony. Tennyson describes the scene and not the thought inspired by the scene. Nature to him had not a spiritual existence nor was she capable of feeling joys and sorrows. He found joy in describing the scene. Joy and sadness are combined in this poem. He seems to rejoice with the "fisherman's boy" and "the sailor lad" that sings on his boat on the bay! But this is only a fond fancy, a momentary forgetfulness because the thought of Hallam recurs to him.

*"But O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still."*

How beautifully pensive these lines are, and yet with a tendency to soar. The same picturesqueness of Tennyson's conceptions are found in "St. Agnes' Eve." This picture carries us beyond the dross of all earthly things, even to the very portals of Heaven. The ideality of this poem lends a freshness to its beauty, a beauty that is scarcely definable. With the talisman of his marvelous imagination he gives us pictures whose sounds live long in the memory. The following lines are apt for the subject under discussion and they give us an idea of Tennyson's art when treating of such a subject.

*"Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean."*

This expectation of the "Heavenly Bridegroom" brings us to an interesting discussion, namely, Tennyson's value for his own age. He had a wonderful gift of saying in noble verse what the more advanced thinkers of his time were thinking and thus he popularized many fruitful ideas. In many poems he gave utterance to the broad conceptions of evolution as we see in "Locksley Hall" and again in many others he placed implicit faith in God as in "In Memoriam."

*"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."*

He interpreted and dignified in his verse the floating thought of his country. He was the prophet of his age when supposedly new discoveries were shaking old beliefs. The Darwinian theory of evolution was upon the stage and it was the paramount question of the day. The authors of this belief were teaching that the idea of God was a sham, delusion and a snare. Tennyson passed through a period of doubt but finally cried out in the hope and belief in God and in a future state.

This hope is clearly seen in "Crossing the Bar." This is probably one of the most beautiful poems that Tennyson ever wrote. The hope that underlies this poem makes it more beautiful. Here we find Tennyson advocating his belief in God, and it may not be amiss to conclude by quoting these lines:

*"For tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar."*

SUCCESS

Before entering into a discussion on the ways and means of attaining success we must see what success means, both to the worldly man and to the man who makes religion a part of his daily existence.

According to Webster, "success" is defined as, "The attainment of a proposed object." Now this is a cold and logical definition, although entirely true; but let us see if it embraces the word success entirely, in all its manifold phases. To the worldly man, it means the acquiring of an abundance of material comforts and pleasures, or perhaps the attaining of a certain power and authority over his fellowman, so that for a man in the world who is not a good practical Christian, success is simply wealth or power, or both together, with all their attending comforts.

But is this the way that good Catholics should regard success? Is it simply the amassing of wealth, or the ability to shine in society, and to feel ourselves raised to a little higher dignity than one's fellow-creatures? Indeed, no. To the true Christian, success means the fulfilling to the best of his ability the duties of his state in life, both to society in general, and to God; as a citizen and a God-fearing Christian. This does not preclude the amassing of wealth, or the practicing of science, either natural or political, but it regulates our ambitions in such a way that sordid gain or mere knowledge is not our ultimate end, but the gaining of Heaven.

Natural ambition, however, and a natural idea of success slumbers in everyone's soul and all men are planning and striving in order to obtain these successes. One aims at being a physician. Does his aim rest there? No. He wishes to become famous, to have his name mentioned as a household word; in short, to attain to the highest pinnacle of his profession; another wishes to become a noted lawyer, to win renown as a barrister, and in the course of time takes his place among the leading judges

of the land; another would be a priest and convert countless souls to God, by his eloquence and example; and so through all the professions; each one aims for the topmost round of the ladder, and this is entirely praiseworthy, for the higher we aim the higher we go. The proverb which says, "Hitch your wagon to a star," although homely, is nevertheless exceedingly true.

The man without ambition never succeeds and the lower one's ideal the lower will his final station in life be. Therefore, let everyone aim at perfection in his chosen avocation, and, by so doing he will be crowned with success.

But what are the means by which we may obtain success, how may we enter through that majestic portal and attain the heights at which we have been aiming?

In a metaphorical sense we may say that there are two portals to the Palace of Success. The first leads merely into the outer courtyard of the castle and while the vista opened up is to a certain extent beautiful, when we enter the other portal, which is labeled "Peace," we have reached the pinnacle of true Christian success in life. Many of the great ones of earth have entered the outer courtyard, but few in comparison are they who have penetrated the inner shrine, and yet it is a part of all human success.

The key by which we may enter the outer portal is "Work," and it is the "Sine qua non," without which we cannot hope even to enter the outer court. This does not mean half-hearted efforts, or spasmodic attempts. It means going to one's work with one's whole heart and soul, with vim and energy, making it a part of one's being and letting no chance for improvement pass by unheeded. It means sacrifice, hardship and privation, but truly great men have always borne this trinity of ordeals holily.

But you may ask, where does this toil and labor begin? It must begin now, "now is the acceptable time." You must foster a love of work here at college or otherwise you will never ascend the heights of fame. It has been truly said that "the child is father to the man," and as you are now, so will you be when you have left these protecting walls to engage in the struggle of life. It is here that your character must be formed and let it be ennobled by a love of labor, which is the only means of ingress into the marbled palace of "Success."

But this second portal in the palace of success, the inner shrine, why is it that so few enter? It is because it is so small and everyone is so busy with their own occupations that they scarcely know of its existence, but through it we enter the temple

of peace and happiness. When we have entered into this holy of holies, we shall have reached the summit of our desires. It is here that we shall be absolutely content; this jeweled portal is only opened by the golden key of prayer. The man of wealth, the man of power who is not fortified by prayer, is always obsessed by the fear that he will lose his all, he is always craving for more and more and is never satisfied, but the man of prayer possesses his soul in peace. He trusts implicitly in God and meets all adversity as manifestations of His Divine will. He does all that lies in his power and leaves the rest to the dictum of the Almighty, and he achieves success whether he possesses immense wealth or whether he inhabits an humble cottage, far from the busy marts of trade. He is conscious of duties well done and in this lies his success.

And at that solemn hour, when after years of toil and labor he is called to his Maker, he alone can speak of success, he alone can look back over his life's work and realize that he has been successful. The fact that he must part from his wealth, that he must give up his power, that he must die has no terrors for him; he knows that he can meet his Maker with a clean heart, and be received into the eternal mansions of bliss prepared for those who have been a success in life's combat, who have fought the "good fight" and have been victorious.

Let us remember then that real success does not mean the achievement of sublime works, or the amassing of wealth, or the gaining of temporal power; but the fulfillment of the duties incumbent upon our state in life, and that this success can only be obtained by earnest toil and labor, by sacrifice and hardships nobly borne, and can only be successfully encountered by means of fervent prayer. And by doing these things we shall attain to the true heights of success and be worthy to enjoy its fruits, not only in this life but in the life to come, when we shall stand before the great white throne and hear the words of love from the mouth of Christ, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys that have been prepared for thee from all eternity."

—L. A. T.

ANDRE MARIE AMPERE

GERARD C. PICARD, 4TH ACAD.

Among the greatest and wisest men of the nineteenth century, few, if any, are as interesting as Andre Marie Ampere, deservedly spoken of as the founder of the science of electro-dynamics. Not only was he a genius in the line of electricity, which he most profoundly studied, but also in every branch to which he devoted himself.

Literature never failed to have its attraction for him, the study of science was his favorite, and mathematics his hobby. Generally the mathematical mind runs in very precise grooves, but Ampere was an exception to this rule; everything he saw, everything he came in contact with, had a special and new attraction for him.

The commonly accepted formula for a great scientist is, that he is a man wrapt up in himself and his work, enmeshed so completely in the scientific speculations that occupy him that he has little or no time for the great humanitarian interest: here again this is entirely contradicted in the life of Ampere. He was a man of the day; a man who took interest in the workings and the welfare of his own generation, and who lent a kind and helping hand to all those who might need it; in other words, he was a perfect Christian gentleman.

Andre Marie Ampere was born at Lyons, January 22, 1775. His father, Jean Jacques Ampere, was a small merchant, who made a comfortable living for his family, but no more. His father and mother were both well informed for their class and time, and were well esteemed by their neighbors. His mother especially, was known for an unalterable sweetness of character, and charitable beneficence which sought out every possible occasion for its exercise. She was universally beloved by those who knew her, and the charm of Ampere's manners, which made for him a friend of every acquaintance, was undoubtedly a manifestation of the same family strain.

Shortly after Andre's birth, his parents retired to a small estate situated not far distant from Lyons.

It was here, in the midst of the quiet of the country, without an instructor of any kind, that the future genius and savant be-

gan his studies. From the very beginning his great mathematical tendencies showed themselves. Before he had ever learned to figure, he worked out by a method of his own, many quite complicated arithmetical problems by means of pebbles and peas. During a prolonged illness which overtook him as a child, his mother, anxious because of the possible evil effects upon his health, due to mental work, forbade her son every kind of mental exercise and took from him his peas and pebbles. He supplied their place, however, during the leisure hours of his convalescence, when time hung heavy on his childish hands, by means of bread crumbs. He craved for food, but according to the starvation code of medical science at this time, he was allowed only a single biscuit every three days. It required no little self-sacrifice on his part, to supply himself with counters from this scanty supply, and his persistence in spite of hunger evidently indicates that this mathematical tendency was stronger than his appetite for food.

Ampere was yet very young when he learned to read, and he devoured with a relish all books that were available to him. Generally a very early or precocious taste for reading specializes on one particular subject, but it was not so with young Ampere; travel, history, poetry occupied him quite as much as romance; and amazing as it may appear, even philosophy was not disdained while he was still under ten years of age. His hunger for literature even when very young, craved for such works as Homer, Lucan, Tasso, Fenelon, Corneille and Voltaire; and when he was fifteen years old this omnivorous intellectual genius came across a French encyclopedia in twenty folio volumes. Each volume had its turn; when the first was ended, the second was begun, and so forth until he had read through the whole twenty. But still more surprising, the great mass of this quickly acquired information, far from being forgotten at once, was deeply engraved on his wonderful memory. He could recall in after life with ease, and give in minutest detail, some of the most abstruse articles read in the encyclopedia fifty years before.

The modest family library soon proved insufficient for him and his father, sympathizing with his great thirst for knowledge, brought him from time to time to the great libraries of Lyons, where he could consult to his heart's content the many volumes which might suit his fancy. At this time his great mathematical tendencies reasserted themselves; he craved for the knowledge of higher mathematics. He found in a library in Lyons the works of Bernoulli and Euler. When the delicate-looking boy

whom the librarian considered little more than a child, put in his request to the town library for these serious mathematical works the old gentleman said to him: "The works of Bernoulli and Euler! What are you thinking of, my little friend?" These works figure among the most difficult writings that ever came from the mind of man." "I hope to be able to understand them," replied the boy. "I suppose you know," said the librarian, "that they are written in Latin." This was a disagreeable surprise for young Ampere. But he returned home resolved to remove the obstacle which barred him from the study of his favorite branch. By the end of the month, the obstacle was completely removed; in such a wonderfully short space of time he had mastered the study of Latin sufficiently to enable him to pursue the study of mathematics in Latin to his heart's content.

Soon after this, Ampere's life was destined to be overshadowed, as it were, by a dense cloud of sorrow, which seemed to him at first almost impossible to penetrate.

France had now reached that awful and never-to-be-forgotten year of 1789. The Revolution was breaking out, and with it came its many glorious promises, then its awful consummation.

Ampere's father becoming seriously alarmed at the course things were taking throughout France, had the fatal inspiration to leave his country home and betake himself to Lyons.

After the siege and capture of Lyons the revolutionists set up a court of justice, as they called it, to make the people patriotic by punishing the royalists, who were opposed to the Revolution. Here a series of horrible massacres began; and among the new victims which were claimed every day, was Ampere's father. The real reason for his condemnation was that he had accepted a position under the old government, though the pretext stated on the warrant for his arrest, that he was an aristocrat. This is the only evidence we have that the Ampere family was in any way connected with the nobility. The day on which he was sentenced to die, Jean Jacques Ampere wrote to his wife a letter of sublime simplicity in which his Christian resignation of spirit, his lofty courage, yet thoroughly practical common sense are manifest. He warned his wife to say nothing about his fate to his daughter Josephine, though he hoped that his son would be better able to stand the blow, and perhaps prove a consolation to his mother.

The news proved almost too much for the young Ampere and

for a time his reason was despaired of. He seemed to be no more of this world. He would roam around listlessly, gazing up at the stars or building small mounds of sand. His physical health also suffered so much that it was thought he would not long survive.

It so happened one day that Rousseau's "Letters on Botany" fell into his hands. At once he became deeply interested in the work and took a great likeness for the study and dissection of plants. He began to study botany in the field and soon acquired a taste for the reading of Linnaeus. At the same time, classic poetry, especially such as contained descriptions of nature, once more appealed to him, and so he took up again his classical studies. He varied the reading of poets with dissections of flowers, and yet succeeded in following both sets of studies so attentively that, forty years afterward, he was still perfectly capable of taking up the technical description of plants that he had then studied; and while acting as a university inspector, he composed 150 Latin verses during his horseback rides from one inspection district to another, without ever having to consult a gradus or a dictionary for the quantities, yet without making a single mistake. His memory for subjects once learned was literally infallible.

One of the most remarkable traits in the life of Ampere was his ardent readiness to take up anything which suited his fancy; nor was exception made to this rule in some of the most important events of his life.

The short and simple story of his love affairs and how he met his destined wife is humorous and shows his peculiar trait in a marked degree. He tells the story himself in words that probably express his feelings better than any possible description by others, and show us how wonderfully sensitive his soul was to emotion of all kinds. He had just completed his twenty-first year, when he fell madly in love. It seems that one evening after sunset he was taking a walk along a brook; gathering at the same time botanical specimens, when he suddenly perceived at some distance two young and charming girls who were gathering flowers in the field. He looked at one of them, and he knew that his fate was sealed. Up to that time, as he says, the idea of marriage had never occurred to him. One might think that the idea would occur very gently at first, then grow little by little; but that was not the case with Ampere. He desired to marry his heart's choice that self-same day. Although he did not know her name, or of her family connections, he knew that she was

the only woman whom he desired for his helpmate. Fortunately for the young lady and himself, she had very sensible parents, and he was soon able to fulfill his plans. And the assistance which she gave him in all his works and the mutual encouragement which he obtained from her had much to do in making his life not only happy, but also very successful in his scientific investigations.

With literature, poetry, and love occupying his time it is difficult to imagine a young man doing great work in science, but Ampere did; and his work deservedly attracted attention, even from his very early years. It was in pure mathematics, perhaps above all other branches, that Ampere attracted the attention of his generation.

The first record we have of some of Ampere's most celebrated works and treatises, is a manuscript note from the Secretary of the Academy of Lyons, which shows that on July 8th, 1788, Ampere, then not quite thirteen years of age, addressed to that learned body a paper on the "Squaring of Circles." Later during the same year he submitted an analogous memoir entitled, "The Rectification of an Arc of a Circle less than a Semi-circumference."

Shortly after the beginning of the nineteenth century Ampere wrote a series of mathematical treatises, each of which was in itself a distinct advance on previous knowledge, and at the same time definite evidence of his mathematical ability. The first paper published in 1801 was a contribution to solid geometry bearing the title, "On Oblique Polyhedrons." His next paper written in 1803, though not published until 1808, was a treatise on the advantages to be derived in the theory of curves from due consideration of the osculating parabola. Another treatise written about the same time had for title, "Investigations on the Application of the General Formulæ of the Calculus of Variations to Problems in Mechanics." This concerned problems which had interested, and in most cases proved too hard of solution even for, such men as Galileo, Jacques Bernoulli, Leibnitz, Huyghens and Jean Bernoulli.

It is not surprising after such marks of mathematical genius that Ampere was appointed to the chair of mathematics at the Ecole Polytechnique, where he was looked upon as one of the most distinguished of French mathematicians. In 1813 he became a candidate for the position left vacant by the death of the famous academician, LaGrange. After his election to the Academy, Ampere continued to deliver important lectures at its

various sessions. Among these, three are especially noteworthy; one was a demonstration of "Pere Mariotte's law," known to us as "Boyle's" law; another bore the title, "Demonstration of a new theory, from which can be deduced all the Laws of Refraction ordinary and extraordinary;" a third was a memoir on the "Determination of the curved surfaces of Luminous Waves in a medium whose Elasticity differs in each of the three dimensions."

Ampere later also became very deeply interested in metaphysics; he had an equally great passion for psychology, and was as ready to devote himself to fathoming and analyzing the mysteries of the mind, as he was to work out a problem in advanced mathematics, or to throw light on difficult questions in the physical sciences.

The principal source of Ampere's fame, however, for future generations, was to be in his researches in the science of electrodynamics. The name of this science will ever be inseparably linked with that of Ampere, its founder. It was for this reason, of course, that the International Congress of Electricians decided to give his name to the unit of current strength, so that it has now become a household word, and will continue so for all ages.

Much of Ampere's fame was attributed to his strong defense of the theory then so contradicted that "electrical and magnetic phenomena must be attributed to two different fluids, which act independently of each other." In the meantime the discovery of another distinguished scientist, doing his work many hundred miles away, was to prove the stimulus to Ampere's constructive imagination. It was the experiment of Oersted, that a current of electricity will affect a magnetic needle. This epoch-making discovery reached Paris by way of Switzerland. The experiment was repeated before the French Academy, by a member of the Academy of Geneva, on September 11th, 1820. The date has some importance in the history of science, for just seven days later, on the 18th of September, Ampere presented at the session of the Academy of Sciences, the still more important fact: "That two parallel conducting wires attract each other when the current traverses them in the same direction; and that they repel each other when the current flows in opposite directions." This phenomena of Ampere received at his suggestion, the general name of electro-dynamics.

As all great inventors and discoverers Ampere was not without many critics and would-be savants, who were ever ready to

find fault with that which their feeble minds were too slow to grasp or too turbid to discover. But having satisfactorily disposed of all objections Ampere was content neither to rest quietly in his discovery, nor merely to develop what various experimental phases he had already discovered. With his great mathematical mind he resolved to work out a mathematical theory which would embrace not only all the phenomena of magnetism then known, but also the complete theory of the science of electro-dynamics. Needless to say, such a problem was extremely difficult. Arago, Ampere's biographer, has compared it to Newton's solution of the problem of gravitation by mathematics. Considering the comparatively small amount of data that Ampere had at his command this problem might very well be compared to that of the great French mathematician and astronomer, Leverrier, who took up with so much success the discovery by calculation only of the planet Neptune, as yet unknown, which was disturbing the movements of Uranus.

But Ampere did solve his problem, and he left the heritage of his wonderful mind in the great works which he himself published and gave to posterity. All our great dynamos, motors and transformers, means by which we receive, measure and manufacture the electric current so indispensable to-day, is directly due to the discoveries of the genius and savant, Ampere.

After his discoveries in electricity Ampere was acknowledged as one of the greatest of living scientists, and was honored as such by most of the distinguished scientific societies of Europe. His work was not confined to electricity alone, however, and late in life he prepared what has been called a remarkable work on the classification of the sciences. This showed that far from being a mere electrical specialist, or even a profound thinker in physics, he understood better, probably, than any man of his time, the interrelations of the sciences. He was a broad-minded, profound thinker in the highest sense of the word, and in many things seems to have had almost intuitive knowledge of the intimate processes of nature.

In the midst of all this preoccupation of mind with science and all the foremost scientific problems of his time, he was a deeply religious man in his opinions and practices. He had, indeed, the simple piety of a child. During the awful period of the French Revolution his mind was temporarily obscured by doubts concerning religious truth; but once these were dispelled, he became one of the most faithful practical Catholics of his generation. He seldom passed a day without finding his way

into a church to visit Jesu Hostia and his favorite form of prayer was the Rosary.

Frederick Ozanam, the great French philosopher and founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, tells the story of how he himself, overtaken by misgivings with regard to faith, and roaming almost aimlessly through the streets of Paris trying to think out a solution for his doubts and the problems that would so insistently present themselves, specially respecting the intellectual foundations of Christianity, finally wandered one day into a church and found Ampere there in an obscure corner, telling his beads.

Ozanam himself was moved to do the same thing, for Ampere was then looked upon as one of the greatest living scientists of France. Under the magic spell of an example like this, and under the quiet influence of prayer, Ozanam's doubts vanished forever. Soon after this, Ampere and Ozanam became bosom friends. They often entered into deep discussions on different topics of science and philosophy, at the end of which the great Ampere would often exclaim: "How great is God, Ozanam! How great is God, and how little is our knowledge!" This, the expression of the most profound thinkers of all times; it was also Ampere's. For to him who desires to study the beautiful Christian simplicity of a truly great soul, there is no better human document than the "Journal and Correspondence of Ampere," published some years after his death. He himself wrote out the wonderful story of his life; and it is perhaps, one of the most charming of narratives, certainly the most delightful autobiographic story of its kind that has ever been told. It is human to the very core and it shows the wonderfully sympathetic character of a great man, whose work was destined a few years later to revolutionize the science of Physics and to found the practical science of Electro-dynamics.

When Ampere's death was approaching, someone suggested that a chapter of the Imitation of Christ should be read to him, but he declared "No!" intimating that he preferred to be left alone for a while, as he knew the whole "Imitation" by heart and would repeat those chapters in which he found most consolation. With the profoundest sentiments of piety and confidence he passed away June 10th, 1836, at Marseilles.

It must not be thought that although a deep scientist and a profound Christian, Ampere was not a man of the day. He took keen interest in all the worldly affairs, and was especially en-

thusiastic concerning the freedom of the South American Republics, eagerly following the course of Bolivar and Canaris and rejoicing at the success of their efforts. South American patriots visiting Paris found a warm welcome at his home and also introductions that made life pleasant for them at the French capital. His house was always open to them, and no service that could be performed for the furtherance of their case was left undone. Ampere was indeed beloved by his family and friends; he was perhaps the most popular man among his circle of acquaintances in Paris, because of the charming geniality of his character and his manifold interests. The beauty of his character was rooted deeply in the religion that he professed and in our day when it has come to be the custom, for so many to think that science and faith are inalterably opposed, the lesson of this life so deeply imbued with both of these great human interests deserves to be studied. Ozanam, who knew him best, has brought out this extremely interesting union of intellectual qualities in a passage that serves very well to sum up the meaning of Ampere's life.

"In addition to his scientific achievements," says Ozanam, "this brilliant genius has other claims upon our admiration and affection. He was our brother in faith. It was religion which guided the labors of his mind and illuminated his contemplations; he judged all things, science itself, by the exalted standard of religion. This venerable head which was crowned by achievements and honors, bowed without reserve before the mysteries of faith, down even below the line which the church has marked for us. He prayed before the same altars before which Descartes and Pascal had knelt; beside the poor widow and the small child, who may have been less humble in mind than he was. Nobody observed the regulations of the church more conscientiously; regulations which are so hard on nature and yet so sweet in the habit; above all things, however, it is beautiful to see what sublime things Christianity wrought in his great soul; this admirable simplicity, the unassumingness of a mind that recognized everything except its own genius; this high rectitude in matters of science, now so rare, seeking nothing but the truth and never rewards and distinction; the pleasant and ungrudging amiability; and lastly, the kindness with which he met everyone, especially young people. I can say that those who know only the intelligence of the man know only the less perfect part. If he thought much, he loved more."

THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 219 WEST JEFFERSON ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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Entered as second-class matter February 23, 1913, at the Postoffice at Bloomington, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879

*All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bloomington, Ill.
Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single
copies, Fifteen Cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager,
The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois."*

Easter brings to the minds of many people thoughts of starting buds and brightening skies, but genuine Paschal joy does not depend on the flowers or the weather, it depends upon the spirit with which we look upon the greatest of Our Lord's miracles. "Enjoy today, deny not your heart its desires, for tomorrow we die," was a classic saying among the ancients, but with the advent of the first Easter, what a change! The glory of the open sepulcher dispelled forever the terror of the grave, and awoke in the hearts of many the sure hope of immortality. Easter and the resurrection became the comfort of the lowly and the oppressed; it opened to them a vision of the life to come, and made them turn to God with a contrite and humble heart.

The resurrection is the world's pivotal fact. Reimarus, Paulus, Schleirer, Renan, and Keim, and hosts of others may hold that there never was any resurrection, yet they cannot explain. The world calmly sets aside their groundless theories, and we say with St. Augustin, "*Aut dicant quomodo, aut credant nobiscum!*" Let them explain, or, with us, let them believe. A thousand Easter bells fling out their joyful tidings: "The Lord

is truly risen." The true children of the resurrection rejoice because our Lord rising in splendor from the grave, conquered, for us, sin and death. Easter is not a mere festival of spring—the joyous awakening of the earth from its winter's sleep as the modern pagan wishes it to be when he says, "Let the dogma of the resurrection go, but keep the charming feast of Easter!" but it is the feast that commemorates the triumph of our Saviour over death—the victory over darkness and despair.

The old parable of the thoughtless grasshopper, who sang all summer, and starved to death when winter came, is daily verified. Too many of us fail to take the proper

The Last Lap

view of school life that is necessary, and too many will suffer from this want of thought. How many wrongs are wrought by want of thought? They are almost countless. Most of the great mass of tragedies and sufferings of the world are the direct result of indolence and thoughtlessness, and many of us in our school lives may be staging the first scenes of a tragedy that will have its denouement in after years. The third quarter of the school year has slipped quietly into the realms of the past, there is but one more span remaining, and this short span may be the turning point that will make or mar our future. The student, who imagines that this is a time for idling and that he can settle down some other time is making a big mistake. Life will be a failure if we base it on the periphrastic conjugation "*acturisunt*." The present time alone is in our grasp, and we should learn to realize this fact and make the most of our opportunities. Later years will bring the test that tells. What we need now is preparation for those years that are to come. If we have failed, during the past seven months, to take the interest that our work demanded, there is a chance, even now, to manfully shoulder the burden, and succeed. Let us make the best of the few remaining months. Work while there is time, and when the time for play comes, the swing of the game will have a greater attraction for us.

In our daily lives, loom the thousand and one things that seem to us stupendous, yet when we analyze, how trivial is the bulk of them. This analyzing, this separating the realities from the unrealities, the trivial from the significant, show the real way along the real road to success—they constitute the first step in the advancement of self-knowledge. Self-knowledge

Self

Conquest

means self-contemplation, the greatest beautifier of life. How easily we judge others—almost automatically. We say a man is weak or vacillating, brave or cowardly, honest or deceitful, according as he meets certain standards that we have formed for judging. It takes no effort on our part to do this toward others, yet few of us care to apply the same standards to ourselves. This is the pity! Only apply the method of judgment to ourselves that we do to others, not once but continually, and we find life lifted to a higher plane. Ten minutes daily, given to criticizing ourselves, and we learn to become more lenient in our criticism of others, we become more tolerant of the weakness “that flesh is heir to.” We learn to appraise ourselves as strangers; we make a real acquaintance with ourselves; we lead ourselves farther toward that self-conquest which is a sure means of opening a new and better vista of life.

EXCHANGES

It is a pleasure to meet old friends and renew their acquaintance, but it is a greater pleasure to meet and make the acquaintance of new friends. During the past few weeks several magazines arrived at our editorial sanctum for the first time. What a delightful sensation to behold these newcomers arrayed in choicest garbs inviting you to peruse their contents! We were thoroughly regaled by the productions in these publications and as we cannot review each of them individually, we wish each and every one of them a cordial welcome to our sanctum.

“*St. Anselm's Monthly*” is one of the publications that recently found its way to our office. It is a neat and attractive paper, and the subjects are discussed in a thorough manner. Herein we find interesting and instructive essays which though short, are to the point. “Galileo the Martyr” especially appeals to us, and we think that it is the jewel of the magazine. This essay shows research and careful study and reflects credit to the author. It is a paper, that, to be loved needs only to be read. Yes, we enjoy the wholesome and invigorating articles in this magazine and peruse its contents with the greatest pleasure. We greet you and wish you a most cordial welcome to our editorial sanctum for the future.

"*St. Mary's Chimes*" comes to us garbed in a most attractive cover. Peering within this cover, one is struck by the absence of instructive essays. We think there is too much space given to short stories in several college magazines, whilst other more valuable productions could find a more fitting repository. This does not mean that we condemn the insertion of short stories in a publication. No, but we demand that essays should have the foremost place in a college magazine. One finds more profit from reading one well written essay, than by reading ten of those silly productions that parade under the name story. If stories are inserted they should at least require a well developed plot. This is not directed against the "*Chimes*" because during our communication with this magazine we have always found it well up to the standard.

In the "*Fleur De Lis*" the first article to attract our attention was "The Strain of Sadness in Francis Thompson." This is one of the best critical essays we have gleaned in any college publication dealing with this phase of Thompson's poetry. The writer in a clear and forcible manner portrays the pealing note of sadness that rings throughout the entire poetical productions of this genius. The only thing we regret is that there were not a few more essays like it in this publication. The stories in this number of the *Fleur De Lis* are well developed and show much care on the part of the authors. We notice with delight the pleasing manner in which the exchanges are written. This manner of criticism is very pleasing and shows careful work on the part of the editor of this department. The editorials are treated with a breath that is quite refreshing. The *Fleur De Lis* is well up to the standard and approaches our idea of what a college publication should be. It presents a pleasing combination of essays and short stories.

Just as we are writing the "exchanges" a welcome visitor arrives and is clothed in an unassuming cover. It is a well known visitor at our editorial sanctum and it demands our criticism. This visitor is the "*University Symposium*." The first article to attract our attention and demand investigation is "William Butler Yeats." The writer of this article plainly shows that he is thoroughly conversant with the poetry of Yeats. He brings out the various phases and characteristics of poetry of this poet. The only department that is lacking in the *Symposium* is the exchange. We think that a college or university publication is not complete without an exchange department.

We would be glad to see an exchange column in the *Symposium*, because a criticism from such a grave personage would prove fruitful.

"*Saint Joseph Lilies*" is another publication that has recently visited us. This magazine reflects credit on the institution which is capable of editing such a charming and delightful paper. It is one of the best journals that we have read this month and the articles therein contained are treated in a thorough and capable manner.

The Viatorian gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following: The Pacific Star, The Patrician, Georgetown College Journal, Notre Dame Scholastic, University of Ottawa Review, The Young Eagle, The Nazarene, The Buff and Blue, The Exponent, The Abbey Student, and many others, but there are many college papers to whom the Viatorian is sent, that have not as yet been seen at our editorial table. We would ask the following to kindly consider us a friend and place us on their exchange list: Niagara Index, Holy Cross Purple, The Atheneum, Marquette University Magazine, The D'Youville Magazine. The Xavier, The Rainbow, The Ignatian, The Loyola University Magazine, The Champion, Boston Stylus, The Gonzaga and several others.

Exchange editors please notice that our exchange office is St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

INTER ALIA

St. Viator College has been presented with a high-school scholarship by the St. Viator Council of the "Knights of Columbus" of Kankakee, Illinois. All Catholic boys of Kankakee county are eligible for this scholarship which embraces the four years of the academy course. The examination for the selection of the winner and the awarding of this honor will be held during the month of June at the college.

Knights of Columbus Scholarship

It is needless to say that the faculty of the college greatly appreciate this most useful gift and wish to express their

appreciation for the splendid opportunity for obtaining a good Catholic education which they are giving to boys of the locality.

The Knights of St. Viator Council have always been staunch supporters of this institution and many present and past students and faculty members are knights of the local council. Much praise is also due to St. Viator Council and it is the sincere hope of St. Viator's that their beneficent work will ever continue and that they may be rewarded a "hundred fold" for their generosity and liberality.

Rev. Father F. A. Sheridan C. S. V., the well known playwright of St. Viator's, crowned his former success in an indisputable manner, when he staged his newest conception, "*An Irish Rose*." Two performances were given. It was staged for the first time, at the Remington Theatre in Kankakee, February 16th, before a crowded house, which showed its pleasure and appreciation by encoring the players many times.

On the afternoon of March 17th, a performance was given in the college auditorium for the student body and visitors. In technique the play showed the delicate skill of its writer. The plot embodied a clever thought which was something difficult from the ordinary. The scene, which was in keeping with the occasion, was beautifully quaint and depicted the simple surroundings of the mode of life of the "Emerald Isle." Together with this was bent the beautiful strains of Irish airs, which happily harmonized to make the work distinctly "Irish" and pleasantly artistic. Gordon McDonald, who played the leading role, was indeed a happy choice on the part of the writer, on account of the naturalness which he displayed in interpreting his long and difficult part. Aside from his superb acting he captivated the audience by rendering most beautiful songs ever dear to the "Irish heart." Next in character-importance as well as in favor, came Joseph Hughes, who indeed looked and acted the part of the young English college man, having all the required grace of manner that characterizes the conservative English.

In speaking of the girls in the play too much praise cannot be given to the author on his choice of Irish colleens, for indeed the parts of "Peg O'Connor" and "The Irish Rose" were so admirably done that they are beyond criticism. Louis Dougherty who played the part of "Peg" won the hearts of the audience

by the winsome appearance that he made in typifying the sharp-witted and pretty colleen of Ireland; M. Kilbride "The Irish Rose" had that sweetly demure bearing of the beautiful character the author had conceived and acted with the delicate grace of a woman.

W. I. Murray, the villain, played his role with great strength bringing out well the circumstance of the tyrannical rule to which Ireland has been subject at the hands of the English landlord.

Francis Cleary added another success to his long list of histrionic efforts when he played the role of the priest "Father O'Flynn" with great success.

J. Dougherty did ample justice to the part of "Rory O'Laughlin," and shared the singing honors with Mr. McDonald and Hughes by rendering several of Olcott's selections.

Mr. Timothy Sullivan, the prime favorite of the Thespians in his usual delightful manner, pleased the appreciative audience as "Seumas O'Connor" the fond and lively brother of "Peg."

J. Mullaney and G. Galvin divided honors in amusing the audience in the role of "Archibald Blackburne."

Among those who carried the remaining parts and who showed their abilities as actors were: J. Cox, George Rooney, and J. McCarthy.

As intermission numbers, the Rev. Father Sheridan engaged the famous "John McNamara troupe" of Irish dancers, consisting of Professor John McNamara, Miss Eva Barry, Bernice Mahoney, Olive Kelly, James Droney and William Terry. The manner in which the dances were executed by Prof. McNamara and Miss Barry was indeed a revelation to the appreciative audience and the dancers were encored again and again. The youngsters also did justice to their difficult steps, which they executed with grace and alacrity. Among the various numbers were "The Star of Munster" and "The First of May" by Prof. McNamara and Miss Barry and "The Echoes of Killarney" and "The Blackbird" by B. Mahoney, O. Kelly, J. Droney and W. Terry. The entire troupe danced in a fascinating manner the Irish reel, jig and hornpipe. The music was furnished by Mr. Francis Hart. Those who had the good fortune to attend had the particular opportunity of seeing the original and artistic Irish dances as they are interpreted in their native isle.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Barney O'Neil, the hired man.....	G. McDonald
Eileen O'Connor, the invalid.....	J. McCarthy
Robert Quince, her lover.....	J. Cox
Mrs. O'Connor, the widow.....	G. Rooney
Harold Livingston, a chum of Seumas.....	J. Hughes
Peg O'Connor, an Irish colleen.....	L. Dougherty
An Irish Rose, Barney's sweetheart.....	M. Kilbride
Archibald Blackburne (who stutters)....	J. Mullaney, G. Galvin
Seumas O'Connor.....	T. Sullivan
Father O'Flynn, their pastor.....	Francis Cleary
Blackburn, a land agent.....	I. Murray
Irish bobbies.....	M. Kenneally, J. Sullivan
Rory O'Laughlin.....	J. Dougherty
Messenger.....	G. Reuthers
Place—Ireland.	Time—Present.

The music lovers here on St. Patrick's day were pleasantly entertained by Miss Hazel Kelley of Chicago, the leading lady of Gleason's All Star Co., who rendered several difficult selections in her own operatic manner. **Miss Kelley Sings** Miss Kelley's voice bespeaks great culture and training, and was indeed greatly appreciated by all who had the pleasure of hearing her sing. Miss Kelley also helped to make the play "An Irish Rose" the brilliant success that it was, by the zealous assistance she gave to Father Sheridan in training the players.

Before a large audience in the high school auditorium, Kankakee, Illinois, the Viator high school debating team suffered defeat at the hands of the Kankakee representatives, in a debate on "The Initiative and Referendum." **High School Debate** The teams were evenly matched as regards the knowledge of the subject debated, but the Viator trio were by far superior in the free and graceful manner of their delivery of the long and difficult orations. The subject was handled in a keen and clever manner by both teams. The Kankakee team upheld the affirmative, while the St. Viator boys defended the negative side of the question "Resolved that the Initiative and Referendum should be upheld by our several states."

The arguments 'pro' and 'con' were brought out in a strik-

ing and forceful manner which indeed reflected the ability of the various speakers. Both teams showed great skill in rebuttal and divided honors in destroying each others arguments.

The debaters were as follows:

Kankakee High School	Viator High School
Francis James.....	Daniel Quin
Sebastian La Fond.....	Edward O'Connor
Serguis Boudreaux.....	Maurice Dillon

After several weeks of zealous work on the part of the members of the collegiate department, twelve members were finally chosen as the candidates for the college debating team.

College

Preliminaries

The final preliminaries took place on Tuesday, April 7th, and the judges, Rev. W. J. Bergin, Rev. W. J. Suprenant, Rev. J. A. Lowney, Prof. E. Kenyon and Mr. J. A. O'Brien, on that occasion chose the following candidates: E. Smouthers, E. Dillon, E. Dunn, J. Griffen, T. Donavan, W. Murray, J. Drain, F. Sheen, C. Hart, J. Dougherty, T. Lynch and D. Sullivan. Great interest has been shown by the collegians concerning the "Initiative and Referendum," and enthusiastic discussions are taking place several times each week. Rev. W. J. Bergin is coaching the team, and nothing but success seems in store for the "Old Gold and Purple" who are doing all in their power to uphold the enviable record attained by the team of 1913.

Mr. J. Dawson Byrne, of the seminary department, protean artist of great versatility in character sketches from Dickens' novels and Shakespeare's plays, who has often pleased local audiences, and has appeared before the students of several colleges in the middle west, recently scored a decided hit before a very appreciative audience at St. Mary's college, St. Mary, Kentucky. It is needless to say that St. Viator's is more than proud of Mr. Byrne's attainments and rejoice with him in his new conquest, for after all, the triumph of one of her sons cannot but add lustre to Alma Mater. The Louisville Record, speaking of Mr. Byrne says in part:

"Mr. Byrne is studying for the priesthood at St. Viator's and during spare time is making a tour of all the principal colleges of the United States and Canada. It is a veritable treat to hear and see such a gifted artist before his ordination; he is new and novel, refined and artistic, has beautiful costumes

and a classical appearance. St. Viator has a genius in Mr. Byrne and every man in the college from the faculty down should be, and no doubt is, proud of him. Superiors of our academies and colleges will be fortunate if they secure the services of such a protean actor, reader and monologist. We have had the good fortune and rejoice thereat."

ALUMNI AND PERSONALS

Mr. Leo Dougherty, A. B., '13, and Mr. Ed. Dougherty, '08-'09, while in Kankakee visiting Lawyer Dougherty at the Emergency hospital, took the occasion to spend a few pleasant hours at St. Viator's.

Rev. P. McGee, of St. Joseph's church, Manhattan, Illinois, uncle of Mr. John Moriarity of the seminary department, recently paid St. Viator's a short but pleasant visit.

Rev. Thomas J. Timmons of Watseka, a staunch friend of St. Viator recently spent a few hours at the college as the guest of the Very Rev. President and the other members of the college faculty.

Word was recently received from Mr. Thos. O'Reily, H. S., '12, to the effect that he is at present employed in the Springfield offices of the Illinois Traction Company. Tom is the third alumnus employed by this company, the other two being Michael Madigan and T. J. McCormick, both commercial graduates of 1911.

Sometime ago Mr. James Dougherty, A. B., '07, who is connected with the law firm of Granger and Marcotte, underwent a serious operation for appendicitis at the Emergency hospital, Kankakee. The many friends of Mr. Dougherty will be pleased to hear that he is now convalescing and will soon be able to resume his professional work.

Recently Mr. Hugh Graham, '07-'08, visited his brother John of the collegiate department and spent several pleasant hours with his former instructors. Hugh is now a prosperous farmer located near Ludlow.

Mr. John Hughes, connected with the Monarch Electric Company, of Champaign, Ill., recently called on his brother, Mr. Jos. Hughes, of the collegiate department.

On Friday evening, March 13, the astronomy class under the direction of Rev. J. A. Lowney, professor of botany and astronomy, viewed the total lunar eclipse with field glasses from the roof of the alumni hall. The Rev. Professor gave a very interesting talk later on in the evening on the subject "Eclipses."

The Easter recess began on the afternoon of April 8th and ended Tuesday, April 14th.

On April 3rd, the period of study known as the "five o'clock period" was eliminated according to the usual custom and recreation time was thereby lengthened.

The regular quarterly examination for the seminary, collegiate, high school and preparatory departments were held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Holy Week.

Since February 1st, the college has assumed the chaplaincy of the Illinois State Hospital located at Kankakee. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered every Sunday in the chapel of the institution and confessions are heard every Saturday afternoon. Besides the regular sick calls the patients are visited once a week.

On Sunday evening, March 22nd, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., preached at the St. Bernard's church, Peoria, Illinois, of which Rev. Maurice P. Sammon is pastor.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., preached the St. Patrick Day sermon at St. Lawrence church, Penfield, Illinois, on "The Feast of the Apostle of Ireland."

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., assisted Rev. P. H. Durkin of the Church of the Visitation, Kewanee, Illinois, during Holy Week, and preached on Wednesday, Holy Thursday and Good Friday; on Easter Sunday he assisted Rev. James Francis of St. Mary's church, Utica, Illinois.

The following is a list of the Holy Week Missions attended by the various members of the college faculty: Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., St. Mary's Canton; Rev. J. P. Munday, D. D., St. Pius, Chicago; Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., St. Joseph's, Marseilles; Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., St. Columbkille's, Chicago; Rev. J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., St. Mary's, Westville; Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C. S. V., St. Paul's, Odell; Rev. W. J. Remillard,

St. Lawrence's, Penfield; Rev. F. A. Sheridan, St. Malachy's, Rantoul; Rev. F. X. Hazen, C. S. V., St. Rose's, Kankakee; Rev. P. X. Gagnan, C. S. V., Maternity, Bourbonnais; Rev. C. A. Marino, C. S. V., St. Francis De Sales, Chicago; and Rev. J. R. Plante, C. S. V., St. Louis Church, Chicago.

During the latter part of the winter season, the senior class enjoyed a sleigh-ride and it is needless to say that they spent a pleasant day, for the seniors generally enjoy themselves, no matter whether at study or at play.

During the past month the regular examinations in sacred scripture, patrology, canon law and church history were held by Rev. J. P. Munday, D. D., who is professor of these various classes.

On the evening of March 17th, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., gave a lecture on "The Mission of the Irish Race" at St. Edward's church, Chicago, Illinois, of which Rev. James J. Cregan is pastor.

For several weeks the members of the church history class have been considering the church of the first three centuries. Among the interesting papers read may be mentioned: "The Persecutions of the Early Church," F. Cleary; "The Heresies of the First, Second and Third Centuries," T. Cleary; "The Popes of the first Three Centuries," R. Graham; "The Schisms of the First, Second and Third Centuries," S. Carew; "The Conversion of Erin, Britain, and Scotia," W. J. McGuire; "The Church under Julian the Apostate," "Constantine and the Church," J. Hogan; "The History of the Church in Italy and Spain," C. A. Marino; "The Church in Gaul," "The Anglo-Saxons in Britain," J. Mullin; "The Church in Africa and Asia," "Nestorianism," J. Moriarity; "The Othodoxy of Pope Liverius," "Arianism," "The Council of Nice," J. P. O'Mahoney; and "Semi-Pelagianism and Pelagianism," P. Ryan.

The many friends of Brother E. M. Kelly, C. S. V., will be pleased to learn that he is sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to resume his duties in the class-room, and to continue his theological studies.

During the Lenten season, Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., delivered several lectures in St. Patrick's church, Danville, Illinois. Father F. J. O'Rielly, '96, is pastor of St. Patrick's.

Recently Father J. R. Graham, of St. Joseph's church; Rev. J. P. Parker, of Sts. Joseph's and Mary Chebanse; Rev. H. A. Darche, Notre Dame church, Chicago; Rev. A. Savary, St. Louis church, Pullman; Rev. W. Granger, St. Rose church, Kankakee; Rev. R. Pugny, St. Joseph's church, Bradley; Rev. J. Meyer, Sacred Heart church, Goodrich; Rev. P. E. Le Bon, St. Peter's church, Clifton; Rev. A. Code, St. Edmund's church, Oak Park; Rev. J. R. Walsh, Elgin; Rev. T. J. Bennett, St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Illinois, made short visits to St. Viator's.

The many friends of the Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., of the College and Academy of the Incarnate Word, Alamo Heights, San Antonio, Texas, will be glad to learn that he was able to return to San Antonio last Monday after a serious operation which he underwent at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Fort Worth, about seven weeks ago.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Lynch, D. D., bishop of Dallas, Texas, an alumnus of St. Viator, recently dedicated the beautiful new church just completed at Quanah, largely through the generosity of a non-catholic woman, Mrs. Merrigan, who is however the wife of a catholic. Bishop Lynch is to be congratulated on the great work which he has done in Texas since his consecration some two years ago. Several months ago he dedicated a new diocesan orphanage and industrial school. St. Viator extends congratulations to her mitred son and sincerely hopes that continued success will be his in the future.

The faculty of St. Viator rejoices in the fact that the Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D. D. of Holy Angel's church, Chicago, an alumnus of St. Viator, '89, and the first of her sons to wear the purple, has completely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Rev. John Henry Nawn, of Corpus Christi, Chicago, Ill., recently addressed the West End Catholic Club.

The Henry Irving players, under the direction of the Rev. M. P. Weidner, assistant pastor of Our Lady of Victory church, are preparing to give another play, "The Call," written by the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V. The play will be given on the evening of April 26, at the parish hall, Sunnyside and Laramie avenues, Irving Park.

Mr. Emmett Kennedy, of the collegiate department, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Garfield Memorial hospital, Chicago, Ill., is now convalescing.

Mr. Ed. Martin and Mr. John Broderick, of the academy, both of whom were seriously ill with pneumonia are also recuperating rapidly.

Mr. Joseph Wesley, former student of '12-'13, is at present enrolled at St. Basil's college, Waco, Texas.

SOCIETIES

The work of this society seems to be ever before the eyes of the members and is foremost in their minds. From the large attendance at the weekly meetings which are held every Sunday afternoon, it is an easy matter to surmise how interested the members are in honoring the Holy Name of Jesus. The Rev. Moderator, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., is much pleased with the members of the society, and indeed St. Viator is to be congratulated on having in her midst such a devoted and praiseworthy organization.

At the last meeting the Rev. Father called to mind the respect and veneration due to the Holy Name. He exhorted the boys ever to keep up the good work which they have begun at college and when they have gone forth to take their places in this world, to exert their influences in the various walks of life in promoting this particular devotion.

This society has met with popular favor, since its organization several years ago by Rev. Charles Cassidy, C. P., and its membership has steadily increased until this year, it has surpassed all others for it is at present the largest organization at St. Viator.

The new officers took up their respective duties at the last meeting. Mr. Timothy Sullivan, the new president, presided at the meeting.

The last meeting of this popular society witnessed the reception of four new members. The following are those who pledged themselves to do all in their power to enhance the religious ceremonies of the catholic church: Frank Houle, Roger Killelea, Charles McDonough, and John O'Farrel. These candidates were welcomed into the society by Rev. Marzano, C. S. V.,

Holy Name Society

Altar Society

The Rev. Moderator told the new members of the wonderful influence the society had among the students and also of the noble work of the society. This society though small in number is one of the most promising at the college, and it is through the untiring efforts of the Rev. Moderator that the society has had such wonderful success. The directing of this society is by no means a small task, and Rev. Marzano deserves great praise for the able manner in which he has directed this society, whose excellent work has indeed added much dignity and splendor to the various chapel services.

This society is ever advancing in the fulfillment of its object namely the study of the French language. The society holds regular meetings and its new corps of officers under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Landroche is making great headway. It is the intention of the officers to make this society one of the banner societies at the college. This society has always met with the popular approval of the faculty and students and is hailed as a means of preserving the native tongue among its members, who are chosen exclusively from the students of French parentage.

La Joie Society

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Spring arrived on schedule time this year for on the 21st of March, Coach St. Aubin and his men were sufficiently impressed by the weather to take an out-door drill in batting and fly chasing. Prospects for a winner at St. Viator are brighter this year than they have been since '09, when the regulars captured the college championship of the west. Six veterans are on hand and all have proven their ability. They are: Dunn, Sullivan, Lawlor, Mortell, Gartland, and Monaghan. The last three mentioned did outpost duty last season and are not going to lose their jobs if they can help it. Lawlor is the only remaining infielder of last year's squad and his job at third looks pretty safe. Besides being a sure fielder and the possessor of a good

arm, Bill has a tendency to iron the wrinkles out of the official league ball. Sullivan will no doubt again do guard duty at 'home.' Tim has had two years of 'varsity experience and says he feels better this spring than ever before. Dunn is the only veteran heaver left, but he should be a pitcher of the first water this season. Last year was his first year on the mound but even then he gave evidence of good judgment and while having no great amount of speed, he uses control and a good curve cleverly.

Of the new ones Pemberton looks best. "Scoop" pitched Illinois Wesleyan to a championship tie in the minor college conference last year, so let's hope he will assist Dunn in doing as much for us this year. Butler and Kiely also come well recommended. The former has never played college ball before but has had much high school experience. He will undoubtedly get a job on the inner defense. Kiely, a youngster from the Windy City is making a good fight for an infield position and it looks as if he is going to land it, as he handles himself in regular Federal league style. Others showing promise are Liston, Lynch, Houle, Murray, Kissane, Dillon, Shea, Kasper, Cox, J. Sullivan, Quinn, Ward, Hacket, Hughes, and Leonard.

The management has experienced great difficulty in compiling a baseball schedule. Thus far the following games have been listed.

- April 25—Northwestern at St. Viator.
- May 2—Wheaton at St. Viator.
- May 8—Arkansas U. at St. Viator.
- May 14—Cathedral at St. Viator.
- May 16—Northwestern at Naperville.
- May 20—Notre Dame at South Bend.
- May 22—Lombard at St. Viator.
- May 30—Wheaton at Wheaton.
- June 4—Cathedral at Chicago.
- June 13—Alumni at St. Viator.

WITH OUR FORMER STARS

The newspaper accounts of the National league training camps especially Chicago and Pittsburg are being closely scrutinized by the St. Viator claws. Eddie Stack, captain and star pitcher of the famous '08-'09 squad and who was and still is the prime favorite among students and faculty members is again with the Cubs. During his stay at C. S. V., Eddie pitched his team

to the championship honors of minor colleges of the west. Eddie is considered as one of the Chicago team's mainstays in the coming pennant scrap, and we sincerely hope that he will manage to land the bacon for his club. Stick to it old 'horse;' we're all with you.

Another member of the same team is doing his best to help Clarke's Pirates bring a flag to Pittsburg. "Little Sol" McCarthy is the one who is playing all over the infield in the Smoky City. While at St. Viator "Sol" played short or third with equal dexterity. Since his big league debut he has added another position to his list and he now is the popular choice for Wagner's running mate at second. Another of the '09 aggregation is Bachant who, in days gone by, handled Stack's fast ones. Louie will go back to Wichita this year and will play in the same circuit with Curly Mors. The latter was one of the really great outfield men who have chased flies for St. Viator. True to the promise he showed in '10 Mors has developed and the management of the Des Moines club thinks Curly is worthy of a place on their pay-roll.

ACADEMIC BASEBALL PROSPECT

Since the close of the basket ball season the call for the followers of the national sport has been made. It is the hope of Father Hazen that the academics will have a team in baseball that will rival the brilliant success of the aggregation coached by the famous Lawlor in basket ball. Unfortunately three games were lost during the season but it was not through the superior playing of their opponents but through their superior weight and size.

A few of the old stars still record their names in academic athletics. Tompkins, of last year's heavies, will probably wear the mask while Senesac and Hilliard will do the twirling. First base left vacant by Pepin, of three year's fame, is yet to be covered, but among the aspirants to the initial sack we find Pete Boyle, who played for two years on the Minims and Freebury and Corbett recruits. The Keystone corner is also open to recruits. Among the most promising candidates are Berry, Shields, and Arseneau. Shields and Arseneau played on last year's organization.

Most probably Flynn, who has covered short very successfully for three years will again be at his old post to cut down

sizzling grounders and to check the "fast men" who attempt to steal second.

McCarthy, who starred at third for the past two seasons will cover the bag in "Frank Baker style."

In the outfield there will be room for recruits but O'Connell will undoubtedly "live" in the left garden. Among the most promising recruits are: Hermis, Cassidy, Russell, Kilbride, Kirley, Vicory, Marcotte, Burton, Snyder, McMurchy, Berry, Horse, McCarthy, Landusky and Nemanich. Out of this "crowd" it will be a difficult task to pick a team of nine men and do justice to all.

Undoubtedly the academics will have an aggregation this year who can yield the war-club and "clout" out the long ones, good for extra bases. It is the hearty wish of the Viatorian that Father Hazen will have unmeasured success in the coming season.

VIATORIANA

April I greet thee with bat and with glove!
Of all the fair months 'tis April I love;
She sends gentle zephyrs to tell us she's here
And with her are showers and joy and good cheer.
All nature smiles on as this young maid arrives
But woe to the stu' who for baseball class 'skives.'

* * * *

April is not considered a foolish month, is it Lawler?

* * * *

Fat Galvan is taking periodical walks each morning. So are other fair ones. My, what a coincidence!

* * * *

We see by the dope sheet that the weather prevents the practice. Blast the weather anyway!

* * * *

Adios, Fair Logic, Adios!

* * * *

When we asked for conje (jay)
All our prefect could say

Was "Go to Father"
 He knew that we knew that he was quite sore
 He knew that we knew that he rarely swore
 He knew that we knew that he meant much more
 "Than go to Father."

* * * *

Before you go dear William
 Let me for faults atone
 And rub from out our column
 That dear sweet name 'Jerome'
 And we will ~~Jerome~~.

* * * *

A few petals from "An Irish Rose:"
 It was hard to take offense at the start.
 Greg and Joe looked and acted their part.
 Is Archie bald?
 Some dolls our boys! Eh?
 Mother how cudga?

One of the scene shifters said the props were O. K. but
 couldn't understand how on earth any one could prop-a-gate.

* * * *

OVERHEARD IN ASTRONOMY

Bill (speaking of heavenly bodies) says, Dr. Walsh is the
 best authority on this subject from which we conclude that he
 has a constitution like the U. S. if he lives on heavenly bodies.

* * * *

Invitations are extended to interview the heart breaker in
 '205.'

* * * *

I don't know anybody by the name of Willie, but I know
 a fellow by the name of Bill.

* * * *

Louis is not going out for catcher though he does make a
 good 'Peg' now and then.

* * * *

The lads all hope to pick up in their batting and we all hope
 they don't bat in their picking up. Looks like a vicious circle
 but I guess it isn't.

* * * *

Now that we've gone through the mills let's turn the cart
(Des Cartes.) Toward home. (Hume.) "Rotten."

* * * *

D'ye know in the senior class a *Mur-ray* of light flooded the
hospital *Ward* where *Dougherty* lay sleeping. He had been
badly *Dunn* up by *McDonald* who was driving a *Dono-Van*.
It seems that he tried to *Lynch Farrell* when *Dougherty* stepped
in and what did *Rebe-deau* but ask "Who will help me?" Then
McDonald hit *Dougherty*. Some mix-up eh?

* * * *

In the Juniors: Dillon was *Smothered*. "Nuff Sed."

* * * *

In the Sophomores: The Roy-al son of *Erin* (*Crowley*)
tried to *Buck-Lee*, but *Lawler* stopped him. *John Dougherty*
then *Drained* the *Kasper* and knelt on his *Roo(ned)ney*.

* * * *

Among the Freshmen: Hack-ett supper with *Sullivan* who
was drinking *Boos*. It affected his *Hart* for in the second song
at the words 'The Emerald *Sheen* of Ireland Green' he tore his
Kelly from his head and threw it in *Dona-hue's* face was in the
way. I don't think he is *Hughes* to *Boos*. If he is, don't let
Marzano.

* * * *

When I asked can you play?

All he could say

Was Bushwawa.

He knew that I knew that there was no such word.

He knew that I knew that quiz was absurd.

He knew that I knew what he meant when I heard

Bushwawa.

* * * *

PLENTY OF PAUSE

And let me say in conclusion (gesture) that you will never
make the debating team (gesture) unless you make it (accented)
over my pause. Intellectual pause. Carcass (applause).

* * * *

Galvin.—When I write poetry that is printable I'm going
to sign myself, C. W. T.

Ed.—Why don't you try T. O. N. that would be more appro-
priate and would add more weight to your lines.

THE VIATORIAN

HERE'S ONE TO THE BOYS

Hits to the left of us
 Hits to the right of us
 Hits right in front of us
 Volleys and thunder.

Oh! such a dust they raised
 Oh! how we stood amazed
 Oh! every one was dazed
 We gasped, then wondered.

No one could catch a fly
 Each lad had lost his eye
 But did not cease to try
 How the coach thundered.

And when we came to bat
 He rose from where he sat
 And told us this and that
 Before four hundred.

Then we went out for gore
 And soon began to score
 And we had won before
 Anyone blundered.

And as we left the field
 Dust-marked and dust-congealed
 Only our hearts were healed
 Real glad it was o'er.

Tickled we'd won the game
 Glad we were sore and lame
 Thankful we brought home fame
 To old Saint Viator.

—W. I. M.

* * * *

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2. To hear the prefect shouting at logards.
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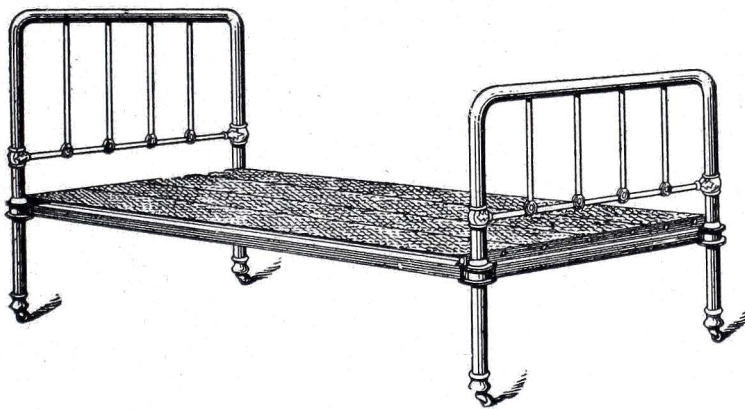
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