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SPRING

*Awake! Awake from out thy sleep!
For Spring is in the land.
Each bud and shrub, each bird and brook
Leaps up at her command.*

*Come back! Come back ye bonnie birds!
From distant southern clime
Come back! And wake our slumbering youth!
For 'tis the glad Springtime.*

*Let hum of bees and purl of brooks
In nook and dale resound!
Then soft and clear as silver bells
The echoes glad rebound.*

*Alas! Too soon ye pass us by,
Fair Spring and Summer gay!
'Tis pensive Autumn slowly moves;
Grave Winter long doth stay.*

*Arise! To arms! Thou sluggard youth!
While Spring makes bright thy year.
Too soon the hours that golden gleam
In gloom shall disappear*

*With zeal and earnest strength employ
Each moment of the fray,
That thou mayst hear those words of praise
"Well Done!" on Judgment Day.*

—W. B. Steidle.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND THE SEA TALE**BROTHER LEO PHILLIPS C. S. V.**

In Ruskin's eulogy of Scott occurs this remarkable statement, "As the admiration of mankind is found, in our times, to have in a great part passed from men to mountains, and from human emotion to natural phenomena, we may anticipate that the great strength of art will also be warped in this direction." Ruskin lived to see this prophecy fulfilled, at least in the novel, for with the advent of R. D. Blackmore, Wm. Black, Eden Philpotts, Thomas Hardy, and Joseph Conrad, nature became so active a force that one thinks of Egdon Heath, for instance, as a distinct *dramatis persona*. Some of these novelists have even gone so far as to embrace pantheism. The sanest and ablest of the living novelists who have a penchant for nature painting is, perhaps, Joseph Conrad. His "Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" is typical of his work. Its plot, character portrayal, and style are all strikingly original and it has suggested to the writer of this paper a comparison with the older fashioned sea tale of Cooper.

In the first place Conrad is an earnest realist. So true to life is "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" that the reader feels that he is listening to a sailor recounting an ordinary voyage. Cooper, on the other hand, is only mildly realistic, though he was said to have been prompted by the numerous inaccuracies in Scott's "Pirate" to write a sea tale that would satisfy even experienced seamen. Unlike Scott, Cooper had served in the navy and knew how a ship was managed in a storm. In "The Pilot" and "Red Rover" Cooper is, however, more interested in his romantic characters than in giving a true picture of the sailor's life or the aspects of the sea. He is on the whole, therefore, more penetrating than Conrad in character drawing, though neither have depicted character very profoundly. There is, however, little of the inner life of the characters of "Red Rover" with which the reader is unacquainted. But in "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" little or nothing of the inner life of any of the crew is revealed. As Ruskin foretold we are not to be surprised if a modern artist seems to be interested more in nature than in men. With Conrad this is almost the case. The greatest difference, perhaps, between the

characters of "Red Rover" and those of "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" lies in Conrad's odd collection of individuals differing as much in personality as in nationality. In the crew of the "Narcissus" Ireland is represented by the bereaved Belfast, Russia by the silent Wamibo, Norway by two, Holland by one, and East India by the sickly "Nigger" of the title. Cooper is not so international, his characters being few and provincial. He places all the interest in the hero and the chief characters, whereas, in "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" it is difficult to distinguish who is the principal character. Certainly the East Indian "Nigger" is not the hero, despite the fact that from him the book derives its name. The hero of the novel is not a human being but the awful sea. It is in this, especially, that Conrad's originality is manifested.

Unique as these characters are they are scarcely more striking than the plot. No desperate adventures, no novel exhibitions of matchless valor, no daring acts of heroism form the plot. But to infer from this that "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" possesses no plot interest would be a mistake. For Conrad fascinates the reader by many artifices, principal among which is the creation around the characters of an atmosphere of mystery. Thus the life, personality, and conduct of the "Nigger" is a mystery to the reader from beginning to end.

The method and movement of the plot is quite his own, and characteristic of his mind. In Cooper's "Red Rover" all the events and episodes move forward to an issue. But in "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" the method resembles the weaving of a spider's web. Conrad treats of the characters, the ship, and the sea in such a seemingly aimless manner that at times the reader is quite confused. But, when this confusion like a dark cloud is dispelled, all once more is bright and interesting.

The character of his plot is, without doubt, due to its subordination to the element of background. Conrad seeks through his tale to give us a keen sense of the power of nature, the influence of the sea upon the men whose lives are passed on its bosom. Like Cooper he shows them rough, uncouth and superstitious. Unlike Cooper he pictures scenes of the sea not in an atmosphere of sadness but in an atmosphere of triumph. He loves and knows the sea with the ardor of a man who has lived on a ship for twenty years. It is to be expected, therefore, that his pictures of the sea and seamen are more vivid, vital, and briny than those of a more

confirmed landsman and vague idealist like Cooper. How impressive the portraits of Conrad's tars are: "Singleton stood at the door with his face to the light and his back to the darkness, and alone in the dim emptiness of the sleeping fore-castle he appeared bigger, colossal, very old; old as Father Time himself, who should have come there into this place as quiet as a sepulchre to contemplate with patient eyes the short victory of sleep, the consoler. Yet he was only a child of time, a lonely relic of a devoured and forgotten generation. He stood, still, strong ever unthinking; a ready man with a vast empty past and with no future, with his childlike impulses and his man's passions already dead within his tattooed breast."

That Conrad is a star apart, not only when compared with the writers of sea tales of almost a century ago, but even when compared with a contemporary, will be evident to the reader of Alfred Ollivant's "The Gentleman," which with its well defined plot, excitement, and adventure stands in striking contrast to Conrad's seemingly uneventful "Nigger of the 'Narcissus.'" Its characters are few in number, sketched only at the surface and grouped as good or wicked. The rough, uncouth sailors of "Red Rover" and of the "Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" are replaced by men of a more refined type, for Ollivant confines himself more to English heroism than to nautical life. His pure description of the sea is almost negligible. A striking quality of "The Gentleman," by the way, foreign to the method of Cooper and Conrad, is the conversational style in which the plot is told.

Conrad's originality is only more strikingly marked when "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" is compared with the admirable short stories of the sea by James B. Connolly. The plot of "The Trawler," for instance, deals principally with the narration of the self sacrificing heroism of the Trawler, Hugh Glynn, whose nobility of character rivals that of Cooper's pirate chief, "Red Rover." It treats of only one phase of sea life and its aim does not appear to be an accurate description of the sea, but the unfolding of a simple interesting plot. Unlike the "Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" the characters are native to one community. It challenges comparison with Stevenson's "The Merry Men" in which the power of the sea rises almost to the prominence given to it in Conrad's tale.

In ultimate aim, Conrad is, perhaps, at one with all good writers of sea tales. For the writer who takes his art seriously is intent upon imparting a moral lesson by which the greatness of

the Creator's power and the littleness of man are manifested. Thus Conrad has said that the aim of his own writing is to make the reader feel and see the mighty power of the Author of Nature. Throughout "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" we "feel" and "see" the helplessness of man and the infinite supremacy of Him who made the forces of nature and "who," as Isais said of old, "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and weighed the heavens with his palm."

A FRESHMAN DRESS REHEARSAL

PAUL CARBERY

The annual Freshman "get together" was looked forward to with great eagerness by the little "Freshie" crew. Their eagerness in fact was so electrically thrilling that it pierced in thought waves even to the mogul of the Sophomore class, "Duckie" Lord, who with admirable foresight decided that it was high time for his fellow classmates to start operations towards reducing the oncoming "frolic" to nothingness and thereby add another victory to the credit of the class for which alone (according to "Duckie") a college exists.

The week preceding the great event saw both Freshmen and Sophomores dodging back and forth upon the campus, each appearing totally indifferent to the presence of the other. Yet on the brow of each seemed written a mysterious something that is seen only on the countenances of the most iniquitous conspirators. This undercurrent of suppressed excitement and hawk-eye watching continued for some days until liberated by the breathless announcement of a Sophomore confederate.

"The Posters! 'Duckie'! The Posters!" The printer under special instructions had taken them in secrecy to Guy Manning's room. Still somehow the Sophomores were "tipped off."

In an instant their heads were together laying daring plans to confiscate those coveted posters, announcing the Freshman "Rush in good time." So they sat until a veil of darkness had enveloped the quiet Campus, when at last having unfolded their various schemes, they decided on that one, which would give "Duckie" a chance to settle a personal difference with his much hated little effeminate rival, Guy Manning.

The Stygian darkness and the chill of evening all lent the necessary atmosphere for undertaking so melodramatic an expedition.

With the stealth of high-way men they made their way to Manning's house, which "Duckie," with more eagerness than prudence, began to climb via the drain pipe. He was soon lost in the darkening shadows of the wall and in a few moments, a soft whistle and the opening of a window told the Sophomores below that "Duckie" had reached his goal.

"Duckie," though fearless, now felt in his isolation a chill of fear. He began, however, to search for the coveted posters but to no purpose and was beginning to conclude that the expedition had not been well planned. A light footfall now disturbed the solemn tranquillity of the dimly lighted room, and in an instant the door opened and there stood before "Duckie" a young woman, who looked at him in mingled alarm and anger. The scarlet of her dress made "Duckie" stare confusedly, and her large picture hat of a crimson hue set jauntingly on a head of jet black hair only dazed him the more. He now made for the open window but stopped involuntarily when he heard her trembling voice gasp in terror.

"So you're the thief. My jewels! My jewels!" With this she pointed at "Duckie" a miniature revolver. He attempted to smile indifferently but his now whitened face was galvanized into an expression of pigeon livered fear. His earnest protestations and pockets-turned-inside-out moved the maid to mercy, and with the grace becoming the tender sex she consented to give him his "one more chance" in the straight and narrow path.

He was out and down to "terra firma" before she had finished speaking and wildly shouted:

"Away fellows, for dear life!" The terrified "Sophs" ran like rabbits with "Duckie" far in the lead towards Main Street.

Suddenly they stopped spellbound. There under the glaring arcs shone the daring posters. On the canvas appeared a dainty picture of a maiden, gowned in glaring scarlet, with a plumed crimson hat poised on a pretty head. Beneath in brazen letters the outwitted "Sophs" read,

FRESHMAN FROLIC

Guy Manning

as

"The Woman in Red"

HAWTHORNE'S "THE MARBLE FAUN"**A Study of Its Setting****BROTHER T. E. FITZPATRICK C. S. V.**

Among the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, none is more peculiarly appealing to the lover of romance than "The Marble Faun." Much of its enchantment is due to its setting, which subtly hypnotizes the reader and gives him the pleasant illusion of passing a summer in sunny Italy, the land of romance and art. Though Hawthorne's story, unlike Scott's romance of the Middle Ages, relates of life during the latter part of the nineteenth century, still it is, despite this proximity of time, a glowingly rich romance, picturesque, vivid, and convincing. Convincing, because Hawthorne himself gloriously achieved the requirements laid down in his own exalted definition of romance as given in the justly famous preface to "The House of Seven Gables." Mystification, so characteristic of Hawthorne, plays no small part in the narrative, but does not perplex, being a quite natural outgrowth of an actual happening in the heroine's early life.

Having been a charming daughter in a noble family in the southern part of Italy, Miriam, was, at an early age, espoused to a distinguished nobleman, for whom she felt so much repulsion that when the time for the marriage came, she repudiated it. A terrible crime, meanwhile, had been committed, in which she was darkly suspected to have been implicated. In her sorrow, she fled from home and so well concealed her flight, that her relatives believed she had committed suicide. Having arrived at Rome, Miriam interested herself in painting and incidentally formed a friendship with two young Americans, Hilda and Kenyon, and a young Italian, Donatello, who later became her lover. This little group spent many pleasant hours together, visiting art galleries and frescoed churches. One day, while in the catacombs, Miriam met a mysterious man who seems to have been none other than her former suitor and the perpetrator of the crime of which she was suspected. Remorse having led him to enter a Capuchin monastery, he soon gained a reputation for sanctity, and for this reason was evidently granted some privileges to go about in

the city. However that may be, this mysterious person greatly distressed Miriam by shadowing her almost daily. At last, with a party of artists, she met him at the top of a precipice, where she and Donatello had remained to admire the beautiful view of the city. The faithful lover, seeing the look of terror in her eyes, grappled with the tormentor, and having received an affirmative look from Miriam, thrust him from the cliff. Upon learning a few days later, that his victim was a Capuchin friar, the Italian became heartbroken and remorseful, but sometime after renewed again his affection for Miriam. Kenyon, meanwhile, won the love of Hilda and returned with her to America, bidding farewell to dreary Rome, and Miriam, the girl of mystery.

Now, why did the author select Italy for his setting and not his own dear native America? Primarily, because that country is of world wide fame for the beauty of its scenery, the antiquity of its memorials and the rich historical associations of its towns, villages, and even roads. Small wonder, that to a man like Hawthorne it was a veritable fairy-land. True, we have in our own country some very impressive scenery, but it does not suggest the mystery and silence about ruins so requisite for romance. Hawthorne, consequently, found it difficult to write a romance about a country where there is nothing "but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight." In writing "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne had, no doubt, discovered how little American towns lend themselves to romantic transformation, and, when once in Italy, he naturally gave his last romance the atmosphere of warm Italian skies. So vivid is the description, that the first chapter gives us at once a sensation of being in the scene of action. Hawthorne, himself, tells us in the preface, that he was somewhat surprised to see the extent to which he had introduced descriptions of various Italian objects, antique, pictorial, and statuesque. "Yet," he says, "these things fill the mind everywhere in Italy, and especially in Rome, and cannot easily be kept from flowing out upon the page, when one writes freely and with self enjoyment." Before the mind's eye are the ruins of beautiful palaces built by a Diocletian or a Nero, Gothic and Romanesque churches, and the historic art galleries. On the streets, the red-trousered French soldiers lounge about, occasionally deigning to say a word or two merely "to keep up appearances." We almost fancy that as we pass the corners, the Italian beggars are stretching out their hands "ready to bestow a blessing upon him who gave alms, and a curse upon the one who

passed them by." On the Pincian Hill, feelings of awe and elevating joy come into our souls as we watch the beautiful Italian sunset spreading its crimson shadows over the Eternal City. More than all this, the description of St. Peter's, the world's cathedral, inspires us with reverential regard, love, and gratitude. After gazing in mute wonder at this pen picture, we willingly forgive the author's little prejudices against Holy Mother Church.

The local color is almost perfect, being at once romantic, accurate, and delightful. It is a question whether Hawthorne does not sometimes forget the proper subordination of description, allowing it to retard the action of the story, but though he dwells at some length on descriptions of nature and objects of artistic interest, he does not introduce them merely for their own sake. They have much to do with the feelings and moods of the characters, and consequently give unity to the plot.

Part of the setting has evident origin in the author's deep, rather than very wide reading, and part, as in the works of Scott, has its source purely in the imagination. Particularly appealing are the descriptions of landscapes; the most notable being that from the tower of Beni Castle, the home of Donatello. The vividness of it is secured by the use of such suggestive epithets as, "the crimson sky," "floating clouds," and "silent swaying" of the trees with "silver lined" clouds overhead. The subtle use of personifying epithets gives life to inanimate things, as for instance, "timid" flowers and "laughing" sun. Though these may be considered examples of what Ruskin calls, "the pathetic fallacy," they are, nevertheless, true to the feelings of the heart.

Of the power of nature and material objects over the emotional life of man, Hawthorne, like Dickens and Wordsworth, was deeply convinced. Rome under a dreary aspect causes Hilda to become lonely and sick at heart, whereas, the magnificence of St. Peter's moves her to complex feelings of love and ineffable joy. The sight of the beautiful landscape of the peaceful Umbrian valley, as seen from the tower of Beni Castle, awakens in Kenyon's soul sentiments of love and gratitude to the Almighty Creator of so magnificent a scene.

In designing these contrasts and harmonies Hawthorne is unwaveringly the sensitively attuned artist, who achieves his effects delicately and with connotative force. Hence Hawthorne's charm for the lover of exquisite art. Take this bit of landscape. "The sculptor felt as if his being were suddenly magnified a hundred-fold. It seemed as if all Italy lay under his eyes in that

one picture. For there was the broad smile of God which we fancy spread over that land more than any other. White villas, gray convents, and villages, each with battlemented walls, were scattered upon this map; and lakes opened their blue eyes in its face reflecting Heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land, when they beheld the earth so beautiful." Let us now turn from nature and look upon the statue of Cleopatra: "The spectator felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and despair of her life,—and for one instant,—as it were, between two pulse throbs—had relinquished all activity, and was resting through every vein and muscle. It was the repose of despair, indeed: for Octavius had seen her and remained insensible to her enchantments."

These descriptions seem much more detailed than Scott's. The latter gives us an informing map of a locality, whereas, Hawthorne penetrates a scene, and through detail and suggestive epithets works upon the feelings of the reader until they are warm with life.

In this, Hawthorne is, of course, a romanticist and suggests comparison with such an unavowed romanticist as Oliver Goldsmith, who likewise drew emotions from his descriptions. For instance in "The Vicar of Wakefield," when Dr. Primrose is returning home, the silence of the night being broken by the deep baying of the watch-dog in the hollow distance, creates a sad feeling in the heart of the good old Vicar.

Hawthorne's expression rewards all the study that may be devoted to it. His vocabulary is accurate, simple, and dignified, yet lively and artistic. Nor is all this excellence by any means conventional, the vocabulary and epithets, even the chapter and book titles,—all imply the experience, and reflect the personality of the author, perhaps the most individual and surely the most artistic of American writers in prose.



A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS

W. B. STEIDLE

At last grim winter is driven to his icy lair, his chilling breath in the blustering northwind is stilled, the last vestiges of his tyranny, the ice and snow, are now melting and swelling the streams, his clammy hand has lost its power and only his nimble and willing assistant, Jack Frost, has enough hardihood for an occasional foray. But he, too, will soon be driven to his northern haunts by the gently whispering south wind. Spring with her invigorating rains is about to wash out the last signs of the long siege, and will arouse the sleeping herbs and grasses from their deathlike trance to verdant life that will triumph over the ravages and desolation of ruthless winter.

Our feathered friends, returned from their sojourn in the South, are filling the air with song, and are dexterously building new homes or repairing old ones. I say "our feathered friends," because they are of no mean assistance to man in his weary combat with the forces of nature. When the Master breathed the curse upon Adam and his posterity, and said, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread," and caused enemies of man to spring up, he did not leave him desolate. He gave him friends and assistants to combat these enemies, and it is unfortunate that even at this late day man has not yet discovered these friends. This is lamentably true of the birds of the air for despite their great service to man, he shows little inclination to appreciation.

Dickens, that profound student of human nature, writes somewhere, "There is a passion *for hunting something* deeply implanted in the human breast." It is this instinct no doubt that moves the youngsters to roam about armed with the pernicious sling-shot, the not entirely harmless air-rifle, and even more dangerous weapons. This tendency first appears in children when they begin marching along with toy arms, and "take down" the tin soldier. From this it is only a step to "hunting something" that is alive. And what is more fascinating than spying on a nervously active little bird? Let us look at some of their easiest victims. There is the rattling woodpecker, industriously drilling for grubs and other tree parasites; the red breasted robin,

filling the air with his clear sweet piccolo notes as he annihilates divers bugs; the bluejay with brilliant wings flitting nimbly among the tree tops, with his piercing cries, needlessly and heedlessly frightening the scolding squirrels; the wily crow flying gravely along, eye alert for carrion and with his discordantly harsh "Caw! Caw!" keeping in communication with his fellow scouts; and even the quarreling, vexatious sparrows who survive the long winters upon a monotonous diet of weed seed. These little benefactors flitting joyously from tree to tree, and branch to branch, gladdening with their song the heart of the man who has music in his soul, and destroying for the good of all mankind the parasites that prey upon man's food, are suddenly brought to earth by the hand of thoughtless youth. Where all was joy and song, beauty and industry, there is now tragedy and chaos. Bird-land flies away frightened and hushed while the echo of the shot is still ringing; and with wings broken, feathers bruised and bloodstained, the fluttering victim is pounced upon by the "sportsman," and held on high as a trophy of marksmanship. The lad exults for only a moment, the bloody innocent victim being soon cast away to rot.

It is said that birds at one time having been a staple of food became very nearly exterminated in Spain and Italy. The land as a result became infested with myriads of insects, and so ruinous were they that steps had to be taken to safeguard and propagate the few remaining birds. In our own land we have a lamentable example in the total extinction of the wild pigeon. Cooper, in "The Pioneers," very graphically pictures their spring migration to the North, the very sky having been hidden by their vast numbers and the flocks seeming to have no end. These countless millions have all disappeared and not a living specimen is known to exist.

Let us therefore endeavor to discourage this sanguinary amusement of the thoughtless, and protect these feathered songsters and friends of man, and even encourage their propagation, if not for their contribution to man's happiness, then for their service to man in the destruction of harmful insects, and the consumption of obnoxious weed seed.

"ROMOLA"

F. F. MARTIN

"Romola," like all of George Eliot's work is a novel with a deeply traced moral. We cannot help being influenced by it, for the wholesomeness of the story and the beauty of the setting are in themselves edifying. The story is laid in Florence and the hero reflects the secular Florentine spirit of the time. Tito Melema, on his first appearance as a stranger in the city, has a handsome bearing combined with a pleasing manner of address which soon win for him boon friends. His life with his new friends soon forces him into pecuniary difficulties, and he resolves to dispose of some gems which he has in his possession.

In the meantime he is thrown into contact with an old philosopher, Bardi, and the latter's beautiful and accomplished daughter Romola. It does not take long for the well mannered Tito to win the good graces of Romola, and as a natural consequence of their acquaintance and friendship they are married.

But alas for poor Tito! He is woefully lacking in strength of character, that constituent so necessary to the moral well-being and happiness of every individual. It is not Tito's instinct to be false or deceitful, but he cannot bring himself to face anything hard or difficult in life. It is his aim rather to have contentment and happiness around him, and to give joy to his fellow beings whenever the sacrifice on his part is not too great.

It is in keeping with his character, therefore, that when poor little Tessa, a peasant girl clings to him he is unable to cast her from him and thus give her pain, but on the contrary leads her on in her delusion, until he is so far sunk in his duplicity, as to be unable to extricate himself.

And it is the same in his relations with his father. Knowing that his father had been reduced to slavery in Greece, it was his sincere intention, as soon as he had disposed of his gems, to deliver his father from bondage. But we see that intention thwarted for the time being, owing to his acquaintance and love

for the good and noble Romola. And as he becomes engaged in the political affairs of Florence, the duty of freeing his father each day becomes more and more impossible.

It is true that at times he resolves to break away from the duplicity and deceit which he is practicing toward Romola, make a clean breast of everything to her, and then plead for her forgiveness, but the downward influences have too strong a hold on him so he continues becoming more and more deeply involved in his marital affairs.

This disposition soon begins to exert its influence over his political affairs and he is transformed into a traitor of the darkest hue. His political affairs which he has always kept concealed from Romola, at last become known to her, and she begins to see him as he really is. What a blow it is to her. Her ideal broken! To see that all her love and trust had been lavished on an unworthy head! In her disillusionment, she is as pathetic a figure as Dorothea Casaubon of "Middlemarch." Tito, now with scarcely any moral twinges strives by false words and soft speeches to show her the absurdity of her cause for unhappiness, while she in her generosity tries to believe him. Punishment, however, which in the long run overtakes every evil deed is soon to be visited upon Tito. Baldassare escaping at last from his captors makes up his mind to reap vengeance upon his unfilial son, who from that time on lives in continual danger of losing his life.

Romola begins to see through the deceit of Tito, and it becomes so loathsome to her that she flees and seeks new climes to forget the past. Tito, however, never learns of her flight, for shortly afterwards, he meets his nemesis at the hands of his father, Baldassare, who has the final satisfaction of strangling his son to death.

After hearing of her husband's demise Romola now decides to do all in her power to render the lot of Tessa happy and in this she succeeds as only a woman's intuition can, for the poor, deceived, ignorant, and loving little Tessa responds wonderfully to kindness, and lives on contented and happy without ever knowing the immeasurable wrong done her by Tito.

We are left at the conclusion, with a picture of Romola as a ministering angel and feel as if Tessa and Romola will live on

happily long after we cease to read of them. Little Tessa will for all time be without guile or suspicion, and will consider the world as a Paradise, while Romola, who has drunk the cup of bitterness to its dregs, will look with wary eye upon the actions of men. This, however, does not detract from the glowing beauty of her nature, for as the years go by her sympathy and patience with the frailties of mankind will become more mellow and attractive. She remains with us as the ideal embodiment of all that is pure and noble. Her nature rises above the sordidness of earthly things, and it seems, if we may borrow an expression from Scott, that "the earth is too grossly massive to support her."

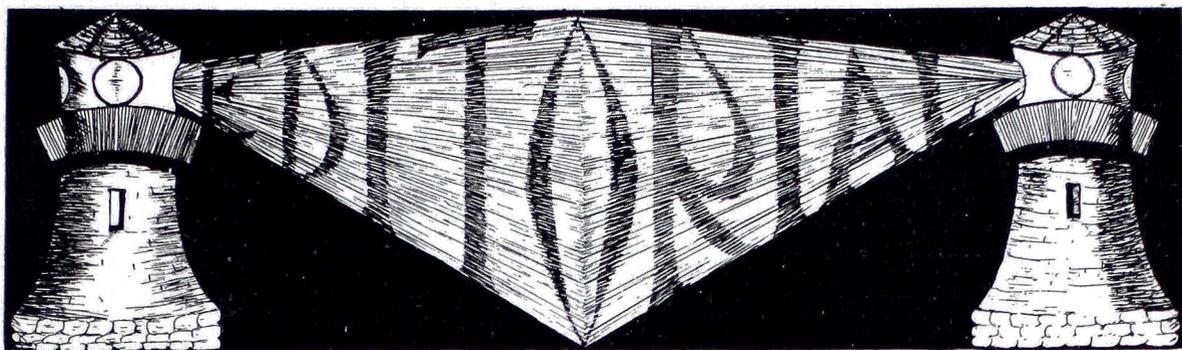
In one respect George Eliot resembles Scott in the painting of her good characters, for like him she is very partial to them, unstintingly laying out their traits and virtues. Unlike Scott, she sympathizes, too, with the wicked, and accounts minutely for all the causes which may have led to their downfall. Needless to say she delves more deeply into human nature than does Scott. George Eliot is romantic in the sense that certain of her characters possess ideal traits that are rare in the ordinary individual, and although she cannot be classified as a true romanticist, she is above the standard of realistic writers, in that she does not stoop to pick out and dwell vividly upon the sordidness of life. She is rather a philosophical realist and student of the reciprocal influences of society and the individual. The gradual decline in Tito's character, and the change which comes over Baldassare, the guilelessness of Tessa are all the results of their up-bringing and positions in life. It is but natural that she should mete out to those characters reward and punishment according to their deserts. Poetic justice in fact finds in her work admirable exemplification. Baldassare's thirst for revenge is finally quenched, Romola's fidelity and noble mindedness finally brings happiness to her, and innocent little Tessa lives on in blissful unconsciousness of the wrongs done her.

Satisfying as the close of her novels are to our sense of moral rightness her clever arrangement of the climax is pleasing to our æsthetic sense. In "Romola" the climax occurs when Tito tells Romola of the sale of the library, thus destroying with one blow her most cherished project, and severing the bond of trust which bound her to him. True she is just as faithful and amiable

towards her husband in all subsequent actions, but it is only her sense of duty which now binds her to him, a sense of duty which daily becomes more repugnant to her, until finally she is forced to flee feeling that he needs her no longer.

We must not overlook the influence of Savonarola, the holy monk, upon Romola, for it is his dominating personality which sustains her in the right, just when her temptations are strongest. While a whole paper could be written upon the character of this pious priest, we must content ourselves here with a brief comment. Savonarola glows with the fire of a prophet. His every act proclaims him a man of deep rooted principles of right and justice. His past life of mortification and self denial has strengthened and perfected his character, molded after "God's own heart," and he is now ready to meet the crisis of life with perfect composure. His is a nature which seems to exhibit George Eliot's ideal of a quiet and peaceful life. He may be called an ideal character who has overcome his meaner impulses, with great effort and now stands securely fortified against the temptations of the world.





THE VIATORIAN

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EDITORIAL STAFF

FRESHMAN CLASS

PAUL CARBERY.
EDMUND CONWAY.
MAURICE DILLON.
T. E. FITZPATRICK.
CHAS. FISHER.
EMMETT FLYNN.

ROBERT HANLEY.
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JOHN WARREN.

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"Corruption in Politics! Politicians, Grafters, and Bribers exposed." This collocation has become quite familiar. Have they become synonomous? Will Webster's need to be revised? The serious reflection aroused by these headlines is suggested, perhaps, even more strongly by another cant newspaper phrase? "Betrayers of the Trust of the People!" Betrayers of the trust of the people? One wonders whether that trust has not by this time been betrayed out of existence or whether the people are becoming so insuperably good natured that the treachery of political Judases scarcely ruffles the civic consciousness. This again provokes another question. Is there such a thing as

civic consciousness? Do people really care about political purity? After a careful examination we are almost compelled to answer in the negative. For after the people elect a man to office, they seem to think there is no further connection between themselves and their representative, and consequently they know nothing of his record, having him in mind only at election time. They are usually in a state of indifference unless their equanimity is perforce disturbed by sudden exposures of graft, bribery, or the like.

The American citizen surely gives no evidence of considering the vote a high privilege, and one to be cautiously guarded. Instead he appears the listless dupe of often brainless boodlers and "ward healers." And all because he is not alive to his civic duty. If he gave as little time and consideration to choosing an employee to manage his business, he would soon find himself in bankruptcy.

Politicians are like school-boys. When a close watch by teacher or prefect is kept over them they behave, but as soon as it is relaxed they display too often the predatory instincts of young barbarians, just as do the politicians who know that the eye of the voter has no more energy than that of the owl at midday.

If the American people sincerely want purity in politics and good government, they need only rouse themselves to a sense of their duty to the state. They will then watch it, as they would any other business that vitally concerns them, and become, one and all, politicians in a fine sense. Efficient government, like liberty, is maintained only at the cost of external vigilance.

M. D.

E X C H A N G E S

"Humanum est errare, divinum est dimittere."

Being a Freshman covers a multitude of evils and also connotes a few—bear that in mind. When this commission was given to us we welcomed it with malice aforethought. We weren't abashed, for didn't Lowell say,

"Nature fits all her children with something to do
He who would write and can't write can surely review"?

Besides Byron assured us that experience in criticism wasn't necessary,

"A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready made."

The prospect of giving our talent for acrimonious invective free license in a field recognized by law, seemed pleasant, and our rapacity, we felt sure would at a bound establish our reputation as critics. While we read and read, a peculiar sensation began to envelop our spine; slowly our pugnaciousness oozed out, and we were overwhelmed with wonder and cowered into a state of timidity. Our *saeva indignatio* was now directed not against the exchanges but against the powers that had given us this job. We were assuaged only after reading Matthew Arnold's "The Function of Criticism," when the light slowly dawned upon us that we had misinterpreted our task. Mollified we began our work with the firm resolve to comment only upon what pleases us, and upon what we might, in our humble position as Freshmen, criticise justly.

By chance we began with the *Georgetown College Journal*, though the prominently placed editorials at first alarmed us. We weathered them, however, and with considerable profit. "Ships at Sea" and "Concentration," to use the now trite expression of an exchange column, "contain much food for thought." The "Appreciation of Charles Dickens" contains more biography and purely factual information than a fresh stimulating estimate of his art or his message. Still we enjoyed the author's easy manner of marshalling his facts. "A Midnight Fantasy," though not promising of originality in its title, is far from being conventional in plot. "Six months of War" and "In the Trenches" are as timely as they are interesting. Unusual for college publications and rare even in the national periodicals are adequate estimates of actors and their creations, and hence the appreciations of "Richard Mansfield," and "Henry Irving as Shylock and Macbeth" seem to us valuable and commendable, even as attempts to keep alive the evanescent achievement of perhaps the only histrionic geniuses of our time. Fortunately these attempts are of singular merit in substance and style.

The February number of the *Loretto Magazine* must be its "Short Story Number" for only one of its papers can be classified as an essay. In order to be a well balanced magazine the

Loretto should have at least one more serious essay of some length. The appreciation "Charlemagne" is too short to merit comment upon the author's ability. The opening chapter of the "Outlaws of Ravenhurst," a serial, contains a promise of a good story. The author has mastered, to a fair degree, the difficult art of portraying the conversation of two little boys, though at times, their thoughts are too high flown and poetic. M. D.

The Mountaineer from Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Maryland, has something of the healthy freshness suggested by its title. The essay, entitled "The Panama Canal," by far the leading contribution, after giving a summary of the undertaking from the time Saavedra first conceived the idea of an open waterway between the two oceans down to present day, points out a few economic implications of the canal. A "War Time Travelogue" proved sufficiently interesting to make us hope that at some future time the writer will satisfy our curiosity regarding "the left hind wheel." The story of "The Human Derelict" presents a theme that merits more extended treatment, and loses much of its force because of the unsatisfying abruptness of its close. Among the editorials we specially liked the animadversion on "Religion in Slang," or as we should call it, "Sundayism." The standard of this journal, in our humble opinion, is creditably high, and with an exchange column would be an ideal college publication. J. W.

ALUMNI NOTES

Lawrence Fey, '10-'13, is studying dentistry at Northwestern University. Lawrence reports that he is making great progress in his studies and hoped to enter his uncle's office when he completes the course. It is rumored that "Buck" is considering the matrimonial problem. Best wishes "Buck."

Word has been received from William Potthast '10-'13, to the effect that he is operating a motion picture theatre in Chicago. "Bill" always had an inclination for 'reel' art.

Daniel Boyle, '10-'13, holds a responsible position in the employment of Uncle Sam. He is now a railway mail clerk on the C., I. & S. Railroad from Streator, Ill., to South Bend, Ind.

Joseph Hughes, H. S., '14, has recently left Kalamazoo College, and has since taken up a lucrative position in the employ of the Ideal Electric Company of Champaign, Ill. This only confirms the fact that Joe always was a live wire."

Joseph Canavan, H. S., '11, paid a visit to the college a short time ago trying to recall some 'old familiar faces.' Joe has taken up farming and is highly pleased with his new work.

Word has recently been received from Gerard Picard, H. S., '14. Gerard is pursuing his philosophical studies at Seminare de Philosophie, Montreal, Canada. From all accounts he is succeeding admirably.

James Hansen, '13-'14, while on a business trip in Kankakee spent a few hours at the college visiting old acquaintances. Jim is now a member of the firm of D. B. Hansen and Sons, dealers in religious articles.

From Iowa comes the news that James Doyle, H. S., '14, is pursuing a course in veterinary science at Ames University. This proves that "Jeff's" love for horses has not diminished.

Bernard Hagan is at present attending Champaign High School. Bernard was Champaign's gridiron star, and especially featured in the Aurora-Champaign game, the hardest game of the season.

W. J. Hurley, '06, is at present employed as reporter for the "Chicago Examiner."
T. E. S.



P E R S O N A L S

Mr. Mat Kiely, '13-'14, third baseman of last year's baseball team, spent Sunday, Feb. 28, with old classmates and friends.

Father McDevitt of Oak Park spent a few pleasant hours at St. Viator's recently.

Mr. Al. McCarthy, a former diamond star at St. Viator, was a visitor here on his way to Tampa, Florida. Besides conducting a prosperous farm in the East, Al. is playing with the Pittsburgh Nationals.

Among our visitors this month were Mr. John Carbery of Chicago, who visited his son Paul of the Freshman Class, and Mr. J. J. Lynch of Laurens, Iowa, who spent a few days with his son Vernon.

Rev. J. Munday, D.D., is giving a series of lectures at St. Ambrose's Church, Chicago.

Father Ambrose, a Passionist Father who is temporarily replacing Father Bennett of St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, was a guest of the Reverend President some time ago. He was well pleased with St. Viator's and we hope to have the pleasure of again entertaining him.

The Viatorian Fathers closed a very successful mission at Our Lady of Lourdes in Chicago, and recently opened a mission at St. Mark's, also in Chicago.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. Legris, D.D., preached a beautiful sermon to the students on the Transfiguration, giving such a luminous and inspiring interpretation that our regret at hearing him so seldom was renewed.

A number of the priests have been engaged to preach Lenten sermons in the surrounding cities. Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., at Oak Park; Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C.S.V., at Pontiac; Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., at Odell; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., at Danville; Rev. T. J. Rice, C.S.V., at Wilmington, and Rev. J. V. Rheams, C.S.V., at Odell.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., is making rapid strides in his Sociological and Economic studies at the Catholic University of America. He has already addressed various civic organizations in Washington, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh. On one occasion he delivered an address before eight hundred Catholic students at the University of Pennsylvania. He is, besides, conducting investigations as to the causes of juvenile criminality in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh.

B. M.

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. J. B. Mooney at his home in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Feb. 27. Mr. Mooney was an uncle of Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., who with other relatives officiated at the Mass. The sincere sympathy of the faculty and the "Viatorian" is extended to the bereaved family and especially to Father Sheridan.

Shortly after receiving news of his uncle's death Father Sheridan received news of the death of his cousin, Mrs. Anna Birr, also of Fort Wayne.

May their souls rest in peace.

The "Viatorian" extends its sincere sympathy to Mr. Frank Hughes in the loss of a beloved uncle, and to Mr. John Kearney in the loss of an aunt.

R. I. P.

B. M.



INTER ALIA

Professor E. M. Anderson, Dean of the Department of Agriculture, who underwent a successful operation for appendicitis in the early part of February, has again resumed his classes.

The debating spirit is in the air around St. Viator's and has inoculated the students with the furious energy that brings accomplishment. The aspirants for places on the **The Debating Teams** are to meet those of Notre Dame and Detroit, though not numerous are determined and hopeful, and prospects of success are extremely encouraging.

Rev. F. X. Hazen, C.S.V., who spent last year preparing for missionary work, preached his first mission during the week of Lent at Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago, Ill. **The Missionaries** Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V., will give a series of missions at Montana. From Ash Wednesday until the first of June, the Viatorian Missionary Band will be constantly engaged.

Word comes from Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C.S.V., that the sunshine of Texas has already wrought wonders in restoring him to health. **Father Mulvaney** After spending three or four weeks in St. Joseph's Infirmary at Fort Worth, he could not resist the call to missionary activities, and is now laboring under that zealous missionary, Right Rev. Bishop Shaw. We are delighted to hear of Father Mulvaney's recovery and hope the time is not far distant when he will be again with us.

On account of the absence of a great number of students on Washington's birthday the annual "Fire-Day" celebration was not observed. In the evening, as is the yearly custom, the "Te Deum" was sung in thanksgiving because of the fact that no one was injured in that destructive conflagration of 1906.

ATHLETICS

VARSITY.

The basketball season for the Varsity has been a great success from beginning to end, there being but a few games lost and those by sheer bad luck. The prospects at first were not very promising but with the skill of a veteran coach, Coach McDonald developed a very fast team.

Capt. Lawler all through the season played in his usual form, and with the "pep" for which he is noted very seldom failed to bring victory to his team. He was ably assisted by last year's speedy forwards, McGee and Gartland. Scarcely anything need be said about these two, for everywhere they went they established a reputation for themselves. Of the recruits, Dondonville and Roche are to be highly commended on their skill. Flynn, though small in stature, proved a puzzle to the visitors who could scarcely keep track of the little forward. Clancy must be commended for his playing, especially, in the Culver game when he won even the admiration of the opponents.

On Feb. 19 the Varsity journeyed to Culver, and defeated the fast Culver five by an overwhelming score of 48 to 28.

ST. VIATOR	CULVER
McGee	R.F. Zahan
Gartland	L.F. Sayger
Dondonville	C. McLean
Lawlor	R.G. Spotford
Clancy	L.G. Duerr

Goals from floor—Zahan, 4; Sayger, 3; McLean, 3; Spotford, 2; Duerr, 2; McGee, 7; Gartland, 8; Dondonville, 8.

Free throws—Lawlor, 2.

A fitting close of the season was brought in a victory for the Varsity over Eureka College. The game was rough and showed bitter enmity on both sides.

ST. VIATOR

EUREKA

1	McGee	R.F.	Jury	2
3	Gartland, Flynn	L.F.	Omarha	1
4	Dondonville	C.	Heronymus	1
1	Lawlor	R.G.	Foley	4
9	Roche	L.G.	Ashly	8

Goals from field—Jury, 2; Omarha, 1; Heronymus, 1; McGee, 1; Gartland, 3; Dondonville, 4; Lawlor, 1.

Free throws—Omarha, 6; Lawlor, 8.

T. E. S.

ACADEMICS.

The Academics treated us to a very spectacular game on Feb. 5th. From the first the game was very fast and ended in a victory for the St. Ignatius team. The brilliant shooting of Vicory and Dickens were the features of the day.

ST. IGNATIUS (25)

L. ACADEMICS (14)

Shea, Malloy	R.F.	Kerley, Vicory
Dickens	L.F.	Barry
Phee	C.	Hilliard
Schmid	R.G.	McGrath, Snyder
Egan, Sheridan	L.G.	Sheen

Baskets—Dickens, 6; Vicory, 4; Malloy, 2; Phee, 1; Schmid, 1; Egan, 1; Berry, 1; Sheen, 1.

Free throws—Berry, 2; Phee, 3.

The last game of the season was played in Chicago. The Academics tackled the strong St. Cyril team on their own floor but were defeated.

ST. CYRILS (33)

ACADEMICS (18)

Grace	R.F.	Kirley
Hngulet	L.F.	Vicory
Gallagher	C.	Hilliard
Burris	R.G.	Sheen
Cramer	L.G.	Corbett, Snyder

Baskets—Hngulet, 6; Grace, 6; Kirley, 3; Hilliard, 3; Vicory, 2; Cramer, 2; Burris, 1; Gallagher, 1.

Free throws—Vicory, 2; Gallagher, 1.

Much credit is due to Coach Monahan for turning such a team. Starting out with new material he turned out a team which well represented the Academic Department. B. J. M.

SOME LAPSES OF THE "FRESHIES"

CARBERETORS.

It's a long, long way to graduation.

Many think that brains and good looks never go together. At that rate, Freshmen, our photos show us to be wonderful students.

Some "Freshies" ought to make very good reporters. They cover a story so well—with blots.

Professor: Don't you boys see the keen humor in "Oliver Twist?"

German student (earnestly): O my, yes. It makes me all over twist.

Professor: Refrain from this boisterous laughing. It's Lent.

Mombleau: Why did you shriek "Cock-a-doodle-doo" at the sewing circle today?

Shea: Well, didn't some one say, "Can you cro-chet?"

Many have a little soup but few the necessary bowl to keep it in.

I'm broke, cried Fisher. I only wish I owned the Kaiser.

Why? ventured Conway.

I'd hock der Kaiser. Exit Fisher in a hurry.

According to Steidle, Bulwer Lytton's "Disraeli" is a famous book.

Kissane, why don't you try agriculture?

Do you think I'd get by?

I certainly do. You are so good at raising cane.

How must the staller feel on congé?

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN:

"To very great extent."

"It will break my heart if you don't know that poem well."

"We'll have another quiz today."

"Just take the next thirty or forty lines. It's easy.

Do you think all "Hazel" dogs have brains?

Well, I know that some have good scents.

Take a card Toby.

No, indeed, I might be arrested for taking a tray of diamonds.

Freshmen, there's one consolation if you don't break into print now. The death notices will eventually even things up.

Professor Reilly: What are "The knights of the Bath?"

Dillon: Saturday.

Then Maurice wondered why everybody picked on him.

Don't you feel bully when you're dogging it?

A class staller—One who devotes two-thirds of his time explaining what he has just said.

The stereotyped remark of the flunker: If I get by this time, watch my speed next quarter.

Freshman Latin: *Quis crudus enim purpura et aurum.*

Opportunity never knocks, it boosts.

"I would like to give you a good cigar a ——"

Oh thanks, so much."

"———but I haven't any."

Gloom: Did you see anything funny in these 'Carberetors'?

Joy: Yes. It was funny there was no humor in any of them.

Freshies: To Arms! To Arms! It's way past your bedtime.

P. I. C.

TOBIES.

Why have you such a liking for music?

Oh, because I was born with a drum in my ears.

Freshman: Is _____ a good writer?

Prof. (wearily): Please don't mention his name. You'll give me a sunstroke.

Visitor: What's that bombardment out in the corridor? Are the Germans coming?

Student: No, you goof, it's only Bro. Farrell waking the boys.

Shouted to somebody walking hatless in a snowstorm:

"Say, feller, ain't you 'fraid o' gittin sunstruck?"

A candid opinion of a faulty dilemma:

Heads I win, tails you loose.—R. J. F.

An elephant is able to get along on three hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Oh for the life of an elephant!

Prof.; What happened to Oliver Twist at this time?

Student: He was spanked on his birthday.

High School English teacher (trying to make a good impression on his listless class): "A principle is like a nail, the harder you drive it the better it sticks—provided the wood is soft enough."

T. E. S.

IOWAYS

Teacher: Cuthbert, tell me all you know about the Columbia river.

Pupil: Columbia river? I can't remember the guy wot discovered it. He named the river after his boat. I forget the name of the boat.

"Shot" Flynn: I must prepare a twenty page theme for Tuesday, Monday.

Why didn't you catch the last car?

Couldn't. My heels were all run down.

Lew Murray: Have a chew?

Model Student: No, thanks.

Murray (triumphantly): That's the time I plugged him. He wouldn't bite either.

A new novel: "The Mystery of the Silent Explosion; or Why Mombteau!"

New electric line pastry——Carbery Pie.

A Virginia attorney has filed suit against J. P. Morgan to recover Martha Washington's will—a confirmation of the time-worn adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

Some college diplomas work great benefits—for the picture framers.

Freshie: How do they waken the deaf mutes in the asylum?

Senior: With dumb bells.

Don't shoot the butts.

I did. It's "gang aft agley."

How's that?

I received too many Burns.

Quick Watson! The needle!

Prof.: These boys studying Greek should take up dentistry.

Student: Why?

Prof.: They could easily extract roots.

Student: It takes a good deal of nerve to pull that one.

Smoke?

Yep.

Bad habit.

Good night.

E. C.

A RUN ON THE CLASS NAME.

"Say, fellows," opened Martin, "let's have a picnic at Rock Creek on St. Patrick's Day."

"Good idea." All agreed. "Carried."

"Now how can we get there?"

"Well, we could go in a Shea," Ostrowski proposed.

"No, there are too many of us, we will have to take a Car,"
—Bery replied.

"I agree with 'Tad' Carbery, for surely the Freshman class can afford to hire a Ford to ford Rock Creek," ventured redoubtable Phillips, but Lee was silenced by the angry retort of Hilliard.

"Say, Lee, cut your joking and let some one who has something to say have the floor."

"Come on, Bob," interposed the suave Flynn, "don't get sore. You have been grouchy since Fitzpatrick't you in that basketball game, when you tried to Martin's beauty. You might be able to get away with that Conway down East, but you cant' Hanley any of that stuff, so you might as well Kiss-ane make up."

It was finally decided that considering their experience they should ride "ponies" and "crib" the food. On the question of amusement, Roche woke up in time to suggest that copies of "Oliver Twist" should be taken along because of its humor; another proposed that the day should be spent in discussing questions of Economics, such as "the high cost of loving," the garbage system of Bourbonnais, and other matters in the realm of "frenzied finance" but the climax was reached when some one advised that a trigonometry be taken along in order to pass good judgment on cases of lager-rithms. At this all were in Fitz, until Mr. Steidle was asked to give his mature opinion of a good time.

"Well, fellers, my suggestion is to git some 'frogs' for bait and to become Fisher-men. If you don't like to fish we could git a box of good cigars, with that race-horse name. I reckon they call 'em the 'Maurice Dillon' brand."

Just then Mob-bleau in to War-n them that they could not leave the college grounds at all on St. Patrick's Day. J. W.

ALL THE WAY FROM IOWAY.

"EATS."

*The eating question haunts us all,
The woodmen meet it, too;
Their food responds to the axe's call
And they take a chop or two.*

*Would that I were the circus hand
That erects the massive tents,
No hungry pangs would I withstand,
When the "stakes" cost twenty cents.*

*The banker has the classy life,
Plain diet will not go;
He gets a meal with little strife
By salting all his dough.*

*Though teacher's pets are sometimes "bones"
And often form a group.
Reward is brought these tactful drones
In a nice big bowl of soup.*

*But last of all, the crabby guy
Is ever to be found.
He gets his three squares, do or die
By simply "egging round."*

E. C.

MAURIES.

Phillips declaiming: "The South has nothing for which to apologize."

Prof.: Where did the author intend the emphasis to be placed?

Phillips: On nothing.

The pauper in "Oliver Twist" who prophesied that he would die on the streets, unless given aid and promptly fulfilled his prophecy seems to a certain Freshman to have shown great will power. From this we are inclined to believe that this Freshman must agree with Mr. Bumble that "there's an obstinate pauper for you."

Valerius's apple pies are peaches and his berry pies a mince.

Prof.: How was Richard III killed?

Mac.: By a bomb.

Prof.: How did that happen?

Mac.: It exploded.

What's up this morning, "Kiss"?

I am to be admitted to the house of senate.

Professor: What are you doing, Hanley?

H.: Taking notes.

Professor: Are they perfumed?

Professor: Mr. Kavanaugh give me a sentence containing the word "income."

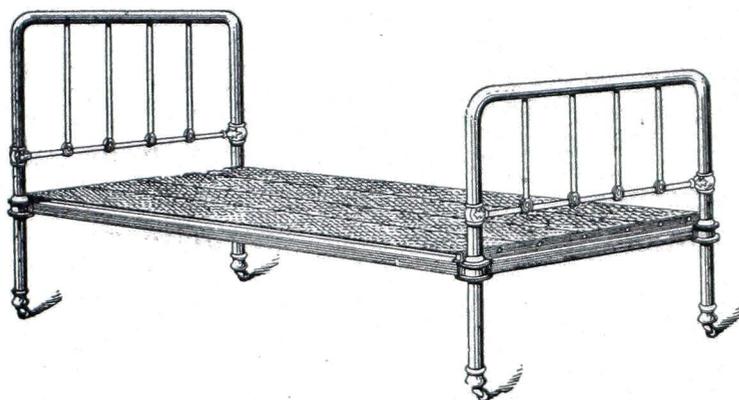
K.: "Butt" opened the door and income a cat. M. F. D.

N. B.—Jokes continued on page one of this issue.

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