

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TWILIGHT FANTASIES	1
<i>C. A. Hart, '17</i>	
SOME ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	2
<i>Edward J. Dillon '15</i>	
"BEHOLD THE MAN"	6
<i>Charles A. Hart '17</i>	
POVERTY	12
<i>Fulton J. Sheen '17</i>	
WORDSWORTH "THE DAFFODILS"	16
<i>Walter Steidle '18</i>	
EDITORIAL	18
HANKISMS	19
<i>F. C. H. '18</i>	
EXCHANGES	20
ALUMNI NOTES	24
PERSONALS	26
INTER ALIA	27
BOOK REVIEWS	29
ATHLETICS	30
VIATORIANA	32

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THE VIATORIAN

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TWILIGHT FANTASIES

*Out in the land where the sun went down
In a wealth of colors rare,
I found me in the dusky light,
That banished Day's dull care.*

*I felt the Twilight's mystic charms,
Weird fancies flitted by,
To greet me with a cheery nod,
Then leave me with a sigh.*

*They took the forms of friends long gone,
That lived in mem'ry still;
I called them, but they ne'er returned;
For they fled in Night's cold chill.*

*And then the myriad stars came out
To cheer and make me glad;
So I thanked the Master of the Night
For the joys the Twilight had.*

—C. A. Hart, '17.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

EDWARD J. DILLON '15

The romantic dreamer (par excellence) of English literature, the poet of fancy and of regions beyond this earth, is Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Coleridge's remarkable success as a romantic poet was achieved in the short space of twenty-five years, the last thirty-six years of his life having been dissipated in the seductive smoke of opium. There is something in Coleridge which appeals to us and is essentially indefinable. We can, however, affirm positively that after reading his poems we feel more buoyant and purified in spirit. He makes us strive to attain higher and better things and to disregard utterly earth, and the things of earth.

It will not be amiss to learn what the causes and environment were that made Coleridge the poet that he is. He was the life companion of Wordsworth, but Wordsworth's path was one of roses, Coleridge's one of thorns. Before Coleridge was five years of age he had read the "Arabian Nights," and at the age of seven his love of books was so great that it is said that he read two volumes a day. This love of books continued through his life, and so extensive did his reading and knowledge become that a recent biographer has said that Coleridge's education outstrides the intellectual equipment of every Englishman since Bacon. The French Revolution is thought to have been most instrumental in forming the vivid imagination of Coleridge; it held out so much, promised such glorious realizations that a poet with an imagination found fruitful fields in anticipated Utopian worlds.

It is not too much to say that Coleridge, as a poet, is the equal of Keats. The whole world marvels at the poetry of the youthful Keats, but would marvel no less at the poetry of Coleridge if the fact were only borne in mind that all the poetry of Coleridge was written before he had attained the age of twenty-six.

In reading his poetry it is well to keep in mind the beautiful line expressing his pictorial predilections, "My eyes make

pictures when they are shut," and we, too, must become dreamers, day-dreamers. Coleridge, himself, was conscious of dreamy ways and hatred of work, for he said, rather pathetically, "I think that my soul pre-existed in the body of a chamois chaser." A good example of Coleridge's dreaming is Kubla Khan. As the story goes: He was sitting in a chair and fell asleep. He dreamed of Kubla Khan building a palace with fertile fields and valleys all around and images of varied descriptions arose before him. Awakening he grasped pen and paper and wrote eagerly until interrupted by a visitor. To his mortification and surprise, he found on his return, that the pictures which stood out vivid in the heat of conception were now gone but for a dim and vague recollection. The lines actually written are enchanting, and as the following passage will show, are poetically forceful because the dream world is built with concrete details of the real world we know:

*"So twice five miles of fertile ground,
With walls and towers girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."*

The picture is wonderful and we realize it in our imagination as vividly as if we beheld it. For haunting and lasting descriptions Coleridge seems to have no peer.

*"The very deep did rot! O! Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon the slimy sea."*

These lines from "The Ancient Mariner" one is not likely to forget.

With Coleridge's love of dreaming in mind we are naturally led to believe that the "Aeolian Harp" would give him all the imaginative freedom suggested by music. Somewhere it is said that "the dreamer maketh a full man, a real man of action." If so, Coleridge in some respects surpasses himself in the "Aeolian Harp," and to the soothing tunes of music reveals his full powers.

*"Where the breeze warbles, and mutes still air
Is music, slumbering on her instrument.
And thus, my love, as on the midway slope
Of yonder hills I stretch my limbs at noon,*

*Whilst through my half-closed eyelids I behold,
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds on the main
And tranquil muse upon tranquility;
Full many thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idling fantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain."*

Coleridge's philosophy in this poem leads one to regret his later lapse into impotence of volition, for here is evidence of great poetic powers. Here, furthermore, is no skepticism, but the childlike faith of a Wordsworth and Dante:

*"For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise Him, and with faith that inly feels;
Who, with His saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honored maid."*

For an illustration of the descriptive power of Coleridge few passages are more noteworthy than these lines that sweep us in the midst of a mountain storm:

*"I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony and torture lengthened out
The lute sent forth! Thou wind that ravest without,
Bore craig, or mountain tairn, or blasted tree.
Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing foe in rout
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds,
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with cold,
But hush, there is the deepest silence!
.....all is over.
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud,
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight.
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she had lost her way;
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud and hopes to make her mother
hear."*

It will be noted that in these lines from the "Ode to Dejection" he makes two diametrically opposed similes meet the same occasion and does it very skillfully. The sad temperament of the poet receives here exquisite expression of so sincere a ring that his melancholy mood becomes infectious.

*"'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep;
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain birth.
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her soul."*

Though the poet is dejected and downcast he does not wish those nearest and dearest to him ever to experience these feelings. Coleridge's Apostrophe to "Youth and Age" is a fine portrayal of the feelings of all men when they sense the gripping hand of time upon them and hope against hope that it is not yet time for old age and that they may still remain young.

*"O Youth! for years so many and so sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit,—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
The vesper bell hath not yet tolled;—
And that thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
Life is but a thought; so think I well
That youth and I are house-mates still."*

The "Ancient Mariner," Coleridge's masterpiece, is a poem which both gives pleasure and teaches a lesson. A contributor to the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," published in July, 1880, says that it embodies a complete system of Christian theology.

"The fall from the innocence of ignorance, from the immediacy of natural faith, and the return, through the mediation of sin and doubt to conscious virtue and belief. The Ancient Mariner represents mankind, the ship the physical environment of the soul; the albatross, faith in spiritual things; the snow fog, ignorance; the golden sun, knowledge of good and evil; the tropic seas, the weary calm of mere finite subjectivity; the demon woman, unbelief; the spirit under the keel, Divine Grace;

the Hermit, reason; and the happy outcome, the recognition of the true universal." Whatever may be the theological virtue and worth of this poem, we find it overflowing with dreamy imagery.

*"About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night,
The water, like witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white."*

We can hear the sound of the icebergs in

*"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound."*

No better example of the adaptation of words to fit the sound suggested is to be found in the language than the lines of the last stanza.

After reading the poetry of Coleridge we cannot but feel that we have found a new friend, his lofty ideals, his noble thoughts, his fitful imagination and fanciful pictures draw us in close relationship to him and we understand why Charles Lamb cried out,

"Come back into memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned,—Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard."

"BEHOLD THE MAN"

CHARLES A. HART '17

The short February day of 1893 was drawing to a close and the gray winter twilight had settled upon the great German city of Munich. At the Bavarian Royal Academy, the most famous art school in the city, and perhaps in Germany, it had been a day of less real work than was usual in German schools of art. A restless feeling pervaded the atmosphere, especially of the more advanced section, who were working in oils. Here the subject of the day was an old man whose chief claim to distinction lay in the length of his nose.

"Terrible, terrible, most wretched," had been on the lips of the fat little instructor during most of the afternoon. "I shall be glad, indeed, when this class is dismissed and then you may go out and read the notice of the art contest to your heart's content. Ha! Von Anter, you have been dangling that brush of yours about in the air quite frequently. Perhaps you are finished, yes. No, indeed!" he continued, addressing his remarks to a tall, light-haired fellow of some twenty-five or thirty years, who was now bending over his work in a preoccupied manner.

"Such work! Fortunato. That nose looks more like a beak yet. Ach my! You usually do better," scolded the professor, as he examined the work of the latest comer, a dark, young Italian. For answer Fortunato only scowled and rose from his seat with the others, who were now throwing their paints and brushes into their cabinets and preparing for a hasty departure.

Almost the last to leave was Han Von Anter, the winner of second place in the last year's contest and now the leading student of the school. Slowly and thoughtfully he put up his materials in their accustomed place. More than once during the day he had heard his name whispered among the students as the likely winner of the coming contest, but this mysterious Fortunato had to be reckoned with, for he was showing much ability. Nevertheless, Hans' followers scouted the very idea and with much vehemence asserted that the most promising student in the leading school in the city could not fail to come forth with colors flying, and all acknowledged that Von Anter held this position undisputed.

Wrapping himself in his great cloak and pulling his fur cap down over his ears in preparation for a homeward trip against a winter's wind, Hans joined the crowd around the bulletin board in front of the building. Over the heads of the eager, excited students he could make out the title of the picture for the next contest. It was written in big letters near the top of the poster:

"DIE HAUPT CHRISTUS."

GEWAHRT—ZEHN TAUSEND THALER.

NUR DIE RESIDENTEN KÜNSTLER, DIE KEINST KUNSTBILDUNG
GEHABT HABEN, SIND WAHLWURDING A WIRD PASSEND.
DER KANIFF WIRD DEN ERSTEN DECEMBER ZUGEMACHT.

"The head of Christ! Prize \$10,000! Only resident undergraduates eligible. Contest closes December first." What a fine

subject! thought Hans, as there rose within him his love for the Sacred Heart, a mighty love grown strong of late from frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament in the little chapel near his home. Surely, such a subject would be an inspiration to one who so dearly loved every lineament of that holy countenance. As he walked away from the crowd he was filled with a gripping determination to throw himself with all his soul into the work, to make it the one supreme effort of his whole life. It would be a masterpiece, a work to be wondered at, one which would make him famous throughout the whole of Germany, and perhaps—perhaps—but he would not allow his mind to frame the thought. A prize of \$10,000 was great, to be sure, but greater was the later success that always attended the winner. And then to see one's work in the place of honor in the great "Glas Palace," to be next in honor to the Prince of Bavaria himself at the banquet which followed the awarding of the prize, to be the chief topic of conversation and of newspaper articles was life itself, and worth the greatest effort. He had almost tasted of that cup last year, only to fail by a narrow margin.

Filled with the buoyancy of youth, Hans betook himself to the better district of the city, where his home was located. The great feathery snowflakes, which had been dropping silently to the earth and decked the bare fruit trees along the road with a heavy cloak, gave his surroundings an appearance which just suited his temperament. Nature was so thoughtful, so sure, so reserved in this silent pose she had assumed.

After some minutes of walking he came to the little chapel where he was wont to pray. Entering, he knelt in a pew near the altar and there poured forth his heart's desires long and fervently, begging the Sacred Heart, whose countenance he was about to attempt to portray, to bless his efforts. Devoutly he dedicated the work, at its inception, to Christ and besought His Mother's powerful aid.

The paintings were to be completed by the first of the following December and the winner announced one month later, so the contestants had over nine months to do their work. Hans pondered for a long time over what face of Christ he should undertake. Finally he selected the countenance as it was thought to appear when Jesus was twelve years old, for he knew of a splendid model he could obtain. Little trouble was experienced with the boy model, who lived down in "Alt-Münich." The lad's parents were very poor and they were glad of the chance to make the money.

The first of March saw Hans busy at work upon his "chef-d'oeuvre." The boy with whom he worked was a delight to the artist's eye. The little fellow's parents had only recently come upon misfortune, so the boy had been shielded from the temptations and misery that are usually the lot of poor children in a large city. The soft, tender face with its big blue eyes still retained the baby innocence so necessary for one who would pose as the Christ child. The lad was deeply religious, and when Hans explained to him the object of the work he was much pleased and felt it a great honor to be "little Jesus," as he would call himself.

The afternoons had to be spent at the academy, but Hans had the mornings free to devote to his "Christus." Often Mrs. Von Anter would come in to give a word of motherly encouragement and pay glowing tribute to the work as it progressed.

"Oh, my dear mother," Hans would laugh, "what an easy time I should have if you were judge of the contest. Indeed, I should be certain to have my work in 'Glas Palace' and the ten thousand 'thaler' in my pocket."

Weeks filled with hard work wore into months and by the latter part of November the work was approaching completion. In a supreme effort Hans seemed almost to have pierced the soul of the child. When the last touch had been put upon the work a number of the painter's friends, who were professional artists, were called into voice their opinions. Words of surprise and admiration were heard on all sides.

"Surely a wonderful creation!" said one, "and undoubtedly it will be the winner of the contest. I would be willing to stake my career on that."

On the day before the paintings were to be turned over to the judges Hans' mother came into the studio with a letter in her hand.

"My child," she said to her son, "our agent tells me that he has been unexpectedly called away from the city on business, which will detain him for perhaps a month or more. He says that you had better collect the rent, which is past due, from those houses of ours down in 'Alt-München.' He gives the list here of the tenants, together with the amount they owe. Do you think that you will have time?"

"Most assuredly, mother," Hans replied; "since my painting is completed my time is quite my own. I shall attend to the affair this afternoon."

Three o'clock found Hans on his way. Arriving at the place of his first visit he stopped in the hallway of the old house to look at his list. His eye ran quickly down the sheet, when suddenly it lighted upon a name that was quite familiar to him. It was the name of the Italian student at the Royal Bavarian! This man, whom the students considered to be his greatest rival, was living on the second floor of this very house! He was a tenant of Mrs. Von Anter! Ettore Fortunato and his painting here, of all places!

Recovering somewhat from his surprise, he was about to knock at the door of the first floor tenant when a voice inside, distinctly audible, halted him.

"No," someone was saying, "Mrs. Fortunato told me that she would not be home before half-past four and it is now only four. Mr. Ettore? No, he never arrives until after dark. You must call again. But she has left the door unlocked and you may put the groceries on the table, she said. The money? I do not know about that. I cannot say. You will not leave them without the money? Very well, then. You may go out my back door if you wish, as it is quicker."

The situation was before Hans' mind in an instant. He would slip up the steps and see his rival's work. No one had noticed him as yet. Tiptoeing softly over the hard wooden stairs that led to the second floor he was at the door in a moment. He knocked softly to make sure that there was no mistake; no one answered. With his heart beating loudly he eagerly turned the knob. The door opened and he found himself in a bare sitting room. But there was no sign of any painting. It must be in the front room. The light was too poor here. The front room had three windows. Crossing the sitting room he listened before opening the front room door. All was quiet within. He opened the door and entered the room.

In the center of the bare parlor was an easel on which a painting, covered over with a black cloth, was resting. Nervously and with a quivering hand he drew the drapery back and lo! What met his gaze filled him with amazement. An "Ecce Homo" head of Christ! A marvelous creation!

His artist's eye told him in a glance that this masterpiece of his rival far surpassed his own or any painting that had ever been shown in previous contests. And then there arose in his mind a sinister thought. One slash with his pen-knife and his own name would be on the lips of the citizens of Munich a

month later as winner of the contest. He knew that he had no other rival.

Temptation is a wonderful thing. It tries all in its balance and finds wanting, hundreds who are considered sterling. It came to Hans Von Anter that November afternoon in the dingy parlor of the Fortunato home and it touched the weak spot of a character which the world believed to be a pillar of strength. The knife which he had taken from his pocket, almost without knowing it, was open in his hand. Raising it he was about to strike, when he drew back in horror. The eyes seemed to become living and were penetrating his very being. The painted crown of thorns were real thorns now and were pressing deeply into the wearer's forehead. The whole agonized countenance seemed filled with terrible human anguish. In his frenzied state of mind Hans fancied that he could see the lips move. "Behold the Man" fell upon his ears! The knife dropped from his limp fingers and he sank upon his knees before the painting, his face covered with perspiration.

Just how long he remained thus he did not know, but it was a noise at the door that brought him to his senses. He had hardly gained his feet and covered the painting, when a woman, dressed in deep mourning entered, holding tightly the arm of a little child. The woman was blind!

"Oh, Mrs. Fortunato!" the child cried, "here is a man come to see you while you were away."

"A man to see me, child? I have been expecting no visitors," the woman replied.

"Yes, Mrs. Fortunato, I have been sent by the agent to collect the rent of this apartment. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Von Anter, son of the woman who owns this building," spoke up Hans, in a voice that still betrayed much emotion.

"To be sure, to be sure. The agent should have come last week, I believe. I will get the money for you," was the rejoinder, in tones that seemed filled with sadness. "You see, Mr. Von Anter, we have had a great sorrow in our home. My husband has passed away only a week ago. He had suffered from a terrible inward disease for almost a year. My son, who is an artist, has used his father's countenance as the model for his wonderful painting, which he will exhibit soon. He did so only at my husband's urgent request. It is to be seen in a contest soon. Perhaps you would like to see it."

"Indeed, I would," said Hans, excitedly.

The blind woman groped her way to the easel and carefully withdrew the covering.

"See," she cried, excitedly, "see! Oh, that I could see my son's work; that I could see my dead husband's face. But the light of day is forever hidden from these sightless eyes. Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done, oh Lord! They tell me that the eyes and the expression are wonderful; that is, the few who have seen it. I am sure my boy will win the prize." Gently she rubbed her hand over the canvas as the tears streamed down her pale cheeks.

With a few words of consolation Hans concluded his business and withdrew, a defeated man he knew, and yet a victorious and a happy one!

* * * * *

One month later a paper brought into the studio of his home told the expected news. In headlines at the top of the page he read:

"Unknown Painter Wins Great Contest! Marvelous Painting of Head of Christ! Subject, 'Behold the Man.'"

POVERTY

FULTON J. SHEEN '17

The age of Solomon, opulent with the spoils of David, the age of Nebuchadnezzar, resplendent with oriental gardens, the age of Elizabeth, spacious and dilated with the expansion of the Old World, indeed, all ages and all times manifest human nature as craving for the possession of comfort and riches. The educated long for them to satisfy the tastes of their cultured minds; the ignorant and uncouth desire them to satisfy their delight in vulgar ostentation. The savage with his beads and feathers strutting arrogantly before the tents of his tribesmen, arouses fierce envy in savage breasts, and thus, from times immemorial, riches have been a god, and conversely poverty has been regarded as a miserable, hateful and degrading condition.

Regardless of this traditional point of view we are compelled to admire the beautiful emotions which poverty awakens in the soul of a virtuous and ambitious man. Poverty, instead of depressing him, brings out his best qualities and tests his real met-

tle and worth. The timid and weak become courageous only when poverty smiles, but brave and determined dilate even under the scowl of poverty. Any kind of general can command an army in times of peace, but a veteran alone can successfully cope with an enemy of the field. Just as the generalship is tested and analyzed in the crucible of warfare, so character is tried in the battle with poverty. No man, in fact, can show his real mettle until things go against him. "But the man worth while, is the man who can smile when the world seems black as a cloud." When his property is swept away from him by fire, panic or flood, or by the terrible wrath of Mars, and when his health fails him, then will his standard be judged as the bursting shells from the thundering cannon test the quality of the fortress. We never know what is in a man until emergency overtakes him, and until he conquers the almost insurmountable difficulties that would crush the ordinary soul.

Qualities never dreamed of, strength of character and purpose and other latent powers are thus revealed very often only by poverty and indigence. In the same manner in which poverty calls forth noble qualities to struggle with the worldly forces, so does it act as an incentive to reach spiritual heights. Poverty raises our souls from the miserable and meanly world to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," where a Utopian joy of heaven is the vision of the Maker. God has whispered in the ear of all existence, "Look up." When human consolation is futile and poverty is invincible, then the celestial gravitation in every mortal ever attracts his soul to the Infinite. A spiritual hunger the result of indigence can be fed and nourished only by the consoling words of the Almighty, "Come to me, all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Then hope of contentment in all its beauty points upward, and whispering in our ear, that there is another land where poverty is history and distress is tradition.

Many of our citizens, and some of the most distinguished men of which every age can boast, were reared in poverty, but climbed to distinction because poverty mustered forth their best attributes and latent qualities. A notable example is Robert Burns. Born in a peasant's clay-built cottage he was, until his twenty-eighth year a farm laborer, as he says, his work was the "unceasing toil of a galley slave." Despite his hand-to-hand fight with poverty Burns later became the greatest of lyrical poets. Even young girls who have struggled against poverty,

overcame it. Lucy Stone picked berries to earn the wherewithal to go to college. Lucy Larcom worked in a factory at the age of ten, and by her own unaided efforts became a teacher and a poetess; both these are examples well calculated to move a man to appreciate the good results of poverty. Many years ago several thousand people assembled in New York to listen to an ungainly man from Illinois speak upon a matter of great moment. They were all skeptical and somewhat derisive. They had certainly not come to be impressed by what they could learn from a man who was reared in a floorless, windowless log cabin in the wilderness. They had heard something of his feats and schemes to collect a meager dozen of books which he had at his disposal. That this back-woodsman should presume to enlighten the people on this important question of slavery, a problem which was taxing the master minds of America, was really ridiculous. Yet, two years after Lincoln's speech in New York, he was regarded as the noblest figure in the country.

Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this great land of ours, was the son of a poor wool comber of Genoa. Through lack of funds and comparative poverty he was compelled to seek aid of the queen and king in order that he might accomplish his mission. In this instance, again, poverty only served to discipline and strengthen the firmness of purpose, which Joaquin Miller in his noble poem, richly conceived to be the essence of this poor boy's superb character.

Poverty, therefore, is a blessing rather than a curse. It sometimes so smarts our quivering sensibilities that it makes us aim to surmount difficulties, "and to bear our fardels." A poet, conscious of the blessings of poverty, has chosen to eulogize poverty in these beautiful lines:

*"Be honest poverty, thy boasted wealth,
So shall thy friendship be sincere, tho' few,
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful."*



WORDSWORTH "THE DAFFODILS"**WALTER STEIDLE '18**

In the poem, "The Daffodils," Wordsworth pays a high tribute to the wonderful powers of Nature to affect the emotions of mankind through the beauties of even her less impressive creations. The thunders of Niagara may cause a person to stand in awe, and the grandeur of the Canyon of Colorado, or the wonders of the Yellowstone Park may awaken man to a sense of his own nothingness and the Creator's infinity, but a little modest violet hidden away in the depths of a forest, or a smiling daisy lost amid the tossing grasses of a meadow will likewise assist man in sustaining his moral integrity, and lead him to aspire to higher ideals.

One day the poet, sad and lonely, was wandering aimlessly over the countryside, when he suddenly came face to face with myriads of daffodils. Their golden hue was brightened and reflected by the rays of the warm sun, and the breeze that rippled the surface of the nearby lake set them in such a fluttering and a tossing of heads that they seemed to be dancing for joy. His gloomy thoughts were driven from his mind and he became happy and gay. But this happy service of the gently swaying daffodils was not the only one rendered to the disconsolate poet. In later years the recollection of their beauty and surroundings dispelled fits of discouragement and pensiveness and then he knew "the bliss of solitude." Throughout our lives, we, like the poet, though to a lamentably less degree, are susceptible to the beauty and marvelous power of Nature in strengthening our hearts against temptations, and against tendencies to grief, depression, and discouragement. Dickens, masterhand in depicting human emotions, writes, "Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts!"

It is this recognition of the potency of Nature's spell that leads us to provide the large parks of our cities, and to maintain in them, often with much ingenuity, replicas of Nature's handiwork. Here are brooks winding around small mounds and forming at last a little pond, the banks of which are hidden un-

der wild grasses, plants, and shrubs. In a swamp appears a dense growth of cat-tails swaying their velvety brown heads, yonder some sunflowers are stretching their slender stalks to the sunlight, cockleburs and Spanish-needles abound, and even the delicate vine creeps as it can. Nature seems to flourish unrestrained by the hands of man, and so natural is all that we are not surprised to see a busy muskrat working unconcernedly on his home or storing away a winter's supply of provisions.

Wandering along the paths we meet mothers of all nations marshaling their numerous progeny to a suitable spot for the day's outing; we hear the musical tones of the German, we see the gesticulations of the animated French *mère*, the sunny smiles of the Italian, in fact, representatives of every nationality found in a cosmopolitan city. The parks remind them all of their fatherland. Lured to this land by the bright light of freedom, they work long and hard, with the idea ever before them of one day returning to the sunny shores and vineyard-covered hills of Italy, to the land of liberty-loving France, to *mein lieber Vaterland*, to mountainous and icy Norway and Sweden, to dear old England, or to that Emerald Isle so dear to the heart of every Irishman. The scenes of their fatherland ever haunt their imagination and are sources of hope when their disappointments and hardship in their squalid environment are bitterest.

Truly, the power of Nature over human emotions is a force to be reckoned with. At the sight of Sunday crowds gaily making for park and suburb one might be moved to consider the moral effect of the sights and sounds of Nature upon the individual. Can evil be found in the rustling of leaves, the singing of birds, the droning and humming of insects, the lapping of waves and the gurgling of brooks? Dickens, whose experiences establish him as an authority on this point, writes:—

“The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of this world, nor of its thoughts and hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us how to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved—may purify our thoughts and bear down before it old enmity and hatred.”

All Nature, in short, is an incomparable teacher of the beauties and wonders of Creation and testifies to the infinite perfections of the Creator, and should be a balm to the soul tired and worn in its conflict with the trials of life. This power of Nature Wordsworth may be said to have been the first to glorify, and one of the most admirable expressions of it is found in “The Daffodils.”

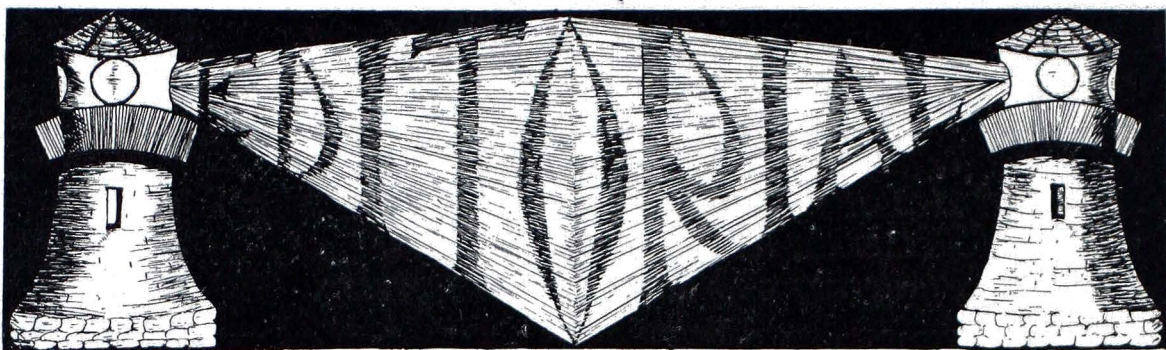
*I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

*The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.*

*For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.*





THE VIATORIAN

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San Francisco, nineteen hundred fifteen, the Eighth Wonder of the World! It has risen from smoke and ashes, and in the short space of a few years becomes a landmark of the world. This year the "World's Fair" is to be celebrated there and in magnificent building and gorgeous trimming it outstrips any Fair yet held. It is a Fair that is to take place in our country and in our West; we should do all in our power to aid it, we should be proud of it. There are many ways of doing this: First, by talking of it and praising it, painting it in glowing colors; secondly, buy Panama Fair stamps; they cost no more than the stamps we are accustomed to use. Send them throughout the country; use them especially on foreign mail; this will help to keep it well before the eyes of the world. There are thousands of non-belligerents in Europe who would be pleased to attend our Fair, to profit intellectually

Eighth Wonder of the World

by it, to learn many a lesson in almost every branch of human endeavor, to witness American enterprise and "go-ahead," but alas, the sad conditions across the way make this very difficult. Americans, at least, should give it their loyal support and if the banks of the Rhine, the Chateaux of France, the skies of Italy are impossible this year, Americans nevertheless have San Francisco for their long holiday.

We are now approaching the queen of seasons, Spring, the brightest and fairest of the four. All nature smiles, and man smiles with her; one is in perfect accord with the other. But there is a roguish glint in the eyes of Spring, and an alluring note in her voice as she comes our way. We fall under her spell and the next thing we know we are possessed of an intense hatred for mental exertion. We cannot tolerate four walls; we gaze, we doze, we dream. Teachers diagnose the case as spring fever; that is easy enough, but the remedy? Persistent tasks, persistently demanded is the surest cure, a painful one, too. The best way is to meet the charming lady with cold, icy stares, melt gradually and slowly till the time of her exit, and all will be well!

HANKISMS

F.C.H. "18

A veterinary surgeon is not necessarily a "one horse" doctor.

Most marked men have never made their mark.

A church is like a cafeteria, you can generally get what you need by waiting on yourself.

A dollar well invested is worth two in the hand.

Ascend the ladder of success as quickly as possible, but never try to skip a rung.

Death and bankruptcy always have an excuse.

If more men were ashamed of their wealth and fewer of their poverty, what a different world this would be!

As long as a person is easily influenced all is well and good, but when he starts to think for himself—look out, something is going to happen.

To produce the greatest effect, never be affected.

When first you start the battle it always seems as though victory is buried at the end of a circle.

The man who keeps on the go is the one who gets ahead.

A person may expound high principles and yet live principally low.

There is not so much in the result of the battle as in how you have fought.

The alert man never waits for opportunity to knock, he meets it at the door.

Rather queer how the years leap, although they are not all leap years.

If envy were a virtue most of us would have been canonized saints long ago.

Next to eating in a restaurant, war is about the worst thing we can think of.

Don't think because you live in the greatest "Melting Pot" on earth, that you will cause the kettle to boil over.

E X C H A N G E S

*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us."—Burns.*

To attempt to pass opinion on all of the numbers which the last quarterly issue of the "*Loyola University Magazine*" offers would require much more space than we are allotted. Take it for all in all, it is a commendable college publication. We hope we shall look upon its like again. We have already commented on the opening poem, "When Christ Was Born," and we are not retracting a word we have said. We suspect that the worthy editor-in-chief is somewhat of an admirer of the

**Loyola
University
Magazine**

Poe style of short stories, in which admiration he shows his good taste. "The Man in the Fog" should have a quieting effect upon even the most carping exchange editors, those terrible destroyers of youthful pride and ambition. There is a pleasing unity of effect, a swiftness of action to a well-marked climax, an original mode of expression that is well worthy of commendation. We note the practice of dividing the editorials among a number of the students. The result is, three or four readable editorials, carefully composed. "Another Belgium" calls our attention to the atrocities committed against Poland by the three European butchers. While we are sympathizing so deeply with Belgium a little of fellow-feeling for this once great and valiant Catholic nation, so cruelly wronged, might not be at all amiss. We wish the "*Loyola Magazine*" had an exchange column. We should appreciate their opinion of us.

The general impression one receives of the January "*St. John's University Record*" is one of ponderosity. It is, perhaps, not so great a sin as to go to the other extreme, but "in medio stat virtus" is just as applicable to college magazines as to any other line of endeavor. "The Conversion of England," "A Goal and How to Reach It," and "A Word to Catholic Students" are quite admirably didactic, but are they calculated to awaken great interest among your student body and give to your paper the loyal support it needs? An article or two like "Lil Mousies," or "Mr. Hamlet, Nut," gleaned from the pages of "*The Collegian*," would bring a smile now and then to the countenances of your readers, which your joke columns hardly does.

Each month the "*Buff and Blue*" of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., with a cheery, hopeful spirit emanating from its pages invariably puts us in an optimistic frame of mind. As we turned the leaves of the January issue we came to a column headed "Wise And——." We were preparing ourselves for a perusal of the efforts of some would-be Twain masquerading under the pseudonym of humor, but here we were agreeably mistaken. The article is a credit to the paper and the college. Under the caption, "Sand," he gives an airing to his brave determination to overcome the odds which deafness has placed in his path. What a fine example for us, who are blessed

with all our faculties. It is well observed that "the outlook of the student steadily narrows in the round of college schedule. He loses his power to think for himself—lacks initiative. It is in rubbing elbows with all kinds of men from the down and out failure to the installment plan home builder; it is the real "git out and git" that a man grows." "College doesn't make fools nor men. It only develops them." The opening poem, "To a Deaf Mute Mother," is so full of strong emotion and pathos that we take the liberty to quote some of the stanzas:

*"Plunged in silence from tender years,
Denied the solace of deeper thought,
Struggling ever through unshed tears,
Hard the battle that you have fought.*

*"Voiceless in a world of varied sound
That never reached beyond the gate;
Where naught but silence reigned profound,
The Angels mourned your tragic fate.*

*"Loving voices never greet thy ear,
Nor cheer thy heart with kindly words.
Thy baby's plaintive cry you cannot hear,
Nor e'en the song of forest birds.*

*"Silence grants thy prayer for voice,
And ope's thy heart through tears,
To soundless music, God's own choice,
Eternal harmony of spheres."*

There is room for more energy in the exchange column, not that the criticism (there is only one) is not ably written, but it might be called witty, since its soul is brevity.

There is nothing we like better than to meet new friends among our exchanges, and that pleasure is materially enhanced when that friend is so fair and agreeable as **The Academy** "The Academy" of St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn. The omnipresent "Francis Thompson" article appears. The writer sends the great Catholic poet to an untimely grave three years before his actual demise. The issue is filled with short stories with just

a little too much emphasis on the short. Perhaps the best is "Bobby's Brother," whose author is to be complimented on her felicitous style and pleasingly fresh plot. We hope "*The Academy*" will be a regular visitor now that we have been introduced to each other.

January was an "off" month for the poets, but we are hopeful with the coming of the spring and the proverbial vernal versifiers. Canisius College seemed to have monopolized the attention of Calliope and her associates to the chagrin of the other wooers. But the Canasians have a habit of doing this. Consequently for a second time in our opinion the palm goes to Robert Emmett Carroll of Canisius. His poetic production is entitled "Storms," and we believe speaks for itself:

*"A fiery finger traces flaming lines
Across the broad expanse of dark'ning sky.
The clouds in battle rage. The victor finds
Responsive gales to echo victory's cry.*

*"Those warring clouds with livid lightning rent,
This mighty tumult, quell us with their din.
We tremble at that power whose hand has lent
To nature strength, to warn men of their sin.*

*"The ships go down, and angry waves leap high
To crush man's merest toys within their grasp,
And men go down with horrid, moaning cry,
And pray to God for aid with dying gasp.*

*"Impose not on God's mercy that is shown
In cloudless sky, on ocean's tranquil breast,
His wrath has spoken in the wild wind's moan,
Lightning has lettered it on cloud's dark crest."*

Exchange office address of THE VIATORIAN is Bourbonnais, Ill.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ernest Pepin, H. S., '14, is at present employed in Escanaba, Mich., and we hear that "Pep" is showing the same "pep" he demonstrated so well while a student.

We are in receipt of information to the effect that W. C. McKenna, A. B., '06, is now a partner in the law firm of Cummins, Roemer, Milkewitch & McKenna, with offices in the Continental and Commercial Bank Building, Chicago. They have the good wish of us all for unlimited success.

Try as we may we cannot prevent our ranks from becoming depleted more and more every day. Another of Viator's famous bachelors has deserted the "single file" to become a benedict. Mr. J. Wm. Mortell, '09, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony on February 10, 1915, to Miss Hattie Purtell of Kankakee. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., at a Nuptial Mass held in St. Patrick's Church at nine A. M. Mr. Mortel is associated with his father in the construction business in Kankakee. The VIATORIAN and faculty of the college extend to Mr. and Mrs. Mortel heartiest wishes for long life, happiness and an abundance of God's choicest blessings.

Word comes to us that one of our former classmates and star basket ball player, Mr. Clarence Fischer, A. B., '13, is now studying medicine at the University of Chicago. "Fish" always showed much efficiency in curing "heart trouble."

Stephen A. Cauley, '14-15, is now filling an important position in St. Louis. Good luck, Steve! We hope some day to see you one of the bright stars of the commercial world.

*It's a story very old
About these bendicts so bold,
How their heart is ever pining,
'Till the wedding bells are chiming.*

And so it is necessary to announce that another of the strong supporters of single blessedness has proved himself untrue to the

cause of bachelorhood. Mr. Bert Reilly, '01-11, was united in marriage to Miss Joan McCanna of Chicago on January 28. "Bert" is no doubt remembered by a large number of former students as well as many who are attending college at present, and we all unite in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Reilly all the blessings of a wedded life for many and long years.

Mr. John Kissane, '11, is now completing his second year in the Kent College of Law, Chicago. Were Patrick Henry alive we think it would be necessary to sympathize with him when John finishes school.

Robert Brundage, '12, is now filling a lucrative position with the Armour Co., at Chicago, Ill.

Rumor has it that Charles Cominsky, '11, is now connected with the Fairbanks Soap Co. Wonder if he is endeavoring to "clean" up a bunch of money?

Another from our midst has sacrificed his life to the cause of higher education. Thomas Cassidy, H. S., '14, is at present teaching school near Budd, Ill.

Edward Denvir, '14, is engaged in the book-business in Chicago. It seems impossible for some fellows to keep away from books.

Peter Curley, '11, is identified with his father in the undertaking business in Chicago.

John Cassidy, '13, holds a position with the First National Bank of Chicago. Make your dollars have more sense, "Jawn."

Among the recent clerical changes in the Dubuque diocese is that of Rev. Martin O'Connell, former pastor of What Cheer, Ia., and ordained from St. Viator in 1913. He is now pastor at Knoxville, Ia. Another note of interest from the same diocese is the appointment of Rev. Patrick Ryan as assistant to Very Rev. Jas. Gillespie at Keokuk, Ia.

THE VIATORIAN extends to these young apostles of Christ best wishes for success in their labors.

PERSONALS

The faculty and our Rev. President recently had the pleasure of entertaining the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D.D.C.S.V., the Provincial of the Viatorian Order.

Rev. Stephen Carew, one of last year's ordinandi, visited the college during the past month renewing old acquaintances and keeping in touch with college activities.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, professor of Philosophy, will deliver the weekly sermon at St. Patrick's Church, Danville, during the Lenten season.

The college department recently lost a popular student in the person of Thomas Hackett, associate editor of THE VIATORIAN. Tom was forced to discontinue his studies owing to the death of his father. The faculty, students and the staff wish to extend their sympathies to his family in their bereavement.

We were agreeably surprised a few weeks ago by the visit of our old "Varsity tackle," Bartholomew McGann, '10-13. "Bart" is now holding a position of trust with the Schoefeldt Distillery in Peoria, Ill.

Another old timer who dropped in for a pleasant visit was Leo Dougherty, A.B., '12.

The Very Rev. President, J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., will deliver a lecture at the Precious Blood Church in Chicago some time in March. His subject will be "The Church and Society."

Among the clerical visitors who spent pleasant hours at the college were: Rev. E. A. Kowalewski, St. Mary's Church, South Chicago; Rev. A. L. Bergeran, Chicago; Rev. P. Parker, Cheshansee, Ill.; Rev. A. D. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.

Among the visitors entertained by the college during the past month were: Mrs. M. J. Liston, Miss Mary Liston, Chicago; Mr. J. J. Butler, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. J. R. Kavanaugh, Chicago; Mr. Jos. Kelly, Piper City, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Kennedy, Chicago; Mrs. J. Kelly, Chicago; Mr. James J. Phalen, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. M. Dowling, Kentland, Ind.; Mr. T. R. McGee, Chicago; Mr. Wm. Tomkins, Chicago; Miss Vera Madden, Chicago; Mrs. Julia Madden, Chicago; Mr. P. J. Conway,

Sioux City, Ia.; Mr. Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.; Mr. H. Hornish, Washington, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Fredericks, Chicago; Mr. Thos. O'Connor, Peoria, Ill.; Miss Anna Sullivan, Chicago.

Prof. Anderson, instructor in College Physics and Agriculture, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased with the reports from his bedside and hope to have him with us soon, perfectly restored in health.

INTER ALIA

A feature of the St. Patrick's day program will be the presentation of "The Irish Rose," a musical drama written by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V. This play was staged for the first time at the Remington Theater, Kankakee, on March 16, 1914. The presentation this year is being made in response to many requests. The cast has been selected from the best talent in the student body and a fine rendition of the play is promised.

"The Irish Rose"

Several of the Viatorian priests have been engaged to deliver series of sermons at different parishes during the Lenten season. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., will speak at St. Patrick's Church, Danville, Ill. Rev. J. Munday has been assigned to St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, for a number of lectures. Rev. Fathers Rheams, Rice, Munsch and Suprenant will deliver Lenten sermons at different parishes throughout the state. Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V. of the Viatorian Missionaries, who has just returned after several weeks of missionary work, will leave soon for Montana, where he will conduct missions at Mt. St. Charles College and other points in the state.

Lenten Assignments

The Knights of Columbus have always had a good representation among the faculty and students of St. Viator College and the number of members promises to be well increased this year. Several students of the Collegiate Department have made the necessary arrangements to "ride the goat" into St. Viator Council, Kankakee, soon after Easter. Prof. W. J. Potter takes his fourth degree in Chicago on February 22. Needless to

K. of C. Initiates

say, we wish luck to the prospective members, and we congratulate the worthy professor on his further advancement in Knighthood.

Three plays written by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., of St. Viator College, have lately come into prominence and have been used to good advantage by several schools and dramatic clubs. "The Inheritance," his latest play, was presented last month by the Kankakee Court C. O. O. F., and was very favorably received. "The Irish Rose," a musical drama, was recently staged at Ottawa, Ill., and made a decided hit. "The Call" has been presented a number of times by different dramatic clubs in Chicago during the past year, and will soon be staged at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario. These three plays are Father Sheridan's best and are worthy of presentation on any stage.

On January 31, 1915, at St. Bride's Church, Chicago, special devotions in honor of St. Bridgid, patroness of Ireland, were held. The state officers of the A. O. H. and L. A. and a large delegation of members were present to assist in the ceremonies. Rev. Father Lynch, pastor of St. Bride's, sang the Mass, and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, President of St. Viator's, preached the sermon. The Rev. President gave a graphic sketch of the life work of "the Mary of Ireland," and in the course of his talk gave eloquent utterance to many noble sentiments, which will long be remembered by all who heard them.

On February 16 and 17, 1915, in the College Auditorium a two days' program was given to the farmers of Kankakee county under the auspices of the Soil and Crop Improvement Association of Kankakee County. Father O'Mahoney, President of the College, opened the program and delivered an interesting and instructive talk on "Fitting Out the Country Boy for His Life Work." A series of illustrated lectures on agricultural topics was given and special talks on farm buildings were delivered. Most of the students who are following the agricultural course were in attendance.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CATHOLIC MISSION FEAST—By Rev. Anthony Freytag, S.V.D., Mission Press S.V.D., Techny, Ill. 216 pages. Cloth, \$.60.

This manual for the arrangement of Mission celebrations contains much that is of interest to the layman, as well as to the clergy. The book is divided into four parts: Practical hints and suggestions how to make the mission celebration a success; ten addresses on mission topics; a collection of mission poems and songs; and prayers and ejaculations. The efforts of the author are taken up, in part, to arouse the interest of American Catholics for the divine work of saving souls of those who are as yet "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." It is not a time for the shifting of burdens, but a time of action and the assuming of individual responsibility. The Catholic Church of today is passing through a momentous period and it needs your support and the loyal aid of every true Catholic. You will find many things in this little book which will be of interest. The talks on missionary topics are written in a lively, energetic style.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN—By Maude Radford Warren. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago. Illustrated, 290 pages. Cloth, \$.50.

The youthful reader is given in this work of Maude Warren another opportunity to meet the popular hero of countless old English ballads. The stories told follow well authenticated sources and the spirit of the greenwood is preserved throughout. Accuracy and strict proportion are neglected only where the great outlaw and his men appear as thieves and ruffians. That is, the emphasis is put on deeds of rescue or other such knightly prowess, while the robbing which Robin Hood indulged in is minimized. The characters are better defined in these tales than in many of their kind, so that the reader receives a well-defined impression of each.

METHODS IN HISTORY—By William H. Mace. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago. 311 pages. Cloth, \$1.00.

Prof. Mace, who is Professor of History in Syracuse University, has given in this new and amplified edition of "Methods

in History" not strictly a "method," implying artificial expedients, but rather the application of the philosophy of teaching to the teaching of history. To the teacher the book gives a fresh impulse and shows the deeper meaning of his work, while the educational value to the student is incalculable. It is certainly true that much of the work expended in history is misdirected, and a book of this kind should be welcomed by the lovers of history.

ATHLETICS

E. I. N. S., 37—VIATOR, 28.

On February 6 Eastern Illinois State Normal administered a second bitter pill to the Varsity, said pill being thirty-seven parts Normal to twenty-eight Viator. McGee, with six baskets, led in the scoring for Viator, while Gartland was a close second with five. Despite the handicap of a badly injured hip Dondonville at center, played an unusually good game. Hampton and Anderson starred for the visitors, the latter making twenty-one points, through his ability to "cage" them from any angle or any position.

The summary:

VIATOR (28)		E. I. N. S. (37)	
McGee	R. F.	Hampton	
Gartland	L. F.	Anderson	
Dondonville	C.	Kruse	
Lawlor	R. G.	Wilson	
Roche	L. G.	Hauser	

Field Goals—Gartland, 5; McGee, 6; Dondonville, 2; Anderson, 8; Hampton, 5; Wilson, 2; Hauser, 1.

Free Throws—Lawlor, 2; Anderson, 5.

ST. VIATOR VS. LOMBARD COLLEGE.

On February 18th, in the local gymnasium the Varsity bombarded Lombard to the tune of 34 to 20. The first half gave promise of an evenly matched game, both teams playing on the defensive and keeping the score down to 11-10 in the Varsity's

favor. The Viator forwards unlimbered in the second half, and with the fine defensive work of Lawlor, Roche and Clancy, increased the lead to a safe margin. Gartland, with twelve points, McGee with eight, and Dondonville with nine, did the heavy work for Viator, while Wright's ability at free throws made nearly half the visitors' scores. Dondonville played a star game at center.

Lineup and summary:

VIATOR (34)		LOMBARD (20)	
McGee	R. F.	Chain	
Gartland	L. F.	Wright	
Dondonville	C.	Rush	
Lawlor	R. G.	Leonard	
Clancy, Roche	L. G.	Braucht	

Field Goals—McGee, 4; Gartland, 6; Dondonville, 4; Lawlor, 2; Chain, 3; Wright, 2; Rush, 1.

Free Throws—Lawlor, 1; Dondonville, 1; Wright, 8.

HIGH SCHOOL.

On February 6th Captain Sinnott's men journeyed to Mazon, Ill., and went down in defeat in a game with the Mazon High School five. The game was one of the cleanest and hardest played on the Mazon floor, both teams putting up a classy exhibition. Clancy and Tiffin starred for the Viator team, while G. G. Misiner and Newport scored most for Mazon.

The score:

VIATOR H. S. (25)		M. H. S. (29)	
Clancy	R. F.	G. Misiner	
Tiffin	L. F.	R. Misiner	
Sinnott, Kavanaugh	C.	Newport	
Karney	R. G.	Small	
Kelly	L. G.	Keepers, Stevens	

Baskets—Clancy, 6; Tiffin, 3; Sinnott, 1; Kavanaugh, 1; Karney, 1; G. Misiner, 5; Newport, 5; R. Misiner, 2; Stevens, 1.

Free Throws—Tiffin, 1; Newport, 3.

ACADEMICS, 21—ST. STANISLAUS, 17

In a fast and scrappy little game Coach Monahan's Academics defeated the heavy St. Stanislaus five from the "Windy

City" by a score of 21-17. Barry and McGrath, of the Ac's, and Werbele, of the Viators, were the particular stars.

The summary:

ACADEMICS (21)		SO. STANISLAUS (17)	
Kirley	R. F.	Polowy	
Barry	L. F.	Wolewski	
Corbett, Vickery	C.	Werbele	
McGrath	R. G.	Dreidkwoy	
Sheen	L. G.	Penkowski	

Field Goals—Barry, 4; Kirley, 3; Corbett, 2; Polowy, 1; Wolewski, 2; Werbele, 2; Dreidkwoy, 1; Penkowski, 2.

Foul Throws—Barry, 3; Polowy, 1.

VIATORIANA

Chuck: Say, some of those men over there in the trenches haven't had a shave since last August.

Ray: That's funny. I have an uncle over there who had a close shave a few weeks ago.

Oh! My dear (Hart).

William Tell has nothing on Dizzy.

A TEN TO ONE SHOT.

*Dear Old Dad,
I take my pen
To let you know
I need a ten.*

*I really hate
To bother you,
If you are short
A five will do.*

*If lacking five,
Just send me One,
Must study now,
Your loving son.*

It is likely that if this rain keeps up, it won't come down.

Bill: Gee, I had my mouth fixed for beans tonight, but we got hash.

TOPICS OF INTEREST.

"How to Stop Smoking"—By Will Power.

"How to Feed the Chickens"—By S. O. M. Body.

Fish: I see that they are putting the Kaiser's picture on American-made spoons.

Bolly: That's German-Silver!

Pete: Hear about the new family in town named Smithers?

Joke: Call their children "smithereens" don't they?

"Father, don't you think it about time to have another examination?" in Logic.

(Remarked just before the K. of C. dance.)

Hughes: Did you hear about my new room-mate?

Butz: No.

Hughes: Neither did I. (Crêpe on 210.)



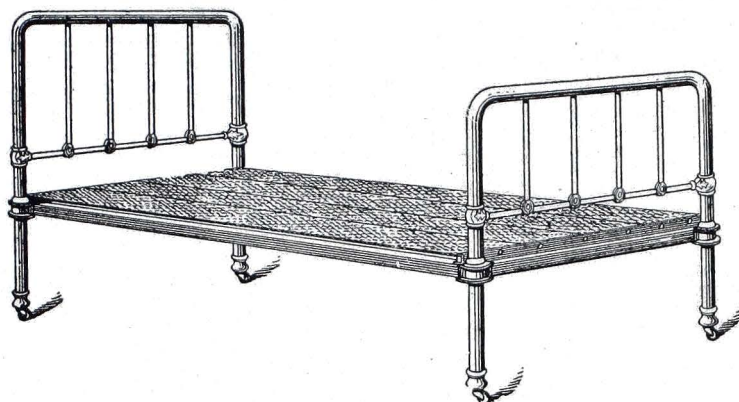
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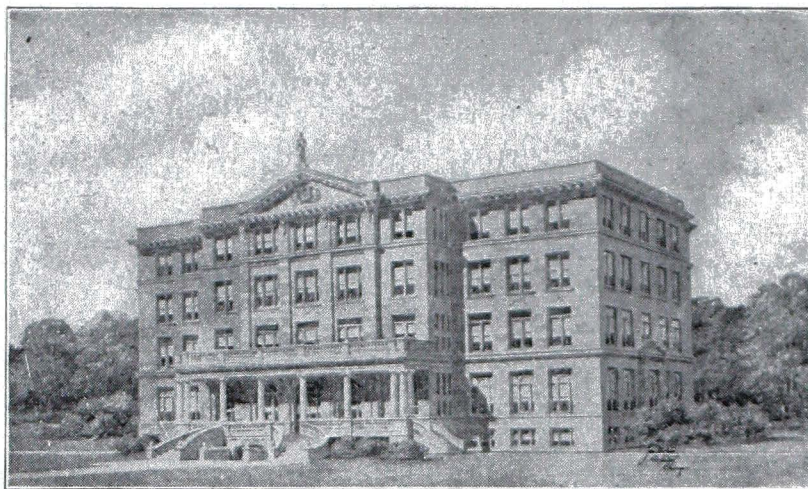
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