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Fac et Spera

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CHARITY

*Don't sneer at the man who places his trust
In the claims of a mendicant lie;
The Christian deed is always just,
No matter the where, or the why.*

*The wise may smile and the selfish may nod;
And the proud bear their haughty frown;
Still the Christian heart, for the Love of God,
Gives a hand to the man that is down.*

*Whether a million, or only a mite,
In answer to charity's call,
'Tis Christ alone who can guage aright;
And reward both, the great and the small.*

*Let not faith in humanity falter;
Though ninty and nine may deceive;
How oft does the sinner's life alter,
When charity seeks to relieve.*

—W. J. S.

THE FUTILITY OF WAR**MAURICE A. DILLON '18****PRIZE ORATION**

"The War God slumbers no more. Roused from his fitful dreams of peace he awoke mad with the lust of blood and death and rushed forth in hot haste to burn, devastate, maim, mangle and murder the children of men.

"Forgotten is the angel of Universal Peace, first heard by humble sheperds on Judea's consecrated hills while wise men bowed at Bethlehem's holy manger. The epic of good will is drowned in the thunder of guns and the moans of dying men. Twenty million soldiers front each other in battle array, while before their awful guns these crumble to dust the achievements of centuries.

"Science the Liberated, has been chained to the red chariot of Mars. Justice hangs bleeding on Ambition's cruel cross. Mercy has fled afar. Kindness and friendship are in disrepute. Amity is sick unto death. Civilization hides her tear-stained face in Shame, while Christianity, prone in the dust, cries to God."

Perhaps at no other period in the whole Christian Era have the bonds of Christianity been so severed and disrupted, than at the present time. We are now face to face with a great civil war—for civil war, it surely is: it is not a war of Pagan against Pagan, or Paganism against Christianity, but it is an internal war—a civil war, in which Christianity is divided against itself, and brother fights brother. It is a war which is not only sapping the life blood of Europe, but of the entire world as well. It is a war which will throw civilization back for centuries.

In discussing this present war it shall not be my purpose to discuss and lay before you the diverse claims of the contending nations, and then draw conclusions as to the sectitude and righteousness of their apparent contentions; but rather it shall be my aim to endeavor to show that war is an irrational, cruel and impious custom, and the present war shall exemplify my contentions.

To this effect we shall carefully consider war in its character, in its true character, and in doing this I shall show, first that war perverts the ends of science, that it disrupts man's character and

spreads ruin and desolation; secondly, that it is utterly insufficient as a mode of determining justice; thirdly, the principle object of war being to seek justice, that this present war perverts the ends of true warfare. I hope to show you that not only is the present war a crime against humanity, but that all wars should be ranked as such and treated as such.

"War," popularly defined, "is a public armed contest between nations under the sanction of International law, to establish justice between them." War, defined as to its character, is a mode wherein man loses the best part of his character, and is little better than an animal; wherein peace and harmony are disrupted; wherein love, friendship, commerce and all other relations are destroyed between the belligerent nations; wherein desolation and bleak "Ruin" are spread broadcast over once smiling nations.

First, I have said, I would show that war perverts the very end of Science. What is the avowed purpose and end of Science? Is it not to construct, to bring men into closer and more amiable relationship and to cement the bonds of fraternal love? The steamship, one of the greatest triumphs of Science, whose end was to bring men into closer relations, is now a Demon. War has transformed these iron-clad messengers of the sea into monsters seeking whom they may devour. The airship by which man conquered the very atmosphere, has now become a terrifying vulture. Thus the achievements of science are transformed by wars into engines of destruction, and science, the handmaiden of civilization, is subjugated to become the unwilling slave of annihilating forces.

War disrupts man's character:

When we strip war of all its sensationalism and of the false sentiment it awakens in us and then rationally view the actions of the men who respond to its call, are not their actions repugnant to us? Yet most of them in time of peace were men of honesty, honor and uprightness. They were men who looked at murder with horror and considered arson and robbery high crimes. But the battlefield, stimulated by the call of the bugle and the semi-barbaric howls of their companions they rush into battle, each seeking to slay as many of the enemy as possible. They yell with delight as they see within the enemies' ranks, man after man drop before the terrible and deathly rain of shot and shell. Onward these mad-men rush, lusting for blood, burning and looting towns, pillaging villages and leaving ruin, destruction and misery in their track. Can we call such men human? Can we call

such men civilized? "Passions, like so many bloodhounds are unleashed, and suffered to rage. Crimes which would fill our prisons, stalk abroad in the soldiers' garb, unwhipped of Justice." Murder, Rape, Pillaging and Arson run rampant, or, as Shakespeare well expresses it:

*"The gates of mercy shall all be shut up,
And the fleshed soldier rough and hard of heart
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell."*

Desolation and ruin are spread broadcast over once smiling nations:

Can we look upon Europe's bleeding face and refrain from tears? Can we look upon her many sears, and not give way to grief? Can we think of Rheims, Louvain and Kingless Belgium; can we hear the crackle of devouring flames, the rattle of rifles, the crash of cannons, the roar of bursting shells; and not detest war? Can we picture the "stark dead eyes staring at the stainless stars from a thousand stricken fields; can we listen to the "wail of widows, the moan of mothers, the shrill cries of orphans, piercing the night;" and not abhor war with all the abhorrence capable of our natures? "Where yesterday stood smiling cities, black Ruin, torch in hand, stalks breathing fury and fire. In the place where smiling fields of grain lifted their golden banners to the sun, graves yawn, numberless as the stars. Reason, Mercy and Charity have been dethroned and the harvest is death, destruction and damnation. The voice of might alone can be heard and ceaseless clang of death's sickle."

II.

But are these miseries to any purpose? Do they seek to accomplish any good? Surely from this desolation no material good can rise, and that no ideal good is possible I shall proceed to show by proving that even the professed object of War, namely Justice, can not spring from these barbaric conflicts.

War, to put it unsentimentally, yet truthfully, is force against force, but force is not justice, not in any way conducive to justice, for justice is a constructing, conserving tool; might and force make for destruction, and destruction never did, nor never can, construct, so in this respect war cannot obtain justice.

"Justice," says Chas. Sumner, "is obtained safely by the use of reason and judgment." Justice being so obtained, can it be

said, that in this respect, War can obtain justice? Can it be said that there is reason displayed when men surrounded by the din of arms, lust for each others blood? Can it be said that there is judgment, when men kill men, when men make wives, widows,—children, orphans; when men destroy cities, desecrate churches, stop the hand on the dial of progress and otherwise put to shame the name of Christianity and the teachings of Jesus Christ?

Can it be said that there is reason or judgment in the unholy ambitions that are the cause of this present war? Justice is without passion; war lets loose all the pent up passions of men. Crimes of every sort are committed and “Justice hangs bleeding on ambition’s cruel cross.” Justice, true justice, can never be attained by war. In no war ever waged has the justice sought been attained. War, failing in its prime purpose, is therefore useless. The misery entailed therein goes for naught. Yet nations, because of so-called honor and false pride, still plunge their children into this earthly hell.

III.

Such a state of affairs, if viewed truthfully, seems incredible in this enlightened and civilized age. It is all the more incredible when we analyze this present war and find that it perverts the end of true warfare. That the true object of the present war was not based on a desire for justice is an established fact. The assassination of Ferdinand was only a pretext that placed the spark to the pent-up fire of rivalry. Commercial rivalry in the contest for trade is the main reason for this present conflict. Each nation had been watching the growth of the other with envy, the wealth amassed by the other provoked greed, until finally the culmination of this jealousy and avarice is the present war.

Another important though probably indirect reason of this present conflict, is militarism.

For years the nations of Europe had been heavily taxing their people in order to build warships, massive forts, terrible guns and to maintain large standing armies. This could not go on forever without filling the nations with a wild desire to test their powers against other nations whose warlike preparations seem a menace. Preparations for war in time of peace, will never insure peace for the mere fact that they are contradictory. The constant presence of the cause of an evil will never remove the evil, the constant presence of a temptation has but one result, the realization of that temptation. As surely as nations continue to believe in that falla-

cious and lying maxim, "the best way to insure peace, is to prepare for war," nations will continue to fall and war will be the result.

Yearly sums of money beyond calculation are expended for this foolish preparation, while the hungry and the poor roam the streets of all the large cities of the world. Were half of this expenditure given to these poor the miseries attending poverty would at once disappear. Were all of it thus given, we, as a civilized people would become so enlightened that war would be looked upon in its true light—a barbarism—and then nations would settle their difficulties in more amiable and God-like ways. Longfellow very well expresses this same thought in verse:

I.

*"Were half the power that fills this world with terror;
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts;
Given to redeem the human mind from error
There were no need of arsenals and forts.*

II.

*"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And the nation that should lift again
It's hand against a brother on its forehead
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain."*

Let us thank God that the lesson of the present war has taught us the blessedness of Peace as President Wilson beautifully says, "Peace is the healing influence that elevates the world" May God at least preserve peace in these United States and quickly bring it to Europe. May He awaken in the hearts of men the true spirit of Jesus Christ and then once more will "Peace be on earth and men be of 'Good Will.'" May men arise in a new glory and destroy all things that tend to war. May the present European war go down in the annals of history as the last war of the world and methinks it will for before me arises a vision—a vision that is sweet to behold. It is a vision of the "Dominion of Peace," so well described by a modern author:

"The Dominion of Peace is a land of Gladness and Glory. Her smiling valleys laugh for joy. Her majestic mountains, snow-clad and glory crowned like giant sentinels, repose their

heads against the stars. Her rivers unstained by the blood of brothers laugh and sing their way to the seas, while Nature's Grand Orchestra floods earth and sky with Divine melody. Sensing the spirit of Universal Brotherhood, men of low and high degree with one accord turn radiant faces toward the Golden Dawn. And as they gaze with rapture, Hope whispers her sweetest Fairy Tales and the light of laughter lingers on faces long swept by storms of tears and fears. At Aurora's gates of Pearl, Future ever stands like a goddess fair calling man upward and onward.

"On every hand such harvest fields, joint product of sun and soil, air and toil, sing in cadence sweet and dim the Song of Life and Love. With uplifted banners they stand, whether in solid squares or seried ranks, to guard a world from Want and Woe. The pleasant plains of Peace are dotted with happy homes, and towns and cities grand teem with Industry, the air vibrant with the Music of the Mills. Upon the bosom of streams and the silver margin of the seas that wash her shores these sides the commerce of a World, uniting men and nations in bonds Fraternal. Her statesmen, educators, priests and poets dream nightly of the coming of a more Perfect Day in whose Magic Light men shall beat swords into plow shares and spears into Pruning Hooks," and where "Peace shall her olive wand extend and bid wild war, his ravage end."



THE MORAL SPIRIT IN SHAKESPEARE

J. F. COX '17



JOHN F. COX, '17
Athletic Editor

Any work of art, to be justly called so, must possess moral soundness. It must inspire within the breast of the observer a hatred of evil and a love for things good and beautiful. It must purge the spirit and stir up that feeling, too often forgotten in the hurly-burly of this world of ours, that there is a Power above us which is responsible for the creation of goodness and beauty. For true art is, above all, the expression of the good and beautiful. From this it naturally follows that real art must possess the element of truth for after all what is beauty but truth? It is upon the search for this virtue of truth, that the faculties of every great

artist are bent, and the closer the resemblance his work bears to Nature, or to our conception of nature as God has ordained it, the more aptly his creation may be called a work of art, for it must then be an expression of truth, beauty and morality. And when the artist chooses as a model, the living, sentient, image of the creator himself, and paints a true portrait, it may justly be said that he has achieved success as a moral artist.

It is in the application of these principles to the plays of Shakespeare that we perceive the moral spirit of his works. The breadth of his knowledge of human nature is his most remarkable quality and it is this knowledge which does most to make his plays what they are. He pierces to the very depths of man's being, analyzes and brings out in character almost every phase of intellectual and emotional activity. He deals with joy and sorrow, love and hate, jealousy, despair, revenge, ambition, each as they really are in the human mind and heart. The vivid reality of his representations impresses upon the minds of his readers an idea of the marvelous complexity of man, and fills them with awe and wonder at the greatness and sublimity of that One who has created

humanity. It is here, in this general way, that the moral spirit of Shakespeare's work is manifest. To bring out the idea in a more concrete particular manner a consideration of some of his tragedies will serve.

Tragedy is one of the highest forms of art. In its greatest sense, it is filled with sublime beauty. Here we perceive a paradox, because although we turn to tragedy in order to discover beautiful conceptions and ideas, we really find beauty overridden and loveliness blasted. A comparison between tragedy and melodrama will illustrate this apparent absurdity. In melodrama there are no vague moral problems. In tragedy we have the hero as a virtue compact with some fault or weakness sufficient to bring about tragedy. In melodrama we have the villain who is vice compact and who is punished in just the way we desire. The tragic hero, on the other hand, with all his virtues suffers a more bitter end. Sometimes we feel that his end is not at all proportioned to his errors, considering his wrong-doing as the action of his own free will. Take Hamlet as an example. The Prince undergoes enormous pain and suffering because of something not clear or definite. If it were clear and definite there would not be so many theories advanced regarding Hamlet. But the cause of his suffering is insoluble, indefinite. The play baffles us. Again in King Lear, if Edmond dies, Lear and Cordelia also die, and Shakespeare's two most diabolical women Goneril and Regan live. Once more we are baffled. We are filled with awe and bewilderment at the befogging of moral issues. Thoughts about three great mysteries—life, destiny, and death—are provoked, and we know not what to think.

From these things it would seem that Shakespeare recognizes no moral order because he throws into confusion all our sense of justice. But, notwithstanding this, we hold with Aristotle that tragedy purges our spirit. In spite of the obvious suffering and seemingly unjust penalties which, for some defect of character the good undergo, we get from Shakespeare's tragedies, a deep impression of the dramatist's consciousness of moral right and wrong. Throughout the plays we find many moving passages which prove that the author thought long and deeply of moral problems. For instance in "Hamlet"—

*"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends";*

and in Lear—

"The weal hath come full circle."

With this in mind it would be unjust and superficial to believe that Shakespear, who wrote these great tragedies strewing them with texts from the many thinkers of his time, was content merely with writing plays for pleasing Elizabethian audiences and was not fascinated, stirred, and interested in moral problems of life. We cannot believe so, for in the warp and woof of his tragedies the moral spirit is indubitably present.

Some critics hold that the moral spirit seems absent in the structure and conduct of action in Shakespearean tragedy. To this objection we would say that it seems very probable that it is of the very nature of tragedy to be inconclusive—to leave the moral problem unsolved, and to awaken in the audience those emotions which Aristotle held as complements of tragedy—pity and fear. If the moral problem were definitely solved these feelings would not be so poignant. The convictions that a man, because of some slight defect or fault of character, may bring ruin upon himself and others; that his commissions as well as omissions are full of tragic significance—this is more impressive than to see, as in melodrama, good punished with good and evil with evil. Shakespearean tragedy does much more than present the simple spectacle; it sets forth the moral problem and makes us think deeply. And knowing, as we do, that a ruthless retribution will overtake the tragic hero we are gripped by a feeling of compassion, of terror, and a realization that even the slightest actions in this world are significant for good or ill. We get, further, a feeling of our dependence upon a higher force—that this world is ordered for our good by a power which surpasses our poor understanding. In spite of all our plotting and planning, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,"—that helps us. This feeling we get from Shakespearean tragedy.

Another proof of the moral order in Shakespeare lies in the source of tragedy. Shakespearean tragedy rises out of evil. In Hamlet murder and adultery have been committed and grief and suffering is the result; in King Lear the tragedy results from Lear's giving away, in a fit of passion, his kingdom according to the love of his daughters. In Romeo and Juliet the tragedy arises from the Montague-Capulet feud. In Macbeth it comes from sinful ambition. In all his tragedies it is the same—evil is the cause of suffering. Even though we love the characters there are defects in them which prevent them from proper action and

cause their downfall. But, even so, we conclude that they should have overcome these defects. Then we cannot but conclude that there is a fine moral order in Shakespeare.

Furthermore, this moral order is manifested not only in the plays mentioned but in all his plays. He was concerned with it from the very first. In Henry VI, his first chronicle play, he went out of his way to bring out this idea—there are some stable things in life that persist long after we have ceased to struggle to attain our ends. In Richard III he violates history in order to bring out that idea. In Henry VI, he represented Queen Margaret as living all through this period, which was not true. But she symbolizes the persistence of destiny—she is put in the play as a moral-agent; the moral spirit must be maintained even at the expense of history. And even after the main characters have met their fate this moral order is still carried on, although by figures of less tragic magnitude. Here again we are impressed with another idea—that the moral order will exist in a normal way even after we, who imagine ourselves to be of such great importance, have “shuffled off this mortal coil.”

To deal fully with this moral spirit in Shakespeare would require volumes; here we are concerned with a few brief considerations. However brief, they are true as a reading of his plays will prove. In them it will be observed that the author never confounds vice with virtue, never uses poetic justice, never paints a scene which makes wickedness seem alluring. His greatest quality, an extraordinary knowledge and deep insight into human nature, brings home to use a greater awe and admiration for the Infinite Being who has created other beings like unto Himself and so unlike each other. In manifesting this power of observing human nature, by the creation of characters who have a moral responsibility, Shakespeare has given us not individuals, but whole natures; not particulars but universals; and the magnificent tribute and homage paid him by scholars and writers during the past four centuries seems to verify Johnson's well known words, that Shakespeare was,

“Not of an age, but for all time.”

'TIS THE END OF DAY! 'TIS DONE!

*Into the mist called Twilight
Glides now the sunny day
Into the land of Forever
Bearing sweet mem'ries away.*

*Out on the western horizon
The hand of a Titian of old
Has wrought a rare blending of colors
That no painted canvas e'er told.*

*Soft from the sea comes a zephyr
Over the land gently blows
Kissing the birds and the flowers
Bidding them night's sweet repose.*

*The thrush sings a low sacred vespers
To the rose in the garden bed
The flowers in its turn offers incense
From out its perfumed petaled head.*

*Soon on the blue of the night sky
The stars coming one by one
Whisper o'er slumbering Nature
" 'Tis the end of the day! 'Tis done!"*

—Charles A. Hart, '17.

THE WOMAN OF THE ECONOMIC WORLD**FULTON J. SHEEN '17***"We who are many, are one body."* Rom. XII. 5.

FULTON J. SHEEN, '17
Personals

A combination of circumstances, economic, moral and political has for a number of years given great prominence to a series of problems called collectively the social or economic problem. They appear with a number of new factors, all pertaining to the modern world, and involving immediate settlement. Amongst them the most important today is the problem of the woman in the economic world.

The status of woman throughout the civilized world is different now than it was centuries ago. Before Christianity, woman, oppressed by the tyranny of man, was scarcely raised above the rank of a slave. The words

of an old Chippewyan Chief illustrates their servitude: "women are made to labor, one of them can carry as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents and mend our clothing, and in fact there is no such thing as traveling a considerable distance in the country without their assistance." With the advent of Christianity, the then existing prejudices against women began to disappear. The church recognized her as equal to man by unity of origin and destiny and in participation of heavenly gifts. In the eighteenth century she lost much of the recognition due her. Horace Walpole politely called her the "philosophizing serpent." The oft-quoted Harriet Martineau emphasized the small sphere in which woman moved at that time by pointing out that only seven occupations were open to her.

Today—"We who are many are one body." The industrial, political and social professions welcome women with open arms. The humblest of them, is not only protected by laws, more or less good, but takes an indirect part in their making. At the same time it often happens that this same woman, invested though she

be with the attributes of royalty, is often neglected, harassed and culpably disregarded. Her condition often belies her dignity.

We bemoan this crying evil and apply palliatives to it, when what is most needed is drastic measures at its roots. These errors of ours in permitting women to exist under such circumstances, as I shall reveal, pile up and topple over on our heads, and the heads of our children, bringing social disorders and disasters, degeneration of the race, and inter-national convulsions in their wake. All these evils hang together, and have a common origin in our want of brotherhood. Let us face the situation a moment in all its enormity. It presents a multitude of problems, which fall without the limits of this paper, so I shall content myself with a general survey of the present condition of women in the economic world, the world of bread and butter, by showing the number employed in our industries, their wages and the cause of these low wages.

Woman's importance in the economic world today is not due to any increased physical or mental power or the development of some latent talent, but is due to the result of the Industrial Revolution which demanded her help, and incidentally offering many glittering opportunities to welcome her into the new sphere. The minute division of Labor resulted in specialized work, affording many new occupations hitherto unknown. A woman could now sew buttons on a coat instead of making the whole garment, she could operate mechanical machines by a lever or foot pedal; she could tag and label the products of industry and could do the sorting and packing. A statement made by a Russian Jewish girl at the time of the garment makers strike in Chicago in 1910 illustrates this transition from general to specialized work. "Four or five years ago when I was strong I could earn \$13.00 a week by working all the time, always so fast as a devil, like a machine—Now the work is divided into so small particles that a pair of pants goes through fifty-one hands. The particles into which it is divided is so small that you could not write them out. One girl is sewing on a watch pocket, another on large pockets, and so on, all those little particles. By working all the time I can earn only \$10.00 a week now." Production then in specialized work depends not so much upon the individuality of the worker as the continued operation of the machine.

Again, the probability that women could work much cheaper than men led the employers to seek female labor. Men usually had to support a family, which required a salary of about

\$1.50 a day. But the woman had only to support herself, and was content with just enough wages to supply her with the luxuries compatible to her state in life, and consequently required only \$0.75 to \$1.25 a day.

From the standpoint of industry these are the chief causes which lead women to follow industrial pursuits, but there still remains a psychological reason which caused her unbecoming transition from the kitchen to the factory. The American girl, regards the domestic service as menial and repugnant to the ideas of a democratic community. She then becomes a shop or factory girl because the work is more impersonal and her hours are not strictly defined; when the day's work is done she is her own mistress. The census report sustains this observation by stating that of the 18 occupations employing more than 1% of the total number of wage earners the decline was in the "traditionally feminine ones"—dressmakers, servants, seamstresses and tailors. Opportunities for economic independence and the opening of new and novel forms of employment were then the two powerful agents which lead women into the economic world.

Not only did women enter suddenly into this field, but they also continued to be attracted by it. If their work did not pay the employers certainly would not have admitted and kept them. In 1900 there were over 5 million people employed in gainful occupations, there being hardly a single branch of industry in which they were not engaged.

The Twelfth Census report of the United States points out in the "least female" occupations, trade and transportation, the percentage of women employed has increased 7% from 1880 to 1900 and only 5.7% for men during the same period, while the percentage in the leading female occupation "domestic and personal service" has decreased 5.2% from 1880 to 1900. Evidently, then there is a marked increase of women employees in the United States. The report also enumerates 303 separate employments. Women are employed in all but eight of these—soldiers, sailors, marines, street car drivers, firemen of municipal fire departments, apprentices to roofers and slaters, helpers to steam boiler makers, and brass workers.

The conclusion to be drawn from these figures is: 1.—that the number of female breadwinners is increasing faster than the number of male breadwinners. 2.—That women are employed in almost every occupation in the United States.

These cold figures also clearly bring before our minds eye the myriads of women that have been sucked into the whirlpool of industry during the last thirty years. The massive and gigantic "wheels of industry" grind the very life out of the women and then cast them aside into the scrap heap of humanity. The factory has been the magnet that has attracted women from their homes and as a result the home of many workers has been reduced to that of a sleeping and eating place. The woman of the people, in a bitter and inhuman struggle neglects the mind, soul and body of her children to earn them a crust of bread, while the little things themselves, pale and lifeless and lacking the guidance of a mother during the day add to the demoralization of our race. And so the masses of women become a center of disaggregation, physical and moral. IS THIS LIFE?

This great increase in the employment of women in recent years has not been accompanied by a proportionate increase in wages. The Census of 1900 points out that the average earnings of women in the mechanical and manufacturing industries was \$272.04 per annum, while women clerks in manufacturing establishments averaged \$414.57 per annum. A more critical analysis of woman's wage fails to reveal any better returns. In 1888 the United States Department of Labor undertook an investigation in order to ascertain the wage paid women wage earners in 22 of our largest cities. The lowest average weekly wage was reported from Richmond as being \$3.93. The highest \$6.91 was paid in San Francisco. The average weekly wage paid in New York City was \$5.85, in Chicago \$5.75. Manifestly these wages are inadequate to provide the necessities of life. Of the 22,185 women wage earners of Pittsburg in 1908, engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits one-fifth earned \$8.00 per week, one-fifth earned \$7.00 per week and the remainder from \$3.00 to \$6.00. When we remember that \$7.00 per week is the minimum of subsistence for women we become conscious that the world does not yet recognize woman as an important entity of civilization—or at least one worthy of consideration. Professor Commons found the wages paid in the meat packing industries in Chicago, to be \$1.00 to \$1.35 per day lower than that paid men for the same work. The United States Department of Labor, Bulletin No. 116, states that of 253 female employees in the Washington Department Store, one-fifth of them received less than \$250.00 per year, and four-fifths received less than \$500.00 per year.

It is unnecessary to multiply statistics. It is clear that women wage earners receive wages in most cases below that necessary for subsistence. Moral deterioration, mental and physical degeneration are bound to be its result. "Permanent industrial progress cannot be built upon the physical exhaustion of women," and if it is our whole industrial fabric must needs go the "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." The person who looks upon this vast legion of women, brutalized by low wages, feels that his sight is clouded; the sky seems less brilliant to him, he suffers with his sisters, because of his devotion for them. From the depths of his wounded heart hears the voices of women crying out for pity and Justice.

Now, what is the cause of this unjust low wage which women receive? It has its reasons and its causes, like other phenomena in nature, many of which are potent and logical. Among them may be noted:

First—Women in years past have lived an isolated and unrestricted life, her sphere has been the fireside and the kitchen, but in the last fifty years woman has played a new role in the economic world. So suddenly and with such vast numbers becoming an economic factor the supply exceeded the demand, and being thus unproportionate her remuneration was left in the hands of the employer. This alone is quite sufficient to keep her wages low.

Second—Women do not receive the benefits of labor organizations. This is quite an important economic loss when we remember that wages in the United States through organized labor, have increased 80% from 1840 to 1900.

Thirdly—Her low wages are due to a lack of ambition to reach industrial efficiency owing to the hope that her avocation may be terminated by marriage. During the stage of waiting for her mate, she lives in her own home and hence depends upon other members of the family for help.

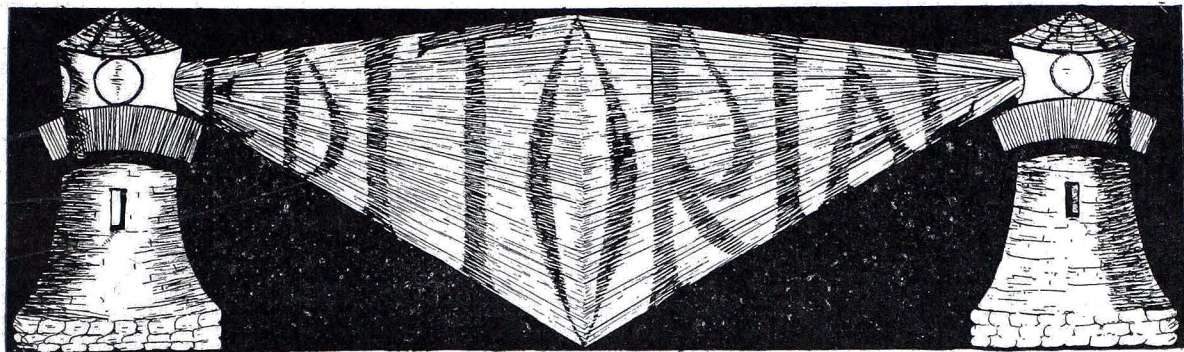
Fourth—Women are physically weaker than men. This point is very interestingly illustrated in the Survey of 1910. "The testimony of both employers and employees in a shirt waist factory of New York was unanimous that if a woman and a man had worked the same number of years at the same trade, had sat side by side at the same machine, had been paid precisely the same amount per piece, the man would earn anywhere from 25% to 75% more than the woman. The explanation was that a man was stronger and more enduring; that woman could not do the

higher part of the work; that a man works harder and faster because he has to support a family, while a girl is working until she gets married."

Fifth—Women are limited to a smaller number of occupations than men. Custom and lack of training have shut them out from some occupations, but this barrier is gradually being broken down. Among the more superficial and psychological reasons alleged for low wages of women are, that modesty prevents them from asking for higher wages; that they are more liable to attacks of sickness than men, thus rendering them less dependable employees.

Despite these reasons for her low wages, it does not follow that they are just and equitable, for there is a higher law that demands that Justice must be meted out to all according to their deserts. Now that we have reviewed her condition we cannot help but ask ourselves why must this be so? I will not attempt to answer this question since it was not the present purpose to suggest a remedy, but merely to emphasize the necessity of some drastic remedy. The facts now face us. Why hide the truth? Twenty centuries after the dying Christ stretched His hands upon the cross of Calvary, and called the whole human race to share in His life-giving pain, we have still failed to mitigate certain crying evils, and to reform the abuses which put to shame our customs and our laws. The responsibility for this economic ill treated in this paper, belongs to us in common, and whoever we are, whether philosopher or day laborer, we must not blame our neighbor, but should beat our breast and say MEA CULPA MEA CULPA.





THE VIATORIAN

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

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EDWARD J. DILLON, '15
Editor in Chief

It is with sorrow, not egotism that we make this number our's. It means that this is our last. With the edition

Our Number

of this number, the present staff of the "Viatorian" takes its place in the ranks of the past and anxiously await and watch the future. We make this number ours for we wish to thank the students and many friends of St. Viator's for their hearty co-operation during the past year. Through their aid we feel that the "Viatorian" of the past year has ably upheld its supremacy of the past and feel confident that the staff of the coming year will not

only uphold the records of the editions of the past but will far excel them. We make this our number so that we may long remember and cherish our journalistic efforts, and when the "Viatorian" of the year 1914-15 is laid away among the dusty files of the past we will know that there is one number there which is our own.

We have taken great pride in the fact that we were chosen as editors of this paper and we have tried hard to make it the success which it has always been. This number is an expression of our appreciation. During the past year we gladly and joyfully performed our tasks in editing the paper and anxiously and feverishly awaited its publication, and we have labored faithfully for its success and now we are through—our efforts are ended.

After this edition some of us will leave St. Viator's and write for the Viatorian no more; some of the present staff will no doubt appear again next year, but the present staff as a whole will be relegated to oblivion and we wish this, our number, to keep us alive in the memory of St. Viator's. We are not so sanguine in our hopes as to think that this edition will excel those of the present year, mayhaps it will fall below, but whether excelling or failing, we have taken this means to show our appreciation and to thank all who contributed to the paper's success in the past year and made this, our number, a reality.

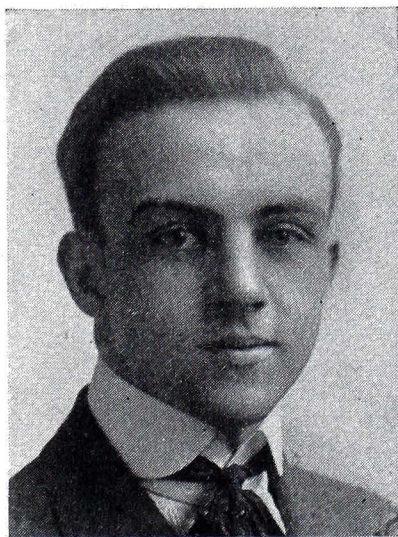
An old adage has it, "Were man but constant he were perfect." How true is this to the last word! It is inconstancy that

Constancy fills man with faults and causes many of his falls. Constancy is one of the rarest although one of the most precious virtues of the human heart. Constancy is the north star of all the human virtues, the one that holds man true to the journey's end. But it is a rare virtue and only too often are we disappointed in those in whom we expect to find it. And not able to forget these disappointments how difficult it is to keep whole our faith and confidence in our best friends. Confidences and obligations are so often betrayed, so often broken, so often unheeded and brushed aside that constancy seems an utter stranger outside of Heaven. Men are not only inconstant but they are cowards when they are compelled to face danger. They break and betray the ties and obligations to their church, their home and their community. Instead of their compass pointing to the north star of duty, the needle steadily follows their own selfish interests. Inconstancy and cowardice are as closely related as are constancy and honor.

It is the perpetual constancy of God that keeps the universe rolling through space and maintains harmony throughout the heavens for all eternity. God never forgets us and never fails us, His bond is never broken, He sends us the rain and the sunshine, the seed time and the harvest, never for one instant has He withheld His hand from us. His word and promise are as constant as Himself. We trust Him because we know He is the same to-day, tomorrow and forever. That is the meaning of constancy and what we look for in our friends, but too often we look in vain. We know so well the frailties and inconsistencies of the human heart that it makes us sometimes wonder if constancy is not all a beautiful dream. We wonder if our friends are true, believing in them, but at the same time not brushing away all doubt, and never forgetting how false and faltering some of them have been. Still we hope, and continue to hope, for friends whose constancy we shall never doubt.

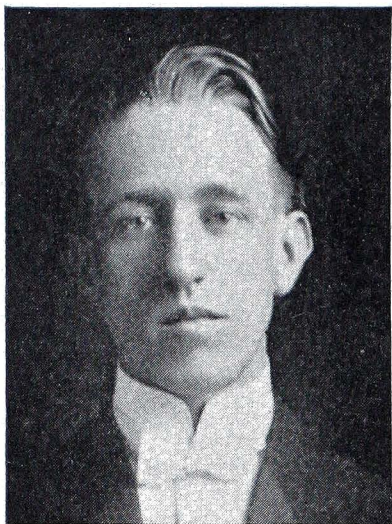
The monster ingratitude frequently impels the human heart and mind, the demon greed always plays his part in an inconstant and fickle friend and betrays his benefactor for pieces of silver as Judas did his Saviour. We may have borne their burdens and shouldered their load of care, we may have been a rung in the ladder which aided them to reach ambition's summit, but greed and ingratitude forever seek new friends who may help them further on. We may have been faithful to them to the last even after being discarded by them, but ambition without constancy knows no code of morals. Constancy is indeed a rare virtue,—how happy is he who finds it, how priceless the friend who possesses it.

—F. C. H., '18.



PAUL I. CARBERRY, '18
Staff Artist

E X C H A N G E S



CHARLES A. HART, '17
Exchanges

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as ithers see us."

"So the world wags" and brings the end of another school year. We had intended to "fold up our tents like the Arabs and silently move away," but a strong desire to say a few closing words has decided our course otherwise. There is a homely old expression which has it that it is more blessed to give than to receive. As to our gifts to fellow exchanges we can truly say that we have presented them freely and quite as justly as our judgment would permit and if any there be whose Lares and Penates we have handled with un-

becoming rudeness we hope that they will find consolation in the thought expressed in the line, "Humanum est errare, divinum est dimittere." We have tried, we believe conscientiously, to follow a very high ideal which the master critic of the English language set up when he said concerning the function of criticism, "It's (criticism's) business is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world—and by, in its turn, making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas." Though such an ideal seems to have aroused the *saeva indignatio* of at least one of our contemporaries who felt it necessary to heap some lacerating invectives on our luckless heads we still have faith in the sublimity of such an ideal and if the powers that be decide to confer the realm of exchangedom to us again we hope to be able to more nearly approach it.

The work has been real pleasure to us whether it was solitary joy or not. Conscious of the splendid work of our predecessors we approached our task with some misgiving, but if we have been able to bring to you, the readers of the *Viatorian*, even a few of the true and beautiful things which have been continually appearing in the columns of our exchanges we will feel that we have been most successful. Bon vacance!

For some years passed it has become an established precedent with Viatorian Staffs to print some of the criticisms which have appeared in the exchanges, concerning the efforts of the students of St. Viator. Aside from the fact that we would hardly take it upon ourselves to discontinue such a precedent we believe that the practice is a very good one. We wish to thank our contemporaries, in behalf of the students, for their numerous and generous notices. Whether we have deserved them or not they have been the means of stirring us to much better things. We are sorry we cannot print them all in this and the summer number but to those we cannot acknowledge because of our limited space we express equal thanks.

**"As Ithers
See Us"**

Viatorian, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill. We experienced a real thrill of pleasure when we saw the neat, new cover that adorns the first issue of your paper this year. It is an assurance that your new Staff is a wide awake bunch of enthusiasts who are not looking for a comfortable rut to travel along in.

Your narrative essays, "St. Friedeswide" and "The Conversion of Ireland," are treated in a most interesting manner. The former is especially noteworthy on account of its smooth style. Permit us to suggest that your humor section is too local in character; it does not take into account readers other than your own students. The old, old recommendation that "a few cuts would, etc.," but, you know perfectly well what they would do—how much they would add to the attractiveness of your paper. If your wide awake management does not put them in, we are sure it is for some excellent reason—lack of a sufficiently large advertising income, perhaps. If so, there is the field for your hardest efforts—The "Columbiad"—Columbia University, Portland, Ore.

* * * * *

IGNATIAN

The Vacation Number of "Viatorian" touches on a question of vital interest in an unusually entertaining manner.

Viatorian "The Living Wage" is treated by one who evidently knows his subject thoroughly and is unafraid to voice an opinion. Some of our other exchanges would do well to study the article. The whole October issue is up to the usual high standard.—"The Ignatian"—St. Ignatius University, San Francisco, Cal.

The *Viatorian* presents two very instructive papers, the story of "St. Friedeswide, Patroness of Oxford" and an account of "The Conversion of Ireland."

A tribute is rendered to the College patron in a clever bit of acrostic poetry. "An Autumn Eve" is another graceful poem. "The Pillars of a Nation," a strong editorial, proves conclusively that since "education and religion make a nation and the educated and religious are its pillars, we as students of a Catholic College, have opportunities equaled by none, and we, as students, should embrace them."—"The St. Mary's Messenger"—St. Mary's College, Monroe, Mich. * * * * *

"We liked the first thing we read in 'THE VIATORIAN' immensely. It was an unpretentious little sketch that had our faithful boyhood allies for its subject. 'Some Dogs in Our Town' was the title. As we said, we liked it so well, in fact, that we must repeat it. We were glad to run across 'If You Can' in these pages. The acknowledgment attached is rather an unusual one. The lack of short stories in 'THE VIATORIAN' is keenly felt. There are several good essays, but not a single short story. The editors should look to this, as a book that is lacking in this respect is bound to be lacking in appeal."—"The Redwood," Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, Cal.

A number of other criticisms on "THE VIATORIAN" will appear in the summer number.

* * * * *

With the advent of spring came a number of poems of especial merit on Easter and topics akin to the Feast of the Resurrection, but none, in our estimation, so worthy of particular notice as that of Speer Strahan, which appeared in the Easter number of "*The Scholastic*." Its title was "Malachi—a Monologue of Rest." While the whole is excellent, in certain lines especially, the author displays considerable genius in the beautiful expression of truly poetic thought. Our limited space will not permit us to quote the whole one hundred lines much as we would like to do so. We must be content with quotations from the beginning and end of the poem.

*"My friend, did ever day come in as this,
Such snowy cloud-sheep closely herded on
Before the shepherd wind? or the dank earth
Thus sweet with fragrance of returning life?
Such did one other glimmering morning come,—
Wine-red the dawn across the shadowed fields,*

*And all the air was fragrant as with wine;
 And the white sun was lifted high,—'twas like
 To when, our holy Levites say, the priest
 Melchisedech once offered wine and bread.
 That day came One adown this winding road,
 Came with the other twelve. What could I do
 But follow after Him?—a voice wherein
 Was sound of sunset seas, and where lay hushed
 The music of a thousand waterfalls;
 Those eyes that held the holy peace of heaven,
 Valleys no eye of time had ever seen,
 Harpings unheard and union unconceived.
 Ah, when He moved, 'twas as the stir
 Of lifted wings of angel companies,
 Bended in adoration by God's throne.
 Truly the prophet's years were all fulfilled,
 The Promised One was very flesh and blood,
 Dwelling a Man with men, yet more to me."*

.....Then the follower bears witness of His works and miracles. But "doubt entered in and humble faith went out." The follower turns aside and "walks with Him no more." Soon, however, a sense of loss comes over the deserter and he returns, as he lost sheep, to the fold. Then the conclusion, which we quote:

*"Hope rose in me again, joy almost woke,
 Loud knocked I until one in answer came.
 'Wouldst take me to the ones that sang?' 'Ah, no,
 The doors were closed, and to that upper room
 None save the Mother and the eleven went.'
 Yet long I begged until He took me in
 And led me to their door. Soft entered I,
 While one with tear-stained cheeks a welcome made
 Then knelt I down, and as I prayed a voice
 Low like the songs of angels broke my prayer.
 I looked, and there was He whom my soul loved,
 With Thomas searching feet and hands and side.
 I knew Him Lord and God,—no doubts were mine,
 Nor need I touch those wounds as Thomas did.
 I doubted not, and my whole soul cried out
 That never, never must we part again.
 And then I understood the Bread and Wine;
 I looked, those tender eyes were full on me;
 He blessed me, as I knelt, and He was gone."*

BOOK REVIEW

"THE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER."—REV. M. P. HILL, S. J.

This is by far the best thing we have seen of its kind. The book contains a discussion and a defense of the Church's position on all those doctrines which are exposed to the attacks of those outside the fold. The old standing objections to the Catholic faith are well refuted, but particular attention is paid to those of these late days. Not only have we here an exposition of Catholic doctrine, but the Church's attitude on those social and economic questions which are the topics most frequently discussed to-day. That the book is abreast of the times one needs glance over the volume to see such topics treated as cremation, eugenics, labor unions spiritism, divorce and Christian Science. We should like to see this volume in every Catholic home. It is an excellent book to put in the hands of those thinking of entering the church, and converts.

Bensiger Bros., Chicago. Price, \$2.00 net.

HANKISMS

F.C.H. '18

A left-handed man's left hand is his write hand.

Suppose we will soon have women brakemen, they seem to understand trains and switches.

Even the mountains peak to Heaven.

Dame Fortune never chased any man.

Why save trouble? . . . it's easily borrowed.

The over-groomed man is the least useful member of society.

The proof of the pudding is in what is left on the plate.

Be the sole proprietor of your own shoes.

Streets are facts—therefore we must dwell upon them.

Dogs are sent to the pound, we buy sausage by the pound—what deduction do you make from this?

If you think you are going to be sat on—stand up for yourself.

Money is “dough”—money has a face value—therefore, a moneyed man is a dough-face.

We now have horseless wagons, painless dentistry, incubator chickens, when do we get cowless milk?

Would you call the flying machine an “air-castle”?

If you have been jilted don't worry, it is easier to recover from a jilt than from marriage.

The fellow who pays you the most compliments, is likely to be the one who will not pay what he owes you.

The man who lives in the attic is generally the one who complains of the high cost of living.

If people would spend as much time keeping wrinkles out of their character as they do their face, they would always be able to look the next man straight in the eye.

A man should be willing to bear all the trials and troubles of this life, even if he were to receive nothing for it but the love of his mother.

Even the trees start to leave when the spring poet appears, listen to their bark.

Would you call the salary of a professional sprinter “running expenses”?



ALUMNI NOTES



FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER, '18
Alumni Editor

On May 29th Justin Cosgrove, '08, was ordained from the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., and said his first Mass at Odell, Ill., on June 1st.

Rev. Father O'Mahoney C. S. V., acted as Arch-Priest at the ceremonies and Rev. Father Barry, pastor of the local church, delivered an eloquent sermon.

Father Cosgrove attended St. Viator for several years, making his Classical course here, his Philosophy at Rochester, N. Y., and completed his Theological studies at the Catholic University of America.

Ad multos annos!

On the same date Elder Souligne, A.B., '11, received the sacrament of Holy Orders at the Holy Name Cathedral of Chicago and celebrated his first solemn Mass at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill., on Sunday, May 30th. Rev. Harris Darche, A.B., '09, acted as Deacon and Rev. Father Charlebois, C.S.V., delivered a most elaborate sermon.

Father Souligne received his degree in the class of 1911 and immediately started his course in Theology at Laval University, from which place he was ordained.

We desire to express to these young Reverends our most sincere wishes for a long and fruitful life in their chosen profession and the blessing of God upon all their labors.

F. L. Alexitis, '11, who has been studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, is to be graduated from there this year. Congratulations, "Doc," and may you enjoy success to the utmost.

B. J. McCarthy, '05, is now representing the Weir & Craig Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, an extensive plumbing and heating goods supply house of that city. All the luck in the world, "Mac."

Rev. J. L. O'Donnell, '11, has departed for Oklahoma for a much needed and well deserved rest after a very strenuous winter in Chicago. We hope for Father O'Donnell's speedy recuperation.

We are in receipt of a letter from Arthur Shea, '12, that he is still connected with his father's business in Memphis, Tenn., and is enjoying the best of health.

Rev. B. J. Shiel, A.B., '07, of St. Mel's Parish, Chicago, recently took leave from his work for a short vacation. He is being replaced by Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V.

We are in receipt of something which shows very plainly that Daniel Cupid is by no means neglecting to perform his usual duties and necessary obligations.

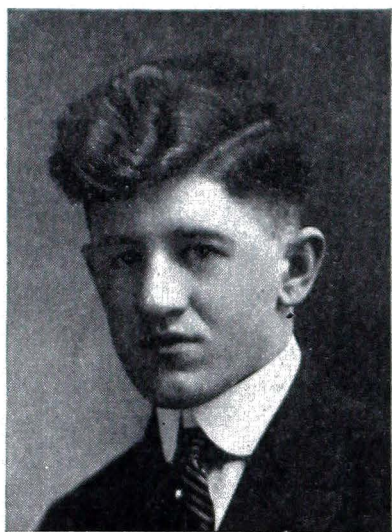
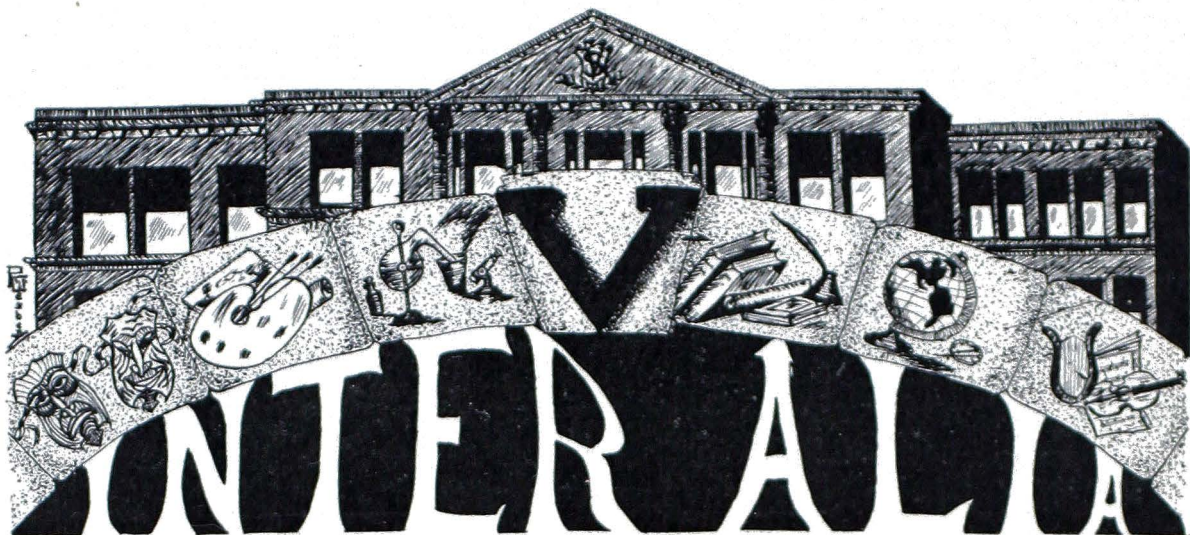
On the ninth of the present month Thomas Leroy Warner and Miss Mary Ethel Marlowe will be united in the bonds of holy marriage at the Church of the Precious Blood in Chicago, at 10 A. M.

"Dudley" is well remembered by many students who are still attending the college, as well as those who are gone, as he established an undying name for himself in athletics while here. He is now connected with his father in the Warner Construction Co. of Chicago, and bids fair to be one of the scions of structural engineering in the near future.

After a short honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Warner will be at home to their many friends at 916 Addison Ave., Chicago.

THE VIATORIAN extends to them best wishes for a long life, fraught with God's choicest blessings.

The Rev. J. J. Morrissey, of Blessed Sacrament Church, recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of ordination to the holy priesthood and likewise the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of his parish. St. Viator's wishes its loyal alumnus still many golden years in the service of the Great King!



JOHN M. WARREN, '18
Inter Alia

On Wednesday, May 19th, the Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, assisted by nearly one hundred visiting clergy, presided at the dedication of the beautiful new Church of the Visitation at Kewanee, Ill., of which the Rev. P. H. Durkin is pastor. With ceremonies appropriate to the importance of the occasion the magnificent \$80,000 sanctuary erected by the Visitation parish under the guidance of their untiring and zealous pastor was formally consecrated to the service of the Church and of Christ. The rites were marked by the solemnity and beauty

that ever accompanies such occasions and was witnessed by a congregation that filled every pew in the large church. Following the solemn blessing of the various parts of the church solemn Mass was celebrated by Rev. C. P. O'Neill, of Rock Island, Ill., Rev. J. J. Burke of Peoria acting as deacon, and Rev. J. P. Parker of Chebanse as sub-deacon, Rev. M. P. Sammon as master of ceremonies. The dedicatory sermon, delivered by the Rev. Bishop, was one of the finest discourses ever listened to on such an occasion.

The church itself, one of the most beautiful in Peoria diocese, would take a much longer article than this to describe. The pleasing proportions of the building, coupled with a useful

distribution of material, its height and length, the clerestory, pointed arches and wide windows, with mullions branching into perpendicular stone tracery, all proclaim a splendid interpretation of the sublimely effective Gothic art. The whole is a most enduring monument to the unceasing efforts of Father Durkin and his able assistant, Father T. F. Cleary, and the Catholics of the parish, whose work will reflect credit to them for many generations to come. It is certainly with feelings of much pride that St. Viator's points to the labor of Father Durkin, who is one of her most cherished sons. Besides being an alumnus of St. Viator the Reverend Pastor was instructor in Scriptures for a number of years at the St. Viator Seminary. THE VIATORIAN, on behalf of the faculty and the college, takes this opportunity at this auspicious time to extend its congratulations to Father Durkin in the splendid success which has crowned his years of faithful labor.

Among those from St. Viator College who assisted at the dedication ceremonies were the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, who acted as assistant to Bishop Dunne, and the President, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney.

On Saturday, May 29th, six of St. Viator's young men were elevated to the office of Holy Priesthood. Rev. Joseph Heeney, Rev. Francis Shea, Rev. Terrence Mullens, Rev. John Kenricks and Rev. Alexander Baltutis were ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rhode, D.D., at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, while Rev. Jas. Fitzgerald received Holy Orders from Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D.D., at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria.

Ordinations Father Fitzgerald, after completing his course at Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill., entered St. Viator's College. Here, as in Spalding, he became one of the leaders of his class, and here, also, as in high school, he achieved great honors in line of athletics. On the gridiron and on the basketball floor, his stellar accomplishments were envied by many and admired by all. In 1912 Father Fitzgerald received his A.B. degree, and in the fall of the same year he entered the seminary. As a student and as a seminarian Father "Jimmie's" life has been exemplary, and his many Viatorian friends look upon his departure with a mingled feeling of joy and regret—joy, because of his new state, and regret because of his absence. Father Fitzgerald celebrated his first Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, Ill.

Chicago was the birthplace of Father Francis Shea. His high school and philosophical courses were completed at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. In 1912 he began his theological studies at St. Viator's. Here, as did his classmate, Father Fitzgerald, this congenial young priest made an excellent record as a student and an athlete. His great work as full-back on the team of 1913, played a large share in bringing the state championship to the gold and purple. In departing from St. Viator's Father Shea leaves behind him many ardent friends, who unite in wishing him untold success in the vineyard of the Lord. Father Shea sang his first Mass in St. Bridget's Church, Chicago.

Rev. Joseph Heeney, a native of Chicago, after receiving his A.B. degree at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, made his theological studies at St. Viator. Father Heeney proved to be very popular among the seminarians, and last year he was chosen dean of the seminary. This young priest was a conscientious student, and will prove a valuable addition to the arch-diocese of Chicago. Father Heeney sang his first Mass in Holy Family Church, Chicago.

Father Terrence Mullens and Father John Kenrick are both sons of the Emerald Isle, being born in Limerick County. Before entering St. Viator's they studied at St. Patrick's College, Carlow. Father Kenrick celebrated his first Mass in St. Mel's Church, Chicago, while Father Mullens sang his in the college chapel.

After completing his philosophy at Niagara College, Father Alexander Baltutis came to St. Viator's to study theology. As a theologian he gained the reputation of being a conscientious worker, and no doubt he will live up to his reputation in his new position. Holy Cross Church, Chicago, was the scene of Father Baltutis' first Mass.

To these newly ordained levites THE VIATORIAN extends its heartiest congratulations and hopes that in the future they will favor their Alma Mater with frequent visits.

The annual Freshman Oratorical Contest was held in the college theatre, Sunday, May 31. Six members of the class elected to compete for the gold medal. The subject under discussion was the present European war, each candidate treating the war from a different angle. As was expected the competition was very keen. First honors were won by Mr.

Oratorical Contests

Maurice Dillon, who spoke on "The Futility of the War." Mr. Dillon's composition was beautiful and convincing and his delivery graceful. Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick secured second place, the subject of his discourse being "Catholicity in the War." The remaining speakers were so evenly matched that it was quite impossible to render a decision for the third position. The youthful orators and the subjects of their orations were as follows: Maurice Dillon, "The Futility of the War;" Edward Fitzpatrick, "Catholicity in the War;" Robert Hilliard, "The Real Sufferers of the War;" Emmett Flynn, "The Cost of the War;" Edmund Conway, "The Economic Aspect of the War," and Paul Carberry, "The Dollar Versus the Olive Branch in America."

Rev. Father Stephen McMahon, Chicago, Rev. Father A. L. Girard, Chicago, and Mr. W. Savorie, Kankakee, rendered the decision.

Sunday, May 30, marked the exhibition of the efforts of the art class at Notre Dame Convent. The display was supremely beautiful and the visitors spoke highly of the work accomplished by the young ladies. In the evening a further display of their artistic abilities was given in the form of a music recital. From so excellent an exhibition and recital one can safely say that in the near future Notre Dame Convent will be the proud possessor of many alumnae in the world of art.

**Art and
Musical at
Convent**

J. M. W.

PERSONALS

The Very Rev. President and faculty had the pleasure of entertaining Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D.D., provincial of the Viatorian Order, who spent a few days in the midst of his community.

One of the most welcome faces at the college last month was the Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., who has just returned from the Catholic University of America, where he has been pursuing sociological and economic studies during the past year.

The last quarter examinations were held on June 11th and 12th. Now the students will turn their attention from their books to the "want ad column."

The hearty welcome given by the students to the ordinandi proved that they were beloved and esteemed by all. THE VIATORIAN congratulates these young priests and wish them God-speed in their work in the vineyard of souls. Blessing was given by Rev. James Fitzgerald, Rev. Francis Shea, Rev. John Kenrick, Rev. Alex Baltutis, Rev. Jos. Keeney and Terrence Mullins.

We were recently agreeably surprised by a visit from a loyal alumnus, Rev. Louis O'Connor, who visited the familiar scenes of his seminary life, renewing old acquaintances. He was accompanied by Wm. F. Graham of St. Joseph's Church, Peoria, Ill.

The faculty and THE VIATORIAN wish all students a most joyous and prosperous vacation. We will hope to see your smiling and kind faces back with us next September.

We were pleased to have in our midst for a few hours Rev. James E. O'Brien, of Presentation Church, Chicago, and Rev. Charles Murphy of Chicago Heights. They were the guests of Mr. Wm. Daly of the College Department. We hope to have the pleasure of re-welcoming them at St. Viator's.

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

The faculty and old students extend their sincere and heartfelt sympathy to a loyal friend of the college, Mr. Joseph Kelly, of Chicago, in his bereavement over the loss of his beloved wife, who went to her eternal reward during the last month. May God have mercy on her soul.



ATHLETICS



ST. VIATOR, 4; ST. IGNATIUS, 3.

In a hard fought battle on May 19th Viator came out the victors over St. Ignatius by a score of 4-3. In the matter of earned runs the final score should read 2-1, errors being responsible for two counts on each side. Both pitchers worked well, allowing few hits and few passes; Kerwin having the advantage in strike-outs, fanning 6 against Ostrowski's five. Viator started the run, getting in the first frame. Kearns walked, went down on a passed ball, took third on Flynn's infield fly and scored on an error. Flynn scored a moment later on a wild pitch. Lawlor was given a pass, went to second on an error and scored on Kissane's long single. The local's fourth tally came in the third when Butler, on base through an error, scored on Lawlor's sacrifice fly. The Chicagoan's runs came in the first, sixth and ninth. In the first Cunningham went assured to third on a misplay and scored on another. In the sixth Cunningham was hit, stole second and third and scored on an infield hit by Pechous. In the ninth, after two were down, Ostrowski walked Kerwin, who stole and crossed the plate on Clark's single. Coach St. Aubin sent Pemberton to the mound and Scoop retired the third man on a short grounder. Kissane played well at first, while Pechous starred for the visitors.

The summary:

ST. IGNATIUS.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sims, 2b	4	0	1	3	1	1
Griffin, c	4	0	0	7	3	1
Cunningham, ss	3	2	0	2	0	0
Pechous 3b	4	0	1	2	3	0
Amberg, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	1
McAuley, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kerwin, p	3	1	0	0	5	1
Clark, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Cribben, rf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Totals	32	3	4	24	12	5

VIATOR.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kearns, ss	3	1	2	3	1	0
Flynn, 2b	3	1	0	1	4	1
Butler, c	3	1	0	5	2	0
Lawlor, 3b	1	1	0	1	4	0
McGee, cf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Kissane, 1b	3	0	1	15	0	1
Liston, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gartland, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Ostrowski, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Pemberton, p	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	25	4	3	27	18	2
St. Ignatius	1	0	0	0	0	1—3
Viator	3	0	1	0	0	x—4

Stolen bases—McGee, Kearns, Kissane, Cunningham, Pechous, Kerwin. Sacrifice hits—Flynn, Butler, Lawlor. Two-base hits—Pechous, Cribben. Struck out—Ostrowski, 5; Kerwin, 6. Innings pitched—Ostrowski, $8\frac{2}{3}$; Pemberton, $\frac{1}{3}$. Base on balls—Ostrowski, 5; Kerwin, 2. Passed ball—Griffin, 1. Wild pitch—Kerwin, 1. Umpire, Burns.

ACADEMICS.

On May 6 St. Ignatius Academy scored a big victory over the Academics, winning 15 to 5. The game was a pitchers' battle until the seventh, when Marcotte blew up and with the assistance of several boots the visitors scored ten runs. Three more came in the last two innings. Dock worked fine for the opponents, striking out seventeen. Marcotte fanned fifteen.

The score:

									R	H	E
St. Ignatius	0	2	0	0	0	0	10	3	0—15	11	4
Academics	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	0—5	3	5

Dock and Egan; Morcotte and Hermes.

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, 10; ACADEMICS, 5.

The Ac's, playing against odds, lost to De LaSalle on May 13th by a score of 10 to 5. It was simply a bad case of hard luck. Hermes splintered a finger about the middle of the game

and Vickery did the receiving, Kirley going to third. In the next inning Kirley went to the bench with a badly swollen eye. The Ac's, discouraged, went to pieces in the ninth, letting in six runs and losing a game which should have been theirs. Connors and Snyder led the hitting. Marcotte hurled a good game until the ninth, allowing six hits and striking out ten.

The score:

										R	H	E
De LaSalle	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	6—10	6	5
Academics	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	1	0—5	9	7

Colohan and Keegan; Marcotte, Hermes and Vickery.

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE, 8; ACADEMICS, 2.

The Ac's, weakened by the loss of three men who were injured in previous games, fell before the St. Stanislaus College team at Chicago May 19, the score being 8 to 2. Hilliard worked hard for the Ac's, striking out thirteen Chicago men, but the opponent's ability to bunch hits gave them a good lead, which they held throughout the contest. Berry suffered a dislocated knee and was replaced by Vickery. O'Connor led the hitting with three bingles.

The score:

										R	H	E
St. Stanislaus	3	0	3	1	0	1	0	0	x—8	7	0
Academics	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2	8	3

Granza and Polowry; Hilliard, Berry and Vickery.

ST. STANISLAUS, 8; ACADEMICS, 2.

A few days later St. Stanislaus' team met the Academics on the local grounds and were again the victors in an 8 to 2 game. It was a repetition of the contest at Chicago—the visitors got a lead early in the game and easily kept ahead. Hermes and O'Connor led the Ac's in stickwork, while Guziel's hitting was responsible for several of the Chicago team's scores.

The score:

										R	H	E
St. Stanislaus	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—8	7	2
Academics	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2	8	2

Dropiewski and Kutza; Marcotte and Berry.

NOTES.

The weather man and the Varsity had several disagreements during the season which partly accounts for the shortness of the schedule. Better luck next year, we hope.

Flynn, the diminutive second sacker, in his first year on the Varsity, was a little shaky in several games and did not show up with the stick as well as he did when with the Academics. His ability to draw a pass, however, and his speed, made up for his shortcomings.

Kearns, at short, played in old time form, but did not hit near so well as last year. Eddie's fielding game is his strong point.

Lawlor returned from Sioux City in time to take his old position at third and help hold the Chinks down. Bill always looks good on the left corner and never fails the stick. His average is .375.

Kissane played a steady game on the initial sack, but did not break into the batting list until the Loyola game. With a few more games he would most likely have increased his average.

Butler stands high both in fielding and in batting, his average with the war club being .381. "Mick" is a sure hitter and his presence behind the plate always inspires confidence in a pitcher. Much of the success of the team during the past two years is due to him.

Gartland is always a streak of speed in the left garden and it is hard to put one past him. Koke got a big start in hitting during the first game and secured three blows for extra bases. He slumped, however, toward the end. Koke shines at picking them off his shoe tops.

McGee held down third and center in satisfactory manner. Like Gartland, he started off well with the stick, but slumped toward the end of the season. At that, "Red" has improved much since last year.

Liston was erratic in hitting. One time he would slam one for three bags and the next time would swing blindly. With more practice he should develop into a hard hitter. He held down the right garden in good style.

Ostrowski made a fine showing on the mound in his first year as a regular. Jack has developed a good fast one and a spitter and his control is always good. He will easily be a first class flinger for next year's squad.

Pemberton's arm gave him much trouble through half the season, and he deserves much credit for working against this handicap, especially in the Chinese game. He "came back" in the Loyola game and held the opponents to four hits. Scoop's record last year puts him in the ranks of Viator's leading hurlers, and it's a safe bet that had his arm been good he would have worked in more games and established another record. His hitting was unusual for a pitcher. His average is .385.

The following Academics were awarded monogrammed sweaters: Berry, Corbett, Vickery, Freebury, Hermes, Snyder, Marcotte, Arseneau and O'Coonor.

At a meeting of the Board of Athletic Control the following Varsity baseball men were awarded monograms and sweaters: Kearns, Flynn, Butler, Lawlor, Liston, MGce, Kissane, Gartland, Ostrowski and Pemberton.

The annual baseball team banquet was given at McBroom's on the evening of June second. After the hearty appetites of the Varsity men had been satisfied they took up the most important business of the day—the election of a captain for next year's team. They are to be commended upon their choice, for they conferred the honor upon "Koke" Gartland, Viator's basketball star of three years' standing, who holds down the left garden on the baseball team. "Koke's" experience in athletics has afforded him a wide knowledge of the game and his ability as a leader guarantees that the team will be well captained again next year. Good luck, "Koke."



VIATORIANA



DANIEL T. SULLIVAN
Viatorian

"Just a few more days."

"CASH A CHECK."

Do you know—

Why a cook is like England's Secretary of War? Because he is a "Kitchen-er?"

That a man can get shot in the back, while at the front?

That Shakespeare has created a character by the name of Flagstaff?

That if you visit an exhibition of paintings and fancy work you must have a goodly supply of adjectives?

That Cæsar was a strong man, because he pitched his tent across the river?

Say, Joe! When is a can-ary? R. Why when the lid is off.

A proud father asked his young son how he enjoyed his first night in a sleeping car. The boy answered, "I don't know; I was asleep."

*England lost her dignity
and started a fight with Germany;
Germany called Russia down,
Leaving France to look around;
Every day saw some new foe
Wending their way to the Rhine or Po;
I would say their all in it;
Neutral, none, but just a bit!
Got that peace in the U. S. A.
Started and kept by the "Wilson way."*

Will-D-U-Nothing—Are you fond of "sports?"

Mis-Calculation—Oh! this is so sudden!

Prof.—What was it that killed the freshman?

Soph—A train of thoughts ran through his brain.

Dogs speak with their tails, but does it follow that a short-tailed dog is a stump orator

If a man slipped on a polished floor and killed himself, would you call his a hard-wood finish?

E.—What makes your hair so red?

D.—I was caught in a rain storm and it rusted.

Prof.—What was there in the life of the poet that marked a controversy? Wise—His marriage.

C.—What would you say if I threw a kiss at you?

M.—I would say that you are a lazy boy.

A.—Did you see Bill's bucket-blue tie?

C.—No! what about it? A.—Well, it's (pail-blue.)

Tom's father received his report with the following comment: "Your son talks too much." The father returned it with this report: "You ought to hear his mother."

T.—Say! do you have Jane Austin for English this year?

J.—No! I have Prof. K.—.

Would you really consider a fellow's face a poem, if it had deep lines in it?

Prof. R.—What is Nitric acid and where can it be found?

E.—Why, it is a-a— —an acid and is found in those large bottles in the laboratory.

Woman Customer—Sir! have you my shoes made?

Shoemaker—Remember, madam, Rome was not built in a day.

These are three wonderful words *by hec*, My love to you, "Enclosed find Check."

Prof. (in Latin class)—Translate "Passus sum jam."

Student—Pass us some jam.

Which is the better for (hair that is falling out)—hair restorer or a hat?

Did you ever take ether? No! Who teaches it?

Now, if a man swallowed thirty cents, do you suppose that you could see the change in him?

Would you call a postman "a man of letters?"

Prof. K.—How much time did you spend on your English?

Hank—About one hour, railroad time.

Prof. K.—What do you mean?

Hank—I included all stops.

(By-stander to Swede workman)—How high is that chimney going? Swede—I tank it will go to the top.

"SO LONG!"

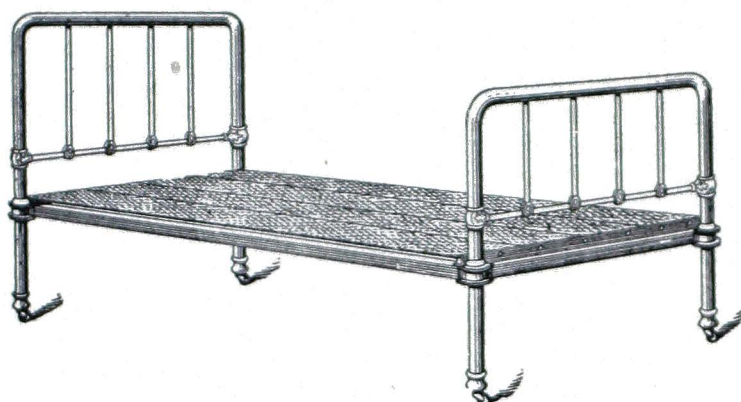
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