

November, 1915

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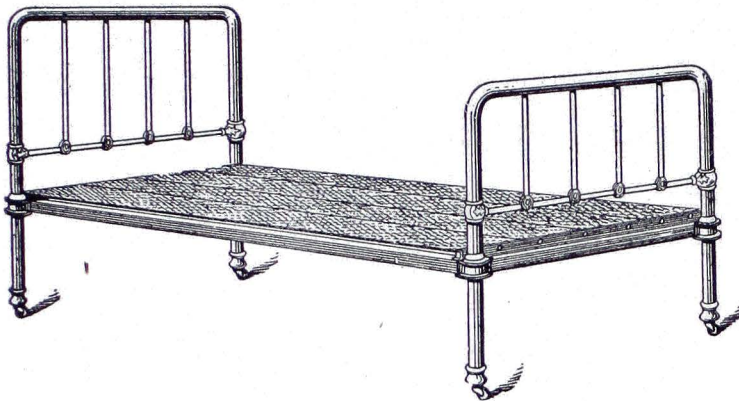
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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 33

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Number 2

THANKSGIVING

*To Thee, O Mighty Lord,
While in these gory times,
When battle's cruel sword
Stalks bold in many climes
And 'bittered nations pile
Their victims to the skies,
And war gods grin and smile
With fiery, blood-red eyes,
To Thee, our debt is much,
For keeping us untouched
From war god's lustful clutch.
Our thanks to Thee ascend,
While yet in prayer we bend
To ask of Thee this fearful scourge to end.*

K. C.

THE HEROISM OF SANCTITY

SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. STEPHEN E. McMAHON 08
ST. VIATOR'S DAY, OCTOBER 21, 1915

As the days of the year pass on in quick procession into the uncountable ages of eternity, the Venerable Spouse of the Redeemer unrolls her scrolls of glory and displays to the visions of the children of men the names of those mighty in the courts of the elect and she invites all mankind to read there on the imperishable deeds which they have achieved. In loving commendation she extols them in the sources of their greatness—humility, self-denial, mortification and she addresses her sons and daughters. “Behold the heroes whom I choose to honor and the marvelous things they have accomplished. Behold the splendor of their lives, shining with the radiance of supernatural light and the treasures of eternal duration which they have received in reward of their valorous achievements! In their steps must you walk, in their virtues must you live, if you would become like them in eternal fame and glory. Their lives are the mirrors in which you may catch the reflections of your worthiness or unworthiness to be one day numbered amongst them.”

When the church raises a sanctified son or daughter to public veneration through process of canonization she merely renders earthly honor to one whom God has selected for eternal honor, she declares to the world the story of a conquest more lasting and glorious than any achieved by the mightiest warrior, of the wisdom vastly surpassing that of the most renowned and learned philosopher, of a resplendence and beauty in comparison with which the utmost magnificence and splendor of the greatest monarch pales into insignificance and seem tawdry trappings of tinsel. She makes known the superb munificence of reward bestowed by the great Father and she holds up these evidences to the eyes of faith that we may be inspired to profit by the life of the saint and attain some degree of the perfection with which he is clothed. . . . Today it is her pleasure and pride to present your holy patron, the saintly Viator, that you may become wise in his wisdom and that you may be inspired to emulate the beautiful virtues, the Christ-like perfections, which are in heaven the precious jewels in his crown of everlasting glory. She pre-

sents this chosen spirit of divine predilection adorned as he is with the characteristics of greatness which he possessed in common with that glorious array of heavenly heroes—the saints of God.

The saints have merited eternal greatness by great lives here on earth. In point of true wisdom, their greatness on earth far surpasses that of the most celebrated man of the world, for they alone possess the credentials of true greatness. Do we not judge men according to the nobility of their thoughts, the power of their wills and the values of their deeds? Are not loftiness of view, sublimity of courage and worth of achievement the essential elements of real greatness? Is not character, lofty and unimpeachable, the supreme test of one's title to immortality? In view of these things, I will endeavor to show that the real heroes of the human race, the really great figures which have graced the stage of life are the saints of God. Who is so rash as to declare that the loftiest views the human mind can entertain, the noblest ambitions which can inspire the human heart are centered in worldly things? Can it be maintained that conceptions are elevated and great which savor only of what is vain, perishable, fleeting as time itself? Is there not an eternal empire of imperishable glory, a realm of unending duration beyond the confines of time and space upon which the thoughts and affections of men could be fixed with more appropriateness. . . . One who never looks up to the heavens in an effort to hold communion with the Supreme Lord of the universe, whose highest desire is to secure the gifts of the world, wealth, power temporal eminence—who finds his chief pleasure in the applause and admiration or homage of his fellowman, strives for prizes which are transitory and fleeting. These toys of the world, splendid trifles though they be engage his time and are the end of all his endeavors.

Let the world marshal its favorites, the heroes upon whom it bestows the shadowy immortality of name and memory, the great warriors at whose nod, kingdoms have crumbled, wise philosophers whose teaching have formed the opinions of their fellow men, grave statesmen whose amazing gifts of mind and will have guided the destinies of states, famed orators whose golden eloquence has inspired nations to deeds of renown, sweet poets, the melody of whose song has charmed the savage breast and beguiled the hours of leisure and ask them what have been the objects of their thoughts, the purposes of their labor. If

their thoughts have not been ennobled and purified by faith, if their deeds have not been inspired and consecrated by religion, what has been their origin, their source? A little worldly glory—a passing dominion over men, a brief possession of wealth, have been the incentive which spurred them on. These are the things they sought, these are the trophies of victory which they have received, for the attaining of which they have endured toil and hardship; suffered fatigue and misery and even endangered life. Perhaps they were ambitious that their great achievements should go ringing down the corridors of time, borne upon the voice of fame. But oh vain and foolish is such hope! After life's fitful span is over, after death has received the idol of men's admiration in its cold embrace, of what value to him is his glory, his power, his possessions, his passing titles to renown? This idol of clay, whose short reign is measured in swiftly passing years, may have been mighty in arms, spreading desolation and ruin far and wide, conquering nations and subduing cities; he may have ruled with the scepter of empire immense territories and numerous peoples. But when death claims him he only retains of all his vast possessions the soil in which he is buried, and soon the remains of human greatness are indistinguishable from the dust of the grave. He may have held great audiences spell-bound by the magnetic fascination of oratory but now the voice of power is silent and the fire of genius extinguished in death. It may be that he discoursed learnedly and wisely upon the truths of natural science but his wisdom, human in its origin and scope, has vanished from the stage of his activity. Thousands may have been charmed with the music of his poetic fancy, but that silver stream of melody has ceased to flow and has vanished like the spirit from the earth forever. All things that interest the worldling are ephemeral and when the trumpet of judgment announces the consummation of time nothing but the ashes of human greatness will remain. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity," exclaims the inspired writer and doubly is he inspired when he speaks of the thoughts and ambitions of those whom the world proclaims great.

But the Christian hero, the saint of God, looking over the face of nature surveying from the summit of the high mountain, as his divine Master did, the Kingdoms and empires of the world and the richness and beauty thereof, contrasts these illusions of time with the vision of eternity and realizes the vast difference. He ascends to the heavens in contemplation far above the decep-

tions of earth and seeks something nobler and loftier than temporal grandeur. He does not desire the whole universe; for he knows it to be only the temporary habitation of man, the place of probation, not the lasting city of the soul. The wonders and beauties of this world do not enchain his spirit; for well he understands that they are not the most perfect work of the Almighty, but only a faint image of the true home of the human spirit; that the Kingdoms of eternity excel in every conceivable perfection any upon the face of the earth. Above all he sees seated upon the thrones of infinite majesty the Eternal King of glory who created him and in whose bosom alone he will find perfect peace and happiness without the slightest alloy of sorrow or misery or suffering. In the wonderful city of unceasing bliss will he find unchangeable, unending delight. "What charms must thou not possess, O! city of the living God, when even now the appearance is so glorious and beautiful to us who view thee at so great a distance!! Oh, how vile and despicable do not all things appear to us here below when they are compared with what is related of thee." These, the sentiments of the saints, raise them far above the thoughts and ambitions of the world, enable them to weight all things in the scales of true worth and discern the wheat of eternal value from the chaff of temporal dross. Loftier, more elevated, more exalted conceptions cannot enthrall the human spirit. By as much as the stars of the azure canopy of heaven are above us, by so much are the thoughts of the holy ones of God above those of the favored children of the world.

Considering the second element of greatness, we inquire: In what does the courage of the heroes of the world equal that of the heroes of God? It may be said that they have displayed great valor upon the field of battle, wonderful intrepidity of spirit in face of death. But did it ever occur to you that this is not extraordinary courage as it is common among men of spirit. Should it, however, be the measure of comparison, how easy it is to call the roster of Christian soldiers, bearing arms consecrated to the sacred cause of religion, whose heroic deeds upon the field of Mars have never been surpassed. To instance this, it is sufficient to mention those valiant sons of chivalry who gave up all to wrest the holy sepulchre from infidel hands. History is replete with the remarkable achievements of the glorious bands of warriors of various ages, whose swords were never unsheathed in injustice or dishonor but ever in vindication of vir-

tue and truth. . . . Worldings who cringe in the presence of earthly majesty, who condone injustice and oppression wrought by the despotic hand of might call Christian virtue, meekness and humility the evidences of craven spirits. They who shudder at the frown of tyranny, presume to call fear of God weakness. Was the gospel of Christ, which excoriates cowardice, preached to the faint hearted? Does it not demand courage of the most sublime nature, sacrifice of self to a supernatural degree? Does not the divine Christ tell us that the Kingdom of God suffers violence and that the valiant alone will bear away the prize? Where is the meekness in giving up all things men esteem most highly—power—and wealth, position and the society of fellow-men, to become a hermit of the desert or a recluse of the wilderness? Does a coward renounce wealth for poverty, endure the wintry blasts of the cavern and the scorching heat of the desert instead of comfort and ease, forfeit the companionship of friends for the gloomy solitudes of the pathless forest and sun-burned wastes? But the saints have gladly embraced all these rigors and austerities as acts of Christian penance. Yet the minions of the world have the temerity to tell us that such courage does not excel that of their idols who will not refuse nature the slightest indulgence. However, there is still a higher degree of courage, that which makes one endure insult and reproach, contempt and outrage, torments and death which will enable one to rise superior to human respect. This is a form of intrepidity of spirit which few heroes of the world possess. While they fear not the thunder of artillery or the charge of cavalry or the mad onset of battle, yet they fear the ridicule and scorn of their fellow-men. They cannot withstand contempt and taunt, humiliation and degradation. Yet the saints have endured all these things joyfully, gladly, for the sake of the meek Savior who humbled Himself even to the Supreme humiliation of Calvary. Here the church presents the incomparable hosts of martyrs little heroes and heroines of tender age, patriarchs whose heads are silvered with the hoar of years, delicate women. Nurtured in the cradle of luxury, and refinement, strong vigorous men, reared in the hardships of fields and camp who faced every device of torment which the barbarous cruelty of men could invent, who went forth joyously to the most horrible deaths, frequently after lingering tortures, in the name of the Crucified Nazarene. The very executioners in many instances were converted by such unexampled heroism and even the slaves of idoltary were forced to cry out that such invincible resolution was heavenly, not of this earth.

The world furnishes no such instances despite the noise of praise with which she hails her favorite children.

In the third place, the greatness of the saints is known in their works. Did they accomplish nothing more than the conquest of their own passions, did they learn nothing more than a knowledge of self, they would have achieved greater things than the proud warrior who subdued nations and destroyed cities, or the wise philosopher who has preached the vain learning of the world; for they would have secured a triumph of permanent, of eternal value whereas soldier and sage enjoy their success for the day and then all their temporal glory will vanish as the cities given to the flames, and when time ceases to be, no matter what their earthly fame may have been, it will go down to equal oblivion. "He that subdueth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh cities."

But all the saints, now encircled with the halo of everlasting honor, have left behind them for the benefit of humanity deeds which shine with the splendor of true immortality, an immortality which will survive all the vicissitudes of time and endure through all eternity. They have preached more eloquently than the most powerful and gifted orator by lives of virtue and Christ-like perfection; lives which are beacon-lights for all time, which are milestones along the highway which leads to eternity. Their example to future generations, their influence for the growing good of mankind, for the formation of princes of the eternal empire, are the credentials which they present for the golden diadem of immortality in the memory of men as well as in the courts of heaven. I do not mention the human accomplishments they possessed; I do not mention the great deeds many of them have performed upon the battlefield, the divine fire of genius in science and philosophy; in poetry and oratory which some of them possessed. I simply wish to call attention here to the tremendous influence they have exercised upon the souls of men for their spiritual welfare. What greater thing can one accomplish after saving his own soul than to save the souls of his fellowmen? The saints have been the leaven in this sinful world. They have been the force of gravitation which has preserved the equilibrium of morality in the midst of so much moral chaos. Upon the records of civilization, upon the time-sheets of true progress, their deeds are emblazoned in characters of unfading lustre.

In the life of the glorious saint whose memory we celebrate this day, are to be found all the elements of greatness, we have

been considering. From the fragmentary knowledge of his life extant, we learn that he was remarkable even in childhood for detachment from the things of earth, for the elevation of spirit, for the sincere love of heavenly meditation, his utter contempt of worldly goods. He proved this practically by entering upon the life of a recluse with his saintly patron, the holy Bishop Just. Self-sacrifice mortification, penance of the most austere kind made up the daily life of this holy pair until their eyes were closed in the sleep of death and the invisible hand of their Creator adorned them with the laurel of eternal bliss.

Before his retirement to the desert, St. Viator devoted his energies and talents of teaching the truths of holy faith to the little children of Lyons. He busied himself in the holiest of labors the formation of Christian character. His example has had a powerful influence upon others to follow in his footsteps, has been a wonderful incentive to the splendid bands of religious teachers who have placed themselves under his saintly patronage. Need I discourse upon the incalculable value of religious education in forming the Christian man, the future citizen of heaven? I think not; for you are enjoying the splendid advantages of such education here. Your appreciation of this great privilege will grow in intensity as the years of futurity unfold themselves before you and as the need of such a source of strength in the midst of earthly cares and ambitions becomes more apparent.

I trust that St. Viator may inspire some of the young men now studying at this institution dedicated to his memory to follow his glorious example, to enroll themselves under the Standard of the religious teaching body. No greater work lies before us or one which will be more richly repaid in the Kingdom of the divine Christ, who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

But whatever our destiny may be, to serve God in the sanctuary, in the Christian schools or in the world, may the light of his heavenly example ever shine before us and direct us. Foolish and vain is our admiration of the saints unless it impels us to action, unless it inspires to loftier views of things, to a courage which shall make us strong in the practice of our faith even in the face of human respect. The lives of the saints are concrete illustrations of human life at its best. They teach us we can share in their greatness—by fashioning our lives after the Same divine Model Jesus Christ; by following in the footsteps of the divine Master along the great highway which leads to eternal glory.

MORAL SPIRIT IN SHAKESPEARE

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES A. HART '17

Let us now take up a few of the moral ideas expressed by this powerful word painter of mental pictures in some of the greatest sermons ever conceived by a human mind or executed by a merely human hand. Let us tear away this mask of fatalism which the superficial and the enemies of Shakespeare's fame would have us believe is the true countenance of his great tragedies,—those who hold that the fundamental philosophy of his most serious works is embodied in the words of the Dane:

*"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—"*

To remove this mask is to see the souls of his men and women made to image and likeness of the Eternal God, souls covered often with sin and filth but still the image of the great Creator; souls working out their own destiny with their own free will under the guiding hand of a merciful Providence, not the puppets of blinding and unreasoning fate, but crying out rather in the words of a living poet:

*"It matters now how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."*

From a moral point of view, "King Lear", the tragedy of a world catastrophe, is perhaps the greatest of Shakespeare's plays. It has been termed the dramatization of moral problems. Shakespeare has nowhere else shown evil and good in such frontal opposition, human beings of antipodal natures in such ruthless conflict with each other, and nowhere else is there the careful avoidance of the conventional outcome of the struggle,—the complete and apparent triumph of the good. Here, if anywhere, it would appear that blind and callous fate blots out the good and bad together. In this, more than in any other play, the dramatist stands in the presence of the mysteries of human life. When we behold the old king, "a man more sinned against than sinning," suffering to the last moment upon "the rack of this tough

world," with Cordelia dead in his arms, and hear his wild outburst of impassioned grief, it is then we ask with Kent,

"Is this the promised end?" Is this apparent doom of the good in accordance with justice? Is not this fate? And why is it that Gloucester, whose suffering is his retribution, should be restored to spiritual calm and pass away in rapture of mingled gladness and grief,

*"His flawed heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief
Burst smilingly?"*

If the outcome for the good, the indifferent and the bad is the same, if it be true, as Gloucester affirms, that,

*"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport;"*

then let us give ourselves up to carnal lust and earthly pleasure. A hundred questions Shakespeare raises in our mind in this haunting tragedy. Always we are dimly aware that there is much more than the mere story of an old man's sufferings for the sins of ingratitude, that there is a great impersonal significance in the work. Shakespeare does not attempt to answer all the questions. He is satisfied that he is able to "free, arouse, dilate" not caring to lay down laws. Dowden puts it well when he says, "The heart is purified not by dogma but by pity." On the great question of fatalism, however, the whole temper of the play gives Shakespeare's clear, emphatic and unmistakable answer. Shall we stand on the side of the apparently triumphant Goneril, or with the divine Cordelia; with Edmund or with Edgar? To ask these questions is to answer them. Evil is not denied, but is opposed by the presence of virtue, fidelity, filial love, and self-sacrifice. Even if Goneril and Regan had subdued the whole world, there is,

*"One daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to,"*

and moral victory is clearly with the right. It is noteworthy that each of the important characters offers solutions to these life problems. The traitor Edmund recognizes no higher power than his own will, until being forced to admit a moral law he cries out bitterly,

"The wheel is come full circle, I am come."

Edgar, buoyed up by virtue of his soul and strength of his faith, "shakes patiently his great affliction off." In striking contrast

to him is the noble Kent who, without the light of faith, is still able to cling to his instinct for right doing. And Lear himself, wandering from light to darkness and darkness to light, Lear, the yearner for real love, who has learned,

*"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child,"*

can offer no solution to the eternal riddle of life! To the student of the moral spirit in Shakespeare "King Lear" must ever remain the great drama of moral problems. A mind that could conceive such a scene as that on the heath wherein the real madness of Lear, the professional foolishness of the jester, and the pretended mental unbalance of the faithful Edgar are thrown on a background of an external nature in convulsions must have much to teach. The supreme truth shines clearly out—that the moral world stands in sovereign independence of the world of senses; that, if not in this world, then in the world beyond justice will have its due. A German critic shows these ethical views to be identical with the ethics of Kant's categorical imperative by which the great German metaphysician explained the apparent triumphs of evil and failures of good. The same critic terms "Lear" the tragedy of the categorical imperative.

In "Macbeth" the dramatist worked less intensively in the moral spirit, in that we have not a host of moral problems dramatized, but a single great lesson: the momentum of incipient and fostered evil in character is so masterful that the evil doer becomes almost impotent to stem the awful tide of crime and bloodshed he has started. An ambitious soldier, the prey of what Dowden chooses to call "profound world weariness," is debating whether he shall not drop the plan he had long conceived, namely, the attainment of the throne through the murder of his king. His wife, Lady Macbeth, knowing that he will be unhappy until he has attained his desire, taunts him with cowardice to which he replies,

*"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."*

The taunt has its effect. Macbeth is on his way to commit the first crime of his career, and this evil gathering force carries him on to another murder and another until in bloodshed and superstition he becomes a monster of iniquity. It is the old, old story of the temptation and weakness of man. At first Macbeth is startled to find that even his sinister thoughts are known by

certain awful agents of evil. But the spur of his wife urges him on when he is weak and soon the blood of the king is upon his hands. After his first murder he wastes himself in vague imaginings and remorse as he looks upon his hands, for the first time stained with blood:

*"Will not great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."*

He sees airy daggers and hears voices,

*"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more,
Macbeth doth murder sleep!'"*

But the second murder, that of the grooms, comes somewhat easier. He has now gone through two of the four stages of his life. His first crime, we noted, was the close of a long period of brooding and changing purpose; when once that boundary line between innocence and guilt was passed a great impetus was given to the evil in his nature and the murder of the grooms was the result of a single impulse. In the third stage evil gains a still surer hold upon the sinner. His feeling of suspense, formerly present only at times, now becomes a constant agony and this leads him to the murder of Banquo. Superstition, which had its germ in his tendency to project his thoughts as external sights and sounds, has grown until he loses all power to discriminate between the objective and subjective. With this growth the fourth and last stage of Macbeth's career is reached. It is now no longer a question of single crimes, but one continuous round of bloody deeds. Macbeth himself expresses this swiftened impetus to his downward course in the lines he addresses to Lady Macbeth:

*"Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd."*

His purposed visit to the wierd sisters brings him sweet security from which he is awakened only by the shock of final ruin. At last he becomes indifferent to life and death, and on the day of the battle, when the tidings of his wife's death, are brought to him he utters what Brandes terms a "whole melancholy life-philosophy:"

*"She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word—
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day*

*To the last syllable of recording time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."*

This is the final conclusion reached by a man who staked all to win the power of earth.

For this defect of over-ambition he suffers terrible agonies in life and a death in keeping with his life. But he embraces that career of crime by free choice and here is one of the main points to be remembered in considering the real moral spirit in all of Shakespeare's tragedies. While it would seem that Macbeth, not by nature a bad man, has been led on to destruction by an inexorable fate, there is, nevertheless, a strong, clearly evident, moral responsibility accompanying the apparent fatalism. We know that Macbeth has deliberately chosen his evil life even at a time when he was entirely master of himself and his environment. This fact that along with a system of apparent fatalism, copied from the old Greek tragedies, goes a sense of moral responsibility,—a feeling on the part of the audience that the protagonist should and could have done otherwise and that because he did not he must suffer,—is the great reason why Shakespeare will always be a powerful moral artist. But we ask ourselves why he instituted this dual system in all his tragedies. Only Shakespeare could answer the question absolutely. We may, however, venture the reply that Shakespeare had the genius to understand, through his long apprenticeship in the theatre, that the essence of tragedy is what Aristotle pointed it out to be, that which seems to hold true of all tragedy,—that if you wish to purge your audience by means of terror and sympathy you must have fate even though you are not a fatalist yourself. But because Shakespeare was not content to stop with the spirit expressed in Horace's phrase "deus ex machina,"—the dominating spirit of the great Greek dramas,—and because he always persisted in demonstrating the truth of the Greek proverb, "Σπασαντα παθειν,"—"to the doer it is to suffer,"—the truth of moral responsibility for defects of character and weakness in moral being,—he has been able to bring his powerful moral themes home to his audience and to compel its deepest assent and

harrowed accord with the dramatist's vision of our spiritual destiny.

Even in "Hamlet" this necessary idea of moral responsibility is stressed, although, as in "King Lear," we feel that the punishment is out of all proportion to the defects in character. Hamlet does not suffer wholly for the sins of others, though they effect his life. In every Shakespearean tragedy, in fact, evil is the root of all suffering. The young prince's father has been murdered by the diabolical Claudius, who, not content with fratricide, seduces the wife of the murdered king and assumes the throne. From these facts, which lie outside the frame of the drama, we assume that Hamlet should obey his father's ghost; and he honestly meant well in this respect as we see in his impulsive murder of Polonius during the course of the closet scene when Hamlet thought he had killed the king. His tragic failure is the irony of fate which Shakespeare used to bring about the necessary dramatic purgation. There is a notable defect in Hamlet's character, namely a tendency toward over-speculation and delay in righteous action. He recognizes this defect himself very often during his many self-upbraidings,

*"Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing."*

This one defect brings him and his intimate friends to the awful ruin with which the tragedy is closed. He pays a just penalty for his faults, as he witnesses,

*"In the corrupted currents of this evil world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
But 'tis not so above. There is no shuffling;
There the action lies in his true nature, and we ourselves
Compell'd, even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."*

True, the defect in Hamlet is in no way to be compared with the bloody, mastering, ambitious, greed for power of Macbeth, or the diabolical intent of Richard III, nor is it hardly equal to the passionate temper and irascibility of Lear, but it is a defect and as such has its nemesis. For this absence of strict poetic justice, Dr. Johnson found much fault with Shakespeare; but the greater genius saw that no such justice existed in real life, and

that unless he would have his tragedies degenerate into melodrama (where everybody receives exactly what is his right punishment or reward) he must avoid such endings. It is sufficient that he has made us feel very sincerely that his tragic protagonist and those most intimately associated with him should not have yielded to their sinful desires and that they could have mastered their weaknesses. This leaves us with the deep impression that they were morally responsible for the suffering brought upon themselves, not that it was heaped upon them by an outside order. We rise from our seats elated for we feel that man is not as a "fly to the gods" but is the possessor of sublime opportunities. This is the real justice of the play, the justice in life itself, even if it is not quite "poetic" enough to suit the critics. In "Hamlet" the arrival of Fortinbras contributes to the restoration of a practical and positive feeling, a belief that the moral order will now go on more serenely since practical men are at the helm. "The rest is silence."

It is also quite proper that accident, which plays so large a part in real life, should be given a prominent place in the moral system of Shakespeare. Perhaps we ask ourselves why it is that the letters in "Romeo and Juliet" come a moment too late, or why relief is brought to Cordelia just after death has placed her beyond the necessity of relief. Or we view the maze of accidents which govern the action of "Othello," and our first general impression is the same as that we obtain from the study of a novel of Thomas Hardy. It would seem that the whole world has lost its balance and that the universe has been given to the most amazing chance movements. But Shakespeare, upon closer scrutiny, differs from the determinist, Hardy, in that, being much concerned with a moral order, he leaves the final impression that there are some stable things in life which remain long after we have battled to achieve our end. In order to create this impression, Shakespeare (in Henry VI, for instance) has violated history by having Queen Margaret a character in all three divisions of that stupendous historical drama.

In "Othello" accident has a very large part, but if Shakespeare had not demonstrated that it was not *the* controlling force he would have failed in his moral purpose. What a maze of casual incidents play into the hands of the diabolical Iago, who with dexterity works them all,—the accidental dropping of the handkerchief, the overhearing by Othello of the innocent remarks of Cassio, which serve Iago's diseased malignity so well,

and many others too numerous to mention,—into one single, monster intrigue. We are depressed by this almost impossible series of the most casual incident having the power to carry on to destruction the pure soul of Desdemona,

*"Who is so lovely fair,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself;"*

and the noble, barbaric Moor, "true of mind" wearing "the ornament of strange experience," memories of

*Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,"
"Antres vast and deserts idle,*

memories of "disastrous chance and mournful accidents by flood and field;" and the "indifferent honest Cassio." But who would say that the Moor could not have been the "master of his fate," and the "captain of his soul?" With his strict military training he could easily have pierced the designs of the decadent Italian had he not allowed his passionate, impulsive Mauritanian blood to be fired by green-eyed jealousy and to cloud his mind so that the murder at his own hands, of the dearest thing he had in the world became possible—though indeed it was done "all in honor." Desdemona, likewise, has her fault. She has disobeyed her father and has allowed an inordinate passion for a black man, much older than herself, to fill her breast and "such violent delights have violent ends." For this she must also come within the tragic circle. But, oh how pathetic, how huge the punishment in proportion to the fault, when the Moor in his agony looks into Desdemona's clear eyes and exclaims in an outburst of terrible anguish:

*"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos come again!"*

Yet he must hate that which he loves most for he has been led to believe that he sees in those eyes, the very "fountain from which his current runs," not the mirrors of a spotless soul, but "a dried up swamp, a cistern for foul toads to knot and gender in!" Malignant Iago also suspects his wife, Emilia, but he does not suffer. He is incapable of pain on such a score. We feel elated at the contrast in knowing clearly that moral victory is with the right or the relatively best. To die, as Othello dies, is indeed pathetic, but to live as Iago lives, incapable of noble pain is more

inimical to humanity than ages of suffering or thousands of deaths. Death with Othello and Desdemona were surely a rapturous ecstasy.

There is one thing, however, to which these tragic figures one and all seem impervious. Desdemona, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, and all the others "shuffle off this mortal coil" without a thought of the next world or the name of God upon their lips. The wonderful brain of Hamlet in its last intellection is concerned with the manner in which his name will be held by posterity;

*"Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livist, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
. . . O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."*

Othello seeks pardon or excuse, not from the eternal God, his Maker, but from an offended world. Desdemona with a lie (sacred, indeed, as the dramatist presents it) upon her lips to save, not her soul, but her lord, the Moor, goes to meet her Judge. Shakespeare was rightly called by the critic Strong, "the poet of secular humanity." He is the poet who throws the beaconlight of his genius up and down the whole course of human existence but not once does he seek to penetrate with Dante into that "country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Even the supernal visitors he calls forth concern themselves with earthly affairs and tell no news of things celestial. Shakespeare's was the width of genius, its noble, practical body; the inspired Italian's was its depth, its fiery soul. Both were powerful moral artists.

So we might continue until our discussion assumed the proportion of a ponderous tome; to note how Shakespeare has shown most forcibly in "Antony and Cleopatra", the complete and utter futility, to soul and body, of sensuous living, that

*"When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion";*

how in Julius Cæsar he presents the case of the noble Brutus, a man with hands clean and mind high and free, destined to failure, still maintaining his moral integrity as his greatest possession, who in spite of each new error wins our added admiration and love; a play which seems ironical in its fatalism but which still teaches us from the lips of Cassio:

*"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings;"*

or how in the "Merchant of Venice" he tells of the evils of race and religious bigotry; how in "Measure for Measure" he strikes a terrible blow at hypocrisy; but it would not add to our purpose. For already we think that the student who approaches Shakespeare in the right mood will find in his work, a wonderful moral spirit that must catch his own soul and bind it more firmly than ever to the great soul of the Creator. They will not be tempted to follow after some modern university critics of the Immortal Bard who maintain that Shakespeare was no more imbued with moral ideas which he wished to give an audience than any of the more flippant and ephemeral dramatists of the Elizabethan Age; critics who say it is useless to seek in Shakespeare for what is not there—a moral spirit. His works, his wonderful sermons, have proved the falsity of such criticism and answer it better than any writer could.

We will be content, now, to observe the tranquilizing close to which the artist brings all his plays. Minto puts this beautifully when he says: "The thought of inevitable Destiny, iron fate, is a great tranquilliser, and rolls over tragic catastrophes like the calm grandeur of stars after a storm. When our minds are fatigued by the spectacle of horrors, or poignant grief, or violent struggles of fatal issue, this thought unfolds itself to soothe the tumult. We subdue the keen agitation of particular calamities by fixing our eyes on the calm majesty of the irresistible forces of the universe: we take some part of the disturbing culpability of individual agents off their shoulders, and lay it on the Stars, dread agents equally above our love and our hatred. Before the awful magnificence of their doings, our fierce detestation of individual malice is subdued, and the sorrows of the individual lose their sharpness merged in the sorrows of mankind." Hence, side by side with this apparently all-embracing fatalism the strong arms of moral responsibility are raised to do battle

with the "stars above us, that govern our condition" and to give back to man the mastery of his fate and the captaincy of his soul, that unconquered, he may exclaim:

*"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever god may be
For my unconquerable soul."*

*"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."*

*....."It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."*

Truly this was a marvelous, myriad-minded man. Words fail when we attempt to speak our general impression of such a genius. In one of his sonnets, Robert Browning says that Shakespeare's name, like the Hebrew name of God, ought never to be taken in vain. His voice is the voice of the English race. "Yes, truly, it is a great thing," says Carlyle, "for a nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means." It was with this same feeling that he was within the range of the most wonderful human voice and in the presence of the most mysterious genius of the ages that Matthew Arnold must have been prompted to write his splendid sonnet on Shakespeare:

*"Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty."*

*"Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling place.
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality:*

*"And thou who didst the stars and sunbeams know
Self schooled, self scanned, self honored, self secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguessed at. Better so
All pains the mortal spirit must endure
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow
Find their sole voice in that victor's brow."*

L U C K

T. D. SULLIVAN '17

The false shirt-front and pretentious tuxedo of the typical American waiter as he threads his way through the crowded tables of a big cafe present suggestive trains of thought to a reflective person particularly when he is among the hurly-burly, chattering throng at the noon-hour.

I found myself so situated at an end table and was gazing listlessly through the rapidly moving turn-stile door. Suddenly a once familiar face appeared. I looked steadily at the strange new-comer, for he did not assume the "savoir faire" attitude of the inured costumer and, to my surprise, it was my erstwhile college chum Jack Thomas. I dispatched a waiter to him and in a few minutes we were happily reviewing the green days of school life. At length the conversation drifted to personal accomplishments and as we exchanged bits of information the meal drew to a close.

Finally, Jack queried, "Do you know T. the stock market is pretty bright now and if possible, I would like to buy. Do you know anything about that business?"

"Well, I have a good friend, Mr. Morley, who is a prominent broker, and he may be able to buy for you," I answered.

"Good!" responded Jack. "Try to arrange it for yourself and I'll furnish the wherewith."

Before taking his departure he drew out a slip of paper and as he scribbled on it said, "I may not be free for a couple of days but here is my aunt's number and as I am staying there you must call. Don't forget to look for a tip," cried my schoolmate as he hurried out to catch a car.

On my way home I dropped in at "Morley and Son" and inquired for the senior partner. After a short delay I gained admittance to his private office. In a fatherly tone the old gentleman asked, "What can I do for you my boy?"

I then told him of my desire to buy stock and that I had come for his advice.

"Anything big?" he smilingly inquired?

"Perhaps, that is, if it is not too big," I ventured.

"I have a proposition here that looks mighty good, son, but it calls for an investment of twenty thousand and I'll just give you a chance at it."

"Here was Jack's opportunity," thought I. "Could you wait a few hours for my answer?" I excitedly asked.

"Yes!" he said, "but tonight for certain as it must be booked and bought in the morning."

I thanked him kindly and darted out of the office. In the street I hailed a taxi and drove to 1006 Lake Shore, the number Jack had scribbled on the slip. Up the steps of the house I bounded, rang the bell and as I handed the butler my card breathlessly inquired for Mr. Jack Thomas.

"No man of that name lives here," answered the servant.

I then described my chum and presented the address for scrutiny but his immediate answer was, "You have the wrong number, sir."

After the butler had closed the door I disappointedly descended the steps, climbed into the machine and snapped, "Hamilton Club, please."

As we whizzed along, Jack's chance seemed to be going as fast as the flying car but I resolved to reach him at all costs. Even though he had been in town but two days and our meeting was by accident, I would not give up. The remainder of the afternoon and part of the evening I spent in telephoning clubs, cafes, and such places at which he might have been. Each time disappointment was my reward until finally, at seven-thirty, I notified Mr. Morley that I could not buy the following day. With an occasional bitter epithet hurled at Jack I made my way home crestfallen and disappointed to tumble wearily into bed.

At ten the following morning I was awakened by the dazzling sun, which by its beating through the window had dispelled all dreams of Jack and his millions. I shook off the drowsiness and rolled out of bed in a disgusted mood. After a laborious toilet I decided on Child's again for lunch, perchance to meet Jack and reprimand him for his carelessness.

I boarded the car and, opening my morning paper saw in bold headlines in the first column the announcement, "EDWARD MORLEY LOSES TWENTY THOUSAND IN NEW VENTURE ON STOCK EXCHANGE."

There in black and white were the identical details he had explained to me and it was the same proposition I would have given to Jack. I walked into the restaurant with sighs of relief,

congratulating my chum on his blunder and speculating upon the terrible consequences from which fate had delivered us.

"Say Old Man! why in thunder didn't you take advantage of that telephone number I gave you yesterday? Do you know that I waited at home, practically all of last evening, for you to call?" shouted Jack as he sailed up behind me. I stared at him for a moment, then awkwardly collected myself and stammered,

"Why—er—er I was busy." With a perplexed smile, yet a glad heart I invited my friend to have a mallard duck.

INTO LIGHT

C. A. HART '17

*Out of a Stygian darkness
We come into the light,
From out of a dusky portal
Where all seemed black as night.*

*Our childish song, wild music,
Untaught in sentient grief,
Becomes with thought inspired
And gives our souls relief.*

*Daily we climb our life's road
With painful steps and slow,
To reach a higher Sinai
Where fairer flowers grow.*

*Upward, still and upward,
By toiling ways we plod,
Unto a mount eternal
That leads us up to God.*

WORDSWORTH'S AIM AS A POET

R. J. FRENCH '17

Considering the very words of Wordsworth, himself, "Every great poet is a teacher or is nothing; I wish to be considered either as a teacher or as nothing," we can readily see that his every poem must have been written with a definite end in view. This aim is set forth in his autobiographical poem, "The Prelude," in which occurs this solemn consecration of himself to poetry:

*" I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit."*

Wordsworth felt then that he had a mission and that that mission was to teach men how to read, how to contemplate, how to interpret Nature.

This mission was in the finest sense divinely in accord with Wordsworth's loftiest aspirations. From early youth, he was an ardent lover of the beautiful in Nature.

*"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it when I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die!"*

These rare emotions, rare even in the most sensitive children, made Wordsworth—what he has very aptly been called—"The Prophet of Nature." That he recognized the fact that such feeling at beholding Nature are not aroused in most men, we glean from his poem "Written in Early Spring" in which he sees the different spring flowers, seemingly enjoying the air they breathe, the birds hopping and twittering, and expresses his delight in these words:

*"And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.
If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of Man?"*

Aware then of this insensibility on the part of man, he feels himself called to unfold the wonderful influence of Nature upon his own character in the belief that men will read, believe and imitate. To the wonderful influence of nature upon his character, he testifies in "The Recluse" when he describes himself as an imperious, daring lad, who loved adventure and deeds of glory, and that in manhood this innate tendency was tempered only by the sermons he heard in stones and running brooks.

*"But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to seek for other agitations, or be calm;
Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent stream,
Some nursling of the mountains, which she leads through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
His strength, and had his triumph and his joy,
His desperate course of tumult and of glee."*

Had not nature thus influenced him, he would most probably have been engulfed in some disastrous adventure as he was about to be when his great soul had thrown itself into the French Revolution, fortunately to recoil with horror. He sees the spiritual havoc from which he was saved, admitting the sanction of reason upon the workings of Nature.

*" her deliberate voice
Hath said; be mild and cleave to gentle things,
Thy glory and Thy happiness be there.*

*.
Then farewell to the Warrior's schemes
. A voice shall speak and what shall be the Theme?
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life!"*

Wordsworth's appreciation of Nature and its effects seems in his youth to have been different from what it was in his mature years. We observe this in two of his best poems, the "Intimations", and the "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey". In the latter he remarks that as a youth his love of nature

*" had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest unborrowed from the eye."*

He confesses, too, that this period is now past for he has learned to look on Nature

*"Not as in the hour of thoughtless youth;
But hearing oftentimes the still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."*

The "remoter charm" is a presence that disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns and the round ocean and the living air and the blue sky and in the mind of man. In the "Intimations" he treats of the development of man in a philosophical way, carrying through the poem the beautiful but unsubstantial thought that

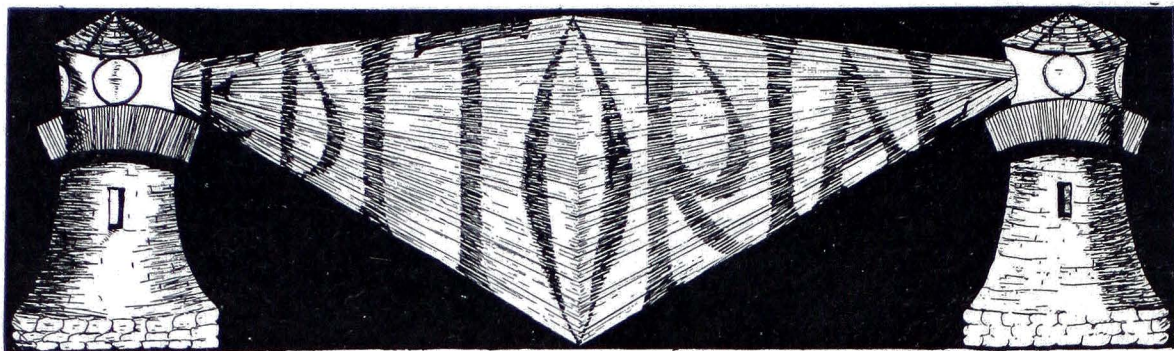
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy".

An examination of the idea of this poem, though tempting, cannot be made here, but a glance at the closing lines will confirm the revelation made by the poet in "Lines upon Tintern Abbey." These thoughts aroused by the contemplation of nature, he avers, are a comfort in solitude, a joy in desolation, a panacea for all evil.

*"Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love"*

To inspire others with this love, this appreciation of nature, was Wordsworth's chief aim. Nature in its many phases was consistently the theme of most of his writings during his long life career of eighty years. That he had not done enough to spread her cult was the pathetic fear of his hoary age.

*"Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who give us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! Might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."*



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Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.—Terence.

It would cause our editorial mind no little mental agitation if we thought that anyone had the idea that we desired to put into practice the custom of the ancient sage of Samos who compelled his pupils to listen to his lectures for five years before speaking in response. It has ever appeared to us that such a rule even though emanating from so worthy a pedagogue smacked of the egotistic. The silence he is said to have enjoyed as the result of his peculiar law would give anything but pleasure to us. If there is something in the Viatorian with which you do not agree, some argument advanced in the course of a discussion which appears fallacious to you put your objections into print and give others the benefit of your thought. For instance in last month's Viatorian an article written by an alumnus condemned the universal practice of interscholastic athletics. This

Disavowal of a Pythagorean Practice

big vital question in college life, now absorbing much attention from college and university faculties, has been discussed in some of the leading magazines of the country. From the heated discussions which the question has already raised in our midst there is certainly considerable divergence of opinion. Give us your opinion of this or other subjects, in an article, or even a paragraph if you do not care to be so voluminous. In the near future we will establish a column for paragraph contributions, miniature essays in ideation. Let us hope that it will be a step toward making the Viatorian a more mutual possession, and especially that it will arouse upper classmen from their blissful lethean state of soporific complacency.

Since it has now become a certainty that Venustiano Carranza, first chief of the Constitutional Party of Mexico, is to receive recognition by the United States as the provisional head of our sister republic, we inquire with interest into the character and governing capabilities of the man who is to be so honored.

**Recognition
of Carranza**

The fact which strikes even the casual reader is the consistent unanimity with which the secular as well as the lay press have voiced their most vigorous disapproval of such an act on the part of President Wilson and the State Department. Concerning the character of the man it would seem from very reliable source which the President had at hand that Carranza is quite on a par with the murderous brigand Villa, or the vandal Indian, Zapata, both of whom have been willing to eliminate themselves as possible candidates. Almost without a dissenting voice dispatch after dispatch, investigation after investigation has told of pillage and plunder, of unprintable outrages on church-men and church-women, the debauching and ruin of churches, and the universal desecration of Mexico's womanhood and the general burlesque of government to which this now recognized head has subjected Mexico. The details seem incredible though we have no reason to doubt the reliable sources from which these reports come.

It would seem almost foolish even to mention executive ability in the same breath with such a character who has yet to learn to govern himself; but if there were any question in our minds, it would be cleared away by the words of all leading military chiefs of the republic, and the vast majority of well informed Americans who are anxious for peace. These are of the

certain opinion that such peace can never be maintained until Carranza as well as all the other vandal leaders of Mexico have been completely eliminated. With this strongly entrenched judgment one finds it rather hard not to concur with the vehement denunciation of President Wilson and the State Department, by Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans and the almost unanimous voice of the Catholic press when they call upon all upholders of religious toleration and justice to repudiate this act of the President at the polls. It is, perhaps, true that Wilson has acted in accordance with the decision of the Pan-American Conference who last month decided in favor of recognition of Carranza upon a mere promise that religious liberty would be accorded to all and religious exiles would be allowed to return provided they ask for no political rights. Since when has there been so much of honor among thieves and debauchers of Carranza's ilk that a nation of such great power and high ideals as the United States should stand committed to the world for a Carranza-regime. Surely this is a case of marvelous credulity surpassing understanding; a faith sublime and we may expect a millenium soon to be ushered in. *Annus mirabilis!*

Men of science tell us persistently of the immeasurable value to health of the cultivation of the habit of deep breathing. To take a long hike in the nipping eager air of a brisk November morning permeated with that peculiar autumnal tang which no other season possesses, and to concentrate one's attention upon taking in deep breaths of life-giving oxygen is to put a new zest in life and a new face on these days which the poets are wont to call melancholy,—“the saddest of the year,”—and to make mournful generally with kindred lugubrious epithets. Repetition of this practice of deep breathing will develop the habit. It has been called the key to longevity and health and no one disputes the maxim that “health is wealth.” Nor is the habit of immense importance only physiologically speaking. It has its merit elsewhere. A deep intellectual breath revives the dormant mind with inspiring thoughts which cause this faculty to seek higher ideals, even the sublime. In the spiritual order the practice is like a fresh salt breeze to a soul which may be languishing in the shadow of death. But 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true (to use no art at all), how many there are who are so inert as never to take a deep breath in any of the orders even the sensible.

Deep Breathing

Among the very few nations of the globe now enjoying tranquillity and prosperity, we have much more reason to raise our

**Gratias
Agimus!**

hearts in humble gratitude this year than ever before. We are not indulging in legalized murder; no war lords stride over our land, destroying property and seeking the blood of victims.

We are at peace; we are men of good will and this is our special time of thanksgiving. Though we, as Catholics, believe that every day should be one of Thanksgiving we are glad to support the most laudable practice of having one day set aside publicly to thank God in a special manner for the graces and favors we have received from His Divine Beneficence. It speaks well of us that we are the only nation in the world which has such a special day. Let us enter into its spirit with more fervor than ever before on this occasion, not forgetting also to ask that the same blessing of peace may be upon all nations before another Thanksgiving rolls around.

“Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you my friend, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me” cries the soul departed and will you not heed this pitiful cry for help in this month which our Holy Mother the Church has set aside as the month of prayer for the dead. That cry will be yours in the future, and in justice it will be answered in the measure in which your generosity prompts you now to pray for your dear dead. We are none of us without our own dead. We have all some special ones to pray for in this month of poor souls.—“Oremus.”

Miserere Mei

HANKISMS

F. C. H. '18

Why don't somebody get busy and invent a contrivance to “make both ends meet.”

Many a man's will is broken before he dies.

When a man reaches fifty the years go like sixty.

The fellow who falls in love at first sight ought to consult an oculist.

It's all right to bask in the sunshine of love, but don't get scorched.

Go ahead and laugh if you can't find anything to cry about, but don't cry if you can't find anything to laugh about.

England and Germany may have buried the hatchet, but their rapid fire guns are still above ground.

"Forget and Forgive"—most people are for getting rather than for giving.

The ball player has a better knowledge of diamonds than the jeweler has of base-balls.

The man who would rise in the estimation of others does not depend upon an alarm clock.

The gentleman to your right would like to know if Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is a text book on chiropody.

A "family tree" does not always produce peaches.

Would you say a person who sleeps most of the time has the "Hay-fever."

Most people feel very dull after their daily grind.

Can the Carribean Sea the North Pole?

After the "Knot is tied" you may find that you have been roped in.

You don't have to depend on the powder factories for ammunition to fight the devil.

When a person steps on your corn did you ever notice that it goes against the grain.

Opportunity may knock at your door, but don't wait for it to kick the panels through.

The greatest thing in the world is joy, but only the stricken realize this.

Imagination—taking the halter off your thoughts and giving them a kick.

EXCHANGES

*"Blame where you must
Be candid where you can
And be, each critic, a good natured man."*

The thought occurred to us, in this month of sober thoughts, to consider the work of the editorial columns of some few of our contemporaries, that we might arrive at a few definite ideas of the aim and style of a good college journal editorial. To even the tyro in editorial writing that line of Pope which runs "which oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed" must have given no little solace when he views the children of his brain—creatures born of labored pain, though apparently Minervas sprung full grown in panoply from the head of Zeus. If his subject matter is not such as to startle our staid old cosmos from the even tenor of its way he can pride himself on the distinction of his utterances, the new dresses in which they are clothed. Such an editorial we thought was the one entitled "G.A.R." in the October *Georgetown College Journal*. Undoubtedly the Grand Army of the Republic has been the subject of numberless panegyrics but this present eulogy has its merit in the fine forcible way in which it is written, bringing before the mind's eye a distinct mental picture, a fantasm of clear outline. This distinguished mode of speaking makes it perhaps the most worthy offering in an editorial way which the October *Journal* has to offer.

It has been one of our most cherished ideas, further, that a college editorial should be made of somewhat serious substance; hardly of the fabric that jokes are made on. In this regard we believe that the editors of the "*Anselmian*" (St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N.H.) are the greatest sinners. A racy slang is the means of conveying the outlook of St. Anselms to the general reader. It seems rather void of sincere discussion either of topics of college or wider interest. However, our idea in this regard as to the style of a college editorial may be a mere Shib-

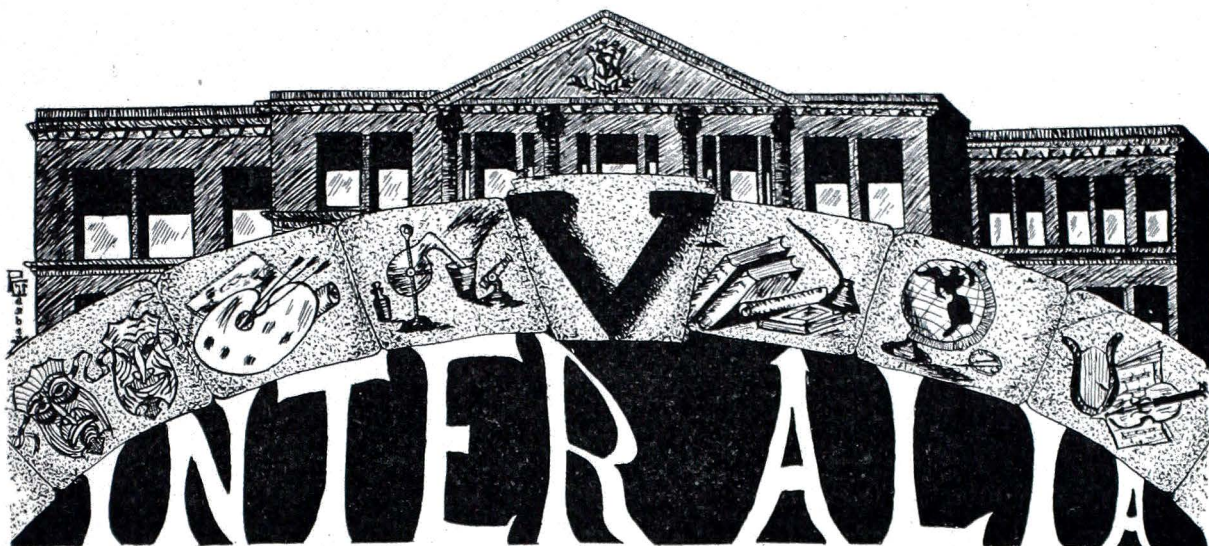
boleth which the editor of the *Anselmian* could say much against. We should certainly be open to suggestion. The subject is worthy of much more treatment than our space at the present time allows and we shall hope to have an opportunity to say more in this column at some future time.

C. A. H.

The November number of *The Wabash*, hailing from Crawfordsville, Indiana, is a fairly well balanced and conservative publication. Special attention is given the Freshmen, not in the usual hackneyed manner but by a warm hearted salutation and a good editorial, which cannot fail to make every first year man feel its appeal. Of the two short stories, one called "Puppets," which won the Gene Stratton-Porter prize, is well worth reading. It is an episode of the present war concerning two wounded soldiers returning home. The plot is of minor value,—the worth of the story lies in the dialect, the manner in which interest is sustained, and the picture of suffering which the author has painted. One well written essay is an expose of the people and places in Indiana who furnished the local color for a present day novelist. An article on speech-writing is humorous, bringing home forcibly some of the very familiar tribulations of the embryonic orator. A history, contributed by the oldest living alumnus of Wabash contains many interesting reminiscences of the institution's early days. A few lines of sensuous verse would give a more literary setting to the goodly offering of prose in *The Wabash*.

J. F. C.





The feast of St. Viator, October twenty-first, was celebrated in a most fitting manner at the college. Even nature lent her assistance on the occasion, for early in the morning a bright October sun rose shedding a deeper scarlet on the tall maples. So fine was the day that at an early hour the stream of visitors began to flow in, which continued steadily until noon, and not until late in the afternoon when the programme was completed did the campus assume its usual serenity.

St. Viator's Day

Festivities were begun in the college chapel where Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D., assisted by Rev. R. N. Nolan as archpriest; Rev. F. Moisant, deacon; Rev. L. Lebert, sub-deacon; Brother R. J. French, C.S.V., Master of ceremonies. Rev. Stephen E. McMahon of Chicago preached a very eloquent sermon in which he treated of the heroic life of the youthful Viator and presented him as a model to be imitated by all youth. The student choir under the direction of Rev. A. N. St. Aubin sang the mass and true to the promises of Rev. W. J. Suprenant and Prof. G. B. Grilly who trained the choristers for the occasion the music was extraordinary. The mass was composed especially for the occasion by Prof. Grilly and too much praise cannot be given him. This is not, however, Professor Grilly's initial composition, for, after completing his studies at Turin Conservatory, Italy, and while teaching at Mount St. Sepulchre Monastery Washington, D. C., he composed many pieces of music for occasions such as this. At one o'clock a sumptuous banquet was served in the college dining hall after which an entertainment was given in the college auditorium. The great success of the entertainment is due to the indefatigable

efforts of Rev. W. J. Suprenant whose whole time was occupied in preparing the elaborate programme.

PROGRAMME

Under the direction of Rev. W. J. Suprenant

Overture,—Nephrata College Orchestra
 Chorus, (from Lucia—solo) Mr. F. G. McDonald
 Violin Solo, Souvener de Lubeck Mr. P. I. Carberry
 Vocal Duet, from Lucia Messrs. W. Fink and J. Emslie
 Piano Selection, Nocturne Chopin Professor Grilli
 Flute and Violin Duet, Echo on the Mountain
 Messrs. P. I. Carberry and L. R. Ward
 Vocal Solo—Sing me to Sleep Master F. J. Cahill
 Selection, Golden Tress Waltz College Orchestra
 Vocal Solo, "Roll on Beautiful World" Mr. F. G. McDonald
 Octette "Story of a Tack"
 Messrs. J. R. Hughes, F. G. McDonald, J. W. Emslie,
 J. F. Cox, F. C. Hangsterfer, E. F. Conway, W. I. Fink
 Bassoon and Cello Duet, "A Perfect Day"
 P. I. Carberry, L. R. Ward
 Vocal Solo—"Absent" J. W. Emslie
 Bassoon, Violin and Piano accompaniment
 Chorus, from Carmen, Solo Mr. W. I. Fink
 Selection, "Bird of Passage" Waltz College Orchestra
 Selections from Charles Dickens Mr. J. Dawson Byrnes
 Finale—"Dawn of Peace" College Orchestra
 Accompanist, Prof. G. B. Grilly, M.M.

On Sunday, October 17, the college chapel was the scene of a very impressive ceremony when Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C.S.V., ascended the altar to offer for the first time the Holy Sacrifice. The chapel was crowded with a host of friends who had come from near and far to be present at the most solemn occasion in the young man's life. Father Stephenson was assisted by Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D., archpriest; Rev. W. J. Bergin, deacon; J. A. O'Brien, sub-deacon; Brother R. J. French, master of ceremonies. Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., in his touching sermon treated of the exalted state of the holy priesthood, the great honor conferred upon the priest and the tremendous responsibility placed upon him. At noon a banquet was

Ordination

tendered to Father Stephenson and his friends after which Mr. James Daly, as toastmaster, called upon the following to respond to toasts: Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Prof. C. Kennedy, Mr. John A. O'Brien, Rev. W. J. Bergin, Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D. and Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V.

Father Stephenson entered the religious community of St. Viator at the Viatorian Novitiate about ten years ago. Since then he has been teaching at St. Viator College and at Columbus College, Chamberlain, South Dakota, and during that time his generosity and affability gained for him a large circle of friends. Everywhere, upon the campus and in the classroom, among the students and among his confreres, his smiling face brought good cheer and although at times overwhelmed with difficulties of his own, he always found a way to assist others in overcoming theirs. So, it was with an outburst of exultant joy that he was welcomed back to our midst to continue his labors among us. To Father Stephenson we extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes. May God in His goodness spare him long that he may be to others as he has been to us, a sincere friend "*Ad Multos Annos.*"

Carleton Enright has recently been added to the teaching faculty of St. Viator. Professor Enright has but lately left Harvard University where he specialized in comparative literature and modern languages. While at Harvard he was assistant editor of the *Harvard Current* a daily paper published by the students. Professor Enright has taken charge of the English course in the High School department.

**Professor
Enright**

ALUMNI NOTES

Arthur C. Lowenthal, '05, is at present employed in New York City. He is identified with one of the large manufacturing corporations of that city.

We recently received a communication from Earl H. Carter, Jr., '04. Earl is engaged in the live stock business with his father in Pauls Valley, Okla.

Lawrence T. Ward, A. B., '14, is managing his mother's drug establishment at Otterbein, Ind.

Thos. C. Colgan, '15, is attending school in Peoria, Ill., at Spalding Institute.

Our old and popular friend, R. G. (Dick) Berry, '11, is now employed in the capacity of superintendent of the Berry Bolt Works, Dayton, O.

It is with deep regret we are informed of the serious illness of Rev. J. A. Pilon, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church at Spooner, Wisconsin. Reverend Father Pilon was ordained in nineteen-nine and has since then been a most earnest and zealous priest in the diocese of Superior, Wis. The faculty of the College and the Viatorian unite in extending to Father Pilon their earnest hopes for his early and complete recovery.

Emmett Trainor, H. S. '11, has completed his course in Law and Jurisprudence at Loyola University and recently passed the State Bar examination. We extend to Emmett our hearty congratulations and our best wishes for his unlimited success.

Forrest Houlehan, H. S. '13, has entered the commercial world and is now representative for the Monarch Typewriter Co., at Stevens Point, Wis.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, who was ordained from St. Viator in nineteen-fourteen, has been promoted to first assistant at the Cathedral of Louisville, Ky.

Robert McGuire, '14, is attending school at the University of Notre Dame, where he is making his course in the classics.

We are informed that John Dougherty, '14, is pursuing a course in Law at the University of Michigan.

Frank Trunk, '11, is engaged in agriculture on his father's farm at Chatsworth, Ill.

Wm. J. (Bill) Lawlor, '15, has accepted a position managing one of his brother's apple orchards in the southern part of the state of Illinois. We will no doubt soon realize that there is more than one Luther Burbank. Go to it Bill, its "fruit."

PERSONALS

James McCann, H. S. '15, returned to St. Viator last month to renew old acquaintances. Jim is associated with his father in the undertaking business which Jim confesses to be pretty "dead." He insists that he "will get us all in the end."

Morris O'Connor, '11-12, the star quarterback of the St. Viator Junior Football team, piloted the Chicago Thorns to our gridiron last month to administer a defeat to his old school-mates.

John Liston, H. S. '15, who visited us recently, is getting his business "train"-ing at the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. offices in Chicago.

'We were much surprised to see Ward Miller in the Notre Dame line-up against St. Viator a few weeks ago. Ward was a minim here about seven years ago. Ward is a big man now.

"Red" McGee, H. S. '15, is studying electrical engineering at Armour Institute. "Red" always was a "live wire." We hope he keeps his promise to visit us again.

Ray Kavanaugh, '12-'15, while enjoying a few hours visit with his many friends recently told us of the lucrative position he held with The National Biscuit Company. Ray says he makes plenty of "dough."

Incapable of resisting the magnetic influences of St. Viator Ed Hayden, H. S. '15, was attracted to our midst recently. Ed is busy driving his new Cadillac-8.

Just a fortnight ago the old students enjoyed a visit from Robert Hanley, '13-'15, who is now studying law at Loyola. We expect another Blackstone to be added to the list of our alumni in a few years.

Edward Reilly, '12, registered at our hostelry last month. Ed successfully passed the bar-examination at Springfield last month, he is now practicing law in his own home town Minonk.

The young Academics were afforded a rare treat a few weeks ago in feasting their eyes on a "big leaguer", Al McCarthy, '09,

of the Chicago Cubs. We trust that Al will agreeably surprise us with another visit in the near future.

Among the ordinandi of last year who graced our campus and delighted their many admirers with a visit were Rev. J. M. Fitzgerald, Danville, Ill.; Rev. Jos. Heeney, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Francis Shea and Rev. E. Kelly, of Chicago, Ill.

Among the other Reverend gentlemen whom the faculty had the pleasure of entertaining were: Fathers H. Savary, Chicago; H. Darche, Chicago; W. Leen Farley, Iowa; M. Mugan, Chicago; O. Bourdeau, Manteno, Ill.; F. Helta, Chicago; Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V.; P. J. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; Father Lebonne, Clifton, Ill.; M. O'Connell, Knoxville, Iowa; P. Dufault, Chicago; Z. P. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; F. Hess, Strawn, Ill.; John F. Power, Dwight, Ill.; Rev. C. A. Danz, Kankakee, Ill.; Messrs. P. McGee, Manhattan, Ill.; P. O'Dwyer, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Cliffords, C.S.V.; Rev. J. F. Moisant, Chicago; Rev. C. A. Poissant, St. George, Ill.; Revs. Bernard J. Olemanski, Kankakee; P. E. Leben, Joseph A. Sehnke, Chicago; L. G. Libert, Martinton, Ill.; Messrs. D. E. Walsh, Spring Valley; J. M. Fitzgerald, Wilmington, Ill.; Wm. J. Kinsela, Chicago; C. A. Hausser, Seneca, Ill.; C. L. M. Rimmels, Ashkum, Ill.; Revs. Stephen E. McMahon, Chicago; John P. Barry, Odell, Ill.; S. L. Labrie, Mommence, Ill.; S. Tyrchas, Chicago; J. P. Suerth, Chicago; J. C. Welsh, Chicago Heights; T. J. Timmons, Watseka, Ill.; W. J. Cleary, Danville; J. P. Flanagan, Tolono, Ill.; Jno. T. Bennett KKK.; J. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; F. X. Hazen, C.S.V.; Rev. L. A. Goulette, Chicago; Revs. C. Skrypko, Chicago; W. Granger, Bradley, Ill.

N E C R O L O G Y

On Friday, Nov. 5, 1915, the soul of Rev. J. F. Mahoney, pastor of Parnell, Iowa, winged its flight to Heaven to receive its reward for long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. On the day of his death Father Mahoney was enjoying his usual good health; he had gone through the routine of his pastoral work. That morning he had administered the Holy

Eucharist to a large number of parishoners who were faithful to the First Friday devotions. Just as the Angelus Bell was ringing, without a moment's warning, he was stricken and died within a few minutes.

His cousin, the Rev. M. A. O'Connell of Knoxville, Iowa, had charge of the funeral arrangements. The funeral mass was sung at St. Joseph's Church, Parnell, Iowa, at 9 A. M. by Rt. Rev. James Davis, Bishop of Davenport, assisted by Very Rev. J. T. Flanagan, V.G. of Davenport as archpriest, and Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., President of St. Viator College, and Very Rev. J. J. Toomey, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, as deacons of honor, and Very Rev. J. McCormick, Melrose, Iowa, and Rev. John A. Glenn, Williamsburg, Iowa, as deacons of the mass. Very Rev. F. J. Leonard, P. R., Muscatine, Iowa, was Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. Jos. F. Nugent, LL.D., of Des Moines, Iowa, preached the sermon. He paid a glowing tribute to the priesthood in general and to the priestly and exemplary life of Father Mahoney in particular.

The esteem and love which the laity and clergy held for Father Mahoney were evinced by the large attendance at his funeral. Over one hundred priests were present besides a large delegation from Parnell and the surrounding country.

After the Mass his remains were escorted by the clergy and laity to the depot, whence they were transferred to his native town Ridgeway, Wisconsin. There Mass was sung Wednesday by Rev. Thos. Rohner assisted by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., and Rev. M. A. O'Connell as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. D. D. Heshen of Chicago, a boyhood friend of the deceased, preached. Interment was at St. Bridget's Cemetery, Ridgeway, Wisconsin.

The Viatorian extends their sincerest sympathies to our Very Rev. President J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., in the loss of his beloved cousin. "May his soul rest in peace."



SOCIETIES

BROWNSON DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, October 26th, Father Bergin met the students of the college department in assembly and completed the work of organizing the Brownson Debating Society. After the Reverend-censor had announced the purpose of the organization and his plans for the weekly meetings, the election of officers was held. The following were chosen: President, T. D. Sullivan; Vice-President, Charles A. Hart; Secretary, Fulton J. Sheen. The first question for debate—"Resolved, That Intercollegiate Athletics should be encouraged"—was presented for open discussion and several interesting arguments were made, principally by members of last year's debating teams. The meeting adjourned, after deciding to hold weekly meetings in the Auditorium.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The first meeting of the class of '17 held October 10th revealed the fact that all of last year's members had returned and several new students had honored themselves by enrolling as Juniors. In the election of officers the following were chosen: T. D. Sullivan, president; J. F. Cox, vice-president; Charles A. Hart, secretary, and Fulton J. Sheen, treasurer. The constitution and by-laws adopted in 1913 were read and with a few judicious amendments were again adopted. After the final details for the Columbus day programme had been arranged the class adjourned to meet again in two weeks.

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomores held their first meeting October 18th and elected the following officers for the present scholastic year: Thomas Shea, president; Edward C. Kelly, vice-president; Emmet Flynn, secretary; P. I. Carberry, treasurer. The new constitution was drafted and resolutions adopted that all members should conduct themselves with more dignity. On account of your numbers and your capable set of officers much is expected of you, Sophomores.

FRESHMEN.

An unusual looking crowd of students gathered in the Philosophy room on the evening of October 15th and in the course of an hour they had become duly organized Freshmen. Both quantity and quality characterize this class, especially the officers, who are as follows: C. E. Fischer, president; G. Galvin, vice-president; F. C. Hangsterfer, secretary, and E. T. O'Connor, treasurer. Welcome and success to you Freshmen!

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

On Oct. 14th the fourth year high school class organized and elected the following officers: President, Gordon McDonald; vice-president, Glenn Powers; secretary, John Collins; treasurer; Melvin McCarthy. After the installation of officers the question of class colors came up and maroon and gold were adopted. The meeting was adjourned after committees had been appointed to handle class matters arising during their final high school year.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE MESSAGE OF MOSES AND MODERN HIGHER CRITICISM."
Benziger Bros. Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D.D.

This is a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Catholic Students' Organization of the University of Pennsylvania by Rev. E. Francis Gigot, D.D. The lecturer admirably and conclusively sets forth in plain and simple language the many points at issue between the traditional position concerning the messages of Moses and the theories of Modern Higher Criticism.

Benziger Bros. Price, 15 cents.

"THE MAD KNIGHT." O. V. Schaching.

As the title of the book suggests it deals with the practices of chivalry. Like Cervantes of Spain the author has set himself against the evils of our past and present ill tempered romantic lit-

erature. The hero of the story is a romance-crazed Spanish nobleman, who dresses himself as a knight and in company with his squire, a clumsy peasant of the neighborhood, sets out to seek adventures. Besides the serious element there is within its pages a wealth of humor which cannot fail to delight the reader.

Benziger Brothers.

"POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM." From the German of Rev. Bamberg-Thurston S. T.

These sermons present the catechetical doctrines in a truly admirable manner. Simplicity of expression, lucidity of thought and homely illustrations are among the chief of the many qualities which characterize these sermons. They are in three volumes. The sermons of the first deal with Faith; the second with the Commandments, and the third with the Sacraments. They cannot fail to appeal strongly to and instruct the people. We unhesitatingly recommend these three volumes to all in general and to priests in particular.

Benziger Bros., Chicago and New York.

"THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD." Mary G. Bonesteel.

This is a simple, interesting story which is sure to delight senior as well as juvenile readers. It deals with the times of the Spanish-American war. Unlike many of our present day juvenile books its adventures have been tempered by the sound common sense of the author.

Benziger Bros.

"CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL."

With each recurring year we are glad to welcome to our desk and hearth the "Catholic Home Annual." We doubly welcome it this year; it breathes forth peace and the gentle things of the spirit that are especially needed today in every hearth and every land. This unique publication brings the warm sunlight and cheery fireside glow into the Christian home. It should be found in every Christian home, for it contains information that is indispensable to every household.

Benziger Bros. Price, 25 cents.



LEWIS INSTITUTE 0—ST. VIATOR 27.

Despite the fact that a new-backfield carried the ball for the locals on Saturday, Oct. 16, and that torn shoulders and charlie-horses were in the possession of most of the squad, the "Old Gold and Purple" gave Lewis Institute second place in the ratio of 27 to 0.

From the kick-off until the end of the game St. Viator had a comfortable advantage over the visitors. The Bourbonnais crowd with their shifts, passes and slashing end runs completely baffled the Chicago men. Finnigan, the big right end, tackled with the force of a catapult and his smashing of interference was spectacular. "Red" Clinnin, newly initiated in a back field position, bored the line persistently. Fischer, Conroy and Flynn toss for the remaining lime-light honors of the home team. Alden, the quarter-back for the opposition, shone brightly; his generalship was enviable and his handling of punts smacked of university ginger.

LINE UP.

Finnigan	R.E.	Parnell
McCarthy	R.T.	Madson
Kasper	R.G.	Henderson
Malone	C.	Esfy
Walker	L.G.	Lebeau
Fischer (Capt.)	L.T.	Carlton
Conroy	L.E.	McRacken
Flynn	Q.	Alden
Clinnen	R.H.	Eoord
Moran	L.H.	Sage
Gallagher; Hughes	F.B.	Kingsley

Touchdowns—Clinnin (2); Finnegan, Hughes (1). Goals from touchdown—Fischer (3). Referee—Harmon (DePauw). Umpire—Streeter (Illinois Wesleyan).

FIRST REGIMENT 7—Viator 38.

The initial game of the football season did not furnish the many expected thrills. The locals swept the visitors from their feet in indifferent fashion to a 38 to 7 count. First Regiment did not prove formidable and the "Old Gold and Purple" had a comfortable shade, throughout the contest, with the possible exception of the fourth quarter, when the Chicagoans made their downs several times on line-plunging. Viator worked the forward pass with great skill and circling-the-ends was a tactic the visitors could not solve. All members of the squad were given a trial and all made good showings. The individual stars would be hard to choose, but noticeable men were Neeson of First Regiment, who ran his team with keen judgment. Clinnin, Gallagher, Hughes, Conroy and Finnigan were the regulars of Viator who took turns piling up points for the home team. Capt. Fischer, with an accurate toe, came through without an incompleated goal. All men are in fine shape and the coming week will be devoted to hard training for the game Saturday, Oct. 9, with Eastern Illinois State Normal at Charleston, Illinois.

LINE UP.

FIRST REGIMENT.

Robison	R.E.	Finnigan
Wilson	R.T.	Clinnin
Felker	R.G.	Kasper; Walker
Bickerton	C.	Malone
Venske; Maller	L.G.	Shea
Brodke; Bailey	L.T.	Fischer
Weiss; King	L.E.	Conroy; McCarthy
Neeson; Lloyd	R.H.	Gallagher
Miller	F.B.	Francis
Leach; Daley	L.H.	Hughes; Moran
Shilling; Neeson	Q.B.	Flynn; Roach

Touchdowns—Conroy (1), Gallagher (2), Finnigan (1), Hughes (1). Drop kick—Clinnin. Goals—Fischer (5), King (1). Referee—Streeter. Headlinesman—O'Connor.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS NORMAL o—ST. VIATOR 96.

Ninety-six to nothing was the tune to which the St. Viator eleven completely romped away with Northern Illinois Normal of DeKalb on Oct. 23. The local boys sharpened to the keenest edge of form, swept the enemy from their feet before a large crowd of indifferent spectators.

The Normal started with apparent strength, but a few minutes of play found Viator puncturing holes in the opponent's line until the ball lay inside the twenty-yard line. A fake cross-buck and a short pass put the oval over for the first touchdown. The remainder of the quarter was a continuation of the first stunt and it ended with Viator leading by 28.

The next lap was devoted to more scoring by Gallagher, Flynn and Hughes. "Jack" tucked the ball under his arm at the first kick-off of the last half and made a pretty sprint through the DeKalb team for a touchdown. His slippery tactics throughout the game made him inaccessible to the opponents. Flynn, our tiny quarter back, ran the team like lightening and used his scanty frame with effect in smashing interference. Roach got his first chance at generalship and did fine work especially on defense. The points were all made by the touchdown course and the back-field men all had at least two chalked to their credit. Carton, the invaders' quarter back, caused the local bunch not a little worry as his speed and judgment netted several favorable gains which threatened the Viator goal.

LINE UP.

Normal, o—re, Smith; rt, Green; rg, Stabb; c, Kramer; lg, Grofer; lt, Marshall; le, Kalif; rh, Paddock; lh, Patton; fb, Harrison; q, Carton (captain).

Viator, 96—re, Finnigan; rt, Clinnen; rg, Shea, Cahil; c, Malone; lg, Fischer (captain); lt, Walker, Kasper, McCarthy; le, Roach, Conroy; rh, Pemberton; lh, Gallagher; fb, Hughes, Francis; q, Flynn, Roach.

Touchdowns—Finnigan, Flynn, Conroy, Francis, Hughes (2), Gallagher (4). Goal from touchdown—Fischer (12). Referee—Kittleman (Northwestern). Umpire—Harmon (De Pauw). Headlinesman—O'Connor.

NOTRE DAME FRESHMEN 26—ST. VIATOR 0.

Notre Dame Freshmen invaded our camp on Saturday, Oct. 30, and conquered, but their victory was not the easiest in the world as the "Gold and Purple" aggregation, outweighed by thirty pounds, gave a superb exhibition of the "college sport." They put up a plucky battle against the heavy "hoosier squad" and when the half way mark was reached neither team had scored.

Open work on the part of both sides featured the first half. Philburn and Clinnen staged a punting contest and in this way the game was fought back and forth, the ball being kept well in mid-field. In the second half Notre Dame resorted to straight football and with terrific line plunges, tore through the light Viator line for twenty-six points.

This defeat is not a discredit to our fast team because their lack of weight proved their nemesis. Flynn and Hughes loom out as the back-field favorites while Finnigan and Roach proved themselves ends of the stellar type. Clinnen, Capt. Fischer, Shea, Kasper and Malone defended the front in gritty fashion.

LINE UP.

NOTRE DAME FRESHMEN

Berkey	L.E.
Cook	L.T.
Coughlin	L.G.
Zoia	C.
Philborn	R.G.
Thomas	R.T.
Murphy	Q.B.
Allen; Pierson	L.H.
Miller; O'Hara	F.B.
McDermitt	R.H.

ST. VIATOR

Roach; Conroy
Fischer
Kasper
Malone
Shea
Clinnen
Flynn
Gallagher
Hughes; Francis
Pemberton

Touchdowns—Murphy (2), McDermitt, Miller (1). Goals—McDermitt (2). Referee—Harmon (DePauw). Umpire—Streeter (Illinois Wesleyan). Field judge—Dondanville (St. Marys). Headlinesman—O'Connor.

ACADEMICS FOOTBALL

LIGHTENING ATHLETIC CLUB 7—VIATOR
ACADEMICS 43.

With a clean record, the Lightning A. C. of Chicago lined up against Viator's rapid one hundred and twenty-five pounders

on Oct. 10 and took the short end of the score. Under the direction of Coach Dondanville the younger crowd presented a team of near-varsity caliber. They have the modern football down to a fine point and used the pass and open-field play to great advantage. Men to be mentioned in this game are Powers, McGrath and Hermes.

LINE UP.

LIGHTENING A. C. 7

Russell	L.E.
Corbett	L.T.
Lee	L.G.
Boland	C.
Cavanaugh	R.G.
Hermes, A.	R.T.
Shields; Kavanaugh	R.E.
Berry	Q.B.
McGrath (capt.)	L.H.
Powers	F.B.
Hermes, R.	R.H.

VIATOR ACADEMICS 43

Dremil; Jenisch
Kaevohl
Christeanson
Willisch
Brennan
Berron
Broderick (capt.); Olson
Nolan
Stanger
Musken
Reading

Touchdowns—Russell (1), Shields (1), A. Hermes (1), Powers, McGrath (2), Nolan (1). Goals from touchdown—Powers (2), Reading (1).

“THORNS” 39—VIATOR ACADEMY 0.

The “Acks” pitted their strength against the star “Thorn team” of Pullman, Illinois, on Oct. 24, but went down in defeat before this small, but matured aggregation. Berry at quarterback for the Viator light-weights ran his team like a big general and displayed great accuracy in shooting passes. Shields, McGrath and Powers draw for the balance of the honors. Duffy, the left half-back for the visitors, claimed the laurels for his team. The game proved interesting from beginning to end.

LINE UP.

THORN A. C.

La Forest	L.E.
St. Clair	L.T.
Curley	L.G.
Snip, W.	C.
Christensen	R.G.

ACADEMICS

Russell; Kavanaugh
Spalding
Lee
Boland
Cavanaugh; Ryan

Raditz	R.T.	Hermes, A.
Viseneaux	R.E.	Shields
Goetz	Q.B.	Berry; Russell
Duffy	L.H.	McGrath
Apple	F.B.	Powers
Duncan	R.H.	Hermes, R.

Touchdowns—Duffy (3, Duncan (1), Apple (2). Goals from touchdowns—Apple (3).

SIGNALS.

The “overhead work” in the Normal game was extrafine.

“Finny” generally carries up the rear of the offending backfield—hence so many pretty tackles.

Gal**LEG**her’s move just a little too fast for the opposition.

Shea and Kasper deserve great praise for their stubborn defensive work in the Notre Dame game.

Our Scrubs must not be forgot—as their assistance is invaluable.

Roach makes a likely end-man and his tackling has made him a favorite with the fans.

“Red” goes well anywhere—in the line or as a carrier.

“Scoop” Pemberton has put in an appearance and the De Kalb, Normal and N. D. Freshman games found him up to his old-time form.

Hughes and Francis are alternating at *Full*, consequently somebody must receive a few bumps.

The men behind the gun—
MacDonald, Tillman and Dunn.

Flynn never takes anyone his own size.

A big Kankakee delegation watched the Varsity and N. D. Freshman game.

CLIN_n**E**_n and **FiScH**_{er} **tAcK**_I**ERS**.

VIATORIANA

All men are divided into three classes, one of which the goofers constitute, the goofs another, those who in their own language are called “bystanders” in ours onlookers, the third. All these differ from each other in brilliance, hair cuts and ears. Circumstances galore separate bystanders from the ranks of the goofs; consideration and kindness separate goofers from the witnesses. Albeit that man as a rule is kind, it must be that the several goofing parties put on during the past month, be brought to light.

One of importance is the College Marble Contest held in our temple of physical development. Our mutual friend Mr. K—from Cairo—displayed his oriental skill in the pill-rolling art to such a degree that he overwhelmingly defeated the former champion and won the silk embroidered moccasins that accompany the title. A few kind words were called for and the new champ expressed “thanks” for the local support, etc., etc.

On Oct. 20, our friend Mr. Q. Bal put on an exhibition of the terpsichorean art as depicted on wheels. We were quite surprised at the dexterity and skill displayed by this youth who gives promise of rivaling the Castles.

SOLVED.

At last we know why football players always have their suits pressed—they let the *gridiron*.

The Sems tried to play a quiet game of tennis but finally gave up in disgust. Each man raised a racket.

Silence reigned for about an hour and there we were without an umbrella.

Why do certain schools refuse to accept certain students when they let the *cash register*?

Why Louis!

Dougherty—"Fulton, got a camel?"

October 30th convinces us that dirty football may be played without a muddy field.

Bro. S. (coming into room)—What are you toasting that bread on?

Student—"Why on the electric-light bulb.

Bro. S.—Excuse me! I thought you had a toaster.

The team's account of the Charleston game:—

"?XXC!—X%()plus\$!!! XX—?II."

Lovey—"Je't'adore."

Dovey—"Shut it yourself."

Juniors—I can keep my books clean this year—all classes in the morning and my hands are clean.

Spring must be here,—the blackboards have turned green. We shall have to whitewash the green blackboards when winter arrives.

SUCH LANGUAGE.

"That's B-flat isn't it?"

"Nò! Sounds like 'L' to me."

Quincy Poole and Kelly from Cairo are now pals. Some Kelly-Poole combination.

Oh! Teacher!

"This is the kind of an afternoon you ought to be in Kanka-kee with a piece of muslin."

Why don't you sing intelligent music instead of "You're here and I am here, what'll we do tonight."

"If anyone enters the room don't let them in the door."

Orchestra Leader—"Have you seen my violin?"

Pupil—Yes, she was playing with her bow on the bridge, but he tried to string her with forged notes, so they took a rest and proceeded to her auntie's house. The chord broke and she lost her key. He then offered her a box of allegretto's but she beat him with a measure andante sent her home.

Oct. 22—We had chicken yesterday. I don't suppose we'll see it again for months and months and months.

Prefect—"Are there any more waiting to see me?"

Student—"Yes. Three boys await without."

Prefect—"Without permission I suppose."

Kasper hurt his foot on Saturday. He now wears weak-end shoes.

"UM-M! MACAROONS!"

Teach (in zoology class)—"Where are sponges found?"

Student—"What kind?"

Teacher—"The common species."

Student—"Oh, yes! Why in the college store at 4 p. m. every day."

OBSERVED.

Yes the field could have been harder. It might have been paved.

James and Tom and Armond
Three college students gay
Set out one sunny morning
For apples minus pay.

These same young apple hunters
Namely Kelly, Malone and Doyle
Soon found their cider blossoms,
And dreamed of banquets royal.

But lo! From out the bushes
A double barrel did shine
"Just wait there 'til the sheriff comes
And gets your rusty dimes."

Behind the cold steel bars they sat
And thought of Alma Mater,
They met a friend well known to all
With him we will not bother.

For several hours the boys did wait
And then relief did come;
They were let out and each did shout,
"Never again for Muh!"

Every time Finnegan moves a foot he goes a rod.

The man in 216 can't sleep because Kelly won't let him Malone.

Why do we tell a losing fighter to "stop the blows" when none of them get by him.

At (McBrooms)—"Constance will you have a little lobster?"
"Oh! Harold this is so sudden!"

John—"You could dance wonderfully well if it were not for two things."

Hank—"What are they?"

John—"Your feet."

Mc—"I have a jailbird for a room-mate."

Fr. O'M—"You must feel quite at home."

Nobody home but the clock and it's moving in the Spring.

HUSH MONEY.

Paying the President's fare when you're on the last car.

"Tonight's the Night."



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