

Hamlet Number

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“Hamlet is Shakespeare”

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-honoured, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguessed at, Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

—M. ARNOLD.

“The eternal mystery of Hamlet is the eternal mystery of Shakespeare.”

OPHELIA—THE FAIR, THE LOVABLE

*Thou wert, indeed, a rose of fairest May,
 A flower faded from our view too soon,
 In thee a world infected with foul sin
 Could not, alas, see aught of thy soul's charm,
 Its heav'nly purity. Of all the court,
 But one alone, the prince and heir unto
 The nation's crown, saw in thy fair blue eyes
 Reflected clear an angel's loveliness.*

*He sought thee but he found thy fragile stem
 Could never bear the weight of all that grief
 Which he would share with thee. His loss, in thee
 —The bitter loss of all that earth held dear,—
 Did sniff the flick'ring flame that guides the mind
 And left thee in that barren land alone
 Where none did care thy pangful grief to soothe
 Nor ease thy mind in its distracted woe.*

*With garlands gay thou, on a lightless path
 Unmindful of the fate that followed close,
 The willowed brook with joyous step didst seek
 And there didst place thy only wealth, thy life
 Upon the mirrored surface of the waves.
 And thus thy little life—yet 'twas not lived—
 Was done. And then, unlike a rose of May,
 Thou went to blossom in Eternity.*

—CHARLES A. HART, '17.

**"HAMLET"—A TRAGEDY OF FATE
OR CHARACTER?**

R. J. FRENCH, '17

Hamlet is not the victim of some overmastering power, which, in spite of his opposition, brings him to a tragic end, but he is, on the contrary, a free agent influenced temporarily by a deep melancholy which arises from the blasting of his youthful ideals and from which he has not the verve or force of character to free himself. Hamlet's life ends tragically simply because he cannot make up his mind to follow a line of conduct which he knows to be right.

His first soliloquy by reason of its position is all important and must govern one's impression of the character of Hamlet. The hasty marriage of his loved and honored mother with his father's brother, following so closely upon the death of his admired and venerated father, fills him with disgust for this life and a desire for death. His wish

*".....that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"*

shows that the black despair of his soul prompts him to seek relief in death rather than bear manfully the evils of this life.

As the drama advances, Hamlet's perplexity increases. His mother's unfaithfulness to his royal father and the murder of this father by Claudius are revealed to Hamlet by his father's ghost, and, furthermore, he has thrust upon him the burden of avenging the crime. The fact that Hamlet had suspected this foul play towards his deceased father, as we gather from his exclamation on receiving the news,

*"O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!"*

should have precluded, to some extent, any subsequent doubt as to the validity of the ghost. Abhorring his mother's shame and aghast at his uncle's crime, Hamlet resolves that his father's commandment all alone shall live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter. The ghost, however, has hardly disappeared, when Hamlet feels his weakness and inabil-

ity to accomplish the deed and exclaims with great bitterness of soul,

“.....*O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!*”

Almost three months go by without Hamlet's accomplishing his object. He has feigned madness simply to deceive himself with the sense of mental activity centering about the work he solemnly pledged himself to undertake. He has passed his time in waiting, watching, planning, believing that he needs more proof and incentive, yet conscious of cowardly shrinking from an unpleasant task. The emotional vigor of some actors in speaking lines from an old play force Hamlet to realize that he is phlegmatically indifferent to all that should stir his manhood. In a long soliloquy he laments his inactivity, his delays, his want of courage, his inability to attain his end. In order to rouse himself to action, he even abuses himself as a rank coward, but has to admit

“.....*that he is pigeon liver'd and lacks gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
He should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal.*”

Though willing enough to remember the behest of his father's ghost, he still shrinks from its fulfillment, and again seizes a subterfuge by reasoning that since the ghost may be an evil phantom wishing to damn him, he must, therefore, seek reasons more relative for action. The actors must present a play in which a murderer like his uncle appears, and if Claudius but blench at the sight, Hamlet will know his course.

The play is performed before the court and moves the king to such “distemper” that he leaves the hall in rage and guilty fear. Here is more than sufficient reason for Hamlet to steel his nerves and fulfill his mission. Yet he attempts nothing and remains just as unresolved as before, even after this indubitable confirmation, through the Play Scene, of the ghost's testimony.

Even fate itself, granting for the moment its admission in the play, gives Hamlet a splendid opportunity to kill Claudius at prayer yet Hamlet's vacillating mood again asserts itself in order to await

“.....*a more horrid bent' for his sword,
“When Claudius is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,”*

or engaged in something

“*That has no relish of salvation in't.*”

The bitter irony of Hamlet's reasoning here becomes apparent when the King rises from his knees and ruefully confesses that his prayers never reached heaven, because his soul is still black with sin and impenitence. Hamlet, thereafter, relapses into mere spells of eloquent but ineffective passion.

Roused by the sight of the army of Fortinbras on the march,

*"To gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name"*

Hamlet sees "how all occasions do inform against him and spur his dull revenge!"

*"I do not know," he cries,
"Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't."*

Though much might be said for other interpretations of Hamlet's very baffling character it seems at least very plausible that "Hamlet" is a tragedy of character and not of ruthless fate. The tragic defect in the Prince's make up is, as I have tried to show, his shrinking from a duty that he recognizes to be his. It is not enough to see a duty; we must respond to it actively. Hamlet's resolutions availed him little, because he failed to carry them out.

POLONIUS

CHAS. A. HART '17

Polonius: "Do you know me, my lord?"

Hamlet: "Excellent well, you are a fishmonger."

Thus it is that Hamlet in his pretended madness, which admittedly had method in it, characterizes Polonius, lord chamberlain of his uncle's court. We, too, like Hamlet feel that we know this old politician at Elsinore "excellent well" for he is one of the most insinuatingly real of all Shakespearean creations. Imagine an old, shrewd, time-serving diplomat who has outlived his usefulness and capability; guided throughout his life by the philosophy of the world; avid of worldly success and kingly favor; possessed of the shallow mind and superficial character of a man whose

only moral guide is a fund of pragmatic maxims. His is no benign and venerable old age, rich with wisdom—the delightful old age of Cicero's description—but the dotage and emptiness of senile decay.

The philosophy of Polonius, like style in a French critic's famous definition, is the man. His rule of life is objective, in that it never seeks in any way to advance Polonius' spiritual self, but to point out the shrewdest method in dealings with other men. This is especially evident in his advice to his son Laertes as well as in his instructions to Reynaldo. With elaborate caution he instructs the latter how he may, in spying upon Laertes, "by indirections find directions out." Reynaldo is to suggest to Laertes' acquaintances falsehoods concerning Laertes as a means of drawing the men out to tell things they would not otherwise reveal. Thus will "the bait of falsehood take the carp of truth." Here is not a straightforward policy but the advice of a man who has been accustomed to finding out other people's business without making them feel conscious of a quizzing. Not an item is left to Reynaldo's own common sense. It is characteristic of people who, like Polonius, attain high office to suppose that they have a monopoly on all initiative and good sense. Coleridge characterized the whole scene well in saying that it is, "No wonder if that which can be put down by rule in the memory should appear to us a mere poring, maudlin, cunning—slyness blinking through the watery eye superannuation."

Much of the old Man's character is disclosed too, in the advice which Polonius gives to his son, Laertes, who is about to depart for France. The words of counsel are all given from a worldly point of view—how to get along with one's fellows in the smoothest manner, yet ever watchfully conserving one's own interests. It teems with selfishness and utilitarianism. The stress laid upon outward appearances is evident in such lines as these,

*"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man."*

It is characteristic of Shakespeare to have Polonius say:

*"This above all: to thine own self be true
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

Polonius could not possibly have understood this in the highly noble sense of "be true to your own highest ideals." Yet he couches the vulgar meaning, "look out for yourself" in the same

beautiful words which might express the more sublime thought. This is one of many instances of Shakespearean irony in the play.

It only tends to emphasize the old maxim-maker's smallness of soul. From his copy-book proverbs he has got one great truth but it appears, taken in its best meaning too noble a dictum for a decalogue that makes much of worldly sense as embodied in, "Dress tastily, don't lend money, don't be too talkative or confidential, don't begin a fight, but being in one pommel with might and main." Critics have found these precepts in Lyly's "Euphues," where an old counselor not unlike Polonius imparts his wisdom to heedless youth.

This smallness of soul in the Chamberlain is well brought out in Polonius' dealings with Hamlet. He is absolutely unable to fathom the young prince, who appears to the old man an inscrutable enigma. But this never would he admit. The time comes when he feels that as chamberlain of the court he must diagnose Hamlet's case. Falling back on the ruin of his former faculties, with characteristic pompousness, and exterior show of great wisdom he pronounces Hamlet insane through love:

*"This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures."*

This shallowness of mind seems to have struck no personage in the play so forcibly as Hamlet. He finds even no single redeeming quality in him, either as a servant of Claudius, as a fool, a man of the world or even father of Ophelia. He is almost brutal in the delight he takes in seizing every opportunity that is presented of pouring irony upon the old diplomat. This is very marked in the scene between the two in the lobby where Polonius comes upon Hamlet, reading—what? "Words, words, words." He expresses his scorn most tartly when he says: "that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts," and more tersely, but no less emphatically, when he spoils the effect of Polonius announcement of the coming of the players with the famous "Buz, Buz,"—a characterization in a nutshell! Hamlet must indeed have thought of him as the type of man who "could speak no sense in several languages." What a contrast the poet presents in the characters of Hamlet, himself, and Polonius, the one a deeply intellectual, spiritual soul; the other a worldly, meddlesome, busy-body!

Towards Ophelia, Polonius is far from acting the part of a loving father. He never hesitates to use this fragile flower, the "rose of May, the flower too soon faded" as an instrument in furthering his deceitful designs. He forces the spotless maiden to play, for the first time, a part, to practice deception upon her only true friend in all the world. He has no protection or sympathy to offer her in her childlike fear of Hamlet, who has come into her chamber to test her womanly qualities—he who should have been both a mother and father. Poor Ophelia! quite alone. It is some insight into the heartlessness of Polonius that moved Hamlet to call him a fishmonger—a seller, as some critics interpret the word here, of his daughter's honor. This, however, seems to us too hard upon the old man. His unparental feeling is probably seen at its worst in the scene where he "looses" his daughter to converse with Hamlet while he, himself, and the king are spying behind the arras. But surely this is bad enough as he admits himself when he observes to his fellow-conspirator :

*"We're oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself."*

The truth of these words affords an ironical contrast to the meanness of his actions. A father who could stoop so low as to be the means whereby this scene were possible is about as despicable a character as one could imagine. We will not follow Ophelia and Hamlet through that most pathetic scene but we know that it is the cause whereby Ophelia, "of ladies most deject and wretched," meets the shock that makes her later insanity inevitable.

Polonius' sacrifice of his daughter to the verification of a pet theory carries with it a heavy penalty. Once too often he plays the part of a spy and the impulsive thrust of Hamlet's rapier sends him to his death. Thus is the end of the old time serving politician, the fawning courtier who was ever ready to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee"—where thrift might follow fawning." Take him for all in all he was not a man whose like we should be delighted to look upon again. Still he had appeared quite favorably to most people at Elsinore. So cautious and so sharp a villain as Claudius had much faith in his ability. It was only a searching observer and student of character like Hamlet who saw through him and found so little good in him.

The interpretations of the character of Polonius by Shakespearean companies of the present day show wide divergence. In Mr. E. H. Sothern's presentation of "Hamlet" the old lord-chamberlain is made to appear as a silly, frivolous old man, "a great baby not yet out of his swaddling clouts," or perhaps more precisely, "happily, the second time come to them," amusing rather than disagreeable. The Polonius of the Forbes-Robertson performance is a serious dignified officer of a kingdom. Most lovers of Shakespearean plays prefer Polonius as he appears in Sothern's company since a more humorous view of the old man helps much to lighten a drama which is all too full of sombre pictures. Inasmuch as Shakespeare had his eye always to dramatic effect in the theatre, it is very probable that his Polonius was the colorful conception of Mr. Sothern's production. Polonius, wise and crafty, venerable and sensible would not have made Hamlet so impatient and cynical.

OUR FLAG

*Old Glory! where has there been unfurled
A fairer standard in all the world?
Thy Red our noble patriots' blood
Thy White the purity of our womanhood
Thy Blue our loyalty and love
Thy Stars our trust in God above.
Yes, Loving Father in Thy Care
We place our hopes, our standard fair.*

—W. J. S.

HAMLET, THE MAN

FULTON J. SHEEN '17

Hamlet has the mind of a genius, the highly moral nature and lofty purpose of a poet, the speculative interest of a philosopher, the temperament of an artist, and the intellectual yearning of a scholar. Cursed as he is by inexorable fate to revenge his father's foul and most unnatural murder he courageously sets about the sordid task, though sacrificing his love of peaceful contemplation, and his versatile interests in all the pursuits of a gentleman. His story then is that of a refined nature condemned to do a brutal task at which his very nature rebels. In spite of momentary rage with cursed spite that ever he was born to set the times aright he never loses sight of an after life of justice that will demand an account of the present.

*"But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?"*

The motives alleged here, however, do not reveal the prince's moral sensitiveness at its best, as do his reproaches to his mother. It is his interview with his mother that elevates him to the plane of a confessor, anxious for the redemption of a lost soul. His utter abhorrence of vice, especially sensual vice moves the queen out of shame "to turn her eyes into her very soul." With the burning eloquence of reproof he is whole heartedly bent on arousing his mother's higher aspirations, and to accomplish this end "he sets before her a mirror" in which she may see the "black and grained spots" that leave their stain upon her once pure soul. Such ardent lines as these suggest the flaming soul of Savonarola:

*"Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose from the fair
forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oaths. O such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks the very soul."*

There is something infinitely beautiful in the unearthliness of Hamlet's response, after his mother cries that he has "cleft her

heart in twain;" and in his unbounded elation he begs her to throw away the worser part, and live the purer with the other half."

This refinement of moral nature, giving rise as it does to painful conflict with the grossness of the world naturally leads Hamlet into no little speculation upon the mystery of man. For this he has enormous intellectual capacity. His sublime reflections have become texts for scholars and thinkers as when he moralizes profoundly on man:

*"O what a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason,
How infinite in faculty
In form and moving how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel,
In apprehension how like a god,
The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"*

Again, his burdened soul delves into the problem of existence:

*"To be, or not to be: that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"*

Philosophical and contemplative as he here appears, he seems to have been, prior to his father's death, an athlete and thoroughly accomplished young man of the world. His manly actions and initiative mutine against the theory of Goethe that he was of a flowerlike disposition. He flings off Horatio and Marcellus with ease when they endeavor to restrain him from following the ghost. Because he was the first and only one who had the courage to board the pirate ship at sea, he was taken prisoner. For his adeptness in horsemanship and fencing he wins the admiration even of Claudius. He flings off Laertes in the scuffle before the grave of Ophelia. In the fatal fencing scene, even in his dying moments, he wrenches the poisoned cup from the hands of Horatio. Does the epitaph of Fortinbras, furthermore, distinguish him as a flowery character or gentle scholar? He says:

*"Let four Captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
For he was likely had he been put on,
T' have proved most royally; and for his passage,
The soldier's music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him."*

To round out our impression of Hamlet as an admirable type of a harmoniously developed man, Ophelia describes him as the "glass of fashion, the mould of form, the observed of all observers." This cultivation of the arts of social life is due to his love for the aesthetic. It generates ready wit, his jets of fresh and mellow humor, and passing jest. He sports with both word and thought delighting even in verbal and mental puns. When the old dotard Polonius, for instance, proudly states that at the university, he was accounted a good actor, saying: "I did enact Julius Caesar, I was killed in the capital; Brutus killed me," Hamlet sarcastically retorts: "It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there."

A little noticed idiosyncrasy of Hamlet's speech and significant because the tragic heroes of Shakespeare do not usually betray tricks of speech is his love for alliteration and the sound of words. An instance of the latter is his rejoinder to Polonius leave-taking. "You cannot, sir, take me from anything that I would more willingly part withal—*except my life, except my life.*" Parallel to this, "Fie on't, oh fie," "buzz, buzz," "words, words, words," "too, too solid" will instantly come to mind.

Hamlet's artistic temperament finds its greatest delight, perhaps, in the stage on the theory and practice of which he is a master. His advice to the players, remains the most admirable exposition of the ends and aims of acting that can be found—a discussion which fits the picturesque and realistic stage today, as much as it did the unsuggestive and unadorned stage of the Elizabethans. Not only was Hamlet deeply versed in the art, but he was much concerned that the exponents of that art, should use it befittingly. He warns the players, who shout their "lines like a town-crier," not to "saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

So we behold the three Hamlets,—imaginative, moral, and intellectual—yet one Hamlet. He is deterred from the fulfillment of the injunction laid upon him, because of his vivid consciousness of many possible courses of action. The intellectual element in him outweighed the practical, and his profound moralizings and solitary self communings crowd and press his soul with anguish. He is in conflict with unpleasant duty. His tragedy is the ruin of a high generous human hearted soul; a drama of a great nature confronted with a depressing environment.

HAMLET AND HORATIO

C. MARZANO, '17

To understand the social relation existing between Hamlet and Horatio, it is well for us to gain some acquaintance with the latter's character. That Horatio was a scholar, we knew from various sources. Marcellus says, "Thou art a scholar; speak to it Horatio." We may, perhaps, somewhat discredit the soldier's appellation of scholar; but Hamlet, surprised to see Horatio in Denmark, asks "What make you from Wittenburg?" The least that can be said is that Horatio was a student of the renowned Wittenburg of the sixteenth century.

Horatio, besides being a student, had an unselfish, unassuming nature. He despised vanity, hated hypocrisy and insincerity, and loved truth. He himself was "as true as a diamond," "as constant as the northern star." It does not surprise us, then, that he heaped mocking and lacerating invectives upon the unwary pate of the "waterfly" Oseric, and bantered with him in his own "golden words"—

"Is't possible to understand in another tongue?"

"You will do it sir, really."

"His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent."

"This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head."

He possessed, furthermore, a dauntless temper of mind. This quality was evidenced when the ghost appeared. Though the apparition harrowed his soul with fear and wonder, yet, regardless of consequences, he declared,

"I'll cross it though it blast me"

and immediately addressed the ghost.

Having so strong, so ideal a character, Horatio stood peerless among the people of the Danish court. The courtiers, Polonius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Oseric, were all fawners

*"Who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning."*

Generous and upright, he stood aloof from these candied tongued persons, who "lick absurd pomp;" people, who are non-entities. No wonder that Hamlet says of him—

"Do not think I flatter thee

.....
*Since my soul was mistress of her choice
 And could of men distinguish her election
 Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou has been
 As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast with equal thanks."*

Hamlet, recognizing the sterling qualities of Horatio's character, esteemed him very highly; so much so, that he says,

"Sir, my good friend: I'll change that name with you."

The steadfast attachment of the two is perceived very early in the play. Horatio is greeted warmly by the prince, and the latter responds to Horatio's reply, "A truant disposition, good my lord" by remonstrating—

*"I would not have your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself, I know you are no truant."*

This friendship became cemented even more firmly when Hamlet, thoroughly convinced of the lily-like fragility of Ophelia, gave her up forever. Then it was that he threw himself more than he had done before on the firm shoulders of Horatio; then, it was that he grappled Horatio to his soul "with hoops of steel," even wore him in his "heart of hearts." The prince tells him—

*"Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
 In my heart's core;
 Ay in my heart of hearts, as I do thee."*

Because of this Damon and Pythias like attachment. Horatio importuned the prince not to follow the ghost, and even held him back, saying: "You shall not go; Be ruled." Horatio, prompted by his love for the prince, followed him eagerly, and, with Marcellus, reached the place where Hamlet had interviewed the ghost. The two were quite inquisitive with regard

to the parley—"What news my lord?" "Good, my lord, tell it." To these queries, Hamlet thoughtfully answers—

*"It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may."*

and swears them to secrecy. Undoubtedly, had Hamlet and Horatio been the only two present when the ghost came to parley, the prince would have told his friend the results of the interview immediately; but, since a common soldier was by, prudence forced Hamlet to administer an oath of secrecy to all the witnesses.

A true friend, we feel, will have a share of our joys and of our sorrows, of our prosperities and of our adversities, aye, of our inmost thoughts, for he is a second self. So it is with Hamlet and Horatio; hence, we are confident that the prince will communicate to Horatio, at some time or other, the message of the apparition. This expectation is confirmed when Hamlet asks Horatio to observe very intently the facial expressions of the king, for, he says:

*"There is a play tonight before the king,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death."*

The dying words of Hamlet—

*"Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest: report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."*

likewise presuppose that Hamlet had imparted all to him on whom he relied with unwavering confidence. These words of Hamlet are given further proof by Horatio. The noble Roman, in the presence of the expired prince, speaks to young Fortinbras thus—

*"So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of death put on by cunning and forced cause
And in the upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventor's head; all this can I
Truly deliver."*

Bound, as these two were, by the closest and strongest ties of friendship, yet Horatio often misapprehended Hamlet's mo-

tives and deeds. Horatio was "a plain, blunt man," incapable of coping with the lofty acumen of the prince. On account of this, Horatio never spoke of the character of his princely friend. He neither praised, nor berated him; but observed him, and fathomed Hamlet's character as well as he could. Only when Hamlet was about to be clutched by the cold, icy hand of Death, did Horatio eulogize his dear Hamlet in these few words—

*"Now cracks a noble heart; good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."*

"THE HAIL MARY"

*Hail, Mary, full of grace,
The Lord has come to thee;
Hail, blessed of all the race,
Thy womb shall hallowed be!*

*Oh, holy Mother, pray
For souls in sin, and when
They feel that death's dread day
Has come to them, Amen.*

—C. H. HART, '17.

HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER

T. SULLIVAN, '17

*"A mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame,
Enkindled from above.
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love."*

The filial affection existing between Gertrude and her son contributes not a little to soften her otherwise repulsive nature, and to intensify the pathos of Hamlet's situation. In their relation is revealed the admirable qualities of Hamlet's heart, just as in his soliloquies are laid bare the rare attributes of his mind and soul. At times it would appear that his mother's sinful life

was of more consequence and deeper concern to him than the duty of avenging his father's murder. Hamlet's first long soliloquy is devoted mainly to his mother's "frailty" and this has thrown him into a melancholic despair that is "half in love with easeful death." It is the disillusionment wrought by his mother's conduct that shatters his faith in humanity, especially in woman. Yet, after all this, Hamlet at no times renounces his mother, but takes a finely spiritual interest in restoring her soul to a pure state. It is well to note that the exhortations in his interview with his mother are not so much that she should become his confederate in killing Claudius, as that she should forsake her shameful life. Of this sensitive moral abhorrence in Hamlet, the Ghost seems to have been aware when he admonished Hamlet thus:

*"Taint not thy mind; nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave here to heaven."*

Commissioned thus, he bears himself manfully, so that at no time does "the soul of Nero enter his firm bosom." In the closet scene, where Hamlet's bitterness is almost vicious, there is underlying his rebuke a tender compassion for his mother, while his reproach carries with it an admonition prompted by filial devotion.

This tenderness is very pathetically suggested by the actor, Mr. Forbes Robertson, in his notable enactment of the part. It is this tender love and sympathy for his mother that doubly enrages Hamlet against the king, who must needs answer to him for the twofold crime. Hamlet plans a revenge that is intensified by his mother's seduction, but he remains without any designs against Gertrude. Even when summoned to her chamber the prince's prayer is, that his temper will not undo him,

*"I will speak daggers to her, but use none,
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,
How in my words soever she be shent
To give them seals never, my soul consent."*

In this interview Hamlet paints her in the darkest colors; sets before her in awful vividness,

"Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty"
contrasts for her his noble father with the repugnant usurper, Claudius, that he may "turn her eyes into her very soul," and reflect in shocking brilliancy her tainted nature. All this the prince does because of his genuine love for his weak mother

and without a word as to his real intent against the king. How different is this devotion from his one-time affection for Ophelia, which perishes when she deceives him.

It would seem that Hamlet's unalloyed devotion to Gertrude was deserving of more gratitude and affection than he received. The Queen, however, did not, at all times, appear a sincere mother, but the Queen's nature will explain this. With her love for pomp and glory, and ease and luxury, she became a pitiable victim of circumstance, which plunged her into black sin. Aside from these defects, deep down in her tainted heart, there burns a mother love that is aflame to the very end of her life. One can feel something of the mother's yearning in the words which describe to us Hamlet's wonted appearance,

"But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading."

When she awakens finally to a vivid realization of her faithlessness, which has so bitterly oppressed her loyal son, and cries,

*"O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tenet,"*

we then perceive in her, as Hamlet does, a stricken conscience. Humbly repentant she vows to her son that,

*"If words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe.
What thou hast said to me."*

She is here a penitent mother, who has seen her folly, and, with a contrite heart accepts the just rebuke. Gertrude thereafter looks pathetically upon her son. In the duel scene she breathlessly watches him and offers to wipe his fevered brow. As she swoons in death she cries out, "My dear Hamlet." True motherhood is uppermost here. Although entrapped by the pitfalls of life and bearing the heavy burden of blind folly, she dies with her son's image on her heart and his name on her lips. Hamlet, bitterly oppressed and disappointed, follows her to eternity, bearing with him the sincere filial love of a truly devoted son.

HAMLET'S ENVIRONMENT

A. H. '17

To become acquainted with the environment of Hamlet is to discover, in part, at least, the essential tragedy of Shakespeare's masterpiece. We think of the protagonist of this drama as a man of wonderful intellectual endowment, a scholar who searches to the heart of things and views them in every conceivable light, a deeply spiritual speculator who has, previous to his father's murder, never been called upon to play the part of a man of action, but who is suddenly thrust from his life of study and retirement into the life of a corrupt semi-barbarous court, from the quiet of a university town into a rude, uncouth, war-like capital. This is the change in environment which Hamlet is obliged to undergo in the course of a few months. It is no great surprise, then, that this should be a tragedy of failure,—the ruin of a highly spiritual soul.

When Hamlet first appears upon the scene at Elsinore, dressed in his "inky cloak, and customary suit of solemn black," he finds himself quit out of harmony with the gaily-garbed merrymakers who have gathered to celebrate the wedding of his uncle and his mother, a marriage so shortly after his father's death that "the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." All things about him are so jarring upon his sensitive feelings that he cries out from the depths of his melancholy: "The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!" He is so far above the rough and more or less unlettered Danish society that his associates cannot in the least comprehend him. It would have been better had Hamlet been a hermit, but his craving for intellectual companionship, for association with men of his own mental plane, and for the love of a pure woman, who could understand his aspirations, would have made monastic self renunciation to him most difficult. This great capacity for true friendship is shown especially in his relations with Ophelia and Horatio. But the tragedy and pathos of his position is that he has no one to whom he may fittingly offer his gift of priceless friendship, and know that the receiver will value it as the best thing Hamlet has to offer. We may say of him as Wordsworth spoke of Milton,

who shone out in the heaven, alone, and far above all those about him: "Thy soul was like a star that dwelt apart; pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

Thus alone, this intellectual giant is rather out of harmony with his environment. To him Danish ideals and customs are repulsive to his ideals. Through the peculiar mould of his mind he has grown away from the people who surround him. He can not sympathize with them. They, in turn, do not understand him. Even the irony with which Hamlet clothes many of his searching questions is entirely lost upon the commonplace, ordinary people to whom he addresses them. What a strange whim of the fates it is that weaves so intimately the threads of this wonderful sensitive life with those of a worn-out, meddling, scheming old prattler; a lascivious, brutal, unnatural ruler; a dishonorable mother; a delicate, innocent maiden whose intellect is pitiful in comparison with that of her lover; and with such malice aforethought do the furies spin their web that naught but ruin is the outcome. Even Hamlet's own mother is one far below her son; and what is far worse she has sunk into a depth of moral degradation which places an abyss between herself and her son such as even filial love cannot span.

Even a friend is denied him. Horatio comes nearest to that great position but he, likewise lacks some of the requisites of the man who might have been a real friend to such a man. The moral rectitude and faithfulness of Horatio most, however, have given Hamlet no little joy, so he could declare with unction:

"Horatio, thou art even as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal." To crown this irony of environment the young prince must endure with what patience he may, those detestable, insufferable nonentities Guildenstern and Rosencrantz through whom Shakespeare has shown how different the tragic hero is from the ordinary type at the Court.

Another great difference which separates Hamlet from those about him is his ethical earnestness amidst the vilest deceit and dissimulation. The prince, alone, of all the court declines to truckle to the beast upon the throne. Hamlet pierces all this sham and hypocrisy and we may be sure that every word addressed to his mother comes from his heart.

*"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems,
I have that within which passeth show;"*

The beautiful passage from which these lines are taken shows that Hamlet fires up even at the word "seems" because it implies

that he might be playing his grief, and he grows indignant that his mother should class him with the other hypocrites.

In another more material way Hamlet is out of harmony with his environment. With the death of his father the "Norwegian banners flout the skies" to bid defiance to the new king. There is much need for a strong and warlike hand to guide the affairs of the Danish state. While it would be incorrect to suppose that Hamlet is not a brave man (the duels at the close of the tragedy disprove this), nevertheless the peculiar defect in his character, his over-speculation, makes him wholly unfit to be the king of Denmark. A man of action, a Fortinbras is needed. His own inability Hamlet realizes when he beholds the Norwegian army "led by a most delicate and tender prince" puffed with "divine ambition." Of Hamlet's general impression of his surroundings we learn in one of his memorable soliloquies:

*"O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."*

At any other time, and in another sphere Hamlet, we are made to feel, could easily have been a glory to the world. It is this impression that leads me to conclude that "Hamlet" is a tragedy of environment.

HAMLET AND OPHELIA

JOHN F. COX '17

*"I loved Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum."*

These lines, the somewhat exaggerated statement of a lover's feelings, seem to express Hamlet's real sentiments toward Ophelia. They are the final reference to his love for her; the outburst of emotion from a man who looks for the last time upon one dear to him—one whom he has neglected because of the enormousness of his own problems. They represent in a word his real attitude toward Ophelia. He had from the very first paid

attentions to her, as we are told by Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia, herself, when she says,

*"He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me."*

His attentions became more marked until the time of the ghost's horrible revelation when "from the tables of his memory" his courtship was set aside with "all trivial fond records." Some critics hold that if Hamlet really loved Ophelia he would not have neglected her as he did, but when we consider his almost enormous intellectual powers and the great all absorbing problem with which he was confronted we cannot but conclude that it was inevitable that he should do so. His denunciation of her in the nunnery scene does not denote his true natural feelings—it springs from the mind of a melancholy young man who, knowing his speech is overheard by enemies, acts as he does in order to baffle his listeners. During the rest of the time he is so deeply engrossed in his own problem that everything else is subordinate, but it is very probable that back of all these things he really loved Ophelia. It is only when he looks upon her in death that the full realization of his feelings strikes him—bursts through the maze of worldly cares which crowd his mind, and gives vent to itself in the lines quoted.

That Ophelia loved Hamlet there can be no doubt. Her actions point to the fact; her conversation, although it contains no literal reference to her feelings, nevertheless, implies that she loved him. Her entire interest in life was centered about him and, secondarily, about her father and brother, and it is the exclusiveness and depth of this interest that brings on her madness. The wound to her feelings at being repulsed by her lover after she had "sucked the honey of his music vows," her sadness and grief at his apparent madness, intensified because she imagines herself to be the cause of it, the shock of her beloved father's death which has been brought about by the hand of a demented lover—all these causes, resulting from her high regard for Hamlet, unite in producing her lapse of reason. Even afterwards her clouded intellect is filled with thoughts and fancies of Hamlet. In the face of such evidence we can only believe that Ophelia deeply loved Hamlet.

In the portrayal of these two characters and their relations toward each other, Shakespeare struck from his imagination a remarkable piece of dramatic contrast. Ophelia is, first of all, a sweet, gentle, innocent girl, immature of mind and heart. Brought up without that priceless requisite, the guiding hand of

a mother's love, she has been too narrowly nurtured and shielded from the taint of worldly care by a sophisticated father and brother who wish her to be unsophisticated, and she does remain sublimely innocent of "all things gross and rank in nature." Like Imogen, she is surrounded by the corruptions of a wicked court and passes through them unhurt, but unlike her, Ophelia does not know of wickedness and life's complexity—her simplicity of character makes her susceptible only to that which is simple. Her dutifulness and obedience to her father and brother are natural qualities, showing her love and deference to those who protect her. Like Cordelia she has little to say, but her very silence is expressive of her nature. She does not attempt to phrase her feelings, and never speaks of her love for Hamlet. Although Gertrude speaks of her, she intuitively, instinctively, pierces the nature of the Queen and makes no reference to her. The virtue of Ophelia is as the fragrance of a flower. The questionable delicacy of her songs does not detract from her purity for it is not the real Ophelia who sings—only the wandering, aimless recollection of things once heard, and of the significance of which she is ignorant. Her moral beauty, delicacy, and simplicity are not, and cannot be, injured.

Such a character, compared with the complex, subtle, worldly wise, highly intellectual, courageous, and manly nature of the Prince brings out a remarkable contrast; and the mutual attraction of these two people makes the contrast the more striking. Ophelia so simple and unsophisticated, so utterly incapable of rising to his intellectual heights, nevertheless, loves Hamlet. It is once more, the exemplification of that world old law—the attraction of opposites. The simple sweet innocent girl is irresistibly drawn to that noble mind, that courtier, scholar, soldier. And further, she is the only one of Shakespeare's women who could be drawn to him, whose nature would lead her to fall in love with Hamlet. Rosalind, subtle, nimble of wit, and vivacious, would class him with the melancholy brooding Jacques. The witty, roguish, practical Portia would quickly have lost patience with him. Ophelia is the one out of many whom the dramatist has so portrayed and whose nature is such that to her a man of Hamlet's type would seem a god.

The beauty and pathos of Ophelia's love for the Prince is further brought out by another marked contrast between two sets of characters, the King and Queen, and Hamlet and Ophelia. Gertrude's soft, sensual, animal-like nature has been drawn to the low brutish Claudius. Their marriage is on the low basis of passion. The innocent and virtuous Ophelia, on the other hand, is

attracted to a man of high morals and extraordinary mental attainments. Their love is on an infinitely higher plane than that of the King and Queen. Even the Queen, in her depths of wickedness and perfidy recognized this.

In speculating as to Hamlet's madness, she says :

*"For your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauty be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honors."*

and when placing flowers on Ophelia's grave she says,

*"Sweets to the sweet; fare well!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife."*

These words, coming from the lips of a worldly gross woman are an eloquent tribute to the sweet guileless maiden, and indicate that the Queen, conscious of her own wicked marriage, recognized the goodness and beauty in the love of Ophelia and Hamlet, and hoped for their union. But that was not to be—their union could not be of this world. In this lies one of the most deeply moving of tragedies.

A PAGAN CHANT

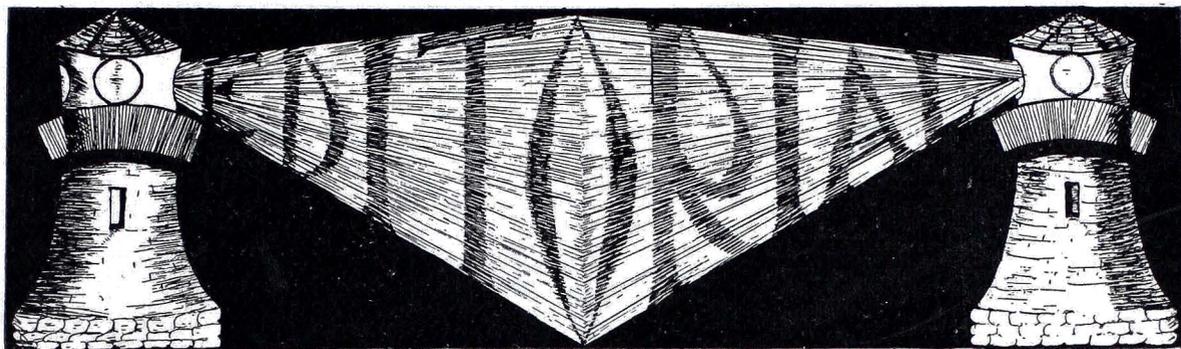
*Diana, the lovely, the chaste, the fair,
Now, throned, like a queen on her silvery chair,
With pale light replaces the passionate glow,
Which Phoebus—hot youth—casts on mortals below.*

*Thus passion yields ever to peace, calm and high,
Hark! Philomele breathes now her rapturous sigh!
Still mourning the cruel, the terrible fate
Which Itylus served—a poor victim of hate!*

*Lone bird of the night, thy sad voice makes us thrill
With dread of the vengeance that follows on ill.
And thou pleadest in tones that will some day avail
To reach mighty Jove, and gain heed for thy tale.*

*Repentant, thy sister this sorrow did share
Repenting, ye fled far from Tereus's lair
Sweet wanderer, sing, for thy pleadings so clear
Shall reach high Olympus, and Jove shall give ear.*

THOMAS J. SHANLEY, '17.



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Now is the time to start! Do not wait until the final examinations have swooped down upon you. Make hay while the sun shines. Do not vainly believe that you can review in a day, what it took one semester to cover. Now is the time to commence. You can at this time make an effort that will considerably raise your grade for the year. Take time by the forelock and when commencement day arrives and the final reading of the marks takes place, let your name stand high in the roll of your class, and you will feel the joy of victory and not despondently think of what might have been. After your hard work vacation days will be all the more pleasant.

**Now Is the
Time to Start!**

The end of this school term is drawing near. There are many in this college to whom June means graduation. They will soon embark on the skiff of life and set sail on the sea of perplexities. Though the temptations that lie on the way are many, you who leave this college to battle with life are fortified in mind and heart to overcome them. You have received a thorough Catholic education; have been taught the ethical principles of Christianity and you will now have the opportunity to use them. The world to-day, both economically and socially, is in a very unstable condition. It is the task of the coming generation to determine the form that the needful reconstruction should take, it is for you to see that it shapes itself correctly. In all your dealings and business in after life, always remember your training at your Alma Mater, and transact your business upon a true ethical basis. Give justice to all. In your social relations remember always to keep before you the principles of the Holy Mother Church. Always keep in mind that the only remedy, the only cure for the present social life is to convert, to make the world Christian. Let this be your aim, make every effort to inculcate the principles of Christianity to others, both by word and example. The greatest advance can be made by living up to your Catholic education and strictly performing your religious duties. As Christ's death on the cross, redeemed and saved all mankind, so the hearing of mass devoutly can once more bring all men to God. The same Christ suffers on our altars, as died on the hill of Calvary. Attend this sublime oblation as often as you can, and God will help you to be ever a true Christian gentleman and a son of whom your college can be proud.



E X C H A N G E S

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

We were happy in making a new friend this month, one bearing the title of *La Semaine Religieuse*, a French weekly publication hailing from Montreal. "Not many things but much" fitted precisely the efforts of our "nouveaux amis." The whole shows a lively appreciation of the present epoch-making times. A lengthy Roman correspondence for April presents an interesting account of the activity of the German diplomats at Rome. This article is fittingly followed by a briefer account of the work of the newly-appointed ambassador from England to the Holy See, Sir Edward Grey. "Relique de la vraie croix," the third and last of a series of articles tells of the holy cross of our Saviour and the veneration of the relic. A side light on the personality of King Albert of Belgium is obtained from the incident related by the writer of "Le Roi Albert et le depute socialiste." We venture to suggest that some few essays and topics of literary interest would give to your paper a nicer balance. The absence of verse is also felt but these are points we feel sure you can easily remedy judging from your other efforts. Having made the acquaintance of so interesting a friend it is our earnest wish that this friendship shall continue for many years to come.

"Chimes are sweet when the metal is sound," we read on the bell which adorns the cover of *St. Mary's Chimes* and we thought we would try its metal. The thought was a happy one for not a few were the clear, sweet sounds the chimes sent forth. The author of one of the leading articles, "Glimpses of Catholicism in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,'" seems to have caught the spirit of England's great poet of the nineteenth century and to have been able to impart some of it to her readers. The view taken is fresh and vital. A study of Tennyson in his period of doubt and groping as he moved upward working out the beast, is peculiarly interesting, and to glean the flashes of

light of Catholic doctrine which now and then break in upon his darkness and work them into a serious essay, as this writer has done, is eminently worth while. We could wish for a longer article. One point the writer might give more careful study is the less abrupt introduction of quotations. The author of the short story, "The Atheist," has been able to crowd more of the tensely interesting into the short space of one and a half columns than most story writers in our college publications. The sweet girl graduate has no hesitancy in writing on so serious a subject as "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" and we are the wiser and more appreciative of this wonderful work for her effort. A peculiar, though not the less interesting phase, of Kilmer's poems taken up by the writer of "The Unexpectedness of the Poems of Joyce Kilmer" puts a desire in our minds to become much more intimately acquainted with Kilmer. True literary values are much appreciated by the writers in the "Chimes," a reason for its high rank among college papers.

The contributors to the April *Solanian* succeeded in creating a pleasing Easter atmosphere about the issue we have at hand by offering a goodly number of essays, poems, and editorials on the Resurrection.

The Solanian What the author of "Socialism, the Real Menace" lacks in style and smoothness of diction he has made up in the matter presented, but we think he has made a mistake in paying so little attention to the manner in which his article is clothed. To a less extent the same applies to the writer of "A Glance at Macbeth." Among the editorials we were surprised to find a vigorous proponent of capital punishment who characterizes the attempts at its suppression as "maudlin sentimentality." Continuing our perusal we came upon the departments of the paper. We do not desire to be squeamish nor to take unto ourselves the office of art critic, but we hardly think it takes a very critical student of the aesthetic to see the ugliness of the cuts which are used as headings for the first two departments. True, they may be the work of some budding artists, but one who is still so much in the embryonic state, by his productions, mars rather than enhances the neatness and beauty of the rest of the paper.

BOOK REVIEWS

COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS—REV. E. SYLVESTER BERRY—
(Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 377 pages. Price Net \$2.00.)

The sublimest poetry that man has ever written is to be found in those very ancient works known as the Psalms of David, the Songs of Solomon, the Canticles of Anna and Judith, and other singers of Israel's joys and sorrows. In this valuable commentary both the Vulgate and Douay Versions are given. A synopsis of each psalm is given, showing at a glance its purpose and general meaning. This is followed by an explanation in which the meaning is brought out by means of a paraphrase. An insight into the meaning of these spiritual canticles is an essential prerequisite for the due understanding of their liturgical use, and of their prophetic foreshadowings, as well as their inexhaustible wealth of mystical lore.

THE ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH—A NOVEL, BY MARION AMES
TAGGART—(Chicago: Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.)

Two sisters of distinct physical and moral types—"all that was left of the solid New England family, with roots reaching back to the beginning of the Massachusetts Bay Colony"—are the center about which Miss Taggart weaves a serious but pleasant and interesting story. It is a study of sister love—the love of an older for a younger dissimulating sister. The spirit of olden days and loved ones that are dead—the haunting melancholy that is the chief charm of Hawthorne—is found here and there through the story like the faint fragrance of a pressed flower that breathes a world of memory—but, unlike Hawthorne, Miss Taggart breaks the spell with a hearty humor, keen comment, and un-failing manifestations of her steadfast hope in a blessed hereafter, the only meet reward for patient self-sacrifice of her heroine who, nevertheless, is not denied heart comfort here.

ROMA—PART VIII—REV. ALBERT KUHN, O.S.B. (Benziger Bros., Chicago. Price of each part \$0.35; or a year's subscription entitling the reader to six parts, \$2.00; the subscription to the complete work in eighteen parts, \$6.00.)

The eighth part of Father Kuhn's notable work gives a most interesting description and discussion of the Catacombs in the

various parts of Rome. Then a brief treatise on the Art in Catacombs follows. The cuts used are excellent and add greatly to the enjoyment of the reader. The student of archaeology will find this part dealing with Subterranean Rome of especial interest

“A HISTORY OF UNITED STATES FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS”—Prepared and arranged by the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration—St. Rose Convent, La Crosse, Wis.—(Chicago: Scott, Foresmann Co.)

This work revised and enlarged from a previous work by the same sisters, is distinguished from other books on the same theme by its fine mechanical make-up, the large number of generally excellent illustrations, and the treatment of events of our own time—the book concluding with a reference to the European war and the election of Benedict XV. Of course the large share which Catholics have taken in colonizing and upbuilding our country is adequately presented. —C. A. H.

“Indian Legends,” by Marian Washbourne, adapted for sixth and seventh grade children, recounts in interesting fashion superstitious and queer ideas of primitive men. The book is no less instructive than fascinating and is a welcome addition to the reading available for children.—Rand MacNally Co., 496 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. \$0.45. V. L.

“Fairy Plays for Children” is a book containing nine unusually entertaining little plays which can be effectively presented with the simplest costuming, by children from six to ten years of age.—Rand MacNally Co., 596 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. \$0.40. V. L.

“The Holdeman Children,” a novelette by Miss Mary Manix, concerns itself with four girls and two boys who though tender in years have to face the buffetings of life. Their trials and joys are woven into an admirable narrative that will be followed by juvenile readers with zest and no little moral stimulus.—Benziger Bros., Chicago, Ill. \$0.35. R. F.

For a delicious story full of humor, adventure and light literary touch, “The Apostle on Crutches” can be warmly recommended. Few school boys will read this little volume without declaring it to be a jolly good book.—Benziger Bros., Chicago, Ill. \$0.35. R. F.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. M. J. Mugan, A.B., '09, was recently transferred from Joliet, Ill., to St. Catherine's Parish in Chicago. Father Mugan has charge of the parochial school at St. Catherine's and we wish to congratulate the people of that parish on obtaining such an able teacher and scholar as Father Mugan to direct the work of their institution.

We recently received news to the effect that Leo McDonald, A.B., '14, is pursuing a course in Oratory at the University of Valparaiso.

Word comes to us that Arthur Winsor, '10-'11, is now engaged in handling the affairs of his father on the latter's plantation at Memphis, Tenn.

Pedro Zorilla, '07-'12, is at present working for his uncle at Tampico, Mexico, in the clothing business. "Pete" tells us he intends to return to Spain shortly, this will be his first visit to his native land in several years and no doubt he looks forward to it with much enthusiasm.

Joseph St. Louis, '07, is now studying Law at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn.

Edward Harvey, H.S., '11, is employed on the Chicago Herald. We expect to see some very good literary work from "Eddie" as he always showed himself to be quite talented in this line.

Our old friend Edward J. Colbert, '08, is now associated with his father in the clothing business at Memphis, Tenn. Suppose he "suits" everyone who gives him an opportunity.

E. J. Unruh, A.B., '13, now attending the North American College at Rome, was recently appointed private secretary to the director of that great institution. We are very glad indeed to hear of "Ed's" good luck in receiving this position and wish to congratulate him heartily.

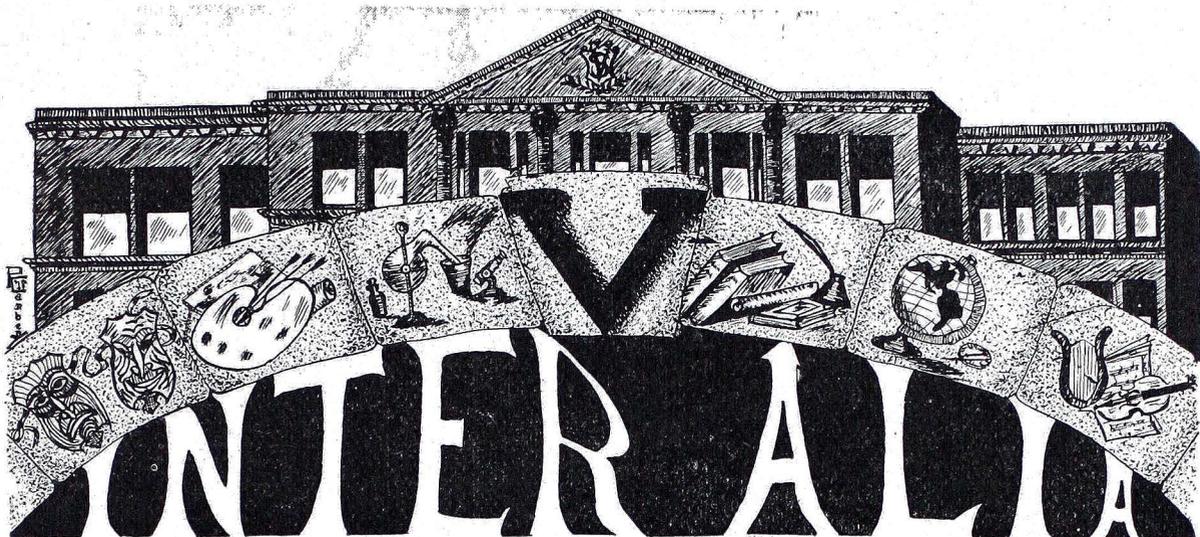
This year will see two more of Viator's old boys enter upon their career as lawyers, in the personages of W. A. Sammon, A.B., '13, and Lucius Wall, '12. To put them on our list of barristers affords us untold pleasure, and we wish to extend to them our best wishes for success "to the fullest extent of the law."

Rev. Wm. Keefe, '01, recently attended a meeting of the clergy in Chicago who had formerly studied at the North American College in Rome.

Rev. Jas. Sullivan, '04, of St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, and formerly editor of the VIATORIAN, has just recovered from a very severe illness. We hope Father Sullivan has fully regained his health by this time and is able to carry on the good work which he has so ably performed the past several years.

Rev. Stephen McMahan, '11, is now the director of the flourishing high school in Our Lady of Lourdes parish, Chicago. Father McMahan is an educator in the strict sense of the word and is certainly an efficient man for the position.



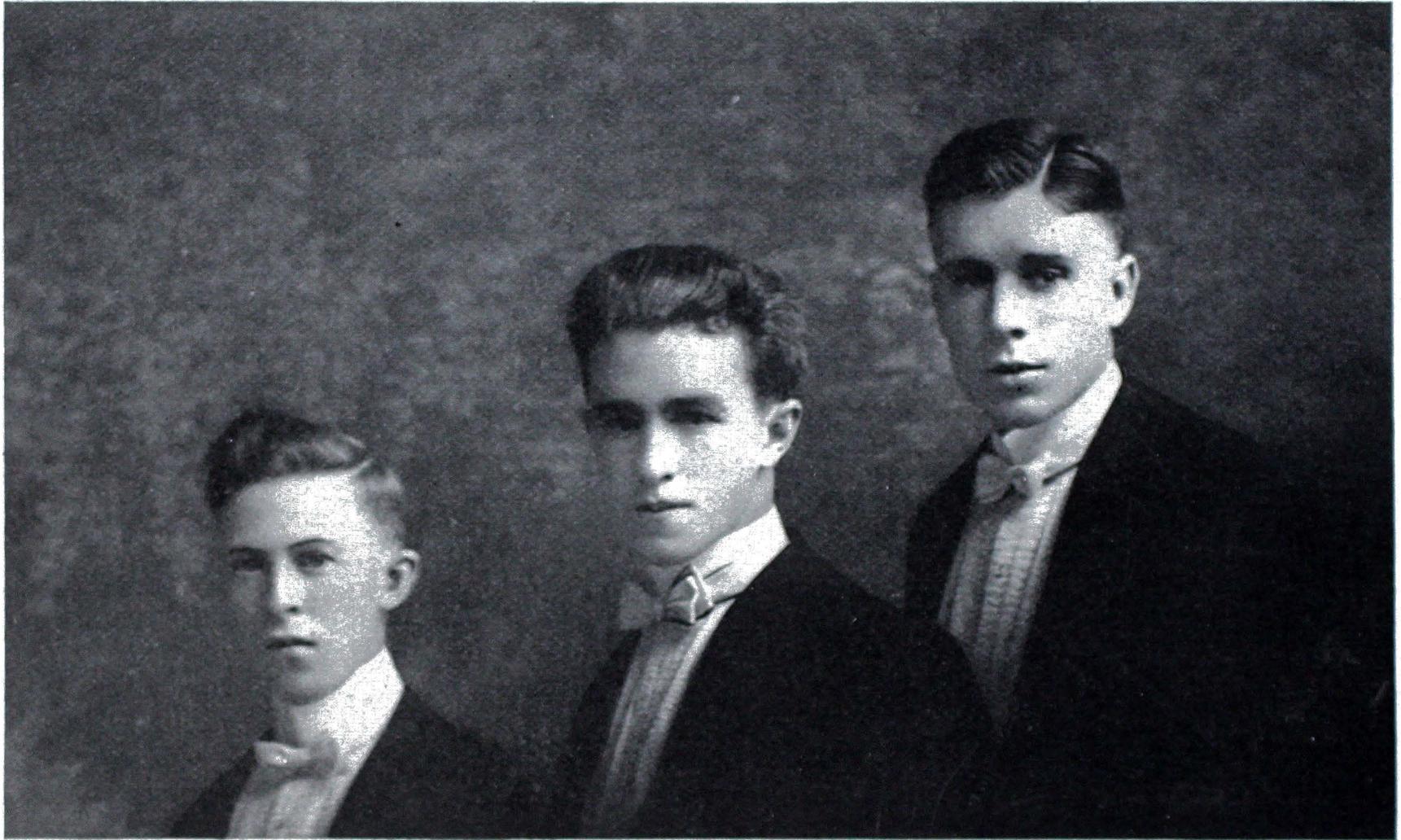


On April 25th before a capacity audience the young ladies of Notre Dame Convent presented the three-act operetta "Jeptha's Daughter," in the St. Viator Auditorium. The features of the performance was the singing of a chorus, composed of one hundred well trained voices. The beautiful costumes, the lighting effect, and the appropriate scenery contributed much toward the success of the play. Miss Marie Kegle in the role of Jeptha carried away the honors of the day; her long and difficult solos having been superbly rendered. The emotional part of Iphigenia's mother was ably interpreted by Miss Marie Kelly; and the Iphigenia of Miss Claire Courville was very sweet and appealing. Misses Mackintosh, Legris, Baron, Brule, and Byron interpreted their respective roles in flawless style. The entre acts, especially the Japanese fantastics by the minims, were highly appreciated and elicited rounds of applause. The good Sisters are to be heartily congratulated on the training which their pupils so charmingly give evidence of having received.

On the evening of May 7th, the three-cornered debates, between St. Viator's, Notre Dame, and Detroit University, took place, the question being, "Resolved, that employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes involving the public welfare before legally constituted boards of arbitration."

Debate

Our Affirmative team remained at home to battle the invaders from Fort Detroit. From the very beginning both sides displayed an abundance of fighting spirit. Up to the rebuttals the teams fought neck and neck the decision being held in a balance. But at this point the Viatorians let out their reserved force and stormed their opponents with cannonades of impregnable argu-



Edward J. Dillon

AFFIRMATIVE DEBATING TEAM

Daniel T. Sullivan

Laurence Dondanville

ments, the result of which was a complete rout of the enemy. The verdict was an unanimous decision for St. Viator's.

The members of the winning team were T. D. Sullivan, E. J. Dillon, and L. A. Dondanville, while E. D. Sweeney, J. E. Packowske, and R. J. Kelly defended the banner for Detroit. While our Affirmative team was defeating Detroit University, our negative team was creating quite a disturbance at Notre Dame. According to reports the debate was hotly contested, and the judges averred that the decision was in doubt until the last speaker had left the floor. Rev. Father Bergin who accompanied the team spoke highly of his youthful debaters, and although the decision was in favor of Notre Dame, he felt proud because the St. Viator boys had done supremely well. Our team on their return had only words of praise for the Notre Dame men and expressed their desire to cross swords with Notre Dame again next year. The teams were as follows: St. Viator represented by Robt. Hilliard, Fulton Sheen, and Charles Hart; Notre Dame by George Schuster, Patrick Dolan, Timothy Galvin.

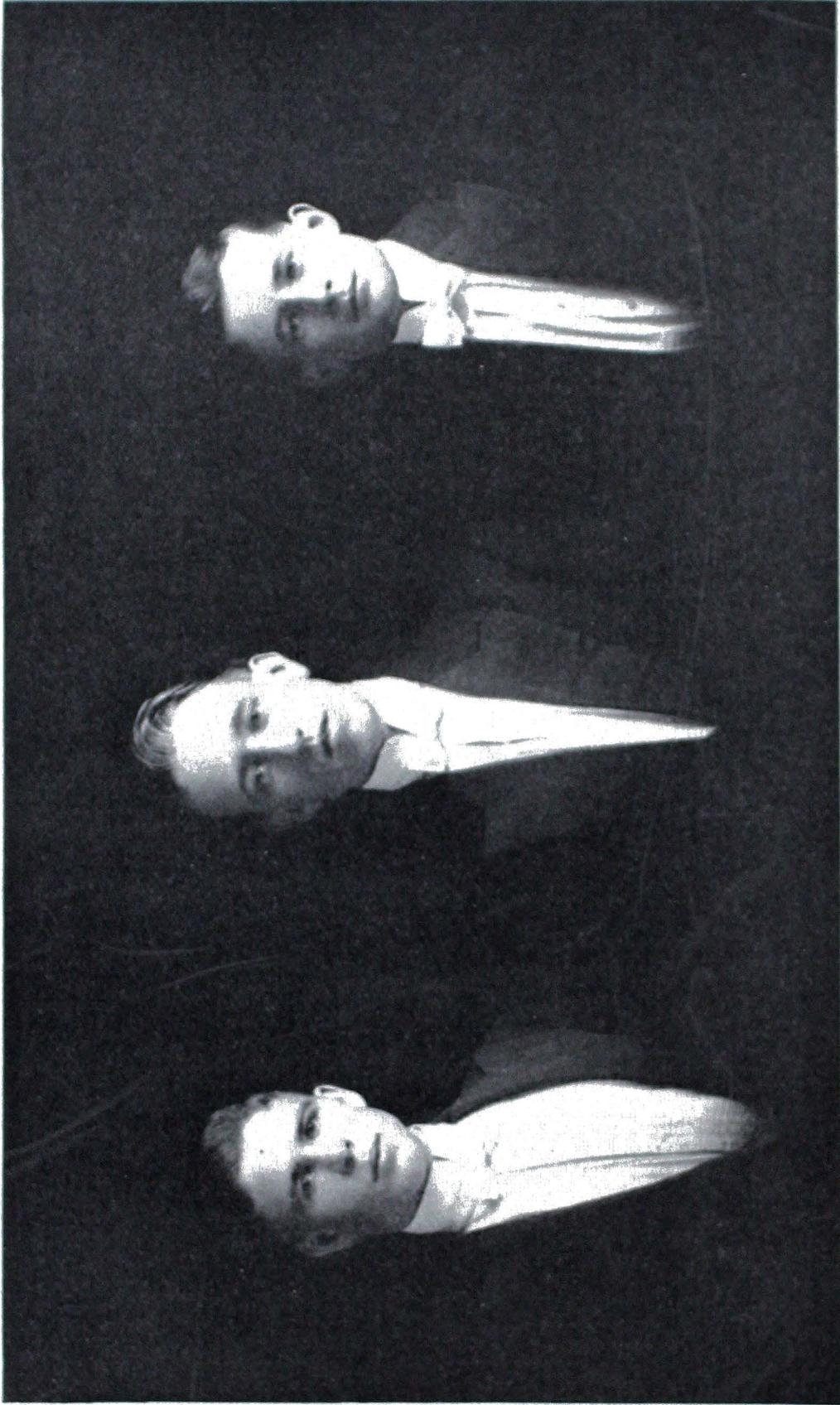
Word has been received from St. Joseph Infirmary, Forth Worth, Texas, that Rev. Father Mulvaney, C.V.S., has undergone a serious operation. From late reports our dear friend is doing well although his recovery will be slow.

The chemistry and agricultural classes were the guests of the Bradley Plow Works, at a lecture and demonstration on the "Process of Manufacturing Iron." General Manager Bumper delivered a very interesting and instructive discourse, for which as well as for other courtesies, the students are very grateful.

The science classes wish to thank Dr. Kelly of the Northern Kankakee State Hospital for his kind invitation to a lecture on liquid air.

From her Seminary Department this year St. Viator College sends six young men into the service of the holy priesthood. On May 29, in the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, the following were ordained: Francis J. Shea and M. Joseph Heaney of Chicago, and A. L. Baltutis of Lithuania, Russia, for the Chicago diocese; Terence F. Mullins of Limerick, Ireland, for the diocese of St. Joseph, Missouri. On the same day at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill., James M. Fitzgerald of Peoria, and John A. Kenrick of Limerick, Ireland, will receive Holy Orders. Both are for the Peoria diocese.

1915



NEGATIVE DEBATING TEAM

Robert J. Hilliard

Charles A. Hart

Fulton J. Sheen

A few days before their departure from St. Viator's the seminary department held a reception and banquet in honor of these young men and united in extending best wishes to those who have been with us for so long a time. A complete account of the ordinations will be given in the next issue of the "Viatorian."

PERSONALS

Rev. Edward L. Dondanville, pastor of St. John's Church, Chicago, Ill., attended the St. Viator-Detroit debate to hear his brother, Lawrence, declaim for Compulsory Arbitration. Father Dondanville may justly feel proud of the young Websterite in his family.

Our Very Rev. President J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., recently attended the funeral of Father O'Meara of St. Rita's Church, Chicago, Ill.

The young ladies of the Notre Dame Convent agreeably broke their "neutrality" towards us and attended our debate. Their presence partly explains the superb showing of our debaters that night.

Melvin McCarthy, Ray Ryan and Mathew Kilbride, old students of St. Viator, accompanied the St. Ignatius baseball team to their old Alma Mater. They expressed their intention of returning to dear St. Viator next year. Welcome, boys!

Eugene Leinan, '12, the comedian of past years at St. Viator, made his annual pilgrimage last month to the scene of his happiest days. "Red" is now employed in the Chicago City Hall.

We were agreeably surprised last month by a visit from one of St. Viator's most popular graduates, Thomas Harrison, '13, A.B. Tom is now employed by the Warner Construction Co. of Chicago, Ill.

The last quarterly examinations will be held on June 11th and 12th. The following two days will be devoted to Class Exercises and Graduation respectively.

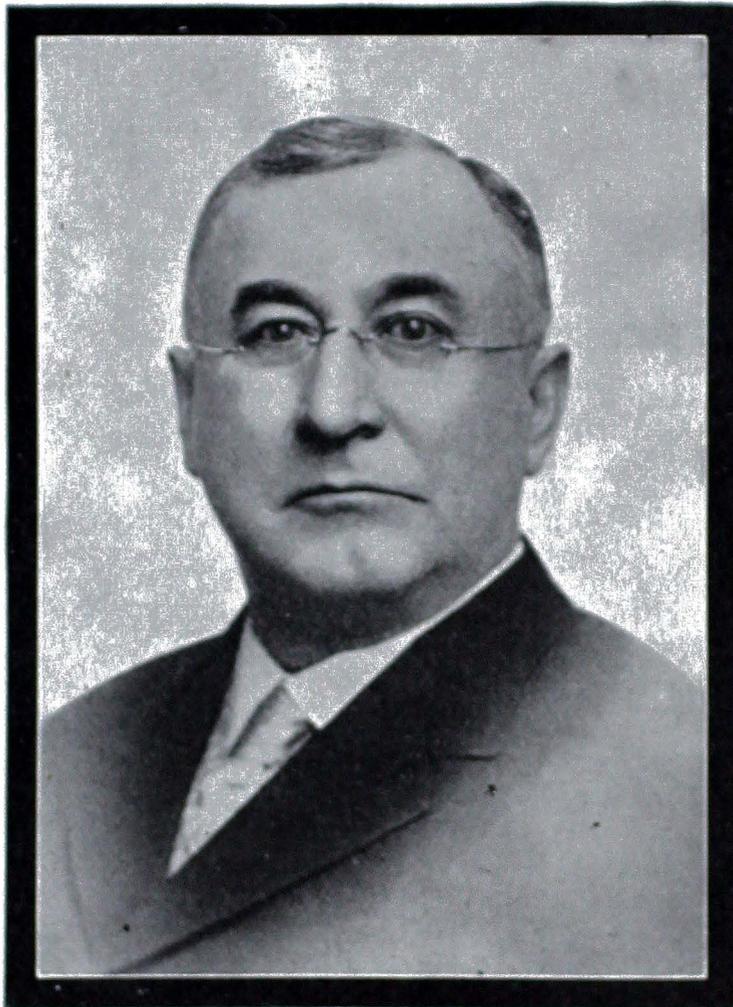
The President and faculty had the pleasure of entertaining the following clergy during the past month: Rev. E. H. Barnes, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. Thos. Kennedy, Campus, Ill.; Rev. B. J. Shiel, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. P. J. Geraghty, St. Bonaventure's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. G. Libert, Canton, Ill.

O B I T U A R I E S

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

On Sunday evening, April 25th, James Maher of Chicago, was called to his eternal reward. He was born in Will Co., Illinois, about 55 years ago. He enjoyed the opportunities of a college and university education at St. Viator's, at Niagara University, and the Seminary at Baltimore. After studying theology at the latter institution he returned to St. Viator's,

James Maher



where he distinguished himself as a teacher of mathematics, many of the most prominent priests and laymen of the Middle West coming under tutorship.

The funeral of James Maher, Supreme Director of the Knights of Columbus, took place at the Church of the Holy Family on April 28th. The church was crowded to its capacity, when the solemn requiem mass was offered for the repose of his soul. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick was the celebrant; Father Neenan, S.J., deacon; Father Dineen, S.J., subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Marsile, master of ceremonies.

Rev. Patrick C. Conway, a life long friend of the deceased, delivered the funeral oration. In part, he said:

"Whilst those of his own college friends here, the alumni of St. Viator's, where he spent so many years, and of which he was such a loyal, generous, true, interesting son, mourn and grieve, I would ask that you be comforted by his memory that will live so long; to be comforted by his virtuous works, and that are bound to continue on, and grow greater and greater."

May his soul rest in peace.

The students and faculty of St. Viator wish to extend to Walter Steidle, '18, of the college department, their sincere and heartfelt sympathy because of the death of his beloved mother, who went to her eternal reward during the past month. Rev. J. J. Corbett, C.S.V., attended her funeral in Ottawa, Ill.

Requiescat in pace.





ATHLETICS



NORTHWESTERN, 1; VIATOR, 4.

On April 24th the Varsity made a flying start into the baseball season by defeating Northwestern 4 to 1, in a fast and interesting contest. Ostrowski pitched a steady game, keeping the opponents' hits well apart except in the third inning when Kluckholm's single and Oberhelman's double gave the visitors their only run. Viator crossed twice in the fourth and twice in the sixth. In the fourth Butler stepped in the way of Kluckholm's fast one and "got it in the neck." He advanced when Kissane grounded out and scored on Gartland's single to left. Gartland was advanced by McGee and scored on a passed ball. In the sixth Butler singled to right, stole, and was brought in by Gartland's triple. McGee's single scored Gartland.

It was Gartland's big day, he being responsible for all of Viator's runs. Koke got a single, a double, and a triple out of four times up, driving in two runs and scoring twice himself. McGee in his first game at third made a good showing. His one-handed stab of Kluckholm's hot liner in the fifth cut off a probable run. Butler caught his usual steady game.

The summary:

NORTHWESTERN.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Fehr, c	4	0	1	12	1	1
Grimes, cf	3	0	1	3	1	0
Kluckholm, p	4	1	2	0	2	1
Erffmeyer, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Oberhelman, 2b	4	0	1	0	1	0
Kellerman, 3b	4	0	0	0	2	1
Bushman, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Thede, 1b	3	0	0	7	0	0
Bohner, ss	4	0	2	1	0	1
Totals	34	1	9	24	7	4

ST. VIATOR.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Flynn, 2b	1	0	0	2	3	1
Kerns, ss	3	0	0	1	2	0
Pemberton, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Butler, c	3	2	1	6	1	1
Kissane, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	0
Gartland, lf	4	2	3	1	0	0
McGee, 3b	4	0	1	3	4	0
Liston, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Ostrowski, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	30	4	5	27	13	2
Northwestern	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
St. Viator	0	0	0	2	0	0 x—4

Two-base hits—Gartland, Oberhelman. Three-base hit—Gartland. Stolen bases—Bohner, Flynn, Butler, Kearns, McGee (2), Liston. Sacrifice hits—Grimes, Kearns. Double plays—McGee to Flynn; Grimes to Thede. Struck out—By Kluckholm, 11; by Ostrowski, 5. Hit batsman—By Kluckholm, Butler. Bases on balls—Off Kluckholm, 3; off Ostrowski, 1. Umpire—Sullivan and McAvoy.

NOTRE DAME, 19; ST. VIATOR, 1.

O, what a difference, a few days later! The Varsity journeyed to Notre Dame and left everything they had in the line of baseball ability on the train, for, to quote the Notre Dame scribe they "came, didn't see, and were conquered." It's impossible to say exactly what happened during the process of being conquered. Pemberton's arm was bad, the home team hit frequently and the Viator men got the buck and booted about half their chances. Gartland brought in the lone tally in the second. He walked, stole, went to third on McGee's single and came in on Kenny's attempt to throw Red out at second. No box score is available, so the score by innings is here given:

	R	H	E
Notre Dame	9	1	1
St. Viator	0	1	0

Batteries—Sheehan, Berger, Kenny and Motts; Pemberton, Ostrowski and Butler.

CHINESE U., 3; ST. VIATOR, 1.

The team after a week to recover from the Notre Dame affair came back in much better form and held the fast Chinamen down to three runs. Pemberton worked well, especially in tight places, and banged out two singles out of three times up. Ako, on the mound for the Hawaiians, whiffed thirteen of the locals. The Chinks got two in the second when Lee walked, and came in on a three sacker by Yap, who scored a moment later on an error. Their third tally came in the sixth on Lee's triple and Yap's single. Viator's lone run was made in the third. Ostrowski was given a pass, went to third on Pemberton's single and scored on Flynn's infield hit. Before the game started, the visitors amused the crowd with an exhibition of their dexterity in handling the ball.

The summary:

CHINESE U.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ayau, ss	5	0	2	1	1	0
Lai, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0
J. Chin, 2b	4	0	1	3	2	0
Mark, c	4	0	0	14	3	1
Yim, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Lee, lf	3	2	1	2	0	0
Yap, 1b	2	1	2	5	0	0
Let, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Ako, p	4	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	32	3	8	27	9	1

ST. VIATOR.

Kearns, ss	4	0	1	0	3	0
Flynn, 2b	3	0	1	3	0	2
Butler, c	3	0	0	7	2	0
Lawlor, 3b	2	0	0	3	1	0
Liston, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kissane, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Gartland, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Ostrowski, cf	2	1	0	1	1	0
Pemberton, p	3	0	2	0	9	1
Totals	28	1	5	27	16	3

Chinese U.	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—3
St. Viator	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1	

Two-base hit—Lai. Three-base hits—Yap, Lee, Liston. Stolen base—J. Chin. Sacrifice hits—J. Chin, Mark, Yap, Lai. Hit batsman—By Ako, Lawlor. Struck out—Pemberton, 4; Ako, 13. Bases on balls—Off Pemberton, 4; Ako, 5. Time of game—1:50. Umpire—Daley.

KANKAKEE ALUMNI, 2; ST. VIATOR, 4.

On May 12th Jack Hickey, undertaker, musician and ball player, brought out from Kankakee an aggregation of ball artists with the intention of putting one over on the Varsity, and, although they did not succeed, it must be said that they put up a good game—much faster than the usual Alumni contests. Brosseau started well for the Alumni, fanning nine Varsity men in five innings. Herr, his successor, did not fare so well in the matter of strikeouts, but kept the hits down. Pemberton and Ostrowski each took a whirl at the “old boys” and worked hard enough to keep the game out of danger. The Alumni runs came in the sixth. Singles by Herr, Hickey and Ravens netted their two counts. The Varsity runs resulted mostly from hits by Lawlor and Butler. “Mick” led the batting with two singles and a triple, while Bill got two blows out of three attempts. Jack Hickey’s base running caused his retirement from the game in the eighth.

The summary:

ALUMNI.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
D. Dandurand, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	0	2
P. Mortell, lf.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Kelly, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
W. Mortell, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Herr, p-cf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Hickey, 1b	4	1	1	5	0	0
Richards, ss	4	0	1	1	0	0
Ravens, c	2	0	1	4	1	0
J. Dandurand, c.....	2	0	0	10	1	1
Brosseau, p-cf	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	35	2	7	24	4	4

ST. VIATOR.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kearns, ss	3	0	0	2	2	0
Flynn, 2b	3	0	0	2	2	1
Butler, c	4	3	3	11	0	0
Lawlor, 3b	3	1	2	0	0	2
Kissane, 1b	2	0	0	8	0	2
Liston, rf	4	0	1	1	1	0
McGee, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Gartland, lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Pemberton, p	1	0	1	0	1	0
Ostrowski, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	4	7	27	7	5
Alumni	0	0	0	0	2	0
St. Viator	1	0	1	1	1	x—4

Three-base hit—Butler. Stolen bases—Butler, Lawlor, Pemberton. Struck out—Brosseau, 9; Herr, 3; Pemberton, 4; Ostrowski, 5. Bases on balls—Brosseau, 1; Herr, 2; Pemberton, 2; Ostrowski, 1. Innings pitched—Brosseau, 5; Herr, 4; Pemberton, 4; Ostrowski, 5. Double plays—Kearns—Flynn—Kissane. Gartland,—Kearns. Sacrifice hits—Kissane, Lawlor, Umpires—Dillon, Sullivan.

LOYOLA U., 2; ST. VIATOR, 16.

The team from Loyola University came into our midst on May 15th and gave the Varsity good practice on batting and base stealing, for the locals compiled eleven hits and twelve stolen sacks before the finish. A wild orgy of errors by the Chicago men helped the cause along. The affair became tiresome about the fourth inning, and if rain had not put an end to it in the fifth, it's hard to predict what their final score might have been. Each of the Varsity came to bat at least once in the last two rounds and everyone has a blow to his credit. Kissane led the swatfest with a double and triple, closely followed by Kearns with a triple and single. The visitors could not see Pemberton's smoke. Their two scores were made in the fourth on two singles, an error and a triple which should have been, at most, a single but for the strong wind. Pemberton whiffed eight opponents. Walsh, who struck out seven, deserved much better support. It's a shame to print a score like this, but we like to see how it looks on paper.

The summary:

LOYOLA.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Williams, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
W. Corcoran, ss.....	2	0	0	0	1	1
Lynch, 1b	2	1	1	3	0	1
Walsh, p	2	0	0	0	4	1
Casey, rf	2	1	1	0	0	0
Taggart, 3b	2	0	1	1	0	0
J. Corcoran, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Pakovic, 2b	2	0	0	1	0	3
Loftis, c	2	0	1	8	0	2
Totals	18	2	4	14*	5	9

*Two out when game was called.

ST. VIATOR.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kearns, ss	4	2	2	0	1	0
Flynn, 2b	3	2	1	0	1	0
Butler, c	4	3	1	9	0	0
Lawlor, 3b	2	2	1	1	0	0
McGee, cf	4	2	1	1	0	0
Kissane, 1b	4	0	2	2	2	0
Liston, rf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Ostrowski, lf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Pemberton, p	3	2	1	2	0	0
Totals	30	16	11	15	4	0

Loyola	0	0	0	2	0	2
St. Viator	1	0	3	6	6	16

Two-base hits—Loftis, Butler, Kissane. Three-base hits—Kearns, Liston, Kissane. Sacrifice hits—W. Corcoran, Flynn. Double play—Butler to Kissane. Struck out—By Walsh, 7; by Pemberton, 8. Base on balls—Off Walsh, 2; off Pemberton, 1. Stolen bases—Flynn, (3); Butler, (3); Lawlor (3); Liston, (2); Ostrowski. Passed balls—Loftis, 2. Umpire—Kelly.

ACADEMICS.

ST. JARLATH'S, 10; ACADEMICS, 12.

In their first game of the season the Academics defeated St. Jarlath's of Chicago 12-10. The locals started a big batfest

in the first inning and when the smoke cleared away they had collected five runs. The performance was repeated in the second frame and six more runs resulted. The visitors secured four in the early part of the contest and came back strong in the ninth, when Marcotte weakened and let in six runs. The Ac's tightened up, however, and put the game on the shelf. Arseneau and Connors led in batting, while Freebury put up a faultless game at first.

The score:

									R	H	E	
St. Jarlath's	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	6—10	11	6
Academics	5	6	1	0	0	0	0	0	x—12	10	3

Carr and Kelly; Marcotte and Hermes.

VIATORIANA

“HAWAII”

“TOO—LATE”

OVERHEARD AT THE DEBATE.

I am going to vote for the Affirmative.

Aw! Naw, vote for the negative, their suits fit them better.

Who are you going to vote for?

For the Affirmative.

Why?

I can't spell negative.

Mis-placed *Exchange*, from N. D. C.:

“If your heart hurts you, let Mac-Govern it.”

Miss Blink—Is yours a lap-dog?

Miss Mink—Rawther, laps everything in sight!

What was Johnson's religion?

He was a wretched etymologist.

Prof.—Was Milton married when he wrote, “Paradise Regained.”

Pupil—No! but I think he was when he wrote “Paradise Lost.”

Hank really and truly believes there are other things of interest in Kankakee besides the "savings bank."

Mike—We had a hen that laid the biggest egg you ever saw. Wise One (whose father is contractor)—That's nothing my father laid a corner-stone.

Prof.—Who was Edward VI?

S.—He was a martyr.

Instructor—Please tell me something of the private life of George IV.

Pupil—Why! George IV was the immediate cause of the "American Revolution."

*Down came the boys from Old Detroit,
No finer chaps we've ever met;
They proved to be the most adroit
Opponents we have had as yet.*

*We crossed our swords, with that big-three
And fought the question nip-and-tuck;
And quite a match it proved to be,
And some e'en thought the jig was up.*

*Rebuttals came at last, you see,
And victory looked so good to us:
We took the judges one, two, three;
And ended up the little fuss.*

The "KICK UM" club has been organized and their password is "Keep close to the wall."

Solution of Willard's victory:

"The gravity of Johnson's face attracted his fist."

Prof.—What do you know of the Oxford Movement?

Pupil—I think it's better than Waltham's.

Dear Reverend Prefect: My son writes me he has to study too hard. He says he has to translate fifty hexameters of Virgil from Latin into English every day. I looked "hexameter" up in the dictionary and find it is a verse of six feet. Now that makes 300 feet or 100 yards of poetry for my poor son to translate every day. I think about half a hexameter or six inches of Latin is enough for a boy of his age. Yours truly,

MRS. D.

To some students mutilating the French language: "You'll soon have to cut that out after awhile."

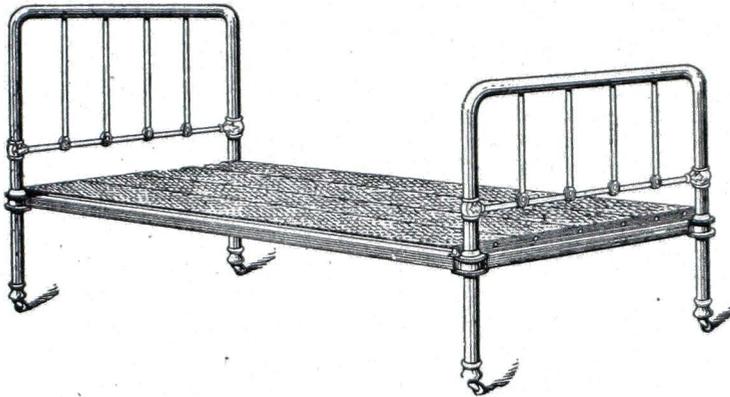
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