

December, 1915

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| CHAUCER'S "PRIORESS' ES TALE," AN APPRECIATION | 1 |
| <i>Edward A. Kelley, '18</i> | |
| A KNIGHT OF THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN, STORY | 4 |
| <i>Edmund Conway, '18</i> | |
| OLD FASHIONED CRITICISM, ESSAY | 6 |
| <i>T. Sullivan, '17</i> | |
| A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK, STORY | 9 |
| <i>W. J. Marum, '19</i> | |
| THE SHORT STORY, ESSAY | 10 |
| <i>Fulton J. Sheen, '17</i> | |
| "ALMOST—," STORY | 14 |
| <i>Thomas E. Shea, '18</i> | |
| THE CHAPEL REVERIE, ESSAY | 15 |
| <i>Chas. A. Hart, '17</i> | |
| ROOMER'S RUMINATIONS—COLLAR-BUTTONS—ALL IS WAR— THE PEN | 18 |
| EDITORIALS—CHRISTMAS SPIRIT—OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP— AN ANTIQUARIAN'S PROTEST | 20 |
| HANKISMS | 23 |
| EXCHANGES | 24 |
| INTER ALIA | 28 |
| ALUMNI | 29 |
| PERSONALS | 31 |
| BOOK REVIEWS | 32 |
| ATHLETICS | 34 |
| VIATORIANA | 39 |

**¶ We earnestly request our
readers to consider our List
of Advertisements**

JOHN J. WHEELER, President

WILLIAM M. BYRNE, Secretary

The Standard Roofing Co.

Established 1866

ROOFERS

1615-1617-1619-1621-1623 W. Lake St.

Telephone West 5884

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Henry E. Volkmann & Son

*Diamonds, Watches
and Jewelry*

Watch Repairing and Engraving
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

GELINO BROS.

The Big Store

Corner Schuyler Ave. and Court

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

ERZINGER BROS.

FANCY GROCERS

Fresh Fruits, Confectionery and Bakery Goods of All Kinds
a Specialty

226-232 Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

D. J. O'LOUGHLIN, M. D.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Independent Phone 704

191 Court Street, Kankakee, Illinois

DR. Z. J. PAYAN

DENTIST

Crown and Bridge Work

Gold Filling a Specialty

Popular Prices

Excellent Work

Prompt Execution

175 Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

ENDER COAL AND COKE CO.

SHIPPERS OF HIGH GRADE

Illinois and Indiana Coal

Preparation and Quality Our Specialty

FISHER BUILDING

CHICAGO

W. S. QUINBY COFFEE CO.

Importers - Roasters - Jobbers

High Grade Coffees and Teas

BOSTON - CHICAGO

Samples sent free on request.

Correspondence respectfully solicited

42 East Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Independent Telephone 472
We do Repairing
F. A. LOTTINVILLE
Shoe Dealer
 All New Ideas in Fashionable Footwear
 188 Court Street
 KANKAKEE

CHAS. WERTZ CO.

Coal - Lumber

B. R A D L E Y

DISTILLED WATER
ICE

The Family Ice

F. D. RADEKE BRG. CO.

Absolutely Pure

Both Phones 132

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

KANKAKEE PURE MILK AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Ice Cream and All Kinds of Dairy Products

OUR DIAMOND BRAND EVAPORATED MILK SOLD BY
 ALL OF OUR DRIVERS AND GROCERY STORES

184-309 Schuyler Avenue KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS Both Phones No. 15

Proegler & Speicher Bros.

JEWELERS

Expert Watch Repairing

Expert Time Inspectors C. I. & S. I. C. and Big-4
 Railroads and C. & S. T. Co.

127-132 Schuyler Avenue
 KANKAKEE, ILL.

Alcide L'Ecuyer Company

MERCANTILE JOBBERS

Confectionery and Cigars
 a Specialty

Eastern Illinois Trust and Savings Bank Building
 Both Phones 60

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

LEBOEUF & GRANGER

Pharmacy

183 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILL.

LAMARRE BROS.

*Confectionery
 and Cigars*

BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

AMEDEE T. BÉTOURNE DRUGGIST

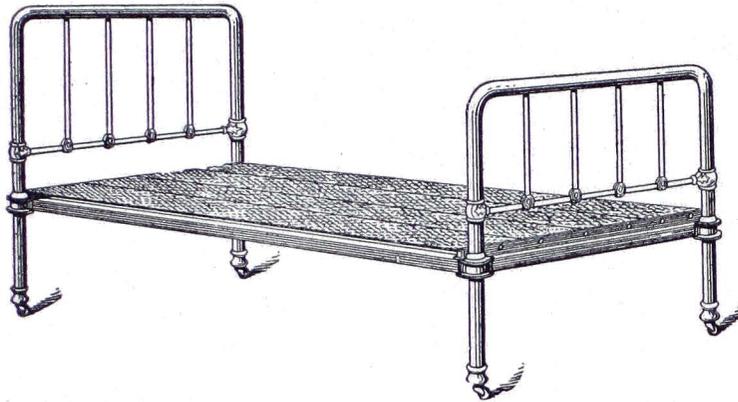
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED CORRECTLY

Stationery, Perfumes, Pipes, Tobacco

Eastman Kodak Agency

Both Phones 88

119 E Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS



Joseph Turk
Mfg. Company

BRADLEY, ILL.

Makers of

*Columbia Iron and
Brass Bedsteads*

Special attention to Furnishing
Institution BEDS

Prices and Illustrations
on Application

JOHN J. DRURY *Plumbing*

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Hot Air Furnaces, Gas Stoves
and Ranges, Coal Ranges, Hard and
Soft Coal Heaters

Both Phones 72 276 Schuyler Avenue, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Vanderwater
Clothing Co.
154 East Court St.

FIRST WITH THE CLOTHES
FIRST WITH THE STYLE
FIRST IN THE MINDS OF WELL
DRESSED MEN

Mrs. D. H. Kammann

H. Handorf

MRS. D. H. KAMMANN & CO.

Manufacturers of

MINERAL WATER, CHAMPAGNE
CIDER, BELFAST GINGER ALE

KANKAKEE,

ILLINOIS

Gas, Electricity and
Accessories

STUDENT LAMPS OUR SPECIALTY

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

Telephones: Bell 237-R; Independent 4

C. RÜHLE

Manufacturer of Lime

Wholesale and retail Cement, Brick,
Sewer Pipe, Sand, Etc.

Office and Warehouse
12-16 West Avenue KANKAKEE, ILL.

**W. J. Coghlan Bedding
& Upholstering Comp'y**

Manufacturers of

Mattresses and Couches

Also Specialties in Feather Renovating. Special
Prices to Institutions.

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Kankakee Book Store

176 COURT ST.

Fine Stationery

Popular Copyright Alger and Henty Books

Post Cards and Albums

Pennants and Pillow Covers, Sporting Goods

THE GIFT STORE

The Chicago Store

SELLS IT

FOR LESS

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

The Schuyler

McBROOM BROS.,
PROPRIETORS

154 Schuyler Ave. Kankakee, Ill.

First-Class Restaurant and Cafe

**American State and
Savings Bank**

184 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Boston Shoe Repairing Co.

Shoes Repaired while you Wait

Best Work Neatly Done

Men's Half Soles 45c

Boys' and Ladies' Half Soles 40c

All Work Guaranteed

JOE SHAPIRO, Proprietor

Phones: Bell 1386-2

225 Schuyler Ave., KANKAKEE, ILL

**George Arseneau
BAKERY**

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Specialties: Pies and Cakes

NORRIS & FRITH

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Ranges, Hardware and

Paints. Galvanized and

Tin Work

Phone Main 30

199 Court St., Kankakee

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 33

DECEMBER, 1915

Number 3

CHAUCER'S "PRIORESS TALE"

EDWARD KELLEY, '18

Brownson tells us that to apprehend a system rightly it is necessary not only to detect the error but also to understand the truth in the system. This principle, if applied to Chaucer's work, would lead us vigorously to condemn its immorality; then delightedly to comprehend and linger over its beauty and truth. It cannot be denied that coarseness and vulgarity are to be found in "The Canterbury Tales." The author, himself, deplored these stains in his portraits for we find him earnestly apologizing for some of his characters. Again, in later years he felt the moral responsibility of writing and learned that the evil that men do lives after them, for he exclaims,

*"Woe is me, that I can not recall those things
which I have written, but alas, they are now con-
tinued from man to man."*

Though Chaucer wrote much that he regretted having written, he never could have lamented bequeathing to his readers the delightful "Prioress' Tale."

As a story teller, Chaucer stands among the best. His reputation has been established by his masterpiece, "The Canterbury Tales," rightly named "the monument of his genius." This series of stories, unhampered by the style of the French and Latin models which so permeated his earlier writings, is remarkable for its large, simple, clear yet kindly view of all ranks of English society of the poet's time. So true is this that it has been said it would be folly for a historian to write a history of English life of the fourteenth century without his having read "The Canterbury Tales."

In the Prologue of the "Tales," a poem which made Dryden exclaim, "Here's God's plenty," Chaucer describes the pilgrims with gracious simplicity and yet with the incisiveness of an etching. Though he satirizes the worldliness of the clergy of his time, the character of the Prioress is surrounded with a spiritual sanctity which is a sharp contrast to the unworthy men of the cloth. Perhaps it was his intention to make the Nun his ideal of a religieuse for he indites with loving hand her urbane graces and ascetic virtues,—neatness, courtesy, dignity, charity, sympathy, tenderness, and delicate conscience. In this description Chaucer even introduces a touch of his humor,

*"Ful wel she song the service divyne
Entuned in hir nose ful semely."*

One of Chaucer's unquestioned claims to greatness is his dramatic instinct which led him to give his personages a profession, and to individualize them by having each with dramatic propriety tell a story appropriate to character or position in life. It is natural that the holy Prioress should narrate a tale such as only a devoutly religious soul could tell with sympathy. It is a story of a child's love for the Virgin, a story ever beautiful and touching, a description of a youth's deep devotion to Mary. By this pleasing narrative the Prioress must surely have effectively counteracted the vicious influence of her vulgar fellow travelers.

In her edifying manner she offers a prayer to the Saviour asking for the grace to relate her story reverently. This supplication strikes the key-note of her theme and calls her auditors from worldly considerations to the contemplation of an inspiring text. After passing over the introduction gracefully, she displays skill by appealing to our sympathy in the selection of a little child, "a widow's son," as her hero to proclaim the wonders of Mary. With the subject clearly in mind, with no hesitation or digression in advancing the story, with feeling and ease, the Prioress briefly pictures the Jews' conspiracy, the attack on the child, the anxiety of his mother, the finding of the youth in a lonesome pit

*"Where, with mangled throat he lay upright,
The Alma Redemptoris 'gan to sing."*

To the good Abbot, the martyred boy by a miracle is able to tell of the Virgin's appearance in the pit and of her command to sing

the hymn as long as his tongue holds the grain of sand which she had deposited there. The Abbott removes the grain from the child's tongue and thus

"This gem of chastity passed away."

Although the Prioress in the beginning did not need to reveal the identity of her little hero, yet to keep us interested, to instill the seriousness and truth of her moral, and to bring it nearer home, she tells us in the last stanza that it was

*"Young Hugh of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
By cursed Jews—thing well and widely known,
For it was done a little while ago."*

These lines indicate that the audience knew the story and that such tales were popular at that time. The chief interest to the audience would be in the manner in which the Prioress told the story. The mediaeval readers liked "long drawn martyrdoms" but in Chaucer's "Prioress' Tale" the pathos is never hard or overbearing and "our pity is kept quick and fresh." The readers who have a distaste for reading Chaucer's work on account of the old Anglo-Saxon form of his words will find in Wordsworth's work a modernized version of the "Prioress' Tale."

For the charm of Chaucer's diction and movement, Matthew Arnold would have us go back to the original version of "The Canterbury Tales." As an instance of the "liquidness of diction and fluidity of movement" the critic points out this line from the "Prioress' Tale"—"O Martyr souted in virginitee." Arnold, continuing, sums up his estimation of Chaucer's poetry thus—

"He has poetic truth of substance though he has not high poetic seriousness, and corresponding to his truth of substance he has an exquisite value of style and manner."

To say that all of Chaucer's work lacks high poetic seriousness, is, I think, to do injustice to at least one of Chaucer's productions—"The Prioress' Tale." For the "Prioress' Tale," which Arnold mentions as being specially noteworthy for its liquidness of diction, has in every line the accent of high seriousness to a notable degree. There is scarcely a phrase that does not impress us with the high spiritual and moral power of a "classic" who might in all his work have been just as noble a poet as he is in the story of Hugh of Lincoln.

A KNIGHT OF THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN

EDMUND CONWAY, '18

In reading Malory's dazzling romance about the knights of old we are apt to suppose that knighthood died with chivalry. This supposition is false, for there still exists, although in a greatly modified form, a type of gallant who corresponds in many ways to the Gareths of chivalrous days. This species is none other than the plain, every day, tattered and torn hobo. These homeless, carefree transients often show boldness and determination and even magnanimity such as is seldom heard of outside of books.

I was afforded an opportunity of seeing, at close range, a few of these belated adherents of the Round Table during the past summer when I was employed as timekeeper for a railroad gang. My duties consisted of writing and riding with the emphasis on the latter. Note book in hand and pencil in teeth I would watch the hours flit by and pity the specimens who were laying new steel for the customary "fifteen cents per." I made my daily trip to work on a freight train and so had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the trainmen and the experiences they go through.

On one particular morning the train was well loaded with a supply of our *hoi polloi* and roaming aristocrats who were straining their eyes in search of a destination. To these men, the possession of more than ten cents results in an unwise financial status which they all try to avoid. All that they desire is enough to eat and a place to sleep. Consequently since their diplomacy is instrumental in securing necessities without charge, they consider filthy lucre as we might a counterfeit dime. To fill the empty pockets of those trousers which some kind housewife offered to their affecting mendicant plea, the boes invariably gather an assortment of miscellaneous gimcracks usually dear to the heart of the small boy.

The sight of a representative group of these errant knights suggested to the brakeman one morning, the idea of collecting from each individual, some article which should serve as payment for the ride. Accordingly he approached the men, stated his mission and in a short while, had collected a unique assortment

of mileage tickets ranging from a fountain-pen to a pair of brass cuff-links.

As he was returning to the way-car, one of the boes called the brakeman back to the crowd.

"Y' missed Gelatine Jake over there. Better go over and tackle 'im. He's flushed with the kale."

The brakeman glanced in the direction indicated and recognized in Jake one of the most disheveled looking species that ever robbed a clothes-line. Gelatine was reposing. His face, scarcely seraphic even in innocent slumber, was smeared with a combination of coal dust and tomato jam. His mouth was open, leaving a huge cavity in his face. What he wore could only euphemistically be termed clothing, but he was within the law and didn't fret.

When wakened from his slumber Gelatine seemed slightly vexed but apparently cooled off when the brakeman asked for the passage.

"All right boss—I'll fork over. Aint got much but y'can help yourself."

With the expression of a man determined to surrender his all, Gelatine placed his hand in his pocket and withdrew not a safety razor or tooth-brush—but a battered rusty six-shooter of the days before the war.

"Come across wid the sway before I knock a twinkle drop from your blinker—do it quick and then shag it to d' caboose, See!"

The brakeman say, went, and was conquered. As I followed nervously in the wake of the retreating brakeman I heard the redoubtable knight of the pistol exclaim in cracked voice to his awe struck comrades,

"Come on pals, the company's givin' a rebate. All you'n can come and get his'n."

Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge or a life march, as thou wilt.

—Carlyle.

OLD FASHIONED CRITICISM

T. SULLIVAN, '17

In this time of effeminate impressionistic criticism when novelists, poets, and artists without the slightest conception of the fundamental principles of their art seem to attract general public acclaim impressionable youth is apt to be carried away from fixed moorings, for the books of the day which he is inclined to read have the fascination usually exerted by contemporary literature. He falls under their spell and only the leveling condemnation of the church brings him to a realization that such men as Anatole France and Maurice Maeterlinck, enslaved as they are to the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" take little or no account of moral ideas or even the sharp censure of commonsense. This prevalent debasement in art gives rise to singular vagaries of composers like Ravel and Debussy, to the personal caprices and morbid rhapsodies of egotistical poets like Whitman, to the pagan mysticism of the faddists of the pseudo-Celtic school of dramatists, Yeats and Synge, to the insane misanthropy and insufferable raving of the misogynist Strindberg, and to the decadent aroticism of Fiona Macleod.

With this offensive condition in mind it is refreshing and profitable to turn to a typical critical essay of one of the keenest philosophic literary judges of the nineteenth century—Orestes A. Brownson. It is the more delightful to examine one of his essays because, though he is a super mind among American thinkers, his work is lamentably neglected. As an antidote, too, for the corruptions of the iconoclastic versification of the Imagists, Futurists, etc., a vigorous manly essay of the slashing type popular in the days of the Edinburgh Review allays one's doubts as to whether the poet is at all bound to any laws. To this end Macaulay's celebrated essay on Robert Montgomery admirably serves our purpose.

In his criticism of Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal" Brownson mercilessly analysing this favorite poem, with cold logic, finds it wanting in fact, morality, and philosophy. Lowell, according to Brownson, has departed from the true legend upon which the poem is based and his picture of knighthood is not that of devotion and sacrifice but rather of luxury and blissful

happiness. "The writer's morality," says Brownson, "aims not at the motives from which the characters act but on the feelings with which they act."

*"He gives nothing but worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty."*

From this it may be gathered that the giver deserves merit only when he gives from a feeling without a motive. This is bad philosophy because no higher act can be conceived than that prompted by a sense of duty. In the bestowal of a gift from this nobler prompting our higher nature dictates and our lower sensible nature is suppressed. To Brownson it is clear that Lowell must have made no course in philosophy for in the basic idea of his poem he has ignored the first letter of ethical principles. This false conception inevitably makes it impossible for Lowell's poem to have much moral value since he has not aimed at truth which is the essence of good poetry. The beautiful, too, which is the achievement of fine poetry is found in the true. If this transcendental attribute is not contained in the piece it cannot be truly called artistic. This necessary characteristic not being found in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" proves its writer to be an untrue artist. He should know the eternal truth of things in their normal order for if he does not his work is no more than wild visionary fancy and his philosophy is one of false speculation.

Lowell, following the doctrines of Goethe and Schiller, did not have a true conception of art for he had wandered astray into material fields. He undoubtedly displays a keen perception of material beauty but he is utterly blind to elevated moral beauty, which should be the prompting of great art. The brightest glories in art have always followed periods when ideas and ideals of true philosophy and morals and science and religion were in the ascendancy. Lowell unfortunately flourished under such influences as tended to paganize Goethe and Schiller and consequently in spite of his obvious sincerity, his metaphorical conceits, weak sentiments, false philosophy and diluted morality lay a heavy hand on truly poetic creation. Brownson taking Lowell as an example of a deluded poet who wrought under a misapprehension of what constitutes real moral grandeur, regrets feelingly a general lack of depth, of thought, and of greatness of soul, and of force of will at the present time. These he wishes to call back into our modern age by means of a true religion and a sound philosophy.

Macaulay attacks his man in a different style. His caveling is directed mainly against Montgomery's violent disregard for the fundamental rules of English grammar. Incidentally Macaulay attributes the popularity of inferior writers to the well paid for "puffing" which they receive at the hands of incompetent critics, who are desirous of "but promotion." These modern scribblers are able to impose upon the public mind volumes of worthless stuff, which has not the least semblance of true merit. To illustrate the nature of the imposition practiced by such "puffers" upon an unthinking public Macaulay selects Robert Montgomery for clinical dissection. Macaulay after implying Montgomery's false philosophy savagely rends asunder his versification and drags him down from the zenith of popular favor with these words, "He gives no image of things above the earth, on the earth or below the earth."

The butt against which Macaulay's attack is driven is Montgomery's poem called "Omnipresence of the Diety." Here Montgomery has attempted to handle a theme to which only a Milton can do justice. He plagiarizes recklessly, as Macaulay points out, from various writers such as Dryden, Byron, and Scott. His disgraceful imitation or "turkey-carpet" writing, so called because of its superficiality, is repulsive. The critic picks flaws in syntax and comments humorously on the poet's personifications, calling for instance, Montgomery's description of "The Judgment" a "cataract of nonsense," and ironically offering the suggestion that the poem "Satan" should be slightly rearranged and called "Gabriel" because of the utterly false idea of the Devil.

In these criticisms two decidedly different methods are employed. Brownson criticises surely and with sound logic and yet gives credit where it is due. Macaulay a man of more matter-of-fact mind tears Montgomery's work to pieces with trenchant and humorous derision. The critic here has no regard for his victim except a feeble regret for such pain as the poet may feel. Brownson takes a sounder basis of judgment, I think, than Macaulay since he goes deeply into the requirements of poetry, pointing out that these are wanting in Lowell. Macaulay, on the other hand, finds no need of examining these essentials but is content to test Montgomery by applying common rules of grammar and rhetoric, and by appealing to the dictates of common sense. If only, some productions of the contemporary school of poets — Rabindranath Tagore's "Post Office" or Lafcadio Hearn's insipidly pagan "Japanese Lyrics," for instance — could have fallen under the eyes of Macaulay!

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

W. J. MARUM, '19

"Now John," said his sister, "you must remember that your father went to the same school, and you must not disgrace him."

"Yes indeed," said the tall, elderly woman, who was his mother, "You must take your father as a model and try to make a fine record like his. You know that he was not only a good student, but a very popular fellow with his classmates and this is why he has been president of the alumni association for three years."

The subject of these commendatory remarks now stepped into the room. He was a man of dignified bearing and had the calm repose of a physician. His snow white hands showed that he was a stranger to manual toil. After giving his son some fatherly advice and encouragement, he said,

"Show them you're a chip off the old block, John; show them you're as good as your father was. Do your best; especially because some of professors teaching there now are old classmates of mine."

With these instructions in mind John Wright started to college for the first time with a heavy heart, quite despairing of ever reaching the high standard attained by his father before him.

He found as had ben predicted, that his father was very well—even vividly—remembered in the town, for almost everyone asked John if he was "Jack" Wright's son, and then smilingly, at times even laughingly, congratulated John on being his father's son. John at first did not understand their mirth but his perplexity was in time probably dispelled. A week later John wrote the following letter to his father:

DEAR FATHER:

When I left home you and mother gave me some advice which I have the hardest time to follow. Sis's, I need not trouble myself about while yours and mother's will mean breaking my neck. At present I am waiting patiently to put a cannon cracker under the English Prof's chair; but, for some reason or other he keeps a close watch over me,—perhaps, because I am your son. I have also noticed, that the mathematics professor

avoids going near the river. Maybe he remembers what happened to his predecessor when you were here. Don't worry, I'll get him before the year's over just as you did Prof. Swainson.

I have begun work on that odorous combination with which you concocted to drive the chemistry class from the "Lab." Say! by the way, tell ma to send my guitar because I can't serenade the girls at the Convent without some kind of a jangle box. Perhaps, you still have the mouth organ which you were using for this purpose when the Prefect nabbed you, and you got "canned." Though the girl you serenaded is not here any more, you can leave it to me, that I have picked a worthy successor. These are a few of the minor events of your good record I have discovered so far, and I will try to prove myself a "chip of the old block."

I am your obedient son,

JOHN.

THE SHORT-STORY

FULTON J. SHEEN, '17

The short-story was first recognized as a distinct type of literature in 1842 when Poe's criticism of Hawthorne called attention to the new form of fiction. Short story writing had, however, been practiced many years before that. As early as the seventh century before Christ the perfection of the epics, the "Odyssey and Illiad," presupposes still earlier ages of story telling. These tales gathered from the traveling minstrels Homer synthesized into an organic composition in which individual tales can scarcely be disentangled. For their heroic temper and classical style the Homeric masterpieces are unsurpassed; but for simplicity and genuineness of feeling must give place to the Biblical stories of the Hebrews. The Hebraic tales, approach more nearly an independent unity than do the complexly woven Hellenic myths. The story of Ruth in the Book of Genesis is not only a supreme example of literary naturalness and winning simplicity but also an exemplary specimen of exquisite narration.

Coming down the centuries we are astounded at the paucity of examples of this delightful literary form. Though some

stories were told in the Middle Ages, courtly romance was not appreciated by the rude mediaeval baron and the common folk. They naturally had their own stories in verse or prose which were more in accord with their own lives, feelings, and ways of looking at things. These stories of which the finished types are the French fabliau, in octosyllabic rhyming couplet, and the Italian novella in prose have for their subjects striking and humorous incidents of ordinary life. Many of these tales have been traced in their germinal form to India.

In the seventeenth century short-stories were neglected. In the eighteenth century the novel sprang up with the new elements introduced by Addison and Steele, Defoe, Richardson and Fielding. The age became remarkable not for its taste for short stories but for its passionate fondness for novels of nine volumes.

Though the romantic age offers several short stories by Scott it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the short story emerged in art as a worthy species having laws of its own.

The modern story is essentially an American product and our masters of this form have established precedents that literary workers, even of the old world are contented to follow. Though the originators of the modern short story are in England, considered to be Stevenson and Kipling, in France to immoral Zola, de Maupaussant and Paul Marguerite, in Russia, Tolstoi and Tourgenieff, all of these learned their art from a study of the American trinity—Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe. European story-tellers have in fact only slightly modified this distinctly American creation to suit peculiar national tastes. The literary form which Irving, Hawthorn, and Poe fashioned as well as the theory which they defend constitute in original intent a nicely psychological adaptation to the characteristic electric "jump and quick" temperament of the American people.

Of the masters just mentioned Hawthorne possesses to a remarkable degree the power of impressing unity on his creations. His plots are simple, his motive well defined and serious. His "Ambitious Guest" is limited to a single situation. The question of how the guest became ambitious being inessential is not explained. Hawthorne with consummate art presents only the scene immediately preceding the catastrophe which hurls youth and his idle dreams into eternity; thus the ethical problem in which he was primarily interested receives all the inforcement which artistic selection and repression could achieve.

Hawthorne's contemporary Edgar Allen Poe is associated with the story of ingenious horror the interest of which lies in the appeal to the marvelous—an appeal that no human being ever outgrows. He is a master, too, of the story of exotic atmosphere which imparts to his writings a Gothic spirit. Behind his beautiful painting of the "Renaissance" luxuriousness there lurks, however, the awful influence of poison and death. He describes the search for a hidden treasure and his guide is a mad man. His stories do not end with the burial of the dead in fact they begin there. He places you in a room at midnight where you can hear the creaking doors of an old copper vault, the rending asunder of a mouldy coffin, the grating of the massive iron doors of some marble vault, and lo! before you appears the emaciated figure of Lady Madeline.

It has been said that Poe was a myth maker. Hawthorne, likewise, built up his own tales but unlike Poe allegorized them as did Bacon the myths of the ancients. In the technique of the short story Poe was at least Hawthorne's equal. Poe modeled his style on Defoe and DeQuincey. Hawthorne was more individual but his writings reflect to some degree the style of Addison and Irving with the imagination and force which they lacked. To Poe the earth is a tomb of horror and grotesque beauty; to Hawthorne it is a rustic retreat rife, however, with human passions and moral struggles that hint constantly of spiritual forces from another world.

All literature deals essentially with life. The various aspects under which the artist may interpret life determines his form of composition. As the essay is the discussion of life; the oration the persuasion about life; the drama the presentation of life; the novel the web of life; so the short story is the crisis of life. It throws its spotlight on only the interesting and critical things of life. It is focused on one situation enhanced with an abundance of significant and suggestive details. Its brevity spells its popularity in America.

Among the many practitioners of the story teller's craft who have enamored lovers in late days of well told short stories; perhaps the most notable is O. Henry. Inasmuch as "Soapy and the Anthem" is typical of the popular story of the day, a study of this specimen of O. Henry's art will bring to light the characteristics that a novice in short story telling must aim to acquire. O. Henry's stories are successful partly because of his verbal

freshness and force, and irresistable strokes of felicitous characterization. The following is typical: "In Soapy's mind the law was more benign than philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive food and lodging accorded with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin, you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus every bed of charity must have its toll of bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of personal and private inquisition."

Another factor contributing powerfully to his success is his typical slangy spiciness but this is also one reason why his stories will not live so long as Hawthorne's or Poe's. Extreme spiciness is exemplified strikingly in his definition of "The Man About Town": "He is the sublimated essence of Butt-In: the refined intrinsic extract of Rubber; the concentrated, purified, irrefutable, unavoidable, spirit of curiosity and inquisitiveness." What most strikes the careful reader of O. Henry is the peculiar twist he gives his stories at the end. They never turn out the way we expected. And very often their interest does not end with the last word. A profound truth is often presented that causes the reader to ruminate upon its application. "Lost in a Dress Parade" teaches us, for instance, the lesson that the unadulterated truth is always the safest and the sanest way to pick out a friend. In a general way, O. Henry might be said to follow a formula in writing his stories, but whether or not his plots have a basic sameness, his style is always colored by his unique forceful phrasing. His comment on urban life is shrewd, at times kindly, at times bitter, his sympathy is always right, and full and generous. He is of us because he understands so well that in the life of the cosmopolite of today resolution and action prevail over imagination and reflection. We are decidedly anti-Buddhistical. Hence, "Time is money," "Boil it down," "Twenty minutes for dinner," "You are next." Hence, we read the short story and the magazine article instead of the novel, the paragraph instead of the editorial, and the scare head instead of the dispatch. Hence, it is "Long life to the short-story."

ALMOST

THOMAS SHEA, '18

It was about the middle of July and I sat staring blankly out of the window; my thoughts nowhere and anywhere; on nothing and on everything except where they were supposed to be—on Halleck's "History of English Literature." I had failed in English, and simply because I didn't know the private affairs of every English author from the time man conceived the idea to write, up to the present day. As a punishment I was bidden to banish my thoughts of a pleasant vacation and begin at once to master the authors that had proved my downfall. Surely this was sufficient punishment—more than sufficient, I thought—but no, I had further infliction to bear. The same professor, whose very presence I found distasteful, was to direct my work. But there was no use grieving. I simply had the alternative of making up the work or dispelling all thought of graduation.

I wiped the perspiration from my brow for it was hot, as hot as could be—here on earth, at least; and once more proceeded to memorize Halleck from cover to cover. I kept my mind concentrated for about thirty minutes—and I might say this was longer than I ever did before—and then with an impatient scowl threw the book into the farthest corner of my room. My thoughts, now unrestrained, sped to a place far distant from a class room, where I imagined myself enjoying the luxurious ease unknown to the "flunker."

For a time I reveled in this realm of fancy, but as a large bead of perspiration rolled down my face, I became fully aware of the lamentable circumstances in which I moved. Then a cloud of anger came over me and to the bare walls I berated English authorship in general, emphasizing my remarks by driving a penknife deep into the table. I did not, however, waste time in this unproductive labor but set about contriving a plan whereby I might satiate my thirst for revenge, and since Halleck and his authors were out of reach, the professor naturally became the victim who, most likely, would suffer unwillingly both for himself and his confounded authors.

For the rest of that day I lived in a much lighter atmosphere and anxiously, almost impatiently, waited till darkness should

be my accomplice. It came, and as I stood before a mirror admiring myself clad in feminine attire I gave vent to a hearty laugh in anticipation of favorable results.

With leisurely step I started towards his favorite haunt. Yes, there he was, standing on the edge of the sidewalk trying to pierce the darkness into which a slight feminine figure was fast disappearing. He was soon attracted by the sound of my footsteps, however, and it required but the usual dropping of a daintily perfumed handkerchief, a tip of the hat and a very pleasant "Oh, thank you" before, together, we strolled towards the most fashionable candy shop in town.

The place was well filled with young people and the professor could not help asking me to enter. As we stood at the showcase where I pointed to the delicious dainties I desired, the air rang with laughter. My friend, staring around, followed the direction of the crowd's gaze where, at my feet, laid in a crumpled heap, the pretty dress I wore and, in its place were the light gray trousers which he at once recognized. In consuming rage he rushed to the street while I, midst the roar of the crowd, made a hasty exit through a side door and hurried to my room where, in safe seclusion, I indulged in a long convulsion of laughter.

The affair was never spoken of between us, but every time I went to class he reddened to the very roots of his thick hair. Did I pass the examination? Decidedly not, and, this time, because the professor's desire for revenge was more ardent than mine.

A CHAPEL REVERIE

CHAS. A. HART, '17

The atmosphere about St. Francis Hospital was certainly conducive to all that might be wished for in the way of entire mental and physical relaxation. On the second day of my brief sojourn there, when the pain bequeathed me by a recent operation had ceased to intrude itself so continuously upon the usual even tenor of my mind, I felt quite in the mood for an easy stroll about the hospital premises. Tiring soon, however, of the gathering twilight out of doors and growing impatient with the somewhat strong gale which was just then sweeping its way

along the top of the bluff, I turned my steps to the appealing Franciscan chapel just across a stretch of green from the hospital itself. In this chapel worshiped daily the eighty German Franciscan nuns who were nobly devoting their lives to soothing the pain and anguish of the unfortunate, the sick, and the maimed, coming to the Sisters for relief from the great metropolis below the hill.

Fortunately I just happened upon the community assembled for vesper prayers. Slowly and distinctly the low, musical voice of the chanter echoed rhythmically down the far lengths of the aisles and was followed at regular intervals by the somewhat louder general responses. "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fractus ventris tui Jesus," fell upon the ear again and again until the very air seemed pregnant with the sound. The day's last light softly breaking through the old many-colored windows and falling upon the black and white veiled heads of these saintly women bowed humbly before their God brought strange and perhaps self reproaching thoughts into the mind of the unseen observer in a pew in the rear.

After a time the public prayers ceased and the deep bass notes of the great pipe organ from the loft above broke forth from their wooden caverns to find an abiding place in the hearts and souls of the silent worshippers below—ponderous, solemn tones that made one feel almost as though he were in the presence of the great and awful Almighty God to whom these notes of praise were being offered up in articulate prayer. It was the first Friday and the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was to close with the customary Benediction. The flower covered marble altar with its beautiful, sad Calvary head-piece was more than ever ablaze with brilliant white light, so numerous were the flickering candles and tiny electric blubs which seemed, to a fanciful mind concerned, to do obeisance to their Creator.

From the door at the side of the altar, proceeded by an altar-boy, came a Franciscan monk with the loose brown cowl of his habit discernible above the rich and costly golden cape he now wore. At his entrance a trio of liquid female voices began the familiar yet sublime "O Salutaris." Beginning almost inaudibly the singers rose in crescendo until the fine soprano tones were piercing the loftiest angles and filling the whole edifice with religious melody. "What a place," thought I, "to worship with all the power of one's soul!" Was there missing in this enchanting environment a single detail which could bring the soul of

the worshiper to a deeper feeling of religious desire? The ravishing beauty of material forms, the thrilling rapture of sound, the Oriental fragrance of Arabic myrrh—every sense was enlisted. Through as many agencies as possible the Church in her divine foresight was bringing into the souls of her children the “peace which surpasseth all understanding.”

With the service over and most of the candles and bulbs extinguished the sisters arose to depart. Two by two “in the dim religious light” they walked slowly down the aisle, solemn figures in the flickering shadows,

.....“*Pensive nuns, devout and pure.
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in robes of darkest grain,*”

garbs of inky blackness save only for the white cord of their order, or, perchance, the white head veil betokening the novice, to relieve the somber hue. What a study in the external expressions of inner spirituality they presented, what ascetic restraint! What deep hidden sorrows that furrowed brow disclosed, suggesting thoughts that did lie “too deep for tears.”

“*With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast,*”

thou didst come, oh holy handmaid of the Lord, and every where about a holy peace and sweet benediction did thy very presence breathe! Here indeed was the true humble servant practicing entire sacrifice, even of personal identity.

Their departure left me to the twilight solitude of the chapel, alone with sweet unutterable thoughts. Such a scene affects one with a feeling of inexplicable loss, a feeling that some of us, at least, are missing the real meaning, the very essence of life itself. This was the thought which stole over me and filled me with a kind of oppressive sorrow from which I did not escape that day at least. It was a chapel reverie I was not likely soon to forget.

ROOMERS' RUMINATIONS

Friendship links are in vogue; that's commonly agreed, but there is no link of affection so indispensable and yet so despised by even the most optimistic man as the proverbial button which fastens the ends of his neck drapery in their respective positions.

Collar buttons were, seemingly, designed for two purposes: to contribute towards making man presentable in the eyes of his fellows, and to augment that class of expressions heard on the street but not considered fit for the parlor. For, what man, just as he was making a final dash for the early morning car, or leisurely preparing to make an evening call to grace some family parlor with his immaculately adorned presence, has not experienced the provoking accident of dropping behind the dresser, the insignificant brass disk.

In such a crisis words in the form of hieroglyphics issue from the mouth of handsome Callsted, because he now realizes that he must get down on his own non-callous knees and pay homage to the festive collar button which may in Callsted's case be his only deity. He is peeved because that trivial yet precious part of his apparel behaves like a horse with a jaw-breaker bit and causes him anxiety when he should be calm and serene in anticipation of the pleasant evening ahead of him.

All of which goes to prove that the weaker sex has not a monopoly on the petty worries and inconveniences involved in obeying Mother Grundy's dictations regarding the conventional dress.

E. C. '18.

War and all is war. Here, there, and everywhere, the struggle of nations goes on. The eyes of the world gaze nervously on the battle of millions, for the result will have a tremendous significance for us all. Meanwhile propagandas, protests, accusations, resolutions, revolutions, intrigues, censorships, violations of international law, stir the rage of men. To be sure there are neutral nations, but the neutrality is too often malevolent. Nations that are neutral but couched to spring at the throat of a weakened neighbor; neutral but preparing for war, neutral but

enforcing it with an armed force, neutral but supplying munitions to the combatants: hence, it seems that all the world is at war.

E. A. K.' 18.

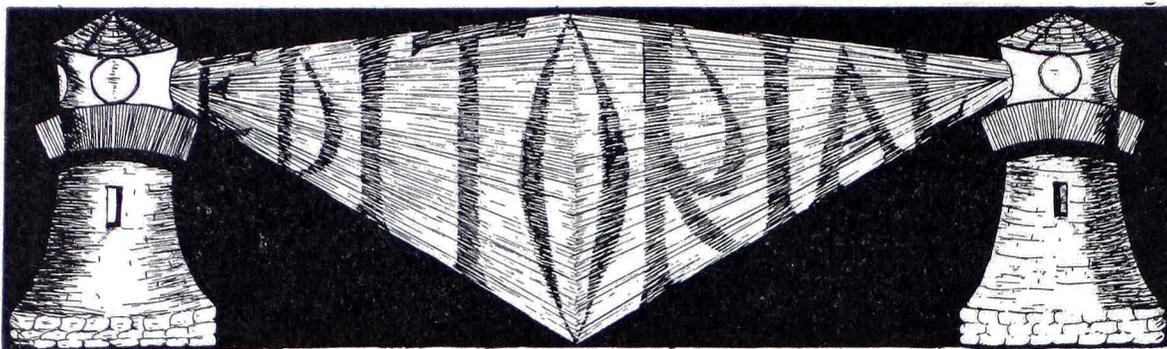
The pen is an insignificant looking instrument with a split point used as a means of setting down various intelligible and unintelligible marks which to the college professor, sometimes means a Chinese puzzle and to the indisposed student means a series of continual annoyances. Judged according to size the pen would demand only a temporary pause of consideration, but as it is claimed to be "mightier than the sword" it should furnish food for profound meditation.

To men in various walks of life the pen is of diverse importance. To the reporter it becomes the indispensable source of a meal-ticket, while to the ordinary manual-laborer it is a formidably perplexing tool when occasion forces him to forfeit an evening of pleasure for the exacting duty of friendly correspondence. To the pessimist it may represent the means of circulating his doleful impressions, just as to the optimist it is a means of spreading his good cheer. The student may regard it, when an essay is required, as an agent of everlasting vexation; but at the same time he handles it delicately and reverently when he writes for funds to a not too easily persuaded parent, or, prior to putting in a personal appearance at home, smoothes the astounding news of flunks.

It is quite interesting to note how a pen will behave in different hands. Between the sporting editor's thumb and forefinger it can form such a conglomeration of symbolic phrases that the page becomes an absolute blank to the unfortunate being who is unacquainted with the peculiar technical terms making up the vocabulary of an "up to the minute fan." The self-satisfied looking gentleman of about two-hundred pounds whom we see complacently smoking a long black cigar can scribble a few words upon a piece of paper thereby magically converting the scrap into a precious valuable! But the poor half-starved attic-dweller, who entertains literary aspirations may exercise his scrawling pen through a lifetime and still be confronted by the problem of his next coffee and rolls.

It is just such various accomplishments which seemingly insignificant things can be made to do that make them interesting yet we pick up our pens a thousand times and never a thought of their might.

E. D. '17.



THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

Publication Office, 219 West Jefferson St., Bloomington, Illinois

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—CHARLES A. HART '17

Exchanges—ROBERT J. HILLIARD '18 Inter Alia—THOMAS E. SHEA '18
 Alumni—FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER '18 Athletics—DANIEL T. SULLIVAN '17
 Personals—FULTON J. SHEEN '17 Viatoriana—EDMUND F. CONWAY '18
 Book Reviews—L. T. PHILIPS '18 Societies—JOHN F. COX '17
 Staff Artist—PAUL I. CARBERY '18

Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1913, at the Postoffice at Bloomington, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies, Fifteen Cents.

All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager, The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois."

Humo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.—Terence

Christmas Spirit—a possessing of Christ—a piercing of His heart—an enduring faith—a buoyant hope—a pulsating love—a childlike simplicity—a perennial delight—a helping hand—a scorning of self in thinking of others—a looking on the bright side—a feeling of good will and sympathetic fellowship—a harmonious note in the song of life—a beckoning to the light from the midst of shadow—withal, the divine gift of a little babe.

A Wonderful Thing

These and more are the wonderful thing they call Christmas Spirit, which emanated from a homely crib in a far away village manger. The marvel of it is that it has persisted in the face of every kind of persecution for well nigh two thousand years. And today, fresh as ever, it fills the heart of him who possesses

it to a joyous overflowing. Softly, silently, mystically it steals into the cold, sordid soul of a Scrooge and kindles a fire there, fanning a poor little flame into a fine blaze, warming that which never had been so heated.

*"Joy comes, grief goes we know not how,
Everything is happy now."*

It is known by its fruits: peace and good will. Spirit of Christ! What magic in the words! To be really akin in sympathy with Him who went about doing good, to enter into Him—this is the wonder, the perpetual delight; mild, yet strengthening; gentle, yet powerful; unassuming, yet helpful. Where it walketh, strife and discord flee.

What could we wish you more than that the Christmas Spirit may dwell in your hearts. It is all the joy and happiness one friend could wish another.

* * * * *

It was with keenest interest that the Catholics throughout the whole of the United States heard the news of the appointment of the Rt. Rev. George William Mundelein, auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn, as head of the archbishopric of Chicago to succeed the late Archbishop Quigley. We are glad to take this opportunity to add our words of welcome to those already extended to the new prelate who is soon to be in our midst and to wish him Godspeed. May he receive an abundance of heavenly grace to carry out the great work which lies before him as head of the second largest diocese in United States and perhaps the most heterogeneous Catholic population in the world—a work so nobly advanced by his great and illustrious predecessor.

Our New Archbishop

Bishop Mundelein was born in Brooklyn in 1869 and was graduated from Manhattan College in New York at the age of twenty years. He then went to Italy for a theological course at the Propaganda in Rome and was ordained to the priesthood in 1895. Pius X elevated him to the office of domestic prelate in December, 1906, and the following year he was made a member of the Ancient Academy of Arcadia, an honor never before conferred on an American. In September, 1909, he was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn, which position he has since filled with such distinction that it was generally predicted that

he was destined for a still higher position in the ranks of American Catholic hierarchy.

Much of his work in Brooklyn has been among young men. He is the founder of the Cathedral Club, the leading organization of Catholic young men in Brooklyn. Although young in years, he has made a great name for himself as an active energetic builder, a zealous defender of Catholicism, and a tireless leader. As the third bishop during the last forty years to come from a distant state to fill the important See of Chicago, he will find a great and onerous labor awaiting his hands. His former work among a very mixed Catholic population makes him peculiarly fitted for his task. His appointment from the list of many competent men displays the great wisdom of Our Holy Father. *Ad multos annos!*

* * * * *

In these decadent days when self-realization in every direction and rebellion against restraint seem to be the moving spirit—the overworked *Zeitgeist*—it is with some fear and no little trembling that we raise our feeble voice in opposition to anything so overwhelmingly popular as “popular” music. In so protesting we are perhaps consigning ourselves to the class of hopelessly antiquated “old fogies” who view things as dangerous simply because they are new. Heaven knows that we have not long to listen to the latest from the five and ten cent store before it has become “old.” Seriously, however, the conscious as well as the unconscious influence of the positively lascivious popular songs which strike our ears at every turn is a gravely baneful one. People of moral integrity are observing with alarm the rapid increase in the number of divorces in every state in the union; and, yet, too often, these very same individuals will rush to the music counter to get the latest piece which makes light of marriage vows and accepts the Reno route as a most natural and pleasant excursion. Such a song is then brought into our homes and sung by all the family with hilarious glee. Now can we logically suppose that all this has no demoralizing influence, that it is in no important way helping to swell the business of the divorce courts? To hold such a view were sheerest folly. The poison of these songs is not always so obvious unfortunately, but it insidiously stains the innocent minds of the young with sensually suggestive ideas. Naturally

the mawkish sentiment and inane stupidity of the lyrics so irremediably corrupt the receptive mind of youth that a taste for poetry becomes impossible.

A graver charge, however, is that in such songs few virtues are considered sacred enough to escape a sneer. Yet in spite of this, the vogue of popular music has become so universal that great armies in the present war march to the tune of just such flippant and vilely suggestive songs. It is a noteworthy fact that in Germany such music has never gained a foothold and the fact is in keeping with the strong moral character and earnest purpose of the German soldier.

If only we thought of music and song as worthily as did Daniel O'Connell, "Let me make the songs of a nation," he said, "and I care not who makes its laws."

HANKISMS

F. C. H. '18

Money is "dough".

A crazy man is a "nut",

Therefore, a man crazy over money is a "dough-nut."

Advice to those who play the stock markets, "Put your money on dynamite—it's going up!"

Many a woman never realizes how good her husband was until she reads his obituary.

"The love that passeth all understanding"—self-love.

We all have brilliant futures in front of us, but the trouble is we can't catch up with them.

A pessimist—the fellow who is always looking for the tire on the wheel of fortune to puncture.

It's all right to let charity begin at home but don't let it stop there.

Have your own way, but be careful that it does not out-weight you.

Men who sit back and pride themselves on their great knowledge, generally have little of it.

The modern politicians' platform, in truth, "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people,—AS WE DICTATE."

Husband—a household necessity.

Don't confuse taxes with graft—you get your taxes back in public improvements and the graft in the back of the neck.

Life is a tread-mill—a man is all right as long as he stays on the tread, but the difficulty with most men is that they fall off and are ground to pieces in the mill.

It is far safer to trust a normal human heart than a critical legal mind.

Labor is the only prayer that is ever answered.

Charity suffereth long and so does the man who tries to live on it.

Love grows cold when one of the parties concerned starts to roast the other.

E X C H A N G E S

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

—Goldsmith.

A word with you fellow-college papers.—For the past three months or thereabouts our sanctum sanctorum has been flooded by magazines. We are very glad of this; we like to have visitors and the more the merrier. But when our visitors are many we like their personalities to be a little different. Nowadays it seems that all a person has to do to be considered a poet or an essayist is to sit down and preach to us for hours at a time about war, war, war. Every sane man realizes full well that war is a ter-

rible thing; it is quite evident to all of us that, "war is malignant—war is destruction—war is perfidy," etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum et ad nauseum*. Why persist in ding donging the same monotonous dirge in our ears? We admit without any further argument, that war is just exactly what Sherman said it was. Oh! ye scribes! I beseech ye write about anything—yea even about the President's coming marriage or the latest Suffragette parade—but in the name of suffering humanity at large and of exchange-writers in particular, drop that wearisome, burdensome, bore-some, intolerable subject of War.

The Collegian.

Comes the *Collegian* from the sunshine of glorious California, fraught with essays, short-stories, verse and plenty of moralizations upon the present war. The writer of "The Great Lesson" seems to have forgot that man by his very nature is imperfect; that he is forever misusing some perfectly good means given to him by God to help him work out his salvation. Such is the case in regard to Ambition and Love of Territorial Gain, broadly speaking the fundamental causes of all war. These passions are of the nobler sort and it is only in their misuse or misdirection that they become evil. But it seems that there are always some men in this world who misdirect and misuse these passions; and hence we have war. Now there has been nothing in the past, and certainly there is nothing at present, which would indicate that this brand of men will ever be extinguished from the face of the earth. Therefore it is quite safe to say that the Utopia of universal peace as painted by the author of this article is one of those delightful dreams which are always too good to be true. Let us wake up and face things as they really are and trust in Providence to care for the future. The writer's attitude concerning the neutral policy of President Wilson is commendable. Every citizen should do all in his power to keep our country out of this war; we have everything to gain and practically nothing to lose by keeping our hands off.

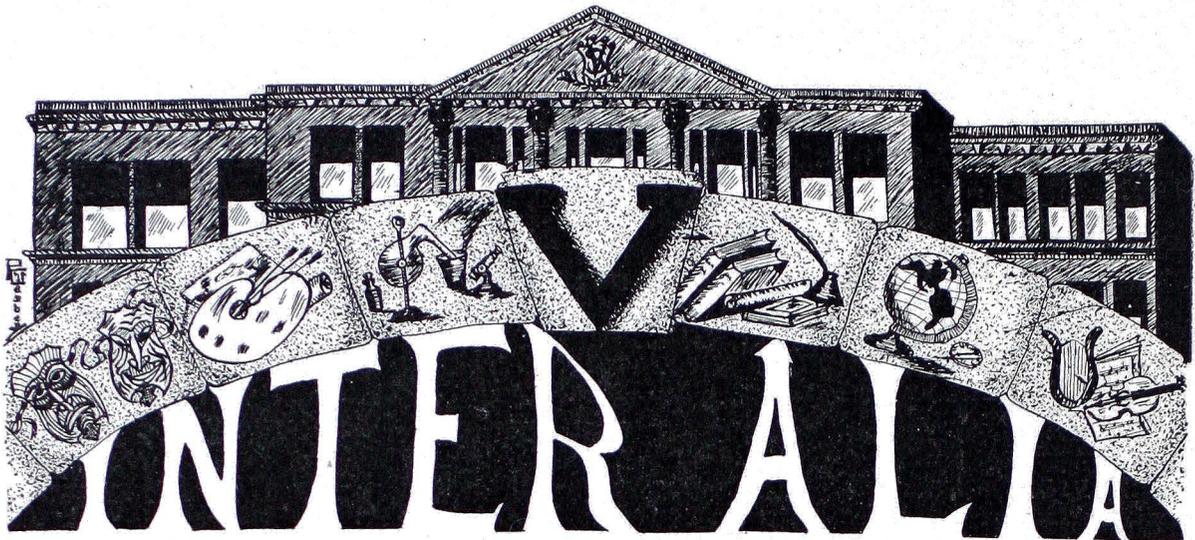
"The Pup and the God" is a very pleasant little story told in an original, racy, clever way without much regard, however, for the laws of probability. It concerns the fortunes of a tramp-dog and the remarkable way in which he served on two occasions in bringing together a young man and a girl, first as acquaintances, then as reunited lovers.

The Ex-man would like to be able to figure out just what the offering entitled "A Personification" really is. If it is meant to be poetry the author has vainly attempted something that Walt Whitman for all his poetic power did not succeed in making acceptable to the judicious, either in his own generation or in these uncritical days. It is perhaps useless to state that the attempt does not express any semblance of poetic thought. If it is prose the Ex-man would advise the author to discontinue writing such barbarous descriptions, offensive both to the ear and to good sense.

"The Apostle of Unreason" is a somewhat loosely written, panegyric on the life and works of Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English man of letters. It touches lightly on a few of his endeavors, commenting rather sparingly on each. The Ex-man begs to take exception with the author's statement that Chesterton as a poet has done his best work. A close study of his poetry reveals that it is rather topical, too little spiritual, and far too prosaic. His thoughts are too often those of prose presented in poetic language whereas one of the fundamental principles of the best poetry is that the thought be highly poetic. Chesterton has unquestionably written some very valuable poems but to say that as a poet he is greater than as an essayist is to say much especially after one has declared that "his ability to draw from apparently commonplace and even ridiculous subjects truths of eternal grandeur and ideas that will last beyond the crack of doom." It is just this achievement that gives the Chestertonian essay its inimitable distinction. There are many ballads in literature better than "The Ballad of the White Horse" but nothing in kind to rival the best essays in "All Things Considered" or "The Defendant." Chesterton's position today, needless to say is due to his prose. "The Wife of Flanders" and "Music" are two of his poems that give evidence of latent poetic power which probably with the years will attain to great things. Where would the writer place Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," if he considers "The Ballad of the White Horse" the greatest poetical work since the death of Tennyson? Although this article purports to be a study of the life and works of Chesterton the author has left out a very important phase of Chesterton's activities namely his ability as a critic. Chesterton has written very admirable criticisms on Browning, Dickens, and George Bernard Shaw, the latter giving the best analysis of Shaw's philosophy that we have. The sentence beginning "For just as surely

as the name of Archer," etc., is noteworthy. Altho college magazines are peculiarly subject to typographical errors, such a clumsy, awkward construction as this is certainly unpardonable in a paper by a college man. Furthermore, it remains to be seen whether or not the name of Archer will be forgotten in a generation. This is quite a bold assertion in view of the fact that Archer is perhaps the greatest living dramatic critic of England. A little more exhaustive treatment of the versatility of Chesterton would greatly embellish this article.

"America's Mission" is a compact little essay on time-honored neutrality, another war topic by the way. The author points out violations against neutrality as being unjustifiable from an economic as well as an ethical point of view. "America's Mission" is quite well written and is worth the reading. The author of "The Palace and the Pictures" seems quite inflated over Ruskin's failure to find a definition for Art, but wisely refrains from any attempts of the same nature. "The Nation's Debt" is perhaps the best article in "The Collegian." The writer shows very clearly that although things appear calm and serene in this country we are, nevertheless, suckling three malignant vipers at our breasts, viz. socialism, race-suicide, and feminism. His example of the two homes is happy and well drawn out, and his appeal to us as American citizens to do all within our power to eradicate these constantly growing evils, should be hearkened to by all. In comparison with this article the other numbers of *The Collegian* fade into insignificance. The verse written in honor of St. De LaSalle expresses, in rather halting metre a worthy tribute to the illustrious Frenchman whose memory will always be with us. "Skeleton Thirteen" although not an interesting story, gives us an idea of the general atmosphere of small towns on the Dakota plains. The plot is just a trifle too artificial. "An Animal" is a queer description of military life. It is vague, hazy, and incoherent in arrangement of details. The editorials are good especially the one on President Wilson. It might be said, however, that there is considerable doubt whether or not the Presidential election will be the landslide the editor predicts. The other departments are all well handled showing a considerable amount of care and skill. We like you *Collegian* and hope to see you often. *Bon voyage!*



The month of November does not bring dreariness only, for at the mention of it there immediately rises in our minds pleasant thoughts of Thanksgiving with the vision of home and all the delicious dainties of a Thanksgiving dinner. These pleasant thoughts were brought closer to realization to the student body, when they left the college Wednesday afternoon, November 24th. It required but one glance at the jovial faces that appeared after the recess to assure one that a delightful Thanksgiving was spent.

Thanksgiving

Lectures Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C.S.V., is delivering a series of lectures at the college on Socialism. Father Maguire has made much preparation for this work during the last year which he spent at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., where he made a thorough study of modern socialism. The lectures are decidedly interesting, but as is usually the case with good things, there is not enough of it. Owing to the numerous engagements Father Maguire must fill, it makes it impossible for him to deliver any more than one lecture a week. Recently he delivered a lecture at Odell, Ill., on Temperance. He also has engagements to lecture at Pittsburgh, Pa., and Chicago, Ill., on Socialism.

Father Sheridan Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., director of the Seminary department at the college last year, was compelled to leave his new work at Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D., because of ill health. He was brought to the Mercy Hospital in Chicago, where he underwent a very serious operation. Immediately

after the operation his condition was very dangerous but he has much improved since and is now convalescing rapidly. We hope that it will not be long until Father Sheridan will be able to continue his work.

The feast of St. Cecilia, November 22d, was suitably observed at the college. In the evening the Glee Club gave a music recital in the college auditorium. St. Viator's

St. Cecilia Day is very fortunate this year in having a number of unusually talented musicians among the student body and needless to say, they afford much pleasure on an occasion such as this. Immediately after the recital Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C.S.V., to whom the great success of the Glee Club is due, tendered a banquet to the club. At the close of the banquet Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., gave an interesting address on the Art of Music.

The agricultural course at St. Viator's has passed the stage of its infancy and is quickly developing into a well-organized department. Last year marked the sowing of

The "Aggies" the agricultural seed. At first it was but a tender shoot, but with careful cultivation it survived and bore its first fruit. This assured its success and at the beginning of this year it was introduced on a larger scale. Recently a number of new students arrived for the Winter Course and now their number has become so large that they are able to organize in a full-fledged class. The time is not far off when the "Aggies" will take their place as one of the foremost departments in the college.

ALUMNI NOTES

William J. Foley, '09, is at present studying Dentistry at Northwestern University in Chicago. We are certainly glad to hear that Bill has such a "pull" and hope he will keep up his "nerve."

The news comes to us that Rev. J. L. O'Donnell ordained from St. Viator in nineteen eleven, has recently returned from

an extended trip to the north woods of Michigan. Father O'Donnell has increased in weight and improved greatly in health.

We recently received word from Peter Kelly, H.S. '15 that he is now affiliated with his father in the grain elevator business at Piper City, Ill. Although Pete is satisfied he hopes to return to his Alma Mater soon to complete his college course. Welcome back any time, Pete!

Leo Moynihan, '12 is now employed in the plumbing business in Chicago.

Alex. O'Conner, '02 recently departed for San Antonio, Texas, to recuperate from a decline in health. Best wishes for your speedy and complete recovery, Alex!

Our latest communication from Rome announces that Timothy Rowan '09-'12, has received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the North American College in that City. It is with the greatest feelings of joy that we greet Doctor Rowan and wish him success to the utmost in his study of Theology.

We wish to extend to Rev. A. J. Dumont, A.B. '09 our heartiest congratulations upon the successful completion of his studies. Father Dumont made his classical and Philosophical course at St. Viator and has since been studying Theology at Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. He was raised to the office of the Holy-Priesthood on November 30th and celebrated his first holy mass at Ellensburg, N. Y., on December 5th. Again we extend to Father Dumont our congratulations and best wishes for a long life in his holy profession.

Chas. Snyder, '13-'15 is pursuing a course in agriculture at Winona Agricultural College, Winona, Ind.

Joseph Moriarity, '09-'11 has enrolled at the University of Detroit, where he will study law. Success Joe!

J. P. Hickey, A.B., '06, who until recently was engaged in the Undertaking business in Kankakee, has departed for Pensacola, Fla., where he will spend the winter.

| |
|--------------------------|
| P E R S O N A L S |
|--------------------------|

William J. Lawler, '11-'15, the blue ribbon athlete of St. Viator graced our campus and halls with his smiling face a few weeks ago. Bill is now drawing his weekly honorarium from the Baverman Furniture Co., of Peoria, Ill. Success Bill!

From the editorship of the Viatorian's society column to the Chicago Board of Trade is a substantial jump, but no more than we expected of George Rooney, '11-'13. George tells us he is planning a corner on wheat.

It was good of William Walsh, '11-'14 to visit his Alma Mater last month. Bill is now a full fledged business man, and is associated with the Virginia Pulp and Paper Co., of Chicago.

The Junior and Senior English Class in the role of dramatic critics enjoyed the performance of "On Trial" as played in the neighboring metropolis.

We are grieved to hear that Rev. J. E. Belair, C.S.V., of St. Mary's Church, Beaverville, Ill., has been confined to his bed by a serious attack of rheumatism.

Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V., preached a retreat at the Convent of Notre Dame a few weeks ago.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., professor of Philosophy was a speaker at the Teacher's Convention held in Kankakee last month. With keen and forceful logic he stated in a clear and interesting manner the uncompromising position of the Catholic church on education.

Theologians are recovering from the strenuous ordeal of an oral examination in Moral Theology, conducted by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D.D., and Rev. J. P. Munday, D.D.

The following assignments were made for the feast of the Immaculate Conception: Rev. T. J. Rice, C.S.V., St. Attractas' Church, Chicago. Rev. J. P. Munday, St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill. Rev. J. J. Corbett, C.S.V., Manteno, Ill. Rev. J. V. Rheams, C.S.V., Beaverville, Ill. Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C.S.V., Piper City, Ill.

Rev. Robert M. Nolan, professor of Church History, English, and Greek is at present lying ill at Barrett Hospital, Kankakee, Ill. It is the prayerful wish that Father Nolan will soon recover and return to our midst in perfect health.

Mr. T. Sullivan, '17, athletic manager, recently attended a meeting of the Little Sixteen Conference which was held in Peoria.

B O O K R E V I E W S

“THAT OFFICE BOY.” Francis J. Finn, S.J.

It will be a source of joy for many to learn that Father Finn has published a new story. For many, any book, coming from the pen of Father Finn, recommends itself, for Father Finn is an author widely known and heartily loved by readers, young and old. His characters, such as Tom Playfair, Percy Winn and others, are such true creations that they will ever stand as monuments to Father Finn's genius in depicting the American Catholic boy. To these characters Father Finn in his latest story has added another, Michael Desmond, Father Carney's office boy. The story revolves about a popularity contest conducted by a leading newspaper. The various organizations enter. Michael Desmond persuades Father Carney to allow the Young Ladies' Sodality to enter the contest for the prize, a grand piano, and soon Michael is appointed manager of their contest. Their most formidable opponent is the Ancient Order of Sunflowers, who are determined to win by fair or foul means. Just how Michael tactfully outwitted the Sunflowers, won the piano for the Young Ladies' Sodality and covered himself with glory is told with such narrative power as none but Father Finn can command.

Benziger Brother. Price, \$0.85.

“PANAMA AND ITS BRIDGE OF WATER.” Stella Humphrey Nida.

This is a book which treats of one of the most stupendous undertakings of modern times, namely the construction of the Panama Canal. It is especially designed for Grammar Schools. Containing as it does a graphic account of the history of Panama

and the physiography of the country and, principally, a detailed description of the construction of this great waterway and the seemingly insurmountable difficulties attendant upon it, it may be used for teaching history and geography. Besides these, it serves as excellent matter for story telling and topical recitations, and finally, this valuable book is well illustrated and neatly bound.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. Price, \$0.50.

“STORY HOUR PLAYS.” Frances Mintz.

This little volume is a collection of tales, stories, and fables, skillfully retold and attractively illustrated. Swiftiness of movement, healthy humor, and strong moral lessons characterize these story hour plays.

“STORIES TO ACT.” Frances Wickes.

Contains stories both in the dramatic and narrative form. These stories cover a wide range of subjects, such as fairy tales, stories of animals and the folk lore of divers nations. The Reader abounds in illustrations and pictures which cannot fail to appeal to the little actor-playwright.

“STORYLAND IN PLAY.” Ada M. Skinner.

Is a little volume which embodies dramatized versions of folk lore of Irish, English, and German sources, well adapted to stimulate imitation and expression and enriched with a profusion of colored pictures.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. Price, \$0.45 each.

*Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck thee out of the crannies.—
Hold you here root and all in my hand
Little flower— but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.*

—Tennyson.



With the defeat, which St. Viator administered in 1913, fresh in their memory the "Williams Vashti College" from Aledo forced the locals to contribute twenty points to their season's pile. The visitors presented a husky squad for the battle and Viator's light-line could not withstand the vicious attacks of the opponent's back-field.

William and Vashti found Viator's weak spot early in the game and then enlisted the services of their "human-ram-rod" Burgin. The invader's big left tackle carried the pigskin most of the time and seldom failed to add several yards to their advance. Westfall the flashy quarter-back for the "Red and Gray" takes honors next to Burgin.

Although the "Gold and Purple" line gave frequently our team has much to their credit. Our back-of-center quartette offered a problem to the Vashti ends. The clever formations and rapid end-runs of the Viator backs, were not easily stopped. Finnigan, Flynn and Capt. Fischer make a trio of stars for this contest.

| W. and V. (20) | Line Up. | St. Viator (6) |
|-----------------|------------|-----------------|
| Smith | R. E. | Finnigan |
| McCon. | R. T. | Clinnin |
| Taylor | R. G. | Shea |
| Bwanson | C. | Malone |
| Lester | L. G. | Kasper |
| Burgin | L. T. | Fischer (Capt.) |
| Bridgford | L. E. | Conroy |
| Westfall | Q. B. | Flynn |

| | | |
|-------------|------------|-----------|
| Forua | R. H. | Pemberton |
| Mee | L. H. | Gallagher |
| Dumon | F. B. | Hughes |

Touchdowns— Mee(2); Westfall, Gallagher (1). Goals— Westfall (2). Referee, Harmon DePauw. Umpire, Streeter, Ill. Wesleyan.

St. Ignatius 34; Acks 0.

The Viator Lights encountered a pretty heavy and stiff proposition when they lined up against St. Ignatius on Nov. 17. The Chicago aggregation had a comfortable margin in weight and besides this they were experts with the forward pass. By this method they managed to chalk up their thirty-four points to the Academics none.

Although one-sided in score the game proved a battle from beginning to end. Berry McGrath and Shiels distinguished themselves for the "Acks." The team was in a position to score several times but fumbling at critical moments cost them touchdowns.

St. Ignatius 34; "Academy" 0.

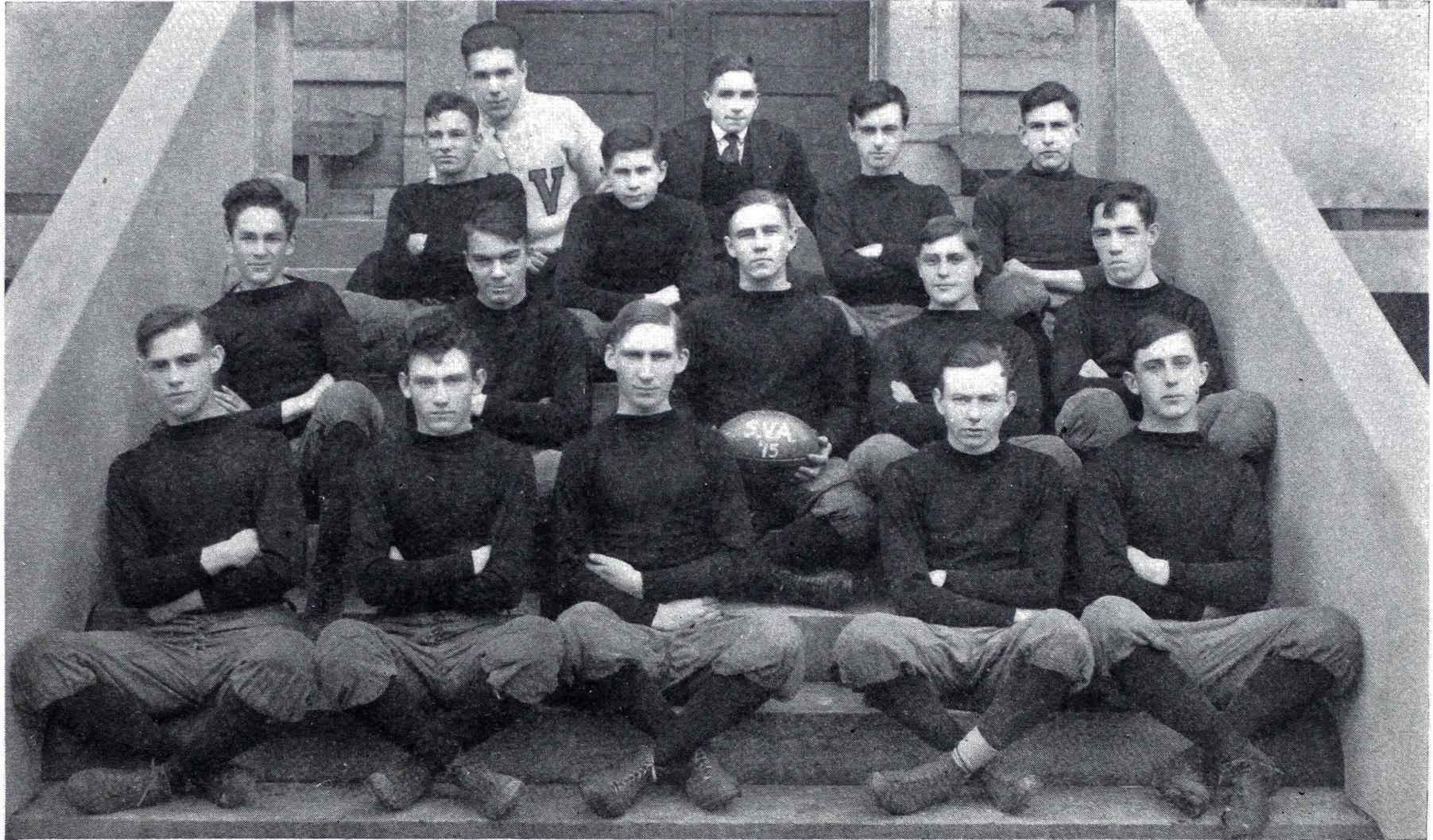
| | | |
|-----------------------|------------|-----------------|
| Egan | R. E. | Russell |
| Erickson | R. T. | Corbett |
| Newman | R. G. | Lee |
| Daly | C. | Spalding |
| McNolly | L. G. | Cavanaugh |
| Mahon | L. T. | Hermes |
| Bailey | L. E. | Shiels |
| Doretti | Q. B. | Berry |
| Collins | R. H. | Hermes |
| Leyden | L. H. | McGrath (Capt.) |
| Rylands (Capt.) | F. B. | Powers |

Touchdowns—St. Ignatius, 5.

Free Kicks—St. Ignatius, 4.

Referee, Finnigan. Umpire, Gartland.

With the come-back spirit running high the Academics resolved to show the fans their real metal. They made up for the St. Ignatius defeat when they scored by fifties on the Morgan Park Military Academy five days later. It seemed that the opposition could not really be termed such because the Morgan Park lightweights were unable to resist the varied onslaught of the



ACADEMY 1915

| | | | | | | |
|--|---------|-------|--------------------|--------|-----------|-----------|
| | Russell | Brya | Dondanville, Coach | Sheen | McCabe | |
| | Corbett | Berry | Kavanaugh | Powers | R. Hermes | Cavanaugh |
| | | Lee | McGrath, Captain | | Shields | A. Hermes |
| | | | Boland | | | |

locals. Berry sent his team through the formations in big style and his companion-backs McGrath, Powers and Hermes alternated in using the air-line. With the skillful assistance of Russell and Shiels at the extremities the "Acks" heaped up 182 tallies and gave their opponents none. This game closed one of the most successful seasons that the Academy has had. Great credit is due to the excellent coaching of Dondanville and Brother Fitzpatrick. The "Acks" will make their next appearance in a week when they will initiate their basketball season.

| Morgan Park—0. | Line Up. | St. Viator—182 |
|----------------|------------|----------------|
| Rudiger..... | R. E. | Russell |
| Fist..... | R. T. | Corbett |
| Booth..... | R. G. | Cavanaugh |
| Hansen..... | C. | Bolin |
| George | L. G. | Lee-Ryan |
| Sears | L. T. | A. Hermes |
| Armstrong..... | L. E. | Shiels |
| Nichols..... | Q. | Berry |
| Cottrell | R. H. | E. Hermes |
| Moore | L. H. | McGrath |
| Lowry | F. B. | Powers |

Touchdowns—Shiels, 8; McGrath, 7; E. Hermes, 3; A. Hermes, 2; Russel, 1; Berry, 5; Corbett, 2; Powers, 1. Goals—Berry, 8. Referee, Finnigan. Umpire, Pemberton.

Kankakee High—St. Viator.

Our first indoor treat was afforded the other evening when the Gold and Purple five showed no compassion on the local High School basketball team. From the first whistle until the end of the game the 'Varsity was busy practicing the pass and scoring points. Thirty was the final count. Four of last year's squad are in uniform—and all playing with the "old time pep." Conroy made his initial appearance in this department and shows great promise. Capt. Gartland now enjoying the office of leader piloted his team in a creditable manner. Good luck to you, Capt. We're all behind you.

| KKK H. S. | Line Up. | St. Viator |
|---------------------|----------|-----------------|
| Robinson, L. G..... | | Dondanville, C. |
| Kershaw, R. G. | | Gartland, L. F. |

Carter, C. Flynn, R. F.
 Newberry-Sauer, L. F. Roach, R. G.
 Walter-Pierman, R. F. Conroy, L. G.

Baskets—Dondanville, 7; Flynn, 7; Pierman, 1; Sauer, 1;
 Roach, 1; Gartland, 1. Free throws—Gartland, 4; Walters, 7.

Officials—Marron, Moynihan.

FREE THROWS.

The curtain dropped on the "W. and V." game but is up again now and basketball will hold our attention for several moons.

Dumon the "Wand V" regular full-back took a double somersault, resulting in a broken shoulder blade.

Finny's turkey dinner here was too much for a game of basket-ball in the afternoon.

The Varsity Quintette gave a passing exhibition against the K. H. S. t'other evening.

A new basketball team, with only high-school men eligible has resulted in the appearance of thirty-five candidates. Look out Varsity!

Capt. Gartland can rim the ball with his former accuracy.

"Horse" Dondanville still has the jump.

Roach surely looks "good."

Curly Flynn is *again* going like lightning.

Lewis next Saturday with Notre Dame soon after.

Since the new basket-ball league started everybody has some kind of a suit——.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance; efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous; a spirit all sunshine, beautiful because bright.
 —Carlyle

| |
|----------------------------|
| V I A T O R I A N A |
|----------------------------|

ITS ALL WRONG!

Jitney bus to the College.
 Six months' vacation.
 Class dances.
 Sweaters for singing.
 Breakfast in rooms.

BEFORE BLUE-JAYS ARRIVED

Prof.—“Name a work of the 17th century.”
 Stude—“John Pilgrim's ‘Bunyan's Progress.’”

IN FRENCH CLASS

My gracious! Isn't it acute accent?

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Hughes—“To quit singing.”
 Fischer—“To study every night.”
 Finnegan—“Get a new tooth.”
 Poole—“To be back on time.”
 Gartland—“Start writing letters.”
 Hank—“To cultivate a laugh.”
 Cox—“To ‘use a little judgment’.”
 Prof. Kenyon—“To increase hours for athletics.”

CLEAR AS MUD

We two had to wait from two to two to two two.

SEASONS AND THEIR INSPIRATIONS TO POETRY

(Scale—one gold-fish-one-mile.)

Winter—Snow—Ice—overshoes—pancakes.
 Fall—Leaves—sunset—pumpkins—last sparrow.
 Spring—Buds—flowers—sulphur and molasses—vacuum cleaners—showers—first sparrow.
 Summer — Heat—lawnmowers—soft collars—vacation—Palm beaches—swimmin—hole.

"To whom or why was I sent to the office?"

"To B. O. Bedient."

"How old is that lamp?"

"Three years."

"Put it out, its too young to smoke."

The photography business is free from monotony. Always new developments.

Waiter—"He slapped the cook's face."

Proprietor—"Why didn't the cook reciprocate?"

Waiter—"He couldn't. He had lost the reciprocator."

(Apologies to F. C. H.)

"Oh, Hank-ism tired"

"Um—huh."

An English professor told his class to give the name of a sixteenth century writer and comment on one of the author's works.

One theme though brief was to the point. It read: "Certamus Moore."

6:59 ANY MORNING

"They're coming over."

Even though we advocate peace we are Ford-ifying our country.

Several of our number played h-two-o-kay-y last double-you-ee-kay and were put in ef-are-ee study. Its too sorry.

ISLE d' AMOUR

Have you ever heard or did it ever occur to you, that—"ISLE OF VIEW?"

Vincent—What is a mollycoddle?

Jim—I don't know.

Vincent—A mollycoddle is one who lives in South Chicago and enjoys it.

ANCIENT HISTORY

"Fifty words and the line-up or the mystery of the One Dollar check."

Student—Where is Coyne?

Fr. O'M.—"He must be circulating."

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Wearing B.V.D.'S all winter.

Some schools suspend students for smoking cigarettes. Beware of those infirmity pills!

Even though we lose our appetites we still retain our taste(?) for books.

50-50

We find pronunciation of foreign languages difficult. What must foreigners think of ours?—

"Mr. Clough kept a plough in trough hung to a bough over a lough."

Abraham Lincoln's statement should solve the short-skirt question.

OUT OF DATE

"How do you feel?"

"Exposition-like."

"How's that?"

"Fair."

Later—This is obsolete. Since December 4th "exposition like" means "all broken up" or "torn to pieces."

"To congregate" means "to collect"—but—"congregation" does not mean "collection."

Elevated Station, November 20, 1915.

Dear Gang:—

I aRRived Oh-Kay. Met mr. Porter on the train. He treted me finely. Said he was riding on the train evry day. Had a hard time gettin' a cross Michigan st. Lots of autoes. Must a been a

perade. Cudn't find out where all the people was goin. Seen the game: also a big crowd. Thats where evrywun was goin. Stopped at the Morisson Hotel but couldnt find mr. Morisson. Also failed to find a danse in the loop.

Cuming home soon, youre friend,

Zeke.

HAPPY NEW YEAR AND GET BACK ON TIME!

Powell's Studio

*Call Here for Everything Up-to-
Date in the line of*

Photography

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

CALL

"Where Purity is Paramount"

ICE CREAMS AND
CONFECTIONERY

M. W. Barron Kankakee

KANKAKEE ICE CREAM CO.

*Purity and Flavor
Our Specialty*

139 North West Ave.

Kankakee, Ill.

M. H. WILTZIUS & CO.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**Church and Religious Goods, Vestments, Statues
Chalices**

Complete line of Prayer Books, Rosaries, Prayer Books

*We call special attention to our large line of
books. We furnish any book at publishers' prices.*

76 W. Lake Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

G. OSCAR H. BYRON

Groceries, Ice Cream, Cigars
and Confectionery
LUNCH ROOM

Bourbonnais Illinois

Ask for Our

Diploma Catalogue
Pantagraph Ptg. & Sta. Co.

Bloomington, Illinois



Marsile Alumni Hall

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE

1 hour and 30 minutes from Chicago

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Founded in 1868. Recently rebuilt. Four new, thoroughly modern and fireproof buildings. Location pleasant, healthy and easily accessible. Capacity limited to 400 boarding students. Price of board and tuition \$250.00 per year. Private rooms (Roy Hall) rented at \$120.00 per year or \$60.00 per one-half room.

Well organized faculties and complete educational equipment in departments of Theology, Philosophy, Sciences, Agriculture and Mathematics, Literature and Eloquence. Music and in Academic and Preparatory Courses.

Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters conferred yearly.

A Salutory system of discipline which makes for character building is maintained. For Illustrated Catalogue, address

VERY REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY, C. S. V., President.

THE FALLACIES of A.P.A. ISM

Now running monthly in

BRANN'S ICONOCLAST

Every lover of Truth, every hater of Bigotry, should read this great series of articles by editor C. A. Windle. He is the man whose reply to Tom Watson's attack upon the Catholic Church attracted world wide attention.

If you miss these articles, you miss the strongest arguments against A. P. A. ism ever published.

Subscription \$1.00 a year. Single copies ten cents. Newsdealers can obtain copies with return privileges.

BRANN'S ICONOCLAST

1171 Transportation Building

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS