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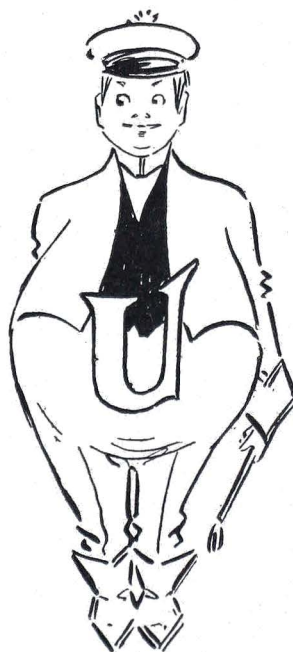
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"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

MARK—X, 14

*I think when I read that sweet story of old—
How when Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.*

*I wish that His hands had been placed on my head
That His arms had been thrown around me
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said—
"Let the little ones come unto Me."*

*Yet still to my Saviour in prayer I may go
And ask for a share of His love,
I know if sincerely I seek Him below
I shall see Him and hear Him above.*

Selected.

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ODE ON INTIMATION OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD; AN INTERPRETATION

JOHN A. O'BRIEN, '13.

(Paper read before the Senior Class in Literary Criticism on
December 18, 1912.)

The casual reader, after perusing Wordsworth's Ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" is apt to close the book with a feeling of impatience and murmur to himself ("Here is Stygian darkness realized.") Upon first reading the poem, such, at least, was my experience. I was completely at a loss to find where the notion of immortality was expressed; and had I not glanced at the title before perusing the work, and referred to it several times to assure myself that I was not reading a different poem, I would have considered the production to be an ode on the beauties and joys of nature, into which was woven some of the fanciful mythology of the ancients.

Indeed, one writer has remarked that the most thoughtful and considerate act of Wordsworth in connection with this ode was his careful choice of the word "Intimations" instead of the word "Proofs" for the title. If they are intimations at all, they are of the gentle and indirect sort which do not sin by excess of clearness. That this is the case is evident from the fact that practically every reader of the ode when asked, what to his mind, are the intimations of immortality, will give a different answer. Thus Hutton says "The intimations of immortality are to be found in the deep conviction all the things, met with in the course of life, produce upon the mind, that they are the superficial shows of life, that they vanish like the dreams of youth and reveal the Immortal Spirit working in and through them." Ruskin thinks that the indications of

immortality are to be found "in the joys of nature, such as the laughter of children, the singing of birds and beautiful scenery."

Some argue that "The intimations of immortality are to be found in the Platonic doctrine adopted by Wordsworth, namely, that our soul had an independent existence before it came into the union with the body, and can consequently, resume its existence after its departure therefrom." Others frankly admit their failure to discover any intimations of immortality in the ode, and of the latter class there are not a few.

As no great authority on the matter has ever given us an interpretation of the poem—at least not to my knowledge—the above views considered merely as individual opinions may not be wholly untenable. Yet to my mind, they have all missed the point at issue. They have failed to perceive the significance of the first of the three simple canons of literary criticism laid down by Samuel Coleridge, namely, "What has the author tried to do? How has he done it?" and lastly "What is the value of the work?"

Hence the first question to be answered is not "What to our minds are the intimations of immortality?" It is rather, "What are the intimations of immortality which Wordsworth himself intended to convey?" Before attempting to answer the last question, let us ascertain if Wordsworth speaks of intimations in general, or if he confines himself to one particular, definite kind of intimations, namely, those drawn from the recollections of early childhood. That the poet does limit himself to intimations which are drawn from such recollections is evident from the title of his work, "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." Many readers, however, seemed to have overlooked the last part of the title "from Recollections of Early Childhood" and as a result, have wandered unguided through the poem searching for all sorts of intimations of immortality except those which the author himself intended to express.

Consequently, intimations of immortality deduced from the joys of nature, from the conviction of the superficiality of the "outward things of sense," or from the independent pre-existence of the soul, though they may in themselves be indications of the soul's immortal nature are not the intimations which Wordsworth intended to portray. Therefore they are of no

assistance in obtaining an answer to the first question which every literary criticism seeks to answer, namely, "What has the author tried to do?"

Now, as Wordsworth has admittedly embodied in this ode the Platonic doctrines of pre-existence and recollection, a brief exposition of these doctrines will enable the reader to grasp many ideas and thoughts in the ode, which to the student, unacquainted with Platonic philosophy, are wholly unintelligible. Plato taught that the soul was created by God long before the body. For aeons of ages it lived a happy spiritual existence together with the Creator. Finally the human spirit, like the first angels, sinned; and as a punishment for its transgression, was banished from its celestial home and incarcerated in the gloomy prison-house of the body. Here it shall remain, until it has sufficiently atoned for its offence against the Creator. Though confined in the material dungeon of the body, the soul still retains the memory of its former spiritual home, in the immaterial Heaven, where the Creator will again welcome the soul's return, when its time of bondage has been served.

Concerning this theory of recollection upon which Wordsworth's chief intimation of immortality rests, Turner has this to say: "The doctrine of pre-existence gave rise to the doctrine of recollection. . . . The doctrine of recollection implies that in our supercelestial home the soul enjoyed a clear and unclouded vision of the Ideas, and that, although it fell from that happy state and was steeped in the river of forgetfulness, it still retains an indistinct memory of those heavenly intuitions of the truth; so that the sight of the phenomena—mere shadows of the Ideas—arouses in the soul a clearer and fuller recollection of what it contemplated in its previous existence. The process of learning consists, therefore, in recalling what we have forgotten: to learn is to remember."

Father Maher, S.J., in his *Psychology* gives us the following comprehensive exposition of the theory of recollection, also called the theory of innate ideas: "The originator of the hypothesis of Reminiscence was Plato. The sensible world is for him no true world at all. It is merely a congeries of transient phenomena which changing from moment to moment never really are. The real world, that which alone truly *is* and does not pass away, is disclosed to us in our intellectual ideas. Such universal concepts as *being, unity, substance, the beautiful*, reveal to us, obscurely indeed, but still with truth, the immuta-

ble and the necessary. Now these spiritual notions cannot either directly or indirectly be derived from sensuous perception; they are natural endowments of the soul, retained by it from a previous existence. Truth, goodness, humanity, beauty, and the rest, however, do not possess merely a subjective existence, as abstract concepts in the mind. They formally exist *as universals* in the genuinely *real* world of which the present material universe is only a faint imperfect reflection. In that celestial land the human spirit formerly dwelt, and there contemplated these ideas or abstract essences as they exist in themselves. For some crime, now unknown, it was evicted from its true home and incarcerated in the prison of the body. Although much the greater part of its ancient knowledge was obliterated, there remained in a dormant condition traces of the mental acts by which the soul in its previous life contemplated the real ideas.

These imperfect mental states are the universal ideas of our present experience, and they awake on the occasion of sensuous perceptions. They are not, however, in any way, produced by, or elaborated out of these latter. They are merely evoked from the inner resources of the mind on the occurrence of corporal phenomena, which in a shadowy manner resemble the original types—the Real Universals."

That the ode is merely poetical elaboration of these Platonic doctrines of pre-existence and recollection, especially the latter, will be evidenced from an analysis of the poem.

Hence, then, the complete answer to the first question, "What has the author tried to do?" would in my judgment be, He has tried to depict the intimations of immortality arising from the recollections which the soul in early childhood possesses of its previous state of existence—a spiritual state in which the soul perceived its own immortal and imperishable character. For the soul when first lodged in the gloomy prison chamber of the body is still warm with the vivid recollection of its former life. The gross material things of sense have not had sufficient time to cool the warmth or to dampen the ardor of the soul's vivid memory. It is this memory which clothes the common objects of nature with a glory and a dream-like splendor which constantly awakens in the soul of the child the remembrance of its former spiritual Paradise, where death was a total stranger. Along with this recollection of its previous immaterial existence, there comes of necessity, the firm

and unalterable conviction, aye, even the very consciousness, of the soul's imperishable and undying nature.

This is the central intimation of immortality which Wordsworth wishes to express. It is this irresistible conviction of the soul's indestructible character which Wordsworth styles, "the indomitableness of the Spirit within me" and which renders the notion of death as a state applicable to one's own being, so repugnant to his very nature.

It is this consciousness of the spirit's immortal nature which makes the soul content to endure the present years of thralldom in the material dungeon of the body. For the soul knows that, after the dissolution of the body, it shall again resume its existence in the spiritual world where the Creator dwells. It is the memory of those heavenly intuitions of truth, which the soul once enjoyed, that now envelopes the common objects of sight in a heavenly grandeur and beauty which can be accounted for in no other way. It is this celestial halo, surrounding the common things of sense perception, that is mentioned in practically every stanza of the ode.

Gradually, however, the gross, earthly, outward things of sense begin to weigh upon the buoyancy of the soul, constantly tending to extinguish the memory of the spirit's quondam, happy dwelling-place. Little by little, this once vivid remembrance of the spirit's former state of being has grown dim and shadowy.

*"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy."*

Finally, in the grown-up man, accustomed to the stern realities of a material existence, this once active memory has now become sluggish and dormant, so that mature man identifies that strange indescribable glory, which invested the objects of sight in childhood, and which to the youth was "the vision splendid"—the man now identifies it with the ordinary light of the noonday sun.

*"At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."*

That these intimations of immortality, based upon the recollections of early childhood, are Wordsworths, and not my own intimations, resulting from an involved process of deductive reasoning, I hope to make clear from an analysis of each stanza of the ode. This will at the same time enable us to

arrive at an answer to the second question, "How has the author accomplished his purpose?"

In the first stanza the poet tells us, with unmistakable clearness, that in childhood, the ordinary objects of vision seem apparelled in a celestial radiance and glory and beauty. This can be explained only by the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence, according to which, the soul retains a vivid memory of its quondam, heavenly home, in which the beautiful and the true exist as real universals. Thus the spirit murmurs half regretfully to itself:

*"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."*

The soul has evidently been imprisoned many years in the body, for the sordid things of sense have weighed down the buoyant spirit, and have almost effaced from the soul's memory, the picture of its previous abode of happiness and beauty. In the plaintive tone of an old, silver-haired man, the veritable "*laudator temporis acti*," the spirit thus continues:

*"It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more."*

In the second stanza, the spirit tells us that the same earthly things of beauty exist now, as in its boyhood days,

*"The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The Sunshine is a glorious birth."*

These material things of beauty fail to please the spirit. Why? Because they are not clothed in that vivid dream-like splendor in which the warm, fresh memory of early childhood pictured them. Hence the spirit feels that something is lacking.

*But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."*

The third stanza seems to be somewhat of a digression; the central intimation of immortality finds but little development or advancement in this verse. Yet to my mind, there is an idea embodied in this stanza, which is not wholly irrelevant to the plan of the poem. The poet, throughout the entire verse, tells how happy and joyous and gay all the earth is, as well as, all the birds and beasts thereupon. With startling abruptness and sharply contrasting with the preceding sentiment of joy and gaiety, the poet suddenly exclaims:

"To me alone there came a thought of grief:"

Why? Was it because the spirit, upon seeing all the mundane things happy and care-free, realizes that it is languishing away in a prison cell? This thought grieves the spirit; but then comes the comforting reflection that its days of bondage will soon be over, and the spirit again feels soothed and strengthened.

In the fourth stanza is re-echoed the central thought underlying the three preceding stanzas. The soul perceives that all nature is beautiful and happy, yet feels instinctively that something is missing, namely, that indescribable grandeur and dream-like splendor in which all nature was apparelled in the eyes of the idealist—the child. This celestial beauty is no longer visible to the old man, who has become a stern realist. The spirit deplores the loss of this heavenly radiance, murmuring regretfully:

*"But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"*

The fifth stanza is an exposition of the Platonic doctrines of pre-existence and reminiscence and may be considered the key to the interpretation of the ode. Thus, the poet, in no equivocal words, tells us:

*"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."*

So much is the doctrine of the soul's pre-existence.

The poet then sets forth the theory of reminiscence in the lines immediately following:

*"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."*

In the next lines the poet tells us that the soul of the infant is laden with visions of Heaven, but as the child advances to manhood, this vision grows fainter and fainter, until finally in the grown-up man the vision has become almost completely obscured.

*"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."*

In the sixth stanza the poet describes the tendency of earthly pleasures to make the soul forget its heavenly home and its own immortal nature. Notice in the following lines how the poet styles the earth merely our homely Nurse, and our Foster-mother, not our real mother.

*"And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."*

The seventh stanza describes how the child is gradually taken up with the material things of sense. That these fail to satisfy him, however, is evident from the following lines

which tell us that he throws them all aside and seeks for something else to satisfy the longing of the spirit within him.

*"But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part."*

In the eighth stanza the poet praises the little child to a superb degree, styling him:

*"Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage,"*

To what heritage does the poet refer? To the heritage of those heavenly intuitions of truth, which the sordid things of earth have not yet destroyed or even obscured. That this knowledge which the child possesses is not acquired through the ordinary process of sense preception, but that it is the result of a heavenly intuition, may be seen from the following lines:

*"—thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave."*

In the following lines the poet uses for the first and only time during the entire ode the word "immortality," telling us that the child is incapable of driving from his mind the firm conviction of his immortal nature.

*"Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by."*

From the above lines it would seem that the consciousness of the imperishable character of the soul is more than a mere intimation or a mere hint in childhood. The consciousness of the spirit's immortality seems to be ineradicably enrooted in the child's very nature;—it overwhelms him, and struggle though he may, he is utterly unable to rid himself of that overmastering and overwhelming conviction.

In the concluding lines of that stanza the poet asks the child why it ever leaves the stage of childhood, where the spirit is fresh and buoyant, to enter manhood where the spiritual and the ideal are subordinated to the material and the real.

*"Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"*

The ninth stanza is subordinate only to the fifth in furnishing a key to the interpretation of the ode. In the first part of the stanza, the poet tell us that in the days of early childhood when the soul, fresh from its heavenly home, where nothing is changeable or transient, but everything is immutable and eternal—in those days of early childhood, the spirit experienced enormous difficulty in trying to realize the vanishing, ephemeral character of the things of earth. It questioned the objects

*"Of sense and outward things
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised."*

Though the spirit witnesses, every hand, the decay and corruption of sublunary, material things, yet it still retains the recollections of its own immortal nature, and "raises the song of thanks" for these remembrances, which it styles

*"—those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never."*

The thought expressed in the concluding lines of this stanza is among the most comforting and soothing, and at the same

time, one of the most beautiful thoughts embodied in this ode. In these last lines, the soul receives the consoling assurance that no matter how deeply the spirit may be steeped in the slough of the material things of earth, even though it be apparently stifled in the quagmire of matter, yet it still retains a vision of its former spiritual home to which it shall some day return. This thought consoles the spirit and makes it content to bear the ills and the chafing confinement of its thralldom. These are the lines:

*"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."*

The consoling thought, contained in the above lines, causes the spirit to be content with its lot, and thus the spirit exclaims with an air of resignation

*"What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength and what remains behind;
..In the faith that looks through death,"*

and sees after the dissolution of the body the return of the spirit to its former spiritual home, where it shall be happy throughout unending life.

In the last stanza the poet tells us

"Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

To what other race does the poet refer? To that race of spiritual beings who inhabited the celestial kingdom, prepared for them by the Creator, but who like the first angels, fell from their high state of happiness through sin, and were incarcerated in the dungeon of the body, this, doubtless, is the race the poet had in mind. The poet concludes the ode with the lines:

*"To me the meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."*

How can a mere flower enkindle such sad thoughts in the mind? On the Platonic theory of reminiscence, this is easily explicable. For, according to this theory, the material object awakens in the dormant memory of the soul, the recollection of its previous abode of happiness, and reminds the spirit that it is an outcast from its true home and a captive in the material prison of the body. Are these not thoughts of the spirit which "lie too deep for tears?"

After having carefully analysed each of the eleven stanzas of the ode, one is now prepared to answer the second question of Coleridge's "What is the process which the author adopts to accomplish his purpose?" He adopts the Platonic doctrines of pre-existence and reminiscence and endeavors to show through them that the soul has a clear, unmistakable vision or recollection of its former spiritual existence and of its own immortal nature; this consciousness or conviction of the spirit's immortality is the chief and central intimation which Wordsworth wishes to express.

As the ode is merely the poetical elaboration of the Platonic theories of pre-existence and reminiscence, the philosophical value of the poem rests upon the truth or falsity of the doctrines involved. Both these theories of Plato, however, are universally rejected by philosophers, who consider them the product of the imaginations, without any foundation in reality. Consequently, Wordsworth cannot be said to prove or even to truthfully intimate the immortal character of the soul, and his production, estimated from a philosophical stand-point, is practically worthless. Yet, owing to the artistic workmanship throughout the ode, the literary value of the production is considerable. To conclude my criticism of the ode, by briefly summarizing my answer to the last question of Coleridge's "What is the value of the work?" I would say that the philosophical value of the ode is very little, but the literary value of the production is great indeed. And upon the latter alone rests its sole claim to a prominent position among the poems of its kind.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE

It was a free afternoon and Ted Whaley's cosy room, seething with tobacco smoke, was the scene of a jolly gathering. Out of doors the snow was swiftly falling, driven hither and thither by the sharp December blasts. What had appeared, early in the morning to be a gentle fall of snow, had by that time become a veritable blizzard.

"This is pretty soft, fellows, nothing to do till tomorrow," said Jack Daw as he lit his pipe. Gee! but its great to be through with training and be able to get a good whiff from the old pipe once more. Say wouldn't it be fierce if this blizzard happened during the foot-ball season? Its a cinch Coach Sharpe would have had us out practicing, snow or no snow! He was the limit. Never again for mine. I'm through with foot-ball. The old pipe tastes too good to ever give it up again."

"Oh you'll sing a different story next Fall," said big Wheeler, Captain-elect for '14, entering the room, "you won't be able to resist the call for candidates. I've heard you talk before."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Hill, the speedy quarter, "drop foot-ball will you? It's bad enough to be nursing bruises from the past season, without having it continually drummed into you how you came by them."

"I don't see where you've got any kick coming," answered Wheeler "you ought to be satisfied with foot-ball. I know I would if I was picked for quarter on the 'all Western' eleven! But to get away from foot-ball, who has seen Huron and Toomey? The theatrical director is looking for them."

"Oh, they planned to visit the asylum today, and even though they ran the chance of the whole street car line being tied up before they get back, they were determined to go," replied Daw, "Huron read an article in a magazine about the cruelty practiced in insane asylums and he and Toomey decided to go scouting. First thing you know they'll be running a detective agency."

"Well!" said Wheeler, "If Huron isn't back for rehearsal by five he is liable to lose his part in the play. I heard the director say his patience was tried to the limit, with only half of the crowd showing up and the next one that missed would

be fired. If he isn't here he'll have to go into the detective business for his career as an actor will be ended."

Just then the stamping of feet in the corridor, drew everyone's eyes toward the door, when Huron and Toomey burst unceremoniously into the room.

"Ye gods! it's fierce outside; lead me to the radiator" puffed Toomey.

"What did you discover?" asked the crowd in union.

"Ah, wait till we get thawed out, wont you?" snarled Huron.

"Beware of the polar bear" laughed Hill dancing around Huron. A flying leap and Hill was laying on the bed with big Huron pounding him.

"If you can beat a fellow up, you ought to be able to tell us what you discovered" gasped Hill.

"Nothing to discover" said Huron, "this thing of cruelty to the inmates and keeping people that are'nt crazy is all humbug. Why those people are treated as well as we all are. The doctors, nurses, and attendants are all fine. They certainly do everything they can for their charges; they were very kind to us also. That magazine writer must have been relating the story of a horrible dream. We have a chance to observe everything pretty well today, and from what I saw about the treatment of the inmates I'd just as soon be crazy"—"as the way you are," finished Whaley. "Well I'd like to see them ill-treat me" sneered Huron "I'd show them!"

"You can't get any satisfaction out of this bunch, Huron, let's go to rehearsal" remarked Toomey, starting for the door. Huron followed amid a general remarks of "See the great Detectives" Sherlock Holmes and the like.

* * * *

It was a week later when Huron came bursting into Whaley's room. "Say Ted'd you hear the latest?" he remarked. "Some of the doctors from the asylum saw our play last night and were so impressed with it that we've been invited to reproduce it over there for the attendants and the "rationals" next Tuesday night. We start rehearsing this afternoon at five and I'm looking up the bunch, did you see any of them?"

"Sure! I just left the crowd in Daw's room" answered Ted. "I hope you make good over"—but he was talking to the door. Huron was gone. "I wouldn't mind going over" he thought, it would be interesting to watch the audience.

Whaley sat thinking awhile, when suddenly a bright smile illumined his face. "By jove! it'd be rich if we could pull it off," he cried, "its just the caper." A little more reflection on his part, then clapping himself on the leg he remarked, "I'll do it," grabbed his cap and was off for a chat with a few of his chums. It was an easy task to find them and soon they were gathered in a little knot, all whispering excitedly and laughing with suppressed glee.

Gee! it'll be great" said Daw, "I'll get even with that big detective Huron."

Tuesday night came and the play was produced at the asylum to a crowded house. Huron as the star had really outdone himself, and after the show was boasting of the hit he had made.

"Hurry up! or you'll miss the last car if you don't get that paint off your face and get dressed," shouted the director.

"Lots of time" replied Huron as he stepped into the dressing room. He looked about for some of the troop but the dressing room was empty.

The "star" left alone began to prepare himself for the street. "It was certainly a fine performance," he mused, "I didn't think it was in—Oh hang it! I'll never get this paint off now, I forgot to grease my face before I made up."

Time was quickly flying as he worked to clean his face, but hearing foot-steps, outside, and thinking it was some of the fellows called to them "Come in fellows." A heavy step sounded in the room; he turned and was confronted by a big burly guard." "Come Your Majesty," said the guard bowing low, "It's time to go to the palace." "What's the joke?" gasped the astonished Huron.

"The banquet's prepared and your carriage awaits," said the guard with another bow. Grasping the wondering fellow by the arm, he started to pull Huron toward the front entrance. Huron tried to break away but the guard was strong, and held the struggling student in a grip of iron.

Huron now almost bursting with indignation shouted "If you think this is a joke your mighty mistaken. I'm not a king. I'm one of the troupe from the college that played here to-night. I'm not crazy."

"Of course you're not" replied the guard pulling him along, "You're Edward, King of England, and I'm escorting you to the grand ball at Buckingham Palace."

"Heavens! I'm in the hands of a madman," gasped Huron, struggling to get away. "Help! help! he shouted" but a heavy hand was clasped over his mouth."

"Be easy, Your Royal Highness," panted the guard, for Huron was no weakling and was putting up a fight, "your costume will be disarranged and you know this is a fancy dress ball."

Dragging Huron along the aisle, they came to a small ante-room near the entrance. The door stood open and into this room, the struggling, kicking fellow was thrust with a mighty shove landing in a heap in the corner. Before he could gather his scattered wits the guard had stepped to the door and saying "to the palace, James" quickly closed the door.

The now thoroughly frightened boy found himself in darkness. He felt in his pockets; one match was all he found. Striking it, he shaded it a moment with his hands as it flared up, and then pandemonium seemed to break loose, a seething crowd of maniacs rushed him and though he tried to stem the tide of the awful on rush, in a moment he was on the floor expecting every minute to be trampled to death. Suddenly it all ceased and even though he thought he heard a huge creak and a cool current of air strike him, he was too frightened to pay much attention to it. Finally he became calmer, and rising began to grope about the room. He struck a chair and now the almost unnerved boy started back with a wild shriek. "Oh! it's only a chair" he whispered in an uncanny voice. Starting again he made the circuit of the room, but failed to touch anything but the walls and door. "Am I dreaming or am I really crazy" he muttered. "Help! help! he cried frantically beating the door with his fists.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and two guards, one with a rope, charged him. With the strength of a madman, the terror stricken boy burst from their grasp. Through the door he dashed, slamming it shut after him.

Quickly they followed and mad pursuit ensued, but Huron was no mean sprinter, besides fear had lent wings to his heels. Skirting the town, across country he went. On, on he ran but his strength was failing fast, and slowing up, he glanced back. The bright moon flooded the snow covered roadway with light, and not a soul was in sight. He stopped for breath but the chill December air seemed to pierce his very marrow. "Oh for a coat" he groaned. His remained in the dressing room of

the theater. Stirred into action by the cold he struck up a little dog trot, but the cold was bitter in its intensity, now that the excitement of the chase had worn off. Quickly increasing his stride it was not long before the college buildings loomed up, huge, and dark. Reaching the doorway, he stole quietly to his room and was quickly in bed. Sleep was not easily wooed and as he lay in bed thinking of his adventure, he whispered to himself "Gee! if the crowd ever get next to this I'll never hear the end of it. But how am I going to get my overcoat and things from the asylum and not let anyone get next is the question." Thinking such thoughts he at last fell into a troubled sleep, wherein guards and maniacs battled with him half the night. Just as they were about to tie him, the sound of the rising bell with its awful clang was for once a welcome sound.

"Ye gods! But I'm glad it's morning," he cried as he jumped out of bed. Then his eyes almost popped out of his head for there on a chair were his clothes that he had left at the asylum. "I guess I'll have to pinch myself and see if I'm awake" he groaned. Advancing to the chair he found a piece of paper pinned to the coat upon which was written: "Horrors of an Insane Asylum and How I Corrected them—complete in one issue, by Huron, the Actor Detective."

S. E. D.



PHRONEMATA

Dear stormy winter, the querulous season of the year is with us again, bringing its pelting freezing storms and mournful, windy threnodies. But with all its unpleasantness I am not sure that I do not like this cross-visaged season better than its fairer sisters, since it is the time of drawn curtains, lighted lamps, cosy rooms and books. There is no pleasure quite equal to that experienced when one sits down in a comfortable room to a good "read" with the winter wind wailing outside. The delightful sense of security and comfort felt then is enhanced greatly by a consideration of the unpleasantness of outdoor life, and cannot be experienced in the same degree under any other conditions. Then the pleasures of last summer's camping trip with its exuberant outdoor existence seems jejune and insignificant, and one is inclined to pity the unfortunate people who are forced to live in lands of perpetual sunshine and fair weather. The wind may howl, and the sleet may beat against my window pane, but I am at peace with the world conversing with one of those mighty intellects whose thoughts have illuminated some of the dark places of life.

The passing of a year always tends to make me both retrospective and prospective, but the retrospect and prospect do not generally make me exuberantly happy. The past seems very long and very full of failure and low accomplishment, of laziness and of drifting with the current, while a still small voice whispers insistently that the future way perhaps will be very short. I cannot see into the darkness ahead of me, but past failures and old resolutions that have been broken throw their light into the darkness ahead illuminating vague spectres and shadowy shapes of their brothers and sisters that have not yet been met. Will it be mine to say with so many others, when there is no more earthly future "So much to do, so little done." The present, however, is here and is real, and if it is filled with humble and earnest accomplishment of what ought to be done, the past and the future will take care of themselves. The doing is mine, but success is God's. I cannot ensure suc-

cess. God alone can do that. Personal ambition if not always the noblest sort colors our discontent with ourselves and things in general. We are often discouraged and disgusted when we have not succeeded, because success did not crown our half-hearted efforts, whereas this disgust should be directed towards our own miserable efforts, not towards the failure to attain success.

Beyond the black forbidding waves of the Sea of Wasted Opportunities lie the beauteous shores of the Land of Might-have-been. This country is a veritable paradise where everything is just as it should be, where the Sun of Success ever shines, where gaunt Remorse and Regret never enter, and where you have attained all you could desire. But unfortunately between you and it lies the Sea of Wasted Opportunities, a sea which no keel has ever parted, and which no one has ever or can ever cross. No, you can never reach the Land of Might-have-been. You can look through the distance at its pleasant outline on the horizon of your life, but you can never dwell there. The Land of Reality is for you, the land which you have fashioned and are fashioning for yourself, but if you do not enlarge the Sea of Wasted Opportunities by dreaming of the Land of Might-have-been, you can make the Land of Reality partly like the Land of Might-have-been. When applied to good undone, to work unfinished, to evil committed, the saddest words are "It-might-have-been."

S. U. N.



THE VIATORIAN

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As we watch the dying embers of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve slowly turn to ashes, our memories cling to the thousand little joys and griefs that have befallen us during the past year and our imaginations sally forth into the mystic realms of the future, trying to get a peep at the smiles and frowns of fortune before they are bestowed. "What does the coming year hold in store for me?" is a question which every student proposes to himself. The answer is, "The New Year holds in store for me, just what I make it hold. Everything lies in my hands; my own actions spell success or failure." Let us not indulge in vain dreams and hopeless speculation. The material for a successful year is at hand. We have only to mould it into a definite shape. If we do our part, the New Year will be successful. Let us be guided at the outset by the principle "that a good beginning makes a good end."

The old saying that practice makes perfect is a true one. It is obvious that an act done once is more easily done the second time. If there is a frequent repetition the act becomes a habit indeed which is almost impossible to break. Habits are assimilated and become second nature. They determine the whole course of their possessor's life. If one has cultivated

good habits during his youth his character is made and his good habits will be a source of joy in his declining days. On the other hand if he has allowed himself to form bad habits, he cannot expect to have a good character. Thackeray says, "sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny." No one intends to become a liar or a thief or a drunkard, but one act leads to another till the habit is fastened upon him. It is well to remember that it is just as easy to form a good habit as a bad one, and it is just as hard to break a good one as it is to break a bad one.

Sunday evening, December fifteenth, marked the opening of the lecture course at St. Viator's, for the present scholastic year. The large and appreciative audience demonstrated that the lecture course fills a long felt want. Such a movement should have the cooperation of every student in the college. A number of noted lecturers have been engaged to address the students at regular intervals and it is hoped that the attendance will be sufficiently large to encourage the continuance of this system. However, quality not quantity is the main consideration. To appreciate a lecture, a studious temperament is required. Those who do not possess the required qualifications will confer a favor upon their many serious neighbors by absenting themselves from the lecture hall.

***The Lecture
Course***



EXCHANGES

The Christmas number of the College Spokesman is one of our handsome exchanges and is replete with an agreeable variety of reading matter. The essay, "Character, its meaning and Value" is well worth the reading. The bit of fiction, "*Demetrius Ivanhoff*" is of the realistic kind and consequently is quite different from the ordinary run of short stories, the denouement of which are unusually ascertained after perusing the first paragraph. The short stories under the general title, "Echoes from Vacation" are interesting descriptions of the students' vacations. The editorial, "After the Battle" is an able treatment of the recent presidential election. The Exchange Department is well conducted and the paper on the whole is of a high literary standard.

The Christmas number of "The Labarum" from Mt. St. Joseph College presents an attractive and pleasing appearance and we believe it would give its neighbor, "The College Spokesman" a close race in a beauty contest. Ah, we see now the reason for its beauty—The Labarum is the work of feminine hands! The article "Views of Woman Suffrage" coming from the pen of a woman, gives a knowledge of how women themselves regard this important political movement. "Development of the English Novel" points out Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" as the rise proper of the English novel. The poem, "The Raindrop and the Tear" in comparing the little raindrop to the tear brings out a beautiful thought. The editorial, "A Convent Education" briefly answers the question, "What is the benefit of a convent education?" We agree with the authoress when she states that the training received in a Catholic convent strengthens and moulds the student's character in preparation for her future work. This is true, not so much because it develops the girl physically and intellectually but chiefly because it moulds her moral character in accordance with high and lofty ideals thus enabling her to overcome the temptations she is bound to meet when her convent days are over. After perusing all your pages, Laborum, and even peering into the happenings, "In the Gymnasium" we are much pleased with you—but not entirely. There is one thing missing—an Exchange Department, without which no college journal can be complete. Outside of this omission, Laborum, we are greatly delighted with your artistic workmanship and hope you will visit our sanctum regularly,

where we are waiting to receive you with outstretched arms and some bon-bons in our hands.

The Christmas number of the Notre Dame Scholastic contains a delightful array of short stories most of which deal with Yuletide incidents. This is one of the characteristics of the Scholastic—a pleasing wealth of interesting short stories.

“Education” in the December number of the “Schoolman” is a thorough treatment of that important subject; “Lost and Found” is an interesting bit of fiction; the editorial, “How Many Days” discusses that question so often asked before the arrival of the Christmas holidays. The Exchange Department,—incidentally the most trying and laborious position on the editorial staff—is well handled.

The *Campion* is one of our prompt arrivals for January. “Christmas Visitors” is an interesting little tale. “Induction in Oratory” is a close scrutiny of methods employed by Demosthenes in his First Phillipic by Cicero in his Pro. Lege Manilia and by Burke in his Conciliation with America. A studious examination of these masterpieces of oratorical composition cannot fail to be of assistance to the young orator. “On the Bridgeport Road” is an excellent poem, the sentiment of which is beautiful. This is the *Campion*’s first year in the field of college journalism and taking the present number of “The *Campion*” as a fair criterion of its literary value, we predict for The *Campion* a roseate future with the sincere wish, “*Ad multos annos!*”

The Redwood from Santa Clara, Cal., has made her first appearance at our sanctum during the present scholastic year and we heartily welcome her. In the article, “Analysis of Scientific Socialism” the author evidences an extensive knowledge of the subject and treats it with admirably lucidity. “The Hound of Heaven” is an appreciation of Thompson’s wonderful production. The poet as is pointed out in the article, creates a striking metaphor when he pictures the Hound as God and the hare as the Soul. The Hound’s hot pursuit of the fleeing hare represents God’s extreme solicitude for the soul’s well-being. The Rev. J. T. O’Connor, S. J., has published an excellent interpretation of this unique poem. The Editorial on the “Independent Workers of the World” is a timely exposition of this new organization. The Exchanges are well written. We admire your pleasing arrangement of reading matter, Redwood, and hope to see you more frequently, in the future.

SOCIETIES

THE CALL.

"The Call" a tragedy of three acts written and staged by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., produced an intense impression on the audience which packed the college theater to its utmost capacity on Friday evening, December 20th. This tragedy, the first product of its kind from Father Sheridan's versatile pen, is surely a fit tribute to the great collection of the intensely real and noble in tragic representation. The sentiments and deep religious feelings of the author pulsate very evincibly throughout the tenor of the plot. The intensity of the parts leading up to the crisis and the sadness of the events which follow thereafter are skillfully alleviated by the presence of less weighty considerations. In few words I may liken it to a great painting, portraying in vivid colors the anguish and agony of a soul who had not hearkened to its vocation and is thereby destined to wend a wandering course about this vale of tears. This is the main argument of the play and is ably assisted in prominence by the assistance of other great catholic doctrines, viz, the evil of mixed marriages and the consolations and strength derived from the confession of sins.

Francis Laukin, just graduated from college and who has unmistakably heard his call to the priesthood, discloses this fact to his parents. The mother, a devout Catholic, receives the message with gladness but the father a man of the world and an uninterested party in any creed, strenuously objects to the step. The forceable entreaties of Father Nolan to make Mr. Emil Laukin understand the value of such a call and the necessity of obeying its voice were to no effect. Eventually Francis, overpowered by the irresoluteness of his father and cowed by a probable rupture of a happy home, if he follow his call, concedes to go into the business world. A mother's heart is consequently broken and her son having missed his call, soon journeys in evil ways. This in word is the central figure of the production around which lie many homely and soul stirring scenes.

Nor could Father Sheridan be better pleased with an interpretation of his play than that rendered by its initial cast. The Thespians crowned themselves with glory, the old stars gleaming brighter than ever and the new appearing very aus-

piciously. No better comment could be given of them than the following which appeared in the Kankakee Republican: "The writer would like to speak, if space permitted it, of the splendid work done by Mr. Unruh, who took the part of Mr. Laukin; However he was at his best and added new laurels to his already superabundant supply, in the easy and effective manner in which he interpreted this very difficult role—which required much real action throughout the entire play. We can easily say that he was one of the stars of the evening and is to be congratulated for this new histrionic triumph. Mr. Rooney, who looked and acted the difficult role of Mrs. Laukin, delivered his lines in a way to merit the highest praise.

To T. D. Sullivan, however, who took the part of Francis Laukin, belongs the full measure of praise for his most excellent interpretation of the long and difficult part. With a fidelity excelled by few, Mr. Sullivan exemplified the old saying that the wages of sin is death in such a vivid and realistic way that the entire audience alternated between tears and cheers during his entire work on the stage.

F. A. Cleary, as Father Nolan, was as fervid and eloquent as he was kind of heart and illustrated most faithfully the character of the sincere man of God.

E. J. Kennedy, as Sister Felicitas, won the approval of all and looked the saintly part that Father Sheridan intended when he wrote the play.

E. S. Dunne, as Jeremiah Townsend, and O. H. Merz, as Hannah O'Grady, lent rays of sunshine and comedy and relieved the pent up feeling of the audience on many occasions during the evening.

Mr. Daley and Mr. Carter, Master Kaminsky, the newsboy; Mr. McGann, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Dillion, Mr. Kekich, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Welch, Mr. Shey and the musicians, Mr. Dougherty, Mr. Hogan, M. B. McGann, Mr. Galvin, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Carter, while taking less important parts, each added to make up a composite play of most excellent characters. The scenery, especially that of the second act in the Weiserhoff Palm Garden in New York City was exceptionally good.

We can not let pass without mention the excellent song by Master Colby and the instrumental work of Master McCarthy. Both these young gentlemen were brought back before the audience again and again.

All in all, Father Sheridan's play scored an unqualified success and demonstrated that it is possible to carry a strong ec-

clesiastical argument to the world through the medium of the stage as well as by the altar."

We may add that "The Call" compares favorably with the several very successful semi-religious plays such as "The Divorce," "The Confession," and "The Rosary" which have proven popular on account of their moral outlook and particularly on account of their forceable exposition of Catholic Doctrine.

The following is the original cast:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Emil Laukin.....	E. J. Unruh
Mrs. Emil Laukin.....	G. A. Rooney
Francis Laukin.....	<div> <div>The Laukin Children</div> <div> <div>.....T. D. Sullivan</div> <div>.....J. McCarthy</div> <div> <div>Act 1, F. Colby.</div> <div>Act 2, D. Quinn</div> </div> </div> </div>
Marie Laukin	
Paul Laukin.....	
Sister Felicitas.....	E. J. Kennedy
Rev. John Nolan.....	F. A. Cleary
Jeremiah Townsend, the brother of Mrs. Laukin..	E. S. Dunne
Hanna O'Grady, an intimate friend of the Laukins.	O. H. Merz
Mr. Wm. Simms, former business partner of Laukin.	J. J. Daley
Ella, servant of the Laukins.....	F. W. Carter
Tommy Quirk, the newsboy.....	H. Kaminsky
Head Jailer	B. C. McGann
An Orphan	H. Clemens
Head Waiter	S. Dillon
Waiter 1.....	E. Kikich
Waiter 2.....	C. Fischer

Guests of Weiserhoff Garden—H. J. McMurphy, T. Welch, A. Shea.

Musicians—J. Dougherty, J. Hogan, B. McGann, G. Galvin.

Pianist—F. Stevens. Violinist—F. Carter.

SYNOPSIS.

Act. I.—The home of the Laukins, Yonkers, N. Y. Early June.

Act II.—The Weiserhoff Palm Garden, New York City. Twenty years after.

Act III.—The jail, the morning of the execution. Six months later.

INTER ALIA

Occasionally letters are received from Gerald Bergan, A.B., '12, former editor of the *Viatorian*, who is enrolled in the North American College in Rome, Italy. Recently one of the faculty received news from Gerald, and for the benefit of his many friends, we herewith quote its contents.

**Gerald Bergan
'12 Writes
From Rome**

Rome, Italy.

"Rev. and Dear Father:

Have purposely postponed writing to you, until I had received all the impressions at the American College, and as classes have been going on during the past week, I think I am fully competent. In the first place I want to give you some very good advice founded on fact—namely—Never tell anyone, nor let anyone ever tell you that Latin is a dead language. Latin is the speediest ten second language in the world, bar none, and willing to meet all comers. Besides having such tremendous speed, Latin has the endurance and can do a Marathon and be first at the end, ready for another one. As soon as the pistol shoots, Latin is off—He goes so fast that we can neither see nor hear him; he only leaves a blur on the eyes and a slight buzz in the ears. And we poor mortals along the roadside with our eyes wide open and our ears many times extended throw up both hands and beg for mercy. Worst of all, he has four races every day and we are dragged into the arena to see him perform; and come out exhausted and nervous just from the excitement. Some of us tried to get wise and stretch a thread across his path but after he glides by we find but a very small fragment in our hands. We are plotting night and day, and we think that about Christmas time we will get some dynamite and attach it to his heels and blow him into a cripple to limp along the rest of this four years existence.—Here's hoping!

Having despatched the above will come down to the facts and assure you that I am more than pleased with Rome. Everything is so Catholic and so filled with the spirit of study that no one ever regrets leaving the good old states for a short stay here. We have a beautiful little place in the heart of Rome;

though old it is a pretty spot, having a little garden in the centre. Every student has a private room.

The meals are very substantial and the fellows are the most sociable in the world. Every one is your brother, ready and willing at all times to help you. We have about a hundred and fifty students and Chicago leads with thirty-two.

As regards my studies, we have Locis, comprising the tracts, "*De Vera Religione*," "*De Ecclesia*," "*De Traditione*," et "*De Fide*," *Liturgy*. Canon law and Archaeology, Church History and Italian. The teachers are all of the best and when I get the knack of taking notes everything will be O. K. The deficiency does not lie so much in understanding what the professor says but when you start to write and listen to the Latin at the same time, you forget what has gone before. Still I am not discouraged, everyone has to go through it. All the classes are alike; but soon I have no doubts I will be able to take notes like a veteran.

Had a delightful trip coming over, and am seeing Rome every day. Was thinking of S.V.C. and Loyola yesterday and was more than pleased that we humbled the Maroons once more. Also got the election returns for President.

The weather is a little cool but not uncomfortable. Am feeling fine and think the time will pass rapidly. Give my best regards to Father O'Mahoney, the priests and brothers and to the students. If you have a moment to spare drop a line to,

Your sincere friend,

GERALD.

North American College.

On Sunday, December 15th, the Rev. James J. Jennings, Pastor of the Presentation Church, Chicago, Illinois, an alumnus of St. Viator, celebrated his silver jubilee in a most unique manner. The good people of the Presentation parish wished to present their venerable pastor with a substantial purse as a token of their esteem, but he would not accept their generous offer, for he clearly stated in his address to them, that the expression of their love and esteem, of the perfect confidence and reverence they had for him was more priceless than gold. Young and old gathered to pay tribute to him who has guided them serenely over life's tempestuous paths for the past fourteen years. During the course of the evening

**Father
Jennings'
Silver Jubilee**

all gathered in the parish hall where an entertainment was given in his honor. Many addresses were read by members of the parish, all expressing their heartfelt thanks for his many kind acts and fatherly interests which he has ever manifested toward them. During Father Jennings' stay at the Presentation parish he has erected a fine school, a rectory, a splendid church and a Sister's residence, and even now there is in process of erection a new hall and a second school building, as the present one is inadequate for the pressing needs of the children of his parish. Needless to say that Father Jennings has ever given the children his best service and attention, for he is a true friend of the lambs of his flock. The celebration of the anniversary certainly was a memorable day for this venerable priest and for his good people and it is the wish and prayer of the many friends of the Jubilarian at St. Viator and throughout the entire Diocese, that he may be spared to continue his labors in the parish, where he is now reaping the fruits of the good seed which he has sown during the past fourteen years. We hope that Father Jennings may be able to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in the same befitting manner as marked the passing of this quarter of a century of labor in the Lord's Vineyard.

On Sunday, December 22, 1912, the Catholic citizens of Oak Park, Ill., witnessed the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the dedication of the Church of the Ascension. The ceremony was performed with all the pomp and splendor attendant upon such an occasion, by Most Rev. E. J. Quigley, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago; Solemn Pontifical High Mass, *coram episcopo*, was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D.D., of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Five years ago Rev. Thomas J. McDevitt, LL.D., an alumnus of this college and formerly of St. Columbkille parish was sent to organize a parish in Oak Park and he is now the proud pastor of three hundred families and a new church which is a combination building of three stories containing a church, an assembly hall and eight class rooms and apartments for the sisters. The faculty of the College and the many friends of Father McDevitt congratulate him upon his remarkable success since his appointment to this parish, and wish his unbounded success in the future.

On the Sunday within the octave of Christmas, the St. Viator Council, Knights of Columbus of Kankakee, were present in a body at the Solemn High Mass which was celebrated in the Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill., by the Chaplain of the Council, Rev. W. J. Bergin, S.C.V. He was assisted by the Rev. Father Remillard, C.S.V., and Mr. Martin O'Connell, as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. The Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., President of St. Viator College, delivered the sermon. The Reverend speaker took his text from the gospel of the day and clearly portrayed the conflict which is constantly being waged between the spiritual and sensual element of man's nature. Father O'Mahoney's sermon was a masterpiece of oratory. Before the beginning of the mass the Knights marched to the Administration Building of the college and paid their respects to the Rev. President and Chaplain.

It was an inspiring and edifying sight to witness such a large body of men banded in unity of Faith and doctrine attending divine services and will long be remembered by those who had the opportunity of being present. The music for the occasion was rendered by the Knights of Columbus choir. During the celebration of the Mass, the college faculty assisted in the Sanctuary.

PERSONALS

Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, H.S. '12, who is taking a business course in Springfield, Ill., was a visitor at the college a few days ago.

Mr. Vincent Marzano and Master Joseph, spent a few days of the holiday season, visiting their brother, C. A. Marzano, C.S.V.

Recently, Father Timmons of Watseka, Ill., was the guest of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, and other members of the college faculty.

C. B. Goodwin, until recently a student of this institution, has been forced to discontinue his studies on account of ill

health. Shortly after the Christmas holidays he left for Seattle, Washington, where he goes with the hope of regaining his health.

Recently, shower baths have been installed on the various floors of Roy Memorial Hall. This is a splendid improvement and adds much to the exceedingly home-like dormitory building, as well as to the convenience of the students.

The enrollment for the present scholastic year is steadily on the increase, and since the holidays, twenty-five new students have matriculated. This now brings the total number of students almost up to the four hundred mark.

The many friends of Mr. Pete Wall will be pleased to learn that he has lately been elected County Commissioner of Tippecanoe County, Ind. The following clipping from the Tippecanoe County Democrat speaks for itself:

"County Commissioner, Peter J. Wall is the first Democrat to hold this important office in twenty years. He is also the Lafayette business man to hold this office in twenty years; the last one being the late Robert McGrath. 'Pete' is one of Lafayette's most popular boys and progressive citizens. He is the youngest county commissioner Tippecanoe county has ever had. Mr. Wall enters on his duties on Monday next, succeeding Alvin C. Baker of Dayton, who has been the 'boss' of the board of commissioners for many years. Knowing 'Pete' Wall as we do, we have no hesitancy in predicting that he will be a most valuable public servant and will so conduct the affairs of his office as to make Democratic Administration very popular. One year from now Thomas J. Gwin will join Commissioner Wall and the board will then be Democratic." The many friends of Mr. Wall wish him unbounded success in his new office.

Mr. Gerald Kiley, student of '06-'07, has been doing newspaper work for several years since he left college. At present he is connected with one of the foremost dailies of New York City.

Mr. Peter Coffey, is at present located at Fresno, California, where he is employed in the shops of the Santa Fe railroad.

ALUMNI

Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., former pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, Ill., and who was a member of the College Faculty during the past year, is at present Chaplain of St. Joseph's Academy, Fort Worth, Texas.

Rev. Henry W. Webber, recently assistant of Presentation Church, has been appointed to assist Rev. M. S. Gilmartin, of St. Anselm's Church, Chicago, Ill.

During the Christmas holidays, Rev. Harris Darche, assistant of Notre Dame Church, Chicago, and his nephews, Henry and Irwin Ferneckes, visited the college.

Rev. W. J. Remillard has been appointed assistant pastor of the Church of the Divine Maternity, Bourbonnais, Illinois, to succeed Rev. C. J. St. Amant, who has been added to the college faculty.

We are sorry to note that two prominent Chicago Alumni of St. Viator's have been forced to discontinue parish work on account of ill health. Father Bernard Shiel of St. Mels church is recuperating in the west and Father John O'Donnell of St. Patrick's Church, intends to leave soon for Texas, in search of health. The many friends of these two priests sincerely hope that they will soon be able to take up their duties in their respective parishes.

Rev. Patrick Brown, C.S.V., formerly of St. Viator's and who has been stationed at Columbus College, Chamberlain, S.D., since September, is at present in Chicago. Father Brown has been added to the Viatorian Missionary band.

Rev. A. LaBrie, who taught Church History in the Seminary a few years ago, spent a few pleasant hours with the College Faculty recently.

Rev. J. D. Kirley, C.S.V., a prominent member of the Viatorian Missionary band, recently spent a few days at the college.

L. J. Pommier, C.S.V., recently of the College Faculty, has been added to the Faculty of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS BASKET BALL.

Coach Kelly has been working strenuously to organize the basketball team out of twenty-five recruits who reported for practice; there are five now eligible for basketball honors, McGee, Gartland, McGann, and Merz. Cleary is at his old position of guard, while Captain Fischer is still out of the game. The recruits captained by Frank Cleary are certainly showing some real basketball, and the coach declares that he will have a fast accurate, hard working quintette, on the floor for St. Viator.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF U. OF I., 6

ST. VIATOR 24

On December 14, the P. and S. snappy five took a dose of good basketball at the hands of the Varsity. The coach was altogether up against it to shape a squad into working order, having at his disposal only a week's practice after the Thanksgiving holidays, but the play of his best recruits was after the manner of a sensation and in short order they dispatched with the Physicians and Surgeons, running up 24 to the opponent's 6 points.

The game was a good one in its way, characterized by the brilliancy of St. Viator's team-play and basket-shooting. The showing of the Varsity composed of inexperienced men was certainly a surprise to us all and with the return of two or more seasoned veterans we ought to do things on that "gym" floor this winter. Lineup:

Physicians and Surgeons, 6

Wilson	R. F.	
Talbot, Clee	L. F.	
Hanson, Gredberg	C.	
Loudberg	R. G.	
Lipp	L. G.	

St. Viator, 24.

	Gartland
	McGee
	McGann, Monaghan
	Cleary
	Merz, Monaghan

Goals—McGee (5), Gartland (3), Monaghan, McGann (1). Free Throws—Monaghan (2). Referee—McDonald. Time-keeper, Dougherty.

IN THE LIMELIGHT.

That boy McGee is "good."

The reputation he has just made on the gridiron is not in the least stayed by his basketball work.

Coach Kelly declares that in McGee and Gartland he has a pair of forwards that cannot be beaten.

Allowing for prejudicial college spirit, if not entirely we almost agree with the coach in this respect.

Frank Cleary is there with his old good game.

Not to boast, but sincerely, we think we have a pretty good basketball Varsity.

Monaghan is at center and a guard; in either position, he plays very well.

The officials football sweater was awarded to fifteen players by the Athletic Board of Control to: Harrison, Fischer, Dunne, Welsh, Carey, Schaefer, F. Shea, A. Shea, McGann, Clifford, Lawler, McGee, Sullivan and Shermon.

ACADEMIC BASKETBALL

Academic basketball is progressing nicely under the direction of Coach McDonald. To all indications his heavyweight team will hardly meet defeat, being composed of four old Minim stars that have played together for the last three seasons, under the care of Coach McDonald and winning always. Not as much can be said of the lightweights as they are undergoing the same schedule as the heavyweights and likely enough, they may lose out here and there. As long as Coach McDonald has charge of Academic athletics, grand success stands out surely for the Academic department.

ACADEMICS AWARDED FOOTBALL HONORS.

Coach St. Aubin entertained the members of the football squad to a banquet Tuesday evening. This is one of the pleasantest events in connection with the football season, for the honors are bestowed and all make merry around the "festive board." Coach St. Aubin spares no time, labor or expense in making for the success of his team. Everybody knows who in any way is connected with St. Viator's of Coach St. Aubin's ability as a moulder of athletes. The following received sweaters for football: Fitzpatrick, captain; Kissane, Senesac, Dillon,

Flynn, Cyyrier, Shea, Smith, Shields, Pepin, J. Cassidy, Hiliard and Durkin.

The Very Rev. President honored the banquet by being present and he complimented the work of the team.

ST. VIATOR'S ACADEMICS 27

MANTENO 24.

The heavyweights of the Academics played their first game December 18 and defeated the Manteno high school in a splendid game.

The game was staged before a big crowd and it was only after a hard fight that the Academics were victorious.

VIATORIANA

Happy New Year!

Yes! And lots of 'em!!

Welcome New Year—Exit Leap Year.

What resolution did you take?

What did you get for Xmas?

In the race for fever supremacy, Blanchaine led Duke by $\frac{1}{4}$ of a degree.

The Eighth Wonder of the World—That Speed (o) was'nt captured during leap year.

Many a chance is blasted with the going of leap year,

Many a hope been shattered, fallen many a tear;
But what's the use of sighting—now be of better cheer—

In four more years another chance will come with the Leap Year!

There's been something wrong with my head for the past week.

Jack—Is that all the longer you've noticed it!!

Leo—Say Tommy, what did Santa Claus bring you?

Tommy—O, you can't fool me, there ain't no Santa Claus!

New Student—What do they mean by the days of real sport around here?

One who knows—The days when the semi-annual examinations are going on.

Teacher (in Trig. class)—Read that Logarithm please—
Sully—24-25-6—
Bill—Shift!

New one—What is that KAPPA MU Sorority I hear so much about?

Old one—Why that's our "K.M." Society.

Commercial Stu's lament—They've introduced the Budget system and I can't budge it.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved—

To drop out of the whirl of society and henceforth appear in the true garb of a bachelor.—Leo Dougherty.

Never to take a sleep over again.—W. Lawler.

Always to be on time for classes.—A. Shea.

Never to get sick again.—Blanche and Kalt.

To keep the club rooms clean.—E. Leinen.

Never to over step the time limit.—Mul and Carter.

NEW BOOKS.

Anxiously awaiting the Snow—Little Tommy.

A Senior's Secret—or what became of the Soup bone—A. Senior.

Beating Cox's Weather Predictions—C. Sherman.

From Penfeld to Rantoul on a Rainy Night—(The story of a skidding auto.)—J. Collins.

Experiences on and off the Stage.—Gregorio de Galvano.

My First Night at a Sorority Dance.—J. O'B.

My Impressions of Grand Opera.—E. Kekich.

Ten Reasons Why They Call Me "Foxy."—E. Leonard.



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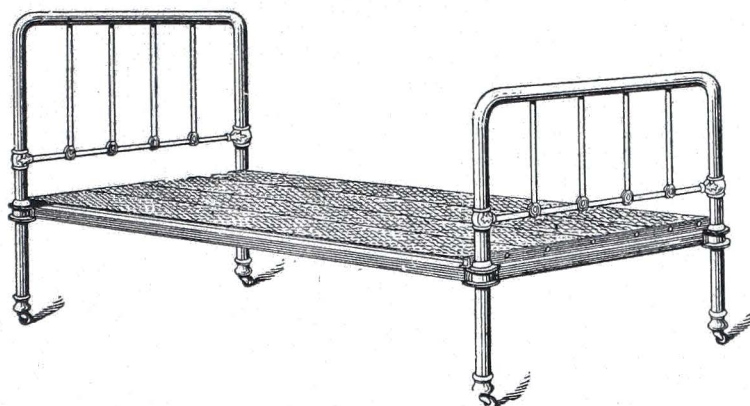
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