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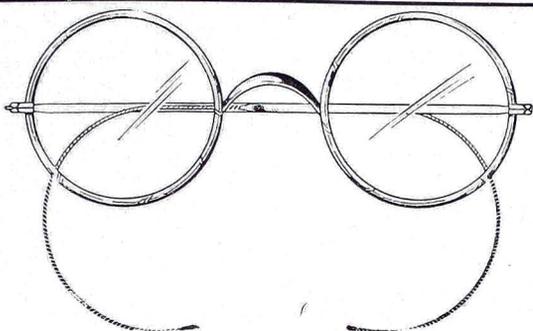
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FAC ET SPERA

Volume 37

Christmas Number, 1919

Number 2

CHRISTMAS.

Oh! what a glory fills the night.
Oh! what a mystery is this
That brings our God to human sight
And fills the world with heavenly bliss.

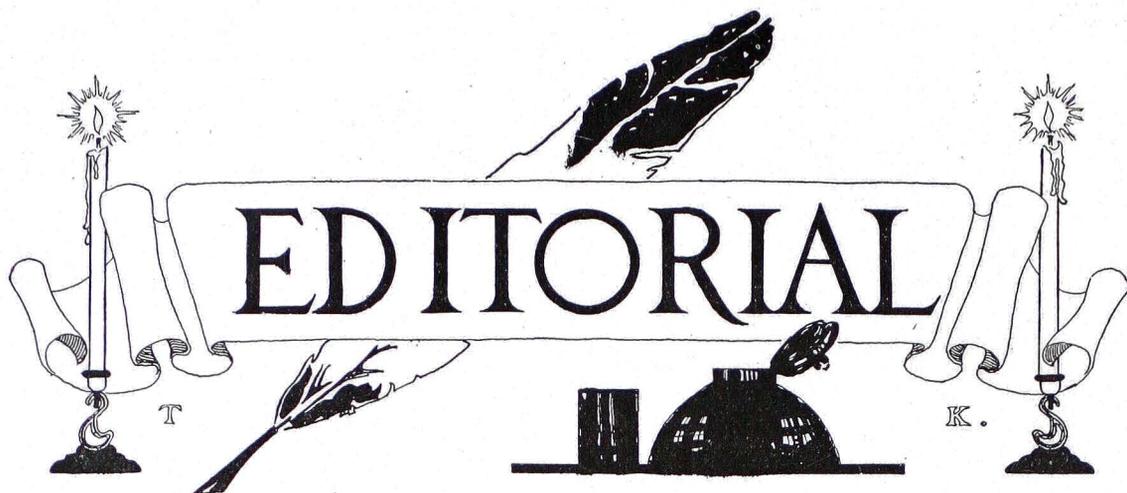
Oh! angels' songs and shepherds' pray'r;
Oh! voices sweet and music rare,
That cheer the somber winter air
With melody beyond compare.

Oh! love of Mary's tender heart;
Oh! light of Joseph's holy eyes;
From you we learn the better part
To gather where our Saviour lies.

Oh! Eternal Father, mighty Lord;
Oh! Spirit of love and endless praise,
We bow before th' incarnate Word,
Our lowly hearts to Heaven we raise.

Oh! Blessed Saviour of a fallen race;
Oh! lovely Child in Bethlehem born;
'Tis sweetest joy to see Thy face,
And sing Thy praise on Christmas morn.

—D. A. O'C., '20.



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The editors of the *Viatorian* take great pleasure in extending the heartiest compliments of the Season to their readers and friends. May they be blessed with the joys of a perfect Christmas, and may the year 1920 be a happy and prosperous one.

What is Christmas? The child will answer: "Christmas is a time of toys and 'goodies.'" The schoolboy will tell us: "Christmas is a time when one gets a long vacation, and is not bored with classes." The over-worked shop girl will say: "Christmas is a time of hard work and little rest." The prosperous business man will rub his hands and curtly respond: "Big profits."

What we are interested in knowing, however, is not what any individual or group of individuals thinks Christmas is, but what is or should be the meaning of that day to all men? In order to find

the correct answer to this query, it is obvious that we must go to the source and origin of Christmas.

We must go back to the first Christmas, of over 1900 years ago. We must peep in through the door of the stable at Bethlehem, where the Divine Infant, is peacefully sleeping on his bed of straw in the manger. It is only at Bethlehem that we can hope to be inspired with the true spirit of Christmas.

The sleeping Infant will tell us of the love and sacrifice of Christmas; the beautiful Virgin, who tenderly bends over her new-born Son, will teach us the mercy and humility of Christmas; the venerable looking old man, who is striving to make everything as comfortable as possible, will make known to us the lessons of labor and service that Christmas teaches; the humble shepherds, who gather around the stable, give us the example of devotion to Christ, the King of Kings; and the angel choirs that sing so sweetly: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus," are but teaching us that the Prince of Peace has come to establish His reign in the hearts of those who will believe in Him.

At Bethlehem, then, we come to know what Christmas really is. We learn that it is not a time of selfish pleasure, but a time of peace, the fruit of love of God and sacrifice for our neighbor. It is a time that should renew in us the spirit of Christianity, which has its source at Bethlehem. "Venite adoremus!" Come, let us adore our new-born King, and thank Him for giving us the beautiful feast of Christmas.

In a country such as ours, one of the great problems of our government is to weld the divergent elements which compose its citizenry into a compact whole. This problem is of such tremendous importance, because so many American citizens are foreign-born, or the sons of parents who are not native to this soil. Hence, so long as the ranks of our citizenry are recruited largely from immigration, we must take care that this foreign element is given the proper education and training to make it an asset and not a hindrance to our nation. We must, first of all, make clear to our prospective citizens the fundamental principles upon which our nation is established. We must make them familiar with our institutions, habits and customs. They must be inspired with a love for our history and traditions, so that they will not merely put on the cloak of Americanism, whilst reserving their affections and allegiance for their former countries.

This process of education is a most difficult one, and one for which very little specific provision has been made in the past. If we hope to win the allegiance of immigrants, we must make our institutions attractive. We must make them feel that America is not only a good place in which to amass wealth, but that it is also the best place in the world in which to live. This means that we must take particular pains to make these people contented and happy.

Our government must see to it that their ignorance is not taken advantage of, and that they are not exploited by unscrupulous capitalists.

One of the great forces that makes men happy is the home. The foreigner must be assured that he will find a bright, cheerful home in America. Such a home is not to be found in the crowded, stuffy tenement districts in which most of our immigrants are herded. It may be insisted that foreigners live in such quarters from choice, but this is not true. The real reason why they live in such conditions of squalor is because they do not receive sufficient wages to make better conditions reasonably possible. It is inconceivable that any human being will prefer dirt and filth to cleanliness and decency, if he is given a reasonable opportunity of making the choice.

Our government must not be contented to let the foreign element shift for itself. It must carefully protect the interests of those who may be its future citizens, and give them every assistance in pursuing their lawful ambitions. If this is done, and if it is possible for every respectable immigrant to find a real home in this land of boasted plenty and prosperity, there will be very little trouble in educating these people into good American citizens.

One of the evils that afflicts mankind and in particular the young, is forgetfulness. This is especially manifested in the apparently trifling concerns of every day life, but it eventually affects even the most important affairs. It may not seem to a college student to be a matter of the gravest moment if he thoughtlessly forget some task that is assigned to him, or some admonition that is given to him. Considered singly and in themselves these are not serious matters. However, the evil springs from the fact that these trifling faults multiply, and in the aggregate they make a very noticeable blemish on one's character. Furthermore, a habit of thoughtlessness is contracted which, it is to be *apprehended*, will extend even to the weighty concerns of life.

Forgetfulness. No business man wants to employ, in a position of trust and responsibility, the individual who has fallen into a habit of careless thoughtlessness during his school days. He cannot afford to place his affairs in the hands of one who considers details as petty trifles which, for him, only exist to be overlooked.

Unless the college student regards as faults, and endeavors to eliminate as much as possible, all occurrences of forgetfulness from his daily life, he is sure either to meet with dismal failure in later life, or to be seriously handicapped by a defect which he could easily have corrected during his school days. A little serious effort now will save the careless, thoughtless young man of today from becoming the negligent, worthless man of the future.

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*“Be merry all, be merry all,
With holy dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.”*

—W. R. SPENCER.

Centenary of Geo. Eliot

E. V. CARDINAL, '20

Half a century ago it was written: "Geo. Eliot is dead. She has gone through the strait and dreadful gate of death to join the choir invisible that peopled her heaven." The writer of this article goes on to say that she is an artist who may rank with immortals, a genius creative of single characters filled with breathing energy, and of living groups as real as they are original. That this is no small tribute is quite readily admitted. Only a few can claim to merit such words of praise. It is for us to decide, after a sufficient span of time, whether or not these were the thoughts of a sincere critic or of an interested flatterer. Time and time only can decide for us her literary standing. What has actually been the verdict of this wholesome test, I shall attempt to show.

One characteristic which stands out prominently in her works and is helping to make her immortal is her depth of feeling. At times this is so profound that it mars her works by making them affect the nerves instead of the heart. Such is the case in the "Spanish Gipsy." The reader is quite convinced that the author has endured in every fibre of her being, the passions which she has depicted. All know of her extreme sensitiveness. It is this characteristic which makes her so extremely sympathetic and it is this sympathy which makes her characters so intensely real that in comparison characters drawn by other novelists are like wire-hung puppets. In the world of imagination the test of the reality of characters is their ability to move us to tears or to laughter.

Who is there who does not sympathize with Silas Marner when his fellow men have failed him, love has failed him and God he thinks has failed him? From animate he turns to inanimate things, and of these he chose for his worship, because it came to his aid and forced itself upon his notice, that which stands for power, independence and all things material that the world can furnish, —gold. Then again, when that too is gone who does not sympathize with him in his moments of almost black despair? These sentiments are intensely human and manifest the author's power of feeling. Where is this better illustrated than in her description of Savonarola? "In the act of bending, the cowl was pushed back, and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was a high-arched nose, the prominent under lip, the coronet of thick black hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-gray eyes, shining mildly under auburn eye-lashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness." Nothing could be more

real, nothing more sympathetic, nothing more soul-painting than this description.

Another reason why George Eliot will live is because of her character sketches. They are not mere surface-paintings, they are descriptions of men's souls. Her method of procedure is to scrutinize, as with a microscope the soul and its many properties. Impulses, motives of conduct, and the results of their action—all are taken into consideration. The botanist observes with scientific minuteness the growth, development and changes that a flower undergoes midst the heat and cold of different seasons. George Eliot treats the soul as a flower. She unfolds the inner workings of the soul and her works are therefore nothing else than the histories of spiritual development.

Take, for illustration, Silas Marner. He is an industrious weaver with a great deal of faith in God and love for man. Silas is accused of having committed a theft; the cast of lots, supposedly under the control of Providence, declares him to be guilty—this unjustly. From this moment he becomes a self-ostracized individual. He finds his way to Raveloe, where he lives the life of a hermit, having no interest in anything until the desire for gold supplies him with a ruling passion. Then he is deprived of his gold, and his soul is once more a dark vacuum. At last a golden-haired little girl, a waif, comes from some unknown place into his heart and stirs up in him that little spark of love which was fighting for life. He recovers, through the child's love, sympathy and contact with social life. Who does not see in this interesting novel a psychological study? It shows quite clearly, the changes which take place in the soul under varying conditions.

I have said that George Eliot was noted especially for her depth of feeling, her sympathy and for her psychological method of treating characters. She is renowned for all of this and more. Realism is the basis of her skill. The society which she describes is quite comprehensive,—all classes are included. She need not prove to us that her characters are alive—we see them live; so real are they that for a time at least, the reader may see his own life being unfolded. She does not create from the imagination any impossible heroes or heroines; she is not prolific in monsters and caricatures, dreams and shadows. Her characters are creatures of flesh and blood; they are all descendents of Adam and Eve. They may be virtuous but they have attained this because they have conquered sin. She pens those things which she has seen, heard or felt. Her data are the materials presented by the five senses. The unreal, the improbable, the exceptional, the fantastic are excluded from her domain of thought. She focuses her attention upon the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and duties of the commonplace individual. We are not transported to the fable lands of the distant East or West. She brings us to her immediate surroundings. In fact does she not say in "Adam Bede": "There are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverences to such rarities. I want a great deal of those feelings for my fellow-men." This is why we look in vain among her creatures for a villain.

Tito Melema cannot be considered a villain. He is one in the making, it is true. His premature death shuts out all possibility of classing him among this class of people. She prefers to tell us of a Savonarola speaking thus: "Behold, I am willing—lay me on the altar; let my blood flow and fire consume me; but let my witness be remembered among men that iniquity will not prosper forever." By a gesture of the delicate hands, that seem to have in them an appeal against all hardness, he bows us to our knees. We look in vain amongst Dickens' works for a character such as this.

We come now to an important consideration in any author's writings, namely, her philosophy of life. In this she is a follower of Comte in France and Mill and Spencer in England. Like them, she placed emphasis upon those facts concerning which we have positive knowledge, i. e., the world made known by the senses. This necessarily excluded a belief in the supernatural revelation and the belief in miracles. This quite obviously prevents her from accepting a good many of the traditional and essential doctrines of the Church. Such was the philosophy of George Eliot. Her books are teeming with these doctrines. She did not believe in God, in immortality, in historical Christianity—it is true; but lacking these, she held fast to one thing, the necessity of doing one's duty to the world. She worshipped the handiwork of God, his creation—humanity; for she was an ardent lover of her fellow men. The Church tells us to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. George Eliot did not live up to the first part of this mandate. The second part she strived to obey most zealously. Her watchword in life was duty to one's neighbor and to posterity. It is regrettable that she did not have faith in the "Unseen" like her own Dolly Winthrop. This is probably one of her great limitations. Speaking of this Mr. R. H. Hutton says, "Her skepticism seems one of the greatest of the limitations of her genius." Another writer says of her, "For the orthodox Christian she is a priestess without an altar, a prophetess without a shrine."

George Eliot lives in the literary world and will live because she has all the essential qualities of a novelist in an extraordinary degree. Her works show a keen, subtle power of analysis, a style which is beautiful in its simplicity, pleasing in its lucidity, winning because of its strength and enjoyable because of its unusual animation. Her novels are happily interspersed with humorous passages which place her on a very high level among her contemporaries. She lives up to what Thackeray said concerning humor that, "It is wit tempered by love." Nowhere does she make incident paramount to thought, as is so often done in our modern novels. She clings tenaciously to the life around her and thereby enables the reader to feed his mind with thoughts fit for contemplation. There is no better food for thought than Dolly Winthrop's simple philosophy and trustful confidence. She says to Silas, "It's the will o' them above as a many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what come i' the day's work. You were hard done by that (the drawing of the lots in Lantern Yard that

proclaimed Silas a thief) once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there being a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me." One would search without much success to find words as winning and instructive as these.

George Eliot has won for herself a place among the foremost novelists of all times. The only test of endurance, time, has impressed its stamp of approval on her works and has placed them among the classics. She has won the admiration of countless readers and will continue to do so as long as literary genius is appreciated.

*"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

—LONGFELLOW.

Desdemona; A Study

JOSEPH A. BOLGER, '21

Shakespeare's overwhelming greatness in the art of character delineation may be attributed fundamentally to his power of understanding human deeds and human hearts. His amazingly keen insight seems to penetrate the very depths of human existence. He discerns the soul of another in so far as the soul may be discerned by the finite, and he perceives within man the two great natures—the spiritual and the human. His writings display a constant regard for the sensibilities and they reveal his deep understanding of human nature. Yet, he is not concerned with the human alone. His works are permeated by the spiritual. When he observes and tries to analyze the ruling elements of life, such as faith and love, he realizes he is dealing with subjects of a supernatural sphere. Shakespeare believes in the spirituality of the soul. He portrays the soul as the essence of character. He makes love an attribute of the soul. His story of life is a story of love. His story of love is a story of woman; and the story of woman he relates as the idealizing instinct of man. The leading role in the Shakespearean drama is seldom assigned to woman. Man is, with rare exception, the central figure in the story. But man is made subject to woman by the influence which her love exercises over him. This love may raise him to noble heights of moral greatness or it may lower him to the foulest pits of degradation and ruin. This is the story of life, and it is the story as told with perfection by Shakespeare. Nowhere, else, than in the writings of this famous dramatist could we find a more interesting study of life and love. For a particular study of woman and her love—of her faith and devotion for the object of her love—no more interesting subject attracts our attention than does the character of Desdemona.

Desdemona's love for Othello is characterized by the eternal qualities of simplicity, fidelity and purity. Her simplicity and pureness of soul impress us favorably from our first knowledge of her. We see her child-like character roused to romance by Othello's narrations of his thrilling experiences as a warrior. She falls in love and worships him, like the youth worships the hero of fiction. Critics find fault with Desdemona because, as they say, she stepped beyond her sphere when she advanced to Othello such frank admission of her love for him. It is true that she did not play the game of love according to the general custom of women. It is true that the courtship between her and Othello began with an unconventional advance on the part of woman. While custom regards this as a breach of formality and good taste, we consider it only a trivial objection as applied to the character of Desdemona. In "As You Like It," it

was Rosalind who started her love affair when she passed this remark to Orlando:

*"Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies."*

Why is it that we find this remark of Rosalind passing criticism, while a similar act, committed by Desdemona, is analyzed and explained to the disparagement of the latter's character? Probably it is because the contrast of environments of the two characters is overlooked: Rosalind, the sublime character of romantic comedy, is associated in happy circumstances, and she realizes the dream of her love; Desdemona, the pathetic figure of tragedy, suffers miserably from an evil cause outside of herself, and her beautiful life of boundless love is crushed by the hands of one she adores. It is only just that such comparisons and contrasts be made when analyzing a character. But even aside from such considerations, Desdemona's act of bridging the chasm of formality in order to bring her message of love to man is not altogether beyond the sphere of woman. Her tender and pure heart had seemed almost immune from the attractions of man. She was the daughter of a prominent senator. We learn from her father's own lips that she had proposals of marriage from admirers who were of national distinction, but that she refused. She lived humbly within herself, and she knew not the ways of the romantic world. The story of life and love held little interest for her until Othello appeared. As a consequence, it was natural for her to innocently hint of her love for him. It is to be admitted that their relations are at first based upon exchanges of superficial love. As Othello explains to the Senate:

*"She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity them."*

But in the development of their reciprocal relations this love assumes a state of model affection between man and wife. Hence to condemn Desdemona for her so-called unconventional advances is unwarranted and unjust.

Desdemona has also been criticized for having deceived her father in regard to her affection for Othello. In the circumstances as presented to us, Desdemona's act of deceit is the keynote to Othello's perversion. Yet the act is readily pardoned when we consider it in relation to the motives by which it is impelled. Here, again, we have the natural story of life. Certainly Desdemona has filial affection, and there is no doubt that she regrets her father's objection to Othello. But her life-mate has been decided upon, and to attain the object of her love all opposition is overcome. She elopes. It was out of the question for her to confide in her parent. She vindicates herself with the words:

*“My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of my duty;
I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.”*

The incident of her deceit is artfully used by the villain, Iago, in his plans to poison the mind of Othello with jealousy. In effecting his foul plans, Iago was aided by fate, and his keen intellect never lost an opportunity to use these breaks of fortune. He succeeds in his plans, and the circumstance of Desdemona's deceit is used by him to advantage. But would he have succeeded had Desdemona been without this so-called blemish? A close comparison of his character with that of Othello convinces us that he would have accomplished his purpose without the aid of this fact. Desdemona's act of deceit has been used with tragic effect; but she cannot, either in the natural or moral order, be inculpated. It is the keen intellect of the man-devil Iago which makes her act grievous.

Desdemona continues to the end faithful and loyal in the love she bears for her husband. Even when the devil of jealousy enters Othello's soul and the virtue of love takes flight, her affections for him burn as fervently as ever. Even though his manner towards her becomes abusive, her devotion for him does not lose any of its fervor. The sublimity of her love is beautifully brought forth in her speech:

*“Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life
But never taint my love.”*

What a great fathomless influence such a love must have had upon Othello!

Othello, the brave and distinguished general, fearless and calm in the face of death upon the field of battle, loses his resolute self-control over the apparent loss of a woman's love. When struggling with suspicions of Desdemona's loyalty, he exclaims:

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

When he feels that facts have been proven to support his suspicion and jealousy his life becomes desolate and gloomy, and the last ray of hope leaves his soul. From the innermost depths of his being comes the despairing cry:

“O now forever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue!”

He kills Desdemona. Then he learns that he has been tricked by Iago, and that Desdemona was innocent of the charges attributed to her. He realizes the atrocity of his act. Gazing upon the cold, lifeless body of Desdemona before him, the burden of remorse becomes too much for him to bear. He castigates himself with these lashing words, and then sinks a dagger into his breast:

“Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity,
 O, cursed, cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in the winds! Roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

Such is the manner in which Shakespeare portrays the power of woman's love.

The love of Desdemona is eternal. Her character viewed apart from the actual relations of life, is as ideal as one could expect of a human soul. In considering her character in relation to the actual, we might offer the criticism that she is too passive, too innocent of the sensibilities and too implicitly confident in persons. She is passive and she lacks a forceful disposition. Even in this line of criticism we pause to wonder if it is not the universal pride and selfishness of the world that, by contrast, makes the passivity of Desdemona so pronounced. She could have saved herself from catastrophe if she were tactful and forceful. But the cause of her tragedy may be attributed more properly to the faults of those about her than to her passivity of nature. Desdemona is a figure of silent suffering—the most pathetic of tragic figures. Yet, through all of her excruciating mental agony her fidelity to Othello shines forth with a radiance and splendor that suggests the divine. Hers is the love that the world should cherish as ideal.

“At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.”

—TUSSER.

“Dolores”

By MARTIN W. DOHERTY, H. S. '20.

The village church bell of Fraser Grove was sounding a solemn and doleful knell for a departed rustic. Of the many who heard it and gave it consideration, none were so peculiarly affected as Terence O'Shea and his uncle, Barney Murphy.

Terence dropped the picture at which he was gazing, puffed vigorously at his pipe and sighed.

“’Tis a funeral today and a weddin’ to-morrow,” said he to his uncle.

“Ye’s be right, Terry, a truer word was niver spoken,” replied Barney as he changed the position of his stalwart, sinewy body.

“And didn’t it sound grand whin Father Boyle says, says he, there be promises of marriage between Dolores Rienzi and Terence O’Shea.”

“Go wan with ye’s! Didn’t it sound just as grand when he says there’s promises between Barney Murphy and Nancy Murnane?”

The young man acquiesced and nothing more was said for some time. As Terence blissfully smoked and reflected, an old-fashioned, Irish smile pursued itself about his rugged face. In his deep-blue eyes there twinkled a mysterious light. He seemed about to ascend to the third heaven when suddenly the lustre died in his eyes and the smile fled from his face.

“If Mother was here, Uncle, I’m thinkin’ she wouldn’t be allowin’ me to marry a colleen who wasn’t Irish.”

Barney only nodded his head and snorted. He spoke little but his thoughts were long and deep. At present he was too much engaged in planning the future to waste words in useless sympathy.

“I’ll sind for her, Uncle Barney, and once she lays eyes on Dolores she’ll niver refuse. Sure the golden sun shinin’ on the dew-covered heather of Donegal’s hills was not a bit grander than the smile and the laugh of Dolores Rienzi.”

“And I’ll back ye up, boy,” ejaculated Barney, and once again he lapsed back into his delightful moodiness.

Terence arose and donned his hat and coat. He was just about to leave for the bank to get his mother’s passage money, when a timid knock was heard at the door. After a gruff “Come in” from Barney, the door was pushed back and there entered a young woman with tear drops like pearls moistening her raven-black eyelashes.

“Dolores,” exclaimed Terence, “are ye’s in trouble?”

“Yes, Terence,” she said with a deep sigh, “Oh it’s terrible, terrible.”

Barney arose from his chair and looked on speechless. Laconic

as he ordinarily was, he was worse when dealing with a female in distress.

"What is it, acushla?" asked Terence.

"I was on my way to the bank to pay off the interest on our mortgage when the money disappeared. Father is quite sick so he sent me to pay the money which is now due. He told me repeatedly to take good care of the money, for if I lost it we would be ruined. And now it's gone. I missed it on the car coming into town. We searched the car but couldn't find it. Someone must have taken it, and now my poor father and mother will lose their home all on account of my carelessness. What shall I do? Terry, tell me what to do."

Terence thought of the money in the bank which he was just about to withdraw. He hesitated and pondered for a few seconds for his love for his mother was very great. After a brief struggle his generous heart prompted him to befriend the next dearest object in his life. He would send for his mother later.

"Sure and all ye's must do, darlint, is to dry up your tears. If money is all that's makin' ye's weep, I can fix that all right."

Dolores was so overjoyed that she was unable to reply, she grasped his hand and bestowed upon him a smile through her tears that reminded him of a rainbow. Words could not have made him happier.

Together they went to the bank, where Terence drew his savings and gave them to Dolores to pay the interest. After they had overcome their difficulties they sauntered like a pair of care-free children back to Barney's office.

When they entered the room Barney sprang forward. He handed a letter to Terence and stood by speechless but grinning.

"From Mother," shouted Terence, as he tore open the envelope and hastily read the letter.

"Glory be to God and St. Patrick! listen to this," he exclaimed. Dear Son Terence—

"I have the best of news for you. I'm coming to America. I know you'll be so glad, and I'm so anxious to see my big boy that I haven't seen in years. I'm packing up my things and am almost ready to leave Ireland and I'm afraid it will be forever, but we will be happy in America, the land of liberty.

"I am so excited and overjoyed that I almost forgot to tell you something else which I know will make you very, very happy. I'm bringing you a bride. I know how happy you will be and how anxious you are to know who it is. The dear girl is sweet Bridget Mulcahy. She's paying my passage to America."

Terence dropped the letter, he was unable to read any more. Dolores smiled faintly and after catching her breath found words to fit her thoughts.

"Remember Terry that your first duty is to your mother. I wouldn't dare stand between you and her. Marry this girl and please your mother."

"Niver, niver, will I marry that old fairy. Sweet Bridget Mulcahy—why she was an old woman with false teeth and a limp

when I was a little boy. She's chased me all over Ireland, so that I had to come to America to get rid of her—and now she's coming here to torment me."

"But she's bringing your mother to you," Dolores reminded him.

"She wouldn't bring her if she wasn't after me."

"Don't worry, either of you, just go ahead and get married," was Barney's only counsel.

The two weeks required for the publishing of the bans had passed and Terence and Dolores were ready to be married. Both were sorely worried for fear their plans should miscarry.

When the wedding day arrived there was commotion and excitement in the Rienzi home. Terence had been dressed since day-break and he had smoked two packages of cigarettes in two hours. He walked back and forth in the little parlor waiting till the hour should arrive.

The telephone bell rang. Barney answered it. After a few seconds of muffled conversation he grabbed his hat and sped from the room.

He called to the hired man to hitch up the horse and come with him to the depot.

As Larry was passing the window he heard Barney tell the man to hurry for the train would be in any minute. Before he could open the door to ask for an explanation Barney and the hired man had jumped into the buggy and were gone.

During the next half hour Terence's pace was on the increase and he smoked continually. When the bride, arrayed in her simple wedding garments, came down stairs she found the groom wearing a haunted, desperate look. At the sight of her, however, his anxiety vanished.

The bridal party was about to leave the house to go to the church when Barney drove up to the door. He assisted Mrs. O'Shea to her feet and then turned to help Bridget alight. Mrs. O'Shea could wait for nothing, she hurried up the stairs and entered the house without waiting to knock, for what formalities could delay her from meeting her son?

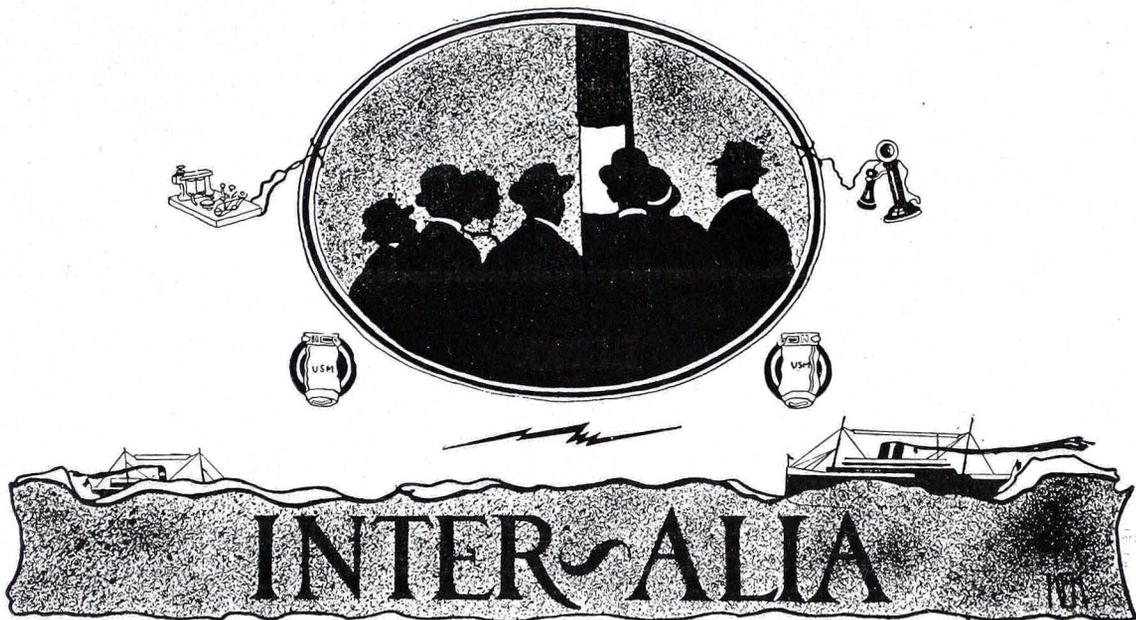
For several minutes Terence and his mother stood clasped in each other's arms. Mrs. O'Shea kissed her son and wept for joy and then kissed him again. After the excitement of the moment had subsided, Terence looked up and found himself facing Bridget and Barney.

"This is going to be a double weddin', Terry," said Barney, "Bridget and I will soon follow you and Dolores."

Terence seemed petrified. Astonishment, delight, and incredulity fought for mastery in his mind.

"But what about Nancy Murnane, Uncle Barney?" he asked at length.

"Poor Nancy's in jail now. I found that it was she who took Dolores' pocket-book in the car that day, so I had to do my duty.



Under the direction of Rev. F. A. Sheridan, who has recently returned to St. Viator College after an absence of two years, the musical society should enter upon a new epoch of success. Father Sheridan, who is well known to all students and alumni of St. Viator, as the writer and producer of a number of first class plays that have won admiration wherever they have been staged, will direct the choral and dramatic activities of the society. Under the able direction of Professor Gaudiose Martineau the orchestra has come to fill a prominent place in college activities.

**Cecilian
Philharmonic
Society.**

Owing to the conflict of dates the postponement of a private recital and entertainment which was to take place on the feast of St. Cecelia under the direction of Professor J. R. Elmslie, was deemed necessary.

The class in musical appreciation is making rapid progress under the tutorship of Professor Elmslie. The enthusiasm shown by all members of the class is a great tribute to the ability of the teacher and an assurance of its success. The course also includes a study of the history and theory of music.

The Acolythical Society of St. Viator College hopes to be affiliated soon with the St. John Berchman's Acolythical society, which is a world-wide organization under the approbation of our Holy Father. Arrangements have almost been concluded and the members of the society are using their best endeavors to deserve the distinction of membership in such an organization.

**The Acolythical
Society.**

To encourage home talent and to develop natural dramatic ability, Rev. F. A. Sheridan has re-established the dramatic club that won such admiration and respect in former years. His work with the young actors will be seen in the presentation of Robert Hugh Benson's "The Nativity" during the Christmas season.

**The Dramatic
Club.**

Entertainments

RENO.

Mr. Reno, the great magician, was the first of the attractions presented by the Redpath Bureau at the college this year. Mr. Reno, whose popularity has long since been established with the students, kept the audience in constant laughter at his remarkable feats. He produced everything from a handkerchief to a rabbit from a mysterious hat, conjured up geese and pigeons from the realms of nowhere and with the aid of Master John C. White, his able assistant, turned water into ink, and convulsed all with his playing-card tricks.

GRIFFITHS.

On October 27, Mr. C. E. W. Griffiths, renowned Shakespearean reader, offered an interesting series of readings from the various plays of Shakespeare, together with explanations of their historical background. His interpretation was one of the most interesting and instructive presented here in many years. On the following evening he read the entire play of Julius Caesar. In spite of the fact that Mr. Griffith is a paralyzed, he has won great renown and was received with genuine enthusiasm by the college students.

TAGGERT

One of the most amusing and entertaining attractions of the season was presented on the evening of November 22, by Mr. C. R. Taggert of the Redpath Circuit. Mr. Taggert is a violinist and a humorist of the highest type and his entertainment was very much appreciated by all.

ST. VIATOR DAY

On October 21, the annual feast of our patron, St. Viator, was observed in a becoming manner by the celebration of a pontifical high mass, the dedication of the statue of the Sacred Heart and in the afternoon by an operatic concert. The Pontifical Mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, D.D. Rosewig's Mass in E was rendered by the college choir directed by Rev. J. R. Plante, C. S. V. Solos were rendered by Mr. H. B. Causey, J. R. Elmslie, J. Koelzer, A. A. Bracken, J. H. Newman, Edward Cahill, John Connors, Paul

Fraley and Howard McDonald. The music for the mass was furnished by Professor Martineau, organist, and Mr. Thomas Brunnick, violinist.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., preached a stirring sermon on the beautiful life of St. Viator, showing how the virtues of this great saint were exemplified in the lives of those sons of Viator who gave their all in the cause of freedom and democracy during the late war.

After the mass the entire student body formed in procession and marched out to the campus where the statue of the Sacred Heart had been erected recently. The statue was blessed by Monsignor Legris and as the last notes of the prayer of dedication died away the sweet tones of the bugler's "Last Call" sounded, followed by the "Taps." A short address by the Reverend President concluded the ceremonies of the morning.

MADAME KATHLYN McGINLEY PROMINSKI.

In the afternoon the faculty, students and visitors were entertained by one of America's most promising operatic artists, Madame Prominski, with a number of beautiful selections including the following:

"The Ave Maria"	<i>Buck</i>
"I Love But Thee"	<i>Grieg</i>
"Rose in the Bud"	<i>Forster</i>
"One Fine Day" (from Madame Butterfly)	<i>Puccini</i>
"Salve Regina"	<i>Dana</i>
"A Bowl of Roses"	<i>Clarke</i>
"Mighty Lak' a Rose"	<i>Nevin</i>
"The Kiss"	<i>Arditi</i>

Madame Prominski was accompanied by Professor J. Aloysius Schneider.

ARMISTICE DAY.

The advent of peace to the world on November 11, 1918, was not forgotten and the recurrence of that happy date was commemorated at St. Viator in a fitting manner. The evening's program included an oration by Gregory A. Galvin, of the class of 1918, on "Our Heroic Dead," in which he eloquently lauded the work that the sons of Viator had done on the bloody fields of France in bringing about the close of hostilities, and a thrilling talk by Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., on "Armistice Day in France." Entertainment of a lighter vein, in the form of popular songs, was also furnished by Master Howard McDonald, our youthful operatic tenor, and Master Edward Cahill.

"This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love."

—SHAKESPEARE.

News Bits

VISIT OF CANONS TEMPANY AND MUNALLY.

On October 15 the faculty of the college had the pleasure of entertaining two illustrious personages in the persons of Canon Tempany, late president of St. Muredach's College, Ballina, County Mayo, Ireland, who has come to take up a permanent residence in the United States, and Canon Munally, pastor of Bally castle, County Mayo. Canon Tempany will reside permanently in California. Canon Munally returned to Ireland on the twenty-second of November.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

At the present rate of entry the St. Viateur's council of the Knights of Columbus will soon go "over the top." It has been the ambition of the council to reach the thousand mark, and they are rapidly approaching that number. On October 12, the initiation class contained eighteen entries from the college and in the class to be initiated on December 14 there will be approximately twenty college men. The Council is erecting a magnificent club house in Kankakee which will contain a spacious gymnasium and swimming pool, in addition to the other conveniences.

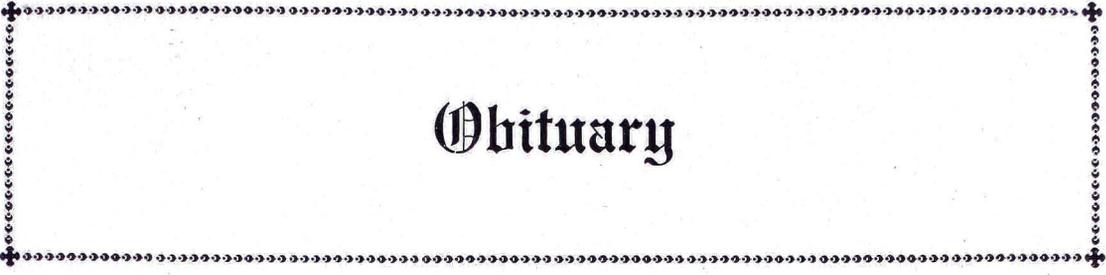
THE COLLEGE SMOKER.

On the evening of November 1 the college Department held its first smoker and luncheon in the Senior Club room. The purpose of the smoker was to establish a better acquaintance among the college men and to foster a spirit of intimacy among them. A buffet luncheon was served and class and college affairs were freely discussed.

Special meetings of all the College classes were held on the first of November on receipt of the news of the death of John J. Newman, father of John H. Newman of the class of '21. Committees were appointed to attend the funeral and to convey to the bereaved family the sympathies of the college.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT SMOKER.

Before departing for the Thanksgiving Recess, the Senior Club held a general meeting and smoker in the Clubrooms of the organization. Current topics were discussed. Music and song from the home talent made an enjoyable evening.



Obituary

JOHN J. NEWMAN.

On All-Soul's Day, the day which Holy Mother Church sets aside for prayers and Requiems for her departed children, the soul of John J. Newman was summoned to receive the reward of a saintly life. Mr. Newman had long been a faithful and devout Catholic. He supported his religion by exemplifying her teachings in his own life and by using his talents and energies in the erection and beautifying of her temples. To his son, Brother J. H. Newman, C. S. V., and to the other members of the bereaved family the Viatorian extends its sincerest condolences and the promise of devout prayers during the month of All Souls.

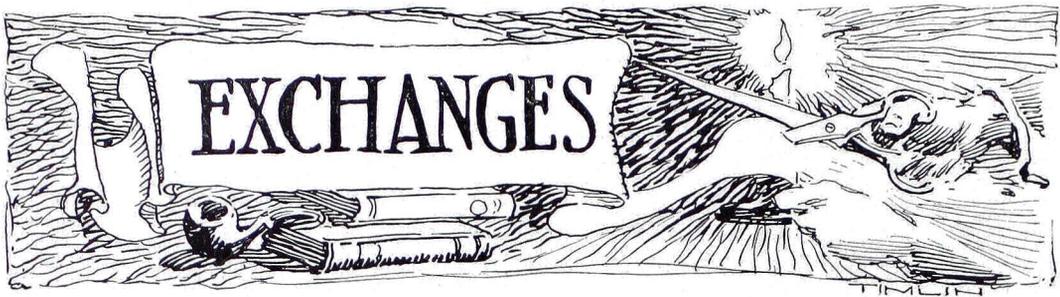
MARY V. POWERS.

On November 7, word was received of the sudden death of Miss Mary V. Powers, beloved and saintly sister of Rev. John V. Walsh, an alumnus of St. Viator College. During her brief illness no word of complaint escaped her lips. She received the last sacraments from the hands of her brother and with a prayer to Jesus and Mary on her lips she presented her beautiful soul to God. May her exemplary life receive its full reward and eternal rest in God!

MICHAEL P. GLENNON.

On November 13, the soul of Michael Glennon, brother of Brother O. Glennon, C. S. V., was called to its eternal reward. Death occurred after a long and patiently endured illness. To Brother Glennon and other relatives of the deceased the Viatorian wishes to extend its sincerest sympathies.

"Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"



“Blame where you must,
Be candid where you can,
And be, each critique, a good-natured man.”

The hallowed season of Christmas is here. The spirit of Christmas is permeating even the invisible land of Ex-dom. It is on account of this happy atmosphere that the *Viatorian* extends to all fellow publications a bright and joyous Xmas wish and the sincerest hopes for a prosperous and successful New Year.

The October number of the *St. John's University Record* is choice, but not unique; choice, because of its balanced order; not unique, because of the dullness of inventive genius seemingly prevalent with its young “O. Henrys.” Your short stories, Record dear, smack of meagre creativeness, but your essays are brilliant. The article, “Joyce Kilmer, The Man and His Works,” reviews the heroic life and inspiring poetry of the soldier-poet. The writer evidences an intimate knowledge of his life and works, and concludes with a glowing tribute to the poet’s genius, when he says: “tho, Kilmer’s body lies ‘a mouldering in the grave’ his soul will march on forever.” “Morno” is a dog story, full of improbable situations, even though Morno “is a powerful, intelligent and accomplished sled-dog.” The plot deserves the merit of a good endeavor, but should not be spared the blame of feeble development. The poem, “The World Drama,” tells the story of the Great War in metrical measure. Its effect is produced not so much by what it expresses (for its contents are already known to us) as by what it suggests. For this, the poet deserves compliment. The sentiment is noble, and the style free and measured. But the Ex-man is almost persuaded it is not the product of an adolescent mind, but of a more matured one. “The United States needs a larger Navy” is logical and convincing, but treated in too short a fashion for so vital a question. The Ex-man is in hearty agreement with the sentiments that “the League of Nations is only a beautiful dream,” and that “we should consider what we would do in case our shipping and possessions abroad, or our shores at home were attacked.” The writer was too brief. All in all, the Record is a real college magazine. May each of your succeeding numbers, Record, be as literary and as wholesome as the October issue.

The Duquesne Monthly.—The essay “The Supreme Court—Our Constitutional Guardian,” is merely an outline of the Supreme Court

of the United States, and a resume of its past achievements in directing the destinies of the nation. It conveys abundant information but in a cold, matter-of-fact, dictionary way. The Ex-man prays that he be not misjudged or censured as an academic Pharisee if he should hint that the writer appears to violate an important rule of definition, when he defines the Supreme Court as the "Guardian of the Constitution." It seems that it would be just as correct to define bread as "the staff of life." But logicians tell us poor feeble-minded Ex-men that a definition should be simpler and clearer than the thing defined, and should not contain any figurative language. The author of "A Dollar's Worth of Sleuthing" has no regard for the possible, or even the probable, but does possess facile diction. "The Pittsburgh Parcel Post" is a good description but imparts meagre information, and the writer's power of observation deserves compassion. The short story "When Dad Turned Professor" is a clever twisting of an ordinary occurrence. The writer seems to have grasped the gist of a short story, and it is the wish of the Ex-man that he may have the opportunity of reading more of his instructions. Your editorials, Duquesne, are substantial and persuasive. Your poetry is admirable for its vigorous thoughts, but don't you think the end of the Duquesnicula is not a proper place for a poem on God? May we see you often.

The *Anselm* deserves commendation for its general excellence, but should not escape the criticism of brevity. The poetry is well written, carefully measured and rhythmical, but feeble in its thoughtful suggestions. "The Answer to Her Prayer" is a short story that calls for some special attention. While the Ex-man read this worthy little tale of adventure, he became greatly puzzled, for he thought he had started to read one of his many messages from Ex-dom. He found, however, that he had opened up a great English novel and was reading how a little boy, driven on by the fates had fallen in with a gang of thieves, and how one burly brute forced him to climb through a window, instructing him at the same time to open the door of the mansion for him and his gang. But, lo! and behold! as the Ex-man read on the truth began to dawn, not with that glowing splendor which is the harbinger of a beautiful day, but with that dismal grayness which announces a cold and bleak one; for the Ex-man realized he was not reading about little Oliver but about little Jimmie. The plot seems to contain too many improbabilities, and on this account it is not gripping, although it is interesting. The essay: "The Menace," is a timely topic, treated in such a brilliant way and replete with such forcible logic that the Ex-man must call it powerful. It may perhaps be considered the foremost article of the month's exchanges. Besides containing a graphic picture of the "Giant of a Godless Civilization that stalked with bloody and cruel hands through Europe's fair fields" and is even now knocking at our door for admission, the article teems with convincing argument against the "Smith-Towner Bill," and exposes its un-Americanism and treachery. The analysis of the bill is keen, but do you think, *Anselm*, that the arguments would convince a laboring man who never went to school very

much himself, but who did have several children in school? Your editorials are a little too short. "The Catholic Student in the World Today," is a topic of high order, and it could have been discussed at length. May your light shine to all in the realms of college journalism, for "a city seated on a mountain cannot long be hid."

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following publications: "The Exponent," "Canisius Monthly," "The Solanian," "St. Vincent's College Journal," "Villa Sancta Scholastica," "The Morning Star," "The Villanovan," "The Laurel," "The Academa," "The Niagara Index," "The St. Paul Minerval," "The Loyola Prep.," "The Martian," and "The Fordham Monthly." Where are our old friends "The Dial," "College Spokesman," "The Redwood," and the "Borromeo"?

*"At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own."*

Book Reviews

Those of us who have read, "The Heart of a Man," and "The Shepherd of the North," do not need to be introduced to the author of "The Hills of Desire." Richard Aumerle Maher's novels can be found on our library shelves and we gladly make room for another of his literary creations. I have made it my business to inquire from the readers of Maher's works, his exact standing with them. Not once has a boy turned down an offer to read Maher as a book review. In "The Hills of Desire," the two characters Jimmie and Augusta go riding in search of health. They take Donahue, their pet horse, with them. Jimmie is ambitious to be an author but his lungs are not very strong and so he decides to keep out of doors and seek inspiration and strength in the hills. His wife, who is as thoroughly an enjoyable person as Jimmie himself, accompanies him. And as for Donahue,—well, perhaps he is the most important "character" of all.

The people Jimmie and Augusta meet on their travels and the experiences that they have are charmingly described. The story throughout has that quality of interest, of humanness, that distinguishes its author's two previous novels, "The Shepherd of the North," and the "Heart of a Man." (MacMillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.)

Isabel C. Clarke is so well known among novel readers that any lengthy review of her latest book, "Eunice," would be out of place. Anyone who has read "Whose Name is Legion," and the "Deep Heart," will feel assured that "Eunice" is pleasant reading. It is to be hoped that more novels of this kind will be read, especially in Catholic homes and more especially still among those who feel religiously uneasy. Eunice wins the admiration of all. She is able to do this because of her will power, her spirit of sacrifice and her freedom from human respect. This book can be bought at Benzieger's for \$1.75.

"The American Priest," by the Rev. Geo. T. Schmidt, of the Scranton Diocese, is a series of short papers on the parish priest in his various relations. A number of pages are devoted to a discussion of the parochial school question, social work, and the Catholic Press. The author thinks that the only way in which the work of Socialism Anarchy, and Masonry and even some branches of Protestantism can be combatted is by forming a League of Defense, made up of all the priests in the country, with an organ of its own, as a requisite for concentrated effort on the part of the laity. Fr. Schmidt recommends "Our Sunday Visitor," which is certainly a good publication.

But is there not a need of Catholic newspaper or review in the Home? "The American Priest" would make an excellent Christmas present for seminarians and newly ordained priests. (Benzinger Bros., \$1.25 net.)

"Out to Win," by the Rev. Jos. P. Conroy, S. J., is a book of familiar and somewhat "slangy" chats for boys of the age between fifteen and twenty. No one knows the American boy better than Father Conroy. He has a way of speaking to boys which is not at all "preachy." His book should be especially appealing to "young Bill of the waking-up period." Buy this book if you are a teacher, parent or a priest. Send it to some boy in whom you have a special interest, wishing him a "Merry Christmas." (Benzinger, Bros. \$1.25.)

"Finding of Tony," by Mary T. Waggaman, is a beautiful Catholic story noted for its power of character portrayal, beauty of description and simplicity of style. This book would make a practical Christmas present for any boy or girl. It will make lasting impressions upon any youthful mind. (Benzinger's, 75c.)

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Alumni

On Nov. 8, Rev. Jerry P. O'Mahoney sailed from New York for Southampton, England, enroute to Skibbereen, County Cork, Ireland. No word has been received from him since the date of his sailing. During the war, Father O'Mahoney served as K. of C. Chaplain at the U. S. Submarine Base, New London, Conn., where he won the love and esteem of the boys.

The faculty and students had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Father F. X. Hazen, C.S.V. The old students gave their former master of discipline an unusually warm welcome. They expressed the hope of receiving other visits from Father Hazen during the coming months.

One Friday evening last month there came speeding into the College campus a handsome limousine, carrying a merry crowd of five Alumni from the "Windy City." The happy occupants of the luxurious bus were Russell Wilkins, "Jim" Feeney, "Dug" Powers, "Dick" Keating and Gerald Monks. They remained during the week-end, recalling fond memories of bygone Viator days.

Frank G. Hangsterfer, '18, is with the National Biscuit Co., Chicago, and from all reports he is meeting with considerable success. We understand that John Cox, '17, is at present in Chicago, and that he and "Hank" very frequently meet. The faculty and students would be delighted with a call from these two distinguished A. A. members.

John Madden, H. S. '18, is now enrolled in the pre-medical course at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. "Jack" has been elected president of his class.

Another of our members now aspiring to the medical profession is Andrew J. Gagliardo, H. S. '18, of Chicago. He is a sophomore in the Biological Department of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. "Andy" dropped in recently to pay his respects to his Alma Mater, and all were glad to see him.

Lowell Lawson, H. S. '14, managed to leave for several days the busy confines of his law office in Chicago in order to visit S. V. C. Lowell is located at 1600 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, and is making fine progress in the arduous and highly competitive profession of law.

John (Red) Donnelly, Sophomore '19, has moved from Currie, Minn., to St. Paul, Minn., and is completing his education at St. Thomas College. "Red" was well known among the students of last year as the efficient commander of Viator's R. O. T. C., Third Company.

Robert L. Delihant, H. S. '09, who, during the war, served as ensign in the Navy, is now a prospering coal salesman in Chicago. Bob was welcomed as a visitor to the College several weeks ago.

We wish to congratulate Rev. J. G. Libert upon his recent assignment to the pastorate at Clifton, Ill., and to assure him of our prayers and best wishes for continued success.

"Tony" Smith, Ray Glennon and Tom Dumphrey, all H. S. '19, together with John Kennedy, S. A. T. C., formed another group of loyal sons who came down from Chicago to rejoice the faculty and students with a few days' visit. They have all entered Chicago's thriving field of commerce, and they all report satisfactory progress.

Rev. F. J. Brady, C. S. V., with his customary smile, spent several pleasant days with the faculty and students. The enthusiastic reception which the boys extended to Father Brady shows that they have not forgotten their old friend.

Word has been received of the marriage of Joseph Kelly and Miss Edna Ristow. The wedding took place in October, at Piper City, Ill., the home of both bride and groom. To Mr. and Mrs. Kelly we extend our heartiest congratulations, and our best wishes for a long and happy married life.

Walter "Andy" Marquardt, is this year pursuing a course of electrical engineering at the University of Illinois. "Andy" was another of boys whose military ability merited for him the position of R. O. T. C. Captain last term.

Recent changes in the Chicago Diocese involved some of our members as follows:

Rev. B. Shiel, former Head Chaplain at the Great Lakes, to Holy Name Cathedral.

Rev. Joseph Heeney, former Army Chaplain, to St. Patrick's Church, So. Chicago.

Rev. A. L. Girard, former Army Chaplain, to St. Thomas the Apostle Church.

Rev. Thomas Picard to St. John the Baptist (French) Church.

Rev. Joseph A. Sehnke, from St. Mary of Perpetual Help Church to St. Wencelaus (Polish) Church.

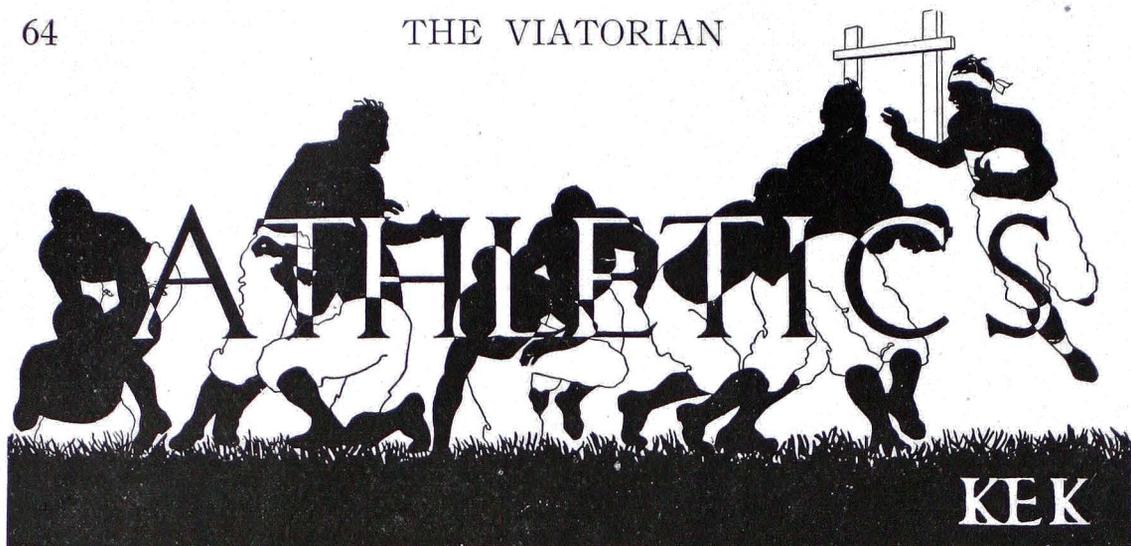
Rev. Henry Weber from St. Joachim's Church to St. Philip Neri Church.

Rev. Francis Vaitukaitus to St. Athony's Church, Cicero, Ill.

Rev. James Szprenga from St. Wencelaus Church to St. John of God Church.

Since the last issue of the *Viatorian*, the faculty and students had the great pleasure of entertaining the following Alumni members:

Rev. John T. Bennett, Rev. Arthur McGrath, Rev. F. Moisant, C.S.V., Rev. J. E. Blair, C.S.V., Rev. Michael Kennelly, and Patrick Meegan, Chicago, Ill.; Harvey J. Legris, J. L. Dougherty, Richard Hickey and John P. Hickey, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. Anthony Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. E. S. Dunne, Ottawa, Ill.; Rev. T. Gilbert Flynn, Elgin, Ill.; Rev. John W. Armstrong, Ivesdale, Ill.; Rev. Patrick H. Durkin, Rock Island, Ill.; Rev. John Perry Parker, Dwight, Ill.; Rev. John L. Kleinsarg, Cabery, Ill.; Rev. Martin J. Spalding, Bloomington, Ill.; Rev. Armand L. LaBrie, Momence, Ill.; Rev. Francis A. Cleary, Warsaw, Ill.; Rev. Ed. Leonard, Pontiac, Ill.; James Gallahue, Peter Gallahue, Piper City, Ill.; James Corbett and Richard Fitzsimmons, U. of I.; Rev. Zephyr P. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. Louis W. O'Connor, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. Patrick O'Leary, C. S. V., Chicago, Ill.



ST. VIATOR, 53. CRANE JUNIOR COLLEGE, 0.

The football season was opened on Saturday, October 11, when Coach Finnegan's warriors took the fast Crane College team into camp by a score of 53-0. St. Viator, composed for the most part of new men, went over for the initial touchdown of the year a few minutes after the kick-off. The remaining points were distributed throughout the game. The fast and hard-hitting Viator back-field composed of Littig, O'Connor, Fromme and McCarthy proved to be a combination that the Crane College aggregation could not resist. On the line, Cahill, the plucky pivot man, and Lettig, a newly acquired tackle, were prominent because of their hard tackling and their ability to "block" their opponents.

The Lineup:

ST. VIATOR.		CRANE COLLEGE.
Cahill	C.	Fitch
Riley	R. G.	Girald
John Lynch	L. G.	Borr
John Lettig	R. T.	Anderson
Tinley		
(De Clerk, O'Neil)	L. T.	Nissley
Lonergan	R. E.	Robertson
Delaney (Owczarzak)	L. E.	Naselli
McCarthy (Bushell)	Q. B.	Druer
O'Connor (Capt.)	L. H.	Casey (Capt.)
Oren Lettig		
(Coleman, O'Brien)	R. H.	Rakowskey
Fromme	F. B.	Simmons

Touchdowns:—John Lettig, Lonergan, McCarthy (3), O'Connor (2), O'Brien. Goals:—Fromme (4), Bushell (1).

ST. VIATOR, 8. WHEATON, 0.

On Saturday, October 18, the fast and heavy Wheaton College team came to Bourbonnais full of confidence in their ability to trim the speedy St. Viator eleven. To make the visitors realize their

mistake the Viator men worked hard and desperately. The first half dragged on without either side scoring. Although the ball remained in Wheaton's territory, the necessary punch to put it over was lacking. In the second half things looked pretty even until Bushell, our plucky little quarter-back, "tore loose" a long pass to Delaney, who was waiting behind the line. Riley, by blocking a punt, scored the remaining points of the game. The work of Lynch and Riley on our line is to be commended; while the performance of our back-field was "par excellence." After seeing the game everyone was happy; even the Wheaton players felt themselves quite fortunate in holding us to such a low score.

The Lineup:

ST. VIATOR.		WHEATON.
Cahill	C.	Conley
Riley	R. G.	Polk
John Lynch	L. G.	Atchelman
Tinley (De Clerk)	R. T.	Smith
Lettig	L. T.	Colman
Owczarzak	R. E.	Wining
Anderson	L. E.	Davis
McCarthy	Q. B.	Stockton
O'Connor	L. H.	J. Conley
Baer	R. H.	Meebold
(Coleman, O'Brien)		(Artezdal)
Fromme	F. B.	Sykes

Referee:—Thomas. Umpire:—Benbrook.

Touchdowns:—Delaney and Riley.

 NORTHWESTERN, 6. ST. VIATOR, 0

On Oct. 25, Coach Finnegan took his warriors to Naperville to test their strength against the fast and heavy Northwestern team. This game proved to be a real battle from start to finish. Throughout the first three periods, both teams were fighting for blood, with the result that neither goal line was passed. Finally, in the last quarter, Kluckholm's huskies began a series of plays that resulted in the only touchdown of the game.

It would be a difficult task to pick the "stars" of this game, for all the boys played with remarkable skill. Although the Viator team was considerably outweighed, each and every one of them was filled with determination to win, and only gave up when the final whistle blew.

Touchdown:—Northwestern, 1.

Referee:—Haggerty. Umpire:—Benbrook (Michigan.)

 ST. VIATOR VS. NOTRE DAME FRESHMEN.

On Friday, Oct. 31, the football fans were awakened from their dream of a clear record by the appearance of the Notre Dame Freshman. Due to the inclemency of the weather, our only hope of victory

via the aerial route, dwindled away, as the "Hoosiers" outweighed our team by a considerable margin. The game ended with the one-sided score of 36-0 in favor of the visitors; but the feelings of the Viator fans were somewhat alleviated by the realization that the Notre Dame Freshmen squad played the brand of good clean foot-ball that will earn them varsity berths next fall.

The Lineup:

NOTRE DAME.		ST. VIATOR.
Larson	C.	Cahill
Paker	R. G.	Riley
Hegree	R. T.	Lynch
Garvey	L. G.	Tinley
Donahue	L. T.	Lettig (Gilligan)
Carbery	R. E.	De Clerk
Sufert	L. E.	Delaney
		(Owczarzak)
Thomas	Q. B.	McCarthy
		(Bushell)
Cain	R. H.	O'Connor, (Capt.)
		Coleman
Lynch	L. H.	McLain (Baer)
Connelly	F. B.	Fromme (Francis)

Referee:—Thomas. Umpire:—St. Aubin.

DUBUQUE, 6. ST. VIATOR, 6.

On Nov. 8, the Viator squad made its annual trip to Dubuque, and succeeded in holding the fast Dubuque eleven to a tie. Because of a slight rain and a heavy field, St. Viator discarded the forward pass and centered its efforts on line bucks. In the first quarter, Dubuque made a touchdown via the aerial route, but this only served as encouragement to the Viator boys, who fought harder than ever. Finally, in the third quarter, after Francis had made a substantial gain by intercepting a forward pass, Captain O'Connor carried the ball over for the Viator touchdown.

Tinley, Cahill, DeClerk, Lynch and Delaney distinguished themselves on the line, while the entire back-field played like a quartette of veterans.

AUGUSTANA, 7. St. VIATOR, 7.

On Saturday, Nov. 15, St. Viator journeyed to Rock Island and divided the honors equally with the Augustana team. It was a tight game from beginning to end, and punting was relied on by both teams to keep the ball out of the danger zone. Augustana's touchdown came in the first quarter—the result of continued line plunges. After the first period both teams were fighting neck and neck until, with a minute left to play, McCarthy, our star quarterback, received a punt

on our 20-yard line, and, with the interference furnished him by O'Connor and Fromme, ran 80 yards for the lone touchdown. Fromme kicked the goal. The work of Lettig, Riley, Cahill and Bushell on the line is worthy of special notice, as these men played like Trojans during the entire game. In the back-field, Fromme, McLain, O'Connor and McCarthy made considerable trouble for their opponents.

The Lineup:

AUGUSTANA.		ST. VIATOR.
Bergh	C.	Cahill
Larson	R. G.	Tinley
Nelson	L. G.	Riley
Holmgren	R. T.	Lettig
Palmer	L. T.	Lynch (Delaney)
Collins	R. E.	De Clerk
Swanson	L. E.	Bushell
Erbstein	Q. B.	McCarthy
Holland	L. H.	Francis
		(O'Connor)
Robinson	R. H.	McLain
Bengston (Dalquist)	F. B.	Fromme

Touchdowns:—McCarthy, Bengston. Goals from touchdown: Bergh, Fromme.

Referee:—Millard (Illinois Wesleyan).

Umpire:—Bridges (Knox).

Head linesman:—Anderson (Grinnel).

ST. VIATOR, 14. EASTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL, 6.

The Viator football squad ended a very successful season, when they journeyed to Charleston and there defeated Eastern Illinois Normal College by the score of 14 to 6. The game was played on a slow field, and under very disagreeable weather conditions.

The teams were about evenly matched. Eastern Illinois scored the first touchdown at the end of the first quarter, when S. Turner succeeded in plunging over the goal line. McCabe failed to kick the goal. During the second quarter, after Eastern Illinois had carried the ball to mid-field, Fromme intercepted a pass on his thirty-five yard line, and raced through an open field for Viator's first touchdown. "Butch" added another point with a goal kick. After receiving from kick-off at the opening of the third quarter, Viator opened up and by a succession of forward passes succeeded in scoring another touchdown on a pass from McCarthy to Bushell. Fromme kicked the goal.

Defensively Viator played as a man. Offensively, Fromme and McLain for their steady gains, and Bushell for his cleverness in capturing passes deserve mention.

The Lineup:

ST. VIATOR.		EASTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL.
Cahill	C.	Connelly
Tinley	R. G.	Williamson (Swope)
Riley	L. G.	Ashby
Lettig	R. T.	Linthrum (McKenzie)
Lynch	L. T.	Hood (Capt.)
Bushell	R. E.	Adams (Leach)
De Clerk	L. E.	Leathers
McCarthy	Q. B.	Schneider (May)
Francis (McLain)	L. H. B.	McCabe
O'Connor (Capt.)	R. H. B.	S. Turner
Fromme	F. B.	M. Turner (Edgington)

Viator may well be proud of her football record for this season. She has won four games, tied two, and lost only two games. If we eliminate the Notre Dame game, Viator has suffered only one defeat. During the whole season the Viator boys showed a remarkable fighting spirit and a unity of action, which made victory possible. Much of the credit for the successful football year is due to Coach "Tom" Finnigan, who has worked hard to bring his men into perfect condition, and also to the great interest which the Director of Athletics, Rev. E. M. Kelly, C.S.V., has taken in the team.

Academic Activities

The championship of the Academic Football League was won by the team captained by "Tom" Hanley. It was only after the full schedule had been run that it was possible to decide the winner, so closely were the teams matched. Every game on the schedule was bitterly fought, as the low scores indicate. Pennants were awarded the winners.

Standing of the teams:

"Hanleys"—1st Place.

"Gallagher and Lees"—2nd Place.

"McGavicks"—3d Place.

Lineup of the winners:

Hanley (Capt.), Brady, Sullivan, O'Laughlin, Steinbach, J. Artery, Burkhart, Ahern, Schiller, Boesen, Deiss, Miley, G. Moxley, Marcotte.

The Academic Football Team composed of the shining lights of the league ended the season with but one defeat chalked against them. Thanks to the assistance of Coach McCarthy the team displayed an offense which swept all before it. Although generally outweighed their series of shifts and trick plays offset this handicap, and, coupled with natural aggressiveness, made them the superior of any team of like size in the county. Teams from Kankakee and Bradley endeavored in vain to trim them. It was only the heavy and more experienced Bradley team which was able to claim a victory, and that by a lone touchdown.

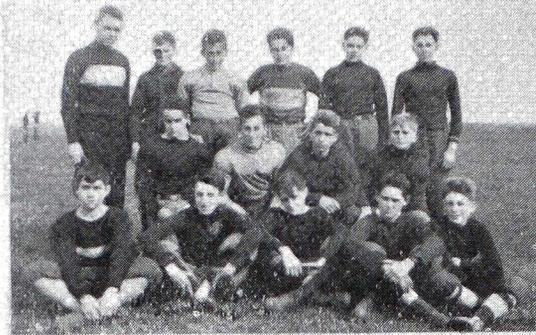
The Lineup:

Lundy, L. E.; Herbert, L. T.; Fraley, L. G.; Steinbach, C.; Gallahue, R. G.; Long, R. T.; Gallagher, R. E.; Thulis, Q.; McGavick, L. H.; Lee, F.; Hanley (Capt.), R. H.; Fitzgibbons and Doyle (Subs.)

Academics

Academic
Foot-Ball
Teams.

St. Viator
College
1919.



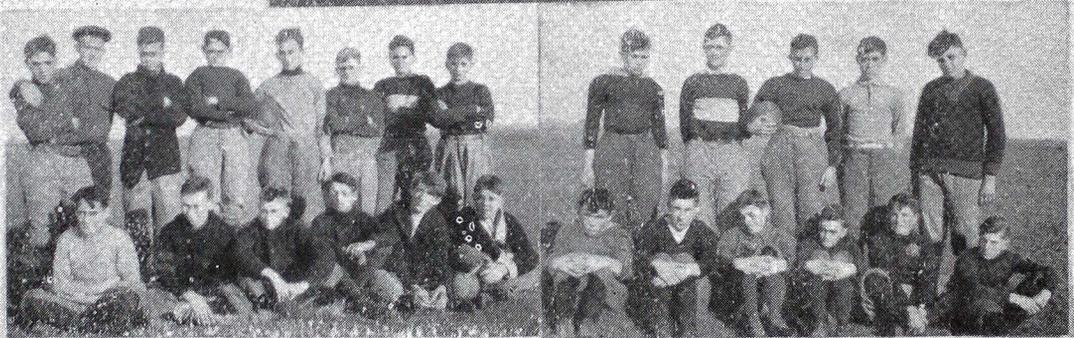
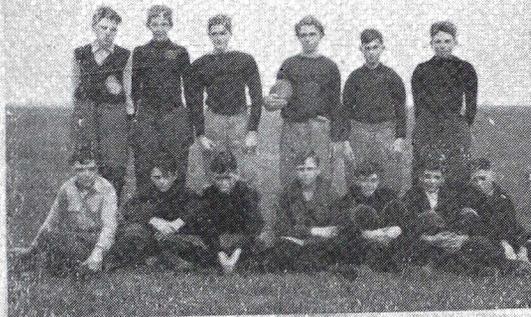
Minims

Midgets.



Academic
Foot-Ball
Champs ↗

League
Teams
1919.

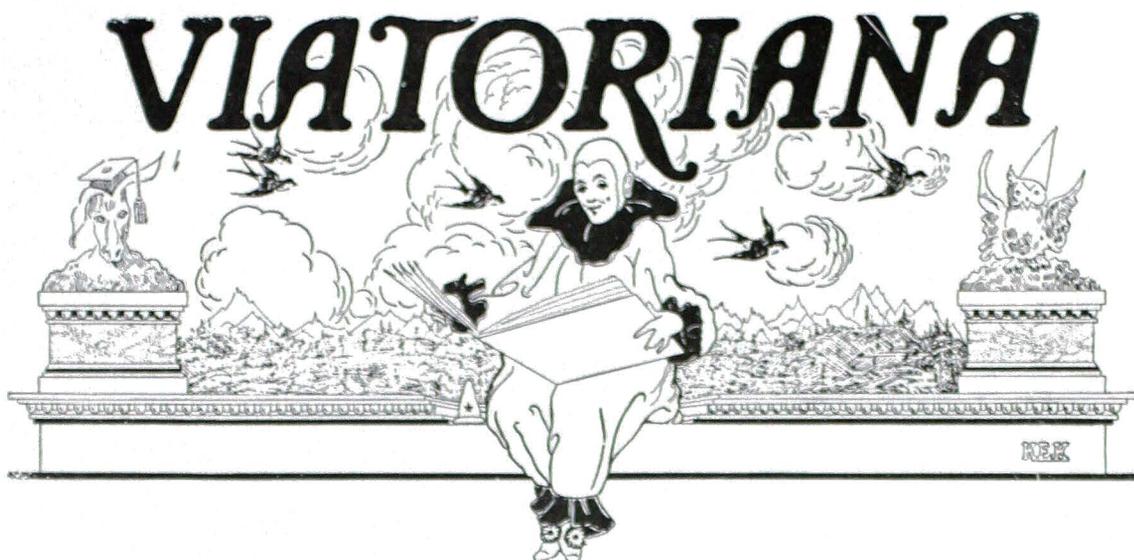


Tie for
Second. ↗

↖ Tie for
Second.



Winners of Third place.



It may be nice to be thought a wit,
 But the feeling leaves you as you sit and sit,
 And think and ponder and cuss and sweat,
 And labor and toil to preserve your rep.
 We may plead, beseech, beg and deplore,
 But the students are as obdurate as in days of yore.
 So the paper's off.

See the beauties of the Kankakee. Boat excursion and return by truck. Excursionists will assist in the return of the boat.—*Adv.*

J. H.—You say he is very sick?

H. B.—Yes. He is lying at death's door but we are doing our best to pull him through.

1st S.—“Who is to be the corpse in J. Caesar?”

2nd S.—“I dunno, mabe—”

1st S.—“With his ‘robore pedes’?” The body's only one day dead.

FREE VERSE.

Patience, longing,
 A one hour wait.
 All chairs taken, fullranks deep.
 Students enter, a sigh of relief,
 The machine flickers.
 “We are sorry to announce—” No movies.
 It's tough on the villagers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

“Pastoral Verse”—by C. J. K.—Some Bull—G.

AT AUGUSTANA.

First Spectator (Marveling at formation)—“What do they gather around the quarter?”

Second Spectator (disgustedly)—“Aw! They pray before every down.”

The blustering winter months are here,
 The bleakest of the year.
 But every student wears a grin,
 And harbors Con. games dear.
 The sun dial will be wound up,
 Mad youths will seek the key;
 And students will be bound up
 With smile and fiendish glee.
 Poor muddled eggs will seek the key
 That opes the batting cage,
 And tickets to the shower bath
 Again will be the rage.
 To find the answer needed
 One need not seek a seer
 It will be unfolded soon,
 For the reckless “Ags” are here.

BUDDING THEOLOGIANs.

Ac.—“Is it a sin to swear in a scrimmage?”

Joe.—“Yep! First down going the other way.”

It was a bleak night in November,
 And the clock had just struck five
 When two youths sought to render
 Jelly safer from prying eyes.
 But the blokes were rudely taken
 From the dream of future feast
 For a certain head need'd raking
 And the jelly was deceased.

Pochta: “It reminds me of my old high school days back home.”

Bro.—“What do you mean by “a la mode?”

Bush—“Anything covered with ice cream.”

AT CHARLESTON.

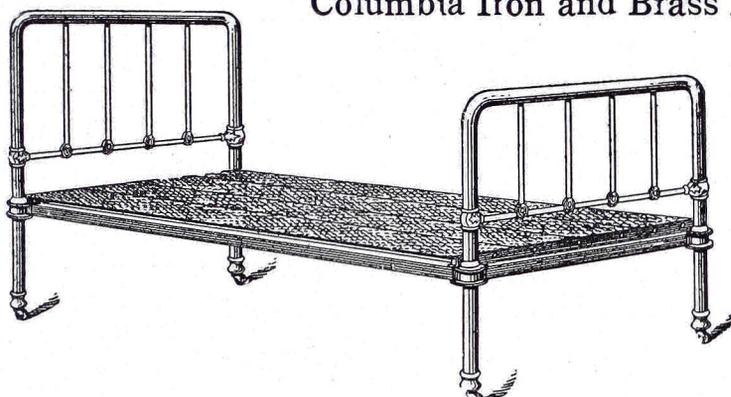
Disgusted rooter in grandstand as Viator's team progresses steadily down the field—“There goes the Sinn Fein rebellion for a touch-down.”

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