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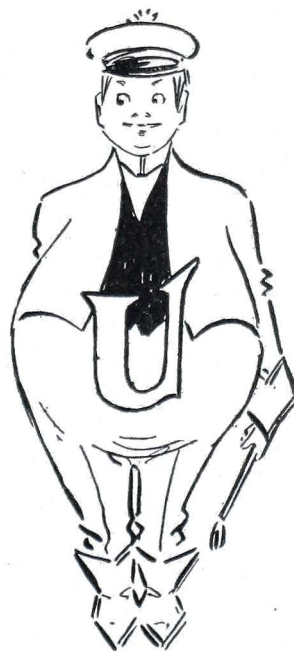
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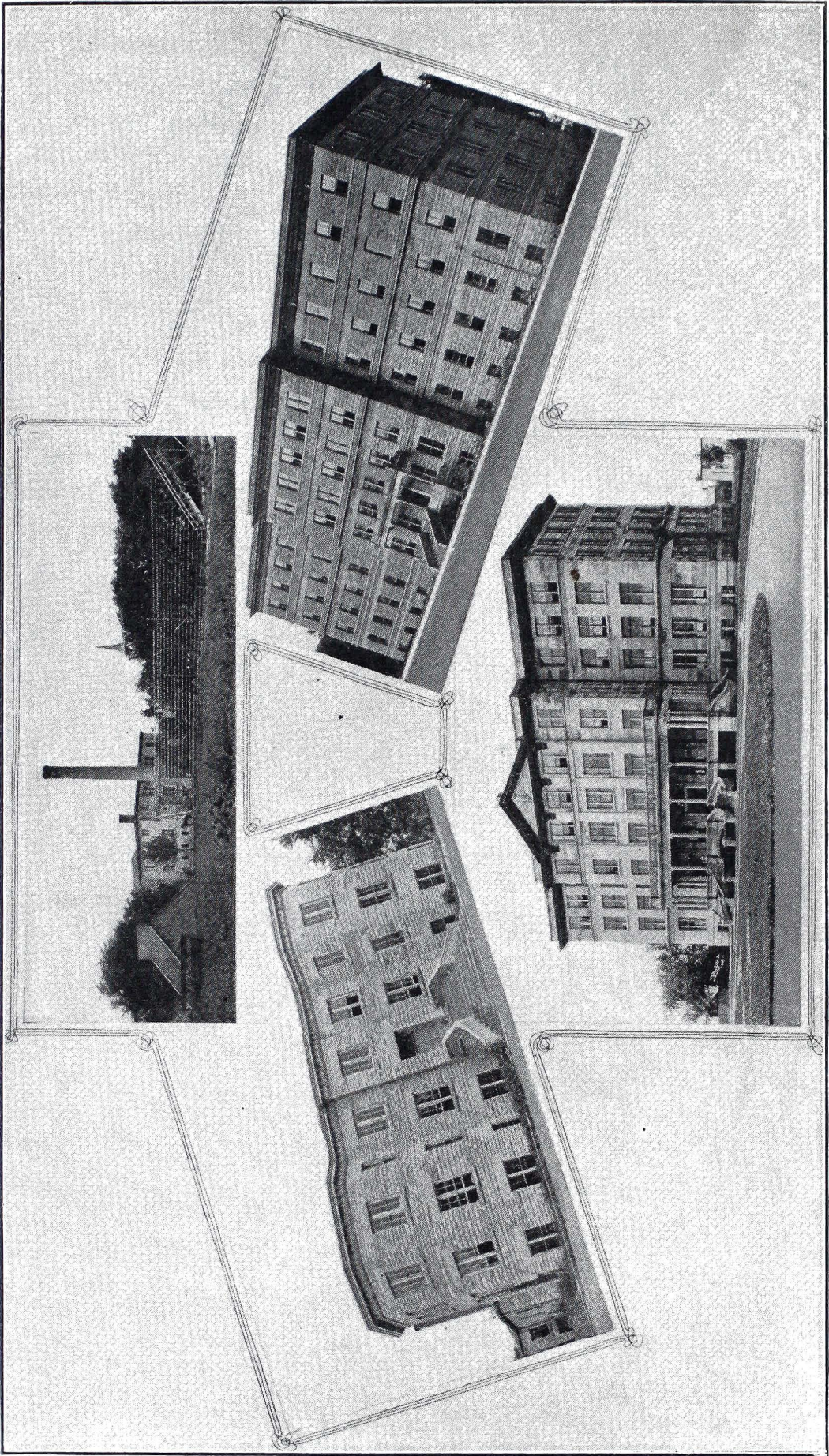
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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

VOLUME 30

JUNE, 1913

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HAIL 'TIS JUNE

*Let all Creation now rejoice
And herald far with gladsome voice;
Let nature swell with joyous tune,
"Hail, all hail, 'tis verdant June."*

*Fair Summer now rules o'er the earth,
The hills and vales resounding mirth
With fragrant blossoms rare are strewn,
And echo back, "All Hail, 'tis June."*

*Fall shackles of the old hoar king,
Drop sweet allurements of fair spring;
Sing nature, for we crave this boon
To hear thy lay of "Hail 'tis June."*

*Ye whispering winds, ye purring streams,
Ye beauties seeming born of dreams,
Sing while ye may, ye perish soon,
Your gladsome lay "All Hail 'tis June."*

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MACBETH**JAMES J. DALEY '13**

He who has the invaluable faculty of delving deeply into Shakespearean tragedy must always be profoundly influenced by a certain indefinable atmosphere pervading these superlative dramas. Even the casual reader is unconsciously affected and feels his senses gradually succumb to this ineffable charm, as he only superficially glides over the pages of this master mind. This enigmatical influence seems to be of the essence of the drama. Like "even-handed justice" in the microcosm of man it seems to be rather in the drama as an essential element than without it as a fact. Such is the nature of the atmosphere inhering in Macbeth. A physical gloom and perpetual darkness which begets in the reader a moral depression; a ghastly sense of blood everywhere; and, terrific and appalling imagery running through the whole play, bringing horribly vivid pictures to the mind, constitute the atmosphere of this tragedy.

A perpetual and murky darkness broods over the entire play. All the action takes place at night or on dark stormy days. Only on two occasions throughout the entire action do a few meagre rays of relieving light penetrate through "the blanket of the dark." Once, when Duncan and Banquo, about to enter Macbeth's castle, indulge in an easy and refreshing conversation on the delicate air which "nimble and sweetly recommends itself unto our senses." Secondly, at the very end of the play when the avenging army, triumphantly enters Macbeth's speeches are pregnant with desperate appeals for gloom and darkness "Stars hide your fires, let not light see my black and deep desires," shows the detestable bent of his mind from the beginning to the bitter end. Again, in desperation lest his bloody deeds should see the light he cries:

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!"

Lady Macbeth outstrips her husband in calling upon murky night to envelop the play. It continually hangs over her horrible

deeds. Her appeals for darkness are more appalling throughout because in the beginning they are more deliberate and execrable than Macbeth's, while towards the end they arouse the unusual emotion of a pitiable horror. What, for instance, could be more diabolical than this:

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry Hold, Hold!"

Finally, this fiendish woman does obtain her desire for darkness to such an extent that it becomes an incubus, pressing heavily on her heart. While awake and asleep her mind is perpetually enveloped in darkness. "She has a light by her continually; 'tis her command," is the pitiable explanation of the gentlewoman waiting on her. What can be more heart-rending than Lady Macbeth, the somnambulist, crying out from the depths of compunctious nature, "Out, damned spot! out, I say—One, two; why then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky."

Not only these two leading characters but also some of the lesser lights contribute their mite towards producing this all-embracing gloom. For the Thane of Ross says:

"By the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of the earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?"

And the witches are always preparing their grewsome charms amid'st darkness and thunder and further intensifying the gloom by their unearthly incantations.

A still more predominate element in the atmosphere of this play is the ghastly sense of blood everywhere. Blood is always before our eyes. Crimson blood seems to create red streaks in the murky night. This sense of blood is aroused at the very beginning of the play when a bleeding Sergeant tells Duncan of Macbeth's bloody victory, using such expressions as: "His (Macbeth's) brandished steel, smoked with bloody execution: carved out his passage: unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops, and fixed his head on our battlements:" and,

“Except they meant to bath in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgatha
I cannot tell.”

After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth seems to be always haunted with blood. Even just before the murder he is horrified to behold an aerial dagger floating before him and on its “blade and dudgeon gouts of blood.” What could be more appalling than Macbeth, with the stain of Duncan’s blood, still on his hands, crying from the depths of his miserable heart:

“What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.”

On the appearance of murdered Banquo’s ghost at the royal banquet we find blood intensified by an unearthly horror, when the ghastly white Macbeth deprecates the apparition:

“Thou can’st not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.”

Then, after the ghost vanishes the loathing sense of blood appears alone, when Macbeth again himself says:

“The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal gashes on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.”

And again when he deliberately plans the murder of Macduff and family, he argues, like a devil incarnate:

“I am in blood
Stepp’d in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

Lady Macbeth also helps to intensify this bloody element. After her husband has murdered Duncan she hurls this fiendish sarcasm against his pusillanimity:

“Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood."

And, then, on failing to move Macbeth she snatches the daggers and hisses diabolically:

"Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers! the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt."

Then, towards the end of the play we witness the awful reaction, the terrible retribution following this deliberate course of bloodshed, falling on Lady Macbeth and crushing her under its mighty weight. Terrible dreams followed by loss of reason, render her a pitiable and miserable specimen of womanhood. "It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour," says the woman servant. This action of Lady Macbeth in vainly endeavoring to wash the sensation of blood from her hands is further intensified by her blood-curdling exclamations: "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" And again, "What, will these hands ne'er be clean?" And her crushed and bleeding heart answers: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Finally, we find the witches adding their share to this bloody element of the atmosphere, hooting and singing their unearthly incantations around the boiling cauldron into which they pour "sow's blood, that hath eaten of her nine farrow," and "cool it with a baboon's blood." "Then when the charm is firm and good" the apparition of a bloody child slowly arises into the murky blackness commanding "Macbeth, be bloody, bold, and resolute." It is such scenes as these that fill the imagination with a ghastly sense of blood almost equal to that felt by the eyewitness of the bloody French Revolution against Louis XVI, when crimson streams of blood gurgled along the gutters.

The third and predominate element of the atmosphere of this tragedy is horror. This is produced by the tremendous and appalling imagery running through the entire play, which at times is so intense as to be almost diabolical and unnatural. For instance, what more hideous a picture could be conjured by the

human mind than that produced by these frightful words of Lady Macbeth:

“I’ve given suck, and know
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains on’t out.”

Again, what human being could we imagine using more fiendish supplications than these:

“Come you spirits
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th’ access and passage to remorse.
Come to my woman’s breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers.”

And, then, comes that final and awful groan of Lady Macbeth, deprived of reason and harrassed by a perpetual incubus of blood, that “O! O! O!” wrenched from her miserable and broken heart, which sends a shudder of horror through every fiber.

What could be more vividly horrible than distracted Macbeth desperately but vainly endeavoring to clutch the bloody dagger floating before him? Then he intensifies the horror, when he says:

“Thou sure and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it.”

Shakespeare makes us feel vividly the terrible consequences following an infraction of the moral law, when Macbeth, goaded by the compunctious visitings of nature,” gives vent to this pitiable whine: “O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!”

Again, when Banquo’s ghost appears at the banquet, we actually experience with Macbeth, the ineffable feeling of grim horror, which makes Macbeth cry out from his horror-stricken and distracted mind:

“Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.”

We are also filled with horror at the frightful hurricane on the night of Duncan's death, as thus vividly described by the Thane of Lennox:

"The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death:
And, prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time, the obscene bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the Earth
Was feverous and did shake."

But the most impressive feelings of horror arise from a contemplation of the three weird hags preparing their fatal charms. Violent imagery runs through their incantations. The feelings are intensified by grewsome and dead sensations. What images, for instance, more slimy, and hideous could be conjured by the imagination of man, than those produced by such objects as a "witches mummy, lives of blaspheming Jew, nose of Turk, and Tartars lips, grease that's sweaten from the murderer's gibbet," and, "a vapourous drop profound" hanging on "the corner of the moon."

Such is the atmosphere of Macbeth—an ingenious mixture of gloom, blood, and horror. It seems that no matter from what point of view we regard Shakespearian tragedy we are always brought to realize and admire the wonderful genius that wrought it. Like an inexhaustible gold mine these sublime dramas seem always to furnish us with fresh thought. No matter how deeply we penetrate into them we are never satisfied. We wish and feel that it is possible to delve deeper. Looking at Macbeth, for instance, from the point of view of its atmosphere, we feel that an apparently soluble mystery still confronts us, which could be delved into had we the faculty to do so. But this faculty will only come with labor and time. Hence, we cannot but marvel at the profundity of this superlative genius. Furthermore, when we consider that Shakespeare is said to have had only a meagre education, or, as Ben Jonson puts it, "small Latin and less Greek," we are forced to burst forth in grand unison with the author of the following simple yet touching eulogy:

"The eye of Genius glistens to admire
How memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre.

One tear I'll shed to form a crystal shrine
 Of all that's grand, immortal and divine.
 Let princes o'er their subject kingdoms rule;
 'Tis Shakespeare's province to command the soul!
 To add one leaf, oh, Shakespeare! to thy bays.
 How vain the effort, and how mean my lays!
 Immortal Shakespeare! o'er thy hallow'd page,
 Age becomes taught, and youth is e'en made sage."

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL

JOHN A. O'BRIEN '13

(Speech Delivered Before the Philosophy Class in Oratory)

Of all the arguments which philosophy brings forth to sustain this thesis, the simplest, the clearest and probably the most convincing to the great majority of people is the argument drawn from Ethics. That this universe is constructed upon a rational plan, physical science proves with undeniable certainty. In fact, the one point upon which even Materialists all agree is the constancy and uniformity of Nature's laws. Does not that 'dyed-in-the-wool Materialist, Tyndall, assert, "The observed uniformity of nature is our only guide?" Does not Romanes affirm, "All minds with any instinct of science in their composition have come to regard it as an apriori truth that nature is always uniform in respect of method and causation?!"

If this universe were not constructed upon an intelligible basis, there will be no more possibility of studying its laws than there would be of understanding the incoherent mutterings of the maniac, and consequently, philosophy and science would both be impossibilities. Hence, then, the rational character of this universe must be admitted as the fundamental and primal postulate of science and sound philosophy. Let us now look about us and see if this rational plan is carried out in regard to the compensation following upon the actions of the individual human beings.

Both reason and conscience tell us, "Virtue should be rewarded; Vice should be punished." Now, as a matter of fact, is this actually the case in this world? Do not the virtues often

suffer trials, hardships, and misfortunes which those who trod the primrose path of luxury, ease, and vice, never know or never experience? Have there not been men who practised virtue even though it brought upon them the scorn and jeers of their fellow-beings? even though it brought about them years and years of excruciating torment and pain, which finally culminated in death upon the ignominious Cross, in a fiery furnace, or in the arena filled with wild beasts? Have there not been men who rather than offer sacrifice to the pagan gods underwent the most excruciating, the most agonizing martyrdom which the mind of a barbarian could devise?

Look at the thousands of abandoned lepers in the gloomy island of Molokai, who on this earth at least will never again see the kind faces of their friends. See the skin as it is slowly peeling off their bodies! See the terrible disease gnawing away whole limbs! Think of the frightful suffering of those poor, miserable, human beings whose feet and hands have been completely eaten away—who are unable to walk a single step! Imagine, if you can the thoughts of anguish which course through their minds, as they look about the desolate island and see only misery and pain, while they know that across those blue waters of the Pacific, people are happy and gay and free from suffering.

But those pleasures can never be theirs! No, there is not even a single ray of hope for any happiness in this life, which comes to light up even for a moment their awful night of agony and suffering. Death would be a relief, but death is a long way off. Leprosy is a disease which does not hurry. It moves with terrible slowness, attacking first the extremities of the body, the fingers and the toes, then gradually gnawing these members away, it moves up along the arms and legs. The terror-stricken victim watches the dread disease slowly crawl up along his limbs until it finally begins to gnaw at the brain or some other vital organ. He knows what this means; yet is powerless to check its fatal advance. No known power can stay its progress; yet its progress is not rapid, years and years being required before the loathsome affliction relieves the victim of life. Yet during all this time the patient is conscious, aye, painfully conscious of his gruesome predicament. Truly do these poor abandoned lepers suffer anguish and torment greater than which the mind of man cannot conceive. Yet, many of them patiently and cheerfully endure this living martyrdom and murmur to God not one word of complaint.

But we need not go to ancient Rome, nor to far Molokai, to find men whose lives form one sad story of hardship and suffering for Virtue's sake. All around us at the present day we see instances where whole families suffer privation and want rather than enrich themselves by dishonest means. Look at the millions of hard working men all over the world, who toil from morn till night to gain an honest livelihood; and who when they die, sink into the oblivion of the grave whence their names never arise save perhaps to be jeered or scoffed at!

On the other hand, look at those who acquire wealth by dishonest means who live a life of ease and comfort, indulging their passions and satisfying their sensual appetites. They transgress the laws of God and man to drink deep of the pleasure of the world. Yet who will maintain that they are adequately punished in this world for their transgressions? Indeed the Civil Law does not even attempt to punish vice, save where it is an open and serious offense against the community at large.

Yet some will say virtue is its own reward, vice its own punishment, that those who suffer for virtue's sake are sufficiently rewarded by the self-satisfaction arising therefrom; while those who sin are adequately punished by the resulting remorse of conscience. These sayings thought oft quoted, wither under the searching light of investigation. For as Father Maher observes, no truly virtuous man undulges in great self-elation over a meritorious deed. Nor is vice its own punishment. For conscience is sensitive only in the virtuous. Thus a good person would probably suffer sharper pangs for a venial offense, than a hardened criminal would for the heinous crime of murder or highway robbery. For in the latter class of people, the voice of conscience has been stilled, it speaks to them no more.

Now if death ends all, if this earthly life is the be-all and the end-all of our existence, if there is no after-life in which the virtuous shall be rewarded and the wicked punished, then the most certain conviction of our rational nature is but a fanciful dream, or the wild night-mare of a diseased brain. Moreover what a farce this life would be! How foolhardy the actions of the Christian martyrs! How stupid those lepers of Molokai in not ridding themselves of the agonies of that dread disease by the comfortable means of suicide! What monumental foolishness do those millions of honest hardworking virtuous people manifest, who refuse to satisfy the cravings of the flesh when they could easily do so! On the other hand how wise and praise-

worthy the actions of those people who enjoy all the pleasures of the world! who have never experienced want or self-restraint. How commendable the wisdom of the libertine! Can this be a part of that rational character of the universe which Tyndall, Romanes, and all the scientists and philosophers, both ancient and modern have praised so highly? No, it can not be! Our whole rational nature rebels at the thought, and tells us more emphatically than ever that virtue must be rewarded; vice must be punished; that this life is but an ante-chamber to eternity; that after life's "fitful fever" is o'er, there comes another and a better life.

That this must be so, our reason tells us as clearly and as undeniably as it tells us we are. It is this truth of consciousness which is

"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."

With this truth of the immortality of the soul, enrooted in the minds of the vast majority, people have lived and shall continue to live, conscious that their misdeeds shall be punished, and their virtuous actions shall be rewarded, in an after-life, where the tears shed for virtue's sake will be wiped away, and they shall be soothed and comforted and made happy throughout unending life.



"THE HOUND OF HEAVEN"

A STUDY

EMIL KEKICH '13

"The Hound of Heaven" expresses the one thought that is tremendous, awakening,—startling re-echoing the age's old utterance of Solomon. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity."

The intent of the poem is to reveal that the human soul, of its nature is ever longing to possess complete happiness. In trial to sate this yearning it drinks in the universe, all it offers, but anon to thirst anew, to find all material things, finite, not having the full good for which it is in quest. And all the while the soul recedes in its vain endeavor to obtain happiness, from the true source of consummate bliss, God, who pursueth always with plaintiff, incessant cry:

"Lo all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!"

Twixt flight from God and pursuit of its high and sacred end the soul is aflutter. But, "nigh and nigh draws the chase"; gradually its fear turns to faith in Him and finally it succumbs wholly, freely to its Creator.

This is briefly the answer to the first of Coleridge's questions, constituting the three canons of right literary criticism, namely:

What has the author tried to do?

How has he done it?

How well has he succeeded?

A general analysis of the poem will suffice to answer the second canon.

From the outset of the poem, the soul flees from God in the great emotions, hope, fear, joy and sorrow. But these are lacking in nimbleness to evade "those strong feet that" follow, follow "after" that "Voice" whose "beat" is "more instant than the Feet." The round of life is filled in cherished expectancy, the gladness of possessing, dread of missing, mourn for loss of happiness.

"Down the nights and down the days," the soul seeks, but to its distressing experience, naught profits in behalf of its seeking whereas that "Voice" is by:

"All things betray thee who betrayest Me."

Engaged in finite earth, the soul, withal, is aware of the love of God, still guardedly deems Him insufficient unto its end, and

is afraid "Lest having Him" it "must have naught beside." Its narrow glance is caught by things of earth that throw out suggestions for the attainment of happiness and to these it proves as the better choice. Meantime God pursueth ever with patience Infinite.

"Fear wist not to evade as love wist to pursue."

And still comes "on the following Feet." To find allayment the soul hastens to the stars, the moon, the sky. Whence are they? Finite, created like itself. Rest in them it cannot find but restraint from the repose it so much desires. And it hides, hides in the growing light and in the gloaming:

"I said to Dawn: Be sudden; to eve, Be soon—
Float thy vague veil about me lest He see!
Begs me over from this tremendous Lover!"

Then it tempts the maker's "servitors" "but to find" its "own betrayal in their constancy." To the lightning like rapidity of the winds it applies, to escape the attachment of God.

"To all swift things, for swiftness did I sue." But,
"Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue."

Again that grim cry:

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter me."

It "sought no more that after which" it "strayed in face of man or maid." Then it showed the little children happy. They mayhap maybe the oasis from which the soul has since strayed.

"They at least are for me, surely for me!"

It turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair

With dawning answers there.

Their angel plucked them from me by the hair."

They give their assistance to the whining soul in faint encouragement only.

The miscarriage of all tests prior brings knowledge and learning into abrupt relief as the end, the possession of which will quench the happiness—thirst of the soul. It sets to untie the mysteries of nature, lays open to itself: "how the clouds arise. Spumed of the wild sea snortings."

Philosophizes on life and death:

"All that's born or dies

Rose and drooped with; made them shapers of mine own moods,
or wailful or divine."

But again nothing is given to satiate its yearnings.

"In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek."
 Since nature is but like the sharer of its "delicate fellowship."

"And past those noised Feet
 A voice comes yet more fleet,
 Lo! naught contents thee, who contentst not Me!"
 In all is failure.

"Yea faileth now even dream
 The Dreamer, and the lute the lutanist."
 and poesy. The soul awakens, finds itself "stripped in sleep."
 Its dream broadens into wide realization. "Grimed with smears"
 it finds itself amid dread desolation, caused by the sins of its
 youth, now lying "dead beneath the heap o' the mounded years."

In its anguish of suffering it cries out:

"Ah! Must
 Designer infinite!—

Ah, must 'Thou char the wood' ere 'Thou canst limn with
 it?"

Yes, the vanity of man must be charred, burnt in pain and misery before the Almighty can "limn," use, his soul. The soul's once daisy freshness is spent like "wavering shower i' the dust," and now its heart is as a broken fount.

"Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity.
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimps'd turrets slowly wash again?"

It hears the call and sees the fitful shimmering light of Eternity. Then lo! it prepares itself unto deliverance from the life now gaunt with hunger.

"Not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress crowned."

Then comes the pleading cry of God to the soul "clasp my hand and come." In Me thou wilt find all for which thou art in desire.

"All which I took from thee I did but take
 Not for thy harm
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost I have stored for thee at home."
 Your freight of earthly memories and hopes shall be lifted to richest, rarest joys.

The pursuit is over—"halts by me that footfall." What the

soul thinks is its "gloom" is "after all" but a "shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly."

"Ah fondest; blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!

Thou dravest love from thee who dravest Me."

This lyric brings to light a sound ethical truth, the objective beatitude of one cannot be found in a created good, but consists in knowing and loving the uncreated good; which is the highest good, God. Based as is the thought of this premise on the experience of everyone, yet as with every moral truth, it must be constantly set before the mind, thereby teaching a moral lesson, and the greatest of moral lessons it is. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" The value of this poetical work becomes more appreciated with time. Its range and scope of thought, depth and variety of imagery, makes it one of the greatest literary works of the language.

COUNT HARVEY De LANGLOIS

JAMES J. DALEY '13

"Parbleau! I have it! I have it!" loudly exclaimed the Count, slapping his plump thigh with a resounding wallop.

"Sure, man what's wrong with you?" queried J. Montgomery Biffo, son of the Honorable Michael Biffo, owner of a large diamond mine in Southern Africa.

"They have turned down my stories, and my novel. But now I'll set them thinking. I'll show them that Count Harvey de Langlois isn't such a slouch after all," continued the short chunky Frenchman, with irrepressible glee.

"Talk sensible, man, or I'll be forced to bring you to your senses in a hurry," snapped the guest reddening to the roots of his fiery hair.

"That story gave me an idea that will make me famous," said the Count, coming to the earth on seeing the threatening storm in the glowing phiz of his companion.

"So it's Poe's 'Gold Bug,' you're talking about. What's the idea may I ask?"

"I can't tell you the idea now. But if you remain in Paris long enough, I'll show you the idea."

"Oh, all right." concluded the Milesian, "I don't know what you're talking about but I suppose you do. Anyway, I'll wait long enough, if that's all you want, for Paris is my home for a year."

These two noteworthy gentlemen were comfortably seated in the front veranda of a large and antique chateau smoking the Count's imported Ducator's. J. Montgomery Biffo had just arrived in Paris for the purpose of studying the country and its people, as he had nothing else in particular to do, besides spending his father's money. The Count was an old classmate of his about twenty years back, before either had basked in the gay light of fortune. That was in the States where the Count was born, and where he had lived until his thirty-fifth year, when his uncle in Paris bequeathed him a handsome fortune and a title on the one condition that Mr. Langlois should dwell henceforth in this chateau, situated a good two miles from Paris in the small town of Bourbon.

How the Hon. Michael Biffo and with him his officious son, came under the bright light of fortune does not concern us. We only know that he was now a guest of the Count's, and instrumental in the building of a famous statue, by giving the Count, Poe's masterful story "The Gold Bug."

The Count was not married, and being now in the fifties there was little chance of his ever being married. But like many old men he had his hobby. He wanted to become famous, but the fates were against him.

A few months after Mr. Biffo again came to Bourbon to visit his old classmate rather curious, as was his nature, to see how the Count's idea was progressing. What was his surprise whilst slowly strolling towards the town hall to behold a new and good-sized statue raised aloft on about four feet of a stone pedestal. On coming closer he could scarcely believe his eyes. For there was the prototype in bronze of the Count himself.

"Well I'll be blasted if that crazy old Langlois isn't rich. Here he has built a statue of himself and put it up in the town square. He certainly has queer ideas for an old foggy. He ought to be ——." But where he ought to be we don't know, for here he was interrupted by a rather queer looking individual. Tall, unshaven, cap, or what was once one, in hand, with the greater part of the thatch blown from his roof, and with a shirt

and pair of trousers that would do full justice to any comedian. He was a 'bo pure and simple, christened Ziggy by his fellow tramps, because he looked so intellectual. At one time he had seen better days, being a graduated A.B. from a U. S. college. But he wanted to see the world and now he was seeing it. He had seen the Western States as a teacher and as a common laborer in the lumber camps. He had seen the East as a common hobo. One fine day about a month before this he had hired out as a deck hand on a vessel bound for France. Here he arrived, quickly spent his meager salary in the great Paris, and now dead broke he had just come, only God knows why, to this quaint out-of-the-way village of Bourbon.

"Well my dear man," vouchsafed Mr. Biffo, eying the new arrival officiously, "what is it you want?"

Ziggy started his patented hard-luck story, but was quickly told to be about his business. But the tramp was used to such treatment, so he persisted saying, "Don't turn me down, old pal. I haven't had a bite for a week. I'll work if you want me to."

This last sentence seemed to give J. Montgomery an idea—an unusual thing for him—for his face brightened, eye twinkled and he said: "You will work hey? I'll try you. Just come along with me. There's an old friend of mine living near here. He might do something for you. He is crazy enough to do anything. He is so far gone that he spent a nice neat little sum of money to build that statue of himself that you see there."

"Yes?" from Ziggy, "Say I was just looking at that statue before you came. Did you notice the queer inscription carved on the other side of it?"

"No, let me see it," directed Biffo very much interested. They both proceeded to the other side of the statue and here is what they read, carved in the stone pedestal:

.5;;]80¶8‡—0‡--K*‡‡*95:16();645¶853‡0‡8*485‡

"Ha! Ha!" burst out Biffo, "Count Harvey de Langlois will certainly become famous now."

"Well what do you make of it?" queried the tramp, wondering at this mirth.

"Never mind for the present," answered Biffo, "just come along with me and I'll show you my friend. I think I can get work for you."

As they proceeded towards the chateau, Montgomery inquired, "Do you know anything about gardening?"

"Well yes," replied Ziggy, "to come to think of it for one whole year at college—I'm a college bred even though I don't look the part—I used to tend to my prefect's garden."

"Good," exclaimed Biffo. "You're just the man."

"How's that?" asked Ziggy.

"Never mind just come along with me."

Soon they arrived at the chateau. Biffo went in leaving Ziggy to himself. After a short time he returned with the Count who said, "I understand you are a gardener. I have decided to have a garden around that statue. So you can get to work at it. I'll pay you well."

After a hearty meal Ziggy returned to the statue and started to work—he needed the money. But the queer inscription caught his eye. What could it mean? It was beyond him, so he started at the grade again, giving it up as foolish.

In the meantime the Count was explaining his clever idea to his friend, Mr. Biffo. "You probably noticed immediately that my ciphers in that inscription are like those in Poe's 'Gold Bug.' Well let's compare notes with this story and decipher my masterpiece. I'm going to take you into my confidence as a friend. so promise not to make use of this knowledge."

"I promise," said Biffo, highly amused.

Solving the ciphers with the aid of Poe's story, Biffo was shown how it read: "At twelve o'clock noon, May first, I have a golden head."

"Oh that's simple," exclaimed Biffo, "you have just put a neat little sum in the head of that statue."

"No you're wrong," from the over-joyed Count, "You nor anyone else will ever guess where I put the treasure. Still the ciphers tell the very spot."

"I suppose the money is buried under the statue then. No one will ever take the trouble to get it if it's there."

"Wrong again," said the Count blandly smiling.

"Where is it then?"

"Well I'll tell you," said the Count, no longer able to hold the secret, "but remember it's a life secret."

"Yes I understand," from impatient Biffo.

"Well," said the Count slowly and proudly. "The treasure—about one thousand dollars in U. S. money—is buried about a foot deep under the very spot where the shadow of the head of that statue strikes at noon on May the first.

"Well I'll be horse-whipped if that isn't the best I ever

heard," said Biffo with an admiring look at his friend. "Count put it here. You have some brains after all. But still I fail to see how such a scheme is going to fool your enemies—the critics."

"It won't exactly fool them, but it will fool others and that will satisfy me," responded the Count. "But what do you say to a walk down to the statue to see how our hobo friend is progressing. That was quite an idea of yours. The statue will look fine after that garden is completed."

"All right, Count," said Biffo, enjoying the Count's happiness.

On the way the Count was bubbling over with explanations. "You see I put it in those peculiar ciphers to make them work the harder. I knew that a few, at least would solve them, but even then I chuckled to think that they would be as far at sea as ever. It will be years and maybe never before anyone will even dream of the solution. Just imagine how my name will be passed from mouth to mouth by the many who try to decipher that inscription. I tell you, my friend, I'll become famous after all." He pursued this line of talk until they came in sight of the statue. But what was the surprise of both to see the tramp gardener nowhere in sight.

"I wonder what has happened to our mutual friend," inquired the Count.

"Oh, I suppose the work was too hard. He got his dinner and that's all he wanted," Biffo explained.

But when they arrived at the statue the Count threw up both hands—speechless, and J. Montgomery laughed till the tears came.

Beside the spade was a bronze box about a foot square, with this note attached to its opened cover:

"Thanks for the coin. I hit upon this box while making your garden. It's the best day's pay I ever earned."

Signed: ZIGGY.

THE VIATORIAN

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The time has come when we must weigh anchor, spread our sails, bid farewell to our fair inland port, and embark on the high seas of life. Four years of preparation have been expended in fitting us for our journey, and the watching world is anxious to pronounce its verdict, as to whether or not the time was well spent. Into the storehouse of our mind a rich harvest of knowledge has been gathered and it is now our task to turn that knowledge into success. **The Catholic Graduate** has also the obligation to turn into success not only his mental attainments, but he must also share with the world the benefits of his religious training. The world today looks to the Catholic college graduate as a man of refinement and sound morals. More than this the Catholic college graduate ought to be a model for all young men. The world today has a well defined concept of the Catholic college graduate as a man of culture, learning, and virtue. Let us do our parts to prove that the conception is true.

These are the two words that now confront the college graduate. The one—success—in large brilliant type surrounded by

**Success
or
Failure**

the halo of a still more brilliant sun beckons to him from the mountain height. The other—failure—is before him down the easy listless valley, just as enticing and alluring as the sun. Both draw him onward the moment he leaves his Alma Mater. Success means work—hard, ceaseless toil and trudging up the mountain side. Failure means ease and pleasure for a short time, but then the dreadful consequences—evergnawing pain, chagrin, disappointment. Which will it be, work or ease? We all want to be a success. None of us dream of failure. Filled with the lustihood of our young powers,” with ambition, hope, and courage, we feel success glowing in our breasts. But we must remember that success means labor. It will not come in a day. It beckons from on high. We must overcome all obstacles by perseverance—invincible, continuous, immutable. May the class of 1913 travel the “straight and narrow path” that leads to success, and not the “broad and easy path that leads to destruction.” May ’13 thus prove a source of pride and joy in future years to Alma Mater.

Home

This is the one thought now uppermost in the mind of every student—from the light-hearted Academic to the grave and stately Senior. It means much—this one little word—to all. Visions of kind and loving faces loom before us. Faces of those who are willing and anxious to do all in their power to further our best interests and happiness. What great lesson does this all-consuming thought bear with it? One we all know and have heard repeated many a time. But the shame of it is we do not always take it to heart and express it in action. Gratitude is the lesson. This virtue is the noblest and most God-like that ever burned in the heart of man. It’s opposite ingratitude is the most despised and abject of sights to the eyes of man. No two characters in the wide realm of English literature arouses such intense antipathy as Shakespeare’s Foneril and Regan. Vacation, then, will soon find us all in that sweetest of all places—home. Here we will have the opportunity to show by our actions whether we possess this virtue of gratitude or not. For it is to those at home, above all others, that we owe the highest kind of gratitude for services rendered. Let us, then, not be thoughtless during the coming months, but rather, as exemplary college men, and as true-hearted gentlemen, try to bring joy and sunshine to those at home.

EXCHANGES

Another year in college journalism is about to end. The Ex-man, about to lay aside his weary pen, so replete with both praise and blame in the past, has always endeavored to treat his sisters in the journalistic world justly. He has criticised much it is true, but it has always been the rebuke intended for correction, encouragement, and advice. Praise has always flowed generously from his pen to whomsoever it seemed due. It is, however, with much inward joy and satisfaction that he casts aside the cloak of the critic for that of the ordinary mortal. For his task has been an onerous one, and he willingly leaves ex-dom confident that he has always acted honestly, sincerely, and remembering that "to err is human." Now that his task is finished, we think that it would not be amiss to reprint a few of the many tributes which our fellow journalists have showered upon the Viatorian during this scholastic year, for which kind attention we sincerely thank those concerned. These quotations speak for themselves, and amply prove the success of our college paper for this year, and in what degree of appreciation it has been held by our exchanges.

The Senior number of the VIATORIAN comes to us replete with interesting and well composed essays. The first to meet our eye in perusing the contents of this number is a beautiful little verse given the title of "Heart of My Jesus." The verse has an easy flowing metre and contains sublime sentiments. The essay "Refutation of Pantheism" is one worth the time devoted to its reading. The author brings forth many arguments and successfully refutes the theory of the Pantheists. Another essay in this number worthy of commendation is the one entitled "Socialism." The writer in his essay brings to light and shows the evils of the Socialists and also brings forth arguments that refute the theory of the Socialists. The essay "The Meaning of Senior" is worthy of note. The different departments are well handled by their respective editors.—*St. Mary's Sentinel*.

In a late issue of the VIATORIAN there is one topic which deserves special mention. The writer of the article on "Socialism"

apparently seems to be well versed concerning the theme in hand. "Socialism" as he says is very unreasonable to the minds of the great majority of the people who have, by hard labor, amassed enough to end their days in comfort. Again Socialism as a whole knows no God, as he has quoted from the words of many of its leaders. The two poems "Heart of My Jesus" and "Spare Me, Lord" are very well written. The editorials are in keeping with the other literary work which is of an excellent grade.—*Pacific Star*.

The vacation number of the VIATORIAN, from St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, contains some very fine Commencement orations, under the general theme, "The Riddle of the World and the Materialistic Solution." The various orations reveal the tone of the teaching of this college and the studiousness of its pupils. The editorial pages are replete with articles of both local and general interest.—*Manhattan Quarterly*.

The VIATORIAN, published by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., has reached us for October. It is a jubilee number, commemorative of the recent celebration of the diamond jubilee of the venerable Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator, Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C.S.V., at Brussels, in Belgium.—*The New World*.

The VIATORIAN for November is a jubilee number and admirably set forth the life and work of the Venerable Jubilarian.—*Nazareth Chimes*.

The VIATORIAN—The November VIATORIAN is exclusively a jubilee number. It deals with the jubilee of the Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. The opening poem, "To the Jubilarian," is very good.—*The Patri-cian*.

The recent VIATORIAN is principally concerned with the jubilee celebration of the Rev. Father Lajoie, Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. In the name of *Manhattan*, we take this occasion to express our rather belated congratulations to the Rev. Father, and join our prayers to those of the many thousands who "implore the bountiful Savior to bless, guide and protect the Reverend jubilarian for many years to come." The

Thanksgiving number contains a very fine article on the "Recall of Judges." "Rocked in the Cradle of the Elite" is a well constructed story, and the moral is very applicable even in these days of "cramming."—*Manhattan Quarterly*.

Sixty years of service in God's holy priesthood and twenty of these as Superior General of so eminent a body of religious men as the Clerics of St. Viator is indeed the privilege of a very few. The Diamond Jubilee celebration of the Very Rev. P. D. La-joie, C.S.V., on September 12, 1912, well merits to be the all absorbing topic of the October VIATORIAN. Let our humble congratulations mingle with those of friends, of priests, and cardinals, aye, of the Holy Father himself, who graciously sent his blessing and congratulation, and may this man of God see many more years in the Divine Service. From a literary view point the October number is up to the standard. To the "Jubilarians" a congratulatory verse is held by its purpose within set bounds. It is a true expression of its author's purpose in very commendable diction. "Seeds of Kindness" imparts an excellent lesson through the medium of harmonious verse; and the "Fragment," of four lines, contains a real poetic thought. We regret that S.M.A. over which initials it stands, did not strike into a larger field and favor the Viatorian with some more considerable product of his pen. The departments are well and carefully written and altogether the number is a pleasing and creditable issue.—*St. Vincent's College Journal*.

The Thanksgiving number of the VIATORIAN, published by the students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill., has reached us. From it we learn that St. Viator College has established a chair for the study of Socialism. Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., one of the brightest minds in the college staff, takes charge of this department, and under his direction the students of St. Viator will study this absorbing question, both on its economic and ethical side.—*The New World*.

We have received a copy of the VIATORIAN, a monthly, published by the students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill. It is one of the most creditable college magazines we have seen; typographically, it is excellent, and the contents are worthy of their beautiful setting. Among other interesting articles in the number before us (Vol. 30, No. 2) is a very beautiful tribute

to the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word who lost their lives in the fire at St. John's Orphanage, San Antonio, closing with the following words: "Gather up their ashes with reverence and preserve them in golden urns, for history holds no more glorious, no nobler, no sweeter story than this. Receive their snowy souls, Angelic Hosts, and with triumphant chant present them as other Christs to Him who died that men might live!"—*The Southern Messenger*.

The VIATORIAN for December, published by the students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, has reached our desk. Its frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the new Provincial of the American Province, Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Ph.D., D.D. The opening paper, "The Coming of Arthur," by L. J. Pommier, is a scholarly one.—*The New World*.

The VIATORIAN, though a small magazine, is neatly and well edited. The essay on Wordsworth's famous "Ode on Immortality," is a studious and careful piece of work that should reflect great credit on the author. It is not written in the ultra intellectual style so frequently assumed by college essayists, but conveys its thought in a readable and pleasant manner. The story, "An Awful Experience," is well worded, but a bit amateurish in the working out of the plot. A more facile style of exposition necessary to bring out the motive can be acquired by careful study of some French short storyist, such as Prosper Mérimée or Coppée.

The magazine loses considerable in its ensemble by lack of good verse; this should be attended to as it rounds out a volume, better than anything else. One good poem can atone frequently for two faulty contributions.—*The Redwood*.

The December number of the VIATORIAN opens with an essay on "The Coming of Arthur." By means of a number of quotations, the whole story of the "epic of chivalry" is given to the reader. A good treatise is that on "Materialistic Evolution versus Physics and Biology," and we congratulate its composer on the wealth of thought contained therein. A good moral is found in "A Christmas Incident." The columns of the VIATORIAN are well conducted.—*St. Jerome's Schoolman*.

The Christmas and New Year numbers of the VIATORIAN remain to be taken note of, and then we shall have done. In

these numbers there are two essays that seem interconnected. Both are interpretations of poems, though of contrasting poems, the one dealing with Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and the other with Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." The authors have appreciated and understood Tennyson and Wordsworth, and have given vent to their thoughts with respect to these two masterpieces in two essays that amply repay careful perusal.—*Duquesne Monthly*.

The January number of the VIATORIAN contains a lengthy article on Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." The subject-matter of the poem is well prefaced by a philosophical argument in which the poet's mental attitude in regard to Platonic doctrines is set forth. The paper shows a deep study of the poem, and such clear philosophical interpretation cannot fail to interest the student. "An Awful Experience" is also a well written story, and retains the interest of the reader to the end.—*The Nazareth Chimes*.

A very interesting feature of the presidential number of the VIATORIAN is the essay entitled "George Eliot, Her Life and Works." Two other very able articles in this same issue are "Panama Canal" and "Materialistic Evolutionists."—*De Paul Minerva*.

The VIATORIAN is always a highly entertaining magazine, the New Year's number succeeding unusually well in its effort to instruct and please. "An Awful Experience" especially met with hearty approval from the members of the staff.—*Loretta Magazine*.

A commendable knowledge of the inconsistencies of Evolutionism is shown by the author of "Materialistic Evolutionists versus Their Own Principles," in the Presidential number of the VIATORIAN. The principles of this system are cleverly placed before the lamp of truth, and are shown to be in direct disagreement with their own statements and admissions. Other instructive essays are found in "George Eliot, Her Life and Works" and "The Panama Canal."—*Manhattan Quarterly*.

The February number of the VIATORIAN contains a well written essay on George Eliot. We enjoyed it so much we wish it

had been longer. The following is worthy of reprint: "George Eliot belongs to the school of Realists and her realism is of the highest and best type for she depicts not only the virtue and vice, but also the virtue and nobility." The article on the Panama Canal is too brief. So broad a subject cannot be well treated in a few lines. The magazine is rich in essays but lacks fiction. The various departments are well edited.—*The Buff and Blue*.

As a splendid type of undergraduate journalism hails the prompt VIATORIAN from St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill. The interpretative as well as critical paper on Wordsworth's "Ode on Imitation of Immortality of Early Childhood; an Interpretation," is masterful in its survey and would do credit to any of our exchanges. The versatile pen which guided this paper into the world of reality was surely led by a mind acquainted in every detail with the poet's ideas and remarkably sensitive to every shade of feeling which the hopeful singer infused into his production. "An Awful Experience" is all that the heading implies and partakes of an exciting nature—quite in contrast with the stately flow so calmly maintained in the preceding philosophical dissertation. On the initial page of the Feb. issue we spy a beautiful bit of verse, "The Good Ship Viator." It is the only thing of its kind in the issue, and we deplore the dearth of metrical contributions in the VIATORIAN. "George Eliot, Her Life and Works" makes good intelligent reading. The Exchanges, Editorials and Local Happenings (Inter Alia) are well written and receive due attention.—*St. John's University Record*.



SOCIETIES

The social sun is slowly setting, but before it descends below the horizon it would not be amiss to view the success attending its course for the past ten months. There is nothing so enjoyed, so unique in college life, as the society. Nothing which tends more to create true college spirit—true fraternity among the students. This was a year of few societies but much activity—quality not quantity was the motto this year in the world of society at St. Viator. But the quality was of the finest, best, and most enjoyable in years. Entertainments were given at the opportune time. The programs were always of the best, and when the banquet and havanas accompanied, winter's chilly wand melted before the warmth and glow of good fellowship. Taking all in all, our societies this year deserve much credit—both officers, moderators, and members—for they made a gallant, admirable, successful effort to warm winter's dreariness into joy and sunshine.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

One of the most active societies this year was appropriately this Senior society of the college. Bi-monthly meetings, from which the members derived much lasting benefit by way of debates on up-to-date subjects, essays, and speeches, were held regularly. Much credit is due to the Moderator, Rev. F. A. Sheriden, for his successful management of this society during this scholastic year. Mr. Tim Sullivan, president of the society, also stands forth as an exemplary leader. It is needless to review the excellent programs produced by this society. We all know, from the perusal of this column during the year, that St. Pat's lived up to its unique reputation—the oldest and best.

ACOLYTHICAL SOCIETY

This society has labored silently but effectively under the able guidance of its Moderator, Brother Marzano. It has lived up to its purpose faithfully. Day in and day out we beheld its members serving at the altar of God. Flowers, too, often be-

decked this same altar—the work of the members. Entertainments—frequent and enjoyable—were given the members during the year. Great care was also taken at the meetings to instruct the members in the ceremonies of the mass. It is, indeed, gratifying to notice the results this admirable society has on its members. It can boast of the cream of St. Viator's young manhood.

C. C. C. CLUB

Under Brother Ihaldorf, as Moderator, another society—the C. C. C. Club—was welcomed into the social world this year. Banquets, chess, card, and checker games made the winter months fly by unnoticed. Prizes were given at the various games, and the members derived much delight in vieing with each other for the coveted championships of the three games. The final returns of the season show that these are the acknowledged champions: Mr. William Roy, checkers; Mr. Michael Kennealy, cards; and Mr. Charles Cleary, chess. We hope to see this youthful society with us again next year, and wish it every success for the coming year.

THE LAJOIE SOCIETY

This society has for its end the encouragement of the study of the French language. Frequent programs, consisting of essays, speeches, debates, and a play, all in French, amply show how the Moderator, Mr. A. J. Duhomel, made a success of this society for this year. The greatest success of the year was the French play recently given by the society under the direction of the Moderator. The members of the cast worked hard to make this play a success. That it was a success and credit to the society will be attested by all who witnessed the production.

THESPIANS

This was one of the most successful years in Thespian endeavor in years. Rev. F. A. Sheriden blossomed forth not only as an able director but also as a clever playwright. His masterpiece, "The Call," which was repeated recently in Chicago, will not soon be forgotten. Nor will the leading characters in this touching drama. The Rev. Father's unique little sketch entitled "Plantation Days," was staged for the benefit of the Seniors, and added to his laurels as a writer. Finally, the Seniors' play,

"Alma Mater," brought another director into the limelight, Brother McGuire, who staged this play with enviable success, and in connection with—who of us will ever forget "Olaf." The Thespians did much to make life happy during the winter months, and for this great favor the VIATORIAN, in the name of the student body, wishes to thank them, and wishes them a successful future in the histrionic art at St. Viator's.

COMMERCIAL CLASS

Under Mr. E. G. Ashe, this class had its most successful year. The year's work was made interesting by numerous lectures on subjects concerning the business world, by experienced men. Everything up-to-date connected with the teaching of this valuable course has been introduced, and every inducement possible extended to the student anxious to succeed as a business man. The class appropriately ended the year's work in an enjoyable picnic to Rock Creek in company with their Moderator. All reported an excellent time. The games which make for a good picnic were played and a delicious lunch was served. Congratulations, Commercials, on your successful year as an organized class, and may even greater success attend you next year.

INTER ALIA

The beautiful and impressive devotion of "Forty Hours" opened in the College Chapel on Sunday morning, May 18. High mass was celebrated by the Rev. T. J. Rice, C.S.V., who also preached an appropriate sermon for the occasion. Father Rice related many examples of a pure, holy and unselfish human love and showed that the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament far surpassed every kind of the highest form of human love. In the evening, Rev. Dr. Munday preached a forceful sermon on "The Eucharist—the Bread of Life." He urged all the students to cultivate a tender love for Jesus in the "Most Holy sacrament of the Altar." Monday morning, Rev. Dr. Munday celebrated the High Mass, at which all the students received holy communion. The "Forty Hours" were brought to a close Tuesday morning

after the solemn high mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., with Rev. M. J. Breen, C.S.V., as deacon, and Rev. F. A. Cleary, sub-deacon, and Brother Marzanno, C.S.V., master of ceremonies.

The piety and frequent visits of the students to the chapel during the days of exposition were truly edifying and each and every student availed himself of the privilege of obtaining the special graces attached to this beautiful devotion by complying with the necessary conditions.

On Thursday evening the Rev. Maurice P. Sammon, rector of St. Bernard's Church, Peoria, Ill., lectured before the students of the Pastoral Theology class at St. Viator College.

**Father
Sammon's
Lecture**

The Rev. Lecturer spoke on the "Duty of priests towards the lax members of their flock." Kindness and sympathetic interest for the unfortunate were the salient points emphasized by the Rev. Lecturer. He related many incidents which conclusively proved that it is only by kindly interests manifested in some manner by the priest toward the unfortunate that success in dealing with these members can be secured. Father Sammon's lecture was instructive and highly interesting and the Pastoral Theology class hope to have the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Lecturer at St. Viator's soon again.

The crowning effort of the music pupils, under the direction of Prof. Chas. J. Jochem, took place Wednesday evening, May 28, in the form of a recital. The participants in the neatly arranged program were all at their best and reflected much credit upon their teacher.

Recital

Diligent and careful training was evinced by the youthful musicians. Master Francis T. Colby was easily the best, in his three solos. His charming soprano received rounds of applause from the pleased audience. Masters Louis V. Dougherty and John F. McCarthy at the piano did very well considering their youth. Master Romeo H. Laplante, as the violinist of the evening, showed marked improvement since his last appearance, charming all by the sweet music of the violin. The evening's program was as follows:

1. Two Pianos, "Tannhauser March" *Wagner*
Louis V. Dougherty
2. Piano, "Evening Serenade" *Lichner*
Harry T. Merna
3. Vocal, "Angels Everbright and Fair" *Handel*
Francis T. Colby
4. Piano, (a) "Gavotte in D" *Bach*
(b) "Barcarolle" *Scharwenka*
(c) "La Capricieuse" *Eggeling*
John F. McCarthy
5. Violin, (a) "Petite Romance" *Sebald*
(b) "Serenade" *Schubert*
Romeo H. Laplante
6. Piano, "Love's Caprice" *Heindle*
Harry P. Ryan
7. Two Pianos, "Mozart Minuet" *Gebhardt*
Edw. Stukel, John McCarthy
8. Vocal, (a) "Last Rose of Summer" *Stanford*
(b) "The Wind" *Spross*
F. T. Colby
9. Piano, (a) "Spanish Dance" *Moskowski*
(b) "Gondolieri" *Nevin*
(c) "Fest Polonaise" *Wolff*
10. Piano, "Valse" *Goddard*
L. V. Dougherty
11. Two Pianos, "Sonata" *Mozart-Grieg*
Edw. D. Stukel

Sunday, May 25, witnessed the impressive ceremonies of Corpus Christi held at the Church of the Divine Maternity. A procession of the Blessed Sacrament is held every year but this year the added feature of the dedication of St. Joseph's altar called for a more elaborate celebration. This altar was donated to the church by the mother of Mgr. Legris, Prof. of Moral Theology at St. Viator's Seminary. Arrangements were made for a procession through the village and around the college grounds, but the inclemency of the weather confined

**Services at
Maternity
Church**

everything to the church. Here Mgr. Legris celebrated the mass, after which the procession, composed of the various societies of the parish, as well as of many of the seminarians and clergy of the college, took place. The celebration, considering the unfavorable weather, was a great tribute to the excellent work which is being accomplished by the recently-appointed pastor, Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., former Provincial of the Viatorian Order in the United States.

It is also the custom every year to celebrate Decoration Day by a mass in the village graveyard for the repose of the departed souls of the dearly-beloved veterans of the Civil War—fathers, brothers, and friends of many of the villagers. This year the custom was carried out with its usual pomp and ceremony by the Rev. Pastor, practically the entire village being present at the mass.

It is the supreme joy of a mother's heart when she can send forth her sons into the world fully equipped to do battle with all the issues of life and so well armed that victory alone can crown their efforts. Such likewise is the yearly joy of St. Viator College when she sends forth into the world her young Levites, whom she has trained in the school of virtue and knowledge for many years, and who now go forth with her approval and with her choicest blessing and most tender solicitude to combat the powers of darkness in order to win all men to Christ. Perhaps this year she has greater cause for her joy, for the number of young men who have been ordained exceeds that of any other year since the foundation of the Seminary department many years ago.

On May 17th, in the Cathedral of the Most Holy Name, Chicago, Illinois, the following young men were raised to the exalted dignity of the priesthood by the Most Reverend James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago: Revs. M. J. Mugan, E. P. Kelly, A. G. Quille, F. Tyrcka, J. Szprenga, J. T. Kulczyk, for the diocese of Chicago; J. V. Walsh for the diocese of Rockford, and J. Downs for the diocese of Peoria. The young men were examined by the Diocesan examiners on the 13th, at the Cathedral College, after which they began their retreat at DePaul University where the minor orders, sub-deaconship and deaconship were conferred by Rt. Rev. P. P. Rhode, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago.

Rev. John J. Downs was born in Kilrush Co. Clare, Ireland, and while still a child, came to this country with his parents who settled in Chicago. His earlier education was received at St. Elizabeth's Parochial School and his Seminary Course was completed at St. Viator's. He said his first mass at St. Elizabeth's Church, assisted by Rev. James Sullivan as deacon, Rev. Edward Burke as sub-deacon, Rev. W. J. Stevenson, C.S.V., as master of ceremonies, and Rev. T. Connell as arch-priest. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. D. J. Rior-dan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church.

Rev. Michael J. Mugan was born in Cascade, Wis., but since early childhood has been a resident of Chicago where he received his elementary education at the Visitation Parochial School, his academic studies were completed at Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., and his philosophical and theological studies were completed at St. Viator's. Father Mugan received his Bachelor Degree in 1910, and was the president and valedictorian of his class; in 1912 he received his master's degree. During his five years' stay at St. Viator's, Father Mugan was identified with all phases of college life, being a prominent member of the football team for four years and editor-in-chief of the VIATORIAN for one year. For the past three years the Reverend Father has been a member of the college staff of professors. Father Mugan sang his first solemn high mass at the Church of the Visitation, in Chicago, assisted by Rev. O'Shea of Holy Angel's Parish as deacon, James Daly of St. Viator Seminary as sub-deacon, and Rev. D. T. Maguire as arch-priest. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, president of St. Viator's. Father Mugan is a nephew of Rev. C. J. Mugan, of Omaha, Neb., and Sr. M. Cotanzi of the Sisters of Mercy of St. Xavier Academy. Father Mugan has been appointed assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill.

Rev. Edmund Patrick Kelly was born in Olean, N. Y., and attended the schools of his native city until the family came to Chicago where he entered DePaul University, completing his academic studies at that institution after which he completed his philosophical and Theological studies at St. Viator's, receiving his Bachelor Degree in 1910, being one of the Commencement orators on that occasion and also the prophet of the class. In 1912 he received his master of arts degree. Father Kelly has been a professor at S.V.C. for several years. His first sol-

emn high mass was celebrated in St. Marks Church, Chicago, assisted by Rev. P. J. McGuire as deacon, Rev. U. J. Maguire, C.S.V., as sub-deacon and Rev. J. S. Finn, pastor, as arch-priest. Rev. Stephen McMahon, C.S.V., '09, preached the sermon.

Rev. A. G. Quille is a native of Chicago, and received his earlier studies at the school of the Holy Family Parish, after which he made his classical and seminary studies at St. Viator's. Father Quille was a prominent athlete during his college career and coached the team for one year. Father Quille is the fifth of a family of eight, to embrace the call to follow the Master,—Rev. C. G. Quille, Director of the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, and three Sisters of St. Dominic, Sister M. Placide, Sister M. Aquino and Sister M. Geneveffa, whose mother-house is at the famous College of St. Clara, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Father Quille celebrated his first solemn mass in the Church of the Most Precious Blood, assisted by Rev. F. Murphy as deacon, Rev. John F. McCarthy, sub-deacon, and Rev. C. J. Quille as arch-priest. Rev. J. Leddy preached the sermon on the occasion. Three remaining members of the family, besides the venerable father of the young priest, are Dr. Quille, Mr. Ed. Quille, A.B. '11, and Miss Stella Quille, all of Chicago.

Rev. J. V. Walsh was born in Chicago and received his early education at St. Charles Parochial School. His classical studies were pursued at St. Viator's and he received the Bachelor's degree in 1909, being the historian of his class. Two years of his seminary course were completed at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., and the remaining years at St. Viator's.

The first solemn mass of Rev. Walsh was celebrated in St. Mel's Church, assisted by Rev. J. B. Murphy, of Nativity Church, as deacon, Rev. W. Graham, newly ordained priest of Peoria, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. Gearty, of St. Mels, as master of ceremonies, and J. T. Ryan, of St. Mels, arch-priest. Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, to whose diocese Fr. Walsh belongs, was present in the sanctuary on the occasion. Fr. J. Quin, of Everett, preached the sermon.

Rev. James Szprenga was born at Czersk in Prussian Poland, and made his primary studies in his native city, finishing his classics at the Gymnasium of Knitz. Nearly five years ago he came to America and entered St. Viator's Seminary, completing his philosophical course in 1910. The first solemn high mass of

Father Szprenga was celebrated in St. Michael's Church, South Chicago. He was assisted by Rev. James O'Keefe, O.S.B., as deacon, Rev. Jos. P. Munday, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology, Canon Law and Scriptures, as sub-deacon. Mr. Robert Graham, of the Seminary department, was master of ceremonies, and Rev. J. Kowalowski as arch-priest. Rev. F. Marcenik preached the sermon and Rt. Rev. P. P. Rhode, D.D., auxiliary bishop of Chicago, and pastor of St. Michael's, was present in the sanctuary, attended by Reverends A. Walezek and J. Grembowicz.

Rev. F. Tyrcka is a native of Polish Galicia and after attending the government schools of his native country, completed his classics at Cracow, after which he came to America and enrolled as a member of the Seminary Dept. of St. Viator's, completed his philosophical studies in 1910. He celebrated his first solemn mass in St. John Cantius Church, Chicago, and was assisted by Rev. W. Rapacz, C.R., as deacon, and Rev. F. Kosinski, C.R., as sub-deacon. Rev. J. Kosinski was arch-priest and also preached the sermon.

Rev. John F. Kulczyk was born in Chicago and received his early education at St. Stanislaus Parochial School, Chicago and completed his academic studies at St. Stanislaus College of the same city. His philosophical studies were finished at St. Viator College. Father Kulczyk said his first solemn high mass in St. Stanislaus Kostka Church, Chicago, assisted by Rev. J. Sobieszczyk as deacon and Rev. Stanislaus Swikowski, C.S.V., his cousin, as sub-deacon, and Rev. S. Rogalski as arch-priest. Rev. J. Sobieszczyk preached the sermon. Father Kulczyk is a brother of Sister M. Columba of the Franciscan Convent, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Two other members of the Seminary who have been ordained during the year are Rev. F. Kosalowski for the Diocese of Leavenworth, Kan., and Rev. M. J. O'Connell, of Clinton, Iowa.

The Faculty of St. Viator's, the members of the student body, and the many friends of the young priests join the VIATORIAN in expressing felicitation and hope that God will spare each one to labor long in the Vineyard of Souls.

A L U M N I

Recently, Rev. Charles J. Mugan, '86, spent an enjoyable visit at St. Viator's, as the guest of the Very Reverend President and other members of the college faculty. Father Mugan is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Omaha, Nebraska, and at present is supervising the construction of a parochial school for his parish. The Reverend Father, while in the east to attend the ordination of his nephew, Rev. Michael Mugan, took the opportunity of visiting his "Alma Mater." This is Father Mugan's first visit since the conflagration of 1906 and hence was greatly surprised at the strides made by St. Viator's during the last ten years, and greatly pleased with the great work being done here. The president and faculty sincerely hope that they may soon again have the pleasure of entertaining Father Mugan.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., assisted Rev. J. P. Parker, of Chebanse, at the Forty Hours' Devotion, which were held in the Church of Sts. Mary and Joseph, on May 24 and 26.

On Decoration Day, May 30, special services were held in the College Chapel in honor of the soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the integrity of the nation in the various wars of the United States.

During the past month the following clergymen were the guests of the Very Reverend President and the college faculty: Rev. John G. Usher, Loyal Academy, Chicago; Rev. Peter Dufault, St. Joseph's Church, Chicago; Rev. A. J. Burns, St. Mary's, Sterling, Ill.; Rev. W. P. White, Cullom, Ill., and Rev. E. J. Hennesy, Braidwood, Ill.

The newly ordained priests, who studied at St. Viator Seminary, visited the college during the last week of May. Each said mass in the college chapel, after which they gave the first blessing to the entire student body. Thus far the young priests have not received their appointments.

Rev. E. L. Girard, formerly professor of chemistry and physics in the science department, spent several days visiting the scenes of his former labors.

Mr. Phillip MacCaffery, H. S. '12, has been pursuing a medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago during the past year.

Word has been received from Mr. Gerald Bergin, A.B. '12, who is a student at the North American College in Rome, to the effect that he will spend the summer at Villa Gondolfo, which is the summer home of the American students.

Mr. Martin Spalding, who is attending Lourain University, will spend his vacation in traveling throughout France and Germany.

On Decoration Day, May 30, Walnut, Illinois, was the scene of a religious festival in honor of Rev. Richard F. Flynn. The occasion was the celebration of the anniversary of the dedication of the Church of St. John, which was built in 1912. Father Flynn, the very successful and zealous pastor of St. Johns, is also pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Ohio, Illinois, where he makes his residence. St. John's, Walnut, Illinois, is the out mission. The VIATORIAN wishes to join the many clerical and lay friends of Father Flynn for the magnificent work he has done in building up the Catholic Church in Illinois, and sincerely wish that the future will be but a repetition of past successes.

PERSONALS

Rev. James O'Keefe, O.S.B., of Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma City, Okla., recently was the guest of Rev. Dr. J. Munday and Mr. Robert Graham of the Seminary Department.

During the month of May many of the "old boys" have taken the occasion to visit "Alma Mater" and renew friendships made during their school days. Among others we may mention Messrs. Harry Keeley and Roy Falkner, Joliet, Ill.; William O'Niel, Roy Cavly, A. M. Reily, Ed Liebock, T. Maloney, M. Mentcher, J. Murphy and Dan Frawley, of Chicago.

Mr. W J. Lenahan, '11-'12, is at present employed in the offices of the Big Four at Bloomington, Ill.

Messrs J. Murphy and B. Coss, formerly baseball stars of the 'Varsity for several years, are now connected with the aggregation representing St. Thomas Aquinas Parish of the Catholic League of Chicago in the capacity of pitcher and catcher. Judging from their efficiency while at S.V.C. we predict that St. Thomas will easily be the champions of the league.

The final examinations in all the departments, Seminary, Collegiate and Academy, were held during the week beginning June 9th.

On the evening of May 31st the closing exercises of the Devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin were held in the chapel. After the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Act of Consecration to the Mother of God was read by the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney before her altar, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and colored lights.

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, which will be held in New Orleans, La., from June 30th to July 3d, the Very Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., president of St. Viator's, will read a paper entitled, "The Standard College." This meeting of the Association will be the tenth since the inception of the society.

Editor's Note—Just as we are going to press word reaches us, stating that St. Viator's has defeated Notre Dame University in the debate on "Woman's Suffrage." This, indeed, is a record-breaking victory for the college, as Notre Dame had previously lost but one debate in 25 years. Full particulars will appear in the next number.

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS, *Censor*.



BOOK NOTES

Lucita. A Child's Story of Old Mexico. By Ruth Gaines. 127 pages. Price, 50 cents. Rand McNally & Company, Chicago and New York.

On our southern border lies a land as rich in color and as full of strange people and of strange sights as any country overseas. This fascinating land Ruth Gaines has discovered in "*Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico.*" Lucita is as lovable and unspoiled as only a nice little girl can be; she will make fast friends immediately with all the little Americans who meet her within the covers of this book. The story tells of Lucita's many happy times with her playmates, a-marketing, at parties, adventurously exploring the surrounding country, and amusing herself in the thousand and one other ways known to children the world over. Interwoven with these experiences is the plot of the family's fallen fortunes and their restoration.

For use in supplementary reading the following characteristics may be emphasized: The book brings out well the relations between the Mexicans of the upper class and the Indian peasant population. The unstable political conditions are suggested in the varying fortunes of Lucita's father. In the story of Flor de Luna a charming bit of Indian folklore is introduced, while the story of Malinche and Cortes and that of the ruined city of Atlan give the child a glimpse of the wealth of Mexican history. The change of residence of Lucita's family from Rosario to the hacienda enables the author to portray Mexican life both in the city and in the country.

Lucita is far more than a lay figure on which to hang useful information about Mexico. She is the charming heroine of one of the most delightful juvenile stories of the season.

Mrs. Enright's illustrations well become the spirited story. The colored plates are fairly aglow with the warm tones of Mexico's sunny clime, and the children's figures, mingling with the picturesque Mexicans, are full of the abandon of a happy childhood.

ATHLETICS

ST. VIATOR 4—NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE 5.

In a fast game of ball St. Viator was unluckily defeated by Northwestern at Naperville on May 17. Wysocki allowed five hits; Kluckhohn, six. The 'Varsity took a lead of one run in the opener. In the fifth with two out and Northwestern men on third and second, a peculiar thing happened, making the final result other than it should have been. Mede bounded to Gearen and was apparently caught, by at least a foot, on the throw to Kekich, who gathered the ball in quickly and in the same instant released it. Umpire Reading gave the decision in favor of Mede, and Kekich then ran for the ball, which was by this time rolling toward the box, but was too late to get the man who had been on second prior to the play, and two runs had scored. The 'Varsity could not score again until the ninth. Mortell walked. Kekich landed him on third with a hit to right. Monahan hit over second, scoring Mortell, and Kekich made home on Donnelly's drive to first base. Lawlor brought Monahan over by a hard one to left. The next three batters popped up, ending the rally. Kluckhohn and Wysocki each pitched great ball. Capt. Kekich secured two singles and a double.

St. Viator	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	Northwestern	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gartand, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0	Blumer, s. s.	1	0	1	3	0
Mortell, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	Spitler, 3b.	1	2	0	0	0
Kekich, 1b.	1	3	12	0	1	Geister, c.	0	0	14	0	0
Moynihan, c. f. ...	1	1	2	0	0	Thede, 1b.	0	0	9	0	0
Leinen, 2b.	0	0	2	1	2	Kluckhohn, p. ...	0	0	1	2	0
Lawlor, 3b.	0	1	0	1	1	Seper, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Gearen, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1	Greismer, l. f. ...	0	1	0	0	2
Sullivan, c.	0	1	6	1	0	Fehr, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Wysocki, p.	0	0	0	7	1	Hill, 2b.	1	0	1	0	0
*Donnelly	0	0	0	0	0						

Total 4 6 24 12 5

Total 5 5 27 5 2

*Donnelly batted for Wysocki in ninth.

Score by innings:

Viator	I	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	3—4
Northwestern	O	O	O	O	2	2	I	O	x—5

Summary: Two base hits—Kekich. Sacrifice hits—Mortell, Gearen. Struck out—By Kluckhohn, 14; by Wysocki, 5.

Base on balls—Off Kluckhohn 1; off Wysocki 2. Umpire, Reading.

LOMBARD COLLEGE 1—ST. VIATOR 13.

May 23 the gold and purple revenged itself against Lombard by severely humbling said institution to the story of 13 to 1, on the local field. The 'Varsity showed real form in the field and at the bat, and Wysocki had little trouble with the opposing batters.

Lombard	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	St. Viator	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nelson, 3b.	0	1	2	2	0	Gartland, l. f. ...	1	2	2	0	0
Chain, s. s.	0	1	2	1	0	Mortell, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Wright, 2b.	0	2	2	2	2	Kekich, 1b.	2	1	13	1	0
Stream, l. f.	1	0	7	0	1	Lawlor, 3b.	0	2	2	4	0
Turner, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0	Donnelly, c.	0	2	1	1	1
McKee, 1b.	0	0	10	0	1	Sullivan, c.	2	1	2	0	1
Trumpy, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Gearon, s. s.	2	1	2	4	0
Merschner, c.	0	0	0	4	0	McKenna, c. f. ...	3	1	1	0	0
Hendel, p.	0	0	3	0	0	Moynihan, c. f. ...	2	1	1	0	0
Total	1	4	27	10	4	Leinen, 2b.	0	2	1	2	0
						Dunne, p.	0	1	1	3	0
						Total	13	15	27	15	2

Score by innings:

St. Viator	1	0	5	1	0	1	0	5	x—13
Lombard	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

Summary: Two base hits—Leinen, Donnelly. Struck out—By Dunne 3, by Merschner 3. Base on balls—Off Dunne 1, off Merschner 7. Wild pitch—Merschner. Double plays—Searon. Hit by pitcher—Leinen, McKee, Kekich, Lawlor. Umpire—McAvoy.

NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE 5—ST. VIATOR 4.

On Bergin Field Northwestern repeated with another victory May 24th over us, because of one, Kluckhohn, who is undoubtedly a great and promising slab-artist. He whiffed sixteen of our batters, best at that, and allowed only three safe hits. The varsity was helpless against such pitching, nevertheless made its customary rally in the ninth and secured 4 runs, then McKenna absolutely refusing to hit broke the suspense in favor of Northwestern. The score:

Northwestern	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	St. Viator	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Blumer, s. s.	0	1	0	0	1	Gartland, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Kluckhohn, p.	1	0	2	1	1	Mortell, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Spitler, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0	Kekich, 1b.	0	0	9	2	1
Geister, 1b.	0	0	16	0	0	Lawlor, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0
Thede, c.	0	0	6	2	0	Sullivan, c.	1	1	8	0	0
Seder, 2b.	1	2	10	1	0	Donnelly, c.	1	1	3	2	0
Greismer, r. f. ...	1	1	2	0	0	Moynihan, c. f. ...	0	0	1	0	0
Schnellar, c. f. ...	1	0	0	1	0	Leinen, 2b.	0	0	3	0	1
Hill, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Gearon, s. s.	1	0	1	3	3
						Wysocki, p.	1	0	0	2	0
Total	5	5	27	6	2	Total	4	3	27	10	5

Score by innings:

St. Viator	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4
Northwestern	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—5

Summary: Struck out—by Wysocki 7; by Kluckhohn 16. Base on balls—off Wysocki 2; off Kluckhohn 2. Hit by pitcher, Leinen. Umpire—McAvoy.

LIMELIGHT

The Jinx is still with our baseball club. Coach McDonald took charge of 'varsity baseball on May 12. His fame is too great as a baseball coach for aught to be written of him now. He is doing his best with the team and is receiving hearty cooperation, though he started rather late to get anything like the success that generally attends his efforts. Albert Kelly resigned his duties as coach because of his connection with the Illinois-Missouri League, as manager of Kankakee.



V I A T O R I A N A

Caps and gowns.

It's all over but the shouting!

Even the exams are over.

And now for one big grande conje.

Who's got the duck on the 2nd floor?

I *seen* it myself.—Bill Walsh.

The "Jinks" has been raising Kane.

St. Viator's Won—

Some big night—May 29, '13.

The hour was late,

The clock struck ten,

Came the welcome news, and then—

The yell went up,

The boys came down,

And "a" parade went through the town.

Oh, Jerry, have you a bird for me!

What about those 40 names!! Yes, some people *can* come back!!!

Who said 1913 was a hoodoo year?

Are you coming back next year?

N. B.—Stand up twenty-four hours before using!**

Light some place!

Indirectly!

Anyone wishing to learn the art of Indian wrestling, may receive valuable information by applying to Art Shea.

What they all enjoy at the college—"conje" and a "sleep-over."

How many medals did you win?!

O you "500" Club.

The "pen names" of the various members of the Senior Class are as follows: "Soup-bone" Langlois, "Foxy" Leonard,

"Skin-ay" Rowan, "Shot" Flynn, "Oscar" Unruh, "Lefty" Daley, "Wild Bill" Azukas, "Murphy" Harrison, "Speedo" Dougherty, "Bro." Brady, "Woozy" Welsh, "Red" O'Brien, "Gus" Kekich, and "Johnsing" Fisher.

Information wanted concerning the person—who put the "Row" in the Rowan, the "Day" in Daley, the "Well" in Welch, the "Fish" in Fischer, the "Brine" in O'Brien, the "Kick" in Kekich, the "Dough" in Dougherty, the "Kus" in Azukas, the "Hair" in Harrison, the "Bray" in Brady, the "Fly" in Flynn, the "Oi" in Langlois, the "Ruh" in Unruh, the "O" in Leonard.

ANSWER TO QUERIES

No, S. D. did not have that speech prepared, he's used to that kind of bunk.

No, F. Harrison was not the founder of St. V. C. Why ask such a foolish question?

Yes, the men of '13 did give "a" dance, or using the polite term, "Prom." Did you go?

Yes, Frank Cleary was born in Momence, but we regret that we cannot give the date. To our knowledge he has been at S.V.C. for seven years.

SENIOR CLASS '13

E.	L	eonard
W.	A	zukas
E. Un	R	uh
H. Lan	G	lois
E. K	E	kick
T. Harri	S	on
L. Dougher	T	y

J. Br	A	dy
G. Fly	N	n
J. A.	D	aley

J. O'	B	rien
C. Fisch	E	r
T. Wel	S	h
	T	Rowan

The time has come
 For us to go,
 So we bid adieu
 To all we know.—'13

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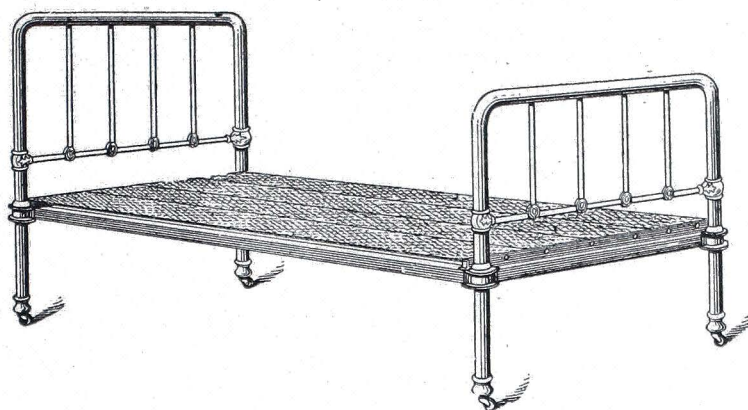
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