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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

APRIL, 1915

Volume 32 Number 7

WITH SORROW CROWNED

My heart was sad today,
Bowed down with grief;
I went to Calvary
And there
I knelt in prayer
Before the Cross.
I saw that face,
Those tear-stained eyes
Raised to the skies.
I heard that voice of woe
In accents sad and slow
Cry out, "Oh, Father, do forgive,
I bear all this that they might live."

That wreath of thorns pressed in,
Oh, bitter pain!
This too, He bore for sin.
With sorrow crowned
On Calvary's mound
This I beheld.
Then scoffing ceased,
And all around
Gave ne'er a sound,
When lightning rent the gloom
And dead came from their tomb.
At last, at three, He breathed a sigh
And then to save, He drooped to die.

CHARLES A. HART, '17.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE IN "THE SCARLET LETTER"

THOS. E. SHEA, '18

It is a much disputed question which of Hawthorne's works, "The Scarlet Letter" or "The House of Seven Gables," is the greater. Which ranks first is much a matter of private opinion, but for an absorbing romance dealing with a theme of deep, human significance I, for one, prefer "The Scarlet Letter." Breathing the romantic spirit of the author and enhanced by his simple and winning style, it is a work that wins our sincere admiration.

"The Scarlet Letter" is a romance treating of New England life in the early seventeenth century shortly after the Puritans, harassed by the strict laws of England, sought a home on the northern coast of America. One of the many seacoast towns, where the Puritans practiced their austere religion unmolested, is the scene of this tale.

A young woman, Hester Prynne, has born to her a child whose father is unknown. According to the strict laws of the Puritans, she is condemned to stand on the pillory exposed to public gaze for three hours and to wear forever the scarlet letter "A." Although urged again and again to reveal her fellow sinner she refuses, and alone bears the taunts of the crowd, giving no sign of hearing their jeers save to clasp her babe tighter to her breast.

While standing on this pedestal of shame a new horror seizes her as she discerns on the outskirts of the crowd her husband, whom she has not seen for years. There is mutual recognition, but neither shows any external sign whatever of former acquaintance. Her husband, going by the name of Roger Chillingworth, visits her in prison. He, too, tries to persuade her to disclose her fellow sinner, but she refuses. Chillingworth then seeing his efforts are fruitless exacts an oath from Hester that she will not divulge the secret of their former connection, and vowing to hunt down the criminal, takes his leave.

Mistress Prynne is released and makes her home on the edge of the village and here, in a lonesome dwelling, she establishes herself with her infant child. A mystic shadow of suspicion immediately attaches itself to the spot. Even the young children

shun it with contagious fear. Here the infant grows into girlhood, disclosing gradually in her nature something of the strangeness of her habitation. Even to her mother she becomes a strange being, an imp of evil sent as a punishment for a grievous sin.

Old Roger Chillingworth meanwhile in pursuing his work as a physician, becomes acquainted with Mr. Dimmesdale, a young minister, and soon after enters the minister's abode as medical adviser. In this position Chillingworth scrutinizes his patient carefully and it is not long before he is assured that Dimmesdale is the object of his search.

The minister fairly quails beneath the evil glance of the malign old doctor. Torn by gnawing remorse the saintly pastor rapidly sinks under the canker of a troubled conscience and each day grows mentally and physically weaker until he seems but a mere shadow. Hester, too, perceives that the Rev. Dimmesdale is being devoured by the consuming worm of a bad conscience, and although she would gladly save him from the demoniacal schemes of Chillingworth, she is bound to silence.

Hester at last decides upon a plan and designedly goes forth to meet Mr. Dimmesdale as he passes through a wood on his return from a neighborhing parish. She reveals the schemes of Roger Chillingworth and comforting the minister as best she can, finally induces him to take flight with her to Europe.

The day arrives on which he is to deliver the election sermon, a great occasion among the Puritans. The sermon adds more glory to the name of the minister, and the crowd emerges from the church with the minister walking in their midst. As he proceeds he grows weaker. Every step seems to take with it some part of his vitality until he can scarcely move. He drags himself along with almost superhuman effort, but the last bit of his strength ebbs away when he reaches the pillory, where Hester and Pearl have taken their stand. At his call she rushes to his aid, and together, with little Pearl, they mount the pedestal of shame. Dimmesdale faces the awe-stricken crowd, and in gasps confesses his guilt. With a few last words to Hester he throws off the burden of life and sinks lifeless at her feet.

The reader of to-day is apt to forget the fact that "The Scarlet Letter" is a romance, and is, therefore, not subject to severe criticism on the score of improbability in plot or even in character, as is a realistic novel. The author must be allowed a certain latitude to which he, as a romanticist, is entitled.

Thus, in "The Scarlet Letter" it may seem improbable that Roger Chillingworth, a perfect stranger, should discover at

once the criminal, but this is a premise which the lover of romance is willing to concede, and he is helped to the illusion by the hypnotic spell which the art of Hawthorne throws over a misty, yet living past. The character of Pearl, too, may give rise to some doubt in the mind of a prosaic reader, but again we must remember that Pearl, in a sense, symbolizes a moral idea, and yet is no mere abstraction but a convincing child of a romanticist's brain. If she is not so childish as the little girl who comes to rejuvenate Silas Marner, we must remember that this disparity but illustrates two methods of character creation—the idealist's in Hawthorne and the realist's in George Eliot.

A remarkable feature of "The Scarlet Letter" is the influence which nature has on the action of the plot and the characters, and it is the detailed description and analysis of this influence that draws out a plot which otherwise might have been condensed into much smaller space. Hawthorne's analysis, however, is by no means tedious, for the human interest in it is compellingly appealing.

The force of nature in the story sometimes seems to motivate the plot. The very scene of action, a Puritan colony of New England, where the supernatural enters into the daily lives of the inhabitants, puts us in a delightfully receptive mood, and we are prepared to follow the involution of character growth under an environment that fashions men and women to its own likeness.

Pearl, the little child, lives in the midst of a lonely wood, cut off from all companions, and grows up a child of wild solitude, freakish whims, and uncanny precocity, for she has read much in the book of nature. Her mother, Hester, likewise is affected by the gloom of the forest. The darkness seems necessary to her, for she moves about after dusk, and with the first approach of dawn is driven to her gloomy home in the forest. Her sadness is deepened by her sense of the near presence of a constant shadow, even when the sun pierces radiantly through the trees of the forest. Then, too, this same forest—"stern as it showed itself to those who brought the guilt and trouble of the world into its bosom—became the playmate of the lonely infant as well as it knew how. Sombre as it was, it put on the kindest of its moods to welcome her."

Even Mr. Dimmesdale does not escape the influence of nature. The terrible visions, the ghastly phantoms and the weird spectres he witnesses have a telling effect on his brain. He is dogged everywhere by Remorse and invariably drawn back by

the sister of Remorse, Cowardice, whose tremulous grip stays him just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of disclosure.

This deep sympathy of nature with the moods of humanity is brought out even more strikingly when the Rev. Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne meet in the forest. "The boughs heavily toss above their heads; while one solemn old tree groaned dolefully to another, as if telling the sad story of the pair that sat beneath, or constrained to forbode evil to come." But when each finds the long sought for consolation in the other, the gloom of earth vanishes with their sorrow. "All at once as with a sudden smile of heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmitting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming down the gray trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto, embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy.

"Such was the sympathy of nature—that wild heathen nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law, nor illumined by higher truth—with the bliss of these two spirits!"

This semi-panthestic conception of Hawthorne though philosophically unsound and scientifically undemonstrable, contributes much to the dignity of "The Scarlet Letter" and arouses an awe that cannot but have a salutary effect.

A MEDIAEVAL PLAY

J. F. COX, '17

Among the many miracle plays which attained such great popularity in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Brome edition of "Abraham and Isaac" stands forth as one of the best. The author has taken the simple biblical story of Abraham and his son, elaborated on it, and produced a play of character rather than of story interest. There were some half dozen other plays on this theme during the fifteenth century, but none of them can compare with the Brome version in the portrayal of characters and the dramatic skill with which the pathos of the story is brought out.

The first lines of the play are spoken by Abraham. They are expository, telling of Abraham's condition in life, of his love of God, his thankfulness to the Master for the blessings he has received and of his great love for his son Isaac. The later pathos in the story is here presaged and thus early emphasized in Abraham's request of the Lord to keep Isaac both night and day;

"That never affliction nor terror may
Come to my child in any place."

And in Isaac's words;

"Abraham, mine own father so mild,
To follow you I am readiest
Late and early, God wot."

When the angel imparts to Abraham God's request that Isaac be sacrificed, Abraham undergoes deep anguish of mind, but places his duty to God before his love for his son and accedes to the angel's request. The nearest approach to dramatic conflict in the play occurs in the lines when Abraham is about to make his decision. He considers first the command of God, then his own great love for Isaac. He weighs the one, then the other, and finally says:

"Though I love my son never so great a deal
Yet smite off his head soon I shall."

From his lines here and throughout the play we have no doubt but that Abraham fully intends to carry out God's command, and it is for this reason that there is no genuine clash of will in the play to give it dramatic intensity.

From this point the interest is heightened by Isaac's unconsciousness of any impending evil, and Abraham's manner of keeping his son in ignorance of his fate. The author has employed tragic irony in such a masterful way that the old familiar story takes on a new lease of life and has an interest even for the modern reader of jaded taste. Our sympathy with the father and son is stimulated by words of limpid simplicity, which give us glimpses into their anguished hearts;

"And also, father, even more fear I—
Where is your quick beast that you should kill?"

This is Isaac's first suspicion that there is something wrong. His suspicions increase and the crisis of the play comes when Abraham says;

"Ah, Isaac, Isaac, I must kill thee!"

Thereafter we are interested, as far as the story is concerned, in Isaac's resignation to his fate and the manner in which his death is averted. The play ends with a speech by the Doctor, in which he reviews the lesson of the play and advises us never to murmur against the commands of God.

The delicacy of the workmanship of this little play, its subtle characterization, and the technical manipulation of the details of the original story stamp the author—a monk, perhaps,—as a master of his craft. He was, too, a man of imaginative power, for he has filled the bare outlines of character sketching in the Hebraic story and given Abraham and Isaac personalities complex and appealing. Our first impression of Isaac is that he is a very obedient child. After Abraham is commanded to make the sacrifice and he calls for his son, Isaac says;

"My fair, sweet father, I am here,
And make my prayers to the Trinity."

His innocence is brought out in these lines, as well;

"To follow you I am full fain,
Although I be slender."

Throughout the play his great love for God and his parents, his faith, his childish innocence, fear, and wonder, his pathetic reference to his mother are brought out significantly and with cumulative force. The picture of Isaac is lighted up even with touches of humor as when, after the angel commands Abraham to desist, Isaac, who knows nothing of his safety, says:

"Ah, mercy, father, why do ye not smite?
Ah, smite on, father, once with your knife."

Isaac's childish delight, after his death is averted, is, also, deliciously humorous.

The character of Abraham is no less well delineated. He is a man who has "both land and rent" and a good family, for which he is very thankful to God. He is a man of very great faith, very religious, and takes great pride in his son Isaac, for whom he has a very great love. Every line in the play serves to show the deep love of a good father for his frail, innocent son, and the lesson of obedience is convincingly taught. His character is not revealed in bold strokes, but gradually and with a quality of suspensive interest due to the successive requests of Isaac, which wring Abraham's heart anew and force him to express the poignancy of his suffering.

In these days of crude journeyman drama it is refreshing to come under the spell of a piece so noteworthy in its treatment of a noble theme.

A FEW MORAL IDEAS IN "OTHELLO"

CHARLES DOHERTY, '15

The whole tragic issue of "Othello" seems to find its causation centered in a man who has allowed his conscience to become so atrophied that he is no longer susceptible to moral scruples. The character is Iago, who, by causing the jealousy of Othello, wrecks the happiness of a noble couple about to enjoy conjugal bliss.

That Iago had no valid excuse to offer in apology for his conduct, seems pretty clear. Though he tries to make an excuse, it is quite apparent that his overweening sense of his own worth blinded him so far as to control his actions. After he had been disappointed in his efforts to gain the office of lieutenant to the Moor, his heart was instantly filled with hatred for his rival, Cassio, as well as for Othello. He determined to avenge the insult to his pride, and only subsequently, did he start to construct a self-satisfying apology. From this it is evident that his passion of spite swayed him, the excuse for his conduct being merely an attempt to satisfy his reason.

From the expressions of Iago in his talk with Roderigo, it can be seen that he was simply jealous of Cassio because he had been chosen for the office in preference to himself. Cassio, as we can learn in the play, was a competent man for the office, and besides, had certain qualities that made him beloved of his associates. He was prudent and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and was endowed with personal attractions as well. This last named gift the villainous ingenuity of Iago tried to turn to Cassio's destruction. Cassio's other good qualities Iago minimized and ridiculed. For all this Iago felt convinced that he himself, rather than Cassio, was qualified to be the Moor's lieutenant, and that he best deserved it. Then in his disappointment, he formulated the argument which he tried to persuade himself marked out a proper line of conduct demanded by the circumstances.

The day had gone by, he said, when offices were bestowed according to worth, and that at the present time "preferment goes by letter and affection." This being the fact, he argued that masters commonly treated their servants as they did their

beasts of burden. Then nothing remained for the servants, in his opinion, but to outdo their masters; enrich themselves by appropriating the property of their masters, and so make provision for the time when they would become helpless and find themselves discarded by their masters, as were the useless asses. In his first premise Iago was grossly in error, and it is evident that spite was blinding reason and leading him into sophistries.

The phenomenal success of Iago illustrates the great influence that, unfortunately, can be sometimes exerted by a person who has fallen away from virtue, and has become dominated by a satanic spirit of hatred for fellow human beings. His success was astonishing, for he succeeded in doing just as much harm as he had intended from the first. At the same time he deceived everybody into believing him "a man of honesty and trust." It cannot be said that he studied his plan before putting it into execution, for he rather seems to have fashioned it with changing circumstances. He hints as much in the line, "Knavery's plain face is never seen till used."

Iago's success prevails until the end of the play, and in looking at the outcome of events, one is almost convinced of a triumph of vice over virtue, for in the catastrophe the most virtuous are perplexed, and die overcome, while the worker of iniquity seems to have the world turning round merely to promote his schemes.

Of the virtuous figures none awakens more exquisite pity than Desdemona. An upright and virtuous wife, she suffers the most undeserved slander while the villain Iago, even when he is working the most infernal contrivances, is still respected as an honest man. Poor Emilia, who possesses a heart that can sympathize with the wronged, meets an untimely end, while Iago is given a longer lease of his ill-spent life. Honest Cassio is also subjected to unjust suffering. The same perplexity which urged on the noble-minded Othello to murder the guiltless Desdemona caused him in the end, to add his own violent death, making the depressing scene one of double tragedy.

In thus rejecting poetic justice Shakespeare cannot be said to have been untrue to the facts of human experience. The prosperity of the wicked strikes wonder only in the unsophisticated, and yet is significant enough to give rise to one of two views of life. In the first place a pessimist may be oppressed by gleaning from this phenomena of human experience that virtue, the chief good, seems to receive for its reward only defeat and disappointment. Another view furnishes those who examine it

more deeply with proof of the spirituality of the soul. For if our life here fails to give virtue its due reward, and in fact often imposes a penalty, a future life must in the nature of things be beyond, where justice will be meted out to the good and the wicked. This craving so universally found in the human heart, cannot be an illusion and consequently it must be able to attain the end for which it yearns, in a life to come.

Whether Shakespeare intended to draw this conclusion from the fates meted out to the victims we do not know, but it is certain that he was a true painter of life. Though the impression of a fatalistic order of things is in Shakespeare undoubtedly present, we do feel that the characters were in control of their destinies, but failed because of certain moral defects. Othello, for instance, since he had received a military training, and had risen from the ranks might have known that he needed to beware of office-seekers who might conceive hatred towards their rivals. He might have made it a point to study carefully the characters of men with whom he came in contact, as any man who rises to prominence in any profession must needs do. Had he given nothing more than ordinary reflection to this point there is every reason to believe that he would not have been caught so gudgeon-like as he was by Iago. After Iago first insinuated to Othello some whispers of slander against the character of Cassio, a suspicion that this would have inspired in the mind of any ordinary man seems never to have occurred to Othello; namely, that this was an evidence of jealousy in Iago. The easy prey he became to Iago was not a matter of fate so much as it was an inevitable result of the contact between a guileless African and a subtile decadent Italian.

Cassio likewise is no creature of fate, but a morally weak man. We learn that he had known well the evil influence of wine upon him, and had made a firm resolution that while in a responsible position he would not touch any spirituous liquor. Iago came along and tempted him just in that respect, and instead of being incensed against him as his greatest enemy, Cassio succumbed with practically no resistance. Furthermore instead of subsequently recognizing Iago as his greatest enemy, he was, on the contrary, friendly with him on next meeting, and allowed himself to be duped still further.

Again Desdemona, we are assured was a lady of initiative and womanly intuition, still she remained inactive strange to say, when she might have known that her husband was being influ-

enced by the evil designs of some insidious man, who hated him. On several occasions before the final tragedy came, Othello had blamed her wrongly, yet she made no attempt to clarify the situation, but gave herself up to an indulgence of her grief and wounded affection.

Emilia's conduct in turn, astonishes us, since we conclude that she must have been aware of her husband's vile character, and yet she seems not to have known that he was plotting against Othello and Desdemona. The fact is that Emilia's character had been depraved by bad company, and she was insensible, in some degree to the moral defects of her associates.

As I have said before, we do not know whether Shakespeare intended to furnish us with the philosophical proof for the spirituality of the soul, and we only glean this from the real picture of life. However, we note with regret that the victims themselves were not imbued with real Christian aspirations for a future life in reward for their virtues. Othello's whole concern on quitting this mortal life was that his motives for acting as he did should be known to the world in a light that would excuse him after he had "shuffled off this mortal coil." Again Emilia met death with bravery merely with the consolation that she had cherished a generous love for Desdemona and sympathized with her wronged mistress.

WATER

L. A. DONDANVILLE, '17

What a familiar name, how abundantly bestowed upon the earth's surface, and how necessary for the sustenance of life is that chemical compound of hydrogen and oxygen which we call water! From the time it is formed by the condensing of the excessive moisture of the air about floating dust particles, until it has journeyed through field and wood to its final resting place—the ocean—a drop of water is a thing of beauty. How lovely, and refreshing are the rain drops that fall from the black threatening clouds upon the scorched summer meadows! The buttercup and violet raise their tinted chalices to catch the precious liquid and in return send forth a redolent odor that permeates all the summer air.

Whether the drops collect to form a gushing stream that leaps over stony cliffs and meanders through blossoming mead-

ows, or lie in placid lakes, they are a constant beauty and add to the enchantments of nature. Though copiously plentiful, it is preciously necessary to every living organism. The turtle-dove picking it from the blades of grass in the form of dew, the wandering "Knight-of-the-Road" sipping it from the flowing spring by the way-side relishes it no less than the king who drinks it from a golden goblet.

How calm and placid water appears as it glides down the river's course! Yet how powerful when falling over the turbine! We can stand upon the banks of a rapid stream and visualize the power it radiates to home and factory. The ceaseless moaning of the factory wheels, the groaning of the lathe, and the rasping sound of the emery wheel, the confused panorama of electric signs, the glowing grate of some paternal home—all these depend ultimately upon the concentrated power of these sparkling, dancing drops of water.

Scarcely less wonderful are the protean changes which water works in nature during the winter, when the water lies frozen in rivers and lakes. It takes on a new kind of beauty in the large crystalline blocks of ice taken from the ponds, and later in the summer contributes much to our relief in the heat by cooling a variety of refreshing drinks, and many luscious red, white, and pink desserts, that are so tempting even to the most particular epicurean. The joys and sorrows water causes when it covers mother earth in the form of a snowy blanket and throws the brown trees into bleak relief against the dull gray sky are often mingled both for young and old. It is the source of the children's joy in long coasting glides, snowmen, ammunition, and fortresses around which the mock battles of our land are planned. To the poor the snow is the herald of hardships and sufferings, for it is in the winter that their privations are most keenly felt.

Thus in water we have a gift from the bounteous hand of the Almighty, which in one instance instills in us a feeling of gratitude for the goodness of the Creator, and in another a feeling of terror stricken awe at the havoc its power may work. Yet, too often as Byron puts it,

> "Till taught by pain,
> Men really know not what good water is worth,"

but as a homely American versifier has pointedly said,

> "Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
> What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
> Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
> And then ye may reckon what water is worth."

TWO TYPES OF COMEDY

CHARLES A. HART, '17

A comparison between Shakespeare's, "As You Like It," and Goldsmith's, "She Stoops to Conquer," though, perhaps, somewhat novel will help the student of comedy to an appreciation of two masters of this dramatic form. It brings out, too, the vast divergence of opinion in different periods regarding the essence of the comic and discloses the great latitude in theme and treatment which this literary form enjoys.

The first general impression immediately felt is the very marked contrast between the tone and temper of these two plays. Shakespeare's is one of the best examples of the Elizabethan romantic comedy, Goldsmith's of the cream of the eighteenth century comedy. The former has a much more serious tone, at moments even like the tone of tragedy. For in the golden age of English drama, namely the age of Shakespeare, romantic comedies were made to sound the depths of human emotions, from the highly ludicrous and irreverent to the awful and pathetic. It was the subtle blending together of these contrasting emotive hues that distinguished Shakespeare as a dramatic artist above all his contemporaries. To Goldsmith, writing in an age when Horatian rules of propriety were religiously observed, Shakespeare's conception of comedy must have seemed an inartistic mingling of the incongruous. His own sole aim was at all times to make the audience merry. To quote his own words it was his principle, "To exaggerate the features of folly to render it more thoroughly ridiculous." Nature was vivified and invigorated by his own jesting spirit. The nature of his conception is better understood when we remember that in spite of Garrick's success in Shakespearean repertoire, Goldsmith's age cared little for the great Elizabethan tragedy, and seems to have learned nothing from the art and technical finish of such brilliant, if immoral, writers of the classic comedy as Congreve, Farquhar, and Wycherly. Instead there prevailed a taste for a form of weak sentimental comedy, for some time debilitated with a stultifying sense of propriety, repose, and good manners. Being somewhat impatient under the classical restrictions imposed by his age, Goldsmith seemed to his contemporaries to be guilty of vulgarity and irreverence.

Roused by these charges and true to his foreordained principles, Goldsmith inevitably became in his comedy satirical. He set out with the avowed purpose of satirizing the popular sentimental comedy, or *comédie-larmoyante,* as it was known, and in his campaign against this stifling and unnatural dramatic form he achieved no little success. His satire, however, in affecting a laudable temporary purpose, made an alloy of the pure metal of real comedy and informed some half dozen situations in his plays with the spirit of farce rather than of comedy. George Meredith has said in his illuminating analysis of the comic spirit that we may test our capacity for comedy by being able to detect the ridicule of those we love without loving them the less, by being able to see ourselves somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes and accepting the correction their image of us proposes. But as soon as this ridicule is accompanied by bitterness the dramatist is slipping into satire.

The element of satire seldom intrudes in Shakepeare's romantic comedy. The comic spirit is kept pure and free from the shafts of sarcasm. Even in moments of greatest ridicule Shakespeare always expresses some feeling of pity and sympathy for the object of ridicule. The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is always there. If Touchstone is, to all appearances, a fool, he is really a warm-hearted, lovable fellow. As we see him forsaking the life of ease and comfort which the court of the Duke Frederick afforded him to go as a body-guard and servant with Celia and Rosalind on a hard and dangerous journey his doglike faithfulness causes us to think of him kindly, and we can no longer dismiss him as a mere fool.

Shakespeare's view, radiantly comic and beautifully romantic, has, at the same time, a deeper and more serious conception of life. The humanistic vision of the poet is more strongly brought out in his greatest comedy, the greatest in our literature, "The Merchant of Venice." Here as the happy, laughing Christians pass on to Belmont to scenes of joyous festivity at the close of the play, the dramatist scarcely lets us forget the defeated Jew's pathetic exit to his gloomy deserted home, weighed down by his own more miserable thoughts. This same catholicity of sympathy is present also, in "As You Like It." Amid the sylvan gayety of lads and lassies the dark figure of melancholy Jacques throws his shadow over every happy scene. Among the instances of this blending of opposite feelings none, perhaps, is more striking than the joyous banquet scene in the forest of Arden when in the midst of cheerful interchange of wit Jacques

breaks out into his immortal speech, "All the world's a stage," and continues in a doleful pessimistic and even unpleasant strain. Shakespeare furthermore, while presenting much to laugh at gives us thoughts to carry with us from the theatre and to think over long after the comic situations have been completely forgotten.

Now there is none of this in Goldsmith—no shadows, all mirth. From the opening complaint of Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops To Conquer," to the closing scene of Tony's ecstacies over his release from an ominous marriage with Miss Neville, the audience is in laughter. "I know," said Johnson, "of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great aim of comedy, making an audience merry." This effect was to be expected of an age that roared lustily over the bluff, coarse humor of "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and "Roderick Random." Goldsmith's fun, if to a refined taste vulgar, was, however, clean. The precedent which he set has somehow persisted mid succeeding vagaries of popular taste, and to-day, some half dozen farces and comedies of the Goldsmithian type hold the boards, whereas the insipid, sentimental comedy, which Goldsmith opposed so vigorously, is quite forgotten. The comedy of Shakespeare on the other hand, has had little influence upon playwrights of later times.

It may hardly seem fair to compare the styles of these two dramatists, so far apart in modes of expression and aims, but several points merit notice. Goldsmith said of his own style that his special aim was to make his language most expressive. With him everything lies close to the surface and the broad humor is easily discernible. Whatever his opinion may have been of language as an obscurer of thought his own practice was to make language perspicuous. His peculiar theories of "comic force" precluded the treatment in his plays of those tenderer and more humane characteristics that are found in his poems. So it has been said rightly that he who limits his reading to Goldsmith's plays sees only half the man. His comedy is one of incident with a steady unforced development from beginning to end. Shakespeare's is essentially a comedy of character, and hence the comic spirit appears in the speeches of the characters rather than in the situations *per se*. Inasmuch as the dialogues and soliloquies are consequently psychological they exact from the modern reader more than casual attention. Conceits and euphemisms, so delightful to the keen-minded Elizabethans, make close study to-

day very necessary if we are to perceive the beauty and strength of Shakespeare's tongue.

In characterization both are masters, yet the method of portrayal is vastly different. In neither do we find stage types but people of flesh and blood. Mrs. Hardcastle is a decidedly live woman just a little overdrawn for comic effect. Rosalind, the heroine of "As You Like It," is even more real because we know her better. The mirth which she causes rises not, however from the element of exaggeration as it does in Goldsmith, but from her vivacity and womanly weaknesses. The people outlined in "She Stoops To Conquer" are, with but few exceptions from the middle class, people with whom we rub elbows in our crowded street cars or whom we meet in small country towns, gossiping in little knots outside of village churches after the Sunday service. But Shakespeare's people are farther removed, less humanly inconsistent. They are not quite in our world. There are more Tony Lumpkins in the world than fine, heroic Orlandos; more scheming Miss Hardcastles, and shrewd Miss Nevilles than flowerlike Celias and 'heroinesque' Rosalinds; more thickheaded Mr. Hardcastles, perhaps, than fine banished dukes or cruel usurping tyrants. Goldsmith has come more closely into our own sphere.

In general the difference between the two works is a difference in genius. Shakespeare's master hand paints upon the canvas full portraits and scenes in delicately blended colors. Goldsmith has more of caricature, work more hastily done in fewer and rougher lines, the work of an apprentice when compared with that of the master—the bard of Avon.

THE MIRROR

C. MARZANO, '17

Into whatever household one chances to enter—be it the hovels of the poor; the mansions of the rich; or the palaces of kings—one will always find a mirror. This fixture has become inseparable from the home; public places have it for the convenience of their patrons, and even nature is provided with it in every rivulet, stream, and sea.

The mirror varies in size and texture; it may be a small pocket mirror, or a large plate mirror; it may be made from the cheapest glass, or from the hardest and finest Jena; and it may

be plane, convex, or concave. The form of the mirror is by far more important in the production of reflections, than is the size. Thus, should you look in a convex mirror, your features are minimized; in a concave, they are enlarged, whereas in a plane, they assume their natural, undistorted shape. This last named kind is the one most in use. The quality of the material, however, the form, or the size do not alter the mirror's nature. It is a reflector which reproduces images, and in this feature we are chiefly interested.

The mirror has a felicitous habit of being a mimic. Should it see a little child, it immediately simulates the youngster's contour, and clothing. The child beckons to the image before it; the figure in the glass does likewise simultaneously, and, furthermore, expresses facially as much astonishment as the child. The inquisitive little man then looks behind the mirror, but, to his great disappointment, the "Other Boy" is not there. He replaces the mirror, and to his surprise the "Boy" again appears. He once more examines the reverse side of the glass, but his naive hopefulness is dashed by this second frustration. He goes away, pouting and discouraged; and, as if to take the "Other Boy" unawares, he casts a swift side glance, but perceives him leaving in the opposite direction.

The flushed school boy, too, hustling to reach school in time, hastens before the mirror to make his toilet. The figure in the glass likewise hurries and bustles to brush down his obstinate hair; and the boy becomes more flushed and irritated to see his *alter ego* act thus. Beads of perspiration begin to trickle down his forehead; but the mirror, heartless, and regardless of the boy's discomfiture, imitates every movement, and facial expression. Having finished the ordeal, he scampers off to school; and the mirror, with its "tabula rasa" is ready to welcome new visitors.

If the mother, the father, the aged grandmother, or the hoary grandfather happen to appear, the mirror assumes, in the twinkling of an eye, the attributes of age, or even of senile decay. There is nothing, in fact, that the mirror cannot reproduce: the crawling babe, the fidgety school boy, the sprightly young man, the vivacious young woman, the worried father, and the worn mother, are all indiscriminately reflected by this freak of invention.

Figures, whether in motion or at rest, are not the only objects picturable by the mirror. With its unlimited wardrobe, it can counterfeit any attire, whether in fashion or out. The baby's swaddling-clothes, the boy's sailor-suit, the young woman's

"Princess," the mother's plain household garb, the grandmother's bonnet and shawl, and even the tattered and torn habiliments of the "Knight of the Road"—all these find a counterpart in the mirror's boundless store.

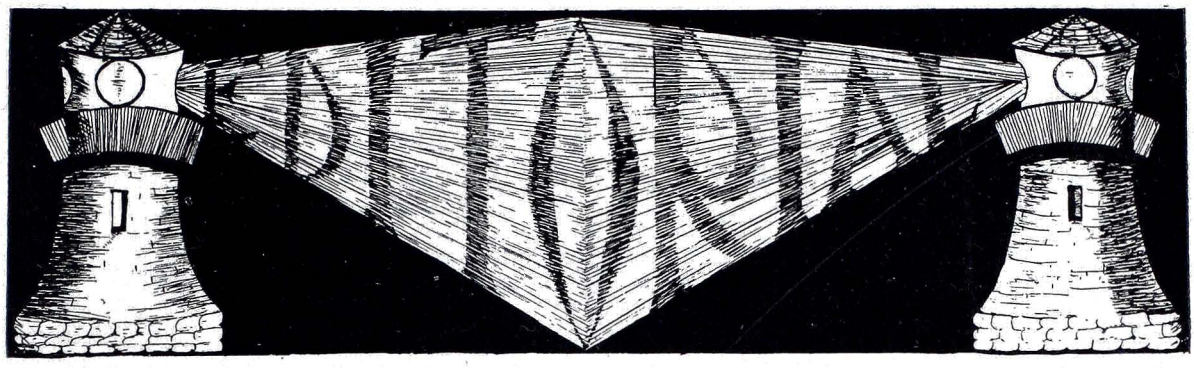
This marvel which "takes off" chiefly human beings is complimented with the natural mirror of a lake, which reflects the beauties and terrors of nature. In this natural glass may be seen the sturdy oak, the cloud-clapped mountain, the blue, crystal heavens, the black, lightning-rent sky, the tranquil, peace-inspiring landscape, and the uproarious, awful storm.

As faithful as the material mirror is, in giving its reflections, it is greatly surpassed in this capacity by the spiritual mirror—the human conscience. The material glass reflects those things only which appear before it; it pictures whatever comes within its perspective, so that remote blemishes are unnoticed. The spiritual mirror, however, is so delicate, so sensitive, so true, that it reflects the smallest act of virtue as well as the renowned; the slightest imperfection as well as the notorious misdeed. It furthermore reproduces, in the mind, the hidden, inmost thoughts of the soul from which men shrink. This reproduction is sometimes so insistent and distressing that men cower before it as if before a relentless master. Lady Macbeth and Bill Sykes illustrate this very well. The latter, having murdered Nancy in cold blood, saw the hideous scene always before him. "Those widely-staring eyes, so lusterless and so glassy." "They were but two, but they were everywhere." The phantasm of Nancy seemed to pursue him, but the fact was that his conscience was torturing him by the vivid representation of the dead. Lady Macbeth, somnambulating and rubbing her hands, exclaimed,

> "Out, damned spot! out, I say!—one, two; why, then 'tis time to do't—
> Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Here, again, was a mirroring of the actual state of a guilty person's soul, because the spiritual mirror of her soul portrayed it as it was—begrimed with the sin of regicide, of Duncan's assassination.

The mirror, then, both of the material and of the spiritual order, is something for which we must be thankful. In the material glass, we view ourselves as we appear to others; in the spiritual, as we are before our Creator. Putting these two reflections together, we are enabled to obtain some idea of our own true picture, unless we "have eyes that see not."



THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 219 WEST JEFFERSON ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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

All correspondence must be addressed "The Viatorian," Bloomington, Ill.
Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies, Fifteen Cents.
All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager, The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois."

Reading

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon of old, but he forgets to tell us what books "maketh a full man." "Some books are to be tasted, some chewed, and others digested." But in the present generation, the general run of literature should neither be tasted, much less chewed, and digestion in too many cases means death—literary and moral. This is more especially true of the magazine of an unmoral and unscrupulous tone. The sad fact is that this kind of literature is gaining popularity by leaps and bounds; people will not sit down to the "long book" any more and hence the pernicious influence of the unhealthy magazine is widened immeasureably. Such a table of contents as some

of our so-called leading periodicals monthly offer to their readers can hardly gauge the morality of our people. Such an indictment would hardly be fair on its face. Such rubbish is not even art if we take art as the expression of the true and beautiful. Morality has been and ever must be its prime prerogative. But the lure of the sensational, as at regular intervals in the past, seems just at present to have taken hold of a certain, sad to say, rather large class. Why a Catholic should lend his support to these gutter-groveling is rather beyond us, but we are hopeful that this periodic outburst shall be of short duration. Much can be, and is being done by the Catholic press and by Catholics as individuals to taboo this trash and relegate it to "the vile dust from whence it sprung."

HANKISMS

F.C.H. "18

It is easier to believe than to know.

Talking to some men is like swimming in shallow water.

We never forget a favor rendered by a stranger.

Revenge may be sweet but sweets are bad for the general constitution.

Speaking of summer vacations, Wall Street is quite a "watering place."

Keep your head and you will never lose your heart.

When it comes to work and attainment everything is "sour grapes" to some people.

Did you ever see a calamity howler do anything to better conditions?

If we did not have to pay a price for getting to Heaven, we would undoubtedly feel pretty cheap after getting there.

When you do not see the joke never inflict the teller with that "neutral" laugh—ask for an explanation.

If the war is not settled pretty shortly there is going to be an overstock of American heiresses.

If you are "dead to the world" order a bier.

The tendency is growing to appreciate square men rather than to hate crooks.

Where is the kid who never stole raisins from the corner grocery?

If you have many trials and troubles just think of the undertaker, he is up against a "stiff proposition" all his life.

EXCHANGES

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

The March *Redwood* was a goodly offering, an array of articles of which any college staff might be justly proud. The short stories deserve the palm with "The Con-

The Redwood

version" at the head. The short story writers of to-day are given a very wide range with but few rules of technic to which he must adhere. With Poe, Hawthorne, and Irving as a pioneer trinity in this field, critics have quite agreed that here at least American writers have a comfortable lead over their European contemporaries. Perhaps this is the natural result of our electric temperament which demands that everything, even our literary creations, be done in a hurry. If this, then, is a field in which we are leading it is gratifying indeed to find that writers in our college publications are giving this literary form the attention it deserves. In "The Conversion" the writer has etched in vivid colors a picture of a cattle thief at work upon the western plains. The conversion of the desperado through the kindness of the ranch owner's daughter borders so much on the improbable that it weakens, somewhat, the total effect. Dashed with the salt spray of the ocean "The Sea Dog" in short terse sentences treats us to an exciting story of the deep blue. Then if you tire of the great outdoors you may turn to "La Paloma," which ushers you into the conventional roof-garden with its glittering lights, dreamy orchestra, and still more alluring debutantes, and there follow with Henry Higgle the adventures of an evening. This bill should satisfy even very diverse tastes. Concerning the verse contributions of this number we will comment at the close of our column.

Far off from the other coast of our broad country comes the *Fordham Monthly*. We selected it because we were out for short stories and this number of the *Monthly*

The Fordham Monthly

might almost be called a short story number. The effect of environment is immediately noted. "The Great Unknown" and "The Outcome" both deal with characters living in the crowded cities of the east

and place the people in striking contrast to "The Sea Dog," "The Conversion," and "The Good Thief" told by our western friends. If "The Great Unknown," dealing with an unknown genius of the violin, and "The Outcome," relating events transpiring about a college boat race lack some of the originality of the *"Redwood"* contributions, we believe they excel in style and polish of workmanship. One column we always look for in the *Monthly* is headed "Essays In Embryo." Here budding philosophers and future editors have a means of outlet. The writers seem to aim at little poems in prose and some of the prettiest thoughts are gleaned from this department of the magazine. "A Cloud" is such a paragraph appearing in the issue under discussion. We believe the editor-in-chief has established something of a record with over nine pages of editorials. The leading one, "Filing The Fetters," which severely castigates the unfettered college reflects credit on the sound philosophy which our Catholic institutions of learning have impressed upon their intellectual children.

It would seem that even though the spirit which led the first Edinburgh reviewers to declare that the judge in the capacity of literary critic stands condemned when he allows an erring author to escape condemnation has been growing more and more shamefaced. With the tyros in criticism, however, the virile in critical appreciation is often, even in this sophisticated age, associated with blunt cudgeling, just as the small boy somehow thinks the cigarette and cuss word constituents of manhood. Being aware of this puerile attitude, we were not much shocked to find an exchange, that makes its semi-monthly visits to our office, state in effect that the aim of our exchange column in seeking out primarily for praise the beautiful in the thought and expression of our contemporaries is to be labelled as the effort of sentimental school-boys whose love-sick hearts crave for the soothing compliments of empty-headed and coquettish demoiselles or coy words of hair-lipped youths. At least this is the implication to be taken from the castigation we lately received. The question of the aim of criticism had been to be sure, a much mooted problem, but thought that the opinion of that great master of criticism, Matthew Arnold, had received quite general acceptance in our own day, at least among those who did not feel inclined to grovel among the riff-raff of the literary world. It afforded us no little comfort then, in the slight jolt we received, to take down Arnold's masterpiece on the function of criticism at the present time and read and reread the thoughts he so nobly

expressed. And no passage struck us more forcibly than this one, "I am bound by my own definition of criticism: a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world. * * * But criticism, real criticism, is essentially the exercise of this very quality. It obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach the best, without intrusion of any other consideration whatever. The rule may be summed up in one word—disinterestedness. Its business, as I have said, is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world—and by, in its turn, making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas." So even if the spirit of the Edinburgh Reviewers which prompted them in their clod-pated dodderings of wholesale denunciations to tell Wordsworth that "he would not do," and likewise in their doltish objurgations to advise Keats to "go back to his ointment boxes" seems to have found rejuvenation, we still feel no compunction of heart in adhering to a predilection for Arnold's conception of criticism as the ideal one,—yes, even despite the continuance of this contemporary to hand down what they choose to call their candid opinions.

For a month we have been "off the job," having turned our quill over to the freshies during the month of February. Hence it was with considerable spring-time fervor that we again hearkened to the call of exchange work. In searching about for what we considered the best effort in the realm of verse among our visitors we decided that "The Heroes," by J. Charles Murphy, which appears in the March *"Redwood"* was deserving of more than passing notice. The *"Redwood"* has done much in this field during the year, but we believe "The Heroes" is just a little better than previous offerings:

"Hark! O'er the roar of the surge and the breakers,
The footsteps of thousands!
Dim phantom shapes in the mist, marching on,
You can see them at twilight.

"Spirits of heroes who gave up their lives
In the fierce heat of conflict;
Marching on, marching on to their home. And behold!
An angel is leading.

"But, alas! marching on there are spirits as black
As the lowering night clouds,
Weighted down with their sins, in despair trusting still,
In their Heavenly Father.

. . . . . .

"Down swing the mountainous portals, and heaven
Bursts forth in sweet music;
But those heavy souls that are blackened by sin
Are fearing and trembling.

"See! the good angel leads in with delight,
Those souls that are guiltless.

"Then from His throne on a cloud He speaks.
And His voice is like thunder,
'Enter, ye souls that are darkened by crime,
Your sins are forgiven;
Enter the land of eternal delight,
Ye died for your country!'"

BOOK REVIEWS

"A LITERARY WALL MAP OF THE BRITISH ISLES"

SIZE 46' x 66'

In the equipment of the modern school room, maps have long been contributing their quota in seconding the efforts of the teacher who aims to give geographical names, as they occur in history, a "local habitation" and a lively reality in the mind of the pupil. In the study of the history of English literature and of the English classics maps have not hitherto played their part, largely because a purely "literary" map for class room display has not been available. Such a map as we have had in mind now comes from the Rand, McNally Co. of Chicago. With this "Litterary Wall Map of the British Isles," edited by Miss Blanche L. True, pupils need no longer travel blindly about the country of "Lorna Doone," or puzzle out the vague topographical hints in "Marmion," or follow confusedly the movements of "Roderick Dhu" or the flashing of the "Bloody Cross" in the "Lady of the

Lake." The mention, hereafter, in English classes of the Quantocks, the Lake District, Griff House, Kenilworth, Stoke Poges, Sherwood Forest, and Dunsinane will have more interest for the student if he can spot them on the map and correlate their positions.

Miss True has enhanced the value of her map by furnishing an alphabetical list of places and a key as to their positions. That the map is down to date is indicated by the fact that the Aran Islands, Dartmoor, and Egdon Heath are there to delight the reader of recent fiction and poetry, but one looks in vain for Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns."

Rand, McNally and Company, 536 South Clark street, Chicago.—$6.25.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Harry P. Keeley, '10-12, was recently appointed to the responsible position of General Inspector in the farm and subagency department of the Continental Insurance Company.

Richard O'Loughlin, A.B., '11, now holds an important position with a delicatessen supply house of Chicago.

Edward Waters, Com., '11, is at present employed by the Government as a Federal Inspector with headquarters in Chicago.

We recently received word that Leo Doemling has entered a sanatorium to recover from an attack of sickness and is now recuperating and getting back into "old time form."

Jerry Lynch is becoming quite a prosperous hotel keeper and enjoying the best ofsuccess. Has a "full house" all the time.

Rev. F. Jos. Kelly of the Catholic University of America, recently conducted a Sacred Concert at St. Domnic's Church in Baltimore, Md.

William Lenahan, '11-12, is at present pursuing a course in Manual Training at the Normal University, preparatory to teaching the course.

Charles Sherman, '09-12, has started a cross country tour in his Mercedes Roadster with San Francisco as his goal.

Captain Earl Harvey, H.S., '03, spent several days amongst us recently. This is Earl's first visit. Leaving here in '03 he went to West Point, later joining the Engineer Corps for Uncle Sam. Promotions came quickly after excellent service in the Philippines and he was made captain. Taking sick, he was given a year's furlough. We hope his year's rest will restore him to perfect health.

Thomas Cannon, '10-12, holds a position of trust with the Consumers Co. of Chicago.

Thomas Maloney, '10-12, is employed by the Griffin Wheel Co. of Chicago.

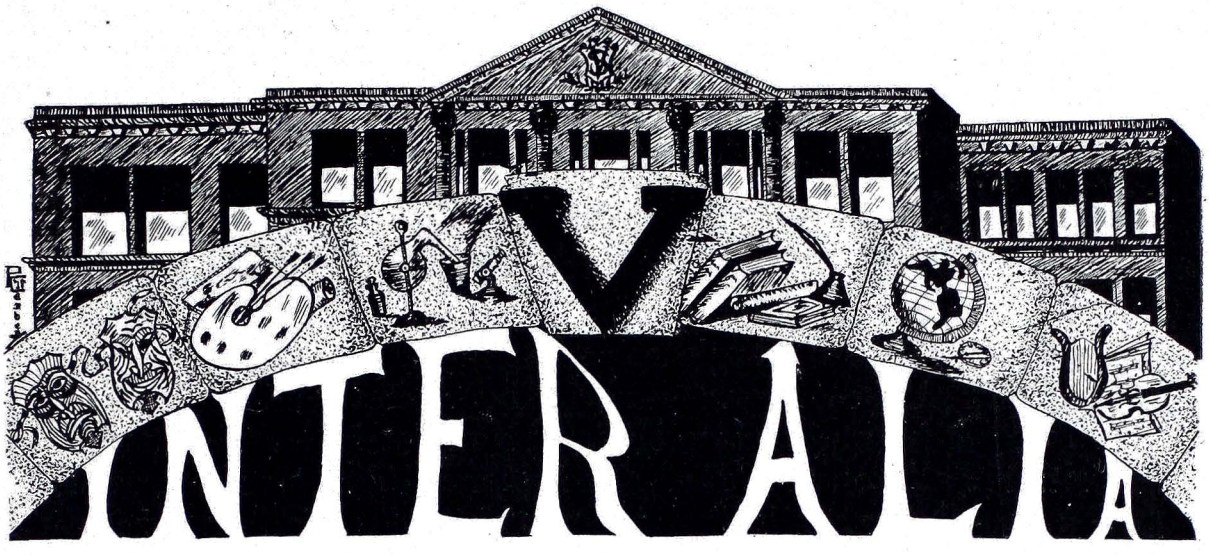
Information comes to us that Williard Wirth, '11-14, is attending school in Chicago preparatory to studying a profession.

Arthur McGrath, '13-15, is associated in the business of the McGrath Engraving Co. of Chicago.

Maurice O'Connor, '11-13, has a responsible position with the Michigan Central Railroad in the Chicago office.

Daniel Quinn, H.S., '14, recently departed for Bainville, Mont., to take charge of his father's ranch at that place. Dan always was pretty good at "throwing the bull."

Eugene Lienan is at present employed in the City Hall in Chicago. No flies on "Red."



The Irish Rose

On the evening of March the sixteenth, "An Irish Rose," written and directed by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., was presented in the college auditorium before a record-breaking audience. To say that the play was a success is putting it mildly; it was a tremendous "hit." The cast was of the best talent in the college and gave evidence of excellent training. To name the individual star would be difficult. Mr. Daniel Sullivan, as Harold Livingston, and Mr. Gordon McDonald, as Barney O'Neil, vied for first honors. Mr. Edward O'Connors, as Seumas O'Connors, in his debut as a Thespian, made a favorable impression. Mr. Irvin Murray interpreted the difficult role of Mr. Blackburn in truly "Desmond" style. Of the players in the female roles, Mr. Maurice Dillon, as "An Irish Rose," was the premier. So striking an appearance did Mr. Dillon make, that a visitor inquired if there were "co-eds" at the college. Mr. Louis Dougherty portrayed the character of "Peggy O'Connors," in a regular Julian Eltinge fashion. Messrs. McCarthy, Cox, Conway, Mallaney, Donovan, and Sinnott also deserve much praise.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Barney O'Neil, hired man.....G. McDonald
Eileen O'Connors, invalid.....J. McCarthy
Robert Quinn, her lover.....J. Cox
Mrs. O'Connors, the widow.....E. Conway
Harold Livingston, a college chum.....T. D. Sullivan
Peg O'Connors, an Irish colleen.....L. Dougherty
Arch. Blackburn.....J. Mallaney

An Irish Rose, Barney's sweetheart.....M. Dillon
Seumas O'Connors, pride of his mother.....E. O'Connors
Father O'Flynn, their pastor.....T. Donovan
Mr. I. Blackburn, a land agent.....I. Murray
Irish Bobbies..... { C. Wolz / M. Dowling
Rory O'Loughlin, Barney's understudy.....J. Sinnott
Messenger.....B. O'Connor

St. Patrick's Day

The feast day of the patron saint of Ireland was celebrated in a very fitting manner. Perhaps never before was Ireland's national color so prominent in Bourbonnais as on that day. The emerald hue was not conspicuous by its absence, but rather the reverse. In the morning Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D. He was assisted by the Rev. Stephen Moore of Clinton, Ill., as deacon, and the Rev. W. J. Bergan, C.S.V., as sub-deacon. Bro. C. S. Marzano, C.S.V., acted as master of ceremonies. A very eloquent and instructive sermon was delivered by the Rev. E. M. Hayden of Camp Grove, Ill. After a brief account of the life of St. Patrick, the preacher pointed out some of the many virtues of that holy saint which we of the present day should strive to imitate. Le Hoche's Unison Mass was sung by the college choir. Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., was director and Rev. J. E. Bourget, organist. After mass the students and visitors assembled in the college banquet hall to partake of a sumptuous repast. The afternoon part of the program was a deviation from the usual course. Instead of the annual Irish play there was a demonstration by the classes in physical education, under the direction of Prof. F. B. McGovern. The program was composed of calesthenics, dumb-bell exercises, club-swinging, wand drills, apparatus work, and novelty races. "Those Funny Clowns" proved the sensation of the day. Chief Clown Butler originated the act, and merits much credit for its success. Prof. McGovern received several encores for his skillful manipulation of the Indian clubs, and for his graceful athletic dancing.

Tennis

The tennis enthusiasts will be able to indulge in their sport to their heart's content. For the last month, Bro. A. N. St. Aubin, C.S.V., has been working with much assiduity, laying out four new tennis courts in front of Roy Hall. From early indications they will easily surpass the old courts. For the convenience of the players back-stops have been erected at both ends. This

improvement will be appreciated especially by those who have a tendency to knock home runs. A tennis club will be organized and it is rumored that games have been arranged with other colleges.

Debating Teams

After six weeks of preliminary debating, in which the eliminative process was applied to the contestants for the Varsity Debating Teams, the final results were announced. The following were selected on the affirmative team: Edward Dillon '15, Daniel Sullivan '17, Lawrence Dondanville '17, John Cox '17, alternate. The Negative Team is composed of Charles Hart '17, Fulton Sheen '17, and Robert Hilliard '18. Maurice Dillon '18, is alternate.

The subject chosen for the debates this year with Detroit University and Notre Dame University is: "Resolved, that employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through a legally constituted board of arbitration." The Affirmative Team will debate Detroit University on May 7, at St. Viator's, and on the same evening the negative team will debate Notre Dame on the latter's floor.

Lectures

On Friday afternoon, April 16, the members of the Political Economy Class enjoyed a lecture delivered by Captain Earl Harvey, H.S., '03, on the subject, "Preparatory and Active Military Life." Captain Harvey is one of the old boys who has completed a course in engineering at West Point since leaving his Alma Mater and has since seen active work in the Philippines. His humorous and instructive description of cadet life at the great national military school was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Harvey then gave us some impressions of his work in our eastern archipelago and told us in some detail of the native methods of warfare. We shall always be pleased to hear from Mr. Harvey if at any future time in his active life he is able to visit us again.

The seminary department listened to one of the best lectures of the year on Thursday evening, April 18. On this occasion Father M. P. Sammon of St. Bernard's Church, Peoria, talked on the vital and practical subject, "How to deal with fallen-away Catholics." From the great school of experience Father Sammon brought many practical lessons to bear in dealing with his

subject and ones which will be long remembered by our future aspirants to the priesthood. We only wish the reverend father's visits might be much more frequent.

In lieu of routine class work Friday morning, April 16, the class in Moral Theology was addressed by Father James Shannon, vicar general of Peoria diocese, who chose for his talk, "The Priest and Non-Catholics." In an inspiring sympathetic manner Fr. Shannon treated his subject only as Fr. Shannon can, and we felt the better for his visit amongst us.

PERSONALS

Our Very Rev. President J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., preached a mission at St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, during the past month.

The college students and faculty were agreeably surprised last month by a visit from a prosperous cafe proprietor of Milwaukee—Irwin Kalt. "Duke" evidently is making his mark in the world.

One day last month an automobile stopped at our gates and Arthur Lyons stepped out to shake hands with his many friends. "Lefty" is not only a successful druggist apprentice, but we are pleased to state that he is quite a matinee idol in the amateur theatricals given in Hersher, Ill.

Joseph Hughes, the Herculean fullback on last year's championship team, spent a few days at the college recently, renewing acquaintances with his teammates and friends. Joe is now engaged in the electrical business with his brother in Champaign. Joe always was a "live wire."

Harry Krampff also registered as a welcome guest at our hostelry last month. "Red" is now a handmaid of the soil, and an ardent devotee of scientific farming.

The many friends of Daniel Quinn, H.S., '14, appreciated and enjoyed his visit to the college during the past month.

Easter vacation began on March 31 and ended on Tuesday, April 6. Many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting their homes and resting their minds so strenuously taxed during the ordeal of the third quarter examinations.

Easter engagements of the priests were as follows: Very Rev. J. P. Munday, D.D., St. Ambrose's Church, Chicago; Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., Utica, Ill.; Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D.D., pontificated at Maternity Church; Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., St. Attracta's Church, Cicero, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Corbett, C.S.V., Caberry, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C.S.V., St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. J. V. Rheams, C.S.V., St. John the Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. T. J. Rice, C.S.V., Odell, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., Penfield, Ill.; Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C.S.V., Philo, Ill.; Rev. Plante, C.S.V., Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill.

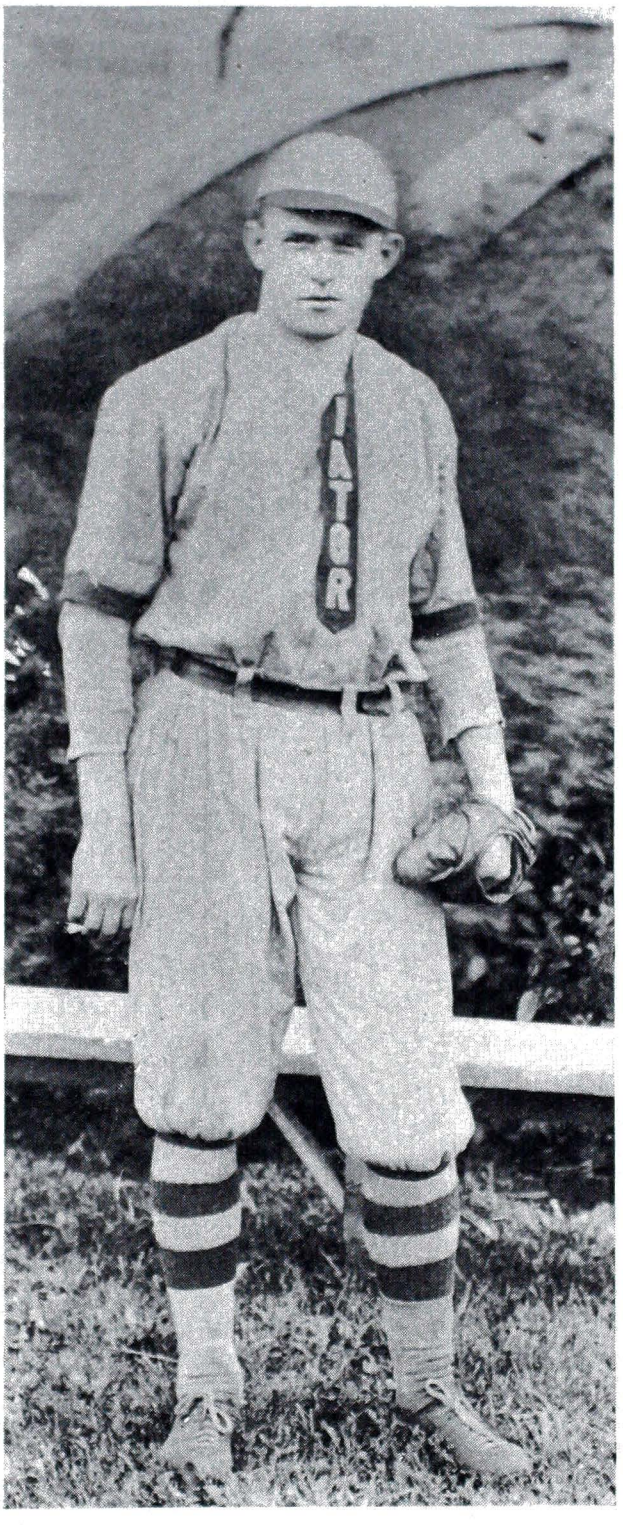
The faculty had the pleasure of entertaining the following priests during the past month: Rev. A. L. Girard, St. Louis Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. S. Moore, Clinton, Ill.; Rev. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. W. P. White, Cullom, Ill.; Rev. W. Cleary, Elmwood, Ill.; Rev. J. T. Fitzgerald, Gibson City, Ill.; Rev. F. Tyrcha, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Notre Dame Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Frances Cleary, Rantoul, Ill.; Rev. E. M. Hayden, Camp Grove, Ill.

ATHLETICS

"CAP" LAWLOR

During the first week in April we received the news that "Bill" Lawler, Viator's star athlete and Captain of the 1915 baseball team, had signed a contract with the Sioux City Western League team. Two days later "Bill" received orders to report immediately at Waterloo, Iowa, and on the morning of April 12th, just before his departure, he was greeted by a crowd of admiring students, presented with a handsome traveling bag, and was given a grand "send-off" by the entire student body.

"Bill" is the type of college man in whom is found that rare combination of a good student and an all-around athlete. He entered St. Viator College in September, 1911, and during his first year he was utility man on the teams in basketball and baseball. In 1912-13 he played on all three teams. In 1913-14 he captained the basketball and baseball teams, played left end on the football team and was awarded three letters for service. He was captain and rightguard on the 1914-15 basketball team and was re-elected captain of the 1915 baseball team. These honors came to him through his heady and consistent playing and his ability as a leader. He was one of Viator's most popular and best-liked athletes; always the gentleman on or off the field, with a good word and a pleasant smile for everyone. With such a record behind him "Bill" should have no trouble to make good in his new position. With his departure prospects of an infield of 1914 calibre were given a sudden jolt and somewhat of a setback, but, to quote an old expression, "our loss is Sioux City's gain" and we'll have to find a substitute. In the name of the faculty and student body the VIATORIAN extends its congratulations and best wishes to "Bill" Lawlor and hopes that he will make good with Sioux City.



LAWLOR

Basketball

The following members of the basketball team were awarded monogrammed sweaters: Captain Lawlor, Gartland, McGee, Dondanville, Roche, Clancy, and Flynn.

Baseball

Ideal weather conditions since the Easter vacation have made it possible for the baseball squad to use the diamond, and under the direction of Coach St. Aubin rapid progress toward the selection of a team is being made. Prospects, although not brilliant, are far from bad. Butler of last year's team will probably do the receiving again this year. "Mick's" steady work and heavy hitting ability are well known to the fans and he should be still better this year than last. The heavy part of the mound work will be handled by "Scoop" Pemberton and Ostrowski. "Scoop's" brilliant record of last year needs no comment and his appearance on the team this year gives promise of a good season. Ostrowski, also of last year's staff, is in good condition and has developed more speed since last season. The choice of a first sacker lies between Kissane and Warren. Both are good men, Kissane having played in half of last season's games, and Warren has, so far, shown good ability. The mainstay of the infield is Kerns at short. His hitting and fielding last season guarantee him the position. In Flynn, the star of last year's Academics, Coach St. Aubin should develop a good second baseman to fill "Cap" Lawlor's shoes. There is a scarcity of third basemen, McGee and McCarthy being the most likely looking candidates. Gartland is the only veteran outfielder and will probably handle the left garden again. Liston, last year's sub-fielder, is being given sharp competition for the position of center-fielder. Among the new candidates the most promising are Outfielders Koelbel, Dillon, Fisher and Fallon; infielders Conway, Roche, McDonald, Murray and "Eggs" Kennedy. Walker, a new man, looks good for third pitcher and Francis will probably make utility catcher. From this material Coach St. Aubin hopes to whip into shape a team which will at least compare favorably with the 1914 team. A partial schedule follows:

April 24—Northwestern College at St. Viator.
April 28—Notre Dame at Notre Dame.
May 4—Chinese University at St. Viator.
May 8—Kankakee Alumni at St. Viator.
May 15—St. Ignatius College at St. Viator.
May 22—St. Ignatius College at Chicago.
May 29—Lombard College at St. Viator.
June 5—Alumni at St. Viator.

OBITUARIES

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

Sad news reached the college lately of the untimely death of Harry Shippy of Chicago. The students of '02-'04 will remember Harry as an upright and good boy, a thorough gentleman possessed of a genial disposition and an engaging manner.

We extend our prayerful sympathy to his loving mother and fond sister who must feel keenly the loss of such a dutiful son and deserving brother.

May he rest in peace.

VIATORIANA

"SPRING NUMBER"

Do You Know:

"That Mr. Ford made walking a pleasure."

"That the 'Egg' family is considered one-half dozen; that is, the mother, father and, four children."

"That Phillip Wakem was the son of Mr. Wakem."

"That there is great art in knowing what not to know when you don't want to know it."

"That a baby brightens a home, by running up the light bill."

"His-by-Discovery."

An Irish soldier was discovered hiding in a deep hole during the battle. The officer in charge commanded him to get out of the hole immediately, when the Irishman said, "You may be my superior officer but I found this hole first."

Overheard at the Hospital

Patient—You have a day off at the college today, don't you?

Student—Yes! We are off today.

Patient—Now that is nothing, we are *off* all the time.

Can a fellow be in two places at the same time?

Yes! Just after Easter vacation you can be in Bourbonnais and *home-sick.*

Teacher—What is a puppet?

Victim—The place where the priest speaks from!

J.—Why was he put in jail?

B.—He was drugged and robbed by his doctor.

J.—How's that?

B.—He told him to take iron.

J.—Don't understand you?

B.—He took a stove.

The milkman (pouring the accustomed quart) said—"It looks like rain this morning ma'am."

Housewife—"Oh! It always does for that matter."

Evidently everyone said *No* at the election.

Mac says, that he will be with us until June.

Prof. A.—You are strictly forbidden to play post-office anymore.

"Are you the barber that shaved me before?"

"Yes."

"Chloroform me."

Student (conversing very earnestly)—I dreamt last night that I proposed to a pretty girl.

She—What did I say?

B.—What is the name of the funny man in "As You Like It?"

F.—Jacques.

B.—No, I believe his name is "Firestone."

Say—You, cut out that "Fast Speeding."

We wonder if it was a Celt or a Teuton that decorated the environments with Erin Go *"Brau."*

Bill—Say Shot, are you acquainted with any of those skillful dexterities of the hand mentioned in Legerdemain?

Shot—No, but I know that Leger-de (the) Frenchman is a good croquet player.

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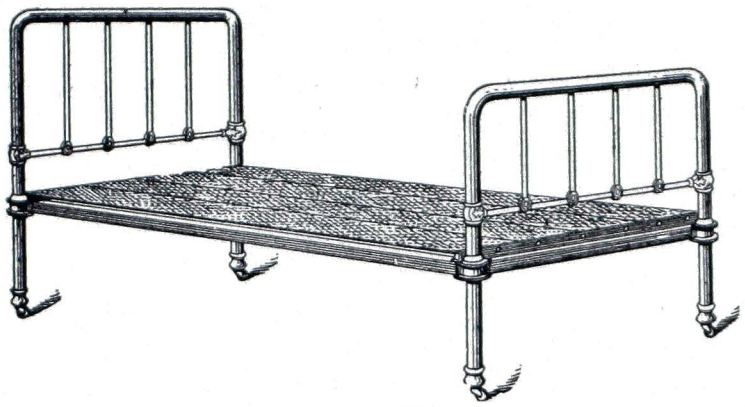

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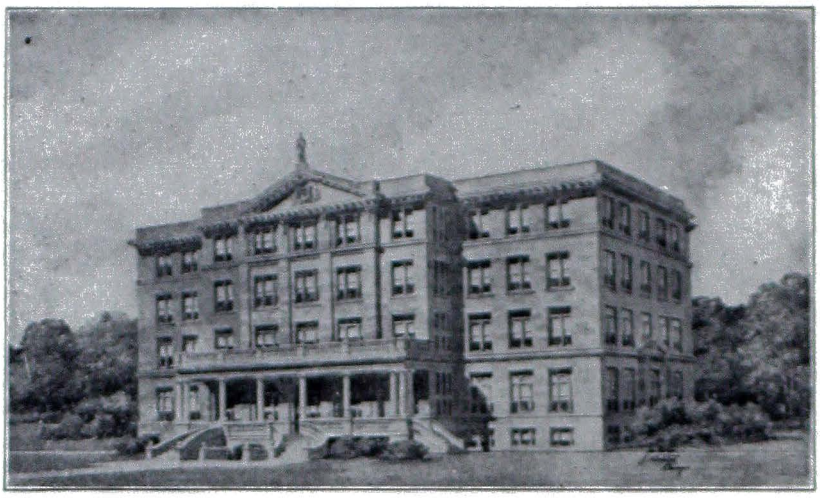

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