

THE VIATORIAN

Far et Spera

Volume 32

JANUARY, 1915

Number 4

THE DEATH AND THE BIRTH

*In the icy clutch of the winter's wind
That screamed and raged and roared,
The Old Year died at the stroke of twelve,
As the blood from his death wound poured.
With the woeful tones,
In shrieks and groans,
The Old Year's spirit soared.*

*The giant trees in mantles white
Sang a dirge near the ice-bound bay,
While the moon looked forth from the pitch
black sky,
And shone where the victim lay.
But the withered form
In the winter's storm
Stirred not, with the break of day.*

*New-born with pain from the womb of Time,
The New Year came to the bier,
To wrap the dead in Past's gray shroud,
And there to shed a tear.
Then he soon forgot
The Old Year's lot,
And sped on his round of cheer.*

—Charles A. Hart '17.

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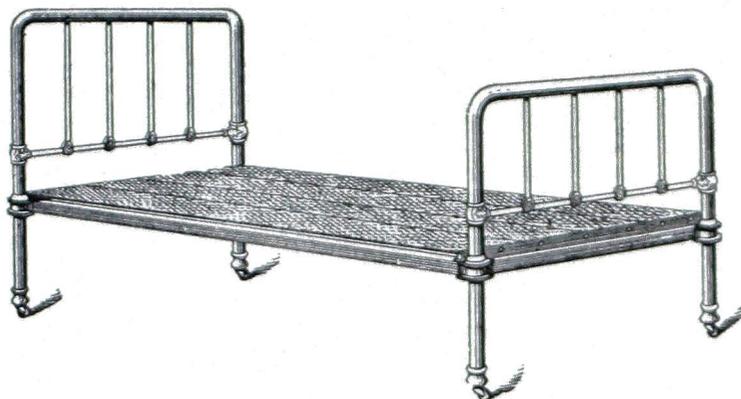
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SOME OF THE DOGS IN OUR TOWN

Asp. 1918

All the inhabitants of our little town are very fond of dogs. One day I found my neighbor looking dreamily across his beautiful garden at a dog which was sharpening his nails in a much cherished flower bed, and so asked him his opinion of dogs. He replied in a somewhat sarcastic tone, that he just loved dogs. Although, as I say, our town likes all dogs in general, each person prefers his own particular breed of dogs and their tastes vary from the Tavern Keeper, who likes "Hot Dogs," to the Constable, who prefers "Dead Dogs."

The most aristocratic of dog life in our town is Hazel, the imported French poodle. Of all names—Hazel! As the little boy said when they named his little sister Hazel—"To think of all the pretty saints' names in the Bible, and then to call her after a nut!" But Hazel is a very dainty little creature. All morning she lies posed before the parlour window, her white, silky hair contrasting wonderfully with the dark, rich velvet of her cushions. A bow of pink satin ribbon is tied coquettishly under her left ear. One dainty paw rests gracefully before her body. Her head is always poised proudly and her tiny, pink nose seems to be sniffing scornfully. Now and then, she barks in short, little yelps that show to advantage her rosy tongue and even, white teeth. She is a mere toy, a plaything,—ornamental, yes—but by no means a real, happy, or natural dog.

In direct contrast to this luxurious little pet is "Hero," the firemen's dog and the idolized mascot of "Company Number Nine." Hero is a small, active Fox terrier with two triangular ears that stand alertly erect. His entire body is a shiny, sleek tan except for a streak of white, which extends from the top of his head, across his chest, and down his left foreleg. His mother was a mascot for the fire engine company, and so, too, her mother, and thus the fighting spirit is born right in him. He inherits a love of horses, likes to lie stretched out before the fire while the firemen in their blue shirt sleeves and puffing at their corn-cob pipes, sit around him in a circle, and tell many a tale of his adventures and narrow escapes. But, most of all, does he inherit the joy of excitement, of dashing out when the alarm

sounds, and running madly to bark at the horses' hoofs, and add to the general din as the engines thunder through the streets.

The most beloved dog in our town, however, is the pastor's great, shaggy Newfoundland, named "St. Bernard." His eyes are just like a human being's, large, brown, and expressive. His coat is as soft as cotton and his long ears flap like two tassels when he moves his head. All the children love to romp with him, to ride on his back, and to bury their faces in his soft, pillowy hair. One can see him every day as he accompanies his master on a sick call, walking at his side, with slow, dignified strides.

But the most important of all the dogs in our town is "Our Dog." He is the kind of dog that you take an immediate dislike to, and the longer you know him, the more your dislike grows. He belongs to no special breed of dogs, but is in a class by himself. His coat is white, peppered with spots of dull brown as if he had just been splattered with mud, and he always looks more or less dirty—principally more. He has a big, thick head, awkward body and clumsy feet. He has roguish eyes, an impudent black speck for a nose, and one of his ears stand erect, while the other always hangs down, giving a mischievous and yet a forlorn look to his face. He has a great love of travel and an Atlantic cable could not keep him tied in the back yard if once he wanted to get loose. One night, we tied him to a fence and he walked off with the whole fence, and only looked slightly surprised when the neighbors argued with him about it. He is very fond of books—in fact, he simply devours them, and like the rest of the family is torn away from his studies with difficulty. He is also very fond of cats,—so much so, that not one dares venture into the neighborhood. The rightful name of this particular animal is "Duke," but he is never called by that name except in extreme irony, bearing usually the title "Hund" or "That cussed dog." One day we took him to a ball game, and at the critical moment when there were three men on base, and the star batter had sent the ball whizzing across the field, Duke suddenly dashed out from the side lines, seized the ball and calmly trotted home with it. Meanwhile, three men crossed the home plate and the opposing side christened the dog with a long list of new names. Oh, Duke is very brave. Why, I might tell of the time, when by his barking he woke up the family and they were all saved; and again, about the time he saved the baby from falling down stairs by catching its little dress in his mouth, but, alas, I can not. For, you see, we have no baby, and the house never did catch on fire,

but if we had, or the house had caught on fire, I know he would have done all these things.

But I have mentioned only four of the dogs in our town, although we have almost as many kinds of dogs as we have kind of men, and when we come to analyze their characteristics how many points of similarity do we find in men and dogs! How many "Hazels" do we find among men! How many useless, brainless butterflies that live for nothing but to be foolish displays of luxury and idleness? We find too many energetic, active, bustling "Heroes" arousing enthusiasm about them and urging us on to do our duties. At times we find a calm, reliable "St. Bernard" reminding us of our duties and inspiring trust and confidence in those around him. And lastly we find a few jolly, carefree "Dukes" loved all the more for their mischief and faults, and they, too, have their place for they add spice and zest to this varied and indescribable world of men—and dogs.

"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE"

C. MARZANO '17

We sometimes know certain authors only in one phase of their work because we are not fully acquainted with all their productions. Everyone knows Milton and Dryden as poets; but how many know of Milton's "Left Hand," the "Areopagitica," or the "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," or Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy?"

Such is perhaps, the case with R. L. Stevenson. Undoubtedly, we know him as the author of "Dynamiters," "David Balfour," "St. Ives," "Prince Otto," etc., but how many are acquainted with his essays? How many know anything of his most characteristic papers? How many have made themselves acquainted with the happily entitled "Virginibus Puerisque?"

The "Virginibus Puerisque" are four essays, treating of married people and those about to leave the single state. The first essay gives the author's views on the matrimonial state. "Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." The second pictures the life of married men. "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-paths,

meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave. You cannot set aside your wife. Once you are married there is nothing left for you—but be good.” The third part treats the inexplicable phenomenon of falling into love. “Two persons, neither of them, it may be, very amiable or very beautiful, meet, speak a little, and look a little into each other’s eyes. That has been done a dozen or so of times in the experience of either with no great result. They fall at once into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and center-point of God’s creation.” This accords with Marlowe’s sententious maxim, “Who ever loved but loved not at first sight?” The last essay, one that perhaps ought to be of interest to every educated young man and woman, takes up truthfulness in relations with other people. “Truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion—that is the truth which makes a love possible and mankind happy.”

Inadequate as this resumé is, it gives at least, some idea of the purposes of these essays. The first two inspire great respect for the married state; the last two are concerned with social intercourse. There is no doubt that Stevenson, when writing these essays, had in mind young men and women about to enter the matrimonial state; especially, young people like David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow—“Raw youths and green girls.” The author wishes to arouse these to the seriousness of marriage and the decisive step which they are taking. “Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness.” He would have these young men and women know themselves, and see whether they be fit to engage in such a serious undertaking, whether their likes and dislikes, their tastes and very ideas coincide. “They should be agreed on their catchword in ‘facts of religion,’ or ‘facts of science,’ or ‘society.’”

The young man seems to elicit special attention. To him, the author gives judicious counsels; to him he talks as a father would do to his son. “It is better to face the fact and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties; whose weak human heart beats no more tunefully than your. . . . Thus, when a young lady has angelic features, eats nothing to speak of, plays all day long on the piano, and sings ravishingly in church, it requires a rough infidelity, falsely called cynicism, to believe that she may be a little

devil after all." The young man is likewise reminded that he, too, may have faults of character. "You, yourself, are compacted of infirmities, perfect you might say, in imperfections."

Although the author opens the eyes of young people to the faults and infirmities of both sexes, yet, he does this, not through misanthropy, but that there may be a better understanding between them; that both men and women, knowing themselves and each other, may be forgiving of one another's faults. As a result, he says, "You will be wisely glad that you retain the sense of blemishes," "for the faults of married people continually spur up each of them, hour by hour, to do better and to meet upon a higher ground."

Men and women are, furthermore, urged to be truthful in their social relations, as well as in any other affair of life. This truthfulness, he urges most earnestly, must be in actions rather than words; for in the verbal expression of our feelings and emotions, we may unintentionally offend, but actions, "Whether the look or gesture explains things in a breath. . . . for they are the direct expression of the heart." "Groans and tears, looks and gestures, a flush or a paleness, are often the most clear reports of the heart and speak more directly to the hearts of others." Thus he inculcates anew the old maxim, "Actions speak louder than words."

In addition to the purpose of the "Virginibus Puerisque" we may also note the method of workmanship. The various passages which have been quoted give us some idea of the style of this author. The quotations are no doubt clear. The ideas are so couched as to be grasped upon first reading. The following passage will likewise illustrate the author's clearness of style: "Some minds, romantically dull, despise physical endowments. That is a doctrine for a misanthrope; to those, who, like their fellow creatures, it must always be meaningless; and, for my part, I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honor, and humor, and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance; to have looks to correspond to every feeling."

Interest is also elicited, and this, especially, by the appropriate use of words. He knew their meaning and interpreted their very syllables. Such an intimate knowledge of philology could not but make his diction rich in connotation. Sometimes, however, his phrasing becomes dull because the expressions are tediously belabored.

Besides clearness and interest, R. L. Stevenson has a great power of observation. It looms forth all through the essays, but especially in this passage—"The body is a house of many windows; there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passersby to come and love us. . . . We are subject to physical passions and contortions; the voice breaks and changes, and speaks by unconscious and winning reflections; we have legible countenances, like an open book; things that cannot be said look eloquently through the eyes; and the soul, not locked into the body as a dungeon, dwells ever on the threshold with appealing signals." This power of observation reminds one of Francis Bacon. The two are unlike, however, chiefly in this: Bacon was satisfied with the surface; with mere phenomena; but Stevenson is not satisfied with simple appearance; he breaks through the surface and goes into the emotions of man's bosom. For he knows that "the depth of knowledge lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain top where she is found."

The author's power of observation, together with his style, reveal his personality. In him we can find a humorist, a congenial companion and a patient teacher. He looks upon the oddities and foibles of life through the rosy spectacles of his kindly humor, which, though inciting us to laughter, makes us feel that it comes from one seeking to alleviate the ills of humanity. He shows that the welfare of mankind is his ultimate aim. Though he ridicules the evils, yet he holds out to the world soothing remedies.

Finally, in these essays, the reader is not interested so much in the subject matter, as in the attractive mode of exposition. One can rightly say that the "Virginibus Puerisque" papers are enjoyable on account of their delightful expository method, and because they put the reader into a spirit of gaiety.



IF YOU CAN

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
And make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise.*

*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.*

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them "Hold on!"*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything's that's in it,
And—what is more—you'll be a MAN, my son!*

—'Varsity 'Oxon.

MICHAEL FARADAY

JOHN WARREN '19

“The Greatest Experimental Scientist, the World Has Ever Seen,” is the tribute paid to Faraday by the famous French chemist Dumas. The manner in which Faraday overcame obstacles in order to study the different sciences is wonderful. The self-sacrifice and persevering spirit of this great master gained for him a place on the highest pinnacle in the scientific world. Living in the same age as Andre Maria Ampere one would be led to believe that this renowned French scientist and human encyclopedia overshadowed our hero and left him in the background. But such was not the case. It is true that Ampere was a master mind endowed with a great memory, but never-the-less he was not Faraday’s superior in Physics and Chemistry. Prof. Dumas, in his first Faraday lecture said: “Faraday was the most accomplished of the learned of our age.”

Michael Faraday first saw light on the morning of the twenty-second day of September, 1791, at Newington Butts, in Surrey, England. His father was a blacksmith, of feeble health and very poor. Like many of his colleagues in Science, Faraday had to earn a livelihood at a very tender age. His education was very meager, being but able to read and write and add simple arithmetical sums. By force of circumstances, he had to begin working at the age of thirteen. His first position was that of errand boy at a book-sellers and book-binder’s shop, near his home. It was his duty to carry newspapers around to the customers. He did this so faithfully that at the end of his first year of labor, he was promoted to the position of book-binder’s apprentice, without the usual premium which was required for teaching boys a trade. It was while holding this position that he began his self-education. Whatever of leisure he had he devoted to the perusal of the scientific works, which he had bound. Later in writing of himself, Faraday said: “While an apprentice I loved to read scientific books, which were under my hands and among them delighted in Marcet’s Conversation on Chemistry, and the electrical treatises in the Encyclopedia Britannica; I made such simple experiments as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence a week, and

also constructed an electrical machine with a glass vial and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of corresponding kind."

When, at the age of fourteen, Faraday saw an advertisement announcing a set of lectures on natural philosophy, he was seized by the idea of attending them, but he lacked the essential, the price of admission. His elder brother, who was a blacksmith, had more money than he. He knew that by properly flattering and cajoling his brother, he could obtain the desired amount, so by this scheme he attended the lectures. While listening to these lectures he would take notes, make drawings of the apparatus employed; and afterwards if he had the necessary material he would repeat the experiments which had been demonstrated. A short time later, he had the good fortune of attending four lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, one of his father's customers. At these lectures, he also took notes and later sent them to Prof. Davy in a fuller form.

At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he became a journeyman book-binder. But Faraday was not satisfied, he wanted to devote himself entirely to science, so under the encouragement of his friend, Mr. Dance, he wrote to Sir Humphrey Davy for a position, enclosing the notes on his lectures. Davy wrote him a kind reply, and arranged for an interview. In this he advised Faraday to stick to his trade, that science was a hard task-mistress, and held out but poor reward. But Faraday was not discouraged. He was not satisfied to go back to his trade, but there was no alternative, it was either book-binding or starve.

Fortunately, however, not long afterwards, Sir Humphrey Davy was forced to discharge his laboratory assistant for neglect of duty. This was Faraday's opportunity. He was offered the position at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, which he readily accepted. It was his duty to set up the apparatus for lectures, to keep the instruments clean, to report all breakage in the laboratory, to keep a diary of all apparatus, instruments, etc., and, in short, to make himself useful around the lecture-room. His predecessor had complained of the amount of work required, but Faraday performed his tasks so diligently that he was soon allowed to take part in the experiments going on in the laboratory. During the first month or two of his employment, while experiment on explosives, Davy suffered from four or five explosions. This branch became so dangerous that later Davy had to give it up.

Having secured his post at the Royal Institute, Faraday had his lifework before him. He was daily occupied by chemistry, but did not limit himself to this one branch. In order to broaden his scientific learning, he applied and was admitted to the Philosophical Society of London. This society met once a week, to discuss questions of science and philosophy. Although the society's youngest member, yet he soon became its leader.

In 1813 Faraday went abroad with Davy, as assistant in experiments. The tour, which lasted a year and a half, was full of vivid interest to the youth. After his return, Faraday delivered seven lectures on chemistry before the City Philosophical Society.

His earliest scientific discoveries were in chemistry. In this study, he discovered two chlorides of carbon; made several experiments on the diffusion of gases; succeeded in liquefying several gases; and invented a new glass for optical purposes.

But Faraday's chemical discoveries however important, were completely overshadowed by his revelations in electricity. His greatest discovery and indeed the most important practical discovery in the whole realm of electricity, was that of the induction effect of a current of electricity on a neighboring circuit. This was accomplished by the highest and most persistent of experimental work. In 1824, he arrived at the conclusion that an electric current might be obtained by the motion of a magnet. Jersted had discovered electro-magnetism, but Faraday made the conclusion.

In spite of his persuasion that a magnet would produce by induction an electrical current, and the further step that a current in one wire would induce a current in another, experiments in seven years had brought him very little nearer to the actual demonstration of this important principle. Finally in 1831 he obtained the first evidence of his great discovery, that an electric current can induce another in a different circuit. The discovery meant a great deal for him, yet he hesitated to believe in his own success. About a month after his discovery he wrote to his friend Phillips: "I am busy just now, again on electro-magnetism, and think I have a hold of a good thing, but cannot say. It may be a weed instead of a fish that, after all my labors, I may at last pull up." But this did not prove to be a weed, for, a week later he accomplished his first successful experiment. In regard to the discovery, Clerk Maxwell in his sketch of Faraday in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, says: "This was of course a great triumph and nobody appreciated the fact better than Faraday himself, who had been working at this problem for many years. One of his

first problems, that he had set himself, in his note book, when a young man, was to convert magnetism into electricity and this he had done. Within a month of the time of his first successful experiment, he succeeded in obtaining induction currents by means of the earth's magnetism. Within a year he took the further immense step of obtaining a spark from the induced current. This would have ordinarily seemed impossible, since sparks occur only if the electromotive force is very high, and it was very low in his induced currents. He found, however, that if the circuit of wire, in which a current was flowing, is broken a little bridge of metallic vapor is formed, across which the electric sparks leaps. The difficulty with the experiment was to break the circuit during the extremely short period which the current is flowing. Faraday succeeded in doing this, and as a result, obtained the first germ of the electric light. When he demonstrated this experiment by a very ingenious apparatus at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, all were deeply interested, yet probably no one, even the most sanguine of the scientists present, thought for a moment that they saw the beginning of a far-reaching revolution of all the lighting of the world." Thus you see that Faraday accomplished his first experiment after years of unsuccessful attempts. As Ampere's memory was his striking characteristic, perseverance was Faraday's distinctive quality. An example of his unrelenting spirit was shown during one of his experiments. It seemed that a small piece of glass, a part of an instrument, had fallen on the floor. He made many vain attempts to pick it up. "Never mind," said his companion, "it is not worth the trouble." "Well, Murray," replied Faraday, "I don't like to be beaten by something I have once tried to do."

When not experimenting, Faraday's great tendency was to measure things. He determined that it required 800,000 charges of his large battery of Leyden jars to decompose one gram of water. He showed that the amount of any compound decomposed was directly proportional to the quantity of electricity which passed through the electrolyte. He also demonstrated that substances closely related chemically are also related to one another in the amount of electricity required to bring about the decomposition of their various compounds.

Inventors and promoters of useful inventions, often benefited by the advice of Faraday. An instance of this was told by Mr. Cyrus W. Fields. At the commencement of the great enterprise to connect America and Europe by telegraphic cables, Mr. Fields sought the advice of Faraday, but was told that the undertaking

was not likely to be successful. But Fields was not discouraged. He begged Faraday to make the necessary experiments. The famous experimentalist agreed. Soon afterwards, Faraday reported to Fields that the undertaking could be done, but an instantaneous message could not be obtained. "How long will it take?" inquired Fields. "Oh, perhaps a second." "Well, that's fast enough for me," concluded the American, who proceeded and accomplished the enterprise.

In life few men were happier than Faraday. He gave up the ordinary ambition of men, to make money, in order to devote his undivided time to Science. He lived a long life of peace, occupied entirely by his work. He began his battle for sustenance at the tender age of thirteen, and continued unceasingly for nearly sixty years. In 1861 he wrote to the managers of the Royal Institute a letter of resignation as follows:

"I entered the Royal Institute in March, 1813, nearly forty-nine years ago, and, with the exception of a comparatively short period, during which time I was abroad on the continent with Sir H. Davy, I have been with you ever since. During that time I have been most happy in your kindness and in the fostering care which the Royal Institute has bestowed upon me. Thank God, first for all gifts! I have next to thank you and your predecessors for the unswerving encouragement and support which you have given me, during that period. My life has been a happy one and all I desired. During its progress I have tried to make a fitting return for it to the Royal Institute, and through it to Science. But the progress of years, having brought forth the period of development and that of maturity, has ultimately produced for me that of gentle decay. This has taken place in such a manner as to make the evening of life a pleasure, for while increasing physical weakness occurs, a full share of health, free from pain is granted with it, and while memory and certain other faculties of the mind diminish, my good spirits and cheerfulness do not diminish with them."

From childhood until disabled by age and sickness, he was a devout member of the sect founded by Robert Sandemar. He was a confirmed believer in the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. On a few occasions he filled the position of elder at his church.

For nearly five years after his resignation he faced death, yet it did not banish his cheerfulness of mind. Although he suffered the loss of his memory, yet it did not affect his good

spirits. On August the twenty-fifth, 1867, the world's greatest experimentalist and genius of electricity passed away.

Faraday did much for science and justly deserves a place among the world's greatest scientists. Being handicapped by his lowly birth and poor education, he overcame all obstacles and mounted to the highest rung on the ladder of Science. He was a perfect model of perseverance, self-sacrifice and congeniality. His life shows, what one though battling against odds, may do if he is ambitious, energetic and persevering.

MAGGIE TULLIVER

F. C. HANGSTERFER '18

Maggie Tulliver is portrayed by George Eliot as vividly as if she were a living soul, thus being entitled to rank as a great literary creation. When we finish reading "The Mill on the Floss" we feel as though she were one of our most intimate friends, for we know her thoughts, feelings and affections, and even her very soul. After all, what is meant by saying that we know a person? It means that we are acquainted with his innermost feelings and desires, we know something of that which he holds sacred, and it is only when we are bound to a person through some such tie that we may say we know him. In "The Mill on the Floss" we learn of everything which works and influences the passions of Maggie Tulliver, and hence we can say that we know her as an intimate friend.

We see from the first that she is ever seeking to love and to be loved. This seems to be the one aim of her life. There is nothing which brings to her more pleasure than to lavish her love on some one, and to be the object of sincere affection.

When we first meet her she has a little world of love in her home. Her whole and entire thoughts are centered around her father and brother; around her father because he is the only one who shows her any affection in her little trials and tribulations; he calls her his "little wench" and other endearing terms, which please her beyond expression. She always goes to her father when she is in trouble and always receives sympathy and comfort from him. And the thought alone of her brother Tom

rouses her affections to the highest pitch. She would do anything in her power for him, and would do anything to prevent an occurrence which would bring displeasure to him. To illustrate her deep and immeasurable love for her brother, let us take for example the incident in her childhood when, through forgetfulness, she allowed his rabbits to die, the thought of Tom being angry with her was more to her than the loss of the rabbits. She even offered him all the money she had saved if he would only forgive her, and when he would not it made her feel very wretched, and going to the attic she cried out her anger and wreaked vengeance on a rag doll. After she had spent some time there without her absence being noticed by anyone she determined to stay there until she starved, rather than resist her pride and go down stairs, but she did not hold this thought in her mind very long; she could not, her loving nature would not allow it. Finally love triumphed over pride and she started down stairs, but upon hearing someone approach she stopped and waited; when she saw it was Tom she immediately rushed up to him, and throwing her tender arms around his neck, begged his forgiveness.

Had she known that Tom had come for her because their father told him to, she would not have appreciated it nearly so much, for she did not crave that kind of love; she wanted that love which comes from the heart alone. This passion of love being so deeply rooted in her soul she seeks its satisfaction throughout her entire life.

And so we always find poor Maggie shunning ridicule and trying to satisfy her inordinate hunger for love. We find her one moment towering to inestimable heights and the next sinking into the darkest and deepest pits of despair. After such a transition as this she is her own worst enemy; she verily hates herself for living.

It is also plainly visible that Maggie inherited her father's feeling for people. This is evident by the occurrence between Mr. Tulliver and the Moss family. After the miller had left Mrs. Moss in tears he could not bear the thought of it on account of fearing that some day Maggie would be treated unkindly by Tom; so we find him going back to the Moss farm, where he retracts his words and ever after is willing to suffer than be the cause of his sister suffering. We also find this same trait in Maggie several times, fearing lest she should injure some person's feelings she surrenders things which would otherwise be of great pleasure to her.

It is easily seen that she did not love Philip Wakem, still his company afforded her much pleasure, because he talked about things which she loved and things which worked on her finer feelings. Consequently those little walks and talks with him brought her much light-hearted enjoyment, but rather than bring displeasure to her father she gave up all intercourse with Philip. This was quite a sacrifice for Maggie, for although she knew that an end would have to come to these clandestine meetings with Philip sooner or later, it was almost the only real pleasure she had in her short life, but in order to please her father she renounces Philip entirely, and thus denies herself of much enjoyment, all on account of a petty whim of her father's, because he said Philip's father was a dishonest lawyer, and therefore Philip must of necessity be bad and corrupted.

In Maggie we find one of the most loving creatures ever portrayed to us by the pen of a writer; her mind is filled with the loftiest and most sublime feelings at one moment, and although at the next she may sink into the depths of despair she is ever a loving soul and ready to befriend her fellow-men.

A FESTAL WISH

*Time again has rolled around
This beautiful feast to you,
Angels have copied another year
E'en started to print the new.*

*Time is a master stern and bold;
He writes on the walls of kings;
He touches the face of beauty fair;
He levels all creatures and things.*

*Some he clasps with his mailed glove;
Some feel but the touch of his hand;
Some old in years are young in heart;
Sweet flowers to brighten our land.*

*My wish for you, as the years roll on,
Is when the Master calls,
He will find that Time has but kissed your cheek—
A lily to deck His halls.*

—D. O. F.

HOW?

*"You ask me how I gave
My heart to Christ.
I do not know.
There came a yearning for Him
In my soul—so long ago.
I found earth's flowerets
Would fade and die—
I wept for something
That could satisfy;
And then, and there—somehow
I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart
To Him in prayer.
I do not know,
I cannot tell you how;
I only know
He is my Savior now."*

—Ex.



THE VIATORIAN

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

In the enterprising city of Chicago, the still more enterprising superintendent of schools wishes to introduce into all the schools sewing classes for the boy students.

What Next?

She says that it is as necessary for boys to know how to sew as it is for girls. Why is it absolutely necessary for them to know how to sew?

Does it help them in after life? Is it conducive to their success? Absolutely no,—and the idea of teaching boys to sew is rather grotesque. In order to give time for a sewing class boys will lose work that they actually need, work that develops the intellect, work that fits them for after life. What studies, that is, those not absolutely necessary for a boy, will she relegate to a second position or place on the elective list? A suggestion would be mathematics, or perhaps English; of what use are these to a man if he is an accomplished tailor? Is Chicago going to cease sending forth men for the business and professional world and start its men sewing for a living? Let us hope that, though the superintendent may be ill advised in this, the Board of Education will not be so, let us hope, that it is made up of keen, intellectual men who know that the boy is in school for six hours a day and

that this is even too little time for him to learn all that he really ought to know, without the addition of useless fads. They surely will see that the school is not the place to experiment upon with fanatical notions and that the studies to be taught today are the same, fundamentally, as the studies that were taught in the little old red school house of yesterday.

The year nineteen hundred and fifteen has been ushered in and nineteen fourteen has taken its place in the annals of history.

What does the new mean to you, as a student?

**Success or
Failure?**

Does this new year open bright and gladsome before you, representing the last lap of a school year, during which you have worked earnestly and labored industriously, or does its coming forecast shadows of woe and utter failure, due to your own negligence and indolence? To the students who have conscientiously applied themselves to their studies, we have little to say other than to wish them God-speed and the greatest of success, but to those who have not worked, we wish to try to reach them through this editorial. If you have squandered your time it is not yet too late to make amends; a concentrated effort on your part will enable you to do this. Success or failure! which? It is within your power to have either. You admire and revere the man who is a success, nay, you even envy him, and still you disregard and cast aside that which would give you what he possesses; you follow the lines of least resistance; instead of overcoming obstacles you lie down beside them and despair. But it is not too late to repair the damage done by your indolence; an honest effort on your part to do your level best and to keep steadfastly before your mind the fruits of labor contrasted with the fruits of indolence, will ultimately bring success. So, those for whom the coming of new year meant nothing but a stepping stone in the pathway of failure, we urge most earnestly to bear in mind that it is not too late, and that they can yet enter the ranks of the successful.

HANKISMS

F. C. H. '18

A person who covets a "bone of contention" certainly must belong to the canine family.

Regardless of the railroad's recent increase in passenger rates they remain the same to Heaven—just follow the "right-of-way."

Don't try to drown your troubles in a glass because they start to "come up" again about the time you think they are dead.

People in glass houses should not have a "family skeleton."

If someone has your goat don't try to "butt."

Some savings banks "fail" to save—for the men higher up.

French is a "romance language." English must be too, from the looks of the marriage records.

Some men's feet are the extent of their knowledge; they have a good "foundation."

A firm is bankrupt when the creditors become the directors.

The world may owe you a living, but lest you starve, remember there are many debts that are never paid.

Queer how much liquor is used in dry towns—for medicinal purposes.

Don't have too many unnecessary knots in the rope and you will be able to make "ends meet" all right.

If you try to make "every minute count" you will soon find out that they are *some counters*.

Don't you think it about time to introduce your New Year resolutions to your last summer's straw hat, or have you attended to that part of it?

Have you heard the story about the electric chair? "Shocking," isn't it?

Strange that a silver dollar won't "go around" any farther than a paper one.

"I never did believe in penitentiaries; please accept my pardon."

E X C H A N G E S

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

One more year has been ushered into the halls of the past by old Father Time, and a new one is in our midst. To all our ex's we wish a felicitous twelfth-month and much success in the toilsome field of journalism. If, in your growing crop, you find that the tares and thistles are running to seed, take courage and pluck out the noxious weeds, or, as Hamlet says, "By opposing, end them." We hope, in our humble way, to note a few of the undesirables and shall be happy in the thought of any service we may render.

As we looked over "*The Patrician*," from Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio, we felt that the Aquinasians were not working at the usual high power during the month of December. Perhaps the thoughts of those long-awaited Christmas holidays were looming up in the mind too often and assuming such proportions as to make the best work impossible. We confess that it is hard to keep everlastingly at it, especially when the time of Christmas festivities is near at hand. The essay for this issue is a critique of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." The author has fallen into the error of giving a little too much of a rehash and not enough of original thought. But much is forgiven him because he loved much. He shows a delicate sensitiveness to the beauty of the masterpiece. Carlyle says, "We are all poets when we read a poem well," and the force of his words was brought home to us when we found the next article, "A Hymn," was written by the author of the criticism of the "Ode on the Nativity." The poem gives us an aesthetic description of the coming of the

Savior. The Christmas story following is so very hackneyed that it weakens rather than adds anything to the issue and it would have been better omitted. The idea of poor, hungry newsboys catching runaways and eventually being adopted by the grateful owner of the fiery steeds has, like many other things, had its day. Let it rest in peace! We compliment the editor-in-chief. He is giving something that is worth while to his readers. The cuts, especially Correggio's "Holy Night," are very attractive. No exchange items appear, but we suppose this was to give more room to the jokesmith, or almost anyone else. May the New Year see you improving by leaps and bounds, Aquinians!

It is always with pleasure that we hear the flutter of the wings of the "*Young Eagle*," as it comes flying in from its eyrie at St. Clara College. The articles are all rather too short to permit of a display of the writers' ability. "The Greater Light" has the Christmas atmosphere about it and is the best story of the paper. We suggest that contribs to the "*Young Eagle*" make strenuous efforts to deal with their subjects at greater length. Almost anyone of them could be treated more fully. Four or five bits of verse, notably the slightly irregular Italian sonnet, "Christmas," strengthen the issue. If the author of the last named piece is a student of the college she is certainly to be complimented upon having mastered such a difficult poetic form. The experiment with the anapest was used to advantage.

Evidently from the tone and temper of the exchange column in the "*Niagara Index*" the editor uses the position to which he has been appointed for rather personal ends. His attack on "*The Collegian*" and "*The Morning Star*" might have made Messrs. Swift, Dryden, Pope & Co., dealers in barbed shafts of sarcasm, green-eyed with jealousy. This is distinctly a perversion of the aim and end of an exchange column. We hope that the worthy editor will make a New Year resolution. Two fine essays appear, "The World Purposeful" and "The World Wonderful." In admirably clear and beautiful style the necessity for the existence of God and the purpose of creation are discussed in the former, and the possibility and probability of miracles considered in the latter.

"*The Columbiad*," of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, is one of the breeziest of our visitors. No one could accuse "*The Columbiad*" of not giving detailed accounts of all the "doings" in the athletic department. Indeed, there is a preponderance here over all other departments. The Christmas stories are the best offerings in the number. The versifier in his effort, "The Triple Entente," tells in a facetious original way of the union of the sun, the moon, and Mt. Hood to work havoc in the ranks of would-be poets. "The Death" is a cleverly-handled satire on "wishy-washy" sentimental novels and "movies." A serious essay should appear in your pages now and then to give your paper more stability.

Christmas is a great season for the poets and rightly so. No more beautiful theme presents itself to the poet's mind than the coming of the Savior. We found our task of choosing what we considered the best poem for the month among our exchanges, a very difficult one. After careful consideration we believe the effort of Leo E. McGivena, '16, of Loyola University, to be the best. It shows fine imagery and is worthy of the pen of a professional. It is in the form of a Shakesperian sonnet and is entitled "When Christ Was Born."

*"The fitful, sobbing wind threnes of the barren night
Play on adown deep corridors of starless skies;
Wild wind notes of a cosmic flute in wailing flight
To spirit ears afar in space, with every rise
Of wavering gale, the great blasts sway and bend
The forest's stubborn trees in loud antophony,
That quavers oft into a soft diminuend.*

*"And then a single star began its symphony
Above the crib, and poured a flood of silent song
O'er all the world, and stilled earth's throbbing violence
To mute, expectant calm. The hidden stars erelong
Showered o'er the firmament a gold beneficence
Of light, and choirs invisible kept up till morn
Continual chant of peace and joy * * * when He was born."*

Much pleasure has been afforded us by the perusal of the following exchanges and hope to have the pleasure of reviewing them in our column during the course of the coming year:

Canisius Monthly, St. Vincent College Journal, University of Ottawa Review, Fordham Monthly, Franciscan Herald, Pacific Star, The Helianthos, The Mountaineer, The University Symposium, St. Anselm's College Monthly, The College Spokesman, St. Mary's Messenger, Records of American Catholic Historical Society, The Wabash, The Duquesne Monthly, The Solonian, Purple and Gray Magazine, Carroll Echoes, The Abbey Student, St. John's University Record, The Nazarene, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Field Afar, The Extension, Benziger's Magazine, The Young Eagle, The Ignatian, Loretto Magazine, The Collegian, The Missionary, The Redwood, The Creighton Chronicle, The Catholic University Bulletin, St. Ursula's Quarterly, The Laurel, The Columbiad, Villa Sancta Scholastica, The Magnificat, The Loyola University Magazine, The Exponent, The Georgetown College Journal, The McMaster University, The Gonzaga, The Buff and Blue, The Fleur de Lis, The Patrician, The Laburum, The L'Ami des Sourds Muets.

PERSONALS

The Rev. President, J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., recently had the pleasure of entertaining Rev. J. Martin of Glenwood, Ill.

Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C.S.V., left last month for San Antonio, Texas, where he will enjoy a much-needed rest during the winter months.

Under the direction of Professor Frank E. McGovern, our anticipation of well conducted physical culture classes has been realized. The four groups are progressing splendidly in their fancy drills and their success bids fair to make physical culture a permanent fixture in the institution.

Mr. Frank Monahan, '10, is now the "daddy" of a bouncing baby boy, Jeremiah Matthew. We will anxiously await the enrolling of his son at S. V. C. we expect he will equal, if not surpass, his father in athletic activities.

The semi-annual examinations were held on January the 27th and 28th. Many of the examined afterwards remarked that the retreat was a fitting culmination to such an ordeal.

The baseball war now waging among the major league magnates was fully explained to us by Mr. Edward Stock, '09, a member of the Chicago "Cubs" baseball team. Eddie visited the college to renew old acquaintances and incidentally to attend the ordination services of his old classmate, Father Maguire. Bert O'Connell, another loyal son of St. Viator, accompanied Eddie.

Bernard McCarthy, '08, was a recent visitor at the college. Ben is comfortably located with a plumbing company in Chicago.

Robert McGuire, '14, who is now attending Notre Dame University, spent some pleasant hours recently among his old teachers and friends. "Bob" is looking fine, but regrets that he is not with us.

Rev. J. P. Parker, Chebanse, Ill., Rev. P. Dufault of St. Joseph's Church, Chicago, and Rev. J. Berard of St. Anne, Ill., were entertained at the college during the past month.

ALUMNI NOTES

James Brundage, '10-12, has just completed his course at the Art Institute in Chicago and is now connected with one of the largest art firms in that city.

Word has been received from George Rooney, '12-14, to the effect that he is now employed at the Chicago Board of Trade. No doubt George is in with the "rest" of the brokers who are trying to corner wheat.

Matthew Kiley, '13-14, is at present working for his brother in Chicago, who is manager of the Board of Education.

Arthur Shea, '10-14, has departed for Memphis, Tenn., where he will take charge of his father's business at that point.

We are in receipt of information from Daniel Quinn, '11-14, that he has entered the real estate business. Evidently Dan does not think much of the saying, that things are "dirt cheap."

Eugene Leinen, '10-13, is now employed in the corporation counsel's office in Chicago. "Ziggie" was quite a "counselor" when he was with us on some things.

A recent report has it that W. J. Shafer, '11-13, is now manager of the LeMars City Light and Heat Co. Suppose he is trying to shed light on some things that will make it "hot" for people in his vicinity.

Clarence Jacobs, '10-12, has become a professional athletic referee. That is risky business, "Jake," but you always were a pretty good speed merchant.

Norman Blanchaine, '10-13, is now associated with his father in the drug business at Laporte City, Ia. Seems as though "Blanch" always could "get the dope" on a fellow.

Our old friend, Howard Rowan, '11-12, is at present engaged in the insurance business at Seattle, Wash. The only trouble with your business, Howard, is that you take a fellow's money from him while he is alive and give it back when he dies.

Cyril Kelly, '10-13, is now pursuing a course in dentistry at Chicago. A person has to have quite a "pull" to follow that profession. How about it, "Red?"

Lawrence Ward, A.B., '14, who was recently connected with the Peoria Journal, has resigned his position and returned to Otterbein, Ind., his home, where he will engage in business.

And still another from our midst seeks to please the public by talking to them from behind the "foot-lights." Christopher Burkhartsmeier is now studying dramatic art in Chicago. "Chris" has a natural inclination for Shakesperian plays and we hope to soon hail him as "Hamlet."

Bart McGann, '11-12, has accepted the position of assistant manager of the Shoefeldt Distillery, Peoria, Ill. Bart "always" showed remarkable executive ability.

George Hornmuth is now studying dentistry at the University of Marquette. "Jinx" will show you how to get the ivories with or without gas.

Among the recent changes in the Chicago diocese we note that Rev. Pugny of Bradley, Ill., was appointed pastor of St. Louis Church, Chicago, to succeed Rev. Father Fortin, resigned, on

account of ill health. Rev. Wm. Granger, assistant pastor at St. Rose Church, Kankakee, will succeed Father Pugny as pastor of the Bradley Church.

O B I T U A R I E S

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

The faculty and students of St. Viator wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies to Mr. Richard Hickey in the recent loss of his father, Mr. Thomas Hickey. May his soul rest in peace.

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Alexander Burke, the beloved father of Rev. Edmund Burke and Mr. Alexander Burke, two old and beloved students of St. Viator. God have mercy on his soul.

During the past month God saw fit to call the soul of Mr. Thomas Gordon to his final reward. The faculty and students therefore wish to extend to Mr. Raymond Gordon, '14, their sincere sympathies in the loss of his beloved father.

I N T E R A L I A

Following the Second Quarterly Examination the annual retreat conducted by the Passionist, Father Henry was opened Thursday evening, January 28th. Fr. Henry's talks were eminently practical and instructive, and must be productive of much good. The retreat ended on Monday morning, February 1st, with celebration of Solemn High Mass and the Papal benediction.

The High School English students, under the direction of Prof. Reilly, are preparing arguments to be delivered in the first try-outs for the High School Debating Team. Debates have been arranged with St. Cyrils of Chicago and with Kankakee High School and probably a few more will be arranged before the close of the year.

On January 12th Rev. Father Bergin announced to the Collegiate Department the subject for the first debate, "It is Resolved, that Employers and Employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting public welfare through a legally constituted board of arbitration." A triangular debate with Notre Dame University, Detroit University and St. Viator has been arranged, and considering the question at issue, some highly interesting arguments should be presented. Both Notre Dame and Detroit have strong reputations in debating and the candidates for the team know that victory means hard study and preparation. All feel hopeful, however, that the picked team will be able to "hold its own" with Detroit and to increase the lead of St. Viator over Notre Dame by one more victory.

**Varsity
Debating
Team**

On January 20th and 21st, 1915, at the Gaiety Theatre, Kankakee, the local Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, presented for the first time on any stage, "The Inheritance," written by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V. The cast was selected from the best amateur talent in Kankakee, and gave an exceptionally good interpretation to roles of a very good play. The particular stars were Miss D. Des Laurier, Mrs. P. LaFord, Mr. A. E. Smith and Mr. T. D. Sullivan. The parts taken by Misses Munich and Mallaney and Mr. F. Crapo and Clarence Speicher were also well played. Mr. E. J. Des Laurier in the comedy role of Toph deserves special mention. One of the most enjoyable parts of the play was the dancing number by Miss D. LeCour and Prof. F. G. McGovern.

The play was produced under the direction of Father Sheridan and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, to whom much credit is due for the successful presentation.



ATHLETICS

VIATOR 27 ARKANSAS 19

On Thursday night, December 17th, the 'Varsity played its first game of the season, defeating the Arkansas Aggies by a score of 27-19. Coach St. Aubin's men showed up well. Capt. Lawler started the scoring, making a basket the first minute of play. Flynn and McGee, at forwards, treated the fans to some fast teamwork, while Dondonville and Clancy, the new men, managed to obtain applause from the fans.

Lineup and summary:

McGee.....	R. F.	Bethume
Flynn	L. F.	Allsopp-Scott
Dondonville.....	C.	Hammond
Lawler, Capt.....	R. G.	Loony
Clancy.....	L. G.	Williams

Goals from Field—McGee, 4; Flynn, 2; Lawler, 3; Dondonville, 2; Clancy, 1; Hammond, 3; Loony, 2; Scott, 1; Bethume, 1.

Free Throws—Lawler, 3; Bethume, 4; Hammond, 1.

EASTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL VS. VIATOR

Viator's basket-ball team traveled down to Charleston, Ill., only to be surprised by the speedy local tossers who held the collegians to a 41 to 22 score. Remarkable guarding by the locals held Viator in check. McGee starred for the 'Varsity, making five baskets, while Flynn and Dondonville came to his assistance, making three apiece.

The line-up and summary:

Viator		Eastern Ill. Normal.
Flynn.....	R. F.	Anderson
McGee.....	L. F.	Hamton
Dondonville.....	C.	Kruse
Lawler-Roache.....	R. G.	Houser
Clancy.....	L. G.	Wilson

Baskets—McGee, 5; Flynn, 3; Wilson, 3; Kruse, 1; Hamton, 3; Dondonville, 3; Anderson, 8; Houser, 1.

Free Throws—Anderson, 9.

Referee—Hardin.

WHEATON 18 vs. VIATOR 33

With the unexpected return of Gartland, our last year's star, St. Viator's basket-ball squad managed to defeat Wheaton college, 33 to 18. Viator's squad put up a much more aggressive and classier exhibition in this contest than in their previous performances. McGee, with superior skill and speed, broke through the defense of the visitors and started the scoring, tossing five baskets. The work of Capt. Lawler was creditable, he netted 15 points. On free throws he scored 7 out of eight chances. The Cork brothers, forwards for Wheaton, won the admiration of the fans by making several spectacular plays. Superior basket shooting netted Viator the larger score.

Wheaton 18 vs. Viator 33

L. Cork.....	R. F.	McGee
H. Cork.....	L. F.	Gartland-Flynn
Evans.....	C.	Dondonville
Fischer-Twig.....	L. G.	Lawler
Brooks.....	R. G.	Clancy

Goals from field—McGee, 5; Lawler, 4; Flynn, 2; Evans, 2; Gartland, 1; Dondonville, 1; L. Cork, 1; H. Cork, 1; Brooks, 1.

Free Throws—Lawler, 7; L. Cork, 8.

VIATOR H. S. 26 BUCKINGHAM H. S. 9

The High School team started their winning streak by defeating Buckingham High School quintet of Buckingham, Ill., 26 to 9. Tiffin and Clancy featured on the offensive, tossing baskets from every angle. Sinnott, of last year's squad, also showed his old time form and skill at center.

Viator H. S. 26—Buckingham H. S. 9.

R. Tiffin.....	R. F.	Miller
C. Clancy	L. F.	Clayton
J. Sinnott	C.	Peterson
T. Hackett.....	R. G.	Cyres
P. Kelly	L. G.	Mutt

Baskets—Tiffin, 7; Clancy, 5; Sinnott, 1; Miller, 1; Clayton, 2; Peterson, 1.

Free Throw—Mutt, 1.

THE SHIP

*Down around the poolroom when the ships come in,
With hustle, with bustle an' clatter an' din,
Lynch kind o' puffin' an' a blowin' off his steam,
Lawler sort of fussin an' a cussin at his team,
Johnson begging smoking an' a shoutin' out the news,
Another one a tellin' how he*
'Taint like any other school 'at I have ever been,
Down around the poolroom when the ships come in!*

—The Unknown.

*—deleted by censor.



V I A T O R I A N A

Said "Red McGee to Dondonville:
 "Suppose the 'Varsity Five we fill."
 Said Dondonville to "Red" McGee:
 "We'll have some team, you wait and see,"

And "Red McGee and Dondonville,
 Set out to look for Lawler (Bill).
 "Now, Lawler (Bill)," said "Red" McGee,
 "You're Captain of our 'Varsity."

"Oh! very well," said Lawler (Bill),
 "I'll sign both you and Dondonville,
 I know another lad named Roache,
 And we can make McDonald coach."

But at the time set to begin
 Along came little Emmet Flynn.
 "What ho!" he cried, "What's all this for?"
 And Clancy opened up the door.

And who should appear but Kokomo,
 And then they started on the go;
 Then Lawler said to "Red" McGee,
 "We'll have some team, you wait and see."

And so they practised night and day,
 And not a man would keep away.
 Their spirit is "to do or die,"
 And they will do—or they'll know why,

With "Red" McGee and Dondonville,
 And Emmet Flynn and Lawler (Bill),
 With Clancy, Kokomo, and Roache,
 And their advisor—Mac, the coach,

There is no doubt they'll sweep the floor
 And win all games for Viator
 Thus it is we all agree—
 We have some team as you can see.

Recently one of our English students, also a dancing-bug—was writing a composition on a “Linnett.” “He is so small,” he wrote, “that we can hardly distinguish him, while dancing among the leaves.” I just mention this to show how easily it is for one to get by. Now I would censure him severely were it not for the fact that he himself is a dancing bug, and there are more like him around—who never leave.

* * * *

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of the ocean bear.”
Full many a youth will swear that black is green
When caught with cigarette smoke in his lair.

* * * *

Ed.—You wouldn’t think I was offered a thousand a week for writing jokes—would you?

Stud—No—were you?

Ed.—No—but that wouldn’t stop you from thinking it.

* * * *

There was a lad in our school and he was wondrous wise
He “palled around” with Shakespeare and knew all the famous
guys

But in a frenzied dream one night, some language did he spill
And he got canned—for who would think that he was quoting
Bill.

This—I’ll admit as far-fetched as the edition he quoted—
“Say, fellows—if we keep on we’ll have St. Viator Dance.”

* * * *

“Gwan I never said it,” sez the fellow in distress.

’Twas an awful argument—but the fellow who took the side
opposite to Sherman sure got something.

* * * *

We have no doubt that it pays a fellow to swear off after the
dream one of our former editors had.

* * * *

No offense, Kerwin, no offense.

The time is now approaching,
 When you fellows will need coaching
 For it's rapidly approaching
 With head bent

When it's here get 'neath the awning
 For they'll call you every morning
 When the day is just a dawning
 During Lent.

From the Palace of Slang—
 "Stir your talk—it's lumpy."
 "Get under the awning."
 "Stay down here where you belong."
 "Come on back—there's nobody home."
 "Paint your knob, its rusty."

* * * *

My wife's gone to the West Indies."
 "Jamaica?"
 "No—she wanted to go."

* * * *

Speaking about our little basketball forward, I heard some
 one say: Oh, My! but He's small."

Now I would like to inform that party, that this was taken
 from the Latin which when properly translated should read—

"He's small—but—Oh, My!"

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