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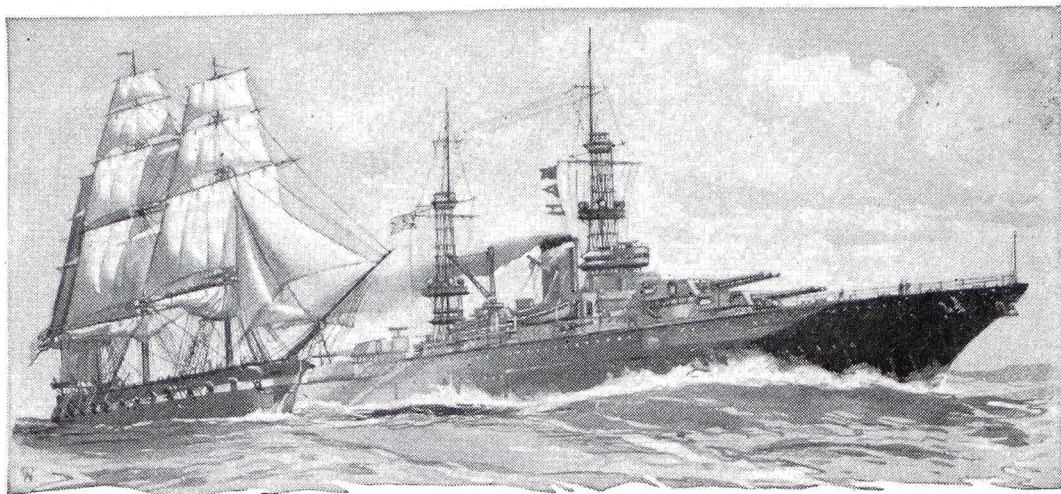
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# The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 37

Fall Number, 1919

Number 1

ON September 24, Very Rev. William J. Bergin, C. S. V., became the fifth president of St. Viator College, upon the retirement of the Very Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., who has resumed the pastorate of St. Viator Church, Chicago. There is no man better qualified to be president of St. Viator College, and none more deserving of that office than Father Bergin. He is qualified because of his brilliant talents and his studious disposition; he is deserving because for twenty-three years he has unstintingly devoted his vigorous health, his splendid talents, and his superb manhood to the service of the institution over which he now presides.

The record of Father Bergin is an enviable one. Ever since coming to St. Viator College in 1896, he has labored, in various positions, for the welfare of the cause to which he had consecrated his life. As a teacher, Father Bergin merits a place among the foremost educators in this country. We believe every one of the hundreds of young men who have attended his classes will substantiate us in this statement. All will agree that Father Bergin has a remarkable faculty for presenting and making clear the most abstract truths, and for sustaining the interest of his students during every moment of class time.

Father Bergin is also one of the best known and most appreciated pulpit and platform orators in this section of the country. He was one of the men who helped to put Illinois "over the top" in connection with the Liberty Loan drives. In the cause of country, as in the cause of God, Father Bergin is equally forceful and effective.

Not only is Father Bergin successful as a teacher and public speaker, but he is also successful in what may be even a more difficult task—winning the hearts of young men. His generous, open-hearted, sincere, affectionate and unpretentious spirit has given him a warm and a lasting place in the hearts of present and former students of St. Viator College. In the days when Father Bergin was more intimately connected with the students of the college in the capacity of director of athletics, when he was developing such men as "Ed." Stack, who played with the Chicago Cubs, and Alex. McCarthy, he was known by the popular title of "The boys' friend." This one title is characteristic of our new President. He is a "man," and he wins the respect and admiration of men.





VERY REV. WILLIAM J. BERGIN, C. S. V.



We have no doubt that the college will prosper under the guidance of Father Bergin. He is a pioneer in the movement for the increase in the number of courses offered at St. Viator College, and has worked zealously to raise educational standards to as high a plane as possible. The future of St. Viator's rests in the hands of a progressive educator, who has the confidence and the support of the alumni, friends and students of the college. We look hopefully towards a bigger and a greater St. Viator.



# The Viatorian

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The retirement of the Very Rev. James F. Ryan, C. S. V., from the presidency of St. Viator College, and the succession to that office of the Very Rev. William J. Bergin, C. S. V., is a notable event in the history of St. Viator College. During his term of office, Father Ryan labored zealously to promote the welfare of this institution and met the trials and difficulties imposed on the college by the demands of war with a manly courage which never yielded to discouragement. We wish him every success in the field to which obedience calls him. The kind-hearted Father Ryan will ever be held in affectionate remembrance by the faculty and students of St. Viator College.

But while extending one hand in affectionate farewell to the retiring executive, we extend the other in most hearty welcome to his successor. To him we wish every blessing and success in his new position. Fortunate indeed is St. Viator College in having her



destinies placed in the hands of a man of the sterling worth of Father Bergin. He does not come as a stranger into our midst, as one who is unacquainted with the customs and traditions of St. Viator's, but as one who has spent practically his entire life in the service of God and the cause of Catholic education at the college that now calls him to be her chief.

Father Bergin needs no flattering introduction. He is known by all as a man eminently qualified both by education, brain power, and experience to be a leader in the field of Catholic education. His new position will but call forth a fresh measure of sacrifice from his generous spirit, which will, we are confident, place St. Viator College in the foremost rank of Catholic Colleges.

The new president assumes his important office with the warm congratulations and sincere promises of hearty support from faculty and students.

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Of the hundreds of Viator's sons who supported America's cause in the war, some few were destined to seal their devotion with their life's blood. In memory of these honored heroes, Viator has raised a fitting monument of stone and bronze, the indestructibility of which materials testifies the undying love of Alma Mater for her cherished sons. In her heart of hearts, she has engraven their names, and even though the ravages of time may play havoc with the outward sign of her feelings, still, so long as Viator endures, so long as she is capable of love will her heart cherish in fondest remembrance, "her noblest sons," those who have exemplified and brought forth in their lives, as the most generous manifestation of human greatness, the idea that: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

It was quite fitting and proper that the figure chosen as an adequate representation of the sacrifice of Viator's sons should be that of the Sacred Heart, the symbol of infinite love and of never-ending devotion to humanity's cause.

The class of 1919 deserve no less praise for their good judgment in the selection of their monument than for their zeal in bringing their project to a happy realization. Herein they showed the true spirit of Viator—a spirit which is daunted by no obstacle. Their means would not permit them to offer the necessary funds entirely from their own resources, but they deemed it no disgrace to beg laboriously the required sum from the students, alumni and friends of Viator. And this very fact has given an added value to their monument, for it represents the contributions, not of a few chosen sons of Viator, but of all those who love her. It is the concrete expression of the affection that flows like the blood of life through the veins of Viator for those whom she has loved and lost.

Surely the Sacred Heart will be mindful of all those who have thus honored Him. He will extend His hands in loving benediction, first over the graves of the martyred dead, secondly over those whose



thoughtfulness and labor have honored Him, and finally over all the alumni and friends of Viator whose generosity made this monument possible.

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Throughout the length and breadth of the land young children are hurrying to and fro on these beautiful autumn days. Their important-looking little faces meet one with an expression, half of joy and half of dread. There are boys and girls, too, in this throng, and young men and women—all apparently animated by the same impulse, the inborn desire of the human mind for knowledge.

School  
Days

But whither are our Catholic children going in this quest for education? Whither are our boys and girls turning for the training which will fit them for life's stern tasks or for more serious study? And where are our young men and young women—they who will be our representatives, our leaders in the professions, the arts, the sciences and the higher walks of life—seeking their enlightenment and inspiration? Is it to the public school kindergarten where children are initiated into the mystery of the numerical system only to know how to count the sordid wealth of this world? Or, is it to the Catholic school, where the servant of God uses equal if not more care to teach the numerical system, and at the same time makes known to the impressionable mind of the child the mystery of the one God in three persons? It seems hardly necessary to point out to Catholic people that the latter school, and not the former, is the one for our children.

But why make such a fuss about sending our young children to Catholic schools? Surely their very innocence is a protection to them and they are safe wherever they go? On the contrary, if there is any age at which Catholics need the influences of their religion in a particular manner it is the age of childhood, for then it is that their plastic minds are most susceptible to permanent impressions. If a young child be impressed with the necessity and importance of saving his soul, and with the malice and enormity of sin, he will never entirely forget this great lesson.

Father Duffy, the famous war chaplain, substantiates this statement very forcibly. When he was asked how the religious training of the soldiers manifested itself, when they were about to go into action, he said he found it to be the rule that the men faced battle and the possibility of sudden death with just about the religious training they had received at their mother's knee in childhood; and if they had not received any religious training during that period of their lives, then they faced death without any thought of religion or God. Surely the opinion and the observation of a man like Father Duffy is worth considering, especially when it is supported by the opinion of every Catholic teacher.

But to say it is more important that our children should receive Catholic training than their older brothers and sisters does not mean that the education of our boys and girls, and of our young men and



women is of no importance, or only a minor affair. There is no age that can withdraw itself from the influences of religion without suffering therefrom. It is true that it is of the most vital importance to lay a solid foundation of education for our people, but it is no less necessary to build thereon a structure which is modelled on religious lines.

In an age when atheism, materialism, and every other sort and species of "ism" are in control of our secular institutions, we cannot afford to expose the flower of our manhood and womanhood to the influence of these teachings. If we do, what assurance have we that our so-called Catholic physicians and lawyers will be guided in their practice by the correct principles of Catholic philosophy and theology? What proof have we that the man or woman who has studied diligently during college days under a materialistic professor will not be guided by the teachings of that professor in the great affairs of life? The seed that is sown will surely bring forth fruit, and if we sow cockle, we must not expect to reap wheat.

For the great majority of our Catholic people this warning is unnecessary. At the cost of great sacrifices they are sending their children by the thousand to our Catholic schools and colleges. But to those who are not doing so, or those who are doing so reluctantly, we say they cannot send their children to public schools without failing in their plain duty and exposing themselves and their children to unhappiness in later life, and eternal ruin hereafter.

---

When America's cry of distress was heard throughout our land, Viator was not slow in responding to that call. She gave generously, not only of her alumni and students, but also of her teachers. She felt full well that the call of country is the call of God; that religion and patriotism are twin sisters, and in serving the one, the other is necessarily honored. So Viator gave, and gave "until it hurt." Three of her ablest men, the Very Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., and Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., offered their services as chaplains, and were assigned to that important duty. All three men saw active service on foreign soil, and we have no doubt that their ministrations proved to be invaluable to the boys "over there."

But now our esteemed teachers have come back to us, and they are ten-fold more dear than they ever have been before. As we sorrowed over their loss, so now do we rejoice exceedingly because they are with us once again. In the year or more of their absence we learned to appreciate more accurately the worth of these men. With Father Bergin as our President, Father Maguire on the teaching staff, and Father Stephenson directing the discipline of the college, we may confidently hope for an era of great progress for St. Viator's. If even a stranger is received with open arms by Viator, what must be her joy at the return of her most distinguished sons. Yes, our returned chaplains can rest assured that the warmest welcome of Viator is theirs, and that she rejoices above measure at their safe return.



## **"Ireland---Her Ideals; May They Live Forever!"**

By J. GLEN POWERS, '21

Dusk was rushing in like a tide to engulf Stephen's Green and the gruesome, huddled heaps that littered it. The darkness was heavy and brooding, its depressing silence broken only by the desultory bursts of rifle fire. In a small room overlooking the square a man sat with rifle between knees but body relaxed in utter fatigue. Night brought relief from the straining vigil at the window. The breathless calm fraught with impending passion pervaded the small room where the tall, broad-shouldered man sat slumped and brooding over a corpse.

Padraic O'Shea sat beside the body of his dearest friend. Though the cessation of hostilities had brought relief to a wearied body, it added fuel to the furious trend of thought. Padraic was brooding over the strange turn of Fate. To-night he was an outlaw in the land for which he was ready to die—a hunted animal fighting for life in the very room from which he had departed seven short years ago to take up his life work. In this very room he had parted from the two dearest friends of his student days, and now the two lay dead before him. Of the two, Saegen O'Burke had the strongest hold on his affection, yet he had cherished a deep feeling for Michael O'Rourke. Two weeks following graduation the three had met here for a farewell dinner before each had departed to the portion of the world that called him. At the head of the little table, now littered with the remnants of a meal and the empty cartridges, Saegen had sat with Michael on his right and Padraic on his left. Far into the night they had talked and discussed the interests nearest their hearts.

Saegen, the idealist, the dreamer, spoke gently of his land, in a voice that trembled with emotion. He was to remain in Dublin to take up his duties in a small school and labor there for the salvation of his oppressed land. Padraic and Michael loved the tall, stooped man, whose mighty soul burned with the idealism it has been given to few men to feel, but inwardly they scoffed at the idea. Padraic, the rough, the big-hearted was to sail for Africa as an engineer for a great construction company. He had always been a silent man, driven to brooding from sheer inability to express the thoughts that stirred him. His home land he loved with an intensity that only the strong can know; and in his sheer helplessness to analyze and speak his thought, he longed for the day when Ireland would strike, and he could bend his great strength in the work. His dream would be realized the day that Ireland could strike a destructive blow against the power that held her in subjection. Michael, the suave, the crafty, had been the least confidential of the trio. Despite his secretiveness,



the friendship between him and the other two men had grown. This affection had blinded Padraic and Saegen to the selfishness of his nature, which manifested itself from time to time. They found no fault in his failure to defend the cause that gripped all true Irishmen, for he was of the consular service, and a friend in that branch of the service was a valuable asset. On the morrow Michael had left for the continent to take up his work. The evening had ended with toasts. In the full glow of the now broken chandelier the stooped, gentle dreamer, with the poet's heart, had stood, and given his toast: "Ireland—her ideals; may they live forever!" The well-groomed, self-complacent Michael had said: "Ireland—may I see her among the nations of the world." The taciturn, great-hearted Padraic had almost shouted: "Ireland—death to her oppressors! May they suffer as she has suffered!" In the early dawn they had parted, each to go his separate way.

To Padraic came veiled, cautious summons to Dublin. A few short weeks had found him again on her streets seeking out the author of the summons. His many friends had soon found him a place in the confidence of the Irish leaders. The great events then brewing stirred Padriac's soul. He cared not for the logical and incontestable defense of Ireland's claims. He listened reverently to the inspired words of Pearce and McDonough and their associates; his admiration for these men was little short of worship, but he knew from experience that Ireland must exact a terrible revenge. He desired to strike in her name, to come in personal contact with the oppressor, to feel the destructive power of his own anger.

In the early morning that preceded the outbreak of the revolution, Padraic sought his lodging. He had been assigned no position, but he was to respond where the need for men would be the greatest. Late in the afternoon he was in the midst of action, and far into the night he had fought from house to house—now in counter duel with a sniper; now in the open against a small squad of the soldiery, until midnight found him on the roofs of the building bordering on Stephen's Green. At the first faint tinge of dawn he gained access to the building through the skylight. The interior was hauntingly familiar—he remembered. To the right was the room where he and his friends had met that night of long ago. He cautiously opened the door to find Saegen crouching beside the open window with an automatic in his hands. Padraic saw again the dreamer, despite the set, determined countenance; but a dreamer fighting in the defence of his dream. The greeting had been warm and short, for the day was breaking, and with the day would come the heartbreaking guerilla warfare of yesterday.

Late in the afternoon Padraic and Saegen saw a man creep cautiously from a side street and dash for the shelter of a doorway across the street. A rifle cracked from the second story. The report had come from a window in the house opposite, wherein were sheltered the snipers with whom the two Irishmen had been exchanging shots. The man stopped suddenly, reeled about and staggered for the pro-

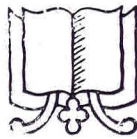


tection of the house in which the two friends were stationed. A second report followed, and the man pitched forward on his face, a short distance from the entrance to the house. "He is one of ours," Saegen whispered, "I must get him." Before the surprised Padraic could remonstrate, his companion was gone. For a moment the remaining man lost all power of action, but the surprise passed quickly with the realization of his comrade's danger, and with a curse Padraic began firing wildly at the windows across the street. He saw Saegen rush from the shelter of the doorway and grasp the fallen man. A shot rang out from a nearby roof, but Saegen stumbled on with his burden. A second shot followed. Saegen staggered, recovered himself and regained the protecting hallway. With a bound, Padraic was down the stairs and had the wounded Saegen in his arms. He carried him to the room above, and then returned to carry up the rescued man. He was dead, and the horrified Padraic found himself looking into the staring eyes of Michael. Saegen lay on the floor, propped against the wall, out of the range of snipers' bullets. Padraic laid his burden gently down and turned his troubled, questioning eyes to his companion. His friend nodded feebly: "I know but——investigate——it——may not be——fatal." But the bullet had passed through the coat over the heart. In the search the big Irishman drew from the inside pocket a large packet drenched with blood and furrowed by the bullet. His grief overwhelmed him, and abstractedly he opened a large document. The attached seal caught his eyes, and in the perusal of the first few lines a horrible truth was revealed to him. Michael had sold himself to the British powers, and in his return from some traitorous mission to the Sinn Fein headquarters, he had been probably cut off and was killed by the same people with whom he was to seek shelter. With a terrible cry Padraic leaped to his feet, and totally forgetful of his wounded companion, he began to pace the floor. The dying man opened his eyes and called softly to his infuriated friend. With a start the angry man stopped and approached the side of his friend. With a quivering voice he told of his discovery and bitterly reproached the traitor. But the dying Saegen opened his eyes, in which smouldered the fire of a patriot's devotion: "It is well, Padraic; I die happy. The dream——that——stirred my soul——that impelled me to——ceaseless study has been realized. Padraic, it is not——the British force and might——that we——must——fight, but the spirit what would rob——our land of its ideals——that would cause our people to lose sight of the——(the dying man coughed feebly). Michael was blinded.——He——was——led astray by the——by the——. But first he lost——the ideals——of——of his land. But our death means life to——the——cau——." The voice trailed feebly. "Our sacrifice——our sacrifice——our sacrifice will revive——that wonderful——spirit——that shall win for——o-o-o-ur land——the——(the dying man was weakening). "We——we——we have been——priv——i——leged to——." The speech ended with a gasping strangulation; the convulsed face grew distorted with pain. But in



a moment it passed, and Saegen died with a smile of ineffable peace on his bloodstained lips.

All during the night Padraic struggled with his grief. But the dying words of Saegen echoed and re-echoed through his mind. Late into the night the two ideals—his and that of his dead friend—struggled for the mastery. But the last words of the dead comrade conquered and Padraic, wearied by the mental and physical agonies of the last hours, fell into a deep sleep. An hour later the British soldiery tramped the stairs and burst into the room. The men stood with rifles set for instant use. But the stalwart Irishman slowly rose and calmly faced them. Very calmly he spoke to them. "You have killed the soul of my friend, and you have murdered my dearest comrade. You drove me to despair of my country and of her future in the last hours. But in your brutal slaughter of my people, you have brought a new light into my life. The very means you now employ shall engulf and destroy you. The present success is momentary. He paused a moment. "British valor!" He stretched forth his hand; in the palm rested a V. C. Slowly he tilted the hand. The decoration fell to the floor, and with a fearless smile, he crushed it under his heel. At that moment the officer fired. The Irishman swayed and his hand clutched at his heart. A smile swept over the convulsed face, and his lips parted for a final speech: "But, I have seen the light. Ireland—her—her—her ideals; may—they—live—for—for." He fell. They were the words that Saegen had spoken in that room seven years before.



## Shakespeare's Ideals of Womanhood

By ROBERT L. RUSSELL, '21

The late Archbishop Spalding sums up the ideal woman in the immortal phrase: "Innocence is a woman, chastity is a woman, charity is a woman." In this sentiment is contained the portrait of a perfect woman, and the woman possessing these virtues is well nigh angelic. The woman of pagan times had not such ample opportunity to be virtuous as the woman of today. In those days she was an inferior and degraded being. She was the slave of her husband and was looked upon as an abject being, who had no soul. Her position in Greece, Rome, Egypt and in all Asia was most humiliating. She was contemplated even by poets of Homeric genius as a drudge, a slave and a chattel. In the constitutions of pagan antiquity, all the rights and feelings of woman were disowned, trampled under foot, and unmercifully violated.

But the modern view of woman is quite different. She is now considered the equal of man, and looked upon as his companion and the queen of the domestic hearth. Woman is no longer the slave of man, the toy of his caprice; but she is the peer and partner of her husband. She is no longer an outcast of society, but is the mistress of the household and the queen of a domestic kingdom. Although possessing qualities of mind and body different from man, she is respected as his equal. Is not a woman formed in the same mould as man? Is she not endowed with the same majestic presence, and has she not a mind to ponder and a heart to feel? Isn't the image of God stamped upon her soul as well as upon man's? Woman may not be as strong in body as man, as powerful in intellect, and as firm in will; yet there are virtues of sympathy and affection in her that far surpass any found in him.

The poets of all ages have immortalized woman. But no poet has sung more divinely of her, no philosopher raised her to a higher degree of human perfection, no genius eulogized her in stronger idealism than the mighty Shakespeare. He looked upon woman as:

*"A thing enskyed and sainted,  
an immortal spirit,  
To be talked with in sincerity  
as with a saint."*

It was a consciousness of this supreme admiration for women that prompted Ruskin to call attention to the fact that, in the strict sense of the word, Shakespeare has no heroes—only heroines. "There is not," he says, "one entirely heroic figure in all Shakespeare's plays.



Whereas, there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose." It can hardly be said that Shakespeare's purpose was to have us believe women perfect in character, "infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples," but rather that he thought them so. For a verification of this sovereign adoration of woman, we turn to his works.

The delineation of the character of Rosalind is most beautiful and artistic. We see the hand of the perfect master moving over the pages of his work, as the power of his poetic touch draws this character from out the vasty deep and bids her speak. She is the essence of beauty, the quintessence of loveliness, the personification of innocence. As we see her fleeting the time carelessly in the Utopian Forest of Arden, she appears like a fairy, all grace and elegance, fluttering from rose bud to rose bud. A lady critic compares her to a mountain streamlet, smooth as a mirror, in which are reflected the clouds of heaven; and again she likens her to sunshine because her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines upon.

Rosalind possesses all the ideal qualities of a maiden. She is young and "full of youth's sweet prime." She is beautiful and lovely.

*"From the east to western ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd  
Are but black to Rosalind."*

Her gracefulness of form does not make her overbearing, but rather adds to her geniality, as virtue adds to beauty. Rosalind is buoyant, cheery and full of life. She is kind, affable and compassionate. Her vivacity and quickness of speech are surpassed only by her modesty and prudence. Her heart is as pure as a lily and her mind as fair as a rose. "She is witty, voluble and sprightly. Her wit bubbles up and sparkles like a living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. Her sprightliness is like that of a gamboling lamb."

In Rosalind, we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance which only the magic fancy of youth can weave, all the enchantment of ideal grace, the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, the dignity of rank, the geniality of disposition, and the overflowing of vivacity—in short, all that a pure minded maid should be. Hazlitt sums up her character in these words: "Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness, her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love." Another critic says: "She is the impregnable in maiden purity, yet as full of fun and frolic as any sweet, healthy-minded girl could be."

The myriad-minded genius depicts not only a maiden possessed of all the characteristic ideals of "youth and youth's sweet prime,"



but also an elder woman endowed with virtues that make her heavenly. Desdemona is his creature. She is the gently, submissive daughter; the ever-loving, ever-obedient, but heart-broken wife. In her virtue abounds. Her most admirable quality is her angelic purity of thought. The mind cannot follow, nor words express its sublimity. Why, she grows faint even to think of naming the vile name Othello called her! She is at all times susceptible only to the good. No element of evil can insinuate itself into her finely wrought moral nature. The deadly poison of Iago's immorality cannot tarnish the purity of her mind; from his envenomed wit, she extracts harmless mirth, without receiving a scratch from the sting hidden under his words. Thus, living in the midst of a world-contagion, she keeps herself free from its poisoned darts. Her life may be likened to a quiet stream:

*"In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirrored, which though the shapes of ill  
Do hover 'round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them."*

But the only particular virtue that raises Desdemona, in certain respects, above the rest of Shakespeare's heroines, and one that places her unshakingly on the pedestal of reverence, is her perfect love of Othello. Her love was no mere girlish caprice or poetic fancy; it was the purest love, whose object is alone the natural beauty and excellence of the person loved. It was the love of an intellectual soul. Her love was more than the romantic and the all consecrated love of fair lady for her valorous knight; it was a love which devoted all its energies to the high-minded service of masculine worth. The love of Desdemona was constant, lasting and strong as death—a love born of the esteem she conceived for the mentality of Othello. It was a perfect love until the sergeant Iago poisoned the mind of her husband against her. She dies more of a broken heart than from strangling, because her love had suspected her false.

Dowden explains in clear language why Desdemona married Othello: "Desdemona," he says, "loved not with the most instructed heart, yet she loved purely and with a tender devotion. She married Othello because her love was so entirely of the heart that she felt his tawny face and maturer years and half-barbaric origin only as thin underclouds enriching the harmonies of her love." She cared not for externals. It was the character and power of mind and soul of her lover that "bewitched" her.

Desdemona is Shakespeare's model of a woman adorned with all the womanly virtues. She is so angelical that she seems more like a child of heaven than of earth. She is virtuous, chaste and reserved, kind, courteous and faithful. Of Desdemona, Boadly says: "Desdemona is the external, unmanly woman in its most lovely and adorable form, simple and modest as a saint, radiant with heavenly purity of heart."



In the character of Rosalind, we have all that becomes a pure-minded maiden; in Desdemona all that beautifies a "womanly woman." We now come to that effort of feminine characterization where the sunburst of the poet's superhuman wisdom peered into the hidden recesses of woman's nature, and from that depth extracted a golden ideal for the emulation of all womankind, the "lady Portia."

In Portia are found all the noblest and most lovable qualities that ever blended together in woman. She is a fusion of talent, beauty and gentleness, feeling and wisdom. Her cheerfulness of spirit and sweetness of disposition are excelled only by her high mental powers and decision of purpose. Her beauty is eclipsed only by her lively intelligence. Portia is witty, and possesses a spirit of comradeship and friendliness that commands the admiration even of vanquished lovers. Portia is sincerely religious; she is not contented with merely praying, but adds good works as well. She is every inch a princess, endowed by nature with all the grace of body and mind, and by education, with all liberal accomplishments—the very ideal of womanly beauty and talent. Shakespeare in forming her may be likened to a sculptor lovingly fashioning the model of a masterpiece on which he has set his heart. As he shapes every line of beauty, both of mind and body, he has ever present before his mental eye the perfect woman, surrounded by the halo of her purity, whose charity extends to all—even to a "Shylock"—whose beauty is "like the sun," and whose mind is strong with the strength of a powerful intellect.

In addition to all these admirable traits, Portia possesses one that individualizes her from the other women of Shakespeare. She is a thinking woman, a woman of thought. Portia is gifted with that enviable ability of being able to think and act for herself. Her mind is strong and well trained. Her action throughout the "Merchant of Venice" evidences clearness and conciseness of thought. When she has a certain end in view, she at once adjusts the means to it, and sets them in motion with a quickness of action and a confidence that assures success. At no time is her mind stagnant. During the hours of leisure she is either weighing her lovers in the balance of worth, or devising ways to please her husband and to help his friend. In the trial scene she is actuated by reason and justice, and not by passion or prejudice. She is level-headed, cool at all times, and especially in time of danger. Not once is she mentally unnerved. Portia is Shakespeare the same as Hamlet is Shakespeare. She is his ideal of a woman as Hamlet is his ideal of a man. She is a "noble woman, nobly planned." In her are found the glory of birth and of inherited possessions; the blessings of good home training and education; the wit of poetry, and the intelligence of a free, highly cultivated mind; the love and devotion of a dutiful daughter and wife; the gentleness and forgiveness of a Christian; the perfection of all that is womanly. Of her Mrs. Jamesen says: "All the finest parts of Portia's character are brought out in the trial scene. There she shines forth all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion,



her high, honorable principles, her best feelings as a woman are displayed." She is heroic in deeds, and of all Shakespeare's women the most illustrious.

The sublime rendition of woman's grandeur stands out in bold relief throughout the pages of Shakespeare. The wit and sprightliness of a Rosalind, the innocence and faithfulness of a Desdemona, and the tenderness and intelligence of a Portia, combined with the exquisite beauty and purity of heart of each constitute the Shakespearean ideal of womanhood. Where can its like be found! Artists have shaped attic marble in rivalry of the poet's dignity of expression, but their idols wane into insignificance when contrasted with the achievements of this verbal artist. Shakespeare's women are wise, virtuous, fair and young. They are women of principle and character; women of reflection, refinement and culture. His greatest women are the purest of creatures. Hence we infer that the purity of woman primarily appealed to him. Well might he have said instead of another:

*"So dear to heaven is saintly chastity  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.  
And in clear dream and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear  
Till oft converse with heavenly inhabitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal."*

The Bard of Avon realizes the ideal of innocence, chastity and charity in Rosalind, Desdemona and Portia. We marvel at his power as we behold the quality of his women and their endowments, and are forced to exclaim with his friend: "Oh Nature! Oh Shakespeare! which of ye drew from the other?"



## THE INFIRMARIAN'S DREAM.

## I.

E'en as I watched it seemed to me  
That angel forms with melody  
Descended, wrapt in softened light;  
Aye, pierced the gloom of sombre night.

## II.

These spirits closed their wings so bright,  
And softly moved on rays of light.  
Whilst o'er that pain-rid room there fell  
A peace beyond my power to tell.

## III.

Each sought with haste the loved one's side,  
Whom God had given, to help and guide,  
With friendly hand the soul to heal,  
With kindly word the heart to steel.

## IV.

And in my soul there rose a pray'r  
That seemed to pierce the silent air:  
"Oh messenger of love Divine,  
Instruct my heart to feel as thine."

—D. A. O'C.





The Cecilian Philharmonic Society ventured forth on the second year of its existence strengthened considerably in numbers and talent, with Professor J. Robert Elmslie as director. The Society has been reorganized on a more extensive scale to include the choir, the orchestra, the military band and the students of the pianoforte class. A class in musical appreciation is being organized which will make a study of the best composers. Professor Gaudiose Martineau is much pleased with the abundant material presented for the formation of the orchestra and military band. All divisions are bending their utmost efforts to make the year of 1919-1920 brilliantly successful in a musical way.

The presence of a great number of aspirants at the first meeting of the St. Viator Acolythical Society, which was held on the twenty-first of September, gives promise of a very successful year. The purpose of this society is to contribute to the solemnity of the Holy Ceremonies and to train worthy boys and young men to serve the priest at the altar with gravity and decorum. The Reverend Moderator, Brother William Cracknell, C. S. V., has taken steps to affiliate this society with the St. John Berchman's Acolythical Society, a world-wide organization which has the approval of Rome. At this initial meeting Mr. Harry Graetz was chosen president; Mr. John Ryan, vice-president; Mr. Norman Danner, secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Joseph Jansen, admonitor.



## Class Organizations

### SENIOR.

The Senior class of 1920, though severely handicapped by the diminutiveness of its numbers, is yet not wanting in a generous class spirit. Mr. Daniel A. O'Connor, of Holyoke, Mass., president of the class, has conceived plans to make it a ponderable quantity in class organizations, and we feel assured that it will leave its footsteps firmly imprinted on the golden sands of time.

### JUNIOR

At the first annual meeting of the Juniors, held on October the first, Mr. Joseph Bolger, of Chicago, was chosen to guide the destinies of the class through the year of 1919-1920. Mr. J. Glen Powers, also of Chicago, was given the vice-presidency, and Mr. Robert L. Russell of Decatur, Illinois, was charged with the duties of Secretary and Treasurer. The next meeting of the class was appointed for October fourth, when ways and means of making the year a successful one will be discussed.

### SOPHOMORE.

Mr. Howard Kenny, of Peoria, Illinois, was elected president of the Sophomore class at a meeting held on the twenty-third of September, 1919. Mr. Edmund Sweeney, of Bloomington, Illinois, was entrusted with the Secretarial functions and will also act as Treasurer. The class has shown an admirable spirit and we look forward with great expectations to the future of this class of '22.

### FRESHMAN.

The Class of '23 launched forth on its Freshman voyage with a record crew of 25 members, with Mr. Thomas S. Brunnick of Ottawa, Illinois, at the helm. Mr. Leo Ouellette, of Detroit, Michigan, was chosen Vice-President and Mr. Andrew A. Bracken, of Chicago, Secretary and Treasurer. A greater enthusiasm has never been shown by a Freshman class and we look to them for great accomplishments. At the second meeting of the Freshmen a committee on social affairs was appointed and it was suggested to them by the president that they consider the possibilities of tendering a smoker to the college department at an early date. The ayes have it from the college department.



## THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS.

The High School Class of 1920 held its initial meeting on the first of October. Mr. Edward O'Connor, of Chicago, was chosen president; Mr. John Tinley, of Rockwell City, Iowa, vice-president; Mr. Noel Legris, of Bourbonnais, Illinois, treasurer; and Mr. John Barrett, of Chicago, secretary. Reverend Thomas Lynch, C. S. V., addressed the meeting and emphasized the necessity of class spirit. Ways and means of making the class a distinguished organization were discussed and various committees were appointed by the president.

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## THE BALLOT

"A weapon comes down as still  
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;  
But executes a freeman's will  
As lightning does the will of God."

—JOHN PIERPONT.



## Entertainments

Reverend J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., recently returned from Europe and the war, has been appointed to select a program of interesting lectures and entertainments for the fall and winter seasons. Among the entertainments which he has booked are the following: Reno, the great magician, who astonished the students of two years ago with his wonderful slight-of-hand tricks; Strickland W. Gillilan, America's foremost humorist; The Colleens, a quartette of young women who sing folk songs and Irish melodies; Charles R. Taggart, "The Man from Vermont," the greatest living musical humorist; and C. E. W. Griffith, renowned reader of Shakespeare. These amusements have been selected from the Redpath circuit, the highest class amusement circuit in the United States.

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### PHOTOPLAY.

Professor C. H. Greiner, recently appointed "Movie" censor, is compiling a schedule of high class photoplays for the fall and winter months. Professor Greiner is experienced in the selection of the best and the funniest in "movies" and we feel sure that he will approve nothing that is not of the first order and acceptable to the most fastidious. Among the attractions booked for the coming weeks are the following: "The Lion and the Mouse," featuring Alice Joyce; "The Lone Star Ranger," with William Farnum; "The Gamblers," with Harry T. Morey; "Pluck and Luck," with George Walsh; "The Wolf," with Earl Williams; "The Coming of the Law," with Tom Mix, and "Where the West Begins," with William Russell. High class comedies will accompany each more serious picture.

Chief among the attractions thus far presented are "The Passing of the Second Floor Back," a mystery play by Jerome K. Jerome, featuring Forbes Robinson; "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford featured; and "Sunnyside," with Charlie Chaplin.

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### MONSIGNOR JOHN BICKERSTAFF DREW

(JOHN AYS COUGH)

On the evening of September 23rd, the faculty and students of St. Viator College had the pleasure of entertaining one of England's most eminent Catholic authors, Monsignor John Bickerstaff Drew, better known by the pen name of John Ayscough. Monsignor Drew,



who is the author of "Faustula," "San Celestino," and "Through French Windows," figured prominently in the great war as the director of England's chaplains. The material for his last great work was collected from the battle fields of France. His address to the students and faculty was based on the fascinating subject of "Literature and Life." He emphasized the necessity of cultivating a taste for what is best in literature and called attention to the advantages accruing to the lover of books when age or infirmity dull the appreciation of the keener joys of life. The Reverend President welcomed the illustrious visitor cordially and tendered him a fitting tribute.

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### THE STATUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

To the senior class of 1919 we are indebted for the beautiful bronze statue that now graces our campus. It stands at the entrance to the college grounds on a beautiful stone pedestal and proclaims to all who enter that God is the Ruler here. To make it a lasting remembrance to the heroes of Viator who gave their lives for the holiest of all holy causes has been the purpose of the class and to this end the names of these heroes will be inscribed on a bronze plate to be placed on the front of the pedestal. The moulding of this plate has been delayed till such a time when we can know with certainty that no names have been omitted from this Roll of Honor.

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### THE CLOCK STSTEM.

The characteristic trait of the fourth year High School class of 1919 will be perpetuated in memory by the handsome gift which they have made us in donating a clock system which will keep us always on time. Owing to the several industrial disorders that have been troubling the country the clock system has not as yet been installed, but we hope to see it in working order in the very near future. We take this occasion to thank the class of '19 for its generosity.





## Obituary

*"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."*

### MRS. MARY A. MELLOY.

With deepest regret and sympathy for the bereaved we chronicle the death of Mrs. Mary A. Melloy, beloved sister of the Right Reverend A. J. McGavick, D. D., and aunt of William McGavick, student. On August 29th, God claimed her precious soul as his own. The funeral took place at St. Joseph's Church, Libertyville, Illinois, on September first.

### DARRELL HOTT.

To the bereaved parents, relatives and friends of Mr. Darrell Hott, aged 19, who lost his life in the oil fields at Casper, Wyoming, on August 18th, we extend our sincere sympathies. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Hott of Chicago, and a cousin of Philip Burkhart, student. May the soul of this faithful son be rewarded with an eternal crown.

### MR. JOSEPH RINK.

On August 19th, Mr. Joseph Rink, of Prophetstown, Henry County, Illinois, closed his eyes in death; eyes that had witnessed for well nigh a century the growth and development of the nation's jewel state. Mr. Rink was a true member of the old guard, a pioneer of the state and a well known land owner. His grandson, Joseph Rink, is a student at St. Viator College. To him and to all the members of the bereaved family we offer our tender sympathies.

### CATHERINE BURKE RAINEY.

In the name of the faculty and students of St. Viator College we herewith extend to the family and friends of the late Catherine Burke Rainey our sincerest sympathies in their bereavement. Mrs. Rainey was the mother of the late senator Edward J. Rainey, congressman John W. Rainey and Francis P. Rainey, an alumnus of St. Viator. The funeral took place on the twentieth of August from St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, and the interment was made at Calvary Cemetery. May she rest in peace.



## MR. HUGH MALLANEY.

On August 21st we were grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Hugh Mallaney, of Bourbonnais, Illinois. Mr. Mallaney was ever a friend of St. Viator College and his decease has filled our hearts with sincere sorrow. As in life he was our friend so in death we shall manifest our loving gratitude for his never failing kindnesses by our sincere and earnest prayers. May his soul rest in peace.

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## MASTER RENE MARCOTTE.

The *Viatorian* wishes to offer to the parents and family of Master Rene Marcotte, aged six years, who departed this life to take his place among the angels of Heaven on the 26th day of August, its tenderest sympathies.

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## CHRIS. TORTORELLI.

Word has been received of the recent death of Mr. Chris. Tortorelli, a student at St. Viator's during the year 1914. We sincerely hope that he has found his rest in the Lord.

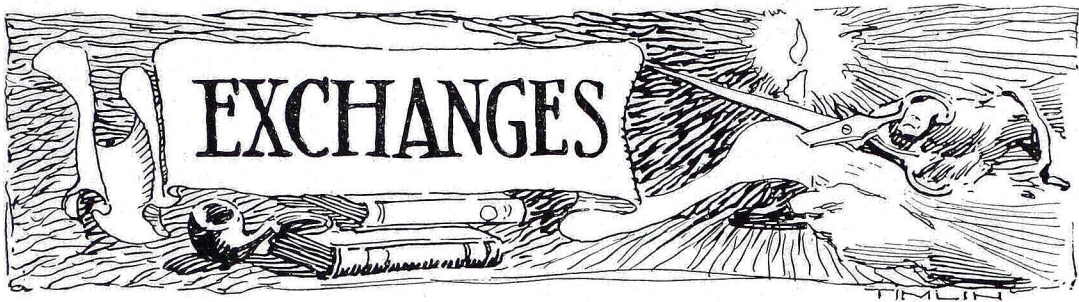
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*"Death is a road our dearest friends have trod,  
Why with such leaders fear to say, lead on.  
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,  
But turns to balm on the immortal side."*

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—*Requiescant in Pace*—





*"Blame where you must  
Be candid where you can,  
And be, each critique, a good natured man."*

Vacation, the time of play, rest and surcease of study is past; it is but a memory. September, bringing with it the first touch of autumn's beauty—"The gay little zephyrs that toss the sun-kissed leaves about," and the golden glow of early fall—are here. Students everywhere are brushing the spider webs from their unused books, and are again taking up their eager quest for knowledge.

The rough journey of another scholastic year has begun. The wheels of college journalism are about to make another revolution. Fellow publications, the *Viatorian* bids you welcome! It is our earnest wish that not one of our old friends fail to visit us often during the coming year. We are friends, not mere acquaintances—let us meet as frequently as possible.

It is customary for the new editor to bow himself into the realm of Exchangedom by a discourse on his own particular philosophy of criticism. This we would like to omit. We would prefer to roll up our sleeves and plunge into the task, but as the mailman has not knocked at the Ex-man's door, a slight discourse on the Ex-man's philosophy of criticism becomes inevitable.

"Criticism," according to a man of extraordinary literary ability and genius, "is a disinterested endeavor to learn and to propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." It is evident then that criticism does not consist in what people ordinarily understand by it—the passing of severe judgment, or the search for that which is false and blameworthy. But true criticism has its meaning in the words of the poet:

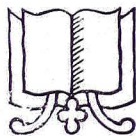
*"Blame where you must;  
Be candid where you can,  
And be, each critique, a good-natured man."*

This maxim contains our philosophy of criticism and will serve as our guide. It will be the policy of the Ex-man, while wearing the garb of critic, never to be influenced by malice or whim; never to open his mouth until he has weighed, with calm deliberation, in the balance of relative merits and defects, the article under consideration.

Let us not, Fellow Ex-men, undertake this arduous and thankless task of critic as a mere formality, as a sycophantic courtesy, nor make the exchange column a dumping ground for all the editor's spites and grouches. But let our whole soul be in this work, for "No good work is ever done by men who do not put their hearts in it." Let us be occupied in the welfare of one another; let us learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the realm of college journalism. We should try to promote the aspirations of college writers. Let our motto be,

*"Blame where you must;  
Be candid where you can,  
And be, each critique, a good natured man."*

The *Viatorian* will appreciate correction as well as praise. But, we hope that all who deign to place our college paper under the dissecting knife of their criticism will be sincere in their words, whether they blame our defects, or praise our efforts.





## Book Review

*The Deep Heart.* By Isabel C. Clarke. Chicago: Benziger Bros. Price \$1.50, net; postage 15c extra.

This novel arouses our interest, sustains it and satisfies it. The author creates a situation which admits of an interesting plot development. It is a love story, pure and simple. Those seeking a remedy for the divorce evil, might well turn their attention to the pages of "The Deep Heart," and learn from them one of the prerequisites for the marriage state. Marriage must be based on love. It is this which induces Miss Waring to reject Justin Mellor and to marry Peter Clutton. A further barrier to a marriage between Justin Mellor and Miss Waring is the fact that Justin is a Protestant and Miss Waring a Catholic. This plot development is nothing more than a silent condemnation of mixed marriages. The writer reveals to us in a most charming and delightful style the weaknesses and virtues of the characters. Her description is of an enviable type. Any further contributions to the literary world by one so well fitted to write, would indeed be a boon.



## Alumni

The *Viatorian* is proud and supremely happy to record that on Sept. 20, 1919, five former students of St. Viator were enrolled in the ranks of the holy priesthood. The favored and chosen ones who attained the beautiful end to which they aspired are the Reverend Fathers Charles A. Hart, Fulton J. Sheen, Gerard Picard, Michael Kennelly and Francis J. Vaitukaitus.

Fathers Hart and Sheen were ordained by Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill. The former celebrated his first mass in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, Ill. Our President, Very Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., preached the sermon. Father Sheen's first mass was sung in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill., and the sermon was delivered by Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V. Both of these newly ordained priests are now attending the Catholic University at Washington, where they expect to acquire additional degrees.

Fathers Picard, Kennelly and Vaitukaitus received the sacrament of Holy Orders at the hands of the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, Ill. Fr. Kennelly celebrated his first mass in the church of St. Thomas, the Apostle, Chicago, and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., formerly president of the College, preached the sermon; Fr. Vaitukaitus, St. Anthony's (Lithuanian) Church, Cicero, Ill.; Fr. Picard, Notre Dame church, Chicago, Ill.

The week following their ordinations, Fathers Hart, Sheen and Picard, respectively, paid visits to the College, where each offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and gave his blessing to the faculty and students.

To all of the new priests, the *Viatorian* extends its hearty congratulations and best wishes for success in their future holy and meritorious endeavors.

Rev. Wm. Cleary, '04, was recently promoted from Mendota Ill., to a new pastorate at East Moline, Ill.

The faculty and students were given the honor and pleasure of a short visit from their popular friend, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney. A hearty welcome always awaits Father O'Mahoney at St. Viator, and such a welcome was tendered him on this occasion. He leaves this month for Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D., where he will assume charge of the theology classes. The best wishes and prayers of the students and faculty will ever be with Father O'Mahoney.



Rev. James Fitzgerald, '10, former assistant pastor at Kewanee, has been promoted to position of pastor at Farmer City, Ill.

---

Rev. Louis O'Connor, whose name is among the long list of Alumni members who served as army chaplains, has received a pastorate at Urbana, Ill.

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Our able and congenial friend, Professor C. J. Kennedy, has returned to S. V. C., where he will engage in his former activities. "Prof." with all his characteristic energy and enthusiasm, has resumed his duties as Resident Secretary of the Alumni Association.

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Wedding bells. On Saturday, Aug. 9, at St. Anne's Church, Chicago, James Ledwell and Sadie Toner were united in the holy sacrament of matrimony. They entered their new blissful state of life amid the kind wishes, congratulations and rejoicings of their many friends. S. V. C. adds its like sentiments, and prays that the married life of the young couple will be prosperous and replete with grace and happiness.

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Myles J. Hoare is this year pursuing his theological course at Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D. "Mike" completed his college studies here last June, distinguishing himself by winning the oratory medal.

---

Emmet Flynn, famous S. V. C. 1915-16-17 quarterback, returned this summer from overseas duty. We rejoice to note that his studies for the priesthood have been resumed. Emmet has entered the Seminary Department of Columbus College.

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Another of our old members now claimed by Columbus College is Walter Fitzgerald. "Wallie" was well known to us for his athletic ability, and particularly for his baseball prowess. Mike, Emmet and Wallie have our best wishes for their good luck and success.

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A few weeks ago James McGarraghy favored us with a visit. Jimmie is at present learning the art of salesmanship.

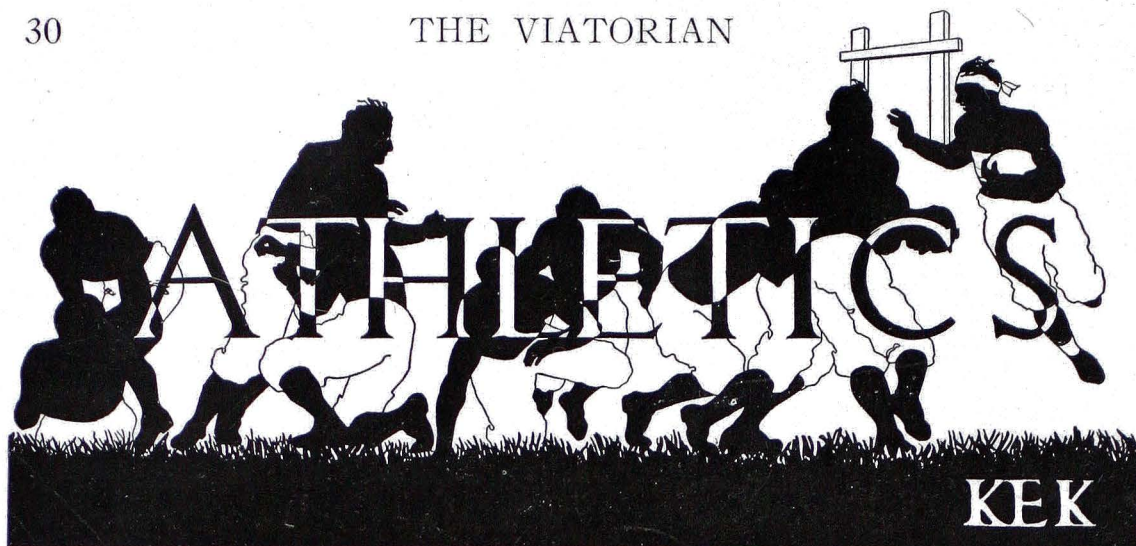
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James (Capt.) Gallahue motored in from Piper City to pay us his respects. Last year "Capt." Jim was commander of the S. V., R. O. T. C. "Dandy First Co." He is now engaged in the difficult profession of teaching, being in charge of the country school near his home town.

---

The President and Faculty at various times during the past six or seven weeks, entertained the following alumni visitors: Rev. Edward Dunn, Ottawa, Ill; Rev. Father Keefe, Clinton, Ind.; Patrick Meegan, Gus Doyle and John Madden, of Chicago; Joseph Sheen, Peoria, Ill; Berard Mombleau, St. Anne, Ill., Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., Chicago, Ill.





Coach Thomas Finnegan, the sensational end of '16 and '17, is here—in fact, has been since the early part of September. On Saturday, September 18, the call, which ushered the fall pastime into a prominent place in the minds of the students, was issued, and as a result twenty-three “huskies,” arrayed in full equipment, appeared. Strange to say not one of last year’s veterans responded to the first call, and hence Coach Finnegan was slightly disappointed, but not disheartened. He set out at once to develop the new and raw material into winning form. A few days later better news was in store for the coach and his eager followers, as reports were circulated that Eddie O’Connor, captain and speedy half-back of last year’s squad; “Abe” Delaney, the veteran lineman; and Gus De Clerk, the heavy and courageous tackle, were in camp.

After a week of preliminary work Coach Finnegan lined his men up for the season in the usual scrimmage. After the exhibition staged by the huskies, especially the hard-hitting and fast backfield, composed of Littig, McLain, O’Connor and McCarthy, the old Viator war cry of “Bring on the opponents” was echoed throughout the camp. Although the backfield quartet is rather light, the men composing it are full of the “pep” and confidence that make football players. The line looks promising with Delaney, Cahill, Tinley and Riley to block the center rushes of their opponents, as well as to make “holes” for our speedy backfield men. De Clerk and Lonergan on the ends should make considerable trouble for their opponents, both in breaking up plays and in picking the oval out of the air.

We might conclude by saying that the team is well balanced, and after a few more of the proverbial scrimmages should be ready for all comers. The schedule as arranged at present is as follows:

- Oct. 11—Crane Junior College at Bourbonnais.
- Oct. 18—Wheaton College at Bourbonnais.
- Oct. 25—St. Joseph College at Bourbonnais.
- Nov. 1—Dubuque College at Dubuque (pending).
- Nov. 8—North Western College at Naperville.
- Nov. 15—Augustana College at Rock Island.
- Nov. 27—Charleston Normal at Charleston.

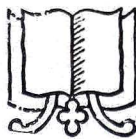


## Academic Activities

The election of captains for the football league, on Sept. 21, resulted in the naming of T. Hanley, W. McGavick, T. Gallagher, and J. Lee as leaders. The above named captains met and chose their teams from among the academics. Judging from the spirit manifested by each team, the pennants to be awarded the winners will be bitterly contested.

The affairs of the gymnasium and club room are in the hands of T. Hanley, Manager, assisted by T. Gallagher, W. McGavick, F. Steinbach and L. Spinelli.

The "Midgets" have organized a football team all their own, and are training earnestly for the coming game with the huskies representing the village school.





The "Ed" comes up in fuming ire,  
 His face is blar ched, his eyes spit fire;  
 He rails and rants and runs about  
 And the calm air crackles with the bawling-out;  
 What chance has a punster now I wot,  
 To jot down jokes when the jokes are not.  
 The old school's wakened from its three month snore,  
 And the gang's rolled in as they've done before;  
 The old grind's started and all are set,  
 But the punster aint acquainted with the new jokes yet.

---

#### POMES OF BRADLEY.

In again,  
 Fined again,  
 Gone again,  
 Finnegan.

---

O. S.—"I hear that they raised our fire insurance."  
 N. S.—"You don't say?"  
 O. S.—"Insufficient fire protection. Studder's not back."

---

#### THE FIRST INKLINGS OF GENIUS.

Teacher—"How does a summary paragraph end?"  
 Genius—"With a period."

---

Report hath it that Bananas has a receipt for a new brew. One package, preferably one just open, of "Peachy Scrap" to a sink full of water. It raised some kick in Jawm.

---

Cavs—"What does 'still' mean?"  
 Bush (in reminiscent mood)—"Better days."



New Student—"I can't see through that guy Cavs."

Old Student—"Easily explained. He's got a new tooth."

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NOTICE.

Through the courtesy of the staff of this paper, the hamlet of Viator shall be in a position to publish a newspaper. The village of Viator has its hicks, its "city slickers," its authorities on crops, on law, and public questions; it has its wits, its aspiring poets, its humorists, its automobiles; and it shall have an officer, a fire chief, a mayor. Hand in your contributions on any subject to the editor of this column. You are all reporters. Shine up your badges and get busy. Next issue the joke column shall be no more, and the great newspaper, "*The Viatoriana*" shall come before the public. Your contribs must be concise and humorous. For example you may see a model any day on the campus in front of Roy Hall.

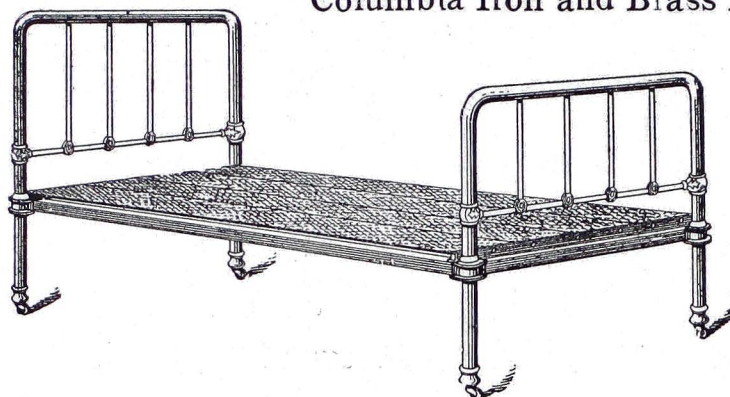
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