

October, 1915

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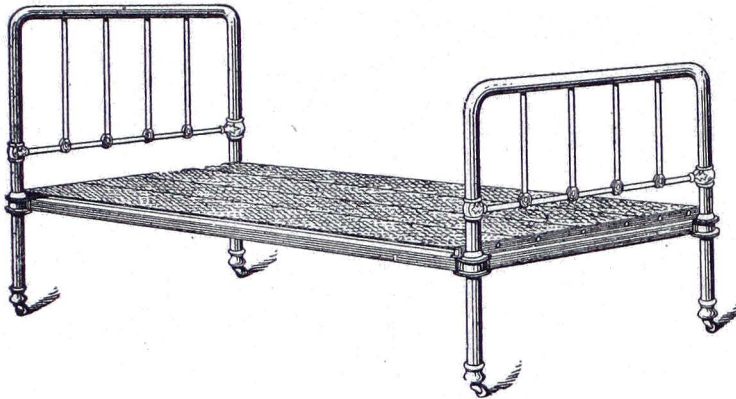
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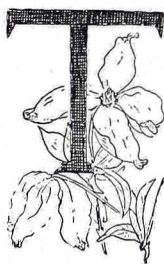
Par et Spera

Volume 33

OCTOBER, 1915

Number 1

## THE SONG OF LIFE



*IS a splendid thing  
In the flowery spring  
To sing,  
When the air with song is rife;  
But 'tis better still  
In the autumn's chill  
To fill  
The heart with the Song of Life.*

*So then come with me  
O'er the sunny lea  
To see  
The birds in chirping throng;  
There'll be beautiful flowers,—  
No care if it lowers  
And showers,  
For our hearts will be full of song.*

—CHAS. A. HART, 17.

**THE MORAL SPIRIT IN SHAKESPEARE**

CHAS. A. HART '17

MEDAL COMPOSITION

*"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."*—Hamlet, Act. III, Sc. II.

The "moral spirit" has ever been one of the absorbing topics of discussion for the students of the Immortal Bard. Viewed from a hundred angles, treated at length in ponderous volumes, or disposed of summarily in short treatises, it still remains a favorite theme despite the tendency of some of our large universities to ignore this phase of the dramatist's work. It is altogether fitting that this important subject should be given much careful thought, for if Shakespeare is the greatest of all poets, and there are few who will deny him that supreme position, then soundness in moral spirit must be the corner-stone of all his artistic excellence. Art has been truly defined as the creation or the expression of the true and beautiful. But in this truth the moral element holds, rightly, the foremost place, since moral consciousness is the ruling spirit in the soul of man. Matthew Arnold expresses this thought beautifully in his essay on Wordsworth when he shows us that poetry, of all the arts, is an expression of a moral idea. If this be so, then no work can be morally false and artistically true at the same time. This prerogative voice of moral sense in art may, and often has been, disregarded by writers who have been lured by the sensational, but just so far as the artists fails to listen to that voice, to that extent his work fails. The great soul of the true artist sees the spirit of the Creator in every created thing and reflects that spirit in his work. These are the necessary, natural relations of morals to true art.

But important as are these relations, moral demonstrativeness is quite as inartistic as a lack of the moral spirit. The great poet knows that "goodness, growing to a pluri-sy, dies in its own too much;" that a just law of moral proportion must always be



kept. On this, of all topics, we least desire special pleading. It is by representing things as they really are, and impregnating these with good moral teachings that the genius brings his disciples to an unsophisticated love of the beautiful and true, whereas the flourisher of ethical robes elicits only ephemeral interest.

This proper relation of morality to art is seen more strikingly in Shakespeare's poetry than in any other writings outside of the Bible. It is precisely because he ranks so high as a moralist that he has achieved a fame as an artist, that will live as long as the English language is spoken from the lips of men. So admirably has he proportioned this element with the others of the beautiful, that it cannot fail to act effectively on life and become an inspiration of good thought and desires. From the great book of nature he has read a multitude of great moral principles and interpreted them in all their strength and beauty for the sons and daughters of men.

Before starting upon a detailed study of morality in Shakespeare, a review of the nature of tragedy at the time of its early Greek conception and during the time of Shakespeare will throw much light on a clear treatment of the subject. We consider tragedy in particular, for it was mainly through his tragedies that Shakespeare preached his great sermons on morality. In his "Poetics," Aristotle defines tragedy as the imitation of an action, and an action implies personal agents who necessarily possess certain qualities of character and thought. These,—character and thought—are the two natural causes from which action springs. The hero that a tragedy presents must be neither wholly good nor wholly bad, but must be rather inclined towards good. There must be some defect in his character, some error which is the cause of his fall from prosperity to adversity. He must be a man like ourselves and must be possessed of admirable qualities in order that he may win our sympathies. Being like us he gives us the feeling that we are suffering along with him, that a like fate might overtake us. Hence we feel terror or fear. The object of tragedy, then, is two-fold,—to awaken sympathy and terror or fear. From the time of the Greek drama these were known together as the purgation, or the cleansing of the heart of the auditor and they have ever since been held up as the primal aims of tragedy. Shakespeare held these same views, unconsciously, perhaps, so he likewise concerned himself in his tragedy with the ruin of the souls or lives of men.



Synchronously with this two-fold aim there grew up what is known as the fatalistic idea, the belief that the characters were playthings of fate, not the masters of their own destiny. This is very marked in the great tragedies of the three greatest of the Greek dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Such philosophy, it is readily seen, would be absolutely fatal to the moral spirit. It is an old charge against Shakespeare that his great tragedies embody the same principle and it is true that the superficial reader does gain this general impression after he has laid aside "Hamlet" or "Lear" or "Othello" and many of the other plays, but the student who has really pierced the purpose of the dramatist finds rather that the opposite is true.

In considering the relation of the moral spirit to Shakespeare we must also be careful to avoid what critics term the fallacy of quotations. The old sophism of holding Shakespeare responsible for the words of all his characters has been thoroughly exploded. Especially in dramatic art is this mode of judgment so perverse or so ignorant that little time need be spent in refuting it. Dramatic literature differs from other forms in, that quotations from a play may seldom truthfully reveal the mind of the author himself, and particularly is this true with Shakespeare. In one of his plays, for instance, is found this sentiment:

*"Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe."* (Richard III.)

In "Hamlet" occurs the opposite:

*"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!"*

The Danish genius must be held to account for the latter sentiment, while for the former the imaginary Richard is accountable.

Having discarded the fallacy of quotations, we may consider these wonderful sermons which the poet delivers with such powerful eloquence to be taken, not as a rule, from his own moral character as a man, but from the lives of mankind in general—the representative men and women he has shown us in his dramas. These he simply describes for us, allowing them to stand on their own feet. They are Richards, Iagos, Hamlets, or Antonios, not different views held by Shakespeare. He holds, as it were, "the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own image." And what a fine array of highly moral, noble men he has introduced us to in the loving merchant, Antonio, sympa-



thetic Kent, heroic Orlando, noble Edgar, Sebastian of "Twelfth Night," Ferdinand, Pisanio, and a score of others; men whose virtues sit naturally upon them and form a part of their being; whose morality is not of the boastful Pharisaical kind, to be put on or taken off as a garment, but whose good deeds are a matter of course, paid for in the doing. If this is true of his men, what an assemblage of beautiful, pure maidenhood and fine, true motherhood are his virtuous women—Desdemona, the angelic, Ophelia, "the rose of May," Portia of Belmont, divine Cordelia, Portia of Rome, Imogen, Catherine of Arragon, Viola and Isabella! Nowhere in the world's annals will we find names that can compare with those in this divine gallery of womanhood, unless it be from the history of the Christian religion with its long list of saints and martyrs. This is why that great lover of Shakespeare, Father Vaughn, has so tenderly said, "There is one flower growing in that garden of thought that I would not have you pass by unnoticed, a tall and stately lily, trembling on the stem—Shakespeare's woman. Nowhere in the world shall we find the golden sphere on woman so clearly marked out as in Shakespeare." But it is not because the dramatist has presented these men and women as perfect that we admire them, but rather we love them for their true and noble worth, even like ourselves with some humanizing faults, nevertheless, being mainly moral in their aspirations. They are not, therefore, in an atmosphere so pure that we cannot breathe it, but are most truly "beings breathing thoughtful breath," with good and evil striving for mastery in them, as it is in us, to awaken our sympathy for them.

Many critics have declared, however, that in the sonnets we do catch a glimpse of the man Shakespeare himself; that here alone a side of his character is laid bare to us which certainly does not appear in his plays. Here they see, not the calm fashioner of characters, but his own emotional nature with a passionate bent toward self-surrender in love, and idolatry in friendship, with a corresponding yearning to be loved. Dowden, in his critical study of Shakespeare's mind, who holds this opinion, says, "In the Sonnets we recognize three things: that Shakespeare was capable of measureless personal devotion; that he was tenderly sensitive, above all, to every diminution or alteration of that love his heart so eagerly craved; and that when wronged, although he suffered anguish, he transcended his private injury, and learned to forgive." The modern reader who studies the sonnets with no special knowledge of the Renais-



sance can hardly understand the almost idolatrous friendship which one man entertained for another, as was the case with Shakespeare and his mysterious "Mr. W. H." Yet this was very common among the sonneteers of the time. From the general spirit that pervades the sonnets we learn more of the sensitiveness than of the strength of Shakespeare. He weeps for the loss of a dear friend, for "love's long-since cancelled woe;" but the true friend causes him to rise out of his depression:

*"Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."*

Then even this love, which seemed to have been made for eternity, fails and he begs for pity in his famous lyric:

*"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alterations finds."*

We note also, that Shakespeare felt great pain and bitterness because he belonged to the caste of actors and playwrights who were held in much contempt at the time. His bitter complaint is noted in such lines as:

*"For I am ashamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.  
Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view;  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear;  
Made old offenses of affections new."*

The business of writing under prevailing prejudice against his calling is one of the main causes for the very high pressure under which he worked. Pure self-mortification was added to his troubles when he was involved in a degrading scandal of some sort or other, as he expressly says:

*"Your love and pity doth impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow."*

Many other of his own frailties also Shakespeare confesses, for although a great genius, he himself, was not necessarily a model of correctness.

The student who is interested in the moral spirit which pervades the poet's work will eagerly follow these tempestuous emotions which harrowed the soul of this myriad-minded man.



Brandes, the great Danish critic of Shakespeare, says on this view of the Sonnets: "Here, and here alone, we see Shakespeare, himself, as distinct from his poetical creations, loving, admiring, longing, yearning, adoring, disappointed, humiliated, tortured. Here, alone, does he enter the confessional. Here, more than anywhere else, can we, who, at a distance of three centuries do homage to the poet's art, feel ourselves in intimate communion, not only with the poet, but with the man." Whether it is true or not that Shakespeare has revealed his own inner life in the sonnets is still a much disputed question. That he did, is the opinion expressed in one of the poems of Wordsworth on the Sonnets of Shakespeare when he says,

*"With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart."*

Others think that Shakespeare is merely indulging in literary exercise and that he is, even here, essentially the dramatist. They take his startling confessions as mere bravado, to shock his readers, in reality, a belittling of his candor. Browning, for example, thus retorts upon Wordsworth:

*"With this same key Shakespeare unlocked his heart?  
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he."*

It is from the fact that, with the possible exception of the sonnets, Shakespeare does not put his own personal views, sentiments and preferences, his own individuality, into his characters that he has been known as the universal poet. In the mirror which he holds up to nature to give us a reflex of God's whole great scheme of existence he aimed at nothing more than a just reflection of human life and character as he found them. He was ever content to tell us what he saw. As a dramatist he leaned no way, but entered into the soul of a Falstaff, an Antonio, a Shylock, or a Lear, and felt quite as much at home there as in his own person. Ruskin says: "It is even among the most curious proofs of the necessity to all high imagination that it should point straight from life and that Shakespeare has not given any turn of his own mind to some of his great men." True, most of his characters are vested with the outward traits of Elizabethans, or of the age they represented, but they are also possessed of unchanging human nature that must have a charm for all ages. There is ever heard "the still, sad music of humanity." Othello was a Moor transplanted on Venetian soil, but he was a man of to-day in his impulsiveness, his passions, his mistakes, and so long as the study of human nature is of con-



cern to us, just so long will the story of the Moor hold for us a vital, fascinating interest. Shakespeare has nowhere represented a popular conceit, folly, or phase of thought with which the passing hour is engrossed. He voices those truths which appeal to the universal heart of humanity. He may be equaled by some on one side, and others on another, but he surpasses them all in his ability to "penetrate every sea, harbor, creek, and rivulet of human emotion." Ben Jonson recognized this universality of his contemporary in his terse phrase: "He was not of an age but for all time."

Out of this universality springs Shakespeare's main peculiarity as a teacher of goodness—his power of keeping our moral sympathies in the right place without giving the slightest hint of his own feelings. He allies himself neither with the good, nor with the evil characters, and yet no natural-minded reader can fail to find himself sympathizing with the character who is at least relatively best. His moral lessons come thus from Nature herself and not from him. In this way he is constantly calling upon our own inward moral forces to assert themselves, and this is a thousand times more effective than the most profound ethical treatise. If we wonder how it is that the artist can conceal all traces of his own passion, much more do we marvel at the extent our souls are drawn to see the beauty and proportion of his work.

In this unfailing ability to guide our sympathies aright Shakespeare presents a striking contrast to the dramatists of his own time and even to so fine a moral poet as the great and good Milton. It was Coleridge who pointed out in one of his illuminating lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, that in the plays of those master technicians of the Elizabethan age, Beaumont and Fletcher, not only does evil and moral filth go unpunished, but they are even made to appear positively delightful. Here virtue often appears in the guise of silly and superstitious characters who provoke repulsion. What a frightful contrast between their men and women (even those who are meant to be virtuous) and Shakespeare's. With the latter, the student always feels a firm trust in the government of a being "In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed," not always in temporal success, perhaps, but in undoubted moral victory. This is exactly as it is in nature itself, for here disease, misfortune and death visit the good as well as the evil quite indiscriminately. So although the divine Cordelia and the noble Kent die in the very



sweetness and fragrance of their beauty, do we have the least hesitancy as to the real victors of the tragedy? Surely no natural-minded man will be drawn to those monsters of ingratitude, Regan and Goneril, even though they are, for the time being, the favorites of fortune, and though it appears that Providence has confirmed them in material prosperity. Our sympathy is unmistakably and unquestionably on the side of right.

Herein Milton has fallen below Shakespeare as a moral poet. In his "Paradise Lost" he does not leave us to doubt as to where our moral sympathies rightly belong. In his delineation of the good and the rebellious angels, he tells us again and again, at least implicitly, that we should align ourselves with God and the obedient angels. But we are all familiar with the oft-repeated criticism which declares that Milton has unconsciously made Satan the real hero of that great controversy. It is undoubtedly true that our feelings, as opposed by our judgment, are drawn to the magnetic personality of so powerful a rebel, whose very appearance is so glamoring, that even of his frown Milton tells us:

*"So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown."*

Iago was an incarnated Satan, but his glamor and attraction are gone. This is the triumph of Shakespeare that has made him such a powerful moral artist.

*(To be Continued.)*

## COMPETITIVE OR INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

BY AN ALUMNUS

Dr. James J. Walsh, an eminent Catholic physician, scientist, and college professor, concludes in *America* of July 3, 1915, a series of articles on Athletics. He recommends intramural athletics, and denounces extramural or competitive athletics as physically, intellectually and morally injurious. Briefly he reasons thus: "It is evident that college faculties are pledged and obliged to secure the physical, intellectual and moral good of



their students. But in colleges where students demand intercollegiate athletics, the students practically compel the faculties to encourage competitive athletics at the expense of health, as the ablest physicians testify, at the expense of scholarship, as the educational authorities admit, at the expense of mental training and concentration, as psychologists declare, and at the expense of the moral status of the students, as moralists aver. Therefore, college faculties fail in their essential duty when they yield to the students' demand for intercollegiate athletics." "This abdication of college faculties to content the students in matters athletic and disciplinary," continues the learned doctor, "has worked havoc with American education. Faculties must not be satisfied to act in an advisory capacity, but in a judicial and decisive function for the direction of youth. Instead of that, they have allowed themselves to be influenced by whatever pleases the young men." It is in order to impart more nerve to college faculties and to cure students of deleterious athletics that Dr. Walsh so eloquently pleads; he pleads for "the elimination of the dangerous and undesirable elements introduced into a youth's life by competitive athletics, such as, for example, the feverish sense of competition, the betting spirit, the professional coach, the desire to win at any cost, the liability to overstrain, and the fact that only a few of the boys are occupied actively and that the vast majority are obliged to take their athletics on the bench, through their lungs and their pocketbooks, all of which is eminently unfortunate." He pleads for a restoration of "sport for the many and games for the crowd to be played in everyday clothes and indulged in for a half hour or an hour without necessarily making a half holiday of a bit of recreation." He no doubt has in mind more handball alleys. Let us have them, not in the diamond, but all around it. This return to sane college athletics in spite of the present general attitude in the matter is not more hopeless than was Dr. Walsh's own crusade inaugurated some twelve years ago in behalf of a sane Fourth of July. We now have a comparatively safe Fourth of July, deaths being one-tenth and injuries one-hundredth of what they were formerly. So too, should we eagerly grasp the opportunity to win the distinction of being the first among the colleges to take a firm stand in behalf of sound and safe athletics and hasten the day when it will be generally recognized that our present intercollegiate athletics are wasteful as regards time, energy, money, scholarship, health and life and that as regards the upbuilding of



moral character they are either an egregious failure or of but questionable value.

But how does the doctor prove that interscholastic athletics are injurious to health? He cites first the opinion of the Journal of the American Medical Association to the effect that athletics are rarely found in the hands of a physician or hygienist who aims at a sound mind in a sound body, but of an uneducated trainer whose aim is victory at any human price. The physician is called on to mend the damages in ill-advised contests for athletic supremacy. (Journal of March 21, 1914, as cited by Dr. Walsh in America May 29, 1915.) The same journal testifies that strenuous athletic contests in youth produce the athletic heart, the athletic kidney and the athletic arteries. "Heart, kidneys, arteries, these three constitute the vital tripod, yet athletics seem to affect all of these three supports of vitality unfavorably." Wisconsin University physicians declare that "for normal human activities the athletic heart is distinctly disadvantageous, though this distention, enlargement or hypertrophy of the heart, or the leaky heart is rather an advantage in the severe strain of athletic contests. But athletes suffer more seriously and oftener fatally from acute cardiac dilatation than normal men."

Again, do athletics prolong life and render a man more efficient? Decidedly no. Therefore it is a mistake to encourage strenuous athletics as a means of health. Carefully compiled Naval Academy statistics comparing athletic groups with non-athletic groups of cadets (who are all healthy young men at their entrance) prove that "on the average the athletes die younger; they sooner become less capable of doing the ordinary duties of the navy than the non-athletes, and during twenty years after graduation have to be given more sick leave."

Perhaps, if we indulged in reflexion and comparison we might, to our surprise, find that even those of our students who, in the last twenty-five years have most actively engaged in our college athletics, have been more short lived, less healthy and more often and longer in need of vacations than their less athletic fellow students. Therefore, what? Eliminate from athletic the excess which makes them harmful, and retain only that measure of physical exercise which is useful, i. e., recreative and healthy. Intramural athletics will preclude danger and procure all desirable advantages.

Dr. Walsh, who has made a careful canvass of educational opinion, assures the public that according to the sober judgment



of educators notwithstanding rules requiring satisfactory scholastic standing, competitive athletics are confessedly harmful to the studies, the class results or scholarship of athletic students. This happens because of the larger amount of physical time athletes must devote to training and the small residue of real time left for studies. Time is the gold with which students acquire learning. Too much of this gold is wasted on athletics. What remains of time is employed in such a frame of mind as to bear little profit, in that the fascination of sport, the feverish desire of victory and consequent publicity and hero worship so absorb and distract the youthful mind as to render it incapable or unwilling to make any serious studious effort. May we not admit that certain ones of our athletic students would have given us more satisfactory class work if more of their time and talent had been applied to study and less to athletics? Perhaps no, but then perhaps yes. Let us not fancy we alone are immune from losses which others all confess they sustain. Hence, in view of the scholarship we are pledged to provide our students, let us avoid any athletic excess which tends to impede the best scholastic attainments obtainable. "Est modus in rebus."

As to the moral advantages and disadvantages of athletics, home games procure our students whatever good is derivable from athletics, as an aid in developing character and they procure us immunity from the evils attendant upon competitive athletics. Athletic abstinence, i. e., from tobacco, liquors and certain foods is only intermittent and ceases with the sporting season, and hence, never develops into a habit of sober living; moreover, this abstinence is of no high moral worth, for it is undertaken solely for the rather low motive of acquiring such physical endurance in athletic contests as will insure victory and not at all for the high purpose of preparing the body to be the vigorous servant of a sound mind or docilely ancillary to the demands of the rational soul. Moralists, and even physicians, call attention to the fact that the end of the training season is often marked by an orgy of excess, and that the unused energy which remains pent up in the human machine is apt to cause much moral short circuiting. The spectacular conditions in which competitive athletics are used develop an emotional and temporary disposition, but not a lasting habit of enduring mental anguish or physical pain, such as men in their ordinary lives must suffer in loneliness and in obscurity. Again, intercollegiate athletics are an occasion for the students to indulge in betting, with consequent other



abuses, such as bribing and grafting, and money spending in such glorious celebrations that cities like New York have need of special police for the occasion and the newspapers refuse to print the details of what happened. The abuse of a thing does not condemn its right use. But when physicians, educators and moralists agree in condemning the present development of athletics in education, a development which is spreading from the colleges and universities to the high schools and even to the grammar schools, it is wise to heed the one who calls a timely halt, and thank him for crying out to us, "The rapids are below you."

It would be very profitable for students to read the articles of Dr. Walsh in *America* of May 22 and 29, June 5 and July 3, 1915, and to make the topics there so ably handled, the subject of one of their college debates.

A noted educator recently declared that the ideal condition of school athletics obtains in a certain boarding college where the students' athletic activities are confined to inter-class leagues for the playing of a diversity of games. This ideal is precisely what Dr. Walsh means by the intramural athletics which he recommends. Let us aim at the ideal. A word is enough for a wise man.

## A VACATION EXPERIENCE

FULTON J. SHEEN '17

Society columns are ablaze with interest for the social lions, the chivalrous young men and fair maidens; the local page delights the man "with spectacles on nose and pouch on side," and the sporting page is the sauce of the newspaper to lovers of Herculean efforts; but the "want ad" column alone meets the twin smile and hearty welcome of the man home from college. The "penalty of Adam" is proposed to the collegians in this column in multifarious fashion, each receiving sanction in direct ratio to the levity of the responsibility and the ponderousness of its meed.

Clipping a number of "get rich quick" propositions from this column of glittering possibilities I boldly ventured into the bustling thoroughfares of life, harkening to the voice in the Book of Exodus, "Go therefore now and work."



Apropos to this injunction my first application was made to the manager of a foundry. This stern wheel of industry, whose eyebrows were like two overhanging precipices, threw aside all conventionalities and, by questioning, put me on the defensive. "In case of a mistake in your ledger, what method would you follow?" Mustering a faint idea of the debit and credit side of a ledger, I suggested an erasure, and after provoking a laugh, faltered, "I would transpose the number in question from one side of the ledger to the other."

"We won't need you, young man," he replied. "Good-day."

The Exodian advice beckoned me to persist in my efforts; but my determination was of little avail, for my next application likewise met with a flat refusal, due to my inability to answer the pertinent question of the employer, "What procedure would you follow if you made the mistake of sending a monthly report to the wrong party?" I left the office with much less determination than when I entered it. Work had to be found; now more than ever, I distrusted Arnold Bennett's philosophy that a man could live on twenty-four hours a day. I was despondent. Something was wrong with my procedure. Every subsequent application had its refusal because of my inability to correct the mistakes proposed by the employer. How could I eradicate this unknown force that acted so potentially against my best efforts? Where could I find that magic key which unlocks the doors to business prosperity? Where could I find a correct interpretation of that philosophical maxim, "Errare humanum est?" One thing was sure, I knew a mistake was the bug-bear of a business man's existence. I knew again, that all systems of book-keeping were proposed with an end to minimizing mistakes. With this notion clearly stamped before my mind's eye, I resumed my quest for work.

My next interview was with the president of the First National Bank. This gray-haired authority of monetary problems critically examined my references, and then, looking over his tortoise shell glasses, proposed that terrible question which had been my undoing on previous occasions, "My young man, what would you do if you made a mistake in balancing books?"

Quick as a shot a broad smile flashed across the furrowed face of the old man, when, with all the earnestness of my soul I answered, "I don't make mistakes," and I got the job.



**FIVE MINUTES WITH THE FACULTY**

(EDITOR'S NOTE—A series of talks on various topics from the faculty will continue as a feature of the Viatorian throughout the year.)

BY REV. W. J. BERGIN, C. S. V., Professor of Philosophy

*"Work whilst you have the light for the night cometh on when no man can work."*—John 9-4.

The words of our Divine Saviour, as you well know, were addressed to all ages, races and climes and to those in every condition of life, and therefore the words just cited are as really addressed to you as though our Blessed Lord were standing before you this morning and were thrilling your souls with the majestic authority of His divine voice as it uttered the solemn words, "Work whilst you have the light for the night cometh on when no man can work."

Of what light is our divine Saviour here speaking? Is it the physical light of the material sun? No, for that may be replaced by artificial light under which our work may continue. Besides He is obviously speaking of a light which shines for a time and then is quenched forever in universal darkness. When, therefore, He borrows my voice to address these words to you "Work whilst you have the light, for the night cometh on when no man can work, of what light is He speaking? He is speaking of the light of youth, the light of opportunity and He throws the whole strength of His divine authority and infinite wisdom into the warning, that, once that light is quenched, once that sun is set, once that day is spent, it is gone hopelessly and forever. You are now living in the full light of abounding youth and opportunity with its infinite possibilities. Your faces are set towards the rising sun of possible achievements. The voice of duty, the voice of those who love you, the voice of good men on earth and of angels and saints in Heaven, the voice of God Himself is calling to you to rise up in the strength of your vigorous young manhood to battle valiantly against the deadliest enemies of God and man and to strive with a courage and energy that never fail, for the conquest of the greatest prizes than can allure a human soul. And who are these enemies against whom you are to battle with a courage that



enemies against whom you are to battle with a courage that Those enemies are the twin monsters of ignorance and vice. Ignorance is the starless night which enshrouds the soul in thick darkness. No dungeon ever constructed by the malice of unbridled tyranny is half so loathsome and deadly as the foul, noisome soul—destroying dungeon of ignorance. No slavery ever invented by the perverse ingenuity of man is half so galling and disgraceful as the slavery of ignorance and vice. The man who is willfully ignorant and vicious is a slave a thousand fold more base, ignoble, and contemptible than the meanest bondsman that ever crouched under the lash of a cruel master. He forges the shackles with which his God-given faculties are enchained. He surrenders his freedom of soul, the light of his intelligence, his dignity and honor through abject cowardice, without striking a blow in their defense. We feel pity and compassion for the unhappy human beings who are swept into slavery by the irresistible might of tyrannical power, but what can we feel but unutterable contempt for the baseness, meanness and cowardice of the man who yields himself the ready slave of a vile and groveling master? And now what can you find in all the world more vile, more ignoble, more degraded and degrading than ignorance and vice, and yet our Divine Saviour expressly tells us that he who committeth sin is the slave of sin and so likewise, he that is ignorant is the slave of ignorance. We may pity the man who is ignorant by the unconquerable force of unfortunate circumstances, but what shall we say, what must we think of the man who is the slave of ignorance and vice in spite of the fullest and largest opportunities for enlightenment and moral freedom? Better a thousand fold the condition of the unhappy victim of tyranny, who must slave his life away in the mines of frozen Siberia.

You will perceive by this time that there is a two-fold slavery, as well as a two-fold freedom. There is an external slavery which enchains the body and drives it to labor under the lash of a pitiless master; and there is an internal slavery of ignorance which fetters the God-like mind and the slavery of vice which reduces to shameful and degrading bondage the kingly will and heart and conscience, and surely this is a species of slavery none the less real, because no fetters bind the limbs; no dungeon shuts out the light of day; no scourge tortures the nerves; whilst it is a form of slavery the most terrible and appalling because it lowers all that is high, de-



bases all that is noble, corrupts all that is good, blackens all that is beautiful and fair in our nature and makes it an object of horror and repulsion to angels and to men.

Such are the enemies against whom you are called upon to wage a relentless warfare. They are not monsters conjured up by a heated or disordered imagination but as real and tangible and all-pervading as the air you breathe. This is a warfare in which no quarter is ever asked or given; you must either conquer ignorance and vice or they will infallibly conquer you and make you their degraded slaves. Let no illusion obscure the truth of this tremendous alternative. If your body were enslaved, other hands might burst the doors of your prison house, break the fetters which bound your limbs and make you free to go forth into the sweet light of day; but no hand, save your own, can tear down the dungeon walls of ignorance or strike the shackles of vice from an enslaved soul. If you are a mental weakling, if you are a moral coward, if you dare not face the toil and labor and sacrifice of this tremendous struggle, you are doomed forever to be the slave of ignorance and vice. There is only one means which can insure success; there is only one weapon with which victory can be achieved and that is the all-powerful weapon of patient, persevering, indomitable work. Work whilst the strength of youth is in your brain, whilst the light of opportunity is illumining your pathway, for the night of decrepit old age, of vanished opportunity, cometh when no man can do effective work.

I said, in the second place, that you are called to labor with a courage that no difficulty can frighten; with a patience which no toil can weary; with a perseverance which no sacrifice can conquer for the greatest prizes that can arouse a human soul to action, and what are these prizes? They are the priceless treasures of wisdom and virtue. Not all the gold that was ever dug from the bowels of the earth could purchase the royal dignity of an enlightened mind; the glory, majesty and divine beauty of a clean heart and an unsullied conscience. Listen to the glowing terms in which Holy Scripture speaks of wisdom: "I have preferred her before kingdoms and thrones and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither did I compare unto her any precious stone; and all gold in comparison of her is as a little sand, and silver in respect to her shall be counted as clay and I loved wisdom above health and beauty and strength and chose to have her instead of light (for all other lights

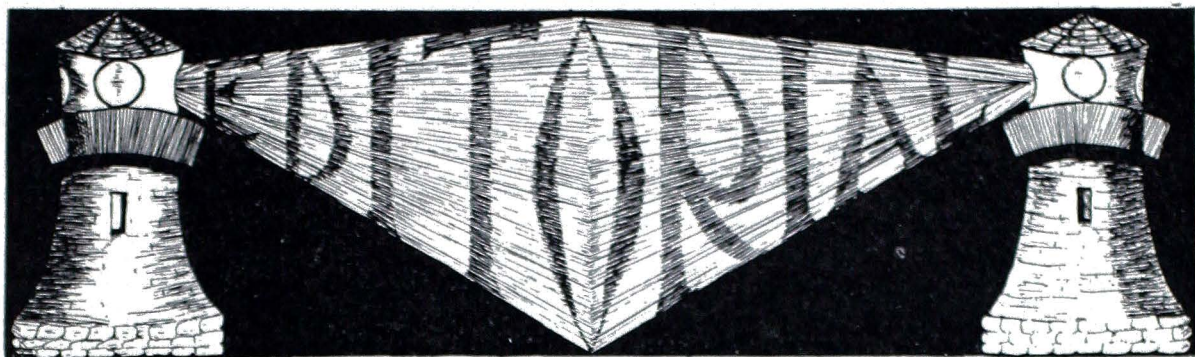


waneth) but her light can never be put out. For she is the breath of the power of God and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty. She is the brightness of eternal light; the unspotted mirror of God's Divine Majesty and the image of His Infinite Goodness." Words of mine could only obscure the beauty and splendor of this sublime description. This is not merely the glowing language of a splendid rhetoric, it is the solemn, measured statement of inspired truth.

I shall not burden you with multiplied reflections, but I wish you to understand once and forever, that you must either mount the shining heights of wisdom and virtue around which the light of God's countenance forever plays, or you shall go down into the black depths of ignorance and vice. Either you must enroll yourself under the standard of God to do divine work, or you must enlist under the banner of the devil to do hell's work. Either your soul must be a cultivated garden in which the beautiful flowers and precious fruits of wisdom and virtue are growing, or else it will be the breeding ground for the slimy, creeping, venomous brood of ignorance and vice. Would that I could burn into your brain in characters that could never be effaced, the conviction that there is only one means whereby the one can be achieved and the other avoided and that is the means so clearly indicated by the words of my text, "Work whilst you have light, for the night cometh when no man can work."







# THE VIATORIAN

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*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto—Terrence.*

In better, peaceful days before the present chaos it was with a hearty handshake and a merry "Glück Auf," that the miner of Germany greeted his fellow-worker, as both together made their way into the bowels of the earth to seek out the treasures it contained. And to you, the new students of St. Viator's, we bid a whole-souled "Glück Auf," as together we enter our chosen intellectual mine to dig for imperishable nuggets of priceless value. May that which you find here be of the better part which shall not be taken from you. We ask you to enter heartily into the spirit of this institution, to work with us in every movement which has its genesis in the desire to make St. Viator's a bigger and better school than it has ever been before. By lending your earnest individual support and lively enthusiasm, both in the class room and on the campus, you will prove yourself loyal to

### Glück Auf



your Alma Mater, and hence, true to your better self. *Bon voyage!*

The present war, in spite of its many disservices, has done one great service to the people of the United States. It has brought forcefully to their minds a specific contrast between their own country and the warring nations, and opened their eyes to realize the absolute necessity of military preparedness. When we compare the marvelous fighting machines created by the German government with our own army and navy, true, and not frothy, patriotism compels our attention in a most special manner to a problem which vitally concerns our very existence as an independent nation. It is the keen appreciation of the all importance of this matter of rational defense that stimulated the recent discussion of the feasibility of a very general system of military education in all of our schools and colleges. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages of military training and exercise under the direction of regular and competent government officers from the standpoint of health. When we learn, on the authority of a distinguished Eastern surgeon and medical instructor, that one-fifth of the students in our schools have curvature of the spine, that the government reports, reflecting the average physical disability in all communities, show that almost three-fifths of the applicants for enlistment in the United States army were rejected in 1912, we can readily see the need of such exercise. Nor shall we here go into a discussion of the relative value of other and present forms of college athletics, for this has already been ably discussed in other columns of this issue. Of what a system of military training would be capable of doing in the way of raising the ideal of college life, of its inestimable spiritual worth, much, likewise, might be said. Viewed merely as a question of how best to raise a capable standing army at the least possible expense, the idea of general military training under government supervision as part of the college curriculum has many points in its favor. We are, without doubt, face to face with an imperative need of a larger army. Then, as if to answer the necessity, we have a great national student body numbering into the millions in our high schools, and well into the hundreds of thousands in our colleges. The latter, at least, are of about the same age as the European youth when he is compelled to take service in the army of his country.



Likewise, the length of the college course is approximately the same as the number of years the European citizen is compelled to take service in the army of his country. Can we hope to find a simpler solution, in part at least, of our problem of preparedness than in the institution of a thorough and compulsory system of military training, at state expense, not only in a few of our state universities, but in every university, college and high school, both public and private, throughout the entire country? From the far-sighted economic standpoint the establishing of such an army would be a cheap investment. Even if we leave aside the advantages to be gained in the physical health and moral well-being for the student body and the future stock of American men, let us establish such a system on the utilitarian basis of its necessity for the surer preservation of our national existence.

In one very important department of the VIATORIAN there has ever been a dearth and this has been in the field of the short story. Serious essays, biographies, historical papers, poems, etc., we have not lacked, nor could we dispense with them. But to maintain a better balance between the critical and the purely creative, a much larger number of short stories should be forthcoming. You have often been told by past editors through this column that this is your paper, that it is what you make it. It represents the literary and intellectual side of your college before a large number of the Catholic colleges and universities throughout the country. The main criticism they have passed in former years has been that your paper lacks an absolute requisite—an offer of short stories. Will you not this year take greater pride in your school paper by making this criticism no longer hold? As another incentive, it has been decided to hold a short story contest, open to the students of both the academic and collegiate departments, and to award three considerable monetary prizes for the three best stories published in the VIATORIAN this year. The only requirement is, that the stories be original and that they be the student's own work. You may compete as often as you desire, so that if your first story fails to carry off a prize you may try again. Be up and doing, ye Poes in embryo! Seize upon a crisis in real or imagined life and tell it in fresh, original sentences. Read Brander Matthews' "The Philosophy of the Short-Story," or any other equally good discussion of the short-story form and who knows but that with



your latent genius aroused you may develop into a second O. Henry, a Barrie, a Kipling, a Turgenieff, or a Tolstoi, or, perchance, a less pretentious Wilkins, Jewett, or Deland. Any of these names will suggest admirable models to you.

The Brownson Debating Society will meet for organization on Tuesday, October 19, at 8 P. M. It is hoped that every college man will be present to take part in the proceedings and will faithfully attend the subsequent weekly meetings. The reverend censor has suggested that one of the first discussions be on the advantages or disadvantages of competitive athletics—a subject surely, on which a live college man ought to find little difficulty in speaking. It would seem hardly necessary to urge upon your attention the very great present importance of ability in public speaking. The signs of the power of such ability are only too apparent in modern life. Especially is this true at the present time in America, where one of the greatest dominating forces in the moulding of public opinion is the public speaker. How well are you prepared to do your part?

**Brownson  
Debating  
Society**

**R. I. P.**

Father Phelan is no more. The announcement of the death of the able editor of the "*Western Watchman*," the "grand old man" of Catholic journalism in America, comes as a great and distinct loss to every reader of current Catholic literature. A round half century of aggressive endeavor in a field where he was a picturesque and mighty figure, is the proud record which he leaves to posterity. We join with his panegyrist in saying, "Farewell, great and true heart, weary with long conflicts! Many causes have claimed thee, but to one thou hast been always constant—to Her's, who is the Spouse of Christ. Thou didst find her long-suffering and forgiving and full of piteous sorrow; and thus didst vow to Her forever, singly and sincerely, thy fealty and devotion. Thou hast redeemed thy trust. To others thou hast been a consuming fire; but to Her thou hast never been harsh nor rugged, nor ungentle. Thou wert Her royal son, always tender and fond and dutiful. Thy day is spent, the night has come." Let us join the eulogist also in a word for his soul:

"God give thee rest! Consider, O Israel, for them that are dead, wounded on thy high places! How are the valiant fallen."

*Fiat in pace locus eius et habitatio eius in Sancta Sion!*

—HOMO.



## EXCHANGES

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

—Goldsmith.

Before the Exman takes the time-honored quill in his hand to assume the onerous duties connected with his particular column, perhaps a few words concerning criticism would not be entirely amiss.

Decidedly the best, and at the same time, the most concise definition of criticism, has been given by Matthew Arnold, *critique extraordinaire*, and a man of prodigious ability in all literary pursuits in his scholarly essay, "*The Function of Criticism At the Present Time*." "Criticism," he declares, "is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Obviously, a disinterested endeavor means that criticism must be free from all alien contingencies, or, in other words, a critic should never be influenced by any malicious or whimsical feelings of his own, in passing comment upon a literary creation. What a man says or writes, while wearing the garb of a critic, should be the result of a calm, deliberate weighing in the balance of the relative merits and defects of the article under consideration. Again, it is obvious that a disinterested endeavor to learn the best that is known and thought in the world, means that the searcher, under various circumstances, will undoubtedly discover much dross and tinsel. As Hawthorne so well puts it, there is very little of beauty in this life which we really know and that which we do know we discover only by the most painstaking effort. The critic, therefore, should always have an open mind and should always be able to recognize and appreciate true beauty.

Matthew Arnold's theory of criticism is in direct contravention to a rather popular theory, which, through some unaccountable process of reasoning, has arrived at the erroneous conclusion that real criticism consists in the search for that which is false and blameworthy. The followers of this theory take great delight in holding aloft, for the scorn and ridicule of all mankind,



errors made by their fellow-men, their co-inheritor, by the way of the tendency to err. Their so-called criticism is nothing more nor less than an exposition of that which is not the best, with no more definite aim in view than to expose those qualities mentioned above. But since we have seen that criticism, by its very nature, is a search for the best, obviously theirs is not criticism.

From this it is readily seen that the *raison d'être* of criticism in literature is primarily as a constructive and not a destructive force. In a certain sense, perhaps, it may be said to build up by tearing down, inasmuch as it models and fashions a beautiful edifice by removing all its obnoxious features. Criticism gains its object, Perfection, by thrusting aside all obstacles which it finds in its path and therefore, since it accomplishes its purpose, relatively speaking, by merely rejecting that which is not its object, no one can reasonably say that it is wholly and entirely destructive, in so far as it does not destroy the object of its search, which is certainly most important of all.

After dealing with the subject in such an unpleasant, tiresome and abstract manner the Exman wishes to bring his readers to Mother Earth once more and to give them some idea of his policy for the coming year. In accordance with the principles laid down by Arnold, the Exman will endeavor, to the best of his limited ability, to comment impartially and dispassionately on a creation as it appeals to him. The maxim which appears at the head of this column will serve as an excellent guide:

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

In conclusion, the VIATORIAN extends the most cordial of invitations to all its fellow-college magazines to visit us through the medium of the Exchange Column. That our friends will receive the comments occasioned by their visits, in the same spirit in which they are given, namely, with a view to their own betterment, is the earnest wish of

THE EXMAN.



**HANKISMS**

F. C. H. '19

A man can put his whole soul into his work without putting his foot into it.

If all men are made of dust, some of them have a right to be "dry."

The harder some fellows try, the softer they are.

As a general rule, all bachelors are thinking "seriously" of marriage.

Even an armless man can embrace opportunity.

Do not think that by burning your bills, you can make light of your troubles.

People who carry their age so well generally drop a few birthdays.

Ministers are underpaid. They will tie the knot for \$5, while a lawyer charges \$500 for untying it.

Just because a woman happens to be pigeon-toed, don't think she is dove-like.

Mexico can turn up more revolutions than a "Packard Twin-Six."

Love may be blind, but it is very seldom the neighbors are.

Did you ever know a sick man well?

"Familiarity breeds contempt"—very few people know themselves—there is your reason for so many people who like themselves too much.

Never hit a man, nor beat a carpet when they are down.

It is unnecessary to be a botanist to discover the wall-flowers.

Of all bores the cork-screw is the most dangerous.



## ALUMNI NOTES

The fervent desires and life-long yearnings of another son of Viator have at last been fulfilled, and have made the dreams of yesterday the realization of to-day. On the 16th of last August James A. Williams, of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D., was elevated to the Holy Priesthood by Rt. Rev.

### Ordination

Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., in St. Michael's Pro-Cathedral at Sioux Falls, S. D. Father Williams celebrated his first Holy Mass in Holy Family Church at Mitchell, S. D., on August 22nd.

This newly ordained young Levite made his classical course at St. Viator and then entered upon his novitiate at St. Viator Normal Institute in Chicago. After the completion of his novitiate he again returned to the college and took up the study of Sacred Theology. He was a member of the Faculty of St. Viator until September, 1914, when, in obedience to the wishes of his superiors, he went to Columbus College and has since then been identified with the teaching staff of that institution. He has fulfilled his duties there with the same zeal and earnestness which has always marked his labors toward the higher education of youth.

As a final word, the Faculty of St. Viator and the VIATORIAN extend to Father Williams their hearty wishes for a long life of happiness in the vineyard of the Lord, and an abundance of God's graces to fulfill his sacred calling.

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Again we are called on to announce that Dan Cupid is as busy as ever with his treacherous little love darts amongst our Alumni and former associates. On September

### Wedding Bells

4th Mr. John B. Kissane, "11, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Margaret Boyle of Oak Park, Ill. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, Oak Park. Mr. and Mrs. Kissane are at home for their many friends after September 15th.



The marriage of Dr. James Francis Cox, '03, to Miss Elizabeth Wise was celebrated on September 11th at St. Mary's of the Lake Church, Chicago. Dr. Cox is no doubt well remembered by many former students of the years 1900 and 1903.

The wedding ceremony of Mr. Fredrick Legris, Jr., '12, and Miss Arslie Senesac was performed by the groom's brother, Rev. Jos. Legris, C.S.S.R., on July 29th, at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill. Mr. Legris attended the college for several years, making his high school and classical course here. He is at present affiliated with his father in the banking business at Kankakee. Mr. and Mrs. Legris have established their residence in a pretty little cottage on Convent Street, Bourbonnais, Ill.

To these young people who have so lately fallen victims to the pranks of the god of love, the VIATORIAN extends its most earnest desires for a life fraught with unlimited happiness and success.

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Mr. J. B. Liston, H. S. '15, is at present filling a position with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. in its Chicago offices.

William Walsh, '14, is employed in the offices of the Virginia Pulp and Paper Company of Chicago.

Gerard Picard, '13, has returned to Montreal, Canada, to resume his studies at Grand Seminary.

Word comes to us that John Warren, '15, has departed for Baltimore, Md., where he will enter St. Mary's Seminary to complete his Philosophical course.

We are in receipt of information to the effect that Edward Unruh, '13, late of the North American College, Rome, Italy, has been recalled from that point on account of the European war and will continue his studies at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

Emmett Kissane, '15, now fills a lucrative position with the People's Gas Company of Chicago.

Lately we received the news that Peter Curley, '12, is now a resident of Louisville, Ky., where he is identified with a large corporation.



Francis Corrigan, '11, has become a "devotee of the soil," and is now superintending his father's farm at Budd, Ill.

Leo Dougherty, '13, has entered the ranks of the professional ball player, and is at present "giving his best" to Denver.

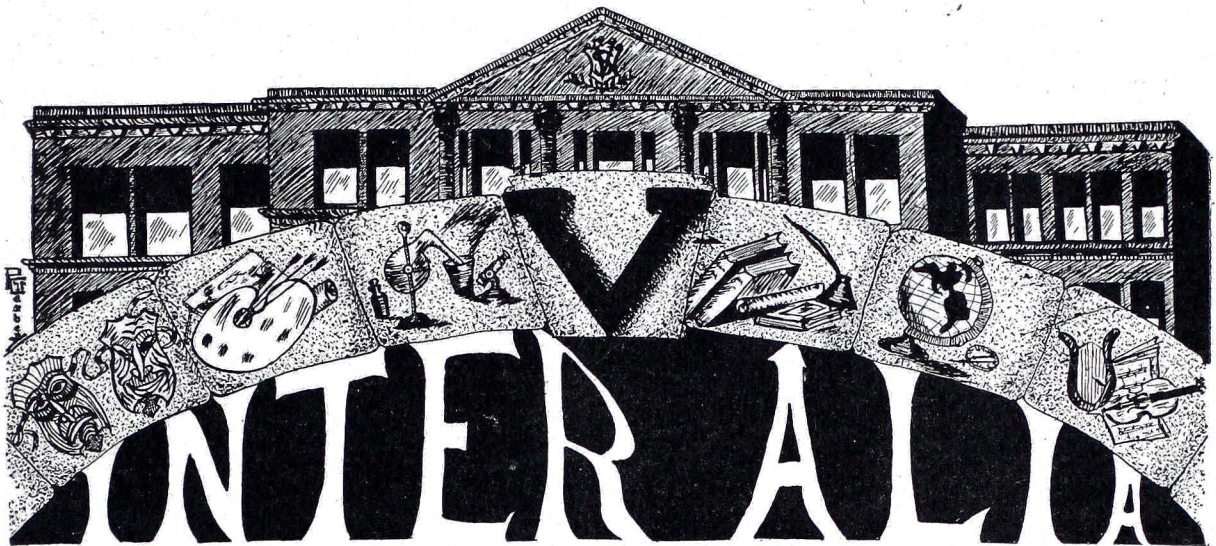
Maurice Dillon, '15, is now looking after the financial interests of his father at the latter's places of business in Chicago. "Maurie" always was good at handling the money.

Martin J. Spalding, '15, has enrolled at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., where he will complete his Theological course.

Thomas Harrison, A.B., '13, was recently promoted to general office manager of the Warner Construction Co. of Chicago, one of the largest and most reliable firms of its kind in the middle west.







The scholastic year of 1915-1916 was opened Saturday morning, September 11, with the usual ceremony, a Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., was the celebrant; Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V., deacon; Dawson Byrne, sub-deacon; Brother C. Marzano, C.S.V., master of ceremonies. In the afternoon the first session of classes was held and a decided increase in the registration was noted. Such a number at this early period foreshadows a record-breaking enrollment this year. The number of new students, as is usually the case, is great, but the number of old students far exceeds last year's enrollment.

### **The Opening**

During the summer months many alterations about the college have been effected, especially in regard to the installation of science laboratories and the remodeling of the library. The botanical, biological and physical laboratories are now situated on the third floor of Marsile Hall. The new laboratory for the Agriculture Department is also located in that building. With the new laboratories re-arranged and so fitted out, with every necessary appliance, the science course is complete and up to the standard of that taught in any college. The library, which hitherto occupied a place on the third floor, has been moved to a more convenient place, on the first floor of Marsile Hall. The installing of the fire-proof steel cases has caused a short delay in the opening of the library, but the work is progressing rapidly, and it will be but a short time until books may be taken out. The library in its present location gives ample room for book cases and a spacious reading room.

### **Alterations About the College**



It was with deep regret that we received the news of the transference of Father Sheridan, C.S.V., Director of the Seminary Department, to a new field of labor. He is now a member of the teaching staff at Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D. Father Sheridan, besides being Director of Seminarians, had charge of the Music Department and the Thespian Club. In this latter sphere he had become distinguished in this vicinity for the number of dramas he has written. Although the loss of Father Sheridan is keenly felt by the student body at large, yet we feel that none better could be chosen to succeed him than Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V. Father Bergin lost no time in getting settled in his new position and we are certain that success, which has always attended him in whatsoever department he has had in charge, will not fail him now.

### **Change in the Faculty**

Last year marked the inauguration of the physical culture course at St. Viator and the delightful exhibitions given throughout the year clearly evidence its favorable results. In fact, so interesting has it become that it is now indispensable, and so Prof. F. B. McGovern has again been engaged to instruct the classes. Preparations are being made to have the classes in progress soon and a lively interest is already shown among the new, as well as the old, students.

### **Physical Culture**

A plain chant class has been organized under the able direction of Mr. Grilly, Professor of Music, at the college. Professor Grilly has lately completed his musical studies in Europe. After coming to this country, a short time ago, he made a special study of plain chant at Washington, D. C. While in Washington he composed the music for a Mass which will be sung at the Solemn High Mass St. Viator day. At present both Prof. Grilly and Father Supranant are busily engaged training the choir for that occasion, and we are looking forward to some exceptional music on that day.

### **The Choir**



## OBITUARIES

*"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."*



JOHN MASCAL

When John Mascal, of the Academy Department, left here last June with his companions, he looked forward in anticipation of a pleasant vacation, but little thinking that before the curtain would close upon vacation days, he would be visited by the Angel of Death. It was on the 28th day of August that his soul was summoned before his Creator to receive its eternal reward.

John was only seventeen years of age, and though his death seemed untimely, yet we find consolation in the fact that it often pleases the Divine Master to call to an early reward such exemplary souls. During the one year this youth spent at St. Viator he endeared himself to every student and teacher, and by his piety had given evidence that his chosen field was to work in the vineyard of souls.

Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Immaculate Conception Church, where his funeral was held. Rev. H. A. O'Kelly was assisted by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., a teacher of the decedent at St. Viator's College, and Father Kelly of Ransom.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. H. A. O'Kelly. He paid high tribute to the deceased, who had been his altar boy for many years prior to entering upon his studies for the priesthood. It was a worthy tribute, and one which found generous response in the hearts of his hearers.



A Month's Mind Requiem Mass was sung at the College chapel on September 28th by Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V. The fellow students manifested their devotion to their school-mate by receiving communion in a body.

The VIATORIAN wishes to extend heartfelt sympathies to his parents and relatives in the loss of this aspirant for the priesthood, while we all join in prayers for the happy repose of his soul.

"May he rest in peace."

## PERSONALS

The VIATORIAN cordially invites all friends and relatives of the students to favor the college with a visit during the scholastic year.

Earl J. Butler, H. S. '15, member of the 1913 championship foot-ball team, recently visited the scene of his pleasant endeavors. Earl's "pull" has resulted in his enrollment at the Chicago Dental College. Despite this fact we are certain that in three years his efforts will be "crowned" with a D.D.S. degree and he will be able to efficiently "fill" any dental office in Bloomington.

We are pleased to state that the genial figure of Rev. W. J. Clifford, C.S.V., will be seen about the college once more. He takes up his residence with us this year and will be engaged in missionary work in the surrounding territory.

Rev. J. Barrette of Canada has been appointed assistant at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais. The college is also fortunate in securing his services as a teacher of French and Belles Lettres.

Enrollment day brought William Sammon, A.B., 12, to our campus, where he renewed old acquaintances. Bill anxiously looks forward to June when Wesleyan shall add the LL.B. to his name.

In its untiring efforts to secure a most efficient teaching staff for the students, the faculty has secured Rev. R. N. Nolan of Fort Worth, Texas, as Professor of Greek, English, Church History and Liturgy.



Welcome and unexpected was the visit of Rev. Joseph Legris, C.S.S.R., who was amongst us for the first time since his graduation in 1908. During the summer he preached a novena at St. Anne's Church, Chicago.

Sister Rose St. Mary and Sister Michaelene of the congregation of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, teachers at St. John, the Baptist school, Chicago, were entertained by the faculty. The former is a sister of Father J. R. Plante, C.S.V.

Rev. C. J. St. Amant, assistant at St. Viator's Parish, Chicago, visited the college recently. A trip to the east has greatly improved Father St. Amant's health.

One of St. Viator's most popular and versatile graduates, Edward Unruh, A.B., '12, visited the college after an absence of three years, during which time he attended the American University in Rome. Ed. is now pursuing his theological studies at Kenrick, St. Louis, Mo.

With mingled feelings of joy and regret we bid adieu to two of St. Viator's most popular teachers, Rev. J. R. Plante, C.S.V., and Rev. J. A. Lowney, C.S.V., who are now enrolled at the Catholic University. The former will specialize in College Physics and Mathematics, while the latter will take up Experimental Psychology for his major. While we greatly miss these two genial figures from our midst, we shall patiently await their return in three years, to give us the fruit of their studies. We all join in wishing them God-speed.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., who spent a year at the Catholic University of America, in the study of social problems, was welcomed back to St. Viator this year, where he has assumed charge of the Sociological and English classes.

The vim with which Alexander Burke, 1899-'04, entered into a handball game and defeated some of our present "whirlwinds" at the game proved that he had lost none of his athletic abilities. We trust that Alex will fulfill his promise to visit us again.

Among the high school graduates of last year who visited the college at the opening of the scholastic year were Ed. Hayden, who is a student of agronomy at Missouri, Joseph Sinnott, who is making his living by "steeling" iron at Michigan City, Michael Dowling, who has not yet decided upon his future, and Waldemar Kobel, who is attending Northwestern University.



## BOOK NOTICE

Benziger Brothers have published "The Heart of a Man," by Richard Aumerle Maher, which is the greatest Catholic novel issued since "My New Curate." The story deals with the social and economic problems of the day; it is a story through which runs the blood and frenzy of primordial passions side by side with the calm and exalted elements with which Christian civilization has tempered the breast of man. The story is well named "The Heart of a Man." The author has depicted that strange organ of ceaseless human emotion with its perpetual ferment of joys and sorrows, of problems and questions transitory and eternal, answerable and unanswerable, of aspirations filled and unfulfilled—that mysterious compound of good and evil, hope and despair, love and hate, in a manner that entitles him to the first rank as a writer and a student of human nature.



"Whoops, my dear!" Yes, the return of football to our school has put everyone in high spirits. Three hundred zealous fans are anxiously awaiting the referee's whistle on Saturday next, when the strong First Regiment team from Chicago will charge against "The Old Gold and Purple." Bergin Field has been the scene of strenuous activity for the past three weeks. Coaches MacDonald and Tillman are whipping the squad into shape for the opening battle. The call for candidates was generously heeded and from fifty likely-looking "husks" eleven stars will be chosen to represent St. Viator on the gridiron. Capt. Fischer,



the big tackle of past fame, will lead the team. His running mate, Clinnin, a new man in camp, must be classed among the "huskies." Joe Hughes, the cool-headed back of '13, is here and with him came Finnegan of Illinois University fame. Other new men who are promising in the goal-getting art are Conroy of Bloomington, Gallagher of Kankakee and Malone of Peoria. With this stout addition to the old men in uniform Viator's chances are exceptionally bright for a successful season.

#### SIGNALS.

Genuine Scrimmage last Saturday—with everybody through in fine shape.

"Finny" is a "*bear*"—so the fans remark.

Capt. Fischer is back with all his old-time drive. "Go to it, Capt., we are all with you."

Ray Francis, under the tutorage of Coach MacDonald, will no doubt claim the center position of the *backs*.

Malone—has a good pass and plays well on the defense.

We ought to have an impregnable line—judging from the strenuous antics required by Coach Tillman.

The—twelfth member—of our team is taking its bumps regularly, and it is a good thing that poor-Dum has no feelings.

Dave Conroy has been in ill luck so far. First his shoulder slipped, then he lost a tooth. The big fellow says it will take more than that to put him out.

Hughes—still has the knack for "picking holes."

It's too bad "Curly" Flynn has not a little more weight to support his skillful generalship.

"Red" MacGee—playing with the "Scrubs"—measured the length of the field for a touchdown on a Varsity fumble. "Red" always *is* where somebody *ain't*.

"Dutch" Kasper surely is displaying the German fight and visions of a first-team position are not futile.

"Jack" Gallagher of Kankakee has joined the squad and is enlisted as a back-fielder.

#### AL MCCARTHY, '08.

Al McCarthy, of big league fame, via Brooklyn and Pittsburg, has been transferred to the "Cubs." St. Viator claims this little star infielder as one of her men. In 1910 McCarthy left college for the big leagues. During his stay there he has



played steady and consistent ball, wielding the stick very profitably in pinches. St. Viator students are happy to hear of his transfer—as they will be better able to see “Al” in action.

Prof. McGovern is putting the gymnasium equipment in shape for the season’s work in “Physical Culture.”

The weather has turned chilly, but this does not prevent a few of the “Tennis Sharks” from cavorting on the white-lined plots.

A volunteer baseball team crossed bats with the Kankakee State Hospital recently, but had to be satisfied with second place.

#### ACADEMICS.

The younger crowd also has the spirit of football. This was shown when Coach Bro. Fitzpatrick assembled twenty-five robust lads for try-outs. Berry, Hermes, Powers, MacGrath, Sheen and Russell are the veterans of last year’s eleven, who have put in an appearance. Among the new crowd the coach has discovered some promising timber and expects to present a team that will challenge any one hundred and twenty-five pound aggregation in Illinois. The junior Viatorian crowd will line up against K. K. K. High School on Saturday, October 23, for their first battle.

### VIATORIANA

“We’re here.”

“Like it?”

“Whendajagetin?”

Students, teachers, trunks, glad hands, camels and a new supply of beans arrived some time between the 72nd equinox and the date of the opening of the 'Frisco Exposition. At any rate, the tribe is here with new collars and blue tweeds stored away in the vacuum cleaner, waiting for the official summons to don the conventional dress. At the present time studies, football, studies, studies and then a few studies, seem to occupy the greater part of the student’s spare hours. But what’s the odds, even street cars have flat wheels, so we should cast a tear.



This column is conducted for the sole benefit of those recently enrolled in the ranks of our Steward-body. To these we make an official offer. For \$2.96 in stamps we will send you an autographed post-card bearing a likeness of our society editor. This card will admit new students to any or all of the palatial domiciles in the nearby metropolis, thereby creating an opportunity for getting in "dutch" with all the swell dishes and others skilled in the culinary arts. These season passes are very handy on chilly winter evenings. We advise you to send in your name early, as we had only 11,000 blanks printed.

"Several announcements seem imperative."

All dancing rubbers should be procured at the gymnasium. Can be had at a nominal cost. (See C. Walsh for particulars.)

Flexible ink-wells may be procured on the second floor of Roy Hall—they may be found behind any radiator.

Nothing but English-cut bowling suits with wide lapels will be permitted on the alleys. Consult fashion plate, 202 Roy Hall.

"Hello, Professor! McDonald speaking——"

Could You Imagine—

"Kasper missing a dance?"

"Mr. Kenyon leading yells?"

"G. McCarthy taking Greek?"

"B. Mombleau rolling the bones?"

"Hangsterfer dancing the polka?"

Cruel Words.

A hard-hearted father sent the following note to his boy at college:—

Dear Son:—Hope you are well. Enclosed find check.  
I can't. *Father.*

Prof:—"Oscar, what's the matter with the sentence—'Having gone fishing several times he was only arrested once?' "

Student:—"I think it should be, 'Having went fishing,' " etc.

"Extra!"

The Germans must have been routed, as "Teutonic gloom" has invaded the Junior English class.

If your eyes are weak, cheer up! Even "Warsaw."



How can a fellow who has never kicked at home land a position on a football team?

The "Buy-a-bale" slogan has been supplanted by the "Get a rope-ladder" cry.

Freshie:—"I can't afford a new coat, but maybe balmaacan."

Did he let you go?

### "The College Inn."

An eats emporium erected for the accommodation of those in the subjunctive mood. Service—all-a-part and table-d'boat.

Note:—Our blew-fountain room is now open for business. Under the direct supervision of Gym and his cousin Nasium. They bring great pressure to bear on the cuisine.

Hank:—"I can't tell which way the pins are going. They are headed one way and pointed the other."

All newcomers will please remove the bands from their cigars. The orchestra objects to competition.

New barber shop in room 223.

Heck:—"I noticed that farmer throw a rock at you as you went under the bridge. How did you avoid it?"

Speck:—"Viaduct."

The refreshment committee, after taking a vote, reported that the "majority disliked Bacon's works. Many prefer Lamb on Roast Pig," while others, on learning that no forks were to be had, exclaimed, "Dickens, Howett Burns."

Have you seen the derby? So have we.

Smash:—"Why is a house-mover like a poker player?"

Hash:—"Shoot."

Smash:—"He raises with a 'pair of jacks.'"

Prof:—"Give an illustration of unproductive labor."

Hank:—"Tending bar."

Prof:—"I don't agree with you."

Rastus:—"What kinda chicken does you all prefer?"

Sambo:—"Makes no difference, but the white am d' easiest to ketch and de black am d' easiest to hide."

"Are the *tenors* going to sing to-night?"

"Una."

—Q. E. D.



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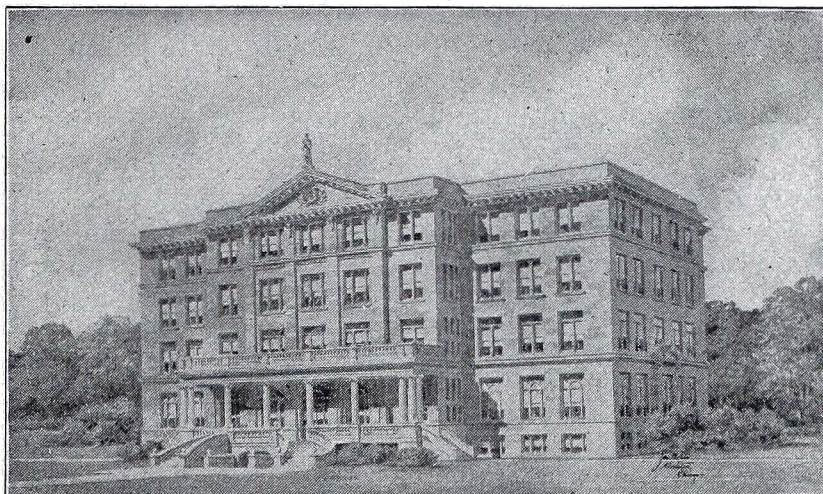
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